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CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

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

VOLUME IX.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1901.



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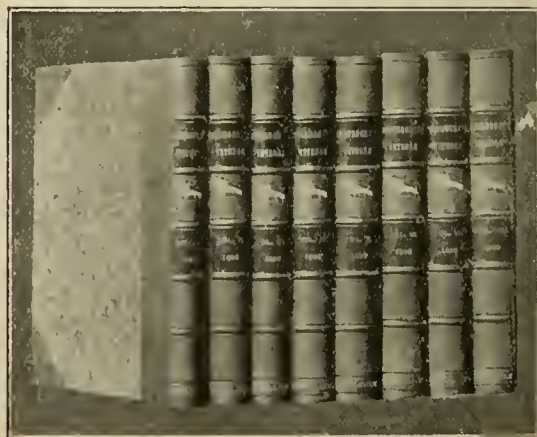
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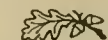
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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

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

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1901.

No. 1. } S. A. CHENNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

Elsewhere there is published some protests against the invitation of President McKinley to the Confederate reunion at Memphis. Of course he will not attend, even if he had the impulse to do so, since there is any objection. Our Memphis friends did not know evidently that often the subject of inviting Grand Army men has been discussed with unpleasant results.

While giving space to these protests, and concurring in objections, the VETERAN credits Maj. McKinley with utmost sincerity in the finest expression ever uttered by a President of the United States when he said: "The time has come when we should share with you in caring for the graves of the Confederate dead."

WHY BOOTH KILLED PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The VETERAN of February, 1899, contained an interesting history of the life of Capt. John Yeates Beall (pronounced Bell) and his execution. Perusal of that article will increase interest in the paper here printed. It is said that J. Wilkes Booth pleaded with President Lincoln until late at night, when the President promised to save Beall's life, to commute the death sentence; and that Secretary Stanton, on learning Mr. Lincoln's promise, said if that was done he would leave the cabinet; also that Mr. Seward persistently opposed it, and that when Beall was executed Booth



CAPT. J. Y. BEALL.

went about taking revenge, his plan being that two selected assistants should kill Stanton and Seward at the time he shot the President.

Comrade F. B. Massey, of Hemming, Tex., made the introductory report whereby Dr. J. S. Riley, of Bloomfield, Tex., wrote the following account of the particulars as he recalls them:

In answer to your inquiries as to what I know of the circumstances leading to the execution of John Y. Beall and his companion on Governor's Island, N. Y., and the assassination of President Abe Lincoln, I will say I was a prisoner of war at Alton, Ill., in the year 1864, and escaped in June of that year to Canada. I there became acquainted with Beall. I understood that he and Booth were college mates at the University of Virginia, and that they were sworn friends. Beall had undertaken to release the Confederate prisoners (commissioned Confederate officers), of which there were seven hundred on the island in Lake Erie, near Sandusky. We joined a company of eighteen men (secretly) in Canada; went to Sandusky and arranged for the capture of the war steamer Michigan (the only war ship the United States was allowed on the Lakes as per treaty with Great Britain). Preliminaries now being fully arranged, we dressed as first-class gentlemen, armed ourselves with six-shooters and Bowies, concealed in an old trunk. On a beautiful Sunday morning we boarded the steamer Philo-Parsons at Sarney, Canada, and sailed for Sandusky as passengers. After dinner we went into our room and put on our arms. Beall, commanding, assigned his lieutenants to their duties. I had been assigned to surgeon's duty, but was ordered to capture the engineer. Beall himself went to the captain of the ship. We captured the ship, made prisoners of the crew, and went toward our destination (Johnson's Island); but

we had a Judas aboard, and where we stopped after dark to take on fuel, he escaped in the darkness, gave information which defeated our enterprise, and we were compelled to return to Canada after having been compelled to take and sink another steamer, the Island Queen.

We talked the matter over on our retreat to Canada. We landed at the place of our embarkation, and scuttled our ship. Myself and fourteen of our crew went to Halifax, and Beall and his chief lieutenant returned to New York, where they were subsequently arrested, and tried for treason, convicted and hanged. Pending their imprisonment, J. Wilkes Booth, as the special friend of Beall, went before President Lincoln and implored and besought him to spare his friend, and that he be spared his life. Lincoln promised him that he would spare Beall's life if convicted. This satisfied Booth, and he conveyed the fact to Beall in his prison. Hence Beall was not alarmed for his life. He believed it was safe, and Booth remained easy; otherwise he would have used all his great powers to have released his friend from his prison and death. When Stanton and Seward found that Lincoln had promised to pardon Beall in the event of his conviction, they besought him to let the law do its worst, and with his promise to Booth, Lincoln yielded to Stanton and Seward, and did not inform Booth of his change of heart, and Booth rested easy until after the execution at Governor's Island. Then, overwhelmed with grief and disappointment, he swore in his wrath that he would take the life of Lincoln if it cost him his own, and engaged two others, one to assassinate Stanton, and the other to assassinate Seward. They all three boarded at Mrs. Suratt's house, although she was in ignorance of the plot. She was hanged for being accessory to it before the fact. The night of the assassination it was planned that at the same hour and minute Lincoln, Stanton, and Seward should suffer death. Booth succeeded, Stanton's assassin made no attempt, and Seward escaped with a light wound on the neck. These are the facts as told to me, not as a party to plot, but owing to my connection with the raid on Lake Erie.

The following manifold sheet, addressed to Col. A. K. McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, was sent to the VETERAN, place and name omitted, June 21, 1893:

The recent accident to Ford's Old Theater at Washington has caused the public journals to recall the circumstances of that lamentable event, the assassination of President Lincoln, and has reminded me of circumstances and impressions that came to my knowledge at the time, and previous and subsequent thereto that may not be generally known, and if correct will throw a new light on that awful tragedy.

I was a Confederate soldier and prisoner of war at Camp Morton, Ind., and escaped therefrom in October, 1864. I made my way to New York, and from thence to Canada. I of course met all of the escaped prisoners who were there and the agents of the Confederate government. Among others I met Capt. J. Y. Beall, who was afterwards hanged as a spy. I was intimately acquainted with him. He was a wealthy, cultivated, and high-toned Virginian, and was an intimate friend of J. Wilkes Booth. I ascertained this fact from Beall himself and others. They were before

the war much together, and from what I learned were as "Damon and Pythias."

I left Canada after Beall's capture, and went to Halifax, thence to Havana and Matamoros, and returned to the Southern States from the latter point.

I met, after the war, comrades who remained in Canada. I cannot recall their names now, but gathered from them these facts, if they be such—to wit: That Booth visited President Lincoln in behalf of Beall to secure a respite or commutation of death sentence; that President Lincoln (always merciful when possible) expressed himself in such terms as induced Booth to believe that there was at least hope of pardon for Beall; that Booth visited Beall and assured him that he could hope or expect a commutation of punishment; that the sentence was executed, and Booth planned the assassination of President Lincoln. Secretaries Stanton and Seward in revenge for the execution of his friend and more than brother, Capt. Beall. Somehow I have had the impression made on my mind that the death of Joseph Holt was planned at the time, but that he was out of the city, and thus escaped.

The fact that Booth stated in the barn where he was shot that he was influenced in his act by public and private reasons would seem to corroborate these criticisms. I have always been convinced that there was a great deal in this theory, because Booth and President Lincoln were friendly rather than otherwise, and every Southern man who had sense was bound to know that the death of Mr. Lincoln at that time was the worst blow that could be inflicted on the defeated Southern people.

I write you this because you are likely to interest yourself in the matter, and can find out whether Booth and Beall were friends; whether Booth did visit Beall in New York, though possibly that would be hard to do; whether Booth did intercede with Mr. Lincoln for Beall's life.

I was in Mexico at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, and as my information in regard to many points is somewhat removed from the fountain head, I send you this and with the request that you let me know whether the interests of truth and history would be subserved by pursuing the matter further and reducing it to a form that would be interesting and valuable.

I have no doubt in my mind, from what I heard in Canada from Beall before he was captured, and other sources, that Booth really killed President Lincoln on account of Capt. Beall's execution and the President's failure to commute his punishment or pardon him.

If you think the matter worthy of consideration, you can address me at Yazoo City, Miss. The interest that you have displayed in endeavoring to get at the truth of history in all matters concerning the civil war has caused me to write you.

I was on the expedition with Capt. Beall when he was captured, but did not at that time cross Lake Erie. He left all but three men on the Canada side, and with these was captured in New York.

Of course it is unnecessary and not desirable to make these matters public, unless we can do some good in the interests of truth, as I want no newspaper notoriety or anything of that sort. I merely want to know what you think about it, therefore write without reserve.

SECESSION SPIRIT (1861) IN ILLINOIS.

Judge J. M. Dickinson, a Tennessean, but now residing in Chicago, refers to some interesting history set forth in Erwin's "History of Williamson County, Ill." Some extracts are as follows, beginning on page 257:

But among the old liners a strong sympathy for the South was felt. By the 1st of April, 1861, the parties were nearly equally divided, and excitement was running very high. Our leading men were in trouble, and some were noisy and clamorous for Southern rights. In a few days after the inauguration, Peter Keifer made a speech in the courthouse, in which he said, "Our country must be saved;" but it was understood that "our country" meant the South, by the motion of his hand. Sympathy for "our Southern brethren" became stronger and stronger every day. Propositions for organizing the people into companies and regiments were made. Secession was openly talked of until the 9th day of April, 1861, when it began to take shape. It was just after the fall of Fort Sumter that a party of ten or fifteen men got together in a saloon in Marion, and agreed to call a public meeting to pass ordinances of secession. They appointed a Committee on Resolutions, who were to report at the public meeting. The call was made for a meeting to be held in the courthouse on Monday, April 15, 1861, to provide for the "public safety." A large crowd came in, and the meeting was called to order, and James D. Manier elected President. He then appointed G. W. Goddard, James M. Washburn, Henry C. Hopper, John M. Cunningham, and William R. Scurlock a committee to draft resolutions of secession. The saloon committee had the resolutions already prepared, and they were reported and passed with but one dissenting voice, and that was A. T. Benson, and were as follows:

"Resolved: 1. That we, the citizens of Williamson County, firmly believing, from the distracted condition of our county—the same being brought about by the elevation to power of a strictly sectional party—the coercive policy of which toward the seceded States will drive all the border slave States from the Federal Union, and cause them to join the Southern Confederacy.

"2. That, in such event, the interest of the citizens of Southern Illinois imperatively demands at their hands a division of the State. We hereby pledge ourselves to use all means in our power to effect the same, and attach ourselves to the Southern Confederacy.

"3. That, in our opinion, it is the duty of the present administration to withdraw all the troops of the Federal government that may be stationed in Southern forts, and acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, believing that such a course would be calculated to restore peace and harmony to our distracted country.

"4. That in view of the fact that it is probable that the present Governor of the State of Illinois will call upon the citizens of the same to take up arms for the purpose of subjecting the people of the South, we hereby enter our protest against such a course, and, as loyal citizens, will refuse, frown down, and forever oppose the same."

These resolutions were written by Henry C. Hopper. . . . The news of this meeting spread rapidly, and by the next morning it had reached Carbondale, and had been telegraphed to Gen. Prentiss, at Cairo. The people of Carbondale, seeing the trouble our people were bringing themselves, sent J. M. Campbell up to Marion on the 16th of April to tell the people to revoke the resolutions. He said they must be repealed, or war would be brought on our own soil and at our own doors. The people were excited badly. A meeting was called to repeal the resolutions, and to meet instant, but not by the same men who were in the meeting of the 15th. W. J. Allen was called in to address the meeting, which he did at some length. He said that he was for repealing the resolutions, and that others could do as they pleased, but as for him and his house, they would stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.

The resolutions were repealed, and A. T. Benson appointed as a committee of one to convey a copy of the proceedings to Gen. Prentiss. When he arrived at Cairo he found Gen. Prentiss reading the resolutions. He gave him a copy of the proceedings of the meeting of the 16th, and Prentiss said: "I am glad to see them. The resolutions of secession would have caused your folks trouble; but now I hope all will be right."

Those men who held the meeting of the 15th contended that the meeting of the 16th had no right to repeal the resolutions, and that they were not repealed, and that the people must organize. So a meeting was called for the 27th of April, pursuant to the one of the 15th. The meeting was called to order, and a motion made to "seize the money in the hands of the sheriff to defray the expenses of arming and equipping soldiers for the Southern Army." The fever for organizing into military companies had cooled off so that this motion was lost, and the meeting broke up in a row.

Gen. Prentiss had dropped off a company of men at Big Muddy bridge as he was going to Cairo. This was intolerable to our people. The whole country was in a flame. Thorndike Brooks and Harvey Hays raised the whoop in Marion; runners were sent all over the country to tell the people to come into town next morning with their guns. Next morning a great many people came into town with guns, anxious to know what was wanted with them, when they were told that "the men at the bridge must be whipped away." Most of them turned and went home. Some objected, and said they had no guns, and that the soldiers had good guns; but some few went on to Carbondale, and others tried to get them not to go. At Carbondale they found a noisy crowd assembled for the same purpose. Soon after they met they sent Isaiah Harris up to the bridge, which was four miles north of Carbondale, to spy around. When he got in sight of the soldiers he saw a cannon, and returned and told them that they could not whip the soldiers. News of these proceedings having reached Gen. Prentiss, at Cairo, an hour before, he sent up another company, with more cannon. The train stopped at Carbondale, when the crowd was at its highest and most clamorous condition. After staying there awhile, she pulled on up to the bridge. At this crisis Gov. Dougherty, W. Hecker, of Cairo, and Gen. I. N. Hannie

made speeches to the people, and told them to stand by the Union.

Gov. Dougherty said that "the speeches and guns persuaded the people not to attack the bridge." The people of Marion were standing listening for a bloody battle, but they were disappointed. A few straggling crowds came back from Carbondale, cursing and frothing like wild men. William Crain swore that he could have taken his boys and cleaned out the soldiers, and Brooks and Wheeler called the people cowards and slaves.

On the 24th day of May, 1861, Col. Brooks and Harvey Hayes, despairing of raising an army here, or organizing the county, formed the design of raising a company and going South. They sent a man to Carbondale to recruit, and they commenced at home. By the next evening they had about thirty names on their list, and had given orders for them to rendezvous at the "Delaware Crossing," on the Saline, six miles south of Marion. They all got to the place about two hours by sun on the 25th day of May, 1861, and the few that came from Carbondale swelled the number to thirty or thirty-five men, mostly under the age of twenty-three years. They started on to Paducah on foot, and walked all night; and next day in the afternoon Robert Kelly went on to Linn's Hotel to have supper prepared for the boys. Their number had now increased to about forty men. Their feet became sore, and all of them lagged behind but six, who went on to get supper, where they were surrounded by one hundred and thirty-five home guards and taken prisoners. A friend to the boys got on his horse, knowing that they were coming into the same trap, and went up the road to let them know. The home guards left a guard with the six boys and came on up the road to meet the others from Marion, but when they came to the forks of the road, north of Linn's Hotel, supposing the boys had taken the one leading to Brooklyn, started down to the river. The boys went on until they came to the forks of the road, and, seeing by the tracks that the guards had gone the left-hand, they went on rapidly to Linn's Hotel, where they recaptured their six companions, and went on to the river opposite Paducah. Here Kelly had prepared a ferryboat for them, but it had laid there twenty-four hours and the boilers had cooled off. They were in a critical condition; but just then they saw a steamboat, the *Old Kentucky*, rounding up to Paducah out of the mouth of the Tennessee, and pretty soon she was heading across the Ohio. They boarded her, and crossed over. They went to Mayfield, Ky., and joined Company G, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, and were in Gen. Cheatham's command.

At the close of the war about half of them returned home. Brooks got to be a lieutenant colonel, and is now a wealthy merchant in Baltimore, Md.

Veterans to "Show Off" at Louisville.—During the conclave or the Knights Templar of the world in Louisville next August, the ex-Confederates of that city and surrounding country will make a grand street and dress parade, headed by the renowned Stonewall Brigade Band of Virginia. The idea is to show the distinguished guests a real live, wide-awake company of

"jolly old Johnnie Rebs," of whom many of them have often heard, but never seen.

ABOUT INVITING THE PRESIDENT TO MEMPHIS.

Gen. J. A. Chalaron, Corresponding Secretary of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, writes from New Orleans, La., January 9, 1901, sending a resolution which was unanimously adopted at a largely attended meeting of this Association. The resolution is as follows:

Looking forward to the success of the eleventh reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, to be held at Memphis, Tenn., next May; and anxious that nothing may mar the pleasure that attending Confederate veterans anticipate on that occasion; and that nothing may arise in the preliminary arrangements to create lukewarmness in the event, or to deter Confederates from attending this reunion that marks, with added pathos, another descending step in the revival of glorious and sacred memories, and fraternal last greetings between old comrades of the heroic armies of the South; this Association hereby expresses the hope that, in the arrangements for the reunion, the strictest adherence will be kept to the sole objects of the United Confederate Veterans Organization, as stated and enjoined in its constitution and by-laws, "In order that the reunion may result to more firmly establish the ties which already exist between them (the constituted organizations of Confederate veterans)."

The foregoing was enacted because of the following article in the *Times-Democrat* of January 8:

Memphis, January 7.—At a meeting of the various commercial bodies of Memphis this afternoon, it was decided to extend President McKinley a cordial invitation to visit the city during the annual reunion of the Confederate Veterans, which will be held the latter part of next May. A delegation of prominent citizens, headed by Mayor Williams, will go to Washington at an early day to present the invitation to the President. Arrangements for the entertainment of the veterans are already under way, and the various committees have begun their work.

INEXORABLE LAW OF THE U. C. V.

A circular letter (No. 136) from headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, January 2, 1901, states:

It having been brought to the notice of the General Commanding that one of the Camps of this Association has violated Section 1, Article 9, of the Constitution, by indorsing an aspirant for a political office, and as it may have been done from inattention or ignorance, the section is here published in full, and brought to the notice of all the Camps, so that no such infraction may occur again, to wit:

"ARTICLE IX.

"SECTION 1. No discussion of political or religious subjects, nor any political action, or indorsing of aspirants for political office, shall be permitted within the federation of United Confederate Veterans."

It is, of course, right and proper for individual

members of Camps to indorse their friends for political and other offices, and to try and obtain positions for their old comrades in their declining years by all honorable means within their power, and their loyalty and friendship in this way cannot be too highly commended; but under the above section no such action of a United Confederate Veteran Camp, collectively, nor of an officer of the Association, officially, will be tolerated by the Association.

II. The United Confederate Veteran Association was organized for a high and holy purpose, and it will be the endeavor of the General Commanding to keep it within its proper sphere, and to see that it is not diverted from the noble and benevolent purposes for which it was intended.

As the glorious achievements of its members, and the history it is intended to perpetuate, were all won and made in an era long since passed, the Association was organized with the distinct understanding that religious matters were not to be discussed or interfered with in any manner, and that it was to have no connection whatever with the politics of the present day; therefore we must steer clear of all such entanglements (as the Constitution plainly states, "Nor any political action shall be permitted within the Federation of United Confederate Veterans"), and consecrate all of our efforts solely to the objects stated in the Constitution.

III. For the information, guidance, and observance of all comrades, the objects and purposes of this Association are here given, so that hereafter there will be no deviation from them, and the organization be kept within the proper and legitimate channel which its founders intended, its Constitution declares, and which has been the invariable policy of the Association.

"ARTICLE II.

"Objects.

"The objects and purposes of this organization shall be strictly 'Social, literary, historical, and benevolent.' It will strive:

"1. To unite in one general federation all associations of Confederate veterans, soldiers, and sailors now in existence, or hereafter to be formed.

"2. To cultivate the ties of friendship that should exist among those who have shared common dangers, sufferings, and privations.

"3. To encourage the writing, by participants therein, of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes, and occurrences of the war between the States.

"4. 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 mementos of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the services of every member, and, as far as possible, of those of our comrades who have preceded us into eternity.

"5. To see that the disabled are cared for; that a helping hand is extended to the needy, and that the Confederate widows and orphans are protected and assisted.

"6. 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.

"7. To instill into our 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, and finally succeed us and take up our work where we may leave it."

J. B. GORDON, *General Commanding*;

GEO. MOORMAN, *Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff*.

ZOLLICOFFER CAMP, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Resolutions unanimously adopted by Felix K. Zollicofer Camp, U. C. V., No. 46, January 10, 1901, at Knoxville, Tenn.:

Whereas the newspapers authoritatively state that the city of Memphis intends, on May 28, 29, 30, to entertain President McKinley; and whereas at the invitation of the city of Memphis the above dates were selected by the Commander of the U. C. V. as the time for holding, in that city, the annual reunion of the organization; and whereas, entertaining profound respect for President McKinley and his exalted station, and believing his presence on this occasion, as the guest of Memphis, is sought by a few of the citizens of Memphis to further their political aspirations, and is therefore derogatory to our idea of the proper respect due the President of this great nation, and contrary to the spirit of the U. C. V.; and whereas partisan politics and all that tends to it are strictly forbidden in all meetings and reunions of the U. C. V. organizations; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we, as a camp, respectfully request and urge Gen. John B. Gordon to designate some other city in the South in which to hold our reunion.

2. That we decline positively to send delegates to Memphis to represent this Camp under the existing circumstances.

3. That we deeply deplore the spirit that actuates the attempt to inject political chicanery and trickery into an organization where politics and political discussions are eschewed.

4. That we pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to use our best endeavors to prevent as many of our comrades and friends as we can from attending the "so-called" reunion if held in Memphis, believing it to be for the best interests of the organization that we do so.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Gen. Gordon, Gen. Moorman, and to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN with request to publish.

JOHN F. HORNE, *Commander*;

STUART McMULLEN,

J. S. ROBBINS,

C. F. KEESEE, *Committee*.

A UNION VETERAN'S INDORSEMENT.

J. H. Woodard wrote Gen. Chalaron, on seeing notice of his Camp's action in opposition to inviting President McKinley to the Memphis reunion, saying:

As an ex-Union soldier I heartily approve of the action of your Camp. These Confederate reunions, like those of the Grand Army, are of men who fought for certain principles, and those who opposed them cannot properly join them without indorsing the principles for which their opponents made war. Ever since men were associated together there have been different

views of the same subject, and there always will be. The result of our civil war did not change the normal aspect of a single question which caused the conflict, nor did it change the views of a single honest man in relation thereto.

There has been a great deal of foolish talk about the joint reunion of the survivors of the opposing armies of the civil war. They have no business celebrating together the memories of their campaigns. The President and every other man in the nation knows that the late Confederates accepted the result of the war, and resumed their rights and duties as citizens of the United States, and that their loyalty to the Constitution cannot be questioned. And among their rights is the privilege of construing that Constitution. It is true that they were forced back into citizenship in the United States, and because of this fact they are entitled to great credit for so patriotically supporting their government. In war they have not sulked—their sons have carried the national flag around the world, and have died fighting for it, and under at least one of the men who stood with their fathers when they made battle under the Confederate ensign. Those of us who opposed the Confederates can love and respect them as neighbors and citizens, but we cannot rejoice with them over the battles they won, nor weep with them when they recount those which they lost, and the man who was not of them has no place at their reunions.

The time has long since passed that men can be called to account for the side they espoused in the civil war between the States. No brave man, no honorable man has any apology to offer on that score, nor will any honorable man ask such a thing. But there are sacred memories of what each did and suffered that can be talked over only with those who truly sympathize with us—no one outside of the family can enter into this sacred, loved confidence. As properly ask the murderer to attend the funeral of his victim, and fill the place of chief mourner.

I do like to see the mingling of the men who fought the civil war; but I want to see the commingling on public, civic occasions pertaining to the present. The war, with all its horrors, cannot be forgotten by the people of the South, for the South was the battlefield, and all of that awful prophecy of Alexander Stephens was fulfilled within their very sight. There are horrors in war beside which the killing of men in battle become as trifles, and these things cannot be forgotten by those who endured them; nor would I desire the association of persons who would admit that they deserved the wrongs put upon them by brute force.

Soldiers who were in the opposing armies can be friends and honorable citizens to-day without abasing or stultifying themselves; and while each respects the feelings of the other, he is not bound to accept opposing views or apologies for those he holds.

Many people never knew, and others have forgotten, that the date of reunion for Richmond was changed in a broadly conservative spirit so as to adjourn in time to participate with the Grand Army of the Republic in a great parade on the 4th of July in New York City; that the commander of the G. A. R. de-

clined such joint celebration in such emphatic terms that there was no compromise. True he was told there would be no Confederate flags in the procession, but he said he would not permit the "Grand Army" to parade with Confederates if they should wear gray clothes. The promptness with which the arrangement was canceled should indicate the settled purpose of Confederates to avoid another similar humiliation.

Charles H. Jones writes from Robert Lee, Tex., January 1, 1901: "Cooke County is now being populated rapidly, as new houses and farm improvements attest. A railroad will be built through our county in the next few months. We exist between two railroads, the Texas & Pacific and the Santa Fé. They are sixty miles apart, with Cooke County equidistant between them. Of the old ex-Confeds here we have a Camp of forty members, named for Senator Cooke, for whom the county was also named. Capt. Hutchison, the Commander, is very aged, but hale and hearty. H. H. Haley is Adjutant, and Comrades Payne and W. T. Caraway are the Lieutenants. At our grand reunion last July we had a splendid time, with good speeches, good grub, and grand parades. Our sponsor was Miss Amelia Caraway. We expect to meet next August with the McCulloch Camp, of Runnels County."



HON. N. L. NORTON.

Col. N. L. Norton, Southern soldier and also member of the Confederate Congress, and the youngest living member of that historic body. Col. Norton is a native of Kentucky, later a citizen of Missouri, and now a resident of Austin, Tex.

THE BEN HILL TRIBUTE TO GEN. LEE.

So many friends have sent tributes to Gen. Lee recently that it is impossible to publish them. The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York has made the event of his anniversary so conspicuous that brief mention is given along with a reproduction of Benjamin H. Hill's tribute, part of which was published in the *VETERAN* years ago. Of Gen. Lee he said:

When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was a Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.

When the enactments and measures of the Confederate government shall be critically examined, they will be found to have sprung into existence with a wisdom, a vigor, an aptitude for the crisis, and a strict conformity to all the principles of free institutions, which must challenge the admiration of publicists and statesmen for all time.

No people, ancient or modern, can look with more pride to the verdict which history will be compelled to render upon the merits and characters of our two chief leaders—the one in the military and the other in the civil service. Most other leaders are great because of fortunate results, and heroes because of success. Davis and Lee, because of qualities in themselves, are great in the face of fortune, and heroes in spite of defeat.

VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.

The faithful and devotional tenacity with which each champion holds to our sacred traditions was stirringly exemplified in New York City on January 19, 1901, at the eleventh annual banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York.

Maj. Edward Owen, Commander of the Camp, presided, and the following were of the distinguished guests seated around the elegant banquet table at the Waldorf-Astoria: Bishop Thomas U. Dudley, Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, Clarence Cary (Lieutenant Commander of Camp), Augustus Van Wyck (President of North Carolina Society), Dr. William M. Polk (President of Southern Society), Past Commander Dr. J. H. Parker, Past Commander Dr. G. T. Harrison, Col. and Mrs. John C. Calhoun, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Dr. and

Mrs. J. Harvie Dew, Mrs. Edward Owen and Miss Mary Owen, Mr. and Mrs. B. Rush Smith, Miss H. Smith, Emerson McMillin, Col. T. P. Ochiltree, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Capt. C. P. Echols, Col. W. P. Edger-ton (United States army), J. F. O'Shaughnessy, Patrick Calhoun, Hon. C. Hertle, Camp Chaplain Rev. G. S. Baker, Edwin B. Hay (of Washington, D. C.), Rev. Henry M. MacCracken (Chancellor of the University of New York), William McAdoo (ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy), J. Hampden Robb, Gov. Hugh S. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Caskin, Samuel H. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Burras, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McCay, Fred C. Rogers, Dr. G. Bolling Lee, Col. and Mrs. W. F. Owens, Hugh R. Garden, Judge W. M. K. Olcott, R. W. Gwathmey, Col. and Mrs. A. G. Dickinson, Mr. Charles B. Rouss.

Letters were read from various absent guests, Gov. Odell adding to his expressions of regret the very pertinent words: "I believe that such organizations as yours, composed of men of Southern birth now resident in our Northern cities, have done more toward wiping out sectional lines and bringing about the present era of good feeling and good fellowship than any other single cause."

From the letter of Emerson McMillin, Senior Vice Commander, G. A. R., is culled the following lofty sentiment: "To my mind, it is no disparagement of others to say that there were two men of the civil war period whose transcendent abilities are conspicuous above all others, the luster of whose deeds of greatness and goodness grows brighter with time. These two men were Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee, the noblest types of American manhood."

The speech of Bishop Dudley, at the conclusion of the feast, proved the most thrilling feature of the evening. He said in part: "There are men here who fought against our theories of government, and yet we commemorate a struggle that resulted in a reunion of liberty which the world could not have realized before it came about. Ours is a nation strong to resist when attack is made upon its life. Aye, stronger still to give back all the privileges of citizenship to those who fought to achieve her destruction, and that generosity is not lost."

The Bishop then ran over the salient features of Gen. Lee's life, and, referring to his experience at West Point, said: "I cannot but think that the degeneration of boyhood teasing into cruel hazing such as a Congressional committee has uncovered, would not have come to pass in his time. [Applause.] His boys were too brave for cruelty." He referred to Lee as the hero of the greatest struggle ever made by men against overwhelming odds, and added: "And yet it is said there is no place for him in the Valhalla, in the Westminster Abbey of America; Washington and Jefferson were rebels against the best government the world had ever seen up to that time. [Laughter and applause.] Fortunately, the good sense of the electors was such as to decide the matter differently. Lee's name will stand. But even if it had not, the judgment of men would have built him a temple of honor of his own."

Edwin B. Hay, of Washington, paid serious and respectful tribute to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who received a standing salute from those present.

A New York journal states that the banquet was the largest ever given in the history of the Camp, there being about five hundred people present.

A most pleasing feature of the entertainment was the singing of two Southern belles, Miss Elizabeth Brinsmade and Miss Maude Stockton.



MISS MAUDE BURWELL STOCKTON.

Miss Maude Stockton, a soprano from New Orleans, comes from a family distinguished by service in two navies, being a daughter of Capt. Stockton, of the Confederate navy, and a descendant of Commodore Stockton, of the United States Navy.



MISS ELIZABETH BRINSMADE.

Miss Brinsmade, who sung Wilson G. Smith's "O Wondrous Dream," is from New Orleans. Her father was a member of the famous Washington Artillery, of that city. She has a clear, sweet, contralto voice, and the rendition of this song was very effective.

ALABAMA AND KEARSARGE ARMAMENT.

Gen. F. S. Ferguson, ex-Commander Alabama Division, U. C. V., writes as follows:

Miss Rowland's article in the *VETERAN* for December, 1900, on the "Alabama and Kearsarge," brings to mind a disputed point of history. Admiral Semmes, in his splendid work, states unequivocally that he did not know that the Kearsarge was practically armored before the engagement of the 19th of June, 1864. This statement he reiterates, and charges that Winslow did not give him a fair fight, but, after accepting his (Semmes) challenge, went into the duel protected by concealed armor.

Lieut. Sinclair, one of the officers of the Alabama, in his book published two or three years ago, states most positively that soon after it was known that Semmes had challenged Winslow, a French naval officer of high rank, called on Semmes and told him that it was well known that the Kearsarge was armored by an arrangement of her chain cables on both sides, and advised Semmes to take the same precaution with the Alabama or decline the battle—*i. e.*, withdraw his challenge. Lieut. Sinclair further states that it was common knowledge in the wardroom of the Alabama that the Kearsarge was armored as above stated, and that Semmes knew the fact as well as did his subordinates.

If it is true that Semmes did know this fact, it was an act of rashness, perhaps, to engage his enemy without wearing a similar coat of mail. This point is in dispute, as above shown.

It has not been my pleasure to read Capt. Kill's book, but Miss Rowland's article informs us that he corroborates Admiral Semmes. It is an interesting historical question, and worth investigation.

RICHMOND CHAPTER ELECTS OFFICERS.

At the annual meeting of the Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, the election of officers took place. Mrs. N. V. Randolph was unanimously re-elected President; Mrs. Edward Valentine and Mrs. Alfred Gray, Vice Presidents; Miss Louise Claiborne and Miss Anne C. Bentley, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries; Mrs. Charles E. Bolling was unanimously elected Treasurer.

Mrs. W. A. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, was introduced, and gave a short account of the work done in the past few months by the Association.

Mrs. Behan is the guest of Mrs. N. V. Randolph.

A contribution was sent to the Monument Association in New Orleans.

Mrs. Behan had been to Washington to confer with the Secretary of War in regard to the reinterment of soldiers who are buried at the North, and it is understood was well pleased with the Conference.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Sons of Confederate Veterans have organized a Camp at Arkadelphia, Ark. The officers are as follows: Granville Goodloe, Commander; C. V. Murry and J. E. Callaway, Lieutenant Commanders; L. C. Newberry, Adjutant; Dr. J. C. Wallis, Surgeon; John W. Allen, Quartermaster; Rev. E. M. Pipkin, Chaplain; Duncan Flanagin, Treasurer; J. H. Abraham, Color Sergeant; Rufus G. McDaniel, Historian. The Camp was christened Camp Flanagin, in honor of the late Gov. Flanagin. The membership of the Camp numbers twenty, and it is hoped that every son of a Confederate veteran within its jurisdiction will have his name enrolled as a member.

W. R. Kivett, Major General Commanding Sons of Confederate Veterans for Colorado, received his collegiate course at Wake Forest College, North Carolina, his native State. He moved to Durham in 1882, engaging in contracting and building, and in 1888 becoming President of a business at Waco, Tex. In 1898 he visited Colorado Springs with his family for a summer rest amid the Rockies, and finding it, as he claims, the garden spot of the earth, located and is now in business there. He was appointed U. S. C. V. for Colorado, formed a camp one hundred strong, was at the Louisville Reunion, and says: "Look for me at Memphis in 1901."



W. R. KIVETT.

NEW CAMPS IN ARKANSAS DIVISION.

V. Y. Cook, Major General U. C. V. for Arkansas, reports the following Camps as having been organized recently in his division:

J. H. Berry Camp, No. 1206, Springdale: Commander, N. C. Howard; Adjutant, George Graves.

Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 1269, Huntsville: Commander, J. L. Crane; Adjutant, A. A. Broad.

Daniel H. Reynolds Camp, No. 1285, Lake Village: Commander, John Bagley; Adjutant, Robert London.

James Newton Camp, No. 1290, El Dorado: Commander, W. E. Lacy; Adjutant, John F. Marrable.

Confederate Veterans Camp, No. 1293, Kingsland: Commander, ———; Adjutant, G. S. Dickinson.

J. T. Stuart Camp, No. 1294, Van Buren: Commander, A. R. Witt; Adjutant, T. W. Davis.

Shiloh Camp, No. 1297, Mena: Commander, Gen. R. G. Shaver; Adjutant, W. J. Davis.

Eight more Camps are under way, all of which organizations it is expected will be perfected at an early date.

EVENTS OF THE SIXTIES, BY YOUNG "MISTISS."

A short time since, there appeared in the VETERAN a brief sketch of the faithfulness of "Uncle Ned Hawkins" to his old mistress, so I thought perhaps readers might be interested in hearing of some of the trials through which his old mistress was called to pass during the war of the sixties.

On the 31st of December, 1862, her old home, standing on the banks of the beautiful Rappahannock, Culpeper County, Va., occupied by herself and an older sister, was fired upon by the vandals in blue, and she was painfully wounded, and lay upon a bed of suffering for weeks. Her sister was greatly alarmed, and asked aid of a surgeon from among the enemy. Mother was in quite a critical condition, yet she told the surgeon she preferred death to his touching her. While on crutches she would tell them of their many, many mean deeds and cruelties to Southern people.

She, with the exception of a sister in East Tennessee, is the last of a once large and influential family, whose forefathers owned their old homestead for more than a century. Her only brother was hunted like a wild beast, and driven from his comfortable home to find shelter in our glorious Rebel army. He was too old to enter the service. I shall never forget how a number of Yankee soldiers dashed up, pistols in hand, and surrounded the house to capture "one old feeble man." Two of them, claiming to be officers, came up to the door and inquired for my father. When told by my poor, weeping mother that he was not there, such oaths followed as I scarcely ever heard. They said if they found him they would hang him to a large oak standing just in front of our dear old home—long since in ashes. Then number two said: "No, we will scalp his d—— old bald head just here at the door." They said they had orders to search the house, and, with pistols in hand, sabers clanking, spurs rattling, said mother must accompany them, pretending to be so scrupulously honest, while at the same time those out of doors were in every place, breaking every lock, and carrying off all they found, whether of use to them or not. I can see my dear old mother now ascending the stairs with trembling limbs and tearful eyes, followed by Mary, the faithful house servant, who was ever true to her mistress in time of trouble. These are only a few trials borne by our family.

We were deprived of every comfort, and at times scarcely had the necessities of life. Then poor mother would ask them not to leave us to starve, that she could not communicate with her friends. Their reply was: "We are acting upon Pope's orders." That was truly their mode of warfare, waged against old men, helpless women and children.

Some wish to bury the past. I should like to attend a reunion of thorough Confederates, but if one single bluecoat is to be there, I prefer to stay away.

When the green grass waves over my grave, just as it does now over my dear old father's and mother's, and my children stand by and view mine as I do theirs, they can say, as I can, she never forgot how they were treated by the Yankees. But there is a comfort in knowing that God is just, and all will be well some day.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

Delay in sending out this first issue of the VETERAN in the new century is caused by unavoidable absence from the office and State. It will be found even better than usual. No man was ever more diligent to perform the duties incumbent through so sacred a trust, and this fact consoles when there occasionally occurs delay. The great responsibility of printing the truth, concisely as possible, and of distributing credit with the veterans in their commands and their respective localities, coupled with other Confederate obligations, humbles and animates to highest endeavor. The writer's Confederate work is kept as an open book, and diligence has ever been exercised to give comrades and others who read the VETERAN the best possible for the money. In this reckoning as the new year and the new century begin the writer refers to his public work in promoting the cause of a monument to President Jefferson Davis, to which work he was chosen years ago, whereby considerable sums were paid to him, and again, in collecting money for the Sam Davis Monument, he was impressed with the sacred duty of reporting all sums secured in such causes. It was this sentiment that induced, as has been stated, the starting of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The sentiment of having the Southern people get the full benefit of all money paid by them for Confederate causes, even including the prices of books, has been an invariable rule.

Mention is made herein that the United Confederate Veteran Camps ought to act upon certain very important matters deliberately in their home meetings. Notice will be sent them ere long, and it behooves every Confederate and Daughter, and the Sons also, to consider diligently and act upon these matters. Friends to our great cause are requested to remind veterans to be watchful for reports on these issues.

Certain errors in the December VETERAN are regretted. In using the picture of Miss Fannie Alice Law mention was omitted that she was sponsor for the Indian Territory Division, U. C. V., at Charleston, sponsor for the John Morgan Camp at Louisville, and appointed again as sponsor for her division at Memphis.

Again, in giving sketches of "prominent railroad men," that of Maj. W. L. Danley, appearing on the first inside cover, was intended to be page 551, as may be seen by reference.

Also the sketch of Comrade W. W. Bunch appeared in the "Last Roll" when he is very much alive. That error occurred through hastily marking the MS. "Last

Roll," and the printer, loyal to the VETERAN, substituted in connection with an account of his regimental flag, which, "at the time of his death," he buried. That is an interesting story, and readers who may review it will remember that Comrade Brown, the author, was not at fault in the error.

In an appeal to the Sons in behalf of the organization Comrade Stan C. Harley wrote:

I have been very much surprised at the want of information in the sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers as to the particular command to which their fathers belonged; where they served, how long they served; whether they were wounded or not, and in what battle, etc. This is not so much the case with sons of Federal soldiers. It is true that the sons of Confederate soldiers have not the incentive to cause them to remember (pensions) that the others have, but there ought to be, and there is a higher incentive why they ought to learn all about the time that their fathers bared their bosoms to the storm, fighting against great odds successfully until their armies were reduced to skeletons of the grand armies they represented at first, while the enemy continued to increase in numbers and all munitions of war, when at the close of the war the numbers approximated 6 to 1.

Robert A. Morris, of Birmingham, Ala., wants to buy all volumes of the VETERAN previous to 1898.



IN THE GRAND HALL OF CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Mr. Allan B. Slauson, Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., is very anxious to complete the file of VETERAN for the Library, and any one who can furnish the following numbers will confer to him and to

the VETERAN a great favor: All the numbers of 1893 are desired; January and March of '94; March, '95; March and June, '97; September, '98.

The government is binding these volumes very handsomely, and, that the edition may be completed, four yearly subscriptions will be given for the above eighteen copies.

CONCERNING RE-ENLISTMENT AT DALTON.

Pearl Witt writes from McGregor, Tex.:

The credit of relieving the anxiety of the authorities at Richmond by originating the movement of reënlisting to the end of the war belongs to First Lieut. Burney Broyles, of Company 11, Fifth Tennessee, Ashby's Brigade, Humes's Division.

At roll call, one day in the latter part of '63, he stepped in front of his company and electrified his comrades with the proposition: "Boys, all of you who will reënlist for the war with me, step forward." In response all but three stepped toward death, their marvelous love for their cause showing their nearness to Him who is Love. As we of to-day look back through the years upon that scene, we see those men invested with so much of the divine that we involuntarily bow in reverence.

The world has never been blessed with a nobler type of young manhood than Lieut. Broyles. Having left his home at Broylesville, E. Tenn., where he had been cradled in the "lap of luxury," and had known only the brightness of life, he slept on the wet ground with nothing between him and heaven but a worn blanket. Quiet and unassuming, he was loved by his comrades, and no one was more worthy to so kindle the patriotism of their souls, yet it is believed that, although he lived for some years after the war, he never received so much as a word of appreciation from the authorities at Richmond.

His example is the more striking in view of the fact that he had come from a section where nearly all the companions of his boyhood had joined the invading army, and those he loved best were helpless, subjected to the insulting cruelty of many who are now drawing pensions.

Mr. J. F. Pangle, of Burnet, Tex., who was a member of this company, had many thrilling experiences. On one occasion his sister gave him a blanket which, within a few hours, saved his lifeblood from a bayonet thrust by a powerful Dutchman with whom he was engaged in a hand-to-hand combat in the midst of the Fourth Army Corps.

Col. J. P. Douglas writes from Tyler, Tex.:

In reply to inquiry in the December VETERAN as to what command was first to enlist for life or during the war at Dalton, Ga., I will state that Douglas's Texas Battery was the first command to take such action, which was done by the unanimous adoption of resolutions presented by Edward W. Smith, a private of the company, about January 27, 1864. I have in my possession a letter written on January 31, 1864, in which the following paragraph occurs: "My company has reënlisted for the war, and received a high compliment from Gen. Johnston in general orders, read to every regiment in the army."

I inclose herewith a letter from Col. R. Q. Mills, which will throw light upon the subject. I agree in

my recollection of the occurrence with Col. Mills that a Tennessee regiment followed the battery within a day or two, and then with great promptness every regiment in the army reënlisted.

COL. MILLS'S LETTER.

CORSICANA, TEX., January 10, 1901.

Hon. J. P. Douglas: I have yours of January 5 in reference to the article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. My recollection agrees with yours, that your battery was the first to reënlist. I stated that in the speech you refer to. I think that the reënlistment occurred at Missionary Ridge instead of Dalton. The reason why the thing is so strongly impressed on my memory is this: It was known throughout the army that the term of enlistment was about to expire, and Gen. Cleburne and some other officers proposed to organize an order to be called the "Comrades of the Southern Cross." One or two conferences were held to prepare a plan of organization. Bishop Quintard was appointed to draw up a ritual, which he did. It was printed and each of us had a copy. The obligation assumed in it was to remain in the army if necessary for life, and fight it out to the bitter end. I met with them but once, and that was in an old water mill at Graysville, Ga., when the ritual was read over to us by Bishop Quintard while we were sitting around on grain sacks. A time was set when we were to present our order and its objects to the army and urge its adoption by officers and men. Before the day arrived, and I think the next day after our meeting at Graysville, your battery at dress parade in the evening reënlisted for life or ninety years or some term that meant as much. The next evening the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment reënlisted the same way, and in a few days the whole army did the same thing. As the object of our order had been accomplished without its agency, nothing more was done with it. Among those present at Graysville were Bishop Quintard, Gen. Cleburne, Col. Scott Anderson, and others whom I have forgotten.

Other reports on this subject are deferred to subsequent issues.



THE KOPPERL RESIDENCE AT GALVESTON.

This well-known mansion was headquarters for Gen. Magruder at the time of the battle of Galveston, or at least for members of his staff. It is a home noted for culture and hospitality. It has been rehabilitated by Mrs. Kopperl.

CONCERNING BATTLE OF BELMONT.

The Portland *Oregonian* prints an interesting letter from F. D. Jodon on "Recollections of the War," from which the following extracts are taken. The letter is dated Columbus, Ky., November, 1861:

From the top of this cliff, about five hundred feet in height, the course of the river can be seen for five miles toward Cairo. The opposite Missouri shore is low, subject to overflow. Several hundred acres at this point were cleared, and the landing was called Belmont. Above this, on the same side, along the river, lay a heavy woods.

Through these woods, over this field, on a bright, sunny morning in November, 1861, Gen. Grant, with 6,500 soldiers in blue, rushed upon two regiments of Arkansas troops, whose tents lined the river's edge at Belmont. It is a memorable battlefield, for here Grant first commanded, and here he met his first humiliating defeat; mortifying to him because he had the larger force, choice of positions, and the advantage of a surprise; but the Confederates crossed the river in open boats under a galling fire, 4,500 to 6,500, recovered the field and drove their foe panic-stricken from it, pell-mell through the woods to their transports, on which they rushed so madly that they nearly sunk them by crowding their starboard sides.

For some weeks before this battle Gen. Polk anticipated an attack on Columbus from Cairo, on the Kentucky side, and all the troops were kept there, except the two Arkansas regiments, who fought Grant until their ammunition gave out, and then retreated under the bank of the river, where they remained until reinforced from Columbus.

On that morning, a private of the Fifth Louisiana Battalion, returning from outpost duty toward Cairo, saw transport after transport sweep in sight from the river, crowded with troops, and were lost to sight in a bend on the Missouri side; these were Grant's forces.

On the bluff above Columbus was the "Lady Polk," an immense rifled cannon, named for the General's wife, on a circular track with an embankment inclosing it. This gun commanded the Belmont battlefield and every point of the compass. It had never been fired, but on that day it sent plunging shot into the Federal troops, which largely caused their panic.

It was cast at Memphis, but when an attempt was made to ram the shot home it was found that the flanges were too large for the grooves of the piece, and they had to be filed down, but as it expanded by firing, the charges entered without filing. A shot was left in the cannon when the battle ended, which, contracting as it cooled, clasped the ball as in a vice.

Several days after, Gen. Polk, desiring to get the gun's range, concluded to fire it up the river, and a crowd of officers and soldiers collected to witness it. Seven men were inside the embankment handling the piece; Gen. Polk and Capt. Rucker were outside, to the rear and one side. When the signal to fire was given a fearful explosion followed, like the roar of a hundred cannon blended in one. Those who did not know the cause of it thought the main magazine, located near the Lady Polk, had blown up.

When the smoke cleared away a horrible sight met the eye. The gun, ten feet in length, with a breach

nearly as large as a flour barrel, was burst in two at the breech, one-half of which was buried in the embankment and the other half thrown over it; the muzzle was thrown forward and partly hidden from sight in the earth.

And the poor fellows who manned it were dead and dying, lying here and there, ghastly corpses or in the death agony. Heads gone, legs and arms torn from the bodies, flesh jerking and quivering in the semi-living, hideous trunks.

Gen. Polk and Capt. Rucker wore overcoats. Both were thrown to the ground, the Gen. badly stunned, but the Captain got up without aid. The rotary force of the disrupted air peeled off the Captain's outer coat and the cloth from the General's left sleeve.

This was a scene that memory does not willingly recall.

SKETCH OF A FAITHFUL COMRADE.

Comrade John D. Tolley, who has proven himself faithful to the VETERAN in an extraordinary way, sends in compliance with request some interesting data:

I was born in Lynchburg, Tenn., March 28, 1837, and lived in and near Lynchburg, in Moore and Lincoln Counties all my life, except a few years off at school and four years and twenty days in the war, 1861-65. I was educated in our home schools at Burritt College and the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville.



JOHN D. TOLLEY.

I enlisted in the Confederate army May 18, 1861: served the entire war, and was paroled at Selma, Ala., June, 1865. I served the first year as a private and ordnance sergeant in the Eighth Tennessee Volunteers, and was made first lieutenant at Corinth,

Miss., May, 1862. Afterwards I was promoted to adjutant major of the regiment, and continued in same until the close of the year of 1863, and then was promoted to captain, and served the rest of the war in special detached service. I was part of the time in the secret service inside the enemy's lines as a spy on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad from Cowan to Nashville. On one occasion I ate supper at Tullahoma with Gen. Milroy and staff, and missed being captured by only a hair's breath, the landlady recognizing me as "Cousin John." After the war I returned home, and have been an active business man ever since, with many ups and downs in life. I will soon be sixty-four years old, and am in good health, but still suffering from a wound received at Perryville, Ky., which is the birthplace of my father.

DISCUSSING REGIMENTAL COMMANDERS.

Robert Neill, Esq., writes from Batesville, Ark.: "On page 436 of the October VETERAN, J. M. Berry, Salem, Mo., writes: 'Comrade J. N. Wilkinson, of

Blooming Grove, Tex., is correct in stating that Churchill was Colonel of the Eighth Arkansas Regiment. Col. Patterson commanded before the consolidation at Corinth, etc. This first sentence is an error. The Eighth Arkansas never had a colonel named Churchill. Thomas J. Churchill, afterwards a major general in the Confederate service, and since Governor of Arkansas, was the first colonel of the First Arkansas Mounted Rifleman, whose first service was in the West under Gen. Ben McCulloch, and which participated in the bloody battle of Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. He was afterwards in the battle of Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, and was transferred to the Army of the Mississippi when Gen. Van Dorn moved the Army of the West to Corinth, in April, 1862. I belonged to Company K of that regiment from its organization. The first colonel of the Eighth Arkansas Infantry was William K. Patterson, then of Jacksonport, Ark. The next colonel was John H. Kelley, afterwards a brigadier general of cavalry in the Army of Tennessee. The last colonel of the regiment was George F. Baucum, a splendid veteran, now living at Little Rock, Ark."

Confederated Southern Memorial Associations.—Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary, Fayetteville, Ark.: "In the August VETERAN there was published a list of 'Important Reunion Dates,' in which there was an important omission—namely, 'The Confederated Southern Memorial Association,' organized at Louisville, Ky., during the U. C. V. reunion. The veterans cordially recognized this Confederation of all the memorial associations of the South, and granted permission to this body to hold its annual reunions at the same time and place as the U. C. V. This Confederation is composed of organizations antedating the United Confederate Veterans themselves, whose work the veterans delight to praise, and we feel sure you will make known in the VETERAN that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will meet in Memphis May 28, 1901. Place of meeting not yet decided on."

Carried Children to Place of Safety.—Col. Irving A. Buck, who was assistant adjutant general to Gen. P. R. Cleburne, writes from Front Royal, Va., January 7, 1901: "Permit me to make a correction of Comrade Reid Smith's article in the December VETERAN, as to my having taken a mother and child from a burning building under artillery fire. I was in hospital from a wound received at Jonesboro, and in consequence not in Hood's Tennessee campaign. The incident is correct in the main, but the credit of it belongs not to me, but to two officers, not excelled for intelligence and gallantry in any army that ever existed. These are the facts: At Spring Hill, the day before the battle of Franklin, when Cleburne made his attack upon Thomas's moving column, Gen. Govan and his adjutant general, Capt. George A. Williams, rode up to a burning house just after dark, while artillery was still playing upon it. The family (a young man, his wife, and two little children) were in the yard, all terror-stricken. Gen. Govan and Capt. Williams had the father pass the children over the fence, and each took

one before him, while the parents followed, shrinking and hopping at every shell, until conveyed to a place of safety by these two officers. Capt. Williams is now a resident of New Orleans. He can and will, I trust, confirm this statement."

HEROISM IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Capt. J. H. Moore writes from Dahlonga, Ga.:

In the December VETERAN in an article by Comrade Capt. J. B. Turney entitled "The First Tennessee at Gettysburg," after describing the formation and order of advance, the following statement occurs: "The First Tennessee, constituting the right of Archer's brigade, occupied a most important position. I decided to throw a column beyond the works and enfilade the line to my left, and succeeded in taking with me my own company and parts of others. The volleys we fired were effective and created confusion, enabling Capt. J. H. Moore and possibly others of the Seventh Tennessee, and Capt. Taylor, of the Thirteenth Alabama, to lead their companies over the works." This statement, uncorrected and unexplained, gives me a prominence in the battle and credit for achievements I do not claim nor deserve, and, by implication, does great injustice to the field and line officers of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment. Col. John A. Fite gallantly led the regiment in the justly celebrated assault on Cemetery Ridge. He and Adj. Howard were on the right of the regiment and near the First, and did all that could be done to "snatch victory from defeat." They fought gallantly and did everything possible to inspire and fire the command, and continued to fight until surrounded and captured.

Lieut. Col. Shepherd, the "Old Reliable," in the center, also did his full duty, and was the only field officer in the entire division that escaped unhurt from the battle. He, for some weeks afterwards, commanded the division. Maj. Williamson fell severely wounded, losing an arm while bravely leading the left as it was advancing up the slope of the ridge. The line officers did their duty equally well.

I can recall the magnificent advance of the long line of brigade sharpshooters clearing the way for our advance in command of that superb soldier, Maj. Ferg Harris. The tall form and commanding presence of this officer made him a conspicuous mark for the enemies' sharpshooters. He was wounded in the charge, and, if my memory is not at fault, received seven other wounds in other battles.

I can recall Capt. A. Norris, late Representative of Wilson County, when the right was being enveloped and hope gone, tearing the colors from the staff, and retreating with a fragment of his company under a fire so destructive that his escape seemed miraculous. There was no better officer in the Seventh or in any other regiment. Capt. Asa Hill, while cheering on his company, fell mortally wounded; Capt. John Allen, "the bravest of the brave," fell where he always was, in "the thickest of the fight," with two desperate wounds, thought to be mortal at the time; Lieut. Timberlake fell in the forefront with two severe wounds. Space will not permit me to mention more names, though many more deserve all praise.

The rank and file of my own company and, as far

as I could see, of others did all that flesh and blood could do to make the assault successful. While my attention was confined principally to my own company, I recall with distinctness the gallant bearing of acting Sergeant Jesse Cage, of Company E (now of Nashville), on my immediate right. He seemed to be oblivious to everything except his full duty as a soldier. His apparent coolness was remarkable. This splendid soldier escaped unscathed in this as well as every other battle in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged until the very last, in which he lost a leg. He was a model soldier in war as he is a model Christian gentleman in peace.

I did not command a company until after the wounding of Capt. Allen, near the close of the engagement. My company, being Company B, was the extreme left company of the regiment, and could not possibly have been next to the First, as stated by Capt. Turney. Nor did the company cross the stone wall or works, as mentioned, for the reason that near the junction of the First and Seventh Regiments the wall alluded to—which was nearly east and west—turned abruptly to the north, and consequently was not in our front; and, while the left did not cross the wall, it advanced as far up the slope as the First or any other regiment. As will readily be seen, Capt. Turney evidently mistakes me for an officer commanding one of our extreme right companies. Who they were I cannot now call to mind. The officers and men of the entire command, as far as I could see or ascertain, did their duty well, and came very near carrying a naturally strong position, partially fortified, and held by more than double their numbers of enemies—of their own race—incredible as it may seem.

Now, in conclusion, I wish to state that personally I did no more than the least line officer in the regiment, and not nearly as much as the majority of them, to make the memorable charge on Cemetery Ridge a success. The publication of this will not only relieve me from an embarrassing position, but will remove any impression liable to be made by Capt. Turney's article that some of the officers of the Seventh Regiment did not do their full duty.

Capt. F. S. Harris writes from Alabama:

I regret the necessity of a reply to Capt. Turney's article on Gettysburg in December VETERAN. It needs none only for the fact that it appeared in the official organ of the U. C. V., every word of which we want future historians to know is true. . . . But I cannot remain silent at the implied slur against the balance of that grand old regiment, the First Tennessee, whose dead are on every battlefield from Seven Pines to Appomattox; nor the implied accusations against those grand old regiments, the Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee and Fifth and Thirteenth Alabama Battalions.

Capt. Turney's recollection is so sadly at fault both on the first and third days that it is unnecessary to begin to point out. I have been on that field twice since, in 1899 and 1900. On both occasions I found the lines definitely located. It is true the First Tennessee was next to Fickett, but Capt. Turney's recollection plays him a prank again. Next to the First was the Fourteenth Tennessee. He places the Seventh

next, as he says he "cleared the way for Capt. Moore's company to go over," and some of the Fifth Alabama Battalion. Every one in the brigade knows that the Fifth Alabama was on the extreme left of the brigade.

I cannot remember as well as Capt. Turney, but I recollect the gallant Col. George and Capt. Moore far to the front; and I know Col. Fite was captured near there. Col. Lockard, of the Fourteenth Tennessee, was wounded crossing the wall. The Thirteenth and Fifth Alabama Battalions drove to the front as far as any man, and Col. Shepard, Capt. Norris, Capt. John Allen, Bill Young, and others went to the front as far as any Confederate soldier. And they got out with Capt. Allen badly wounded.

But the most serious trouble arising from the publication in so reputable a journal as the VETERAN is that it contradicts that which Archer's and Pettigrew's men have given thirty years to establish. Newspaper soldiers of Pickett's, immediately after the battle, commenced to claim all the glory of this the greatest of the world's battles.

Capt. Bond, of North Carolina, Col. J. H. Moore, before mentioned, and others have established the facts from war records: Fitzhugh Lee's Life of Gen. R. E. Lee and other reliable data. The stones are set at Gettysburg, marking each position attained so different from Capt. Turney's recollection that one would not recognize that gory field from his article.

The most unkind shot of all is therefore from the archer in our own camp.

In publishing the foregoing the VETERAN emphasizes afresh its faith in the integrity of any Confederate soldier or officer who was himself in battle. Their devotion to truth and to principle exceeds their partiality for any command over others. We all know by experience that no two will see things alike.

K. M. Van Zandt, Major General Commanding the Texas Division, writes from Fort Worth, Tex., November 20, 1900, to Capt. J. H. George about prison life on Johnson's Island:

In the last issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, just received, I notice your communication regarding the treatment of prisoners on Johnson's Island. I was there at the time you were; have a roster of those who were there, and in it find the name of J. H. George, Captain Company D, Forty-First Tennessee Regiment. I was surrendered at Fort Donelson, carried first to Camp Douglas, thence to Camp Chase, and thence to Johnson's Island, arriving there on April 9, with the first lot of prisoners sent to that prison. I confirm your statement. I remember well the Sunday evening when Lieut. Gibson, of Arkansas, was shot, and I remember quite well the night when Capt. J. A. Meadows, of the First Alabama Regiment, was wounded. He was shot through both legs. He was in the hospital, and just able to get up. He was returning from the "sinks," and became so weak that he was not able to walk erect, and was walking in a stooping posture, holding his trousers with both hands, when he was shot by the sentinel. It was wholly without cause. I was in Building No. 4, immediately west of the hospital building. I shall be glad to meet you and talk over these things.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

New Camps and Camp News.

From New Orleans, La., January 11, 1901, Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General, sends out General Orders No. 250, announcing the fellowship of the following named camps in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, "all registered in conformity with the dates in their respective charters," also their numbers, to wit:

R. F. Hoke, No. 1241, Lumberton, N. C.
 Joe Wheeler, No. 1242, Graham, Ind. T.
 W. C. Preston, No. 1243, Alexandria, Tenn.
 Winnie Davis, No. 1244, Safford, Ariz.
 Gates County, No. 1245, Willeyton, N. C.
 Robert J. Breckinridge, No. 1246, Danville, Ky.
 Dick Gano, No. 1247, Mansfield, Tex.
 Henry L. Wyatt, No. 1248, Bayboro, N. C.
 Mayfield, No. 1249, Mayfield, Ky.
 Confederate Veteran, No. 1250, Tulu, Tenn.
 Bedford Forrest, No. 1251, Arlington, Tex.
 Joseph E. Johnston, No. 1252, Quinlan, Tex.
 Stonewall Jackson, No. 1253, Grapevine, Tex.
 Joseph E. Johnston, No. 1254, Selmer, Tenn.
 Samuel J. Gholson, No. 1255, Aberdeen, Miss.
 Lee Sherrell, No. 1256, Bardwell, Ky.
 Zebulon B. Vance, No. 1257, Troy, N. C.
 John H. Cecil, No. 1258, Lebanon, Ky.
 H. B. Lyon, No. 1259, Murray, Ky.
 Ben Hardin Helm, No. 1260, Lawrenceville, Ky.
 Pickett-Stuart, No. 1261, Nottoway, Va.
 Thomas H. Hunt, No. 1262, Cynthia, Ky.
 Gen. John S. Williams, No. 1263, Grayson, Ky.
 Jesse S. Barnes, No. 1264, Wilson, N. C.
 Marion County, No. 1265, Jefferson, Tex.
 James H. Berry, No. 1266, Springdale, Ark.
 Jefferson Davis, No. 1267, Elkton, Ky.
 Sou-Noo-Kee (Cherokee Indians), No. 1268, Cherokee, N. C.
 Stonewall Jackson, No. 1269, Huntsville, Ark.
 Co. A. Wheeler's Confed. Cavalry, No. 1270, Atlanta, Ga.
 Thornton, No. 1271, Summersville, W. Va.
 Charles J. Batchelor, No. 1272, Smithland, La.
 Nimrod Triplett, No. 1273, Boone, N. C.
 Faulkner, No. 1274, Daphne, Ala.
 Bill Johnston, No. 1275, Weldon, N. C.
 Quitman, No. 1276, Belen, Miss.
 Maurice T. Smith, No. 1277, Oxford, N. C.
 Oscar R. Rand, No. 1278, Holly Springs, N. C.
 Costello, No. 1279, Elba, Ala.
 Sam Davis, No. 1280, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Forrest, No. 1281, Magazine, Ark.
 W. R. White, No. 1282, Lowndesville, S. C.
 Ike Stone, No. 1283, Henderson, Tenn.
 Fitzgerald, No. 1284, Paris, Tenn.
 Daniel H. Reynolds, No. 1285, Lake Village, Ark.
 Joe Wheeler, No. 1286, Cheyenne, Okla.
 James W. Moss, No. 1287, Arlington, Ky.
 Stonewall Jackson, No. 1288, Pontotoc, Ind. T.
 M. J. Furgerson, No. 1289, Hurricane, W. Va.
 James Newton, No. 1290, El Dorado, Ark.
 Winfield, No. 1291, Winfield, Ala.

Clinch County, No. 1292, Homerville, Ga.
 Confederate Veteran, No. 1293, Kingsland, Ark.
 J. T. Stuart, No. 1294, Van Buren, Ark.
 Gen. John S. Williams, No. 1295, Winchester, Ky.
 Joe Walker, No. 1296, Greer Depot, S. C.
 Shiloh, No. 1297, Mena, Ark.
 John W. A. Sanford, No. 1298, Clanton, Ala.
 Confederate Veteran, No. 1299, Hearne, Tex.
 W. T. Smith, No. 1300, Buford, Ga.

The next annual meeting of the U. C. V. is to occur at Memphis, May 28, 29, 30, 1901.

During September last a Camp was organized at Lake Village, Ark., to be called after that gallant and popular old veteran, Gen. Daniel H. Reynolds, of that locality. No man of the "trying times" held a better record, and no one since the war has sustained the new relation with more patriotic sentiment. This Camp will go forward on a firm basis, and will be represented at Memphis next spring. The officers elected were John Bagley (M.D.), Commander; R. H. London, Adjutant. The membership is thirty-seven.

Camp Haynes-Jennings, of Stone Mountain, Va., was named in honor of Maj. Alexander Haynes and Capt. William Jennings, two of the brightest lights that went from Carroll County to the front in 1861. The former was killed at Drewry's Bluff, and the latter at Williamsburg while gallantly leading his company against the enemy. The annual reunion of the Camp was held at Woodlawn on the 14th and 15th of September, with a good number present, who were addressed by Hon. I. W. Bolen.

The Sam Davis Camp, U. C. V., No. 1280, Los Angeles, Cal., was organized in July with twenty-five members, and with Capt. T. W. T. Richards, Commander; Robert Stewart, Secretary; Henry S. Orme, M.D., Surgeon; John Shirley Ward, Treasurer.

In a comment the Treasurer writes: "The name Davis, selected for the Camp, perpetuates the name of two of the South's greatest heroes: one the most unselfish patriot, who died in maintaining his honor; the other who wore iron anklets as a vicarious atonement for the people he loved."

The Isaac R. Trimble Camp, No. 1025, United Confederate Veterans, First Brigade, Maryland Division, recently held its annual meeting. A fine portrait of Gen. Trimble was shown by Commander Trippe. It is to be reproduced in the memoir of Gen. Trimble now in course of preparation. The election of officers resulted as follows: Commander, Andrew C. Trippe; Lieutenant Commanders: Winfield Peters, James W. Denny, Thomas V. Mackall, Nicholas S. Hill; Adjutant, William L. Ritter; Quartermaster, M. W. Hewe; Surgeon, Dr. John H. Grimes; Assistant Surgeons, Dr. Alexander T. Bell, Dr. James G. Wiltshire, Dr. Wilbur R. McKnew; Chaplains, Rev. H. T. Sharp, Rev. W. C. Maloy; Officer of the Day, Spottswood Bird; Paymaster, E. Bryson Tucker; Commissary, Charles Parkhill; Vidette, John W. Scott; Sergeant Major, William H. Brent; Color Sergeant, Richard T. Knox; Color Guard, Sergeant George C. Minor, Corporals Myer J. Block and Edwin Kershaw.

HOW I KNEW THAT THE WAR WAS OVER.

BY JOSEPH B. CUMMING, AUGUSTA, GA.

In April, 1865, I was on the staff of the commander in chief, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, of the Army of Tennessee. In the reorganization of that army, then taking place, I had just been appointed to the command of one of the regiments of the new organization, but was still on duty at Gen. Johnston's headquarters. I was one of the three assistant adjutants general, and while my duties in the field were the same as any other staff officer, my office business was, in part, to revise the records of the courts-martial held in the army, and to furnish a report on every case to the commanding general.

The army at this time was in and about Smithfield, N. C. In the march through South Carolina there had been numerous desertions from the ranks among the South Carolina troops, who naturally felt that a further struggle was hopeless, and saw no reason for leaving their homes behind them. This evil in all parts of the army was so great that Gen. Johnston, always a very strict disciplinarian, was determined to deal with it with great severity. Among the cases tried by one of the military courts while the army was in and about Smithfield was that of a youth, whose name I do not recall, who had deserted under these circumstances from a South Carolina regiment, but had been captured, returned to his regiment, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. I had revised the record and found it technically correct, which was my sole duty in reference to it, had made my report to Gen. Johnston and received his order, directing the execution, the next day, of this young soldier. I immediately prepared the order accordingly, and sent it down to the command to which he belonged. In a little while a delegation of officers of the regiment came to Gen. Johnston's headquarters with a petition for the commutation or suspension of the sentence.

At that time most of the army was in motion on the march toward Raleigh. Gen. Johnston had not actually left his headquarters, but his and his staff's horses were all saddled, ready to move. This was about the 10th or 11th of April. Already there were vague rumors throughout the army of the disaster that had overtaken Lee's army, though Gen. Johnston's movement was then for the purpose of effecting a junction with Gen. Lee. The General sat on the piazza of a little house, which was his headquarters, evidently in deep, anxious thought. He had a way when thus preoccupied of jerking his head slowly from side to side as if he had a very mild case of the palsy. We of his staff all knew that it was not well to interrupt him at such times, but the occasion was such that I felt that I must approach him, though I did so with much trepidation and many misgivings as to my reception. I said to him, in effect, that a soldier of the regiment, which I designated, had been sentenced to be shot the next morning for desertion; that I had in my hand the application of officers of his regiment for commutation or suspension of the sentence; that several officers of the regiment had brought it up and were in attendance to receive his answer to that

petition. At the same time I tendered the petition to him. He declined to take it, but asked me if I had not reviewed the record. When I answered in the affirmative, his next question was: "Is not the record correct?" To this I also answered that in my opinion it was. He then asked: "Has anything new occurred since?" I told him: "Not to my knowledge." "Have I not, then, ordered the sentence to be carried out?" I told him he had.

At that he became silent, and evidently resumed the train of thought which was occupying him when I had interrupted him. I stood for some time in his immediate presence, hoping that he would say something. As he did not, I spoke to him about as follows: "General, I beg pardon for interrupting you, but this is a matter of life and death. I have not had your answer to this petition, and I ought not to assume the responsibility of giving an answer to the officers who brought it, and I beg that you will tell me definitely what I shall say to them."

He replied with some impatience: "Tell them the sentence must be carried out."

I returned the petition to the officers with that statement.

In the course of the afternoon Gen. Johnston and his staff followed on after the troops. We bivouacked some little time after dark, the General establishing himself under a tent fly, and the members of his staff, orderlies, couriers, etc., scattering about in different places in the immediate neighborhood. Col. Archer Anderson, his chief of staff, myself, and two or three others took shelter in a little house in the neighborhood. I lay down on the floor and fell asleep. I was very weary, though later in the night and several times during the night, when the hardness of the floor induced me to change my position and I awoke for a few moments, I noticed that Col. Anderson, seated at a table with a dim light, was hard at work over a paper. I thought at the time it was a long cipher dispatch that he was deciphering, and, in the state of expectation that I shared with all at that time, I jumped to the conclusion that it conveyed confirmation of the rumor that we had been hearing during the day, that Lee had surrendered.

About daylight the next morning I was called by an orderly with a message from Gen. Johnston to come at once to his tent. I got up immediately; completed my toilet, which consisted in drawing on my boots, putting on my hat, and buckling on my sword, and reported to Gen. Johnston. He was walking up and down in front of his tent alone. He at once accosted me, and asked me to whose command the young man that I had spoken to him about the day before belonged. I told him in Stewart's Corps, such and such a brigade and regiment. He said: "Write an order at once to Gen. Stewart to suspend the execution until further orders." I always carried with me a little tin cylinder in which I had writing materials. I at once sat down and wrote the note to Gen. Stewart. In the meanwhile Gen. Johnston had summoned a courier, who was right there in the saddle by the time I finished my short note.

The General himself gave him sharp and earnest orders to ride with speed to Gen. Stewart's headquarters and deliver the note.

Then I knew, was positively certain, that the war was over. I knew that Gen. Johnston, on the one hand, would not relent so long as there was a necessity for preserving discipline, and that, on the other hand, he would not sacrifice a life unnecessarily. I was confident at the moment that he had heard of Lee's surrender, that there would be no prolongation of the struggle, and that to execute this young man was something which the situation no longer required.

It was characteristic of that great man's mind and good heart that the fall of an empire could not so occupy them as to exclude from them the relatively small matter of the life of one poor private soldier.

The order reached the command in time to save the life of this youth, who may yet be living and possibly may read this simple narrative.

ONLY C. S. A. MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

Mrs. W. M. Robbins, of Gettysburg, Pa., author of this poem, dedicates it to "the only Confederate Monument at Gettysburg." Her husband is one of the battlefield commissioners (Confederate). In closing she writes: "I hope the day is not far distant when every State whose heroes fell here will mark their heroic deeds by monuments."

Your top should be reaching the sky,
Proclaiming what you represent;
How true men and patriots can die,
O silent and lone monument.

You speak of the soldiers in gray,
Whose pluck, though their numbers were few,
In triumph so oft won the day,
And wrested the palm from the blue.

The fame of their deeds shall abide
In the hearts of our people who dwell
In the land at whose mandate they died,
"The storm-cradled nation that fell."

But gone are the heroes in gray;
They sleep by the heroes in blue;
And discord no longer holds sway
O'er our Union cemented anew.

As a heart-broken mother who weeps,
When they lay her sweet darling to rest,
Long after comes back where it sleeps
And kneeling there whispers, "'Tis best!"

So the South, after sorrowful years,
Views the ground where her proud banner fell,
And, looking to heaven through tears,
She trustingly whispers: "'Tis well."

OUR FLAG THE OLDEST.

Mrs. J. M. Keller sends this from Hot Springs, Ark.:

All of the principal nations chose ensigns after ours. It is not generally known that the star-spangled banner of the United States is older than any one of the present flags of the European powers, according to the Spanish *Figaro*. It was adopted in 1782 by the Congress of the thirteen colonies of North America, then at war with the mother country. The yellow and red Spanish flag came out in 1785; the French tricolor was adopted in 1794; the red English emblem, with the union jack in the upper corner, dates from 1801; the Sardinian (now the Italian) flag first fluttered in 1848; the Austro-Hungarian flag was one of the compromises of 1867; the present German flag first appeared in 1871; and the Russian tricolor is

quite a recent affair. The only modification that the American flag has undergone since the origin consists in the addition of a new star every time a new State is taken into the Union.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR FLAG.

Sir John Preswitch, a baronet of the West of England, designed the flag of the United States of America for John Adams in 1779, which he presented to Congress, and was accepted in 1782, and was officially raised for the first time by John Paul Jones on the high sea.

Mrs. Lou May Long, a daughter-in-law, writes from Elmo, Mo., of "the never-dying love of Hardin Long and wife for the beloved South country through all that dark struggle," and adds: "To-day that same fire burns upon the altar of their hearts. When the line was drawn between the North and South, Hardin Long laid his all at the feet of the Southern Confederacy. He was then the father of eight children, six sons and two daughters, the eldest scarcely seventeen and the youngest an infant. The wife and mother bade her husband go in his country's defense, knowing the awful responsibility that would fall upon her shoulders as with many other noble Southern women."

Judge Hardin Long, as he is now called, enlisted August, 1861, in the Forty-Second Tennessee Infantry. Later he was with the Third Confederate Cavalry. For a time he was captain, commanding a company of the Forty-Second Tennessee. He gave up his beautiful home, including nearly all his worldly effects, and the blood of five of his brothers was poured out upon Southern soil. After the war Capt. Long moved to Johnson County, Mo., bought a fine farm, and has lived there ever since. He has served his county twice as judge. He is now nearly eighty years old, and his wife is seventy-five.

Address of William Blaney Wanted at Washington, D. C.—E. W. Knott writes from Catskill, N. Y., to the Commissioners of Pensions, Washington, D. C., as to the whereabouts of William Blaney, who was a Confederate soldier, and it is thought that he is in a Confederate Home somewhere. The offices of Veteran Camps are solicited to ascertain what can be learned about him. An amount of money has been left to Comrade Blaney, and it is desired that the estate be settled. If he is dead, there may be heirs who would be entitled to this money. Address J. M. Caperton, Secretary C. V. A. Association, 431 Eleventh Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Finance Committee of the Memphis reunion, through its Chairman, A. B. Pickett, reports splendid sentiment in behalf of the undertaking. A careful estimate has been made of the proportions to be given by prominent business men there, and offers reported in excess of those amounts have been declined. Such spirit insures the easy raising of fifty thousand dollars or such part of that amount as may be necessary to meet all demands for the reunion. Col. R. B. Snowden, as might have been expected, gives \$1,500. The next largest amount is \$1,000 by George C. Bennett and the firm of George C. Bennett & Co.

THE LATE COL WILLIAM M. INGE.

HIS REMARKABLE MILITARY CAREER—CONFEDERATE.

When war was inevitable between the States, Col. Inge organized a calvary company of one hundred and twenty-five men, composed of the chivalry and flower of old Tishomingo County, Miss., and he was unanimously elected captain. The members of this company were young, faultless horsemen, and they soon drilled like regulars. They followed under the leadership of the intrepid Lieut. Gen. Joseph Wheeler. The company, as a special honor, was armed by the State with Maynard rifles, which were then very scarce.

He was so anxious for active service that he offered to transfer his men from cavalry to artillery or infantry. He tendered its services to Gov. Pettus whenever there was a prospective plan for getting to the front. He finally resigned and joined Capt. Crum's Sardis Blues, of the Twelfth Mississippi Infantry, as a private. At Union City this regiment was organized with Richard Griffith (of Jackson) as colonel, W. H. Taylor (of Jackson), lieutenant colonel, and John Dinkins (of Sardis) as major. Private Inge was made adjutant of the regiment. This unexpected honor was attribute to the fact that he had spent some time at West Point, and was most efficient for the position.

The Twelfth Mississippi reached the Manassas battlefield just in time to go quickly into the fight. Col. Griffith was adjutant of Col. Jefferson Davis's Regiment in the Mexican war. President Davis was at Manassas Junction, and rode to the front with Col. Griffith. Griffith afterwards was promoted to brigadier general, when he appointed Inge his adjutant general.

Col. Inge remained with Gen. Griffith until the General fell, mortally wounded, at the opening of the battle of Savage Station. In that crisis Col. Inge sprang from his horse and took the General in his arms as he fell. Asking the nature of his wound, and being told that it was fatal, he then said: "If I only could have led my brigade through this battle, I would have died satisfied."

In his death he was surrounded by all of his staff save Adj. Gen. Inge, who was compelled to remain with the brigade under Col. Barksdale, the senior colonel, who assumed command of it. He was soon promoted, and was assigned to that command. Gen. Barksdale was killed while leading his brigade in a dauntless charge at Gettysburg.

Late in the evening, during the battle of Savage Station, Gen. McGruder's personal staff being absent on duty, he asked if any officer present would volunteer to deliver a message to Gen. Humphreys, and Col. Inge at once offered his services. He dashed down the line of battle under heavy fire, and delivered the message to Gen. Humphreys, who said: "You must accompany us." The Colonel did not expect that additional hazard, but went with Gen. Humphreys in their perilous advance. Before going one hundred yards they were subjected to a heavy fire, and the Federal line of battle was beginning to yield before the deadly fire of the gallant Mississippians when a man, dressed in a Confederate uniform, dashed up to Gen. Humphreys and ordered him to "cease firing," that he was

killing his friends. The old general responded: "Move them from my front, and let them cease firing upon my men, and I will consider your proposition." So the regiment kept advancing and firing until the enemy was driven across the creek. In the meantime rumor had reached Gen. Barksdale that Gen. Humphreys had fired into a Confederate regiment and killed sixty of its members. Gen. Barksdale was so annoyed at this that he went with some of his officers to investigate the matter, and found that the sixty dead were Federals.

That night after dark Col. Inge set out to find Gen. Barksdale's headquarters. He missed his way, and while in this perplexing attitude he met his friend, Maj. McLaws, chief quartermaster of Maj. Gen. McLaws's Division, who was also lost. In trying to find their respective commands they crossed the creek on a bridge, when to their utter dismay they found themselves in the midst of the Federal army. After a whispered consultation they determined to recross the bridge if possible. As they neared that point Maj. McLaws asked the sentry if the ambulance had yet arrived. This inquiry and the fearless manner in which it was asked disarmed the sentry of any lingering doubt, so he replied: "No; I am afraid they will get the General yet. Let us move across the bridge and prevent the capture of his remains." It is needless to say they moved on. Without halt or detention they passed over the bridge, and galloped away in the darkness.

Col. Inge remained with the Mississippi brigade, sharing its honor and danger, until after the battle of Malvern Hill, Va., one of the fiercest battles of the war.

In a charge the Mississippi brigade lost about thirteen hundred men, killed and wounded. Col. Inge's horse was killed while he was preparing to mount for the combat. It was at the close of this battle that Col. Inge was promoted to the title he afterwards bore.

He was ordered back to Mississippi to organize Baxter's and Warren's battalions of cavalry into a regiment, and assume command of them. It is a noticeable coincidence that the cavalry company he first organized came under his command, and the regiment became the Twelfth Mississippi Cavalry. Capt. John B. Hyneman commanded the company, and it had fully met the expectations of its friends. It is understood that before leaving Virginia Col. Inge was offered command of the cavalry under Gen. McGruder, with rank of brigadier general. He declined the appointment, as he objected to crossing the Mississippi river.

At the battle of Colliersville, Tenn., Col. Inge advanced with his regiment rapidly to a Federal stockade on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and while they were engaged with the enemy in the stockade a train approached from the west. Col. Inge was much surprised at this, as he had been informed that the bridges between Memphis and Colliersville had been burned. This train contained Gen. W. T. Sherman and the First Regiment of United States Regulars. They retreated under a heavy and galling fire. Thirty-two men in his regiment were killed and wounded.

The next day they fought at Moscow and Wyatt,

on the Tallahatchie river. In this engagement Col. Inge's regiment was in a spirited fight, and lost considerably in killed and wounded. After these engagements he joined Gen. J. R. Chalmers.

Col. Inge's regiment was a part of the force that conducted Gen. N. B. Forrest safely into Saulsbury, Tenn. Gen. Forrest then proceeded to Bolivar, Jackson, and other places, when he organized his famous cavalry command. Col. Inge was with Gen. Forrest's command when he captured Streight at Rome, Ga., but was ordered to join the army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Resaca, Ga., and arrived in time to take part in that severe battle just as Gen. W. F. Tucker was severely wounded. He followed the fortunes of the Army of Georgia from that point to Atlanta, engaging in its many conflicts. The night before the battle of June 22 Gen. Furgeson's Brigade marched all night, reaching West Point, Ga., at early dawn, and were immediately ordered into the fight. In about four hours they, together with the other attacking Confederate forces, drove the enemy from its stronghold, and held possession of West Point.

When Sherman marched from Atlanta to Savannah Col. Inge was with the forces that hung on the flanks day and night, fighting continuously. Later he crossed the river into South Carolina, when his brigade (Furgeson's) became a part of Gen. Hardee's corps.

Gen. Hardee recommended Col. Inge to the War Department as a suitable officer to take charge of a partisan command, and the Secretary of War issued to him authority to organize a regiment of the supernumerary officers of the army, and directed him to establish his headquarters at Macon, Ga. He was progressing finely with his work, and had collected in a short time one hundred men, when the end came. At that time Col. Inge was on picket duty, with a portion of his command near Macon, where he had been sent under special orders by Gen. Cobb, who was in command of the forces at Macon, to scout and picket the road, and give him prompt information regarding the approach of Gen. Wilson. The day of his arrival at Double Bridges, late in the evening, he was approached by a flag of truce. It was borne by Capt. Ingate, who stated to Col. Inge that the war was at an end, and gave him orders from Gen. Cobb to return to Macon, and if he intercepted the Federal army not to fire, or make any show of resistance whatever. He mounted his command quietly, and obeyed the order. When the road he was traveling intersected the one leading to Columbus, they met Gen. Minty's command of Wilson's Division, and spent the night. When the General learned that this command was composed entirely of officers, he treated them with marked courtesy. The next morning they reached Macon, and were paroled.

Col. Inge had confronted Gen. Wilson's command a few days previous at Selma, Ala. The Colonel was then on his way to Corinth on furlough. Upon the approach of Gen. Wilson's command Gen. Dick Taylor placed Col. Inge in charge of the old, infirm men and boys, and ordered him to take his position in the trenches. The Federals galloped over his command without halting, and soon dispersed Gen. Forrest's Cavalry.

Col. Inge made his escape after Gen. Forrest and his escort left the city by swimming the Alabama river, which at that time was much swollen. Reaching the other bank, he procured a mule, and was but a short distance in advance of the Federal army when he reached Montgomery, Ala. Here a citizen kindly gave him a fresh horse, and he resumed his journey toward Columbus, Ga., with a squad of Confederate soldiers. So closely were they pressed that the enemy fired upon them as they entered the town. The citizens kindly gave them something to eat, and Col. Inge pressed on rapidly and joined his command at Macon.

Col. Inge received but one furlough during the entire war. This was in April, 1862, and when he reached his home he found it occupied by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston as his headquarters, and his army was preparing to move on to Shiloh. Gen. Johnston offered him a place on his staff for this battle, which occurred three days later, but he preferred and accepted a place on Gen. Clark's staff. Spending only one night with his wife and children, he proceeded to Shiloh.

In the first part of the battle Col. Inge was riding a very spirited horse, which, upon receiving a wound in the neck, became unmanageable, and was bearing his rider straight to the Federal line. As Col. Inge did not desire to make the charge alone, he quickly dismounted, the horse jerked loose and never paused until he dashed through the Federal lines. The Colonel was then between the lines. Securing the horse from which Adj. Harris, of Tennessee, had just been shot, he mounted and tried to join Gen. Clark, but this gallant hero had just fallen, severely wounded, and was carried from the field of battle. While he was looking for the commanding officer he met Col. W. H. Haynes, of Gen. Clark's staff, and Col. Breckinridge. By this time the Federal army had been pushed back to Sheltering Bluffs, on the Tennessee river, and the three pressed on to the river. While prone upon the ground watching the enemy's movements, they were fired upon at close range. Col. Haynes's eye was shot out, the blood spurted forth, and he was thought to be mortally wounded. Maj. Breckinridge carried him across the ravine, Col. Inge leading the horses. An ambulance was procured, which carried him to the rear. It was nearly nightfall when our advance picket lines were reached. Running by some Yankee tents, Col. Inge saw in one a good cot, plenty to eat for himself and horse, and, after refreshing man and beast, he lay down upon the cot tired out with the duties of the past day, never dreaming of the dread issue so near at hand. He was rudely awakened in the dull gray of the early dawn by the rapid fire upon the pickets by the advancing Federals. He mounted and remained with the rear of the army, which was slowly and sullenly retreating like a wounded lion. About three o'clock, he returned to his old homestead in Corinth. When Gen. Johnston left Corinth he remarked: "I will water my horse in the Tennessee river to-morrow night, or die in the attempt."

This intrepid hero did not slake his horse's thirst in the bright waters of the Tennessee, but came back to his old headquarters upon a rudely constructed bier, where Mrs. T. A. Inge tenderly wrapped his body in the insignia of the Confederacy, the "Stars and Bars."

This was the last honor shown the dead hero. He lay in state for several hours in the parlor of this home, and his comrades came with tear-dimmed eyes to look



COL. AND MRS. INGE.

upon all that was mortal, the pulseless form of him they loved so well. If Gen. Johnston had lived but three hours longer, the result of this battle would have been differently written, and the eagles of victory would have perched upon the banner of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Inge ministered to the wounded in the hospital at Corinth, and with her own fingers closed the white eyelids and received the dying blessing of many a poor thankful soldier. This grand woman of the Confederacy and her noble husband still live in the little village of Corinth, surrounded by a people who honor and revere them, and are loved by them in return. In 1882 Col. Inge was a member of the Mississippi Legislature. In 1884 he was elected Speaker of the House. He is in his sixty-eighth year, and is waiting the command of the great Leader to pass over and join the grand army of heroes who have gone before, and when the order is given he will move across the river and rest with the blessed of the Southern Confederacy.

CAMPAIGNING IN KENTUCKY.

Col. Philip B. Spence continues the reminiscences from the November VETERAN:

I found officers and men in high spirits. Gen. Kirby Smith had entered Kentucky near Cumberland Gap, and had gained a great victory over Gen. Nelson at Richmond, capturing more than five thousand prisoners, all of his wagon train and supplies, and most of his artillery. This news reached Bragg's army while at Sparta, *en route*, adding to the already high spirits of that grand body of men. The morale of the army was almost perfect while marching into Kentucky. No depredations were committed, not even pulling an apple or peach, while orchards were loaded with delicious ripe fruit. This was Gen. Bragg's discipline.

A few days after I joined the command the defeat of Gen. Chalmers, at Munfordville, threw a little gloom over the camp, but this was changed on the 17th when Munfordville, with more than four thousand prisoners, surrendered to Gen. Bragg, Gen. Buckner receiving the surrender, a courtesy paid to the ranking officer from Kentucky with the Army of Mississippi. I shall never forget the grand sight on that bright September morning, when over four thousand well-dressed Federal soldiers, with shining muskets and the beautiful stars and stripes, formed line, and at the command, "Ground arms!" every flag and musket went down at the same moment in front of the Confederates.

It is not my purpose here to attempt to follow the marching and countermarching of the army on this campaign, but to give a few personal recollections. Gen. Bragg became the Commander of Department No. 2, the Army of Mississippi, and Gen. Smith's Army of Kentucky, about 52,000 men of all arms. Gen. Polk assumed the command of the Army of Mississippi, Gen. Cheatham being placed in charge of the right wing.

About the 20th the Army of Mississippi withdrew from Glasgow and Munfordville, marching to Bardstown and thence to Springfield, Harrodsburg, Danville, Perryville. Gen. Buell, from his base at Louisville, with three corps, McCook's, Crittenden's, and Gilbert's, 58,000 strong, was following and ready to give battle at any time. Gen. Bragg evidently thought that Buell's intentions were to advance on Frankfort, for he detached Withers's Division, the largest in that army, and ordered it to report to Gen. Smith. The withdrawal of this division left the Army of Mississippi with 16,000 infantry and Wheeler's and Wharton's Cavalry. With these commands Gen. Polk fought and won the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862. Gen. Smith, with the larger part of Gen. Bragg's army, 36,000 men, was not near enough to reinforce Gen. Polk at Perryville, and he was obliged to give up the battlefield, so gloriously won over a greatly superior force. The battle began about 2 P.M. by Cheatham making a vigorous attack upon McCook. The whole Confederate line was soon hotly engaged, and the enemy was driven from his first positions. Jackson's Division of McCook's Corps was almost destroyed, and the gallant, handsome commander killed. During the battle I was sent to Gen. Wharton with orders. This fighting Texan was on the extreme right, watching for an opportunity to charge. The battle was fought on the high ground on the banks of Chaplin's Creek and Doctor's Fork, in an open country. The magnificent view from Wharton's position could not be equaled. Both armies were in full view. The whole raging battle, the firing of artillery and infantry, the waving of flags, our advancing lines, the enemy slowly giving way, their officers rallying and encouraging the men could all be seen from Wharton's position. I remained as long as I could, spellbound at this grand sight, hoping to join in the charge with Wharton's Texans. My duties, however, called me back to my general before an opportunity was presented.

There were many instances of personal heroism at the battle of Perryville on both sides, which have been

published in the reports of the officers engaged. The battle continued into the night. Friends and foes were badly mixed up at times, officers giving commands to the enemy, Federal officers coming into the Confederate lines. One of them asked: "What the d— is all this cheering about?" When answered over the victory we had gained, the reply that they had seen no victory identified them as Yankees. Gen. Polk had a narrow escape. All of his staff were absent on different messages, and, seeing a line which he took for Confederates firing upon our line, he rode rapidly in person to the colonel of the regiment, asking him what he meant by shooting his friends, and ordered him to cease firing, and asking what regiment it was. The officer gave the number of a Yankee regiment, and said he did not think there could be any mistake, at the same time asking the commander who he was. Gen. Polk then realized the close place he was in, and saved himself by his coolness and presence of mind. He replied to the Federal that he had just left the line, and in angry tones and shaking his fist in the colonel's face, said, "I'll soon show you who I am; cease firing at once," and, turning, rode down the lines giving the command to the Federal soldiers to "cease firing!" He expected every moment that he would be filled with Minie balls. Getting back to the nearest Confederate colonel, he said to him: "I have reconnoitered those fellows pretty closely, and there is no mistake as to who they are; you may get up and go for them." And that line of Yankees was soon destroyed.

Gen. Polk withdrew from Perryville on the 9th, not being strong enough to renew the attack on Buell, who had a much larger army, and Gen. Smith was not in striking distance. The Kentucky campaign had failed of its object, and a retreat was ordered.

On October 13 Gen. Polk, with the Army of Mississippi, and Gen. Smith, with the Army of Kentucky and long trains of captured stores, commenced the retreat via London and Cumberland Gap for East Tennessee. The Federal prisoners were paroled at Harrodsburg. Years after the war I spent the summer at a northern resort with one of these officers, Maj. F. J., of Ohio. We talked over different campaigns, neither remembering of ever having met before. Some time afterwards, however, in looking over old army papers, he found a parole signed by the writer, Assistant Inspector General, Army of Mississippi.

The march from Kentucky was a hard one, the enemy following, skirmishing with our rear guard as far as London. No matter how hard the march and the suffering, old soldiers never let an opportunity pass to have fun at the expense of others. Gen. Polk would stop to make little encouraging talks when the boys were resting on the roadside, that would cheer him as he passed. On one of these occasions, after he had finished, a fine-looking, sunburned veteran, who had seen much service and hard fighting, was sitting on the fence, and called out, "General, don't you think it would be a heap better if our faces were turned toward that firing we hear in the rear?" alluding to the skirmishing with our rear guard, under Gens. Wheeler, Wharton, and Morgan. This created a laugh amongst these old soldiers, always willing to go for-

ward, but never willing to retreat. Gen. Polk made no reply. He doubtless hated the retreat from Kentucky more than any soldier in that grand army.

At London Gen. Bragg turned over the command of the army to Gen. Polk, and he proceeded direct to Richmond. After the Armies of Kentucky and Mississippi united at Bryansville, they were quite as strong as Buell. Why battle was not offered by Gen. Bragg is not known. When Gen. Bragg returned from Richmond to Knoxville, and assumed command, Gen. Polk was ordered to report to President Davis. Gen. Smith had assumed command of his department, East Tennessee. About November 1 Gen. Bragg transferred the Army of Mississippi to Murfreesboro. Gen. Breckinridge having preceded him. It should have been stated above that when we started into Kentucky it was thought that the Kentuckians would flock to Gen. Buckner, and increase our army to 100,000. The "fighting Kentuckians" failed to enlist. It was a common expression in the army: "Wait until Breckinridge comes." Breckinridge never got into Kentucky. We met him between Cumberland Gap and Knoxville. Gen. Polk rejoined the army at Murfreesboro about November 1, having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant general. I was gratified to receive through him a commission promoting me to a higher rank.

TRUEST, BRAVEST, AND BEST.

J. H. Brunner, Hiwassee College, Tennessee:

The more Sam Davis is studied the more sublime becomes his heroism. The value of such an example is exceedingly great. If a brighter one is on record anywhere, I have failed to find it in a course of reading extending over more than sixty years. Hence my versified tribute to his memory:

Go, call the men who fought
In '61 to '65.
And have them stand in ranks, when brought,
As soldiers still alive!

I mean the Southern band
Who stood for Southern rights,
Defenders of their native land
In many bloody fights.

The great commanders place
In long-extended line,
Distinguished men, in form and grace—
They stir this heart of mine!

Subalterns, too, a host
Well worthy of renown,
And common men, who, at their post,
Could die without a frown.

Then call the women, too,
The best the world has seen:
Matron, and maid, and sweetheart who
Entranced some heart as queen.

To all thus placed in line
Proclaim a vote be cast
For one whose valor did outshine,
In conflict now o'erpast.

Returns would show, I ween,
One name would lead the rest:
SAM DAVIS, hanged heav'n and earth between,
Was truest, bravest, best

AFLOAT—AFIELD—AFLOAT.

Notable Events of the Civil War.

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.



THE HEROINE blockade runner came to, flying her signals Wednesday night, and when Baker and I went aboard we met a "blessed company,"

a "goodly fellowship" of the dead and wounded who were being conveyed to Mobile. This brave, dauntless vessel had long served as a missioner of mercy. We set about making ourselves as comfortable as possible, even sticking the deck with our knives to find out that proverbial "soft plank" which the sea tales discourse of so eloquently-humorous. I only regretted that during my furlough I had not come in contact with Capt. Joseph Fry, who won so much credit for his masterly handling of the Morgan, sole survivor of our little fleet of four gunboats under Admiral Buchanan, during the previous summer in the lower bay of Mobile.

While the Heroine skimmed the seas Wednesday night (April 5) the invalids looked out upon the scene with some complacency, for the enemy worked day in and day out, and his workmen had all the light they wanted. The bombardment unceasing, untiring, dominated the horizon, each Federal division "collaborating" for the volume of the siege. The waters did not quake under us, as did the made-land grounds of Spanish Fort, where we burrowed in the earth; but though we lost sight of the fiery curves athwart the heavens, we heard the angry voices of battle. I venture to say that "saving and excepting" the bombardment of Fort Fisher, the height of proficiency of the besieger's art was reached in this crowning close, this siege of Mobile. As I turned over on the deck of the Heroine to preëempt a little softer, downier plank, I watched breathlessly for the Bay Minette batteries to open on our boat. But she had "chanced" the hazards of shoals and batteries before, and now addressed herself businesslike to run the gantlet, swift and audacious as ever.

At nine o'clock tattoo sounded; and taps beaten later. Silence reigned throughout the garrison, and aboard the Heroine the men slept, resting their heads against hatch combings and railings, peacefully dreaming of home, friends, and loved ones, many of whom they would never see again. What visions were theirs, these gallant men of the heroic garrison! Who can tell? One who has been a soldier can picture closely the dreams of some of them lying there upon the hard deck seriously wounded on the fifth night of this memorable siege, and but four nights prior to the evacuation. Back to their homes scores of them would never march; yet in their dreams they were there, and who can say they were not happy? The night was intensely dark, the smoldering camp fires breaking the gloom by fits and starts. Clouds began to break, it is true, but the stars peeped out suspiciously. The mate passed by, lantern in hand, saying: "Boys, I don't like the looks of the sky. Trouble's ahead. Before two hours you may see in all its reality something of our life in blockade-running. But we shall head north for Blakely and Mobile."

At ten o'clock all lights were covered and the lines cast off. We steamed cautiously northward till 10:30. No lights! no lights! "Not even a pipe!" Tarpaulins covering the engine room hatchways made that region almost unbearable for engineers, firemen, and coal-heavers. It was absolutely imperative that not a glimmer of light should appear. The binnacle must cover up its head, and the steersman must squint through the aperture of the canvas chimney, which reaches almost up to his eyes, to see as much of the compass as he can, and make his way part of the time by faith. The very engine strokes and beat of the paddles seemed distressingly loud in the calm of the night. All hands on deck crouch behind the railings. The captain and pilot stride the bridge, prying into the darkness, their eyes peeling. The pilot now whispers so sharp that I hear him down on my "soft plank:" "Better get a cast of the lead, captain." A muttered order down the engine room tube was the captain's reply, and the Heroine slowed down. It was an anxious moment while a dim figure stole into the fore chains, for there is always danger of steam blowing off when engines are unexpectedly stopped, and that would betray our presence for miles around. In a minute or two came back the report: "Two fathoms, sandy bottom with black specks." "Not so far out as I thought, captain. We're too far in to the east."

The Heroine now "ports" two points and speeds a little faster. But another sounding is called for and this time the pilot is satisfied, and whispers, "Starboard, go ahead easy," and now my heart throbs, dittoing to the engine and the paddles, and as we creep on not a sound is heard but the regular beat of the paddles, still dangerously loud in spite of our snail's pace. We're off Minette; there is one of the batteries off the starboard bow. The pilot reassuringly says: "All right, captain; starboard, starboard it is—steady!" It is the Federal breastworks. Though we were within twelve hundred yards, we were not discovered. The dubious look of things puzzles the stars and makes them tuck their little eyes under the cloudy pillows. The saucy Heroine knows she's in for it soon. Through the tube our captain orders the engineer: "Full speed; give her all the steam she can carry safe!" "All right, captain."

It was now time to make the run under forced draught. Pointing her sharp nose into the teeth of the wind, the Heroine passes the batteries with a rush, her wheels beating a devil's tattoo as they plow up the green water. All at once there is a flash, followed by a shell whizzing over our heads. The warning shell comes first. The Minette folks are up in arms, and now, as we fly north for Blakely, the fireworks begin to play. Clippity clip! That shot grazes a stay and makes it sing. The vials of Uncle Samuel's wrath burst forth so long before his breakfast hour. The sky is scored and blistered with the shells and balls; the heavens shine like the ceiling of a circus tent blazing, and the band playing to drown the growling of the animals, and the crack of the ringmaster's whip urges the flying horses and their riders. The time seems long, yet we are only counting the seconds. The pilot and the captain stand game—are really enjoying the procession—even smiling as the waters of the river hiss with the plunging of expired missiles.

The compass is fairly fastened as the steersman squints through the dark hood's tiny aperture, and the boat holds her own, gaining as the seconds roll on. Scores of shot and shell blaze fiercely, but they merely serve to keep the flies off the Heroine. The pilot first sees the limit, and then puts a piece of "navy" into his port cheek and merely remarks: "Captain, we ain't in any more danger now from sparks from Minette batteries than a maiden of two-and-forty summers."

This was a moment of glorious delight and venture to me on that "soft plank." Shot and shell showered upon us so thick and fast, and we were so wrapped up in the grandeur of the scene, that we were in reality unconscious of danger, and gave no thought for safety. Only those who faced a like terribly concentrated fire, or who witnessed it, can have the faintest idea of its awfulness. Luck did favor us.

Little Blakely, peaceful port of entry, we hail your friendly shelter, while the sick and wounded of Mobile and her defenders bless the gallant little missioner of relief—the brave skimmer, Heroine of the seas!

I was now removed to the hospitable home of Col. James Hagan, on Church Street. Though more than thirty years have run by since the last spring of the civil war, I still recall the care and attention of Mrs. Col. Hagan and the ladies of Mobile. The Colonel has been alone in the old Church Street mansion, his wife dying five years ago, and he endeavors (still the soldierly character) to post up in the events of the recent Spanish war, which is the third he has "contemporated;" and I cite in this connection a letter from his old commander of the cavalry corps, who writes me from his seat in Congress, a representative of Alabama—Joe Wheeler:

Col. James Hagan served with distinction as a young man in the Mexican war. When I took command of the cavalry corps of the Western army he was colonel of the Third Alabama cavalry. In reorganizing the cavalry I placed him in command of a brigade, which he led in many battles with great valor and skill. He was particularly distinguished in the Kentucky campaign, in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862. He also served in the battles of Murfreesboro, Tullahoma, Chickamauga, and in all the battles during Sherman's campaigns in Georgia and the Carolinas. He was brave to a fault, and his soldiers took pride in calling him the "Harry Hotspur" of the cavalry corps. I saw him wounded in an engagement near Kingston in November, 1863, and again in a fight in North Carolina in March, 1865. He was a true soldier and noble gentleman.

So our pretty little townlet Blakely dropped a responsive tear over Richmond, the Confederate capital, although the latter had fallen into Federal hands several days previous. Gen. Lee met Gen. Grant "on the old stage road to Richmond," and on the 9th of April the surrender of the glorious Army of Northern Virginia took place. Mobile too "yielded to the force of an imperious custom" three days later.

It was on the 12th of April, 1865, below the city, that his honor, Mayor R. H. Slough, accompanied by several aldermen and prominent citizens, and flying a white flag, surrendered Mobile to the advancing forces. "Our city," said the Mayor, "has been evacuated by the military authorities, and the municipal government is now in my control. Your demand has been granted, and I trust, for the sake of humanity, that all the safeguards we can extend to our people may be secured to them."

The unfinished friends, Truittville and Tuscaloosa, were sunk as soon as the fall of Mobile was deemed imminent. This was done in the main channel of the Mobile river, but proved unavailing against the Federal fleet, which entered through the Apalachee, Blakely, and Tensas rivers, and anchored with their guns bearing upon the city.

I had left the hospitable mansion of Col. and Mrs. Hagan, and was ready to embark far away up North in the fleet of Commodore Farrand. Of course all naval officers in Mobile could guess pretty well whether "school was going to keep on next quarter." For the heroic city was virtually (on the evening of April 11) in the hands of the victorious Federals. We were bound with all our vessels and material up the Alabama. But the fall of Selma, the greatest naval center of the Confederacy, with its foundries, arsenals, and ship yard, had occurred on the 2d of April. This assault and capture was made by the tremendous force of cavalry under Maj. Gen. Wilson. We reached Demopolis, on the Black Warrior, and then were compelled to return to Nanna Hubba Bluff, on the Tombigbee. It was on our way up, early on the 12th of April, that our fleet passed old Fort Stoddert.

This Fort Stoddert, on the Alabama, is now obliterated from maps and fort and post lists of the War Department. It was made famous in the days of Aaron Burr, now more than ninety years ago. This early secessionist endeavored to carve an empire for himself out of a slice of the Mississippi Valley and all or parts of Mexico. He had escaped from Natchez, but was captured and brought here for safe-keeping, and was taken hence to Richmond, Va., on the charge of treason. This celebrated trial ended with acquittal under Luther Martin's skillful defense of Burr. Chief Justice Marshall presided, and William Wirt represented the government. Few people remember that a popular "piece" in the school "Speakers" and "Readers" was taken from Wirt's speech on this occasion. Wirt apostrophizes Herman Blennerhasset, "Who then was Blennerhasset?" and brought in the wife, "mingling her tears with the Ohio, that froze as they fell." This couple, it was alleged, had been victims of Burr.

To the United States army to-day Fort Stoddert marks the last resting place of Ephraim Kirby, a revolutionary officer of Connecticut, who is ancestor "of



FROM RESULTS OF THE STORM AT GALVESTON.

all the 'Kirbys.' This Kirby was a commissioner under President Jefferson, who warmly appreciated his civic virtues and heroism in the war of the revolution. From my earliest years I had heard and read of this eminent man as an ancestor, and so it was with heightened emotion that I gazed on the ruined fort while Commodore Farrand's fleet swept by in retreat up the Alabama, and I recalled the arduous years of high public service that ended here in this remote spot of the great Southwest of his day and generation. He was a true American; born down East in Connecticut, and served his country from there to this very Southwest territory. It was his fortune to bear to his grave thirteen wounds from nineteen engagements; to have been in the Bunker Hill fight in his eighteenth year; and, crowning glory of all, he was under Washington himself at the peerless crossing of the Delaware river on Christmas eve of 1876, and then on to Princeton! Left for dead upon the field of Germantown, his head being hacked by Hessian hirelings, he won the medal of the Society of the Cincinnati, and this it was that gave him his military funeral at this old dismantled fort where he lies buried.

But I am in the fleet, a lively unit. This naval aggregation began to steam as the domes and spires were shining with the gleams of parting day, and the waters of the Mobile glistened at prow or stern as each craft hastened to its proper position. The river was quite full, and rising; its current swift and strong. Our little fleet consisted of the Nashville, Lieut. Bennett, with crews from the abandoned Huntsville and Tuscaloosa; the Morgan, Lieut. Joseph Fry; the Baltic, Acting Master's Mate, J. H. Hunt; with the naval transports Black Diamond and Southern Republic, under command of Lieuts. Julian Myers and P. U. Murphy, with former crew of the Gaines. The Southern Republic was the famous "three-story house" figuring in Dr. Russell, LL.D.'s accounts of the civil war for the *London Times*—

"I see, I see; it is the famous LL.D."

We met at the Bluff our dear old friend the Heroine, Red Gauntlet, Mary, Virgin—blockade runners—the latter vessel was within seven years to be known to fame as *Virginus*, becoming the celebrated *Virginus* with her fourth and last master [our present (1865) captain of the Morgan]. Joseph Fry, who was captured by the Spanish war steamer, Tornado, and, with many others, shot at Santiago de Cuba by the authorities November 7, 1873.

It was while blockaded ourselves in the bay of Nanna Hubba Bluff that we gathered news from the fast-dissolving scene of war—from Virginia and the Carolinas. At Gen. Lee's surrender, April 9, 1865, and from the earliest history of warfare, horses had been held contraband of war, the property of the victor. But the closing days of the civil war were to show a "new wrinkle" for the age. In the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Courthouse no mention is made of enlisted men's horses—cavalry and artillery—only the officers' private horses being recognized. On explanation by Gen. Lee that many of our enlisted men owned their mounts (horses and some mules), the victor replied that no change in the writing would appear, but that the offi-

cers conducting the parole would be given instruction to render to each man the mule or horse claimed as private property. Said Gen. Grant: "They will need them for the spring plowing." The terms of surrender extended by Gen. Sherman to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston were annulled by President Johnson, Secretary Stanton going so far as to put the commander in chief in possession of nine points of disapproval. Thereupon Gen. Grant was ordered by President Johnson to conduct the surrender of Gen. Johnston's army in person, but he remained in the background out of deference and comradeship with Gen. Sherman, who accomplished all in person, Gen. Johnston remaining totally unaware of Gen. Grant's presence. It was at Bull Run where Sherman and Joe Johnston encountered first—the former serving as a newly created colonel of the U. S. Thirteenth Infantry, the latter commanding the Confederate forces. It gratified me very much, having been a light artillerist myself around Vicksburg in 1863, to see the same terms as to private horses of enlisted men of Gen. Johnston's army as to Gen. Lee's; and Gen. Taylor was accorded the same advantage, as seen in Gen. Canby's terms at Citronelle May 4: "Section 5. All horses which are in good faith the private property of enlisted men will not be taken from them; the men will be permitted to take such with them to their homes, to be used for private purposes only." It should be stated (per telegram of Gen. Halleck) that Gen. Canby was authorized by Gen. Grant himself to give to Gen. Taylor the very terms accorded to Gen. Lee. We learned that President Davis and family had been captured at daylight May 10, a mile and a half north of Irwinsville, Ga., and he was instantly conveyed to Fortress Monroe as a prisoner of war.

Fleet Captain Edward Simpson, representing Acting Rear Admiral Thatcher, U. S. N., proceeded in the ironclad Cincinnati, accompanied by the ironclad Chickasaw and the tinclad Nyanza, up the Tombigbee river to Nanna Hubba Bluff. On the morning of the 10th instant the vessels were assembled at the Bluff. Lieutenant Commanding Julian Myers, the officer appointed by Flag Officer Ebenezer Farrand, C. S. N., to make the surrender went on board the Cincinnati, and after consultation with Capt. Simpson on the minor details, the transfer was quickly dispatched by these naval veterans. From the 10th to the 12th of May, Capt. Simpson received the vessels, their guns, equipments, and stores of the remainder of the Confederate navy, and paroled the officers for themselves individually, and for the seamen, marines, etc., under the Canby-Taylor capitulation of Citronelle, Ala., on the 4th of May. Flag Officer Farrand had deputed Lieut. Julian Myers to conduct the transfer on his part. Lieut. P. U. Murphy had brought up the remaining members of the Confederate gunboat Gaines from Battery Buchanan below the city, making the celebrated steamer Southern Republic his transport. This vessel was seized April 11, 12, at Mobile by order of Commodore Farrand for the purpose of receiving the stores brought from the naval station when it was taken possession of by the forces of Gen. Canby. Under the immediate care of the Gaines's crew was a large amount of powder, cap and fuse shells, and combustible material of all kinds; enough, if ignited,

to produce the most rapid transit ever known. There would not have been enough solidity left to the Southern Republic to come down by natural gravitation. She would have passed into vapor light as air, and this mortal would have put on immortality. The first scene of the surrender is situated forty miles above Mobile. The Confederate vessels were five in number—Nashville, Morgan, Baltic, Black Diamond, Southern Republic. The personnel was: Officers, 120; enlisted men, 335; marines, 24. Details of transfer were fixed at Citronelle by Admiral Thatcher and Commodore Farrand, these officers having been comrades in the United States navy for thirty-eight years. Each entered the navy on the 4th of March, 1823. The capitulation at Citronelle, thirty-five miles from Mobile, was made by Gen. Richard Taylor, C. S. A., to Gen. Canby. It is noteworthy that Gen. Halleck wired Gen. Canby, through direction of Gen. Grant, that the same terms extended to Gens. Lee and Johnston—recognizing the right of the cavalry and artillery to their private horses—were applicable to the army of Gen. Taylor. The paroles of army and navy were identical.

With Commodore Farrand's fleet were the blockade runners Heroine, Mary, Virgin, Red Gauntlet, as also a number of vessels captured in the inland waters of Alabama: St. Nicholas, St. Charles, C. W. Dorrance, Jeff Davis, Admiral, Reindeer, Cherokee, Maringo, Sumter, Waverly, Magnolia, Robert Watson, Duke, Clipper, Senator, Commodore Farrand, and "No. 200."

Lieut. Julian Myers, under explicit instructions from Commodore Farrand, made exact and complete transfers of all the vessels of war, their guns and equipments, all small arms, and ammunition and stores to the representative of Admiral Thatcher, evincing that scrupulous sense of honor and justice characteristic of the navy, and gave paroles to a large number of the service who were aboard the Baltic, Black Diamond, and Southern Republic. Lieut. Joseph Fry paroled 120 men aboard the Morgan; Lieut. J. W. Bennett, 112 men aboard the Nashville; and Lieut. D. G. Rancy, of the Marine Corps, 24 marines under his command. Past Midshipman George A. Joiner, being officer of the deck of the Nashville at the hour of surrender, received at the gangway Lieut. Hamilton, U. S. N. The officers and crew assembled on deck, and our colors came down and were saluted with raised caps, while tears flowed freely. Prize crews—officers, engineers, and seamen—brought these surrendered vessels down to Mobile.

Thus fell the Confederate navy. The curtain came down in the defense of Mobile and her noble waters. With matchless energy, skill, and gallantry, but with meager supplies, the navy battled against the Federal forces with all their resources of money, ships, guns, and men; and, when the hour of fate drew nigh, our sailors and our soldiers felt that honor and bravery were all that remained to them after so long holding back the tremendous array of men and metal hurled against the city's gates.

After the seniors come we juniors of the service. One by one we step up and into the captain's office. Our signatures "sealed and delivered," we step down and out to the shore and murmur as we gaze upon the

unwieldy "three-story house afloat," "Alabam! Alabam! again here we rest from the game!" and now and here our several little one-stories of the war were done.

Four years afloat, afield, afloat in the service of the "Southern Republic's" namesake are now over. We reëmbark with all the officers and men of the fleet on the "Three-Story House Afloat" for Mobile. At this moment of paroling I was a citizen of the United States again, as I was born, and it could not be said "home again from a foreign shore;" for the lands as well as the waters of this country are a unit. As we floated down the Mobile aboard the "S. R.," my attention was drawn to the fragrance of magnolias, honeysuckles, and jasmines amid the pines of old Fort Stoddert. Here rest the remains of the jurist Kirby, and I was reminded of a favorite verse of this prime original of the Kirby's, by a poet of the Church of England, in whose communion he died:

"Only the memory of the just smells sweet and blossoms in the dust"

I fixed an earnest, parting look on the Nashville as she lay hard aground at the junction of the Alabama and Tensas rivers. She was the second of the name in our navy, and performed excellent service in shelling the Federal forces during the siege of Mobile, where she was commanded by Lieut. Bennett. This officer won much distinction for his executive services aboard the greater Nashville on her cruise in the Atlantic under Capt. Robert B. Pegram, who brought her into Beaufort February 28, 1862, through the fleet of blockaders with great éclat.

In three weeks from the Bluff one of our number had accepted an offer from a wine-dealer of Malaga, Spain, and for six years we received "cards" at times from our prospering comrade. The love song during the cruel war was popular—the fond pair apart. The shero lived in Mobile while her hero (C. S. N., of course) cruised in the waters of Spain and France:

"When I was at Malaga and you were at Mobile."

Saving a four-and-twenty-hour furlough spent in New Orleans early in 1862, I had seen no member of my father's family. I had emerged from the Confederate service with hardly a scratch, and with the happy impulses of youth saw in the future only that which was brilliant. Lucky day, lucky day, this May 13 (at 1 P.M., or thirteen o'clock); for here is a Federal trans-



TWIN HOUSES AFTER THE STORM AT GALVESTON.

port. It "swings low, sweet chariot," waiting for to bear me home. I sung out to Eugene May and Avery S. Winston: "Come on, my partners in distress!" and they sung back at me from Burns:

"When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
With niony a sweet babe fatherless,
And niony a widow mourning."

In accordance with the sixth clause of the Citronelle agreement, that after the surrender transportation and subsistence would be furnished for officers and men to the nearest practicable point to their respective homes, a number of our comrades went aboard the Federal steamer Rhode Island, to be conveyed to Hampton Roads, that being most convenient for our Marylanders and Virginians. We had the pleasure of shaking hands in good-by to them as well as Godspeed to their old homes under the new order of things. While heading for New Orleans I first caught sight of the Morgan, Baltic, Black Diamond, anchored off the city, and next came the navy yard of Mobile, where I had been examined and reappointed midshipman in 1863. Capt. Joseph Fry presided over the board. His mesmeric eyes deeply impressed me. It is with deep pleasure that I here present in behalf of justice the refutation of the cruelty yet held to have been committed by him, of having ordered the shooting of some of the Federal Mound City's crew (June 17, 1862) while they were struggling in the waters of White River at St. Charles, Ark. They had been driven from their ship by the explosion of its steam drum. Capt. Fry was, at the time of the explosion, wounded, and Lieut. John W. Dunnington succeeded to the command. A thirty-two-pounder rifle shot directed by the skillful and experienced eye of Lieut. D. penetrated the steam drum of the Mound City, fore and aft. Of her crew, consisting of one hundred and seventy-five officers and men, one hundred and fifty were killed, drowned or scalded. In Maj. Gen. Hindman's report to Gen. Holmes, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, mention of report is made by Capt. A. M. Williams, of the engineers present in this St. Charles engagement: "I immediately ordered all the sharpshooters that remained on the field, about twenty in number, to the river bank to shoot them. Numbers of them were killed in the water."

We found that our transport was going by Fort Morgan to New Orleans, so I had the satisfaction of passing through the waters where I aided Lieut. F. S. Barrett (Torpedo Corps) in placing the torpedoes in the summer of 1864. There is the quiet little graveyard of the fort, where we buried the heroes who died in the battle aboard the Gaines in the fight of Friday, the 5th of August.

Here I was reminded of the destruction of the Gaines, C. S. S. I last saw her on the night of the battle of the 5th, beached near the hospital of Fort Morgan, as we steered our boats for Mobile. Hard on the departure of the sun the stars had come forth, Jupiter opening as evening star, and Venus appearing later on the scene. A silver glow in the west heralded the setting of the moon in her first quarter, above the calm sea. The sea gulls had ceased their plaintive cries. The gentle breeze, which rose at the sun's set-

ting, started all the palmettoes whispering together, and their leafy swords clashed and rustled. On the 9th Brig. Gen. Richard L. Page, commanding the fort, caused the Gaines to be burned, as the enemy began his preparations for the siege. The smooth water heaved softly against the beach, and a line of downy foam marked its highest flow. There were no waves, but the breast of the sea swelled gently, like that of a sleeping child, and between these swells could be seen the "ribs" and other "bones" of the Gaines borne nearer and nearer to the shore—the plaything of wind and current—a bit of flotsam on the Sea of Fate. Here lies the fort in ruins, conjuring up many recollections of the great battle and the subsequent proceedings in the garrison, as told me by the participants of the First Alabama Battalion of Artillery and First Tennessee Regiment in the siege ending August 23, 1864.

Shortly after the monitors and the bow guns of the fleet began firing on Fort Morgan (7:10 A.M.) our gunboats with the flagship Tennessee moved out from behind the fort and took positions, east and west, across the channel, just inside the lines of torpedoes and enfiladed the fleet. Twenty minutes later, through the advance of the column of fourteen wooden vessels and four monitors, the broadside of the leading ships—Brooklyn of 24, Hartford of 21, and Richmond of 20 guns—at from three hundred to one hundred and fifty yards, bore upon the fort. These heavy batteries vomited their iron hail broadside after broadside. The aim of our artillery was disconcerted by the dense smoke from the enemy's rapid fire, being wrapped in a cloud of smoke which hid their hulls and rose above their lower mastheads, and the ships were completely hidden. The fire of our water and lighthouse batteries, in front of the main fort, with one eight-inch and four ten-inch columbiads, four thirty-two-pounder banded rifle guns, and three thirty-two-pounder smoothbores—twelve in all—visibly slackened, and the men for a few minutes were driven from their stations. The enemy compliments them on their gallant return to the guns under fire. The whole of Mobile Point was a living flame. Four hundred and ninety-one projectiles were hurled against the Federal fleet as it passed the fort. In the uproar and slaughter our flotilla of three wooden vessels and one ironclad ram—thanks to the position of vantage—played a deadly part quite out of proportion to its numerical strength:

Confederate loss: Killed, 15; wounded, 29	44
Federal loss: Killed, 52; wounded, 170; drowned (Tecumseh sunk by torpedo in thirty seconds), 116; swam to Fort Morgan and surrendered, 4	342

From the 8th to the 23d the fort was under the fire of the Federal forces day and night. Farragut and Granger speedily invested and besieged Fort Morgan. The Federal fleet was augmented by the captured Tennessee and Selma, replacing the sunken Tecumseh. Ten thousand troops were landed on Mobile Point to the rear; siege works were thrown up and mounted with shell guns and mortars. On the 8th Gen. Page was summoned to surrender, but he and his officers replied that the fort should be held to the last. There were opposing his 640 effective men 10,000 troops and 2,700 sailors, with 46 serviceable guns against 199 guns. The enemy could not have Fort Morgan with-



"HEROINE" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

LAUNCH C.S.S. GAINES

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out fighting for it, and a long, stubborn resistance did the garrison make. For two weeks the enemy kept shelling the fort, while advancing his lines on the land side, and the navy poured in its fire at all hours. Early in the morning of the 22d of August there was opened the grand bombardment by besiegers and fleet, which was as fierce as any soldier or sailor ever experienced. The heavy siege guns on Mobile Point were distant only two hundred and fifty yards from the fort, and the cannoneers were sheltered by the high and thick embankments of sand. The fleet took position on the north, south, and west faces of the fort, the iron-clads lying closest in and maintaining a heavy fire. Three thousand shells were thrown into the fort within twelve hours. The garrison replied to this terrific bombardment with all the vigor of their slender force of men and guns. About nine o'clock at night the shells set fire to the citadel, and in the renewed impetus of the assault the walls were breached repeatedly and nearly all the best ordnance was disabled. During the weary hours of this fateful night the energies of the besieged never slackened. The twenty-six guns remaining serviceable out of forty-six were handled continuously, and a force was specially detailed to fight the flames which menaced the magazines, where immense quantities of powder were stored. Other details were made to spike or destroy the disabled guns, and ninety thousand pounds of powder, over and above the amount for immediate use, were thrown into the cistern in view of the imminent conflagration. All these detachments were constantly exposed to the unceasing bombardment. The flames from the burning citadel lighted up the sky prodigiously. Not a man flinched from his post of duty.

Soon after dawn of the 23d the citadel was again ablaze from the enemy's shells and all the heavy guns save two disabled. Gen. Page displayed from his scarred and shattered ramparts the white flag. Farragut and Granger granted terms of surrender with the honors of war, and at two o'clock the colors our men

had fought for till the last chance of beating off the enemy vanished gave way for the Federal ensign. The Confederacy lost, besides 17 killed and 42 wounded, 581 prisoners, 44 pieces of artillery destroyed, 2 captured, and a large amount of material.

Gen. Page, a lifelong naval officer, reports, "The spirit displayed by this garrison was fine, the guns admirably served, and all did their duty nobly, although subject to a fire which for the time being was probably as severe as any known in the annals of war;" and, relating back to the naval engagement, the General adds: "Our naval forces under Admiral Buchanan fought most gallantly, against odds before unknown to history."

Daughters of Petersburg, Va.—Answering inquiries made by the VETTERAN, Mrs. Robert T. Meade, President of the Grand Division of Virginia and Vice President of the Petersburg Chapter, explains delay by her absence in Europe. She mentions that the Petersburg Chapter is the next largest in the Grand Division, the Richmond Chapter exceeding their membership of 132. Mrs. Meade states that there is a Confederate monument erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association before the organization of a chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It is a tall shaft surmounted by a statue of a private Confederate soldier. The Chapter is now engaged in assisting in converting old Blandford church into a memorial and mortuary chapel, so that this historic place of worship may be kept in perfect condition.

George W. Barr, Aspermont, Tex., inquires for "Bill" Thorn, who was a member of Company I, Seventh Kentucky Regiment Cavalry, Buford's Division. They were in the hospital together at Lauderdale Springs, Miss., left together and parted at Grenada, since which time Comrade Barr has not heard from him.

ESCAPE FROM CAMP DOUGLAS.

R. D. Rugeley, Bowie, Tex., sends account by J. Knox Thomas of his escape from prison. Mr. Thomas is one of Bowie's very best citizens, and absolutely trustworthy. He relates his experience:

I was a private in Company H, Fifty-Fifth Georgia Infantry. My company was raised in Randolph and Stewart Counties, Ga.; was commanded by Capt. John Allen, whose field officers were Col. Harkey, Lieut. Col. Persons, and Maj. Printup.

On September 9, 1863, while in Frazier's Brigade, Buckner's Division, we were captured at Cumberland Gap, and after a tedious journey, were landed in Camp Douglas, a prison in the suburbs of Chicago. In that prison, on Christmas day, 1864, I was walking across the open premises with Bill James, of Company A, of my regiment, and I remarked that if I could only scale the walls I would turn my head toward Dixie. He replied that he could easily arrange for us to scale the wall, but we had no money and no citizen's clothes. I was a shifty little red-headed fellow, and could generally raise a small amount in case of an emergency, and had already bought me a suit of citizen's clothes from a Yankee soldier. I told James that I had the money and would get the clothes, but wished to know how he proposed to scale the wall. His scheme was this: he was a laborer in the kitchen department, and the kitchen superintendent, an old Irishman nicknamed "Old Red," had placed a couple of scantlings parallel along the wall of the kitchen, on the ground, for some barrels to rest on, and James proposed to nail some pieces of plank on the scantlings and thus make a ladder. Seeing that his plan was feasible, I then said: "All right; we will go to-morrow night at seven o'clock, by which time I will have the clothes ready. James then replied that we could not hoist the ladder up on the wall by ourselves, and said we would have to get two more companions. I then said: "You choose one of them, and I will choose the other." He chose Hope Williams, of his own company (A), and I selected Ben Johnson, otherwise known as "Babe" Johnson, of my own company (H). At the appointed time we met at the kitchen, and I was chosen to walk out and see if any of the inside police were near; and if they were, I was to quietly return; if they were not, I was to walk quickly back, pass the kitchen door, whistle, and pass on toward the prison wall to Barracks No. 12, where they were to follow with the ladder. I quietly took the walk, found no police, hurried back as agreed, and in a few minutes we had the ladder up against the wall. As we accomplished this a sentinel halted us; Babe Johnson instantly sprang on the ladder, and was killed by the sentinel. As Johnson staggered and fell back, James mounted the ladder, followed by Williams and myself, and we all three escaped amidst a shower of bullets. We were clad with citizen's clothes, purchased by me from the Yankee soldier, and we safely reached the city, and registered at the Sherman House in our own names, but as hailing from Louisville, Ky.

We remained at the Sherman House until five o'clock, the 27th inst., when we took a train for Detroit. We reached Detroit on the 28th, and immediately crossed the river to Windsor, Canada, where we were under the British flag. From Windsor we

proceeded by various points to Halifax. At Halifax we sailed for the Bermuda Islands on a British brig, and reaching them we went to Nassau, on the Bahama Islands, and from Nassau we went to Havana.

At Havana I sat for my "photo," which is herewith submitted for the inspection of my surviving comrades. We remained in Havana two weeks, and then shipped on the blockade runner Fox for Galveston, Tex. Sometime in March we reached Galveston, and in attempting to enter the port our vessel was shot to pieces by the blockading fleet, but we managed to reach the shore safely. From Galveston we went to Marshall, Tex., where James decided to remain.



Williams and I proceeded to Shreveport, and thence down the river by steamer to Alexandria. From Alexandria we took it "afoot" across the country to the Mississippi, and crossed it in a blockade skiff. Continuing, we reached Meridian, and there learned for the first time that the war was ended. We journeyed to Montgomery, thence to Eufaula, and across the Chattahoochee to Georgetown, where Hope Williams left me for his home, in Baker County, Ga., and I went to my home, in Randolph County.

My present home is Bowie, Montague County, Tex., and should be delighted to hear from any of my old comrades, and especially of James and Williams.

MASSACRE OF NEGROES BEFORE NASHVILLE.

In a recently republished letter from the old Louisville (Ky.) *Journal* of December 18, 1864, an account is given of the massacre of negroes in the battle of Nashville. It states:

The charge by Col. Thompson's brigade of colored troops, and Post's Brigade of Gen. Beatty's Division, was an exceedingly costly one. The losses of those two brigades will amount to five hundred killed and wounded. The eminence assailed is called Overton's Hill. It is just to the left of the Franklin pike, and about four miles south of the city. The enemy had but little time to fortify, but had thrown up breastworks of logs and rails, and, in some places, dirt and stones. He had posted on this hill a Mississippi battery of four guns, defended by a brigade of Clayton's Division. The advance was made about 3:30 P.M. The enemy reserved his fire until the line was fairly in full view and began the ascent. Two batteries of ours shelled the hill vigorously, and did good execution, tearing two of the enemy's caissons to pieces, and wounding many of the men. A more stubborn conflict is seldom seen. The right of the negro brigade followed their daring young leader, Col. Thompson, nobly through the torrent of shot and shell that was rained from the enemy's lines, losing heavily in killed and wounded.

Col. Post led the charge of his brigade in a most heroic manner, but only won laurels to deck his tomb.

A. J. Smith took sixteen guns, over 2,000 prisoners, and an immense quantity of small arms. Over 3,000 prisoners have already arrived in Nashville. Smith

captured among his prisoners Brig. Gen. Henry R. Jackson and Thomas B. Smith and Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson, commanding a division in S. D. Lee's Corps.

It may be interesting to the "hero" who captured Gen. T. B. Smith—the youngest brigadier general in the Confederate army—to know that the saber cut inflicted upon the General after he surrendered made him an inmate of an insane asylum. He still lives.

SECRET SERVICE FOR GEN. HOOD.

Gen. John M. Claiborne, Rusk, Tex., writes:

July 18, 1864, I reported to Gen. John B. Hood, in front of Atlanta, Ga., as a subaltern for the special duty of secret service, having on my own account served successfully in that line simply in an adventurous way, neither in quest of fame or glory, but simply to gratify a thirst for fun and a desire for adventure.

After the disastrous battle of July 22 in front of Atlanta, I began to gratify myself in this most dangerous duty in the life of a soldier. In it there is more thrill than in any other service. It was to me perfectly fascinating. When Gen. Hood reached the vicinity of Trenton, Ga., on his way into Tennessee, he called me to him—just after I had returned from a ten days' scout in the enemy's country—and said: "I want you to pick three men whom you can trust, and I will give you the soldiers necessary to reach from your field of operations to the army, stationed ten miles apart." He then informed me of what he wanted and what he expected me to do. His army was moving at that time toward Tusculumbia, Ala. I picked my men, and the four of us left at midnight for the Tennessee river, across the mountains in the direction of Cottonport, above Florence, Ala., where we were to begin observations and operations. After the courier company reported, I began to blaze the way into Middle Tennessee on untraveled lines, leaving men from ten to twelve miles apart, the last being left in the hills near the home of a Mr. Massie, a few miles from Franklin; my three trustees and myself making a rendezvous near the iron bridge on Harpeth. We occupied two days and nights finding whom we could "swear by." I placed my trust in Tennessee girls, and never was faith better founded.

The third night I spent in the town of Franklin, while one of the boys picketed in "Hollow Tree Gap" (or Dug Hollow), across the river near the road to Nashville. He also went over to the Cumberland river to outlook, while the other kept the tryst, paying a night visit to the Spring Hill country in the rear. Our batch of information was put in the hands of the courier line, and sent on to Gen. Hood. I called on two young ladies about midnight to get their aid in opening a way into Nashville, and in them I found accomplices that were never excelled. They were indeed "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." They were half-sisters, and the brother and half-brother of each were with Gen. Cheatham. They were willing, anxious, and alert. I had gold, and they knew how to use it successfully.

We were now "burning daylight." Twenty days had gone since leaving Hood, five of them right among the enemy, and yet not even an adventure. But Nashville, Triune, Eagle Grove, Nolensville, Murfreesboro, Edgefield, Gallatin, and Lebanon were to be looked carefully over. The girls got off early the next morning with butter, eggs, and other products of the farm, with an old dilapidated horse cart and a chart to be filled out. They had a list of articles that we needed—disguises being their main purpose. Soon the boys got away on the duty of thirty-six hours. They were to rendezvous near the old Overton place, six miles from Nashville. In this neighborhood the writer had acquaintances, among them "sweet sixteeners" and a lovely and patriotic old maid. Any of them were as ready to give aid and information as I was to get it. To these women of Williamson and Davidson Counties monuments should be erected.

The ladies having executed splendidly every trust, it then devolved on us to dare the risk of the execution of our mission, that of spying into the camp of the enemy. To me fell the lot of going into Nashville to locate the forts and make plots of approaches, etc. Suffice it to say, I did so and successfully. I danced at a party at Brig. Gen. Miller's, who was chief quartermaster (or commissary). Going home with his daughter, I was shown the fortifications by a Federal officer, and met and discussed the war and its conduct with prominent officers.

I made my report to Gen. Hood, at Columbia, Tenn., three days before the battle of Franklin. I left Nashville at night, riding the horse of some general officer, judging from the trappings. At daylight I passed through Franklin, locating the forts on the river. I selected a suitable point a few miles above Franklin to put the pontoon bridge, never dreaming of a fight being made at Franklin or Nashville, but expected we would invade Kentucky, and have many thousands of men to join us in the invasion. How I managed is of so personal a nature that I will not detail it. I have since learned that I was in great danger, but I did not know it then.

From the 22d day of July to the 12th day of December I used every character known to man, from a negro field hand in his dotage to an intelligent preacher. I received for this service the private commendation of the most glorious of men, John B. Hood, also three gilt stars with the half wreath later on. Pierce de Graffenried, George Archer, and Emmit Lynch were the aids I had with me. They have all passed over the river. Lynch was killed in battle; De Graffenried died in Nashville a few years ago. We did some things that were not creditable to our hearts, but they seemed necessary. We afterwards concluded never to refer to them, as for twenty years after we would have been subject to the rope. In this cautious way it does not carry the true thrill of adventure, but I write it specially to pay tribute to Tennessee women of Williamson and Davidson Counties.

We recrossed the Tennessee river at Florence, Ala., on January 1, 1865, and Hood resigned at Tusculumbia the next day, a victim to the duty of a soldier obeying orders (against his judgment) of his superior officer at Richmond.



GEN. WILLIAM G. LEWIS.

William Gaston Lewis, one of the four surviving ex-Confederate brigadier generals in North Carolina, died at Goldsboro, his home, on January 8, 1901, of pneumonia, aged sixty-six years. He was born in Raleigh, a son of Dr. Lewis, of this city. After the death of his father his mother removed to Chapel Hill, where the family were educated, the General graduating at the university there in 1855. Thence he went to Florida, where he taught school for a time. He was appointed a member of the United States Survey Corps, doing service in the Northwest. Early in the great war he enlisted in the Forty-Third North Carolina Regiment, and was rapidly promoted for his bravery and distinguished ability. His commissions were: April 22, 1863, lieutenant colonel, from major. Forty-Third Regiment; May 31, 1864, brigadier general, from colonel of his regiment. He was complimented many times. Gen. Lewis was one of the youngest brigadiers in our army, being twenty-nine years old when he received that commission. While colonel he was detailed for civil engineer work in the building of fortifications at Drewry's Bluff and elsewhere. He was seriously wounded at the last battle of the Virginia campaign on the retreat from Richmond. After the war he was Superintendent of the Raleigh and Gaston Railway, and had been engineer of the State Guard for many years. Eight years ago he located at Goldsboro. In 1862 he married a Miss Pender, of Edgecombe County, who, with the following daughters and sons, survive him: Mrs. William T. Dortch, Misses Anna, Lattie, and Mittie Lewis, and Messrs. W. G. Lewis, Jr., and James Lewis.

MAJ. RICHARD THOMAS BROWNRIGG.

This gallant soldier of a great cause, so dear to the heart of Southrons, was born near Edenton, N. C., and went with his father's family when only a child to Columbus, Miss. In the fifties, having been admitted to the bar, he moved to Austin, Tex., and in 1856 was married to Miss Octavia Calhoun, one of the beautiful women of Austin. He was among the most gifted men of his adopted State, tall, strong, handsome, courtly, eloquent, and magnetic, with a brilliant future before him, but he turned his back to these prospects and enlisted for the Confederate war, being a warm advocate of Southern rights. He was appointed major on the staff of Brig. Gen. H. H. Sibley; served with him through the campaign in New Mexico and Arizona, and displayed great gallantry in the battles of Valverde and Glorietta. He was presented, by Capt. J. F. Battaille, with a Maynard carbine, on which was engraved on a silver plate these statements: "Presented to Maj. R. T. Brownrigg for his gallant bearing at the battle of Valverde, N. Mex., February 21, 1862."

After this campaign his brigade served under Gen. Dick Taylor against Gen. N. P. Banks in Louisiana. On the 13th day of April a battle was fought on the banks of Bayou Teche, at Camp Bisland, not far from Alexandria, La., in which 3,500 Confederates fought against a Union army 14,000 strong. In the midst of this battle Maj. Brownrigg was mortally wounded by the explosion of a shell, and died in an hour. Gen



MAJOR BROWNRIGG.

Sibley wrote these words in a letter to his brother, Dr. Brownrigg: "It was while crossing the plain of fire coming to my assistance, in company with other officers, that Maj. Brownrigg was struck by a cannon ball which crushed his leg and killed all the other officers, four in number, except Maj. Tom Ochiltree, who barely escaped the same fate. Maj. Ochiltree did all in his power to save his friend, as did Dr. Parrish, but in vain. He was borne to the Bisland House, and in an hour quietly breathed his last. He was buried silently at midnight near the grave of Gov. Baker. Just after this Gen. Taylor's command was forced to retreat from Bayou Teche in the presence of overpowering odds."

CAPT. S. P. EMMERSON.

Capt. S. P. Emmerson, loyal to the Southern Confederacy to the last breath, died at Denver, Colo., on October 16, 1900, and was buried in Dallas, Tex., on the 20th. He had lived on his farm near Dallas from the close of the war until forced to seek health in Colorado. Capt. Emmerson had never married, and before going to Colorado he called on Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and said to her: "When the Southern Confederacy perished I lost what stood to me as wife and children do

to other men. When I am dead, which will be soon, I ask you to see that I am buried among my own kind of people. Have my body clad in a suit of plain Confederate gray; have none but former Confederate soldiers act as pallbearers; let the Confederate flag rest upon my coffin. I desire that a plain monument, surmounted by the figure of a Confederate soldier, be erected over my grave. On the monument place only this inscription: 'Here lies a man who believed in the teachings and traditions of the old South.'"

When notified of his death, Mrs. Currie took charge of the funeral arrangements, and his body was laid to rest in the center of the plot owned by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Camp Sterling Price attended in a body, and their old battle-scarred flag was spread over the coffin.

Capt. Emmerson commanded a body of guerrillas on the Confederate side, and participated in many thrilling and daring exploits.

MRS. ANNIE IRWIN CHERRY.

Mrs. Cherry, daughter of Col. James and Nancy Sevier Irwin, was born at McMinnville, Tenn., February 18, 1830, and died in Nashville, Tenn., November 22, 1900. Three brothers and four sisters survive her, all of whom live at Savannah, Tenn. Her parents moved to Savannah about 1831, where she was reared.



MRS. CHERRY.

She finished her education at the old Nashville Female Academy, of which the late Rev. Dr. C. D. Elliott was President. She was married about 1855 to the late Mr. W. H. Cherry, of Savannah. After the war Mr. Cherry moved to Memphis, where they resided for several years. Subsequently he removed to Nashville, and was the senior member of the firm of Cherry, O'Conner & Co., afterwards Cherry, Morrow & Co., lessees of the State penitentiary. Mr. Cherry amassed a handsome fortune. He erected an elegant residence, where they lived happily through their later years.

In their beautiful and luxuriously equipped home they extended a constant and generous hospitality to their numerous friends.

Surviving her are her two children, Mrs. Minnie C.

Head, wife of Hon. James M. Head, present Mayor of Nashville, and Mr. William I. Cherry, of this city, and her stepson, Mr. Edgar Cherry, Savannah, Tenn.

Mrs. Cherry's maternal grandfather was John Sevier, a brother's son of Gov. John Sevier, first Governor of Tennessee. Her uncle, Ambrose H. Sevier, was United States Senator from Arkansas. Mrs. Cherry was a member of the Southern Methodist Church, and conspicuous for her generosity and charitable deeds. She was a bright woman and a ready writer.

Previous to and during the battle of Shiloh, Gen. Grant's headquarters were at her home in Savannah; and though an ardent Southerner, she wrote a letter several years since, which was published extensively in the papers, refuting the charge that Gen. Grant was intoxicated when the battle of Shiloh began.

She was a warm friend of the Confederate cause, and certainly should have been. Her mother and two of her sisters were arrested and taken from their home by the order of one who wore the straps of a Federal colonel. Gen. Grant was not in this region then, or he would not have permitted it. Two of her brothers, Capt. Lute B. Irwin, of the First Tennessee Infantry, and Capt. James W. Irwin, of the First Confederate Cavalry, served actively in the Confederate army from 1861 to 1865. During the war Mrs. Cherry rendered many favors to the Confederate soldiers, and sent many articles of clothing, etc., through the lines. Her hands were ever open to relieve Confederate soldiers. A large number of friends attended her funeral, which was conducted by prominent clergymen of the city.

R. M. J. Arnette, Lorman, Miss.: "While on a visit to Shelby County, Ky., after the reunion in Louisville, I learned the particulars of the death and burial of a gallant Confederate soldier, Lieut. Tarlton Lewis, of Georgia, whose family and friends may never have known his fate. In 1862, when the armies of Gens. Bragg and Kirby Smith were leaving Kentucky, in a skirmish at Patona, Shelby County, Lieut. Lewis was wounded and left behind. He was taken to the village of Clay, and cared for by Misses Emma Middleton and Hettie Willis, and seemed in a fair way to recovery, but his removal to another house was against this. After lingering several weeks at the house of Mrs. Harrison Bailey, he died, and was buried on the Bailey farm. Mrs. Bailey procured a metallic case for the body, thinking relatives would wish to remove it. Hon. Winford Bailey, of Shelbyville, Ky., will take pleasure in answering any inquiries."

The Richmond *Times* reports the remarkable achievements of Mrs. Pattie Buford, who died recently at Lawrenceville, Va.:

Years ago, when in social prominence, she abandoned the gayeties of life and took up the care of suffering negroes in "the black belt." She appealed to the people at large, and by their aid she built a hospital for the aged and afflicted. Endowed with spirit and genius, she thrilled the charitable, built a hospital, and then an orphanage, caring for a multitude in that way and in giving medicines and food through a dispensary that she had provided. It is believed that she accomplished more than has any other person with the means at hand.

MARSHALL B. JONES, OF HARVEY'S SCOUTS.

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

Comrade J. M. Williams, of Memphis, paid fine tribute to the memory of Marshall B. Jones, of Batesville, Miss., his fellow soldier and messmate in Col. John G. Ballentine's Mississippi Regiment. They were also scouts together, and made part of the fame won by Capt. A. D. Harvey. He states:

It was during the thrilling and exciting events of the Georgia campaign, the retreat of Gen. Johnston from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta, and the subsequent advance of Gen. Hood from Jonesboro, Ga., to Franklin, Tenn., that Comrade Marshall Jones displayed his most brilliant acts of fearlessness. It happened to fall to my lot to be with him on every trip. We were frequently sent in the rear of the enemy to tear up railroad tracks, to capture pickets, and gain such information as was necessary to guide and direct the movements of our commanding generals. We never failed to accomplish the work satisfactorily, and report back in good time, although we had some very close calls, and never had more than twelve and sometimes only four or five men with us.

While Gen. Sherman divided his forces at Atlanta, sending possibly more than half of his army toward Tennessee to intercept Gen. Hood, Jones and I, with a small squad, were ordered to get positive information of the number of Federal troops that were trying to check Hood's army. We were lying on the side of the main road between Kingston and Rome, in the midnight hour, counting regiment after regiment, until forty-two had passed us. Jones boldly rose from the small patch of bushes on the roadside, advanced into the ranks of the enemy, and captured an adjutant general of a brigade, mounted on a magnificent charger, and heavily armed with two fine pistols and saber. Instantly I was at his side, and disarmed him. We actually led this prisoner right from the ranks of several thousand of his comrades. We got valuable and reliable information from him. The poor fellow made a bold dash for liberty just at the dawn of day, as we were crossing the big road, within a few hundred yards of a Federal cavalry camp, and received a mortal wound from one of our squad, but his swift horse carried him beyond the Federal camp and right into the town of Kingston before the rider fell.

On another occasion, near Altoona, Ga., about eleven o'clock at night, we tore up the railroad track and wrecked a train of twenty-eight cars heavily loaded with provisions and ammunition. The entire train and locomotive went headlong off a forty-foot embankment, and was crushed into atoms, caught on fire, and was completely destroyed. A picket squad of six Federal soldiers, who were stationed near by, ran to the rescue of the demolished train, and ran into our arms. We captured and paroled this squad in quick order, mounted our horses and plunged into the dark thickets of northern Georgia, and away from the lurid scene of the burning and explosive wreck. The loss of life on the train we had no means of knowing, but it must have been heavy, as nearly every train, freight and passenger, going to Sherman, was loaded with soldiers. There were only four of us in this squad. Marshall Jones, Ben Persons, Tul Waller, and myself. We were in the enemy's lines, and possibly

sixty miles from the nearest Confederate force. It was a dark and stormy night, with heavy rains, thunders roared and lightnings flashed so fiercely that the electric current passed from the rails through the crowbar into our bodies, producing several severe shocks, and causing us to temporarily desist from the work of removing the rail; in fact, Persons and Waller vowed that it was not right, and refused to make further efforts after they had received the second shocks. Jones, undaunted, kept gouging the spikes until he loosed the rail, he and I taking alternate turns. A day or two later we had a similar experience within two miles of Dalton, tearing up the track and capturing a solid train of coffee, bacon, and flour, and about forty Federal soldiers on board the train. We paroled these fellows and retired in quick order to the woods, but had possibly a thousand shots fired at us by a regiment sent out from Dalton to annihilate us. We loaded our horses down with coffee and bacon, distributing it to citizens along our route. We feasted, however, as long as it lasted.

We were about cornered near Adamsville the following day, when a force of over a hundred Federal cavalry swooped down on us with unrelenting fury. About noon we were resting only for a little while between two mountains by a beautiful spring creek, not dreaming of the enemy being so near us, when suddenly it looked as though they had dropped from the sky, they were on us so quick. Jones was cool and calm, firing deliberately, and nearly every shot taking effect. We had to fly to escape the fury of these infuriated Yanks. Yet while in this rapid chase of several miles, Jones persisted in wheeling and taking another shot at the pursuing enemy. He received a few cuts from the saber, but never made a complaint. He saved my scalp from the enemy's sword by firing a pistol just in the nick of time, and my assailant reeled to the ground.

I could mention many other thrilling incidents connected with this dear old comrade's war history. In a regular pitched battle he was as cool and fearless as on these exciting scouting raids; was always cheerful and in good humor, but determined in purpose. He was a man of the highest sense of honor, truth, and integrity, an ideal citizen and patriot, a noble character. For several weeks during his illness he was a guest of Col. Jerome Hill, of Memphis, where loving hands administered to his wants, and the best medical skill was in daily attendance. Their efforts were in vain, and he passed into eternal rest. He was buried at Oxford, Miss., his native State.



MARSHALL B. JONES.

HON. J. D. BULLOCK.

J. D. Bullock, aged seventy-seven, who, during the civil war, acted as a Confederate agent, and who negotiated for the building of the cruiser Alabama, died at Liverpool January 7, 1901.

JOHN M'INTOSH KELL.

John McIntosh Kell for twenty years in the United States Navy; flag lieutenant of the Confederate States cruiser Sumter, and executive officer of the famous Alabama, has been added to the Last Roll.

John McIntosh Kell was descended from the McIntosh family of Georgia, the members of which, particularly his grandsire, won imperishable fame in the American revolution. Capt. Kell, to use the title given him by the Confederate States government, entered the United States navy in 1841; served in the war with Mexico in 1846, having taken part in the naval engagement at Vera Cruz; served under Perry when that bold, aggressive leader determined to open Japan to the civilization of the Western world. After this Capt. Kell served in the Brazilian squadron, and when his State seceded Kell was on the verge of being made a commander. Had he forsaken his State and sought fortune and promotion under the stars and stripes, much distinction would have been awarded him; but he was oblivious of self, and was devotedly consecrated to the cause of the South. Admiral Raphael Semmes said of Kell: "He would have scorned an admiral's commission, if it had been tendered him at the price of treason against his State."



JOHN M'INTOSH KELL.

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

When the Confederate cruiser Sumter was fitted up, Semmes requested that Kell be assigned to duty on it, which was done, Kell becoming Semmes's first lieutenant and executive officer.

Capt. Kell had no characteristic so pronounced as his modesty. Had it not been for other eyes, ears, tongues, and pens than his, perhaps not even a whisper or a line commemorative of his deeds would now be left. But his fame is secure; for were there left no other mention of Kell than the high praise awarded him by Semmes, he would live in history. In "Service Afloat" Semmes discards the official form in alluding to Kell or mentioning his services, by specifying him as "my ever-trusted friend," "my brave, patriotic, and reliable first lieutenant, always ready, always true."

The glory that attaches to Semmes belongs to Kell also, and the magnanimous Semmes never let an opportunity pass without according to the modest, worthy

Kell his deserts. After the war Capt. Kell, in a quiet, unostentatious manner, retired to country life at Sunny Side Ga., but soon a grateful people called him from his retirement to the office of Adjutant General of Georgia. The State conferred upon him the rank of brigadier general in acknowledgment of his services in war, and as a tribute to his worth as a citizen. Gen. Kell was for many years the Adjutant General of Georgia, and he was the reëncumbent of that office at the time of his death, just a few months ago.

Private William Bergis Allen, once a member of Company A, Twenty-Second North Carolina Infantry, sank to eternal rest near Louisville, Ky., on Tuesday, January 8, 1901, aged sixty-one years. This veteran had a remarkable record as a soldier, for during the darkest days of the great struggle he volunteered from the ranks to go as a gunner on the Confederate gunboats, finally being assigned to the Alabama, and was with her when she went down in front of Cherbourg, he being one of the few saved after a swim of six miles. He was a man of unlimited courage, and in a land engagement before he went to sea it is related of him that he grasped the colors from the hands of his wounded ensign, and in a stentorian voice shouted: "Come on, boys; we'll give 'em h—— to day." Then onward he plunged with the regiment bowed from the center. His undaunted courage and determination to win the field had the desired effect, and the Yankees fled before that valiant regiment of Tar Heels.

With sentiments of deep sympathy herein is copied a letter from Lexington, Ky., by Mrs. Emma B. Tanner, stating: "With sorrow I ask you to erase from your list of subscribers the name of J. J. Tanner, for he, on August 12, 1900, was enrolled in the 'Lamb's Book of Life,' and another devoted Confederate has 'crossed over the river.'"

JUDGE STERLING R. COCKRILL.

ARKANSAS DIVISION U. C. V. ADJT. GEN.'S OFFICE.
PARAGOULD, ARK., January 18, 1901.

General Order No. 17.—The Major General Commanding announces with deep sorrow the death, on January 12, 1901, of Comrade Sterling R. Cockrill, a member of the Confederate Monument Committee, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. A gallant soldier, a tireless worker, a ripe scholar, a successful lawyer, a learned judge, a spotless citizen, Comrade Cockrill has bequeathed to his family the priceless heritage of a good name, and has left to his friends the example of full attainment of the rewards of a lofty purpose.

By command of V. V. Cook, Major General; John F. Caldwell, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

A. C. Jones Camp, Greensboro Ala., adopted touching and appropriate resolutions of respect to the memory of the following members of the Camp, who answered the final roll call during 1900: James W. Locke, W. W. Powers, George Garnett, Munro Stokes, James B. Stokes, W. B. Jeffries, W. C. Wilkinson, John D. Lavender, and F. E. Bayol.

FAITHFUL NEGROES WHO WERE SLAVES.

SKETCH OF FED ARDIS.

A. N. Edwards writes from Strawn, Tex.:

This is a good picture of Fed Ardis, who was the property of Mr. Isaac Ardis. Fed is now living in Texas, and is about seventy-five years old. He was given to Mr. Ardis's wife when he married her in Russell County, Ala., 1841. Fed was a good boy, and won the confidence of his master and mistress, and as the family increased and grew he was a great favorite with the children because of his kindness to them.

When the war came on Mr. Ardis made Fed his foreman, and intrusted all his farm business to him, which he managed very faithfully and successfully. Toward the close of the war the deserters became very troublesome in Southeast Alabama, and to protect themselves the old men of Dale County organized a small company of themselves and elected Mr. Ardis captain. He was a resolute, vigorous man, and made it so warm for the deserters that he incurred their bitter enmity. When away from home he trusted his business, his property, and his family to Fed and other faithful negroes on the place. His mistress would intrust her money and other valuables to Fed to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Occasionally Mr. Ardis would come home for a day or so to see how everything was getting on. On one occasion he came home to stay all night, but by some means the deserters found it out and planned to kill him. After supper Fed went to the lot to see about the mules, as was his custom, and in passing the front of the house he saw two men standing by the yard gate with guns. He went by whistling as though he had not seen them, and passed around to the back of the house and called his master to the window and told him not to go out, as there were men around to assassinate him. They closed the front door, blew out the lights, and Mr. Ardis passed out the back way. Fed went back to the negro quarters and got several other negro men with their axes and went back to the house, and placed them as guards around the house, and said to his Mistress: "Now, Miss Lizabeth, you go to sleep. If anybody gets in this house to-night, they have got to kill us first."

Fed was always very religious, and he was very able in prayer. During slavery he and other old faithful negroes would attend church and take their places in a cut-off portion of the church, just back of the pulpit, which was provided for them in erecting churches. Strange as it may sound to some people at the North, Fed was frequently called on to pray, especially during prayer meeting services.

He was a very sensible man, and his prayers were very effectual. After the war he obtained some education, and got license to preach, and soon became a "big preacher" among the negroes in Southern Alabama. He became a presiding elder in the Methodist Church.



A few years ago he came to Texas, and Dr. Ardis, of Greenville (who had been his young master), sent him money to come on. He has just lately returned from a visit back to his old Conference in Alabama, the negroes there having written him if he would visit their Conference they would pay his expenses.

Soon after he went to preaching my wife, who was his young mistress, sent him a fine Oxford Bible, which he appreciates highly.

Fed is doing well, and will have a good home on Dr. Ardis's place as long as he lives, and I very much believe will have a far better one when he crosses over "the Jordan."

HANNIBAL ALEXANDER.

Hannibal Alexander was a slave belonging to Parker Alexander. He went with his young master, Sidney Alexander, to the war, and did his duty faithfully. "Ham" died recently in Monroe County, Miss. He and his wife Delia by industry made a good living and accumulated a competence, ever having the confidence and friendship of the white people about their lifetime home. Writes W. A. Campbell, of Columbus:

In the army he was cook. He was in the siege of Fort Donelson. He was captured there, and went to Camp Douglass as a Confederate prisoner. He answered roll call all the time as a white soldier. Being a bright mulatto, he was brought to Vicksburg and exchanged with the others, and again went with his young master into service.

The Federal sergeant that called the roll was somewhat suspicious as to "Ham" (as he was called by the boys) being a slave, but he was told that living in Mississippi he was sunburned and that made him dark.

Hannibal was a very intelligent negro, and knew if he left his master he could go free, but he elected to stay with him among the white men he had been raised with, and preferred to suffer with them.

I knew Hannibal for more than forty years as slave and freeman, and he was ever polite and friendly to all his former owners. In the old days I went on many a hunting and fishing expedition with Sidney, with "Ham" to wait on us.

His old master with whom he went in the army is yet alive, but in poor health.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S FORMER COACHMAN.

The faithful, venerable Lewis Alexander, who has for so many years been a genial and active messenger in the Treasury Department, died in Washington, January 8, at the advanced age of eighty years. Alexander was long in the service of Jefferson Davis as coachman, and he later went abroad and acted in the same capacity for the Belgian Minister.

TRUCK FARM FOR RENT NEAR ATLANTA.

At Dahlgren Station, near Atlanta, Ga., J. A. Dahlgren desires to rent a large, comfortable residence and twenty-four acres of land suitable for farm purposes. The place is suitable for dairy and truck farming. It is easily accessible by three lines of electric cars, and is on the way between Atlanta and Decatur. Address J. A. Dahlgren, Dahlgren Station, Atlanta, Ga.

CONFEDERATE SENTIMENT IN TENNESSEE.

The Legislature of Tennessee, in session, has been most generous to the Confederate element in the State. In every necessary appropriation action has been, or promises to be, liberal, and in the election of State officers Confederate Veterans, Sons, and Daughters have been favorites.



CAPT. JOHN W. MORTON, SECRETARY OF STATE.

The most noted selection was that for Secretary of State, awarded to Capt. John W. Morton, who was Chief artillery officer in Forrest's cavalry, and one of the youngest artillery officers in the army. Because of army associations this news will be pleasant and interesting in many sections of the South. He is well known and popular in all Confederate sections.

The zeal of Capt. Morton's comrades in this race was extraordinary. They came from all the divisions of the State, and were zealous until success was achieved. His competitors were popular and strong. Hon. Tully Brown, who was an officer in Morton's command, said he sought the election of Capt. Morton not because he was a Confederate soldier, but he was one and a true one. . . . He earned and deserved the complete confidence of Gen. Bedford Forrest, one of the ablest and most exacting soldiers the war produced. Again Comrade Brown said: "There is another battle the old Confederates fought that commenced after the war was over—a battle that was fought amid poverty, humiliation, and despair; a battle that was won by ex-Confederate soldiers under dis-

advantages never before experienced by any other race of men, and it was fought and won that the children of this generation should have an easier and more prosperous life. We are paying out of the South thirty odd millions of dollars annually to support soldiers who fought against us. I don't think that we ought to turn our backs on our own. I think Capt. Morton should be elected because in the most arduous trial that man was ever subjected to he was true and faithful to the end.

NOMINATED BY SENATOR HOUSTON.

Senator Houston nominated Capt. Morton as "a man whose qualifications are conceded by all, and whose integrity and citizenship are above and beyond censure or reproach; a man who has been tested in times that tried men's souls, and who was found every whit a patriot and a hero, and whose valor still shines through forty years of time like an undimmed star; a man who followed the immortal Forrest through three long years, who was never known to shirk a duty, and the sound of whose artillery was among the last to die in the air; a man in every way worthy of and qualified for the position."

The race for State Librarian was, as usual, more exciting than any other of the offices. For many years the Librarian has been elected by the State Legislature, and candidates have been diligent, as women ever are. On one occasion there were said to be more than sixty candidates, and much more money has been expended by the State doubtless in the elections than in the salaries paid to Librarians. In the recent selection by Democratic caucus all the candidates were of Confederate families and zealously supported, but the contest was practically between Miss Jennie E. Lauderdale, the efficient incumbent, and Mrs. Lulu B. Epperson, who was chosen. The latter will be recalled by many friends in the Carolinas and Georgia, through which she journeyed in connection with the VETERAN.



MRS. LULU B. EPPERSON, STATE LIBRARIAN.



This seal is the one accepted by the Arkansas Division United Daughters of the Confederacy. The four flags are the ones used by the Confederate nation from her inception to the hour of her death. The wreath is the Palmetto leaf—typical of the first State that seceded from the Union (South Carolina), forming with others the nation of Confederate States. The motto, "Magnus Ab Integro—Sæclorum Nascitur Ordo," is the old motto of the colonies and United States until 1885.

DEDICATORY PRAYER OF MONUMENT.

Rev. M. M. Benton, Archdeacon of Louisville, made the following prayer at the dedication of the Confederate monument at Owensboro, Ky., September 21, 1900:

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continued help; that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name; and especially we beseech thee to bless this our present undertaking.

Grant that this monument about to be unveiled may ever be an eloquent witness to the truth that a life given to duty is never sacrificed in vain. May it be a silent but powerful preacher, pleading with men to be ready to do battle for the right, to struggle for liberty and justice, and to sacrifice property, home, even life itself, in defense of country! May it ever teach that the apparent defeat of our most cherished ambition may be thy answer, in mercy given, to earnest prayer leading to the recognition of thy sovereignty and to cheerful submission to thy will!

Heavenly Father, we ask in behalf of the widows and orphans of our comrades who gladly gave their lives in defense of their country's cause, that thou be their protector, and raise up defenders for them for their remaining days. Bless, we beseech thee, the labors of the noble women who have reared this monument to commemorate duty faithfully done!

Gracious Father, we ask thy blessing upon all our people; overrule our mistakes and errors, that in spite of our passion, prejudice, and ignorance we may dwell

in peace, one people, with one heart and one mind, under one flag, serving one God! All of which we ask in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory world without end. Amen.

Mrs. Stella P. Dinsmore, President of the Chapter, writes from Sulphur Springs, Tex.:

The Joseph Wheeler Chapter, No. 243, held its regular meeting November 2 in the elegant home of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Lydia Nance. Fifteen members were in attendance. The entrance hall and sitting room were decorated with Confederate flags, and red and white roses, in cut glass rose bowls, filled the air with rare and sweet perfume.

After the regular business was dispatched the ladies were invited into the beautiful dining room decorated with quaint lanterns of artistic design and lovely flowers of red and white enriched by cut glass and silver. Delicious cakes, fresh fruits, etc., were served, while the strains of "Dixie," rendered on piano and mandolin by Misses Coral Rash and Kate A. Dinsmore, floated in from the parlor.

It was to all a pleasant and profitable afternoon. The "daylight was hiding in the sleeve of night" before the members reluctantly bade adieu to our much-loved and efficient Corresponding Secretary.

MR. JOHN H. WALLACE.

His Authority on Horses—His Publications—Personal.

The VETERAN makes record with pride of the achievements of Mr. John H. Wallace, well known for over half a century in connection with American gentlemen interested in thoroughbred horses.



J. H. WALLACE.

Mr. Wallace is a Pennsylvanian, born in 1822. He was offered a cadetship at West Point, but declined because his father thought there was "better employment" for him than that of "killing men." Delicate health induced outdoor life,

and he went West—to Iowa. Later he returned East, and a quarter of a century ago he started *Wallace's Monthly* in connection with Benjamin Singerly, and New York City has been his home since then. He has been twice married, and has a companion but no children.

By diligence and constancy Mr. Wallace became the most eminent American authority on the horse. Wallace's "American Stud Book," "American Trotting Register," and "Year-book" are all standard. His publishing interests were concentrated in the Wallace Trotting Register Company, and he retired in 1891. In 1897 he published "The Horse of America," copies of which may be procurable. His address is 40 West Ninety-Third Street, New York City.

Mr. Wallace is engaged now in perfecting a history as complete as possible of the Riggs family in America, and would appreciate information from any persons by that name or family. He is growing old gracefully, and is a warm-hearted friend of the Southern people, appreciating them as thoroughly, doubtless, as any who ever lived at the North all his life. It has been ever pleasant to realize his appreciation of them.

The relation between him and the editor of the *VETERAN* has long been intimate, and a tribute was recently worded in this very complimentary way: "Of all the men I have ever met in this world, you are the most kindly and obliging." In a letter on Christmas eve he wrote: "I am now a thin old man in feeble health, and looking forward to the close of my earthly career. But there is a better world beyond."

THE WANDERING JEW.

An Old Story Retold: A New Version.

This is the title of a new book just published by the Bryan Printing Co., Columbia, S. C. The story is told in verse. It is the old story of the Wandering Jew, told with an entirely different gloss. This Jew, instead of being under a curse and wandering the world the unhappiest man that ever lived, for railing upon Christ as he went to the crucifixion, is the happiest, and wanders the world to do good. When he cursed the Saviour as he passed his weary way to Calvary, Christ looked at him and said the saddest and sweetest words man ever uttered: "Salathiel, you must tarry till I come again." The words cut him to the heart, and he fell to the ground as one dead. When he came to himself he felt that he had undergone a wonderful change. Life, life, a blessed and eternal, happy life, has entered into him, and he walks beside the Saviour always to comfort and console the sad and sorrowful. In his wanderings he meets the writer of this book, and to him tells the story of his wanderings, with historical notes and comments upon the events of the world, past and passing, down to the present time.

Having brought his story to a conclusion, the wanderer asks his companion, to whom he has been relating it, to tell to him the story of his country, America: how it came to be what it is, so great and growing, when only a few years ago it was unknown to the great world, and, in fact, had no existence. Then follows the second part, America, which itself is divided into four parts. Three parts are purely historical; but in the fourth part the narrator becomes prophetic, and concludes by declaring that the flag of the stars is finally to be the flag of the world, because it is the only flag of the free. But this is on the condition that the people remain pure and true.

A lady who has just read the book writes to the author: "I thank you most cordially for the book, and I am now reading it and gathering the greatest amount of pleasure from it. It is full of fine thoughts embodied in fine imagery and good English. It is giving me a great deal of enjoyment, and I only wish the world might read it."

Another reader writes thus: "'The Wandering Jew' is very good. I hope it will be a financial success to you."

Price of the book, \$1, cloth, and 50 cents, paper, postpaid. An order promptly filled by the Bryan Printing Co., Columbia, S. C., or by the "Wandering Jew," Newberry, S. C.

A personal note from the author (at Newberry) states: "I want to reach, if possible, the relations of Sam Davis and Calvin Crozier, of Texas. These two men were, I believe, the greatest heroes of whom I ever read. Crozier was killed here by order of Col. Trowbridge, in 1865.

ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

An Edition of "Service Afloat" Offered by the Veteran.

It would be impossible to compile a complete and accurate history of our civil war if the record of the cruisers *Sumter* and *Alabama*, of the Confederate navy, were left out. Indeed this record contains information of service and events of the war between the states that cannot be had elsewhere.

Admiral Semmes kept a log book and daily journal of the *Sumter* and *Alabama*; and these data, coupled with his recollections of the stirring events that kept the world in wonder, are embraced in his great book, "Service Afloat."



ADMIRAL SEMMES.

The book is rich with information of peoples and nations of the world, climates and phenomena of the ocean. The style is clear, lucid, and concrete; it is superb. The author was a scholar, a lawyer, an editor, and a profound statesman, and his history shows him to have been a student of the science of government and the formation of our national compact. His views of the causes which brought about the war are clear, clean-cut, and the truth, and "Service Afloat" will forever remain an authority to the student of history, and will ever be a standard and justification of the Southern view; and it is the duty of every lover of truth and of every Confederate and of every Southern father to have this book in his library. "Service Afloat" reads like a romance, and it is of absorbing interest from the first page to the last. It contains fifteen steel portraits and eight colored engravings.

This book should be in every library with that of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by President Davis. While the book has now been out of print for a long time the *VETERAN* announces the procurement of an edition in cloth at \$3 per copy. It will be sent postpaid for six new subscriptions, or with renewal and one new subscription for \$4. Send the *VETERAN* to a friend, and get your own renewal free in this way.

A FINE KNIFE WITH SAM DAVIS'S PICTURE ON HANDLE.

A knife is an almost indispensable article for a man's pocket, and it should be of first-class material. The *VETERAN* offers a knife guaranteed to give satisfaction, made of the very best steel. It is two-bladed, and under a plate of celluloid appears the picture of Sam Davis. This beautiful and good knife is given with a year's subscription for two dollars, or sent as a premium for five subscribers. Schoolboys can easily make up the club and secure this fine knife free.

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 recipe, 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, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

RYAN, THE POET PRIEST.

BY MRS. MARY WARE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

He furled his last banner, and, folded to rest,
Now peacefully sleeps in the land he loved best;
He loved our sweet Southland 'mid sorrow and gloom,
He wreathed her fair forehead with beauty and bloom.

A friend to his country, a patriot he;
No Southerner ever more faithful could be,
And gratitude claims for his memory now
A wreath of immortelles to circle his brow.

Sweet nature had stamped him a poet by birth,
With an ear attuned to the music of earth:
This genius begotten of sorrow and pain,
A wail or a dirge, a mournful refrain.

A fragrance exhaled from crushed roses that lie
With their pitiful faces turned up to the sky;
Or a strain of wild music burdened with pain,
When heart strings are trembling and bursting in twain.

A weary soul treading life's pathway alone,
With never a heart to respond to its own;
But so long as earth's sorrows must sadden our days
Shall the memory of Ryan be circled with bays.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

Visitors to the Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans can find no better place of entertainment than the St. Charles Hotel, advertisement of which will be found on the first inside cover page of this number. Mr. Andrew R. Blakely, one of the proprietors, is a genial veteran, and will leave nothing undone for the comfort of his patrons. He is a survivor of the Second Company of Washington Artillery; served in Virginia, and was wounded and lost his right eye at Second Manassas. He was captured in the field hospital and imprisoned at Washington. Being disabled for field service, he was detailed in the Treasury Department, where he served till the close of the war. He is now captain of the Second Company of Washington Artillery survivors, and a colonel on Gen. German's staff.

FEDERAL NURSERY HYMN—1863.

(From the New York News.)

Sing a song of greenbacks,
A pocket full of trash,
Over head and ears in debt,
And out of ready cash;
Heaps of tax collectors,
As busy as a bee—
Ain't we in a pretty fix,
With gold at fifty-three?

Abe in the White House,
Proclamations printing;
Mead on the Rapidan,
Afraid to do the fighting;
Seward in the Cabinet,
Surrounded by his spies;
Halleck with the telegraph,
Busy forging lies;

Chase in the treasury,
Making worthless notes;
Curtain at Harrisburg,
Making shoddy coats;
Gilmore at Charleston,
Lost in a fog;
Forney under Abe's chair,
Barking like a dog;

Shenk down at Baltimore,
Doing dirty work;
Butler at Norfolk,
As savage as a Turk;
Sprague in Rhode Island,
Eating apple sass;
Everett at Gettysburg,
Talking like an ass;

Banks out in Texas,
Trying to cut a figure;
Beecher in Brooklyn,
Howling for the nigger;
Lots of abolitionists,
Kicking up a yell;
In comes Parson Brownlow,
And sends all to hell;

Burnside at Knoxville,
In a kind of fix;
Dalgren at Sumter,
Pounding at the bricks;
Grant at Chattanooga,
Trying Bragg to thrash—
Is it any wonder
The Union's gone to smash?

It Is Not a Liniment

Nor a Salve. Contains no grease nor ammonia. It is a pleasant, stainless liquid. A rational, scientific, chemical compound.

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic

stands preëminently superior to any remedy offered the public for healing wounds, burns, and other injuries. Used internally,

It Is a Fine Thing
for COLIC and BOWEL TROUBLES.

For Sale by All Druggists.

EXTRA

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS ONLY, WE WILL, for CASH WITH ORDER,

PRINT, TAB, AND DELIVER,

Express Prepaid,

500 letter heads,

500 bill heads,

500 envelopes,

The Whole Thing Complete for the Small

Sum of \$3.00.

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WE START YOU IN BUSINESS
We want animals raised, as the demand is greater than the supply, and with difficulty we have reserved 6080 animals for breeding purposes, to be distributed free, and we start you in a paying business and put you in the way of making money without your investing one cent for the animals. Genuine Angora Cats are worth from \$35.00 to \$100.00 each, and these animals are easy to raise. Belgian Hares may be raised in an attic or cellar, or small city back yard without difficulty. They breed from ten to twelve at a time, six times a year, and sell for seemingly fabulous prices, and service alone from a good buck is worth \$35.00. Large profits are easily and quickly made by those who begin now. Send no money, simply act at once, write us to day and be one of those to get a fine Song Bird or Parrot with cage, a beautiful pair of Genuine Angora Cats, a complete Aquarium with fish, shells and plants. Give the name of your nearest express office and say what animal or aquarium you want and it will be sent exactly according to our offer. We pay express charges. This advertisement means exactly what it says and is simply an enterprising plan to increase our business capacity. Address DEP. 250, ANIMAL WORLD, 248 West 23d St., New York.

THE CAPTIVE ON LAKE ERIE.

The following lines, written on the fly leaf of a book by Col. C. W. Frazer, of Memphis, Tenn., while he was a prisoner on Johnson's Island, have a pathetic interest. The book came into the possession of a young woman, who is now the wife of Col. William H. Herbert, Collector of Customs of the port at Sandusky, Ohio, and who was a Confederate officer:

A captive on a lake-girt isle
Looks on the waters sadly,
His thought on one whose blessed smile
Would welcome him so gladly,
But that beneath a Northern sky—
A sky to him so dreary—
He's doomed to pine and vainly sigh,
Away out on Lake Erie.

The winds that waft to others bliss
But mock him with their tone;
The lips are pale they stoop to kiss
With yearning for his home.
The waves that dash upon the beach
Keep ceaseless watch and weary;
They chant of joys beyond the reach
Of him who looks on Erie.

They bear to him his mother's tone,
His sister's mournful song.
Until he longs to be alone
Far from that captive throng;
And when he lays him down to sleep,
With aching heart and weary,
The winds and waves his vigils keep,
Dear dreamer on Lake Erie.

But all who love him pray to God
To bless his precious life
With patience to endure the rod,
With faith to close the strife,
And look beyond the dreary morn
To brighter days and better,
When native winds shall fan his brow,
And only fond arms fetter.

MARDI GRAS CELEBRATIONS.

On account of Mardi Gras celebration at New Orleans and Mobile, Ala., February 14 to 19, 1901, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to New Orleans and return, and from all points on its lines to Mobile, Ala. and return, at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold February 12 to 18, 1901, inclusive, and for trains arriving at New Orleans and Mobile not later than twelve noon of February 19, 1900. All tickets limited to return until March 7, 1901. For further information call on Southern Railway ticket agents.

FREE TO EVERYBODY.

Dr. J. M. Willis, a specialist of Crawfordsville, Ind., will send free by mail to all who send him their address, a package of Pansy Compound, which is two weeks' treatment with printed instructions, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, *la grippe*, and blood poison.

WATCH YOUR BLOOD!

Pimples, Itching Skin, Boils, Aches in Back or Joints, Falling Hair, Give Warning—Blood Made Pure and Rich by B. B. B.

WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.

The blood is the life, hence the necessity of watching it. Is this life-giving current free from Humors and Poison? Have you any of the following symptoms:

Blood thin and skin pale.
Nose-bleeding, headache.
Circulation of the blood slow and weak.
Pimples or eruptions.
Skin itches and burns.
Boils or carbuncles at stated seasons.
Skin dry and scaly, with crusts and scabs.
Skin dotted with dirty little specks.
Prickling pains in the skin.
Ulcers, old sores, cancer, scrofula, eczema, scalp humors, falling hair.
Tired, discouraged, and used up.
Bone pains, swollen joints or glands.
Rheumatism, catarrh.

As tired in the morning as when you went to bed.

Aches and pains in back.

If you have any one or all of above troubles, take B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). This is especially true if other remedies or doctors have failed to cure you. In that case B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) is just the medicine you have been looking for, because it makes a permanent cure, healing every sore, making the blood pure and rich, and giving a soft, rich glow to the skin. No more pimples, bone pains, rheumatism after using B. B. B.

Especially in cancer is B. B. B. making marvelous cures.

What Is Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.)?

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is a Powerful, Trustworthy, Non-Poisonous

Blood Purifier, and Maker of New, Rich Blood. B. B. B. is compounded of Pure Botanical ingredients. It acts directly on the Glands, the Liver, and Kidneys, causing these organs to drain from the blood the Impurities, Poisons, and Humors, which are the direct cause of Eczema, Cancer, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Bone Pains, etc. Botanic Blood Balm is especially free from irritating properties, even when used by the most delicate, or by babies, advantages that have given Blood Balm a preference over other blood remedies, in that it may be used freely, according to directions, without fear of prejudicial effect, etc. B. B. B. was discovered by Dr. Gillam, the great Southern Blood and Skin specialist.

Finest Blood Purifier of the Age.

Thirty years of successful, permanent cures behind B. B. B. The most wonderful and finest Blood Purifier of the age. If you have the slightest symptom of impure blood, or if there is a trace of it in the family history, take a few bottles of B. B. B., and thus prevent a more serious attack. For sale by druggists everywhere, \$1 per large bottle. So sufferers may test B. B. B., a trial bottle will be sent free on request. This is an honest offer to prove at our expense that B. B. B. cures. So write to day. Address Blood Balm Co., 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Medicine sent prepaid. Describe trouble, and free medical advice will be given until cured. B. B. B. is superior to Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine.

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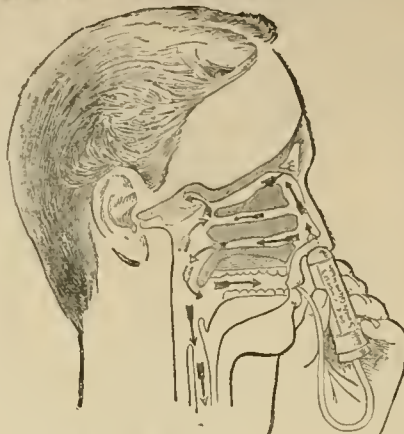
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The San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway covers Central and South Texas. Good lands. Reasonable prices. Mild and healthful climate. Address E. J. Martin, Gen'l Pass. Agent, San Antonio, Tex.

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For a short time I will mail to any reader, naming this paper, one of my new Scientific Catarrh Inhalers, with medicine for one year on three days' trial free. If it gives satisfaction, send me \$1.00; if not, return it after three days' trial. Could any proposition be fairer?

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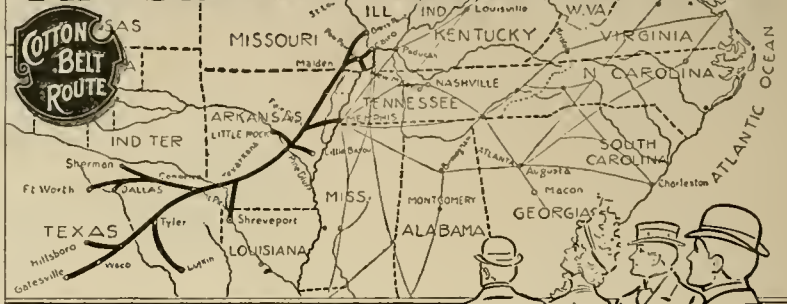
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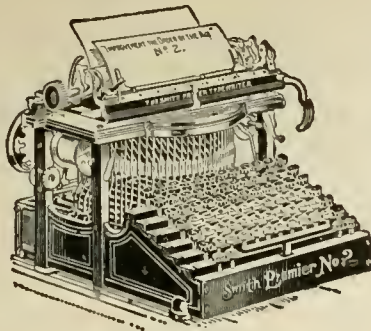
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Confederate Veteran.



THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ABERDEEN, MISS.

(See pages 52, 53.)

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The *chil* war was too long a to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term the word *great* war will be substituted.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 2. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Official Circular Letter No. 139, sent out from New Orleans February 1, 1901, to all the Camps of the United Confederate Veteran Association, states:

Notice is hereby given, as required by the Constitution, that the following proposed changes in the Constitution and By-Laws have been filed at these headquarters, and will be submitted to the delegates for their action at the Eleventh Annual Reunion to be held in Memphis, Tenn., on May 28, 29, and 30, 1901, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday respectively, to wit:

"In order to strictly adhere to the noble purposes for which this Association was organized; to formally add to the Constitution and By-Laws, what is now and has been the custom and unwritten law of this Association; and which is necessary to prevent 'discussion of political or religious subjects' or anything foreign to the purposes for which this Association was organized from gaining a foothold in it, or for giving cause for protests, resolutions, discussion, hard feelings, or acrimonious debate, either in the Camps or at our General Reunions, all of which have a tendency to disorganize and disrupt the Association, to wit: 'That neither the General Commanding, nor Department or Division Commanders, nor any official of this Association, nor "Our Host," shall have the right to invite any one to a U. C. V. Reunion other than Confederates: this right shall rest alone with the delegates in Convention assembled.'"

To amend Section 1 of Article 2 of the By-Laws to read, after the word Federation: "Such reunion to be

held only at points in those States which furnished organized bodies of troops to the Confederate army."

To add to the Constitution and By-Laws a clause, as follows: "That inasmuch as the delegates who attend the reunion are only clothed with special powers, and as the right to bind their Camp and comrades to the payment of amounts of money, not being included in their delegated powers, and is frequently embarrassing to them at the reunion, as well as to them and their Camp upon their return to their homes; that hereafter, under no consideration shall they be called upon at a reunion to subscribe sums of money for any purpose, and that no one will hereafter be permitted, at a Confederate reunion, to solicit for money, or ask for subscriptions for any purpose whatever."

By order of J. B. Gordon, General Commanding.

GEO. MOORMAN, *Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.*

Another circular letter No. 140, issued from New Orleans, February 20, 1901, copies the actions of various Camps for and against concurring in the invitation to the President of the United States.

The following communications and information received at these headquarters since issuance of Circular Letter No. 138 have been forwarded to the Memphis U. C. V. Reunion Committee, and are also sent out to the U. C. V. Commanders and Camps, which they are entitled to know, and in answer to frequent inquiries, and in order to keep them fully posted about events transpiring within the organization. All information received in regard to this matter, *pro* and *con*, will be impartially given to the Commanders and Camps *without comment*; and is *not intended for publication*, and is solely for use of the U. C. V. Camps and Commanders.

THE ABERDEEN CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

A day long to be remembered in Aberdeen, Miss., was that on which there was unveiled the monument to Mississippi's Confederate heroes, and honors as well the noble ladies of the Memorial Association and R. E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, through whose untiring efforts the shaft was erected. The day was given over to the ceremonies of the unveiling, which opened with a long procession, headed by the Okolona Band. Then came Col. Levy, of the First Regiment, National Guard, and staff; Company B, First Regiment, Henry Light Guards, Battalion of Cadets of A. and M. College, school children, members of the Associations, and citizens in carriages handsomely decorated; followed by sturdy veterans, survivors of those who marched away from Monroe County, grim and gray, led by Capt. Robert E. Houston, Lieutenant Commander of the Camp. The handsome silk flag was carried by Veteran Holbert, who was shot while carrying the colors of his regiment. The three hundred school children formed a striking feature of the parade, all carrying flags, and led by Master Billy Maynard, with a Confederate battle flag. A bicycle corps closed the procession.

When the veterans had surrounded the mound, sacred to the memory of their comrades, the bugle sounded reveille, and Commander Houston explained briefly the object of the gathering. Capt. E. L. Sykes read a historical and descriptive sketch of the monument in behalf of Col. J. L. Power, Secretary of State, who could not attend. Then came the beautiful ceremony incident to dedication and unveiling, conducted by the Commander and Chaplain Brown, the veterans making the responses. At the conclusion of this ritual, the veil was drawn by Misses Mary Gillespie and Anne McFarland, while the cannon pealed, the band played "Dixie," and from the throats of battle-worn veterans came again that old inimitable Rebel yell, which meant victory or death in the sixties.

The monument is beautiful in design, and is thirty feet high, eight feet square at the base, made of American and Italian marble. Upon the granite blocks composing the base are engraved the names of individual soldiers of this section, many of whom were prominent in the Confederate service. On the north side are named the companies which went out from Monroe County: Van Dorn Reserves, Capt. Moore, Eleventh Mississippi Regiment; Company L, Capt. S. J. Gholson, Fourteenth Mississippi; Company E, Capt. F. M. Rogers, Fourteenth Mississippi; Company K, Capt. W. A. Roarer, Twentieth Mississippi; Company A, Capt. Robert Armstrong, Fifth Mississippi; Company C, Capt. L. J. Morgan, Sixteenth Mississippi; Company I, Capt. J. B. Sale, Twenty-Seventh Mississippi; Company L, Capt. S. J. Gholson (Second Company), Forty-Third Mississippi; Monroe Rifles, Capt. Tom Coopwood, Twenty-Fourth Mississippi; Company G, Capt. N. J. Beckett, Forty-First Mississippi; Company C, James Brock, Saunders Battalion; Company —, Capt. Columbus Sykes, Forty-Third Mississippi; Company —, Capt. John Vesey, Forty-Third Mississippi; Company —, Capt. John Winters, Forty-Third Mississippi; Company —, Capt. Columbus Love, State Troops; Company —, Capt. John B. Tucker, Cavalry.

On the west appears the dedication:

C. S. A.—Our Heroes.—1861-1865.

This monument is erected by the ladies of the Memorial Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy of Aberdeen, Miss., in grateful remembrance of those who risked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in defense of our beloved Southland. 1861-1865.

Soldiers, rest, your warfare o'er,
Dream of battlefields no more.

On the south is the inscription, "Tried and true," with crossed swords, and enumeration of the battles in which those heroes participated, as follows: Manassas, Seven Days around Richmond, Gettysburg, Fishing Creek, Perryville, Thoroughfare Gap, Boonsboro, Bentonville, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Corinth, Chickamauga, Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro, Lookout Mountain, Shiloh, Second Manassas, Missionary Ridge, Seven Pines, Spottsylvania, Gaines's Mill, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Baker's Creek, Big Black, Jonesboro, The Wilderness, Harrisburg, Okolona, Egypt, the Petersburg Campaign, Five Forks, Fredericksburg, Resaca, New Hope Church, Brice's Cross Roads, Vicksburg, Cartersville, High Point, Holly Springs, Franklin, Nashville, Blakely, Appomattox.

The shaft on the east side presents the "stars and bars," seal of the Confederacy, crossed swords, crossed guns, and crossed cannon, with the inscription:

The warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul.

"Our Confederate dead—1861-1865. In memory of the Confederate soldiers of Monroe County, Miss., and others who rest in our cemeteries."

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay;
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same,
They died, and wore the gray.

"They took up arms to resist invasion and conquest; a more righteous cause never appealed to the spirit of heroism, chivalry, and patriotism in man."

Needless this shaft to those who knew
The gallant men whose valor it proclaims,
But patriotism may its heacons fire anew
With inspirations from their hallowed names.
But O the nameless dead who side by side
Strove with our loved ones in the hapless fight!
This shaft we consecrate to all who died,
The nameless and the famed, in consciousness of right.

(By S. A. Jonas, author of the Confederate note, "Representing Nothing," etc.)

The shaft is surmounted by a life-size figure of a Confederate soldier. As may be seen, he is on picket duty—in uniform and accoutered with musket, canteen, belt, and knapsack, a familiar spectacle to veteran eyes.

The roll call of the old companies was an interesting and pathetic feature. To the credit of the noble mothers and daughters, quite a complete list of the volunteers had been preserved, and, as it was called, nearly every one was accounted for, although the "present" were in woeful minority.

The oration of the day, which should have an extended place herein, was delivered by Hon. William Cox.

Judge R. B. Houghton, of St. Louis, holding high rank among the Sons of Veterans, announced that the Daughters of the Confederacy were ready to bestow the Cross of Honor upon those who were present with proper credentials.

The unavoidable absence of Col. J. L. Power, Secretary of State, the venerable Confederate hero, and of W. D. Cameron, as Major General Commanding Mississippi Division, U. C. V., were explained by wire.

Replying to an inquiry in the August VETERAN, R. E. Houston, of Aberdeen, Miss., writes that John Carter, of Monroe County, Miss., belonged to Company C, Forty-Third Mississippi Regiment, and went through the war safely. He moved to Texas in the seventies, and died about twenty years ago. He has a daughter living at Aberdeen. Comrade Carter had a defect in one eye.

ABOUT RE-ENLISTING IN THE WESTERN ARMY.

H. P. Gaines, McKenzie, Tenn.:

In the VETERAN of December, 1900, the question is asked, What regiment was first to reenlist for life, or to the end of the war? It was the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, organized by Col. Preston Smith at Randolph, Tenn. At the time of the reenlistment we were in Hindman's Division, having been placed there only a short time before that, and were transferred back to Cheatham's, our old division, a few weeks afterwards. I am sorry I cannot remember the date, but I do remember distinctly that it was the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. I belonged to Company F of the same regiment.

The number "One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth" was given because this regiment had an unsuccessful contention to be numbered the First Regiment.

R. F. Lewis, of Pittsburg, Tex., writing of the reenlistment of Gen. Johnston's army at Dalton, Ga., says: "As I was present at the time, and one of the participants, I can say that the first regiment that reenlisted was the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, Vaughn's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, to which regiment I belonged. And well do I remember the speech that Adj. McCaskie made on that occasion. We reenlisted for ninety-nine years or during the war."

RICHARD B. ALLEY AND HIS FLAG.

David W. Bolen, Esq., writes from Fancy Gap, Va.:

On the 7th day of December, 1864, Forrest, with his cavalry and two divisions of infantry, engaged the Federals near Murfreesboro, Tenn. The latter came out in such force and with so much pluck that the Confederate lines of infantry began to break to pieces, when Forrest rode from regiment to regiment seizing the colors from the hands of the color bearers, waving them aloft and appealing to the men to hold their ground. It is said that when Forrest found one of the color bearers running, and would not halt at his command, he shot him down; that he dismounted, took the colors himself, remounted, rode again before that regiment, and waved the colors until the men rallied. To other color bearers and officers, Forrest uttered stinging

rebukes, one of which was: "D—— a man that's afraid of getting killed." He rode up to the Fifty-Fourth Virginia Regiment, and in a strong, imperious tone, at the same time reaching out his hand, said to the color bearer: "Hand me your flag." The little man, twenty years old, five feet and one or two inches high, with face as smooth as a girl's, nearly barefooted, thinly clad, and shivering with December cold, held tight to the staff of his flag, and replied: "Gen. Forrest, I can take care of my flag." The General, admiring the grit of the little fellow, said in a milder tone: "Give me your flag: I want to rally the men." The color bearer replied: "General, just show me where to plant it." The place was fixed, the flag was planted, and that portion of the line rallied and held its ground. The best troops quailed under the duties of that hour. The General then ordered the Fifty-Fourth Virginia to fall back.

Forrest never forgot the color bearer of the Fifty-Fourth. Referring to him afterwards, he called him "that little fellow that totes his own flag." Forrest never lost an opportunity to doff his hat to that flag, and the color bearer never failed to droop his colors to the General. The name of this color bearer was



RICHARD B. ALLEY.

Richard B. Alley, of Company A. He was as proud of the flag he carried, and as jealous of its honor, as Forrest was of his commission as lieutenant general. "No man; no, not Gen. Forrest himself, shall carry my flag while I live," said Richard. Young Alley carried his colors on many bloody fields. At Missionary Ridge his regiment was thrown into great disorder. Gen. Reynolds rode up and demanded the colors, but

Alley said: "No, General; just show me where to go, and I will carry the flag." Gen. Reynolds rode with him thirty or forty paces to the front, where the flag was planted, and the regiment rallied to it.

Richard B. Alley now lives at Rodgers, Montgomery County, Va., a useful man and an upright citizen, the husband of a good wife, and the father of a happy family of three sons and four daughters, every one of whom would wave the colors of their country on any field as nobly as their father did.

With this sketch, Mr. Editor, I hand you a picture of Mr. Alley, taken ten years after the war closed, when his beard had grown; and I beg that these lines and the picture of the color bearer who, in his humble sphere, vied with Forrest and Reynolds for hours on the battlefield may have a place in the dear CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

H. R. Tolbert, of Edinburg, Miss., writes that he has a medal belonging to Daniel McQuaid, of Company G, Twenty-First Illinois Volunteers, given him for bravery, and which Mr. Tolbert found in a knapsack which he picked up on the battlefield of Chickamauga. He will be glad to correspond with any of the owner's family.

CLEBURNE'S MEN AT FRANKLIN.

W. H. Rees, of Boonville, Miss., wrote last March :

I have always understood that the officer who clasped hands with Gen. Hood at Franklin, on Gen. Hood's declaration that "We will make the fight," was Gen. Mark P. Lowry, commanding a brigade then composed of the Fifth, Eighth, Thirty-Second, and Forty-Fifth Mississippi, and the Sixteenth, Thirty-Third, and Forty-Fifth Alabama of Cleburne's Division. It was this brigade and Granbery's brave Texans that won such distinction at New Hope, May 28. Gen. Claiborne, in his official report of that brilliant affair, says that they saved the right wing of the army. The other brigades composing Cleburne's Division were Govan's, Smith's, and Lucius Polk's, and no better brigades were to be found in any division.

I fully appreciate the feeling that prompted Conrade W. H. Scales, of the First Arkansas, in coming to the defense of his old division. Without explanation, the article was likely to be construed as a reflection. The name of Patrick R. Cleburne and the fame of his veteran division are secure. Impartial history will ever take good care of them.

Some writers have termed Gen. Cleburne "the Augereau of the Army of Tennessee," and some of our school histories have accorded him the well-merited title of the "Stonewall of the West." The heroic, daring, and brilliant achievements of this division on every field contested by the Army of Tennessee will always be its proud vindication.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Commander in Chief Biscoe Hindman reports eight new Camps in the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Under his administration the organization has prospered since the last reunion. He reports able assistance by the department, the division commanders, and the staff officers, all of whom seem to be taking earnest interest in the welfare of the Confederation. The veterans will be pleased to learn these things, for it emphasizes the fact that the Sons will be the proper ones to cooperate with the Daughters in keeping alive their records when they shall have passed away.

Recently the following Camps have been organized, chartered, and officially admitted as members of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and work is well under way for the organization of a large number of Camps:

Walthall Camp, Water Valley, Miss.; M. C. Knox, Commander; C. P. McClung, Adjutant.

Stonewall Jackson Camp, Charlestown, W. Va.; C. E. Baylor, Commander; C. L. Haines, Adjutant.

J. Y. George Camp, Winona, Miss.; Walter Trotter, Commander; W. H. Farmer, Jr., Adjutant.

Gen. F. M. Cockrill Camp, West Plains, Mo.; Henry D. Green, Commander; R. S. Hogan, Adjutant.

Buren Camp, Rogersville, Tenn.; W. C. Lyons, Commander; S. P. Miller, Adjutant.

Fitzgerald Camp, Charleston, Miss.; J. O. S. Sanders, Commander; E. D. Dinkins, Adjutant.

Joe Wheeler Camp, Tuscumbia, Ala.; R. J. Thurmon, Jr., Commander; O. G. Simpson, Adjutant.

John R. Sturges Camp, Waynesboro, Ga.; Phil P. Johnston, Commander; W. M. Fulcher, Adjutant.

NAVAL BATTLE NEAR SHIP ISLAND.

BY TOM HALL, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Coming from Kentucky to the summerlike shores of the Gulf in midwinter is a luxury that can be appreciated more by experience than by imagination. I have enjoyed a visit to Biloxi, Mississippi City, old Handsboro, Pass Christian, and the Bay of St. Louis. Morning after morning I lay in bed at my hotel and looked out upon the watery space that surrounds the Chandelieu Islands, and renewed my memory with the great naval battle that was fought on the morning of April 4, 1862, in Mississippi Sound, just off Ship Island, between the Confederate gunboats Bienville, Carondelet, White Cloud, and Arrow, and the Federal gunboats Hartford, New London, and Kearsarge.

The contest began at three o'clock in the morning by the Bienville sounding the "baby waker," and sending a hot shot across the bows of the Hartford, the flagship of what was then known as the Gulf Squadron. In the early morning it was dark but clear, and the sea was quiet. In less than a minute the Hartford replied to our salute; and simultaneously with it every vessel on both sides began maneuvering from point to point in order to obtain the best advantages, for it was certain that all were up to a red-hot fight, and that the splinters would soon fall thick and fast.

After a few evolutions the Kearsarge let go an entire broadside, and the White Cloud's ribs were punctured a number of times; but she gallantly stuck to her post, replying to the best of her ability, while the Bienville, our flagship, sent half a dozen bull's eye missiles into Winslow's craft, causing her to wince with pain. Then the Carondelet, Arrow, and White Cloud got a tack on the New London, while the Kearsarge was making a running curve, and riddled her with lightning rapidity.

For two hours the fighting between the vessels was too brisk to be accurately detailed herein, but to us infantrymen, who were along the beach, the sight will never be forgotten. Great streaks of fire, as it came from the mouths of the big guns, produced a pyrotechnic effect the equal of which I have never witnessed. Some seconds after each streak of fire, the loud roar of the boom would waft in over the water's surface in such succession that by watching the fire we could tell to which shot the roar belonged.

At daylight our vessels retired, and the New London lay sunk on her beams and against the beach of Ship Island. Our little fleet was shot full of holes, and we lost fourteen killed and twenty-eight wounded, but advices that came to us through fishermen told of far greater losses by the Yankees. Since that well-remembered day I have always cherished a desire to see the coast again, and in looking over the face of the same waters in these days of blessed peace my heart is stirred by the remembrance of that other picture, so terrifically sublime.

"Little" Berry Walton, Cleburne, Tex., wishes the addresses of any surviving members of Capt. Hynes's Company, formed at Bowling Green, Ky.

Prof. J. G. Deupree, University, Miss., asks for an account of the capture of Holly Springs, Miss., by Gen. Earl Van Dorn.

OUR FAITHFUL SLAVES OF OLD.

R. H. A., Rockdale, Tex.:

My mother, Mrs. M. G. Ghent, often expresses a wish to hear something from the boys of the Thirty-Seventh Mississippi Regiment, who were stationed awhile at her place in Florida. She is quite old now—eighty-three years of age—but she has a vivid memory of what she learned during the war. She often relates little amusing incidents which happened while those soldiers were there.

Just after the war we learned that Col. Ware moved to Florida, to cast his lot with the people of South Florida, and went into fruit-raising. Poor Col. Holland, we learned of his tragic death at Columbus, Ga.

After this regiment removed from our place we were raided at night by the Yankees and Tories, and our trunks, wardrobes, and closets were all ransacked; even the sheets were taken from the beds, and the clothes of the children were taken off. Not even a stocking nor a knitting needle was left. From a pile of old clothes left in one room, my mother fashioned some kind of garments for the children. My mother told them they could boast that they had robbed a defenseless widow, had taken the bread from her children's mouths and the clothes from their backs, but they could never say they had frightened her. There were Tories and their families with those soldiers, whom my mother had fed, and one of whom repeatedly snapped a pistol in her face.

Those were sad and heart-breaking days to my poor old mother. She gave her eldest son, one of the bravest and grandest boys that ever lived, a foster child, and many others that were near and dear to her, and all her property. There never was a more patriotic nor braver woman, or one who did more for the cause, according to her opportunities.

An article in the VETERAN, by Mr. A. N. Edwards, of Strawn, Tex., about a few faithful negroes, reminds me to mention an old negro of ours, "Uncle Chap." He was certainly as true and faithful a negro as ever lived. He guarded our home and an aunt's, who was left without protection save her negroes, who, by the way, were faithful, as thousands were all over the Southland. Only those who owned the slaves and were among them know how to appreciate their faithfulness during those dark and fearful times. This old negro worked with his arms by him side through the day, and guarded our homes at night, and was never too tired to start at any moment to warn the people through the country of approaching danger.

When my mother's father, who was very aged, was taken to Fort Pickens, he was put under a guard of negroes. All save one were very kind. They seemed to understand that he was a slaveholder and a Southern gentleman. This particular negro at one time abused and pierced my grandfather with his bayonet.

I am glad to see that the VETERAN is giving space to the "black man," a multitude of whom were most faithful and true to "ole marster and mistis" during those terrible days of war and destruction in our loved Southland.

There lives in Nashville an old man, now nearing the bright and happy shore, together with his wife,

worthy, industrious people, a sketch of whose life it is a pleasure to write.

Aaron Owens, nearly fifty years ago, married a girl by the name of Fanny, belonging to my father, Felix Compton. After Lincoln's proclamation freeing the slaves was issued, Aaron, unlike the other servants on the plantation, said to his old master: "I know I is free, but you needn't think I is gwine to do like de rest of de niggers, steal away in de night, fur I ain't gwine to leave you and ole Mistis as long as you will let me stay wid you and de chillun;" and he kept his word most faithfully, running many risks, and doing much for those who needed his help.

In the early part of 1862, not long after the occupation of Nashville by the Federals, many Southern soldiers who were captured in Nashville hospitals owe their escape from Federal lines, in part, to Aaron's assistance.

The soldiers would come to my father's house from the hospitals, and he would start them on their way to Southern lines, furnishing them horses and sometimes money, with Aaron as a guide, to places of safety.

At one time my mother got an old lady, living about ten miles from us, to weave her forty yards of jeans, out of which to make pants for loved ones then in the army. It so happened that she had not sent for it before Hood's army camped in front of Nashville.

One day she said to Aaron: "Get the buggy ready to go with me for my jeans."

They had but little trouble passing Confederate pickets, for our home was inside their lines, but when they reached the Federal lines it took some arguing, some bribing, and much begging to pass, but Aaron would plead so pathetically, "Please, Mister, jest let my Mistis go see her friend, we won't be gone long; she brung me wid her, fur she knowed you wouldn't say no to a poor colored man;" so on they went till the goal was reached. They got the jeans and returned home safely, when busy hands went to work, and much comfort was rendered thereby to Confederate heroes, among the number Gen. Chalmers, whose headquarters were in the house.

Now one word about faithful Fanny, for she too did her part. During the two days' fight, December 15 and 16, 1864, our house was a Federal hospital, to which over one hundred and fifty dead and wounded soldiers (mostly Confederates, who were captured on the battlefield) were brought. When the fight began the smokehouse was filled with meat, being cured, besides cans of lard, etc.

The Yankees, in wanton destruction, broke open the door, took bucketful after bucketful of dirt and ashes from the floor and, using sticks, their bayonets, or anything they could get, stirred it into the lard; took all the meat, and, literally, left our family with nothing to eat.

For three days Fanny would go to the kitchen, where the officers meals were being prepared, and beg and take from the pots and kettles food, which she would bring to her mistress and master, and then get more for her own little family.

Old "Marster" has long since passed into that sweet and peaceful rest that comes ever to the faithful, old "Mistis" is living in a distant Southern city, and the "chillun" are scattered; but never, while memory lasts, will Aaron and Fanny be forgotten.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

The libel suit of J. C. Underwood against S. A. Cunningham and the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, was on trial an entire week beginning February 25 in the Federal Court at Nashville. The jury reported its inability to agree upon a verdict, and was discharged. This fact explains the delay of bringing out this issue of the VETERAN.

HISTORICAL VALUE OF THE VETERAN. —

A Nashville mother, who has for five years mourned the loss of her noble, brilliant, and beautiful daughter, devotes much of her thought to treasuring those things which her child loved in life. To a lady visitor she recently said: "I can never find it in my heart to mutilate a number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, as I am under promise to the one who is gone to have them all bound and placed on the shelves with the most authentic historical works in our library. Harriet always contended, during her life, that the method of recording scenes and events relating to the war between the States, from personal reminiscences of the faithful survivors of the conflict, would make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the safest history of the Confederacy for future generations."

The loyal contributor of the foregoing writes: "The memory of a cause great enough for the flowers of a people's noble manhood to shed the last drop of their blood in its defense can well become a beacon light for future generations of descendants to lead them into safest harbors of noble and courageous life, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will hold this beacon light aloft for the edification of all men."

Out of a letter from the heart of Virginia, the VETERAN draws a few sentences, simple expressions, which prove that the flowers of Southern chivalry are blooming in our workyday world, as well as in the fields of the martyr's paradise: "I have worked hard this year, but I do not think any work is too hard if it gives me my subscription money for the VETERAN. No one is helping me to bear my burden in life, but I will not impose on any one, and I would consider it a great imposition if I continued to receive the VETERAN gratis. It rests me when I am tired, and I do not wish the children to miss or lose a single number. Our oldest child is ten, and she reads every word in the VETERAN."

Stanley Welch, of Corpus Christi, Tex., Judge of the Twenty-Eighth Judicial District of Texas, sends check for five dollars for arrears and three years in advance, and states: "The VETERAN is like a true and tried friend, and I feel safe when it is in the house. Will try during the coming year to send you some Confederate recollections."

The gallant old Gen. T. N. Waul, of Texas, writes from Neyland, Tex., February, 1901: "I congratulate you on the rapidly increasing interest taken in the VETERAN. Its monthly detail stirs the blood like the old sound of 'boots and saddles.'"

Mrs. Laura Doan Steele, Mexico, Mo.:

But however much I might have done then, and do now, I feel that it all sinks into nothingness, compared with your noble and unselfish labors. I appreciate even at this distance the sacrifice you are making to give to the Southern people this publication.

A prominent man of Atlanta, Ga., while inquiring if he can procure certain back numbers, adds:

I regard the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the best publication of the kind I have ever seen. . . . This is just such reading as I desire my two boys to read when they arrive at years of discretion; and, regardless of all the pretty peace and reconciliation talk, I will state that I am very clear in the determination that in my family I will keep the fires burning and the Confederate flag flying, so far as they can serve the purpose of training the coming generation or, I will say, the coming generations, in the conviction that the South was right upon the issues on which the war of 1861-65 was fought between the States which formed the Southern Confederacy and the remainder of the United States. I am so positive in this determination that I keep in my library only the books which show the Southern side of that great controversy, even buying at the old book stores all of the publications I find which were written in defense of slavery. Slavery, of course, is dead beyond resurrection, but the South was right in the constitutional and other questions affecting the negroes, and I shall train my boys to so believe, in case they live to years of discretion, and I live to teach them by word and example.

This letter is not written for publication, but I have so high a feeling of regard for the great work which you are doing so well that I cannot fail in thanking you for it, to show also that I am trying to put into practical effect the teachings of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

It is because the letter "was not written for publication" is the reason the name of author is omitted.

In a recent letter from Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie she illustrates the unquenchable fire of patriotism in the Lone Star State. They have had two magnificent entertainments in Dallas for the Sterling Price Camp. The best of Camps have need of much money for charity, and the Daughters are the most efficient managers for raising such funds. Mrs. Currie writes: "Don't let my Tennessee friends forget me."

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Richmond, Va., Chairman of the Central Committee U. D. C.:

Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Women of the South, have you used every effort in your power to erect a monument to the one and only President of the Confederate States? The Veterans turned over to the Daughters of the Confederacy the sum of \$20,000, asking that they complete the monument. The Daughters took the work, and, feeling that this work could not be done without the aid of the Southern Memorial Associations, asked that body of women, now confederated into one grand association, to coöperate with them in doing honor to the cause represented by Jefferson Davis. The question has been asked as to how much money is expected to erect this monument. The Daughters, at the convention, determined to bend every effort this year toward collecting funds, and at the next convention, in November, to make plans as to bids for the work.

As Chairman of the Central Committee I feel that we could readily raise \$50,000. We have now in bank \$30,000, with pledges of several thousand. Fifty thousand dollars seems a large sum, but if you stop to think that the reunion in Richmond cost \$30,000, the Charleston \$25,000, Louisville \$50,000, then could not the whole South raise \$50,000, thus making, with the amount already collected, \$75,000? Let the children be allowed to give, no matter if only a penny.

There has been something said about a monument to women. Veterans, the monument to Mr. Davis is a monument to women, for it is a monument to the cause they suffered for. The cause represents the men who died for that cause. We can, we must erect this monument; it will stand for ages to represent our love, our faith in a cause that apparently went down in defeat at Appomattox, but which was vindicated when the Supreme Court of the United States dared not bring Jefferson Davis before its tribunal, knowing they could not convict him of treason.

Let the reunion at Memphis be a Davis reunion, and let us complete the work so long delayed.

TO COMPLETE MONUMENT, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Mrs. Laura Doan Steele writes from Mexico, Mo.:

On February 14 the Confederate ladies of Mexico, Mo., met in the Montezuma Club rooms and organized Chapter 10, of the Daughters of the Confederacy. This organization is under the efficient leadership of Miss Belle Morris, as was the former chapter, organized some few years ago.

The constitution of the former Chapter was read, and, with some changes, adopted by the new Chapter.

These ladies are all strong in the cause, and will do their share of the good work. Our object at present is to raise money to finish paying for the monument at Springfield, Mo., to be unveiled in August next. The monument is to cost twelve thousand dollars, and ten thousand dollars of this amount has been raised. It is the desire of the Camps throughout the State, by their combined efforts, to raise the remaining two thousand dollars by the time of the meeting.

I will write you again when we have advanced further in our work, and have named our Camp.

In a personal note Mrs. Steele writes:

This is the third time in my life that I have taken up this line of work. The first was when the war was just over, and we had Southern Aid Societies established all over the State. We did much good work then and since, when we bought and furnished our Home for the aged Confederates. Our struggles were fierce in this border State, especially during the last eighteen months of the war. My father and I were under arrest many times, and at the last we had to take refuge in St. Louis.

The fourth annual meeting of the Philadelphia Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was held on January 22, 1901, for the election of officers. A beautiful letter from Mrs. George F. Brown was read, tendering her resignation as Vice President of the Chapter, and a rising vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Brown for the efficient and just manner in which she has filled the office since the organization of the Chapter. To her is due the entire credit of organizing the Chapter in the city of Philadelphia. For several years she had been an active member of the Roanoke (Va.) Chapter, and conceived the idea of organizing a chapter in Philadelphia. On January 22, 1897, seven loyal women met at the home of Mrs. Brown, and organized the Philadelphia Chapter. Appreciating her valuable services, the Chapter therefore reluctantly accepted her resignation. Mrs. Brown was Miss Rebecca Burton Chiles, of Richmond, Va.

The following officers were elected: Mrs. J. T. Halsey, President; Mrs. Naudain Dner, Vice President, succeeding Mrs. George F. Brown; Mrs. Turner Ashby Blythe, Secretary, succeeding Mrs. William K. Beard; Mrs. H. L. Clark, Treasurer; Miss Gertrude Buyers, Corresponding Secretary.

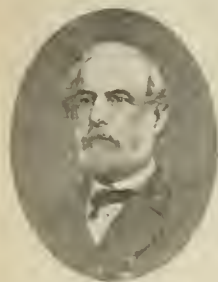


MISS LAURA B. KNOLL,

Delegate and Maid of Honor to Fort Worth and Louisville Reunion, 1900.

THE CELEBRATION OF LEE'S NATAL DAY.

The observance of Gen. Lee's birthday, January 19, has become almost universal throughout the South, and at many places this year it received the recognition



tion of a national holiday. Down through the years come the words of Jefferson Davis, at Richmond, "When the monument we build shall have crumbled into dust, his virtues will live on—a high model for the imitation of generations yet unborn;" and it seems that these anniversaries will become hallowed milestones along the paths where future generations must pass.

The VETERAN could print a "Lee Number," if it devoted full space to the various celebrations in many of the Northern and Southern cities of the Union.

Col. J. W. Faxon sends the VETERAN a full account of the commemoration exercises at Chattanooga, Tenn., where the Daughters of the Confederacy conferred the Cross of Honor upon eighty-one old Confederate soldiers. Far and near in the quiet villages, as well as in the busy marts of trade and bustling human existence, this ceremony of conferring the Cross of Honor, has been reverently observed. All hearts seem to have caught the spirit and music of Etta Selrach Verbyle's lines on the "Cross of Honor."

At Lake Charles, La., the programme of celebration was reverently carried out by the R. E. Lee Chapter, three hundred and five United Daughters, who tendered a reception to the Confederate veterans and their families and friends. Dr. W. A. Knapp presented to the Chapter elegant portraits of Gens. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

Notable in the grand outpouring of Southern patriotism was the enthusiastic celebration at Atlanta, Ga., the veterans of the city presenting to the three gentlemen who had labored so faithfully for the success of the Soldiers' Home bill testimonials of their appreciation. In bestowing medals upon Maj. Gary, Senator Smith and Judge Calhoun, the speaker voiced the sentiments of the people of Georgia, in placing so much of the credit where it was due. Hon. Clark Howell said that it was particularly appropriate that the day which was sanctified by the birth of the South's great chieftain, whose name was a heritage in every Southern home, should have been selected for honoring those distinguished veterans who had honored themselves and their State by the magnificent fight they had made in the halls of the Legislature in behalf of the acceptance of the home by the State. He said that he thought it providential that the bill had been defeated ten years ago, for it aroused the State to a recognition of its duty to the Confederate soldiers, and the result was that in the following five years Georgia appropriated more in pensions than all the other Southern States combined.

He declared that the two votes he had cast for the Home bill, the first as a member of the House ten years ago, and the next as a member of the Senate from the Thirty-Fifth District, were the proudest votes of his life. He finally announced that he would rather have been the successful author of the Confederate Home

bill than of any measure he had ever carried through as a member of the General Assembly of Georgia.

At Charlotte, N. C., the day was observed by a large gathering of veterans. Mrs. M. A. Jackson, widow of the famous Confederate general, Stonewall Jackson, pinned the Cross of Honor on the coat of each veteran, the medals being the gifts of the children of Charlotte.

At Wilmington, N. C., the banks, produce exchange, and other places suspended business in honor of the great occasion.

The State and city public offices were closed in Richmond, Va., and the holiday features were also observed in Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga.

At James Breathed Camp, Pulaski, Va., an exquisite poem was recited by little James Bosang. It may appear later.

At Nashville, Tenn., the William Bate Chapter, U. D. C., presented Crosses of Honor to the John C. Brown and Frank Cheatham bivouacs. Gen. G. W. Gordon spoke on behalf of the grateful veterans, and he depicted in a graphic manner the fortitude and suffering of Lee's army in the winter of 1864-65. "It was just this character of men," the speaker said, "that the women honor to-day with badges indicating their valor and courage." Gen. Gordon spoke of the Tennesseans who had won fame in the civil war, and said that the name of Sam Davis would always be recalled so long as there were Confederate soldiers left to hold meetings.

A CALIFORNIA BOY'S SPEECH ON GEN. R. E. LEE.

The following plea was made at a reunion of Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, Los Angeles, Cal., by Master Robert Rutland Scarborough, with splendid oratorical effect, though only eleven years old:

We, the children and grandchildren of the men whom you honor to-night—the men who followed him whose birthday we now celebrate—followed him to death and to glory, come to you with an earnest plea. Is it fair not to let us know the full meaning of our birthright? It is not bitterness to those who fought on the other side to tell us the truth; but it is a wrong to us, a great wrong to our loved Southland, and it makes the martyrdom of the thousands who sleep in Southern soldiers' graves useless not to let us know the true history of the years 1861 to 1865. What great deed has ever been achieved that was not inspired by hero-emulation? If we are left in ignorance of the truth about these things, we will grow up feeling that we have the blood of traitors in our veins. Will that make us great men? Do you not think that the story of sacrifice, of noble devotion to the right, of Lee, whose trust was ever in the God of battles, of Jackson, who never fought before he prayed, will stir the blood of your sons to a resolve to be worthy of their ancestors? Do you not think that the tale of the Southern women, who nursed the sick soldiers, who struggled at home while the husbands and fathers fought, who often saw homes invaded and many of them burned, who gave their dearest men to the "Cause," and yet never wavered in their loyalty to it—do you not think that your daughters, hearing these things, will search their own hearts and strive to live

up to the old standard of Southern womanhood—a standard that gives to woman the best, the purest, and the highest place on God's earth—the place of queen in the hearts of her household?

It is your duty to look into the books your children read and study, and see that they know the truth, and tell them the story of the old South. If this generation wanders from the tenets of the high ideals of the South of *ante-bellum* days, who is to blame? You have our future in your hands. Make of us the chivalric gentlemen, the pure, modest women that our inheritance should make us; teach us to know and honor everything connected with the magnificent record that Confederate soldiers made—a record unequalled in the history of the world; teach us that when Lee surrendered at Appomattox he never surrendered the honor of the South nor the love of his soldiers; teach us, that when, after thirty-five years, the name of a chieftain can call tears to the eyes of brave men, that chieftain is one whom every Southern boy should study and love till eternal taps are sounded, and we join him and Jackson across the river to "rest under the shade of the trees." Do not think that knowing the truth will make us bitter. Brave men are never bitter; and if we follow truly the example of the soldiers of the Confederacy, we shall be as brave as the bravest. Give us, then, our birthright—the possession of the brightest land, the bravest men, the truest hearts, and the finest military record on earth. And keeping such things in mind, God grant that we may be true to the principles that inspired our heroes—the principles of dying for what they believed the right—and may we never forget the grandest land on earth, dear Dixie land!

LAST DEEDS OF THE COLEMAN SCOUTS.

Thomas M. Joplin, one of the few survivors of Coleman's scouts, tells the following tragic story:

The remaining men of Coleman's scouts, after his capture, that of Sam Davis and others, were directed to Capt. Shannon, Gen. Wheeler's chief scout, and ordered to go behind Sherman's army, find out and report his movements. The party were two Alabamians, Al Hardy and Du Bose; two Tennesseans, J. Pillow Humphreys and Tom Joplin; and two Georgians, one we called Major, the other name I have forgotten. We crossed a deep, narrow stream three or four miles east of the Raleigh, rode about a mile to a high hill, and were listening to the Yankee bands play "Yankee Doodle," "Star-Spangled Banner," etc., and could see the banners and hear the cheering of Sherman's army as it entered Raleigh, N. C., when our attention was suddenly called to a squad of nine men coming down the hill into a lane, which was our only chance of escape. Al Hardy, with "opera" glasses, looked and said: "Blue as h—, boys; we are in for it." We formed fours abreast, and with two in the rear, rode slowly until within one hundred yards, then raised a yell and went at them. They whirled to run, but they were poorly mounted, and we soon wounded and captured all but Sergt. Wolff, whose mare was plunging and his Winchester dangling. Young Du Bose dashed to his side when he instantly raised his Winchester and shot the top of Du Bose's head off down to his eyes. I was next to him, and as my horse ran by him I fired, but

missed him. In a few seconds he had thrown the shell out and was ready for me, when Hardy dashed up, and we made a "lead mine" of him. This revenge came through the exasperation for his throwing up his hand to make us think that he was trying to stop his horse to surrender when he shot Du Bose. Du Bose thought so, for his pistol lay by his side uncocked. We left our comrade and our enemy both dead within six feet of each other. We got Du Bose's horse, Wolff's mare, pistols, and carbine, and rode back to our companions across the stream, and took the captured arms and stock to Capt. Shannon, who is still alive.

The Late Col. Inge.—Comrade L. C. Balch, of the Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, U. C. V., Little Rock, Ark., writes: "Under this head, in the January VETERAN, I find many mistakes, and having been a member of the Sardis Blues, Twelfth Mississippi Regiment, I am personally cognizant of some matters mentioned in said article. In the first place Col. Inge did not join Capt. Crum's company. In the next place, there was no such captain in the regiment. Next, the Twelfth was not organized at Union City, but at Corinth, Miss. The major was John Dickens (not Dinkins), and the regiment did not reach "Manassas just in time to go quickly into the fight." Now let us state the facts: John R. Dickens was captain of the Sardis Blues, and when the Twelfth was organized he was elected major. Then R. W. Crump was elected captain of the Blues. How Col. Inge came into the regiment I do not know, but I do know he never was enrolled a member of the Blues, the muster roll of which company I have. Col. Inge was adjutant of the Twelfth, and a better soldier, finer officer, or truer Southerner never breathed. The Twelfth was in Lynchburg all day Sunday, July 21, 1861, mad as hornets because we could not go on and get in the fight. The regiment arrived at Manassas Junction Tuesday, July 23, and went into camp there. As to Col. Inge's subsequent career in the army I have no personal knowledge. Of one thing I am quite sure, and that is, that, no matter where he was, he did his whole duty. Let us be very careful of our facts in writing history, even to names."



MRS. MARTHA S. GIELOW, OF ALABAMA,
Who is to give entertainments for the Sam Davis Monument Fund.

DEDICATING A MONUMENT IN TENNESSEE.

At the unveiling of the Confederate monument in Paris, October 13, 1900, ex-Gov. James D. Porter, who was adjutant general on the staff of Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, spoke as follows:

Ladies of the Monumental Association, Comrades, Fellow-Citizens: I recognize the position to which I have been assigned as one of distinction, and I owe thanks to the ladies of the Association for the selection. And I thank you, ladies, in the name of my comrades, living and dead, for providing this memorial. Without your aid and earnestness, without your patriotism and loving devotion, this work, so long projected, would have remained undone. Your love and devotion to the cause and to the men who fought the battles of the South has found expression in the erection of this monument. You have followed the example of all civilized people—Assyrian, Indian, Greek, or Roman—in this expression of gratitude and admiration. You speak to posterity through this marble in a language commemorative of the heroism of the soldiers of Henry County. At the same time you illustrate your own admiration for devotion to duty under circumstances of the greatest trial. The war between the States was not promoted by the men of Henry County. They were conservative and peaceful. War to them was terrible to contemplate, but they were not afraid of it or of its sacrifices. "They loved peace as they abhorred pusillanimity, but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living men than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets." The men of Henry were the sons and grandsons of Virginia and North Carolina. Their ancestors fought at Yorktown and King's Mountain, and were with Jackson at New Orleans. They had heard the stories of these great events from the pioneers, and were familiar with the trials and hardships of the cheerless days of the American revolution. They had learned that in a republic the liberty of the citizen and his rights of property must be asserted in the courts of the country, or at the ballot box, and failing here, a resort to arms was the logical consequence.

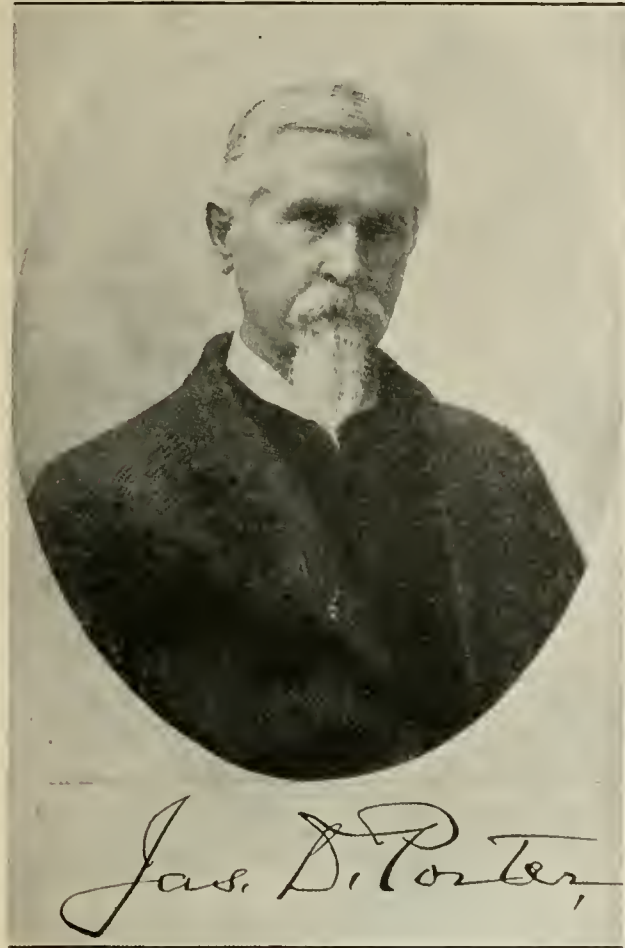
Up to the year 1861 secession was more than an open question; few thoughtful Southern men denied the right of the State to withdraw from the Federal Union; the wisdom of its exercise was another question. But this right under the Constitution as understood and construed cannot be gainsaid. So when it was exercised by States south of us without consultation or reference to us, the people of Tennessee condemned the action as hasty and ill-advised, and still no Southern man challenged the act, and not one consented to the doctrine that there was legal warrant for the Federal authorities to compel obedience to them. Tennessee declared at an early day, months before her own formal withdrawal from the Union, that if the rule of force was applied to one State it would be accepted by her people as an act of war. The people of the South are and were a homogeneous race. A common ancestry with customs and institutions alike created a brotherhood stronger than the Union of States. So when President Lincoln called for troops and inaugurated war against South Carolina and other seceding States there was no delay nor hesitation, no postponement for advice

from leaders. The men of Henry upon their own motion rushed to arms. This action was a response to the lesson evolved from their education; a sense of duty controlled them; their judgments and hearts approved it, and before God and the tribunal of history we have no apology to offer. We made our history honestly and conscientiously, and we will write it truthfully as we made it, the protest of the Grand Army of the Republic to the contrary notwithstanding. We want no accommodating committee to compromise our history, or to sugarcoat facts unpalatable to the sensibilities of men who will not accord honesty of purpose to the men of the South. We want posterity to know how our history was made; that it was done deliberately and voluntarily, and that we put our lives and fortunes to the touchstone of battle, and thus gave to the world the highest evidence of our sincerity. Henry County furnished a larger number of soldiers for the war, in proportion to white population, than any county in the State. They were earnest, brave men, full of dash and steadiness, responsive to discipline, with wonderful power to overcome fatigue and to resist the rigor of winter and the heat of summer. Meager rations were accepted without complaint; our surround-



MONUMENT TO HENRY COUNTY CONFEDERATES, PARIS, TENN.

ings were appreciated by all. There was no hope of foreign assistance, and no expectation of success unless it could be won on the battlefield. The Federal government had men, money, and munitions of war, and there was no limit to the supply. The Confederate



States did not have a current dollar; when a soldier was killed or disabled there was no one to take his place. When a Federal soldier met the same fate a dozen recruits were sent forward. The Army of Tennessee killed and disabled more men of Sherman's army than we had on our muster rolls, yet Sherman was stronger in numbers when he reached Atlanta than when he moved against Rocky Face Ridge one hundred days before that date, after fighting a battle almost every day. No recruits came to the Confederates; there was no nation nor people upon whom we could call for help; ours was the orphan nation of the world, poor, naked, and hungry. As time passed hardships multiplied; the clothing of the men and the rations upon which they were fed were growing lighter in weight; ammunition was no longer abundant; the country was exhausted; pinching cold and hunger and poverty were in every household.

To these conditions we at last succumbed. The men of Henry stood by the flag to the last; they participated in every battle of the Southwest. From Belmont to Bentonville they fell "on the red sand of the battlefield with bloody corpses strewn," and hundreds of them sleep in unmarked graves, but they are not for-

gotten. The stars may go down, but there is no oblivion for good or brave deeds.

Here he gave in detail the organizations in which the men of Henry County (Tenn.) fought in many battles. After the interesting, valuable history he concluded:

Ladies of the Monumental Association, I have recited to you the names of some of my comrades whose actions you perpetuate by the erection of this monument. No knightlier soldiers ever went out to battle for their country, no soldier ever had a cause worthier of the supreme effort they made, no cause ever promoted greater enthusiasm, no cause ever demanded greater sacrifices, no cause was ever so loyally sustained. We cannot forget them, we cannot forget the sacrifices or the devotion of the women of the South. They accepted poverty that they might promote the cause for which their fathers, husbands, and sons fought and died. History with its splendid recitals cannot furnish illustrations like the self-denial of our own wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters. We cannot forget them, we cannot forget that in the hour of defeat, when we were crushed by a disaster not to be measured by words, they gave us good cheer and welcome, and, next to the Great Dispenser of every good and perfect gift, they gave us comfort and encouragement, and stimulated acquiescence in the result of the war, and encouraged all to a manly effort in the peaceful walks of life.

Remembering this, and mindful of that ever-present and greater obligation, I ask you to join me in the recital of a half dozen lines from Kipling's Victorian Ode:

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

And now, ladies of the Monumental Association, I thank you again in the name of my comrades, living and dead, for providing this appropriate monument.

I will now ask Miss Mary Vandyck, the daughter of one of our comrades, the niece of comrade Reuben Vandyck, who fell at Harrisburg, to unveil the monument, where it will stand in its beauty and be a perpetual inspiration to our own, and to the generations to come.

From Midway House, St. Anthony Park, St. Paul, Minn., the son of Joseph Bailey Radcliffe, writes to the VETERAN seeking knowledge of his father, who disappeared in the month of April, 1860. Radcliffe's wife and three sons are dead, and the son who writes the letter of inquiry is the only surviving member of the family. He has several theories concerning his father's movements at the time of his disappearance, and cherishes a belief that he may have entered the Confederate service somewhere in the neighborhood of Lexington, Mo., in 1861. Should any reader of the VETERAN recall a meeting with Radcliffe, or possess any knowledge concerning him, the son will feel deeply grateful for any information received.

The commander of Camp A. C. Jones, Greensboro, Ala., is W. G. Britton, not Button, as published in December VETERAN.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

In his annual address to "Comrades of the Trans-Mississippi Department" Gen. W. L. Cabell, under date of Dallas, Tex., February 1, 1901, says:

It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure as well as pride that I can greet you at the end of another year and at the close of the century. A kind providence has extended its sheltering wings over our great Southland; over our gray-haired veterans; over the noble women of the South who suffered so much during the war, their noble sons and fair daughters; as well as our grand Association. The adjutant general reports one thousand three hundred and eight camps. The Trans-Mississippi Department have out of this number five hundred camps, and growing in number as our old comrades are realizing the importance of enrolling and keeping in touch with each other as they grow older. It is true that a number of our bravest and best comrades have died during the year, yet the death roll has not been greater than we should have expected. The dead have been properly cared for, and in a number of instances our noble women have had their names engraved on marble headstones.

The living Confederates who have grown old and incapacitated by wounds, sickness, and old age have been properly cared for in the different States and Territories of the Trans-Mississippi Department. They have good soldiers' homes, and are amply provided with good raiment and shelter where they can spend their last days in quiet and peace by the great States of Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana.

I therefore urge you, my old comrades, to continue the good work. I appeal to you, noble sons and fair daughters of the bravest men and grandest women that ever lived in any country, to continue to organize Camps and Chapters, and be ready to take our places when we have all crossed over the river. Apply at once to Gen. Moorman, Adjutant General United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La. Let the Trans-Mississippi Department send a larger delegation to the reunion to be held at Memphis, Tenn., on the 28th, 29, and 30th of May, than any other department. Let every camp be represented by as large a delegation as possible. Let them be fully authorized to represent their camp in all matters. When delegates cannot attend, let the camp send proxies to some comrade properly signed by the officers of the camp. In applying for membership, send a roll of your camp to Gen. Moorman, and an initiation fee of \$2, and ten cents for each member, by the first of April.

The Committee on Transportation, Gens. H. W. Graber, S. P. Mendez, Col. T. B. Trotman, B. F. Wathen, and L. A. Daffan, have secured rates of one cent per mile each way (going and returning) to Memphis, and local committees can communicate with them.

The young men, appreciating the valorous deeds of their fathers, are organizing Camps throughout the South.

The noble women of the South, proud of the fact that they are the wives, daughters, and granddaughters of those who wore the gray, are organizing Chapters throughout the Department. Their motto is: "Charity to the living, honor to the dead, and preservation of the truths of history." Every Confederate home is

their pride, the cemeteries are under their loving care, and each decoration day finds the graves of all Confederates hidden beneath the flowers of spring.

The monument to our great chieftain, Jefferson Davis, has not been built, but the Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the South have obligated themselves to labor unceasingly until the means necessary for its erection is raised. Let the veterans of the Trans-Mississippi Department aid them in this glorious cause, and contribute liberally to this fund, so that we can see this grand monument erected before we answer the "last roll call." Continue to take up subscriptions for this noble purpose. The corner stone for this monument was laid in Richmond, Va., July 2, 1896.

W. H. Lewis, of Hope, Ark., writes that one of the soldiers buried near Pulaski, Tenn., of whom mention was made in the *VETERAN*, was a messmate of his, Elias Roach, of Company E, Ballentine's Regiment, Armstrong's Cavalry Brigade. He fell on Christmas morning, 1864, just south of Pulaski, while they were covering Hood's retreat from Nashville, and in a charge by the Federal cavalry. His home was near New Albany, Miss. Comrade Lewis thinks the other men were probably members of Jackson's Cavalry.

Perhaps the oldest Confederate veteran now alive is Mr. Seymour Garner, who lives near Camden, Ala. Mr. Garner was born in Georgia in 1791, and went to Camden in 1812. He is still alert and full of enthusiasm as any living Confederate. He is a small man, with perfectly white hair, and a complexion as fresh as the usual man of seventy.

Engraving from Gen. P. R. Cleburne's Photograph.—This engraving is made from a photograph of Gen.



P. R. CLEBURNE.

Cleburne, taken at Mobile in the winter of 1863-64, when on a trip to Selma, Ala., as attendant at the wedding of Gen. W. J. Hardee. On the back of the photograph are the words: "Your friend, P. R. Cleburne, Major General."

The photograph was furnished the *VETERAN* by Col. H. G. Evans, of Columbia, Tenn. This picture has been enlarged to ten by twelve inches, and is

being sold for \$1 by a committee of which Col. Evans is Chairman, to aid the Confederates of Columbia in some important work. They have a fine cemetery there, with marble headstones and a good monument.

Joe F. Terry, Memphis, Tenn., inquires for Robert Crabb, who belonged to Company E, Crandall's Regiment, Shelby's Division of Cavalry. Last saw him at the battle of Helena, July 4, 1863.

BEERSHEBA SPRINGS (TENN.) IN WAR TIMES.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

There comes a voice that awakens my soul,
It is the voice of years that are gone,
They roll before me with all their deeds.

Those lines from Ossian recall to me memories. They take me back to the sixties, when the days of my boyhood were filled with the scenes of grim-visaged war raging in all its fury; when every man's house was his castle in the Sunny South, and every owner of a big plantation was a nabob. I can see the consummation of the crisis—the general in his stars and wreath, the fireside general in his castle, the prominent civilian, the quiet citizen growing into a soldier, the raging bully, with his cockade in civil life, becoming a coward in war.

I can recall the stagnation in all trades, and the hurry of the conflict giving place to the signal, of the "spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife."

Among the celebrities of those days I recall Judges Nathan Green, Robert L. Caruthers, Gov. Isham G. Harris, Henry S. Foote, Andrew Ewing, Col. Joe C. Guild, Emmet Thompson (the founder of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, and member of the Confederate Congress), A. S. Colyar, Col. John Armfield (of Beersheba Springs), and others, whose precepts molded my young mind to the idea of warranted provocation in offering myself a sacrifice in opposing the attempted outrage of violently taking from the Southern people their heritage.

"As the twig was bent, so has the tree inclined." As the scion of Southern sentiment was thus engrafted, the propagation followed. Beersheba Springs was a place I frequented, and the scenes of Southern culture at that old resort, together with the thrilling and hazardous sights in the war, make its recollections historic.

Col. Armfield was a man of wealth, and his wife a woman of polish. They established it, and gave cot-

tages to families of prominence. Bishops Otey and Polk, Mrs. L. Virginia French (the Southern poetess), the families of Charles Egbert Craddock, R. L. Caruthers, Hockett, Anderson, Gen. Hill, and persons of like caste formed the society.

And when the hotel was allowed to open as a grand Southern resort, it was with the published notice that no illegal or immoral amusements would be allowed, and no gamblers could get accommodation even for a night. The sisterhood of grand Southern women summering there made the reputation of Beersheba grow into fame. Twenty miles from McMinnville and two thousand feet above the sea, the health and altitude of the place brought together not only minds that molded the politics of the country, but that conceived the establishment of the grand Episcopal University of the South at Sewanee, and the wild flowers of our mountains were suddenly beautified by the rich mental roses of our valleys.

In a conversation once with Judge John M. Lea, of Nashville, touching the founder of Beersheba, he spoke of the bold, big-hearted man thus: "I shall never forget that pleasant old home on the brow of the mountain, overlooking a panorama as extensive and grand as was ever presented to the human eye. There is within a few feet of the precipice a 'Druidical rock,' which equaled the character of Col. Armfield. 'A child could give to it a gentle movement, but no human strength could cause it to topple or be overturned;' so his kind feelings could be touched by the slightest appeals to generosity, but in all matters where duty and principle were involved, he was firm and immovable." When war's dread alarm was sounded his Southern blood began to boil, and his purse sprang open to help all he could in the struggle, "until wild war's deadly blast was blawn." Too old for active service, he called up the neighboring mountaineers of Grundy County, equipped and put into the field a company, and took care of their families whilst they were away, established a post office in his own house, and had his family to write to and receive letters from them. He became so popular with those old mountaineers that he was the arbiter of every dispute. The lawyers of Altamont said they could not live, because of a dearth of fees. Col. Armfield died after the war, and was buried at Beersheba. The heaviest mourners at his grave were those sturdy mountaineers, who won for themselves glory in every battle.

In July, 1862, Forrest was cantoned near there, preparatory to making his grand raid, resulting in the capture of 3,000 prisoners at Murfreesboro. As his soldiers filed by Beersheba, Mrs. Armfield had several sacks of coffee opened, and the haversack of every orderly was filled for his mess.

Beersheba was the halfway house between Chattanooga and Nashville, and in the line of march between Bragg and Rosecrans. The spectacle was grand, to sit in the observatory and see columns of gray at times going back and at others going forward, and likewise the blue, pursuing and being pursued. But there was a class between the lines that the citizens feared, and that were a terror to everybody. They were mountain bushwhackers and robbers. Col. John Armfield, being a man of wealth, afforded a target, and but for his bravery and absolute fearlessness he never could have lived in that wild, rugged mountain home.



COL. JOHN ARMFIELD.

The raids became so frequent that with the soldiers it was everyday talk, wondering how the robbers of Beersheba were treating Col. Armfield, and whether they would not finally kill him. I happened to be up there on one occasion when the home of Col. Armfield had filled with old gentlemen visitors. The Colonel emerged from the rear of the house, and said that one of his mountain friends had come to tell him that robbers would be in on him that night. So he went to work, getting his guns ready. Those old gentlemen planned for the battle. The two visiting boys were to make a scout about nightfall along the road where the robbers were expected, and if they were discovered to fire and run in, these old gentlemen agreeing not to open until we returned. The tramp down the road in the still night, without "the chirp of a bird or the sound of a cat," when any sound would have frightened a couple of fifteen years out of their wits, was one of the trying scenes of Beersheba; and now, when I look back and think of our imprudence in firing anyhow, and running back to give the old gentlemen a scare, I pause to think of the dangerous experiment. These old fellows were ready to fight, and they would have done it had they seen an enemy.

There was a robber terror up there by the name of Ainsworth, said to be a Chicago jail bird. He had to have ransom, like the old sheik around the Pyramids in Egypt, to insure safety. His clan would loot Beersheba, but Armfield and family would be passed without violence, Col. Armfield always secretly feathering the leader's nest.

Did you ever strike a rattlesnake den in the mountains? On one of the projections of the cliff I wandered with a friend one day off to an isolated spot, and walked out on a log overlooking a crevice. All at once a rattler began to ring his bell on the right, another one took up the refrain on the left, and without anything to throw at them I stood and saw about twenty enter holes of the crevice descending the mountain.

One day, whilst passing through the caverns along the road from McMinnville leading to Beersheba, a native said he spied two bending trees that seemed to touch each other. He noticed a rustle of the meeting branches, and took it at first to be a bird, but on closer inspection found it was a black snake, coiled around and looking down at him, as if he intended to leap. The habits of the python in Africa came upon him, and he saw him here in miniature. Over there on that precipitous crag they say a mountain eagle had his eyrie. Down in those rugged gorges the bear, the deer, and other animals stayed.

The sides of the mountain were the haunts of the bushwhacker and robber. Ensnared on these mountain sides they could whip a regiment, and the trying experiences of both parties in those mountain canyons were had amongst the divided factions.

Did you ever hear or see those catamounts in the Cumberland? A friend told me that he arrived one night at the foot of Beersheba, a mile and a quarter from the top, and as he wound around the dismal, dreary ascent a catamount followed him with the most fearful shrieks. It frightened his horse almost beyond management, and after he got to Beersheba he did not get over the night's experience for a week. It was not Tantallon, in the Cumberland Mountains, on the

Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, in 1866, just after the war, when E. B. Teachout, a telegraph operator, was at work over his instrument, a hungry catamount jumped through the window of his room and stuck his fangs into the back of the operator's neck. His wife interceded, and together they finally killed the animal. Afterwards the operator went to his instrument and telegraphed William P. Gamis (superintendent) to send another operator, that the horrors of the Cumberland he could not stand, and he would give up his place—and he did. President John W. Thomas alluded to this incident as one of the thrilling experiences of the railroader. He was auditor and paymaster of the Nashville and Chattanooga at that time.

When I think of my boyhood terror of the mountains, and couple it with the moral turpitude brought about between men in war, I shudder over what "used to be" in those old days.



MRS. ARMFIELD.

Mrs. Armfield (formerly Miss Franklin, of Sumner County) is still in good health and fine mental vigor. Even her pearly teeth are as in days of yore. She is living at Bell Air, Md., with her niece, Mrs. G. L. Van Bibber. She is now eighty-six years old, still living for others, and attributes her long life to the mountain air and pure waters of Beersheba. In a letter to me she says that she is as busy as ever with her needle, devoted to her Church, and tries to make others happy with her little remembrances. She had no children, but has raised and educated more than a dozen. She was one of the loveliest female characters Tennessee ever produced. This testimony of my boyhood memory is strengthened in the fact of the devotion between herself and my honored father and mother.

Touching resolutions on the character and liberality and usefulness of John Armfield are made enduring in the minutes of the county at Altamont, his county town, and the prominent of the old South will recall him as one of the useful citizens of his day.

DEATHS AT CLARKSVILLE, TENN., IN 1861-62.

List of those who died of disease at Clarksville before the battle of Fort Donelson, from a record kept by Miss Blanche L. Lewis, who, with her mother and others, cared for the sick in the hospital at Clarksville. Date of death is given, but the year is not stated, as in every case it was in the latter part of '61 or early in '62: William F. Arnold, Waco, Tex., November 4; R. C. Archibald; W. W. Alexander, February 8; A. B. Archibald, December 17; E. Bailey; Hezekiah Butler, December 25; J. Burlison, Seventh Texas Regiment, December 18; Thomas Butler, January 31; J. N. Bradford, January 31; J. L. Bradwell, February 8; William Burne, February 12; Robert Blackburn, Marion County, Tex., November 11; J. M. Robblet, Tippa County, Miss., December 12; A. B. Bryan, Seventh Texas, December 13; Thomas E. Briggs, Harrison County, Tex., December 3; William L. Bridges, December 30; Thomas Brock, Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment; R. Ballard, Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment, January 25; R. R. Chenney, Forrest's Cavalry, Company B, January 3; J. W. Cockran, January 8; C. C. Cartwright, January 18; William B. Campbell, Gregg's Regiment, Texas, January 23; J. M. Conley, January 28; H. E. Collins, Third Mississippi Regiment, February 20; James Claypool, Seventh Texas Regiment, December 14; James Conway, Pontotoc County, Miss., December 12; Samuel Chapman, December 17; Col. Clough, Texas Regiment; N. G. Derrit, December 17; A. F. Davidson, Truett's Cavalry, Forrest's Regiment, January 31; T. D. Darks, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment, February 8; William Daniel, February 10; Lewis Dooby, Tippah County, Miss., October 21; J. H. Donisak, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment, January 23; J. P. Erskins; J. A. Floyd, Third Mississippi, December 19; W. T. Fife, December 14; J. W. Freeman, December 15; Henry Farmer, Fiftieth Texas, Company F, February 3; Henry Fortenbery, Capt. Smalley's Regiment, Arkansas; Benjamin Gaines, Third Mississippi Regiment, January 2; H. S. Grissom, February 17; J. W. Hogg; John Henderson, Col. Gregg's Texas Regiment; G. T. Hale; Thomas Haley; W. C. Holt, First Mississippi Regiment, January 27; G. J. Harris, February 13; John Hammock; Capt. Hill, Texas Regiment; B. F. Hill, December 22; John Johnson, January 2; J. C. Jenkins, Forty-Eighth Tennessee, Company D, February 10; Nicholas Jordan, February 3; T. J. Kelley, February 10; B. P. King; E. A. Kelly, Seventh Texas, December 14; Alvah A. Langston, Calloway County, Ky., October 20; D. F. Lane, Third Mississippi Regiment; James L. Link, Thirtieth Tennessee, January 30; William Moseley, December 19; A. H. Martin, Seventh Texas Regiment, December 20; John Montgomery, February 5; Eli McKamee; A. Mahoffey, February 3; Ben Massee, January 7; A. Miller; M. Manning, Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment, January 25; J. W. Nethaland, January 16; John O'Conner; W. R. Oquin, Fiftieth Tennessee, January 25; W. A. Oliver, Col. Gregg's Texas Regiment; J. W. Pucket, Fifty-Ninth Tennessee, Company J, February 12; A. P. Poplin; A. B. Phillips, December 22; R. H. Powell, Seventh Texas, December 13; A. J. Penson; Peter Pilkinton,

December 14; Robert Prickett, Fifty-First Virginia Regiment; J. Powers, Fiftieth Tennessee, January 27; John Price, Mississippi; J. L. Read, Twenty-Seventh Alabama; J. S. Reid, October 15; S. S. Skinner, Twenty-Seventh Alabama; J. G. Southerland, February 10; S. P. Smith, Fiftieth Texas Regiment, Company C, January 31; Lieut. E. R. Steel, Col. Gregg's Texas Regiment, March 4; R. H. Short, Fifty-Sixth Virginia, Company E, February 18; John B. Strong, Seventh Texas Regiment, December 20; W. Suggs, First Mississippi Regiment; John Shields; William Spergens, Mississippi, October 18; William Sythemore; Spencer; John Shelton; J. Shapen, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment; R. A. Smith, Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment; Tatun, February 5; J. T. Thweat, February 12; M. C. Turner, January 1; W. L. Vann; James H. White, Kentucky Regiment, Camp Boon, December 19; Charles Welsh, December 19; J. H. Walker; Joshua White (?), Texas, December 9; L. H. Williams, February 7; C. D. Wigginton, January 24; William West, First Mississippi Regiment, January 2; G. D. West; William Katson; Lieut. E. B. Kojson (?), Texas Regiment.

These died in the hospital at Clarksville, all but one from wounds received in the battle of Fort Donelson: W. G. Williams, Wellesville, Miss., Monday morning, March 25; James Micheal, Cartersville, Miss., Saturday night, April 5; B. A. J. Jones, Pond Spring, Ga., Monday morning, March 10; S. M. Smith, Mt. Airy, N. C., Wednesday morning, March 12; A. J. Deatherage, Roane County, E. Tenn., Monday night, March 17; J. G. Justice, Flag Pond, E. Tenn., Tuesday morning, February 25; John Wydner, Laurel, Va., Saturday morning, March 1; E. H. Pendleton, Woodbury, Tenn., Saturday morning, March 23; B. F. Furgerson, Highland, Miss., Monday, February 24.

WOUNDED FROM FORT DONELSON.

Partial list of the wounded soldiers brought from Fort Donelson to the hospital at Clarksville, Tenn., many of whom died in the hospital: B. F. Arndale, New River, Ala.; R. F. Abernathy, Fifty-Third Tennessee, Pulaski, Tenn.; J. K. Bonds, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Tishomingo County, Miss. (died); G. B. Bonds, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Tishomingo County, Miss.; J. Bassett, Eighth Kentucky, Rumsey, Ky.; J. K. Buckner, Thirty-Second Tennessee, Pelham, Tenn.; J. Ballengee, Jackson's Kentucky Artillery, Paris, Ind.; William Baldwin, Springdale, Miss.; R. E. Bell, Fiftieth Virginia, Stoake Creek, Va. (died); D. N. Clark, Fiftieth Virginia, Jonesville, Va. (died); R. B. Clark, Fiftieth Virginia, Jonesville, Va.; G. W. Cooper, Col. Dearing, Westman, Tenn. (died); Simon Cimins, Tenth Tennessee, Franklin, Tenn.; C. J. Countus, Fiftieth Virginia, Virginia; J. H. Chronister, Fifty-Fourth Tennessee, Henryville, Tenn. (died); C. S. Christian, Forty-Second Alabama, Stevenson, Ala.; John Carter, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Graysville, Ga. (died); A. J. Cook, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Burnsville, Miss.; William Claxton, Eighth Kentucky, Tan Yard, Ky.; T. M. Cooper, Third Tennessee, Newberg, Tenn. (died); James Coghill, Pedlar's Mills, Va. (died); D. H. Cuff, Buffalo, Tenn. (died); Argyle Campbell, Col. Forrest's Cav-

alry, Coffersville, Tex. (died); Horace Campbell, Coffersville, Tex.; William Chambliss, Tyro, Tex. (died); Lary Dossett, Eighth Kentucky, Sacramento, Ky.; William Dwyer, Twentieth Mississippi, Mississippi; J. E. Day, Third Mississippi, Tardysville, Miss.; A. J. Deatherage, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Ten Miles Stand, E. Tenn. (died); Azariah Doty, Forrest's Cavalry, Lancaster, Ky. (died); J. P. Ferguson, Fiftieth Virginia, Centenary, Va. (died); William Evans, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Kingston, Tenn.; Henry Evans, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Kingston, Tenn.; H. R. Edwards, Fifty-First Virginia, Guessy Station, Va.; J. H. Etter, Thirty-Sixth Virginia, Lonville, Ky.; B. F. Ferguson, Highland, Miss. (died); R. H. Fox, Twentieth Mississippi, Thomastown, Miss. (died); Samuel Fitzgerald, Fifty-First Virginia, Lovinstown, Va.; William S. Ferrell, Thirty-Sixth Virginia, Logan C. H., Va.; Patrick Fitzgerald, Second Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.; G. W. Givens, Forrest's Cavalry, Covington, Ky. (died); H. W. Gardner, First Mississippi, Springdale, Miss.; James Gann, First Mississippi, Tremont, Miss.; S. H. Goodwin, Seventh Texas, Knoxville, Tex. (died); G. C. Gibbs, Fifty-Fourth Tennessee, Clifton, Tenn.; G. A. Green, Third Mississippi, Shelby Creek, Miss. (died); J. B. Harvey, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Cripple Deer, Miss.; J. W. Harvey, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Cripple Deer, Miss.; Patrick Hennessey, Porter's Artillery, Paradise, Tenn.; R. A. Harper, Twentieth Mississippi, Mashulaville, Miss. (died); William R. Harris, Fifty-Sixth Tennessee, Stewart County, Tenn. (died); A. Hopper, First Mississippi, Guntown, Miss. (died); William Hofford, Fiftieth Virginia, Newbern, Va.; Leroy Hopson, Twenty-First Alabama, Davis Creek, Ala.; Nathan Harris, Fourteenth Mississippi, Juncy Station, Miss. (died); John W. Harris, Twenty-Eighth Tennessee, Centerville, Tenn. (died); Tom Hall, Dover, Tenn. (died); J. K. P. Jacobs, Sixth Kentucky, Shadsville, Ill. (died); I. G. Justice, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Flag Pond, E. Tenn. (died); E. W. Jones, Third Mississippi, Dumas, Miss.; David Jones, Third Mississippi, Dumas, Miss.; B. A. J. Jones, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Pond Spring, Ga. (died); C. C. Delay, Seventh Texas, Allatta County, Ga. (died); William M. Kennedy, First Virginia Battalion, Five Oaks, Va.; J. T. Knuckles, Fiftieth Virginia, Pedlar's Mills, Va.; D. L. Lawrence, Eighth Kentucky, Haysville, Ky.; J. A. Lawson, Forrest's Cavalry, Crawford, Ala. (died); J. O. McMakin, Twentieth Mississippi, Webster, Miss.; David Moore, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Washington, E. Tenn.; Harrison Martin, First Mississippi, Byhalia, Miss. (died); William F. Melton, Fifty-Fourth Tennessee, West Point, Tenn.; William Morgan, First Mississippi, Springdale, Miss.; James Michael, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Cartersville, Miss. (died); J. W. Meggs, Fiftieth Tennessee, Nero Sight, Ala.; Isaac Meeks, Third Mississippi, Ruckerville, Miss.; W. F. Moore, First Mississippi, Pittsboro, Miss.; J. B. McCullum, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Concord, Tenn. (died); John Messer, Thirty-Sixth Virginia, Logan C. H., Va.; S. Y. Munday, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Prestonville, Tenn. (died); J. M. Myers, Rossville, Ga. (died); E. Mitchell, Eighth Kentucky, Cadiz, Ky.; D. F. Norton, Fourth Mississippi, Carrollton, Miss.; Thomas O'Conner,

Eighth Kentucky, Rumsey, Ky. (died); S. H. Owins, Tennessee (died); N. F. Porter, Twentieth Mississippi, Mississippi; W. H. Petty, Fourteenth Mississippi, Tampico, Miss. (died); E. H. Pendleton, Eighteenth Tennessee, Woodbury, Tenn. (died); Elijah Parker, Second Kentucky, Petersburg, Ky.; Eli Phillips, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Burnsville, Miss. (died); Jonathan Plunket, First Mississippi, Bexar, Ala. (died); Hervey Parrin, Eighth Kentucky, Russellville, Ky. (died); R. H. Ramsey, Eighth Kentucky, Vandersburg, Ky. (died); E. W. D. Richmond, Fiftieth Tennessee, Waverly, Tenn.; Robert Reagh, Fourteenth Mississippi, West Point, Miss.; A. A. Rainey, Eighth Kentucky, Wallonia, Ky.; Evan Tipton, Fiftieth Virginia, Draper Valley, Va. (died); N. J. Slaven, Thirty-Sixth Virginia, Robinswood, Va. (died); J. T. Smith, Second Kentucky, Shawhan, Ky.; S. M. Smith, Fiftieth Virginia, Mt. Airy, N. C. (died); Peter Stringer, Eighth Kentucky; A. R. Shackelford, Seventh Texas, Tyler, Tex. (died); Dorsey Strickland, Twenty-Fifth Mississippi, Cotton Gin, Miss. (died); H. C. Saunders, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Tupelo, Miss.; J. M. Strickland, Phoenix Mills, Miss. (died); G. A. Underwood, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Campbell Station, Tenn.; J. N. Thomas, First Mississippi, Shannon, Miss. (died); Francis Taylor, Second Kentucky, St. Louis, Mo.; J. M. Willis, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Burnsville, Miss.; Thomas Welsh, Capt. Porter's Artillery, Nashville, Tenn.; John Wydner, Fiftieth Virginia, Laurel, Va. (died); Enoch Warren, Forty-Eighth Tennessee, Newberg, Tenn. (died); W. S. Williams, Third Mississippi, Wallerville, Miss. (died); W. M. Ward, Twenty-First Alabama, Fayette C. H., Ala. (died); J. H. West, Fourteenth Mississippi, Aberdeen, Miss. (died); Richard Wofford, Green's Artillery, Smithland, Ky. (died); W. F. Waldrop, Fifty-Sixth Virginia, Auburn Mills, Va. (died); J. P. Yates, Twentieth Mississippi, New Orleans, La.; William Richards, Thirty-Sixth Virginia, Logan County, Va. (died); J. G. Allen, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Itawamba, Miss. (died); J. A. McGuire, Second Kentucky, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; J. W. Tucker, Maney's Artillery, Brentwood, Tenn.; M. Turnley, Fourth Mississippi, Rock Point, Miss. (died); James Fitzpatrick, First Mississippi, Springdale, Miss. (died); W. S. Batrume, Fifty-Fourth Tennessee, Clifton, Tenn.; Ben McAllister, Virginia; Johnson R. Worden, Virginia; S. C. White, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, Tishomingo County, Miss.; I. Hammock, Fourteenth Mississippi, Aberdeen, Miss. (died). Of other dead there were: Clark Vaughn; T. Tucker, Twentieth Kentucky; W. P. Bowman, Patrick County, Va.; R. S. Rogers, Patrick County, Va.; F. M. Johns, Smith's Cross Roads, Ky.

TENNESSEANS AT FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

List of killed and wounded of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment in the action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1863 (privates when not otherwise designated):

Killed: R. C. Whitfield, Company A; R. G. Highsmith, Company E, Sergeant; John Haley, Company E; C. J. Hagler, Company D; A. A. Waggoner, Com-

pany E, First Sergeant; John Smith, Company F; Andrew Rogers, Company F; S. W. Spurrier, Company H; John S. Baldwin, Company I; J. P. Brown, Company K, Captain; Z. G. Green, Company K, Second Lieutenant; W. H. King, Company L.

Wounded: F. W. Barnes, Company A, arm; G. A. Tompkins, Company A, shoulder (died); T. D. Johnson, Company A, leg; J. L. Hicks, Company B, Sergeant, mouth; James Hamlitt, Company B, thigh; John B. Cross, Company B, Sergeant, hand; H. C. Crank, Company C, Sergeant, leg; A. C. Rose, Company C, Corporal, leg; J. M. Jones, Company C, head; F. M. Bell, Company C, arm; John W. Virgin, Company C, foot and side; R. B. Holman, Company C, jawbone broken; T. H. Benton, Company C, arm broken; W. K. B. Laws, Company C, side and arm; Jacob Walters, Company D, Corporal, head; John F. Lick, Company D, side; A. T. Sudreth, Company D, jaw; James L. Edwards, Company C, thigh; T. J. Donnell, Company E, Second Lieutenant, abdomen; W. P. Randle, Company E, Sergeant, breast; D. C. Moore, Company E, Sergeant, shoulder; Thomas S. Sikes, Company E, side; C. C. Crockell, Company E, Second Lieutenant, face; John Largent, Company F, Second Lieutenant, back; L. O. Burden, Company F, leg; J. A. Holmes, Company F, arm; George Marberry, Company F, hand; John McAskell, Company F, finger shot off; William McAskell, Company F, contusion; Henry Morris, Company F, thigh; Tom Smith, Company F, head; W. H. Page, Company F, hand; W. C. Hogan, Company F, side; James S. Wilson, Company F, Corporal, thigh; R. F. Murphey, Company H, shoulder; George H. Spencer, Company H, finger shot off; D. C. Jackson, Company H, arm; W. F. Durrett, Company J, Second Lieutenant, arm; J. M. Kiger, Company J, leg; James Solomon, Company J, shoulder; A. W. Payne, Company K, Sergeant, arm; W. W. Moses, Company K, arm; J. E. Ransdale, Company K, arm; J. G. Rogers, Company K, hand; W. R. Comperry, Company K, head; John W. King, Company L, Second Lieutenant, side; George Moore, Company L, Sergeant, shoulder; J. K. Chester, Company L, Sergeant, breast; G. B. Riggins, Company L.

RELIGIOUS RELIC CARRIED THROUGH TWO WARS.

An image was taken from a Catholic church in the city of Mexico in 1849 by Eli Barrett, private in the Third Tennessee. Col. Savage, of McMinnville, commanded his company. The image (of Christ) is of brass, six inches long, and was carried by Barrett in his pocket through the time he served in that war. He brought it home, and when responding to the call for volunteers to defend our Southland, in the sixties, Barrett put this image in his pocket again, joined another Tennessee regiment, and served through the whole conflict. He then came home, laid the relic of two wars away again, and after the lapse of thirty-five years, he took it to Woodbury and sold it to Mr. McCrary, who reports the story. Barrett is eighty-seven years old.

Mrs. E. L. Brown, Historian, Barbour Chapter, U. D. C., Enfaula, Ala., has sent a letter of inquiry:

I ask you to investigate the statement made in the *Sunny South* of October, 1900, that to Mr. Franklin J. Moses, the renegade Governor of South Carolina, was due the honor of having fired the first gun in the war between the States. The article was headed "The Surrender of Fort Sumter to the Confederate States." It surprised me greatly, and I was sorely disappointed. For thirty-nine years I had been giving this honor to my friend, Mr. George Haynesworth, of Sumter, S. C. I had, while in school at Columbia, heard his name as the hero who fired the first gun. When I married a resident of Sumter, in 1871, I went there to live, and heard Mr. Haynesworth relate an account of the bombardment. He dwelt with pride and delight on the honor that had fallen to him. I had never heard the name of Mr. Moses in any way connected with this incident, though he was living in Sumter at the time of my residence there. To those who feel no personal interest in the question, this inquiry may seem "much ado about nothing," but as a loyal U. D. C. pledged to aid in establishing a correct history of the great war for the instruction of future generations, it does matter a great deal.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES BY DR. TICHENOR.

Dr. George H. Tichenor, Surgeon General, Louisiana Division, U. C. V., is a native of Kentucky, but removed to Nashville, Tenn., in 1859. He entered the Confederate service in that State by joining the Williamson County "Dare Devils," June 6, 1861, commanded by Capt. William Ewing.



DR. GEORGE H. TICHENOR.

A battalion was formed, and elected F. N. McNary lieutenant colonel and commander of the Second Tennessee Cavalry. In due time orders came to march to Knoxville, Tenn., thence to Cumberland Gap. Their first field of service was scouting on both sides of the Cumberland Mountains, and the first battles of importance in which Dr. Tichenor participated were at Fishing Creek (Mill Springs), Gen. Zollicofer commanding until killed; Laurel Bridge, Ky., September 28, 1861; a running fight at London, Ky., Sunday, September 29, 1861; and October 23, 1861; also a skirmish at Cumberland Gap followed.

Orders were then received to march in the direction of Mississippi, to join Gen. Johnston's army.

May 13, 1862, the company reorganized, when young Tichenor was elected orderly sergeant of Company B, Second Tennessee Cavalry. May 30, 1862, ordered to make a forced march to protect Boonville, Miss.; Capts. Parrish's, Martin's, and McKnight's companies, three in all, were moved rapidly to the rescue of Boonville. When they approached near Boonville, they could see that the Federals had possession and were burning the place. Just before reaching town Col. Bob McCullough came dashing up, and commanded: "Halt! Front face! Right dress! Attention, men; how many have we?" "One hundred and twenty-five all told." "I am going to command you, and all depends on perfect obedience to my commands. You are not to raise a gun, pistol, or saber until I order you. I propose to recapture all of our men that the Yanks have taken and save Boonville by a daring move. By twos, left wheel into line; march." In a few minutes we were marching into Boonville, facing 3,000 to 5,000 Federals. Onward they marched up within fifty yards of two lines of battle. "Halt! Left wheel into line; right dress." As they made no show of fight, the enemy did not fire on them, seeing that they had only a handful of men. However, they soon manifested uneasiness. They could not understand such a dare-devil move as had been made, marching and countermarching and making no show to fight. Finally, the Confederates who were prisoners discovered their friends, and they raised such a yell that it seemed to shake the ground. They considered themselves no longer prisoners. This caused the Yanks to become confused, and when some one yelled out, "We are trapped and will all be captured," this was enough; the stampede commenced. It was fearful to see how they ran over each other, trying to make their escape. They gave a few parting shots while running, killing G. A. Calwell, of Company B, and wounding five of the command. As soon as the enemy retreated, Col. McCullough's men dismounted and rushed to the railroad and separated the burning cars, while the bombshells were flying in every direction from them, saving most of the ammunition train and ordnance stores. The men kept up such yelling and rejoicing over the victory, planned by "Uncle Bob," that the Yanks never stopped running until they reached Corinth. Lieut. Col. C. R. Barteau, commanding the Second Tennessee Cavalry, was complimented, as well as the entire command participating in this daring move, which accomplished so much for our retreating army. In the depot there were a dozen or more helpless, sick, and wounded Confederates. It was a fearful sight to see the number of men cremated in the sta-

tions and under the station house, and no one able to get there to pull or drag them from the burning building.

The command was next ordered to go to the front as advance guard for Gen. Armstrong's division of cavalry. September 14, 1862, Iuka, Miss., was captured by Armstrong before Price's army arrived. An immense amount of supplies was captured, making the men happy at the prospect of a full meal once more. September 19, 1862, while at Iuka, the enemy from Corinth marched out within four miles of Iuka, and gave battle, killing Gen. Little. On the 20th of September Gen. Price ordered the army to fall back. Young Tichenor was then detailed to take charge of one division of commissary wagons. Gen. Price sent orders to hurry up the train. The men, after their hearty meal, were very slow, and Young Tichenor repaired to headquarters as quick as he could, and said: "General, if you will order a shell thrown into the wagon camp, I guarantee the train will move in thirty minutes." "Thank you, Orderly; I will do it." In a few minutes bang! bang! was heard, and when the smoke was cleared from the bursting shell, the teamsters got a first-class move on them, and in a few minutes all the trains were out on the roads considered safe.

October 5, 1862, the command was in battle near Tusculum. October 9, 1862, the subject of this sketch left camp, being wounded badly, and his military service suspended until February 4, 1863. At that date he reported for duty to Col. C. R. Barteau, at Okolona. His orders were to rest quiet until he could hear from Richmond. On January 8, 1863, a commission had been issued to him, and he was ordered to Middle Tennessee as recruiting officer for the Second Tennessee Cavalry. The order was from Col. Barteau, and approved by the inspector general's office, Richmond. With his commission in his pocket, he started for Spring Hill, Tenn., and arrived on February 20, 1863, in time to witness the general confusion caused by the killing of Gen. Van Dorn by Dr. Peters. He made his headquarters with his friend, Robert McElmore, but soon after his arrival it was his misfortune to have a severe spell of sickness. Before he was able to travel our army fell back, and he was left inside of the enemy's lines. As soon as restored to health he called a number of our boys together and submitted plans for equipping all who would join him, and at the same time do good service. They readily consented. His men, knowing every foot of ground in Williamson County, enabled them to be very successful in all of their movements. Within two months they captured four wagon trains. Some were saved and some were burned. Their finest sport was running the pickets into Franklin, and capturing a few well-equipped cavalry horses every few nights. Their parting respects to the Federal army, stationed at Franklin, Tenn., was on learning that a large party of negroes were going to make a break for freedom, by going to the Federals at Franklin, and in order to aid the negroes a company of cavalry was to meet them and escort them into Franklin. Knowing the night, Capt. Tichenor managed to get only five of his men to agree to undertake the capture. When the time came, it was a favorable night for executing his plan. They stationed themselves on each side of a

stone fence on the turnpike road, between Spring Hill and Columbia, Tenn. He placed his men in a triangular position on each side of the turnpike, and waited the arrival of the Federal cavalry. It was the Captain's plan to call a halt, and demand their surrender, and each man along the line was to demand the same, with a like command. They waited until 11 P.M., and were rewarded for their patience by hearing the horses' feet and the rattling of the sabers. As soon as the head of the column was abreast of Capt. Tichenor, he commanded them to halt, surrender, and dismount. The same command rang out in distinct tones from each side of the stone fence. The Federal captain called out: "Don't shoot; we will surrender." Capt. Tichenor commanded them to dismount, lay their arms on the side of the road, and form fours. He called to the sergeant major to take the captured horses; then ordered the command to remain in their places, and instructed that five men be detailed from the troops supposed to be behind the fences. His horses were brought up, having been held by one man, and they mounted, when he gave the order for the prisoners to forward by fours and to keep in the middle of the road. He talked to them kindly, telling them he would treat them well if they obeyed orders. All went well until one of the prisoners broke for liberty. He was quickly shot and left on the road, and they had no more trouble. Just before arriving at Columbia, they met the negroes with wagons and teams loaded with their plunder. Capt. Tichenor halted them and told them the Rebs had captured their friends, and now to turn around and go back to Columbia. They hesitated, when he commanded them to obey or he would fire on them. They obeyed in quick order when they saw the Federal prisoners. They arrived in Columbia just as the sun was rising. It was not long before the town was aroused and out in full force to witness the result of the night's work of six men. Capt. Tichenor sent back to secure the Federal arms left on the roadside, and they were brought in. The result of this daring venture was the capture of forty men, forty horses, all equipped, fifty negroes, and five wagons and teams. The Federal captain was asked how many Rebs he had seen. He replied: "I have seen only six, but on each side of the fence we left behind not less than a full regiment, judging from the number of officers who called out for surrender." Capt. Tichenor then returned South to Canton, Miss., and was discharged from the army because of disability of wounds. He married on November 12, 1863. During the month of January, 1864, a special order was issued, instructing that all able-bodied men should go into the army, and the wounded soldiers should go into the commissary and quartermaster's department. Capt. Tichenor was ordered to act as provost marshal for Canton, Miss. This order he obeyed, and it was the means of recruiting our army with a few men who were very loyal.

During the war Dr. Tichenor was wounded four times. It was his good fortune to possess money enough to pay for and secure the very best entertainment and attention when sick or wounded. He gave considerable attention to our hospital service, being a chemist and medical student licensed to practice. His opinions were respected by those he came in contact with. Soon after the close of the war Dr. Tichenor

came to Louisiana, and for many years successfully practiced his profession at Baton Rouge and elsewhere. Later he came to New Orleans, and has always been prominent in Confederate veteran circles, being the Commander of Camp No. 9, Confederate Veterans' Cavalry Association, for a number of years in succession. When Gen. Lombard was elected Major General of the Louisiana Division of United Confederate Veterans, Dr. Tichenor was appointed Surgeon General on his staff.—*N. O. Picayune.*

GEN. RUFUS BARRINGER.

It is said that, to raise a child well, you must begin with its grandparents, therefore I mention that Rufus Barringer, of Cabarrus County, N. C., was a son of Paul Barringer, whose commission as brigadier general of the Eleventh Brigade, North Carolina State Troops, bears date of December 23, 1812. His grandfather, John Paul Barringer, was born in Germany, 1721, and came to this country on the ship *Phoenix* in 1743, and settled in Cabarrus, where he commanded the militia before the revolution (giving his orders in German). He was a prominent member of the Committee of Safety, and was captured by the Tories and suffered a long and tedious imprisonment.

On the mother's side were the Loekes and Brandons, conspicuous for their patriotism, gallantry, and sufferings during the revolutionary struggle. With such examples and such inheritance of patriotic devotion to duty, nothing could have been expected of Rufus Barringer but a prompt response to the call of his country, even though in principle and action he had been opposed to secession.

Rufus Barringer was born in Cabarrus County, N. C., December 2, 1821. He was prepared for college at Sugar Creek Academy, graduated at Chapel Hill in 1842; studied law, and practiced in Concord until he entered the army. A Whig in politics, he was a member of the House of Commons in 1848, of the State Senate at the following session, and a Bell and Everett elector in 1860. He made himself unpopular by his strong stand against secession, and by his prediction that it would result in war, fierce and bloody. When war was inevitable, he urged the Legislature, then in session, to



GEN. BARRINGER.

arm the State and prepare for the support and care of troops. At the firing on Sumter, he raised a company, which became Company F, First North Carolina Cavalry. His commission as captain bears date of May 16, 1861. Under fine drilling and the thorough discipline of Robert Ransom, its first colonel, this regiment was considered the best cavalry regiment in the Confederate service. Under Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, its history was glorious in every campaign, winning against great odds at Chamberlain Run, "the last Confederate victory of the war," March 31, 1865.

On August 26, 1863, he was promoted to be major of the First Regiment, and three months later to lieutenant colonel. In June, 1864, he received his commission as brigadier general of cavalry, his command consisting of the First, Second, Third, and Fifth Regiments. This most efficient cavalry corps in the army was often complimented by Gen. R. E. Lee, and specially for gallantry at Reams Station, and for its heroic achievement at Chamberlain Run.

On April 3, 1865, while making an effort to extricate one of his regiments from peril at Namozee Church, Va., Gen. Barringer was captured by the Jesse scouts, in Confederate disguise, and taken to City Point with Gens. Ewell and Custis Lee. Lincoln, in Congress, had desked with his elder brother, D. M. Barringer, forming a warm friendship for him, and he asked for an interview with Gen. Barringer, stating that he was the first live Confederate general he had seen in full uniform. At parting, Lincoln gave him a card to Stanton, by which, after Lincoln's death, he obtained transfer from the Old Capital prison at Washington to Fort Delaware. There he was detained until August, 1865.

Gen. Barringer, it is said, was in seventy-six actions. He had two horses shot under him, and was wounded three times, most seriously at Brandy Station. He was an able, enterprising, and efficient officer, winning the confidence of his superior officers and, though a strict disciplinarian, the esteem and affection of his soldiers, to whom he was strongly attached, which attachment ended only with his life, as shown by one of the last commissions given to his family in a broken voice: "Remember Company F; see that not one of them ever suffers want. They ever loved me, they were faithful to me under all circumstances. Always stand up for Confederate soldiers, and for North Carolina; see that justice is done her; let her never be traduced."

His devotion to his State and to his men was shown in 1862, when he declined the position offered him by Gen. T. J. Jackson, as quartermaster general on his staff, saying that he preferred to remain with his men. Lately was found on a slip from an old newspaper his letter, dated Orange C. H., Va., October 17, 1863, declining nomination for Congress, saying: "For many reasons I prefer my name should not be used. I entered the army from a sense of duty alone, counting the cost and knowing the sacrifices. Our great object is not yet attained, and I do not consider it consistent with my obligations here to accept any civil or political office during the war. I think it better for those in service to stand by their colors, whilst those at home should all unite in a cordial and earnest support of the authorities in feeding, clothing, and otherwise sustaining the gallant men (and their families) who are fighting not only for our rights, but for the safety of our homes and firesides. The army is not faint-hearted, and will nobly perform its duty to the country."

Gen. Barringer, in 1865, removed from Concord to Charlotte, where he practiced law until 1884, a conspicuous figure in his military cape with his green bag in his hand. He was a man of deep religious convictions, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, yet he did not intrude his opinions on others, believing in the utmost liberty in both religious and political opinions. He was a man of culture, fond of literature and history; took great pride in the heroism of the Southern sol-

diers, interesting himself greatly in the welfare of the Confederate veterans, and contributing liberally to all movements in their behalf.

In 1881 he contributed a series of cavalry sketches to the *Concord Sun*, detailing the battles of Five Forks, Chamberlain Run, and other notable engagements.

He endeavored to impress upon his fellow-soldiers their duty to their comrades in putting on record their deeds of heroism, and on his last bed of sickness he responded to Judge Clark's appeal to be the historian of the First North Carolina Regiment of Cavalry. He seemed to take a new hold on life, and worked incessantly over rosters and notes, completing his labor of love but a short while before his death. Numbers of copies he had sent to the old soldiers who had shared his dangers on the battlefield, and took pleasure in every response, whether in commendation or criticism. This history he dictated to his wife, but corrected the proof himself.

He retained consciousness to the last, then folded his hands and "fell on sleep" February 3, 1895. The faithful veterans came in numbers, appointed a guard of honor, and escorted the body to the grave. The honorary pallbearers were members of Company F, First North Carolina Cavalry.

Gen. Barringer was married three times, and left three sons to bear his name, Dr. Paul B., Rufus C., and Osmond L. Barringer.

FROM BATTLEFIELD OF TUPELO, MISS.

Charles H. Perry, Anoka, Minn. writes:

Through the VETERAN I hope to obtain information long desired. I belonged to the Third Brigade, First Division, Sixteenth Army of the Corps, "Smith's Guerrillas." At the battle of Tupelo, Miss., July 14, 15, 1864, we confronted Gen. Forrest's command. After we had driven them beyond a strip of timber on the 14th, my colonel expressed a desire to find out whether Forrest was still in our immediate front. I directed my lieutenant to select two men and have them reconnoiter the woods. As my company was then on the picket line, I concluded that I would go, and I took one man with me. After receiving our orders we started on a run for the cover of the brush and timber, where we separated. I went to the left and he to the right. When I had gone some thirty rods I came upon a man who was fatally wounded, and he asked for water. I happened to have a canteen full, and gave him all he wanted, and with my hand washed his face as well as I could. I could see that he was an officer, but I could not tell his rank. He was lying with his head resting against the root of a large tree, and at his feet lay dead two noble-looking young men. With a stub of pencil and a small memorandum book I happened to have, I wrote down such information as he wished me to know regarding himself and the two young men. I lost the little pocket memorandum book soon after that, or I might have been able to accomplish my object without calling on the VETERAN.

When I came upon this man I saw at a glance that he had received his death wound, and I did all in my power to ease his last moments. While doing so he told me his story, and I give it as I can remember:

His name was T. J., J. T., or P. J. Harris or Harrison, Colonel of the Thirty-Fifth Mississippi, and in command of a brigade. He gave me his wife's name and address, requesting me, in case I should pass through his home town, to inform her of his death and that of their two sons. He was a large man, past middle age, in height perhaps six feet, and of dark complexion. The two stout, noble-looking young men mentioned were his own sons, whether killed there or carried by friends is not known.

After doing what I could for the suffering Confederate, I thought of the object that took me there. I could distinguish no marks of the officer's rank other than a black silk sash around his neck, a pearl-handled revolver, and a field glass. After he had breathed his last in my arms, I secured the sash, to convince my officers of what I had seen and done, and made my way back to our lines, reaching there about sunset. The colonel sent me back to the place to secure all the papers I might find on the body of the dead officer, also any side arms, etc. When I arrived there it was growing dark, but I found the then stiff, cold corpse just as I had laid it, with his head resting upon a tuft of grass. I found the revolver, field glass, etc., and in an inside pocket a wallet containing a lot of papers of various kinds, also some Confederate money. I speedily made my way back to our lines, and delivered all the trophies except the sash. The papers were all they cared to see. Among them they found an official paper dated the 13th (the day previous) from Gen. Forrest to Col. Harris (or Harrison), telling him what position to take, how to maneuver, etc., on the next day. This being all that seemed to interest them, the wallet containing the money and some papers of a private character was handed back to me with directions to deliver as requested to his family. I packed all—the revolver, field glass, and wallet—in my knapsack intending to do so. I rolled the sash in paper, labeled it, and placed it in my coat pocket, and carried it there till we returned to Memphis, about July 20, and while there I was taken sick and sent to the Overton Hospital. When again in possession of my knapsack I found it had been rifled of its important articles. The sash being in my coat pocket, and having it with me all the time, I was still in possession of it, but how to convey it to its rightful owner I could not find a way; and as time, with so many changes wore on, I lost all hope of ever sending it to whom it belonged. I have it still, and hope, through the VETERAN, to trace the family, to whom it would be a valued relic of that bloody conflict. My anxiety is to restore it to the one nearest of kin to that gallant soldier who died on that hard-fought, bloody battlefield.

Flags Captured by New Hampshire Troops.—Mr. Bartlett S. Johnston, No. 229 East German Street, Baltimore, Md., wrote promptly after receiving the VETERAN: "You are in error in your issue of October, 1900, in stating that the two battle flags returned to Gov. Johnston, of Alabama, by Gov. Rollins, of New Hampshire, belonged to Alabama regiments. Gov. Rollins expressly stated that the men who captured the flags did not know what State or regiment the flags belonged to. I would suggest that you make a general inquiry as to what commands lost battle flags whilst serving in Battery Five on June 5, 1864.

SOUTHERN CROSSES OF HONOR BESTOWED.

Remarks of Gen. George W. Gordon, of Memphis, Commander Tennessee Division, U. C. V., January 19, 1901, when the W. B. Bate Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, bestowed the "Southern Cross of Honor" upon the members of the Frank Cheatham and John C. Brown Bivouacs of Confederate Veterans at Nashville, Tenn. In part Gen. Gordon said:

Gratefully acknowledging the honor conveyed by the invitation that brings me before you, I feel that I am first authorized by my old comrades here present to express, in some measure, their profound appreciation of the distinction to be done them this evening by the Daughters of the Confederacy in conferring that significant emblem, the "Southern Cross of Honor," and which is awarded only to those Confederate veterans who were faithful to their flag till it fell in defeat. They are grateful and gratified at this expressive testimonial of the approval and consideration by their honored and admired countrywomen, who confer the badges as vouchers that those who wear them were true to their country, alike in triumph and defeat, in glory and ruin. They will accept, preserve, and value them as a generous expression of their people's approbation, and as an honorable memento of a just and legal, though fallen, cause.

And, Daughters of the Confederacy, may I say for these venerable veterans that if patriotism, valor, self-sacrifice, and heroic endurance through prolonged adversity, can constitute a just claim to honorable recognition, then you could not have found worthier subjects upon which to bestow honors and decorations than the brave and true ex-soldiers here present. Aside from the fraternal pride which the speaker naturally feels in the heroic virtues of his comrades, he thinks he can justly say that the world has yet to witness in soldiers of the line a higher degree of martial individuality, prowess, courage, and efficiency than that displayed by the private soldiers of the late Confederate armies. For four trying years they successfully maintained their cause—many times fighting battles and winning victories against heavy odds when barefooted, ragged, and hungry. We may search history in vain for loftier instances of heroic endurance in private soldiers. We have seen them, uncomplainingly, limping barefooted to the front through burning sands and freezing snows, and we would marvel that men of such mold could ever have been vanquished if we did not know that they were finally overcome, more by the momentum of numbers than by prowess, more by famine than by fighting. This was notably illustrated in the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Gen. Lee—the surrender of whose worn, wasted, starving troops involved the surrender of all the Confederate forces. We have been told by soldiers who surrendered at Appomattox that during the trying winter of 1864-65, at the siege of Petersburg, the men, rather than desert their flag to obtain subsistence, would pick grains of corn out of the mud, into which they had been trampled by the horses where they were fed, and wash and cook and eat them. At the final crisis at Appomattox men still tottered around their torn and tattered colors when they were so weak from hunger and exhaustion that they could

scarcely carry their guns to fight, much less their blankets to keep them warm. The suffering and destitution of the Army of Tennessee, during Gen. Hood's ill-fated campaign to this State in 1864, was scarcely less severe. The hardships of that army, especially on its retreat from Nashville, were grievous in the extreme. There were occasions on that retreat when comrades quarreled and almost fought each other for raw beef hides with which to clothe their bare and bleeding feet. Hundreds of our comrades, representing every army in the South, perished by neglect and starvation in Northern prisons rather than accept life and liberty by abandoning their cause and swearing allegiance to the enemy. Such is the kind of men, my considerate and patriotic countrywomen, that you would decorate to-night with the well-merited symbol, the "Southern Cross of Honor." For four arduous and anxious years the Confederates maintained their cause against a brave and persevering enemy, who greatly excelled them both in numbers and resources. The Confederate States were outnumbered in white population at the beginning of the war by more than four to one; besides, the North received additions to its armies from our territory and foreign countries to the number of more than 900,000, or about one and one-half times as many as the South had in all her armies. From first to last, the North enlisted in her armies, in round numbers, 2,850,000 men, while the South had in similar numbers 600,000, or less than one to four. We not only fought the North, but to some extent we fought the world, from which the North received both soldiers and supplies. The North had uninterrupted intercourse with all nations; we had it with none. Belegued on land by armies greatly superior in numbers, and environed on the shore by vast navies that hemmed us in, we were shut out from the world and left alone, a support unto ourselves. Nevertheless, for four booming and blazing years, we made it lively for them all. When the disparity in men, in means, and in war facilities and appliances of all kinds are considered, it *must* be admitted that the South made a gallant fight in defense of her right to independence, and in her resistance to Northern subjugation.

It is needless to dwell upon the valor, efficiency, determination and endurance that enabled the Confederates to sustain for so long a contest so unequal. Think of it. It took four invading Federal soldiers that were better clothed, better fed, better armed, and better equipped in every way four years to overcome one defending Confederate. Isn't that a pretty good record? If conditions had been reversed I think, under the leadership of such generals as Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Jackson, and Forrest, we would have "licked" them in almost as many months as it took them years to "lick" us. [Applause.] I suppose there are here to-night some of the followers of all these great captains. I know there are of other commanders, who, though less renowned, are of venerated names and beloved memories—followers of the wily Joe Johnston, the conservative Bragg, the daring Hood, the resolute Stewart, the fighting Cheatham, the knightly Brown, the gallant Bate, the brave Zollicofer, the fearless Rains, the heroic Hatton, the intrepid Carter, the chivalrous Strahl, the valiant "Red" Jackson, the dashing Preston

Smith, the prudent Maney, the dauntless T. B. Smith. Two of these, Gens. Cheatham and Brown, are revered in the names of the two bivouacs here present; while the third, Gen. Bate, is honored in the title of the Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, also represented here. I am proud to speak to the women and men who would honor the names of our heroes of other days; and I am glad to meet and to greet here to-night the venerable survivors of the fierce field of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, all the fields around Atlanta, Brice's Cross Roads, and of Franklin, Tenn., on the last of which were displayed a desperation of attack and a gallantry of defense that were not surpassed at Waterloo, Balaclava, or Gettysburg.

SAM DAVIS.

It is not practicable on occasions like this to recall all, or even many, of the notable instances of heroic self-sacrifice and unflinching courage illustrated by private Confederate soldiers during that great war. But there is one example that ought to be mentioned at every Confederate gathering till death has decreed that our reunions shall cease. I allude to that of the youthful Tennessean—only a boy, yet more than man—the heroic and immortal Sam Davis. We challenge the history of all the ages to furnish a sublimer example of patriotic self-sacrifice and of unswerving fidelity to the obligation of honor. All the circumstances considered, he was the noblest martyr and grandest hero of that unholy and deplorable war. Alone in his helplessness, with no friend to encourage and none to approve him, as he looked from the scaffold into the dark gulf beyond the grave, life is offered him at the expense of honor, and his reply is prompt and unequivocal: "I'll die a thousand times before I will betray a friend." Death then closed the mournful scene. All honor and glory to the deathless name of our matchless martyr. Tennesseans ought to raise a monument to his memory that will touch the clouds and stand erect till marble crumbles and granite decays.

Again reverting to the chief purpose of this occasion, I congratulate you, my countrywomen, that in conferring distinctions upon these venerable men you honor heroes and patriots, not rebels and traitors. And I congratulate them that they were never engaged in an unjust war of aggression and subjugation, but strictly in a war of defense—the only kind of war, I maintain, that is ever legally or morally justifiable. I need not here repeat your vindication. That has been made unanswerable in the works of Stephens, Davis, Curry, Jones, and others. Rest then, comrades, in the pleasing consciousness that your cause was legally and constitutionally right. And when time shall extinguish prejudice, and justice establish truth, we are confident that this will be the verdict of unprejudiced mankind. Let no man, then, regret the part he took in the cause for which Lee and Forrest fought, for which Johnston and Jackson died, and for which Davis heroically suffered in prison and chains.

The speaker then pronounced a eulogy upon the military genius and civic virtues of the great Confederate, Lee, the anniversary of whose birthday was

duly commemorated in connection with the ceremonies bestowing the "Southern Cross of Honor" on the members of the bivouacs present.

ADDRESS OF MRS. J. P. HICKMAN.

Mrs. John P. Hickman, who is Recording Secretary of the Association of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Secretary of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., then made a graceful address to the two bivouacs in delivering the crosses, in which she said:

The task now committed to my care is beyond my powers, but not beyond my affectionate endeavor to properly discharge it. The most sacred memories of my life, the finest aspirations of my nature, are bound up in the "sweet influences" of the Southern Cross. All that I admire in the gentleness and purity of womanhood, all that I admire in the honor and courage of manhood has historic expression in my sisters of the Confederacy, and my brothers, the soldiers of the Confederacy.

It has ever been the pride and privilege of woman to wreath the bier of the fallen brave, or to crown his brow returning from glory's field, and, whether dead or living, to perform those honorable offices that are the incentive to heroic deeds.

To-night I come at the dictate of William B. Bate Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, to decorate the breasts of the survivors of the woes and triumphs of the war between the States with the Cross of Honor and valor. No more splendid tribute was in any age or any country bestowed upon the brave. In the courts of kings the glittering orders of merit dazzle the eyes of subjects; in the courts of republics the bronze medals of heroism blind the eyes of the sovereigns with tears.

I give to each recipient of this cross a badge and patent of nobility—a badge for brave deeds in the service of native land; a patent that will speak to all posterity that its wearer was a nobleman. Take these tokens of woman's love and gratitude; wear them proudly while you live, and when death, whom you have braved on a hundred fields of fame, claims you at last, look at it with your last sigh as the holy token of your honor, your faith, and your salvation.

The crosses were then pinned to the coats of the veterans by a group of young ladies, including the daughters of Gen. B. F. Cheatham.

FAITHFULNESS—A HOSPITAL INCIDENT.

BY REV. JESSE WOOD, D.D., OXFORD, ALA.

During the forty years of my active ministry I have not met with a better illustration of faithfulness in the discharge of duty than this which came to my knowledge the past year.

R. N. Warnock, now a wholesale merchant of Oxford, Ala., was a member of Company D, Thirty-First Alabama Regiment; and E. M. Davis, now a prosperous farmer of Autauga County, Ala., was a member of Company D, Thirty-Seventh Alabama. Both were captured and paroled at Vicksburg, and subsequently exchanged and reenlisted in time for the battle of Lookout Mountain and the long campaign in North Georgia.

Before the capture of Atlanta, Warnock had been detailed for hospital duty, and Lieut. Davis had been severely wounded by a shell, and was sent to the hospital near Atlanta, and subsequently removed to Barnesville.

Davis's case became very critical, and his young wife, whom he had married during the time of his parole, came to nurse him. Warnock, however, was giving him all possible care.

One night the doctors held a consultation over the Lieutenant's case, two deciding that amputation was the only hope, and the third, Dr. Freeman, who had charge of that ward, insisting that the patient would die under the operation. It was finally decided that Mr. Warnock, though it was not his time on duty, should be requested to nurse Lieut. Davis through the night, and he consented to do so. The faithful wife also sat by his side through the long hours.

Mr. Warnock gave the prescribed medicine regularly. About midnight the patient's mind wandered, his tongue became thick, and he passed into a stupor. "What is that you are giving him?" asked his wife. "It is brandy," answered the nurse. "O!" she exclaimed; "I believe he is drunk, and I fear he is going to die; I would not have him die drunk for all the world!" Then she sobbed, and begged the nurse to give him no more of that. Mr. Warnock sympathized with her. He too thought as she did, that the man was about to die, and that he was drunk; but when the time came to give his patient another dose he picked up the tumbler and spoon. Then she renewed her pleading and tears, but the answer was: "I feel sorry for you, but I must do my duty. I cannot take the responsibility of making any change." So the medicine was given.

In a short while the patient recovered consciousness, began to talk to his wife, and seemed better. Then she begged Mr. Warnock to give him some more of the medicine before the time came. But again he was faithful to his trust, saying: "No; just so much, and no more. I must follow the doctor's directions. That is what I am put here for."

The next morning, when Dr. Freeman came, he was much pleased to find his patient better. He steadily recovered, and Mrs. Davis was profuse in her thanks to Mr. Warnock that he did not yield to her entreaties. In a recent letter Mr. Davis says: "I am sure he did his full share. He was so faithful and gentle and kind. My wife and I have often spoken of him."

Here is faithfulness illustrated and rewarded. The pressure brought to bear on Mr. Warnock by the weeping and pleading wife was very powerful, but he was worthy of the trust the doctors reposed in him. The result was that he saved the life of a man who has since been one of the most useful and honored citizens of Prattville and Autauga County, a father and grandfather, a teacher of wide reputation, and an active member of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Warnock, also, is now a father and grandfather, an honored citizen of Calhoun County, a man of wealth, and a devout Christian, highly esteemed by all who know him. How different all this might have been had Mr. Warnock been unfaithful to his duty in the Barnesville hospital!

CORSICANA CONVENTION OF U. D. C.

The fifth annual convention of delegates, Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy—report of which has been unavoidably deferred—was opened at Corsicana on the morning of December 4, 1900, and the beautifully organized work of these splendid women, together with the inspiring earnestness of their spirit, increases the enthusiasm of those who wish a monument erected to the women who have loved and worked for the glory of the cause. At the opening of the convention there were present delegates from twenty-two chapters as follows:

Dallas Chapter: Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, Mrs. L. C. Thompson, Mrs. Lee H. Hughes, Mrs. Ellen Faris, Mrs. L. R. Goode, Mrs. W. K. Hill, and Mrs. J. L. Miller.

Galveston Chapter: Varina J. Davis, Mrs. C. B. Stone, Mrs. L. B. Knoll, Mrs. Henry Rosenberg.

Waco Chapter: Mrs. L. W. Burgess, Mrs. L. C. Penry, Mrs. Walter Weaver, Mrs. Hallie Dunklin.

Ennis Chapter: Mrs. L. A. Daffan and Miss Katie Daffan.

Victoria Chapter, W. P. Rogers: Mrs. Dunowan.

San Antonio Chapter, Barnard E. Bee: Miss Mattie Walthall.

Bryan Chapter, L. S. Ross: Mrs. William A. Banks.

Tyler Chapter, Mollie Moore Davis: Mrs. Florence Flashel and Mrs. Mary B. Pegues.

Temple Chapter, L. P. Tally: Mrs. Katie Alma Orgain.

Sulphur Springs Chapter, Joseph Wheeler: Miss Mamie Blythe, Mrs. S. Fuqua, and Mrs. Ella J. Bass.

Dodd City, Forrest Chapter: Miss Marguerite Wilson.

Lockhart, J. B. Gray Chapter: Mrs. J. L. N. McCurdy.

Columbus, Shropshire Chapter: Mrs. B. M. Baker.

Palestine, John H. Reagan Chapter: Miss Nell Nance, Mrs. A. R. Howard.

San Angelo, Tom Green Chapter: Mrs. L. M. DeLashmutt and Mrs. Baker.

Beaumont, Dick Dowling Chapter: Mrs. M. L. Watson.

Marshall Chapter: Mrs. N. J. Lane and Mrs. Van Hook.

Austin, A. S. Johnson Chapter: Mrs. L. J. Storey, Mrs. Z. T. Fulmore, Miss Mamie Bigley, Mrs. J. H. Alsworth, Mrs. R. T. King.

Fort Worth, Julia Jackson Chapter: Mrs. W. P. Lane.

Corsicana, Navarro Chapter: Mrs. Fannie Halbert, Mrs. V. Brown, Mrs. S. A. Pace, Mrs. Charles Croft, Mrs. Kate Talley, Mrs. J. A. Townsend, and Mrs. William Pannill.

Houston, R. E. Lee Chapter: Miss Alice Kittrell.

San Marcos, Lone Star Chapter: Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Mary L. Christian.

The convention was called to order by Mrs. Fannie Halbert, President of Navarro Chapter; and Rev. L. C. Kirkes offered a prayer.

Miss Lida Lea, of Corsicana, in behalf of Navarro Chapter, delivered an address of welcome, which proved her a most gifted woman and a loyal daughter of the cause for which she was speaking. Miss Lea said in part: "When we honored ourselves two years

ago by extending the invitation which has brought you here to-day, we then wished that you would come animated with one hope, one purpose, one wish, so that when eye met eye and hand touched hand, every heart would quiver with that thrill which only those feel who are struggling together for a holy cause. Meet were it that you had been welcomed by the wife of a Halbert, than whom no better, braver man ever fought for cause he deemed just; or a Winkler, who led his Hood's brigade, how or where needs not to tell a Texas daughter; or by the wife of a Johnson, whose father, Col. Glover, left her a glorious legacy when he was laid in his Virginia grave, and whose mother (the mother of Texas reunions) is with us to-day to bid you Godspeed; or by a Damon, who might well answer for her gallant soldier father, Col. Rogers, dead on the field of honor; or a Talley, whose husband, with keen blade and flashing eye, made his presence felt on many a hard-fought battlefield; or of a Brown, which name shall descend to posterity to make illustrious the daring of the Confederate navy; or of a Wood, whose husband, brave young soldier in time of war, is still a faithful veteran at his post 'in the piping times of peace;' or of a Croft, whose family on both sides made their mark; of a Wheeler, whose major 'joined the cavalry' and rode himself to fame; of a Hardy, herself a brave old soldier, and the mother of soldiers and statesmen; of a Mills, 'red hand in foray, wise counsel in cumber.'"

Seldom do finer words fall from the lips of woman to bespeak her sweet dignity than those uttered by Mrs. Katie Alma Orgain, of Temple, in response to the address of welcome. She said:

One afternoon in the days of Abraham the fair Rebecca stood by the well near the city of Nahor. Bethuel's daughter had been early trained in all expressions of Oriental hospitality, and when Abraham's messenger approached, heated and weary from his journey, with gentle grace the girl took down her pitcher and gave him water to drink. Not satisfied with this courtesy, she said: "And I will draw water for thy camels also." Then, as the tired beasts of burden gladly quenched their thirst, Rebecca, beautiful among women, eagerly said to Abraham's trusted servant: "We have straw and provender enough, and room in my father's house for thee to lodge."

Thus, early in the world's history, was the hand of woman extended in hospitable welcome.

Time has rolled many cycles away since the Jewish maiden drew water for her father's guest, but the spirit of hospitality still lives, and we thank you that to-day you have given the Daughters of the Confederacy this Oriental welcome to your city, and we are glad that it comes to us by the hand and from the lips of another of earth's kind daughters, who says so cordially: "We have straw and provender enough, and room for thee to lodge."

This welcome to Corsicana; how glad some it is, and how, beneath all its beauty of courtesy, its social features, its exhilarating heartiness, we feel the thrill of patriotism, and are conscious of the love for your Southern soil, which underlies in strong basic substance this generous expression of welcome to your beautiful city and its hospitable homes.

In no attitude do Southern people appear more

gracefully at home than when acting as host and hostess. "Their foot is on their native heath," and the element of hospitality is their birthright. This civil war, with its upheaval of all accustomed environments, the tidal wave of retrenchment and poverty which swept over Southern homes, has never been able to put out their hospitable fires or to force their latchstrings out of sight.

How gladly the Texas Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy journeyed to your enterprising and progressive city! Who has not heard of Corsicana, the city of five hundred oil wells? Though not set upon a hill, Corsicana does not 'hide her light under a bushel,' but sends it out to illuminate the world. The people whose enterprise develops such resources of nature, who put capital and labor into orphans' homes, flouring mills, cotton oil mills, the largest gin in the world, elegant churches, fine schools, a million-dollar refinery and pipe lines, a hundred thousand dollar cotton factory, will always be the people to honor the brave, venerate heroic deeds, and be loyal to principles and patriotism. We thank you most heartily for this cordial welcome.

Mrs. Halbert then gave way to Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin, President of the Texas Division, who took charge of the convention as presiding officer.

Mrs. Tobin addressed the delegates in the interest of the establishment of a home for the widows of Confederate soldiers, and asked aid and assistance of every kind from every Chapter in the Texas Division. She desired to raise a fund for this laudable purpose, and said she had already received as a nucleus for it \$25 from Eagle Lake and \$25 from L. S. Ross Chapter.

Miss Katie Daffan, who was chosen Secretary for the State Division, will serve efficiently in her important duties.



MISS KATE DAFFAN, SEC'Y TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

ATLANTA DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

At the last meeting of the Atlanta Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, January 24, 1901, the annual election of officers was held.

Mrs. C. Helen Plance, after a notable service of six years, declined reelection on account of her health. On motion of Mrs. S. H. Melone, she was elected Honorary Life President, the office to expire with her. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. J. S. Raine, President; Miss Alice Baxter and Mrs. William Nixon, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Edmond Berkeley, Recording Secretary; Miss Sallie Hanson Melone, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Ira Fort, Treasurer; Mrs. S. H. Melone, Registrar; Miss Lida Field, Historian.

Honorary President, Grand Division of Virginia U. D. C.—Mrs. Randolph, of Richmond, Recording Secretary, writes that, in sending the list of officers of the Grand Division, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, Honorary President, Baltimore, Md., was omitted.

One year ago last September the Augusta Chapter, No. 359, of the U. D. C., was organized at Augusta, Ark. The united efforts of Augusta Daughters have accomplished much good, and they now have a strong organization comprised of twenty-six enthusiastic members, with Mrs. J. Russell as President. They expect to be represented at the reunion in Memphis.

At the annual meeting of the Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, the election of officers took place. Mrs. N. V. Randolph was unanimously re-elected President; Mrs. Edward Valentine and Mrs. Alfred Gray, Vice Presidents; Miss Louise Claiborne and Miss Anne C. Bentley, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries; Mrs. Charles E. Bolling was unanimously elected Treasurer.

Mrs. W. A. Behan, President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, was introduced, and gave a short account of the work done recently by the Association. She had been to Washington to confer with the Secretary of War in regard to the reinterment of soldiers who are buried at the North, and it is understood was well pleased with the Conference.

WHO STARTED THE WOMEN'S MONUMENT.

At a meeting of Camp No. 9, U. C. V. Cavalry Association in New Orleans, February 4, 1901, the question of credit for the inauguration of the work for erecting a monument to Southern women was freely discussed. Dr. Tichenor called attention to the various publications of recent date, and said that Camp No. 9 was the first to open the subject of a monument to the women of the South. Dr. Tichenor said that, while he was President of the Camp, Comrade John Carnahan, seconded by Comrade Maynard, introduced a resolution for the building of such a monument, the former being the first man to contribute a sum of money (\$4) to the fund. Dr. Tichenor further said: "At the next meeting I shall present to this Camp everything said and printed and published about our initial action in this matter, and I shall prove the right of Camp No. 9 to go forward and collect funds to build this monument, because, so far as I know, it is the only camp that has been authorized in regular form to do so."

PRESENTATION OF DICK DOWLING SWORD.

The valiant blade of brave Dick Dowling was brought from its scabbard on December 5, 1900, in Houston, Tex., and formally presented to the Dick Dowling Camp of Veterans. If there is a chink in the world above where they listen to words from below, then the sainted hero of Sabine Pass would have heard sounds as sweet as the music of paradise, the children of earth telling in tenderness and veneration the story of a blameless life. After the battle of Sabine Pass, Lieut. Dowling presented his sword to Capt. P. D. Brotherson, and the son of this gallant man, Mr. P. C. H. Brotherson, of Galveston, presented the valued blade to Dowling Camp. Seated on the stage on the evening of the presentation were the aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. William Gleason. Mr. Gleason is one of the few survivors of the Davis Guards, the gallant little band of forty-three soldiers, commanded by First Lieut. Richard W. Dowling, which fought the battle of Sabine Pass, capturing two war ships and 350 men, disabling another war ship, and thus saving Texas from an invading army of 15,000 heavily armed men.

ROSTER OF THE DAVIS GUARDS.

The following is a roster of the Davis Guards, the names of every one of whom should be raised in golden letters upon the monument to be erected to the memory of Lieut. R. W. (Dick) Dowling. His associates were sergeants, corporals, and privates:

James Corcoran, Thomas Dougherty, John McKeefer, Tom Hagerty, Pat Fitzgerald, Tim Hurley, Mike Sullivan, Hugh Deagan, John Wesley, Timothy McDonough, Pat Abbott, Dave Fitzgerald, Pat McDonald, Jim Huggins, Tom McKernon, John McGrath, Tom Sullivan, Maurice Powers, John Anderson, Mike Delaney, Mike Monohan, William Gleason, Alex McCabe, Ed Pritchard, Matthew Walshe, Pat Clare, Abner Carter, John Flood, Terrence Mulhern, Jack W. White, John Masset, Mike Carr, James Fleming, Charles Rheins, Pat Sullivan, John Hennessey, Dan Donovan, Peter O'Hara. In addition there were Dr. George H. Bailey and Lieut. N. H. Smith, volunteers.

Lieut. Smith, a Louisianian, belonged to the engineer department, and volunteered to aid the gunners in the fort; while Dr. Bailey was assistant surgeon of Sabine Pass post, and also volunteered, the two men taking their places at the guns.

It is understood that the only survivors of the Davis Guards are Mike Carr and Peter O'Hara, now inmates of the Confederate Home at Austin, and William Gleason, who still resides in Houston.

The Dick Dowling Camp numbers ninety-eight active members, with A. C. Drew, Commander; W. C. Crane and O. B. Kone, Lieutenant Commanders; Phil H. Fall, Adjutant; August Schilling, Quartermaster; Dr. R. G. Turner, Surgeon; W. V. R. Watson, Chaplain; George H. Harmann, Officer of the Day; J. C. Fowler, Vidette; William Hunter, Color Bearer.

Extract from J. H. Brown's impassioned and scholarly address: "And there is one, in whose honor your Camp is named. You are all familiar with his history. In this part of our Southland his name is a household word. I am told that he knew no law higher or lower than the law of duty; that he was faithful unto death; that he was just, honorable, and charitable in all his

dealings; that his great Irish heart throbbed in unison with the principles that actuated all our men and women; that he knew no fear: that, strong in the convictions of the truth of that faith held and taught by his Church, which is venerable for her antiquity and sanctified by some of the noblest and bravest men who ever trod this earth, he, as her soldier and a soldier of the South, freely and gladly offered himself as champion of her cause. Strictly just and impartial, his conviction of the rightness of that cause was strong as adamant, with that devotion which was the offspring of duty, with that constancy which was one of his marked characteristics, with that intrepidity which was inborn, he joined the army, and marched, and fought, and conquered. From the hour of his enlistment to the day when the Southern cross faded before the tear-dimmed eyes of its faithful followers, his life was passed amid the dangers and glories of the holiest war ever known on earth. And when the struggle was over and the surviving soldiers returned to their homes, he came back glory-crowned, the embodiment of a Confederate soldier. A few years passed, and his beloved State was called upon to place flowers upon the grave of one of her favorite sons—a son that in prosperity and adversity, in peace and in war, in public and in private, never deviated from the straight line of duty or faltered in the discharge of a single obligation. Bending to-night in mute sorrow above the mound that marks his last resting place, she points with pride to the history of his life, and bids us emulate his example."

SURVIVORS OF DAVIS GUARDS.

R. C. O'Hara was born in the Muskeegan Valley, Ohio. He is of Irish parentage. His grandfather came to this country from Ireland before the revolutionary war, and was a soldier of Green's Division in Gen. Washington's army. He had an elder brother who served in the Mexican war, and was related to Theodore O'Hara, famous for his song, "The Maid of



R. C. O'HARA.

Monterey," and author of the world's famous epic, "The Bivouac of the Dead."

Mr. O'Hara received his education in the McIntyre Academy, Zanesville, Ohio. After this he apprenticed himself to a cabinetmaker and learned to do fine cabinet work. He came from St. Louis to Texas in 1859, and located in Houston, and when the war between the States began he cast his fortunes with the South and joined the Davis Guards, of which he was corporal, and faithfully served his Southland until the surrender. He married in Galveston during the war, his wife dying in 1875. His health failed some years ago, and he went into the Confederate Home, where he now is, loved and respected by all his comrades.

Mr. O'Hara is a gentleman of pleasing address, well posted on all the leading subjects of the day. He is of a decidedly literary turn of mind, and has written a history of his dear old company, besides several poems of merit. He is very much devoted to all the family of



MICHAEL CARR.

nature which made him loved by all who ever knew him. Methodical in his habits, industrious, faithful, and true, he found his way to the hearts of his friends in any position.

Mickie participated in every engagement that the Davis Guards were in during the war, including the famous battle of Sabine Pass. After the war was over he went to work on railroads in Texas, and kept to this until about ten years ago, when he became disabled by an accident which injured him for life. He was among the first to go into the Texas Confederate Home, which is very dear to him now. He was true to all his good, industrious habits by helping all he could in the Home as long as his strength held out. Garden and flowers, ducks and chickens are his especial delights. At last rheumatism set in, and he had to give all this up. He has been a patient sufferer for many years, and has borne it all with patience and fortitude. With his friend, R. C. O'Hara, in the home, too, he was able to visit friends in Beaumont and Sabine Pass last spring. Every honor was shown these old heroes by the citizens of Sabine Pass, and an excursion was gotten up on their account to visit the wreck of the old Clifton at Sabine Pass. Mickie, with his friend, Mr. R. C. O'Hara, visited the grave of Mrs. Kate Doonon and strewed it with flowers. He is now in the hospital ward of the Home, where he can have the best of attention. We may learn patience from this grand old veteran, who is now in his eighty-fifth year, silent as to complaint, faithful to his friends, trusting in his good God. He was never married.

Mrs. H. V. Neely, Whitesboro, Tex., asks for the names of any surviving members of Owen's Battery, under Major Cuney, or for the address of any one familiar with the service of her husband, T. J. B. Neely, who enlisted near Monticello, Ark., in the battery mentioned. The information will be thankfully received.



Dick Dowling, and especially to Mickie and William Hardin, another member of the Davis Guards.

Michael Carr was born in the town of Gartlong, County of Meath, Ireland. As he relates, he was of a roaming disposition, loving to follow from place to place the ballad singers, catching the new airs and delighting in reciting patriotic poems filled with the sorrows of Ireland. He came to America in 1848, and began to work on the railroads, first in New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Indiana, Virginia. The war between the North and South found him in Texas, and in 1861 he joined the famous company of the Davis Guards, and remained with them to the end of the war. "Mickie," as he was called by the company, was a man in his prime at that time, full of droll humor, with a touch of pathos in his



COL. THOMAS M. WAGNER,
For whom Ft. Wagner was named.

SHOWING THE FORD TO "DE GENTLEMAN."

The following incident related by B. M. Zettler (Company B, Eighth Georgia Regiment), Atlanta Ga., illustrates the attitude of the negro (little Peter) during the war for Southern independence:

Sherman's marauding hosts in their tramp through Georgia had reached the writer's home, a few miles above Savannah. The army had begun to arrive about one o'clock, and all the afternoon the plundering horde had swarmed through the house, ransacking every room, breaking open bureau drawers, and kicking trunks to pieces. When night came they collected around their camp fires in the woods to the right and left of the public road, feasted on their stolen supplies, and doubtless compared their "captured trophies."

In terror and dread the family at the house, consisting of an aged mother, her two daughters, and the house boy, Peter, a little negro about ten years old, had resolved to sit up during that terrible night. About three o'clock in the morning there was a gentle rap at the back door, and Peter was sent to see what it meant. He returned with the announcement that it was "a man, and he said he was a Rebel soldier and wanted to see Missus." With the house almost literally surrounded with Yankee soldiers, Peter's story

of a Rebel at the door was incredible. However, the polite request inspired the hope that the stranger might be a Southern soldier; and, accompanied by little Peter, "Missus" went to the door.

The stranger at once made known his wants. He belonged, he said, to Wheeler's Cavalry, and his command was on the other side of the creek, just back of the house, and he had come in quest of a ford across the creek, and a road or path through the swamp, the bridge having been burned and trees felled across the public road. If they could get through, they proposed to surprise the Yankees camped in the grove in front of the house by a daylight attack.

He was told there was a ford a short distance below the bridge, and a path that led right up to the horse lot, but that in the darkness it would be utterly useless for them to try to follow that path. Peter stood listening attentively to all that passed, and knowing the case to be just as "Missus" had stated it, was ready with a solution, saying: "Missus, let me show de gentleman." He was told he could do so, and disappeared with him.

An hour later a small body of cavalry rode quietly through the yard; then there was a yell and a rattling discharge of firearms in the grove. The Yankees were taken completely by surprise, and scampered away in the darkness. The Confederates quickly seized the abandoned horses and disappeared promptly.

The alarm soon spread through all the camps, and a pursuing force was organized. It was now daylight. Into the yard and around the house they charged, and seated behind one of the Yankees was little Peter. As they passed the window where the affrighted ladies were looking out he exclaimed: "Missus, I's showing de udder gentleman now."

Such was the negro during the war: good-natured and ready to show "de gentleman" without stopping to consider whether he was Confederate or Yankee, and knowing and caring as little for Lincoln's emancipation proclamation as the pigs and chickens that he mingled with in the barn yard.



MISS AGNES RICE McMASTER.

SPONSOR FOR FIRST REGIMENT AT
CHARLESTON REUNION, AND FOR FIRST
BRIGADE AT LOUISVILLE REUNION.
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COL. F. W.
McMASTER. SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

INSCRIPTION ON THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

To South Carolina's Dead
1861 of the 1865
Confederate Army.

Erected by the women of South Carolina.
This monument

Perpetuates the memory
Of those who,

True to the instincts of their birth,
Faithful to the teaching of their fathers,
Constant in their love for the State,
Died in the performance of their duty:

Who

Have glorified a fallen cause
By the simple manhood of their lives,
The patient endurance of suffering,
And the heroism of death:

And who,

In the dark hours of imprisonment,
And the hopelessness of the hospital,
In the short, sharp agony of the field,
Found support and consolation
In the belief

That at home they would not be forgotten.

Let the stranger,

Who may in future times

Read this inscription,

Recognize that these were men
Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor,
And let their virtue plead

For just judgment

Of the cause in which they perished:

Let the South Carolinian

Of another generation

Remember

That the State taught them

How to live and how to die,

And that from her broken fortunes

She has preserved for her children

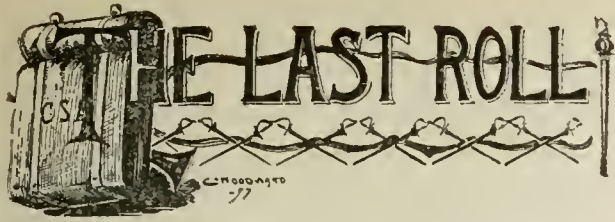
The priceless treasures of their memories:

Teaching all who may claim

The same birthright,

That truth, courage, and patriotism

Endureth forever.



CAPT. WILLIAM W. PAGE.

As the years roll silently by and time fades into eternity, one by one the brave sons of the old South pass away to await the summoning of the Great Commander for their final reunion. Among those who passed away during the year 1900 was Capt. William W. Page, of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry.

For a year prior to the reunion held last May in Louisville, Capt. Page had been confined to his home. But with the arrival of boys who wore the gray came a wonderful improvement in Capt. Page's health, and his family entertained great hopes of his recovery. During the whole of the reunion his friends were very much surprised to see him out and mingling with his old comrades. As Capt. Page explained it, "It was an inspiration" he felt, and believed it to be the last time he would see his friends and comrades together—and it was. With the leaving of the veterans there came a rapid decline in Capt. Page's health. In less than a month he was stricken with paralysis, and the end came peacefully to him as he was surrounded by his wife and children. Before his death he requested that he be buried in his Confederate uniform, which was complied with. The members of the George B. Eastin Camp, of Louisville, attended the funeral in a body. His remains lay in Cave Hill, near the Confederate burying ground.

Earth never pillowed upon her heart a nobler soul, and heaven never opened its portals to a purer spirit than that of William W. Page.

COL. F. W. M'MASTER.

There are many incidents in the life of Col. F. W. McMaster, who answered the final summons on September 10, 1900, which should serve as daily texts in the lives of many men.

As Christian gentleman, soldier, statesman, and jurist; as father, husband, and citizen—he lived up to the demands upon his manhood's strength, never swerving from his ideal of right and justice and dignity.

He was a model soldier, being among the first who responded to the call of his State to arms, serving as a volunteer on the coast of Carolina, and later in Virginia, during the earlier months of the war. In 1862, on the organization of the Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment, under the command of ex-Gov. John H. Means, he was chosen its lieutenant colonel, and when Col. Means fell, at Second Manassas, he was immediately promoted to the command of the regiment, which he retained to the close of the war. He was with his regiment in all its arduous service, with Gen. J. E. Johnston in the Western campaign, in 1863, and in North Carolina in 1864. Returning to Virginia in May, 1864, his regiment was attached to Gen. Beauregard's army, and bore an important part in all the operations of that gallant command in the defense of

Petersburg. He was made a prisoner in the night assault on Fort Steadman, March 25, 1864, and remained in prison at Elmyra, N. Y., until the close of the war.

His most prominent service was at the battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864, where, as the ranking colonel, the command of the brigade devolved on him when its commander, Gen. Stephen Elliott, was wounded soon after the explosion of the mine. His judicious control of the brigade, with the stubborn and successful maintenance of its position on that occasion, was the chief factor in the glorious success which resulted.

In the annals of municipal affairs of Columbia, S. C., Col. McMaster's name stands preëminent as a public benefactor. A local paper said of him at the time of his death: "The name of F. W. McMaster is linked to the record of honor and enlightenment and enterprise in Columbia. Others since his years of activity have striven greatly and achieved much; but they have builded on his foundations, wrought amid great poverty and great discouragement. The dominant notes of Col. McMaster's civic character were optimism and progressiveness. He had true public spirit.



COL. M'MASTER.

Genial and courteous, with the manners of the old school, and a tender social considerateness which made him beloved, he was yet inflexible in his purpose to force the advancement of his community. His spirit was broad and liberal. He was a South Carolinian, but an American. He fought through the civil war, but to the last he had a heart as young and a mind as untrammelled by ancient prejudice as any young soldier of 1898. A good man, useful and beloved, his works live after him."

THOMAS G. CHILDRESS.

Thomas G. Childress died at his home, Springfield, Mo., January 25, 1901, of pneumonia. He was sixty-four years of age. He was born and reared in Gasconade County, Mo. At the outbreak of the war, in 1861, he espoused the cause of the South and enlisted in the Confederate military service, Company F, Eighth Missouri Infantry.

For his conspicuous bravery, Mr. Childress was appointed one of the color guards of his regiment, with the rank of first sergeant.

An unusual romance, and perhaps one which no other soldier experienced, occurred in the life of Mr. Childress. When he joined the army he left a young wife at home, and during the progress of the war he was captured, and for a time was confined in the St. Louis arsenal. From there he was sent to the Alton military prison, and subsequently to Sandusky, Ohio.

During all this time the young wife back in Missouri mourned her soldier as dead. The war closed and Childress returned to Missouri, but he could find no trace of his wife and family, finally giving up the hope of ever seeing her again.

Drifting to one of the Southern States, the lonely veteran found another love, and was again made happy by the companionship of a wife.

After several years Childress's Southern bride died, and he came back to Missouri, and in wandering around, to his amazement and joy, he found his first love, who was then a widow, having married another man after giving up Childress as dead. The second husband had died some years before Childress returned to Missouri. When the widow and her long-lost husband met each other the old-time love burned within their hearts, and they were remarried.

DR. N. J. PASCHALL.

N. J. Paschall was born in Weakley County, Tenn., May, 1840, and spent his early life on a farm. After obtaining a common school education he took his first course of lectures at Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, Pa., in 1861. At his State's call he returned home and enlisted in Capt. Ballentine's Company of Cavalry, and was in many of the battles fought in the Tennessee and Mississippi departments from Belmont until the final surrender. After the war he entered upon the practice of his profession, and his pride and ambition soon placed him among the leading physicians of Fulton, Ky., and surrounding county. He was surgeon for Camp Jim Pirtle, of Fulton, from its organization, in June, 1897. His last service in the army was under Forrest, and he was looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the reunion at Memphis.

On December 12, 1900, Robert F. Hyatt died at his home, Monticello, Ark., aged fifty-six years. Comrade Hyatt enlisted in the Third Arkansas Volunteers at the age of seventeen, and made a fine record as a soldier until disabled at the battle of Sharpsburg by the loss of a leg. On returning to civil life he soon rose to prominence. For ten years he was County Clerk, and from 1887 until his death he was Cashier of the Monticello Bank. He was also State Grand Master of Exchequer for the Knights of Pythias, Grand Treasurer for the Knights of Honor, also held other positions of trust and prominence.

DR. O. R. EARLY.

In the death of Dr. O. R. Early the State of Mississippi has lost one of its most elegant and courtly gentleman of the old school. He was a son of Bishop John Early, of Virginia, and stood at the head of his profession. He was graduated with honor at one of the best medical colleges, and has held positions of honor—viz., member of the American Public Health Association, member of the Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley, executive officer of the district in connection with the State Board of Health of Kentucky, and Professor and Dean of Memphis Medical College. During the civil war he was chief surgeon at Richmond, Va. The contributor of this sketch states: "I knew the deceased well, and felt honored to be numbered as one of his friends. He was the joy, life, and light of a happy home over which he presided with so much grace and elegance." He was taken suddenly ill on the evening of December 7 with congestion of the lungs, and passed away on the morning of the 11th. His last moments, as his life had been, were characterized by peace and serenity, and he fell gently asleep in Jesus. Dr. Early died in December, 1900.

Isham G. Harris Camp, of Columbus, Miss., lost two members within the last few months. G. W. Cox was a native of New Jersey, but came to Columbus some years before the war, and later moved to New Orleans. From there he went with Walker to Nicaragua, and returning from that unfortunate expedition he again lived in New Orleans, and when the war began he joined the Eleventh or Twelfth Louisiana Infantry. He was wounded so as to be unfit for that branch of the service, and joined a Virginia cavalry regiment, with which he remained to the close of the war. He then went to Columbus, and since has been one of its most prominent citizens.

DEATHS AT CORINTH, MISS.

John W. McAnulty, Adjutant Camp Albert Sidney Johnston, Corinth, Miss., reports the death in 1900 of the following members:

John W. Savage, Company D, Twenty-Third Mississippi Infantry; N. T. S. Henry, Mississippi Infantry; J. M. Walker, Judge Humphrey, Mat Luttrell, Eleventh Mississippi Cavalry; William M. Inge, colonel Twelfth Mississippi Cavalry; A. H. Webb, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi Infantry; R. B. Smith, William Potts, Nineteenth Tennessee Cavalry; Andy Gallaher, W. W. White, Company G, Thirty-First Tennessee Infantry; R. H. Smith, captain Company E, Seventeenth Mississippi; John M. Stone, colonel Second Mississippi; C. C. Key, Joe Phillips, Second Mississippi; W. Y. Baker, Maj. Baker's Battalion Cavalry; Thomas W. Cunningham, John Hensley, Eleventh Mississippi; Henry Blakeney, Moreland's Cavalry; George L. Boyd, lieutenant Company D, Thirty-Second Mississippi; D. M. Rogers, lieutenant Thirty-Second Mississippi; John T. Murdaugh, Company D, Thirty-Second Mississippi; J. L. Madden, captain Company D, Thirty-Second Mississippi; J. R. Steele, first lieutenant Company D, Twenty-Third Mississippi; — Putt, Mississippi Infantry.

At their meeting on January 21, 1901, the Camp passed resolutions of sorrow at the loss of so many gallant comrades.

Private W. D. Humphreys, who, until very recently, received the protecting shelter of the Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, Tenn., died on the morning of January 31, 1901, at the advanced age of seventy-six years. Comrade Humphreys formerly lived in Lewis County, and served in the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A.



GEN. GEORGE MANEY.

Gen. George E. Maney died suddenly in Washington, D. C., Feb. 9, 1901, at the age of seventy-three.

Gen. Maney was a native of Tennessee. He served as a lieutenant in the Mexican war. In the Confederate war he commanded the First Tennessee Infantry, serving first in Virginia under Stonewall Jackson. He was promoted from colonel to brigadier general for gallantry in the battle of Shiloh. His brigade consisted of the Fourth, Sixth, Ninth, and Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Regiments. The First Tennessee was so literally cut to pieces in the battle of Perryville that the remnant became part of the Twenty-Seventh.

After the war Gen. Maney engaged for a time in railroad enterprises, but was subsequently appointed to positions as Foreign Minister. Gen. Maney was a most forceful writer and speaker. He was ever severe in his judgment against some of our Confederate officials during the great war, but lavished much praise upon Gen. R. E. Lee. The engraving herewith used was made to go with his promised tribute to the man whose *fame is safe*.

J. J. BECK.

A. J. Cowart, of Little Oak, Ala., reports the death of J. J. Beck, of Glenwood, of whom it is written: "Comrade Beck was a native of Georgia, but went to Alabama when a small boy, and resided there contin-

uously afterwards. He was a lieutenant in Company G, Sixty-Third Alabama Regiment, the famous 'boy company,' which left Troy in the summer of 1864 under the command of Capt. John G. Padgett. His life after the war was that of a modest man of retiring disposition, having accepted public office but once, when he was appointed County Commissioner by Gov. Jones in 1892."

E. E. MEREDITH.

At a meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy and Memorial Association of Manassas, Va., August 1, 1900, resolutions were adopted in honor of the late E. E. Meredith. It was

Resolved: 1. That, as an organization, we regard his death as a serious loss and as a personal bereavement to our members, who have ever received from him the greatest encouragement and help in our work; and, as a member of the Association, he was always ready to do all that was possible to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldier.

2. That we extend to his bereaved widow, our beloved President, and the family our deepest sympathy. May they and the many friends who so deeply feel his loss be supported by divine grace to bow in submission and say, "Thy will be done."

3. That this slight memorial be made a part of the records of the Chapter, published in the *Journal and VETERAN*, and a copy be sent to the family.

Signed: Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Wolfe, Mrs. Thornton, Miss Nelson, Miss Herrell, Committee.

The following members of Camp James Adams, Austin, Ark., died during 1900: Joseph Ringold, Company D, Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment Infantry, aged sixty-three years; Silas P. Ballard, born in Henderson County, Tenn., and lived in Arkansas about thirty years; served in Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Infantry; W. A. Beaver, of Fourth North Carolina Infantry.

J. W. Ramsey writes from Trenton, Tenn.: "Eldridge Spence, an ex-Confederate soldier of the Fifty-Fifth Regiment, Tennessee Infantry, died January 25, 1901, near Trenton, Tenn. He lost an arm in battle on Lick Skillet road, on the left of Hood's line in front of Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1864. He was a good citizen, and reared a nice family, but he has grounded arms, and gone to answer the roll call "up yonder."

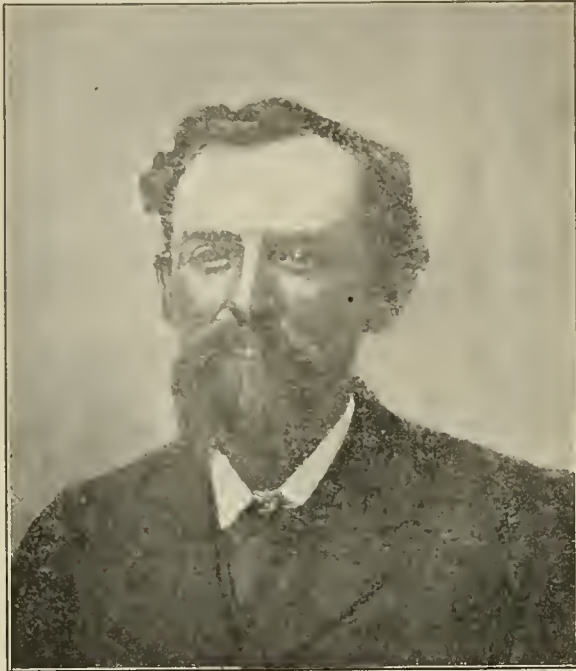
CAPT. THOMAS B. TRAYLOR, WAVERLY, TENN.

R. C. Carnell writes of Comrade Traylor:

He was born October 31, 1841; and died June 7, 1900, in his native county. His father, Hiram B. Traylor, was a prominent official of Humphreys County. He came to Tennessee with his parents from Georgia in 1809. His mother was a daughter of Sylvester Adams, a Virginian, who came to Tennessee in 1806.

Capt. Traylor enlisted as a private Confederate soldier May 10, 1861, and was elected third lieutenant in Company A, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, in 1862. He campaigned in Kentucky, and was in the fights of Barbourville, Rock Castle or Wild Cat, Cumberland Ford, Cumberland Gap, and Laurel Bridge.

At the end of his year's enlistment he organized a company for the Tenth Tennessee Cavalry, in command of which he served under Gens. Forrest and Wheeler in at least a hundred engagements, prominent among which were Chickamauga, Knoxville, Fort Donelson (second battle), Philadelphia, Tenn., Parker's Cross Roads, Thompson's Station, Selma, Resaca, Tunnel Hill, Strawberry Plains, and Franklin.



CAPT. TRAYLOR.

His company (F) had the honor of capturing a battery at Philadelphia, Tenn. At Chickamauga the regiment was at the front through all that desperate struggle, fighting both as cavalry and infantry, and chasing the enemy into Chattanooga. In that engagement Capt. Traylor's horse was shot under him, and he suffered severely from the fall, but remained on duty. He was with Gen. Wheeler in the famous raid through Tennessee, and while on scout duty in his native county was captured. Previously he had the same misfortune, but had been exchanged after thirty days at Camp Morton, Indianapolis. After this second capture he was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was held until February, 1865. Of his experience at Camp Chase, Capt. Traylor said: "The Federals would not give us enough to eat, and in the winter of 1864-65 hundreds died for the want of food. I have picked up beef bones and crushed and boiled them to get the thin skim of tallow which formed on the water. When we could get slippery elm wood, we ate the bark, and I saw several fights for this bark." After he was finally released, Capt. Traylor reported for duty, and served with his command until paroled with Gen. Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865. After the war he was prominent in his county as a successful merchant for twelve years. He was justice of the peace, Chairman of the County Court, and Clerk of the Circuit Court.

L. C. M'CLERKIN.

Luther Calvin McClarkin, born near Lexington,

Tenn., died at his home in Dyersburg, Tenn., on January 23, 1901. When nineteen years of age he enlisted as a private in Company I, Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Infantry. By devotion to duty and conspicuous bravery, he was made captain of his company. On the reorganization of the army, he joined the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, Col. Wilson, which was a part of Bell's Brigade, Forrest's Division. Here, as well as in the infantry, he performed his part so faithfully and well as to gain the plaudits of comrades and the confidence and esteem of his superior officers. Only when the "stars and bars" were furled in the sad surrender did Capt. McClarkin leave his post of duty. He made Dyersburg his home since the war, and was a member of Dawson Bivouac, by which he was buried. A wife and six children survive him.

Pat Cleburne Camp, of Cleburne, Tex., reports the death of Comrade J. A. Willingham, August 24, 1900:

John Austin Willingham was born in Walton County, Ga., in May, 1839. In 1861 he enlisted in a company of infantry, organized in Brazos County, Tex.; was mustered into service at Houston, and stationed at Virginia Point, near Galveston. Upon the organization of the Tenth Texas, his company was attached to that regiment, then commanded by Col. Allison Nelson, of Bosque County, and later by R. Q. Mills. Comrade Willingham was made adjutant of the regiment, and served as such till the close of the war. He was with his regiment in the memorable battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Rocky Face Gap, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, and Nashville. He was wounded at New Hope Church, but remained with the regiment. He came to Cleburne in March, 1867, and has since been a citizen of the place.

Resolutions expressing the esteem in which he was held by comrades were passed by Pat Cleburne Camp.

J. W. Willingham, Chattanooga, Tenn.: "In 1862, as Bragg was preparing to move into Kentucky, an officer named Kesterson (or something similar), belonging to the Second Arkansas Infantry, was taken very sick and left behind at the home of a gentleman named Martin, about five miles north of Chattanooga. The officer died in a few days, and was decently buried in the citizens' cemetery near by. Hearing nothing from the friends of the dead officer, Mr. Martin sold the horse, pistols, etc., that had belonged to him, and paid the burial expenses, keeping the balance for many years. Mr. Martin is now dead, but his son is familiar with the circumstances, and can point out the grave of the officer, who, he thinks, belonged to the quartermaster's department, judging from his equipment. Any inquiries will be cheerfully answered."

Thirty-six years ago Maj. Gen. W. H. T. Walker was killed near the city of Atlanta in defense of his country and native State. Many fruitless efforts have been made to find the exact spot where he fell, and a committee from Camp W. H. T. Walker have discovered a Mr. Parker, who succeeded in showing them almost the spot where the brave General received his death wound. Camp Walker is now casting about to devise ways and means to erect a monument to Gen. Walker.

DEATHS IN CAMP AT ORLANDO, FLA.

Orange County Camp, No. 54, at Orlando, Fla., has lost three of its members within the past few months. This Camp has lost by death one-fourth of its members since its organization. Julius C. Anderson, a member of this Camp, died on November 10, 1900. He was born at Covington, Ga., January 16, 1843, and enlisted as a private in Company A, First Georgia Legion, and served throughout the war. His record is that he was always a brave and faithful soldier. At the time of his death he was sheriff of Orange County, and had held that office for about seventeen years.

Capt. Willis C. Nutt, a member of the same (Orange County) Camp, died on June 15, 1900, at the age of sixty-nine. He was a native of Jackson, Ga., and entered the service of the Confederacy in June, 1862, as first lieutenant in Company A, Fifty-Third Georgia. He was promoted to be captain after the battle of Gettysburg, and was subsequently made prisoner, and held for nineteen months, seven months of which he was confined under almost constant fire on Morris Island, in Charleston harbor, with that devoted martyr band of six hundred officers. He had lived long in Florida, and for several years he had held the office of assessor of taxes for Orange County.

Maj. O. P. Preston, also a member of Camp No. 54, died at Orlando, Fla., February 3, 1901, aged sixty-seven. He was a native of Botetourt County, Va., and entered the service of the Confederacy from Texas as a private in Company D, Whitfield's Battalion, during May, 1861. In October of the same year he was made captain. He was at Shiloh, afterwards with Gens. Bragg and Price, and was promoted to major, and served in the West until the close of the war.

A letter from Mrs. John McIntosh Kell, inadvertently overlooked in preparing the brief sketch for the January VETERAN, states that the middle picture in the group of which Admiral Semmes and her husband were members was Dr. John Wilkin, who attended the Admiral when wounded in the hand, and they became great friends. Another point in Mrs. Kell's letter states: "My dear hero was promoted for gallantry after the Alabama sunk the Hatteras in Galveston harbor. The promotion was made nearly a year before he heard of it, but he always said he would never have left the ship and Admiral Semmes to take a command."

R. F. Armstrong, second lieutenant of the Alabama, writes from Ontario, Canada, to the son-in-law of Gen. John McIntosh Kell:

I thank you sincerely for copies of the Atlanta Journal containing accounts of the funeral of Gen. Kell.

That, by the providence of God, this mighty man of war should have been permitted to close an honorable and eventful life by peacefully falling to sleep in the bosom of his family has robbed death of its terrors, and the hope of resurrection giveth him victory over the grave. In the fullness of years he has been gathered to his fathers, and the universal esteem and affection manifested by his people give assurance that his life and services will not be forgotten. This should be a consolation to his stricken family in their affliction,

and the honor decreed by his State in his obsequies, rounding out, as it does, his high and honorable career, is a satisfaction, though a sad one. Though there be hope in our sorrow for our dear departed, yet the sorrow is profound and universal, and while the regret for our individual loss is sincere, though confined within a narrow circle, when the State mourns we may be sure that the loss is a public one. In John McIntosh Kell the people of Georgia recognized integrity of life and a conscientious fulfillment of public duties, and no one, at the close of a long and useful life, could better challenge public criticism in the language of Samuel.

Many lessons may be learned from the life of our dear friend, and it is well to ponder them so that we may derive therefrom the consolation of realizing that, though dead, he speaketh, and though removed from the scene of his earthly activity, his influence survives, and can but be productive of good to his fellow-men. In every relation of life he was the example of the pure and undefiled, and his grieving family will find consolation in reflecting on his well-spent life and simple Christian faith. He has left to them as an inheritance a spotless reputation, an untarnished name, and the memory of noble qualities nobly employed.

Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave us now thy servant sleeping.

Mr. Charles H. Johnson, of Newburyport, Mass., has interested himself greatly in the history of the Alabama, and in an interview here he expressed the intention of going to Georgia to interview the Captain. Upon learning of the death of Capt. Kell I wrote to him, to save him the expense of a long journey. His reply to my letter I sent to the Neale Publishing Company for information. In it Mr. Johnson said that he was in correspondence with a number of Public Libraries throughout the Northeast, and that he would try to get them to order the book, and would also write to the publishers to have the book placed on sale by the American News Company. It may be that, through this means, some copies may be sold, and I sincerely hope so. Mr. Johnson is so much interested in everything concerning the Alabama and her officers that I would suggest your sending him copies of the Journal, if you can spare them. I would send him mine, but wish to keep them.

H. B. Baylor, of Cumberland, Md., writes:

In the January number of the VETERAN you touched upon the question "Why Booth killed Lincoln." From all the information I can get, you are on the right line. Some years ago the LaCrosse Democrat, edited by Brick Pomeroy, published this story about Booth killing Lincoln because he told him a lie, and then hanged his friend, John Y. Beall, and challenged the world to deny it. I have never seen its denial. John Y. Beall's mother is a native of my county, Jefferson County, Va., and I am told that she says she did go with Booth to see Lincoln, and that he promised them that her son should not be hanged, and after she got home she received a telegram saying that he was hanged, and then afterwards Booth killed Lincoln. We want the truth upon this matter, so please air it. We want history to record why the first Republican President was killed.

ALBERT PIKE'S WORDS FOR DIXIE.

Mrs. Rosa Benwell Todd, of Owensboro, Ky., sends a copy of "Dixie," by Gen. Albert Pike, in answer to request published in December VETERAN. In her letter she says: "Gen. Pike and my father, William M. Benwell, of Bedford County, Va., were lifelong friends, and before the war Gen. Pike sent his sons to the University of Georgia, and my father directed their education. They spent the holidays with us in our home. The very first Christmas that I can remember distinctly those two boys, Hamilton and Walter, came to spend the week with us. This poem, "Dixie," was written while the glow of Confederate enthusiasm was at its brightest, and I can feel the thrill of those old war days come over as I read it, and can fully realize that living in those days made true Confederates of us all."

Southrons, hear your country call you;
Up! lest than worse than death befall you;
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie.
Lo, all the beacon fires are lighted;
Let all hearts be now united;
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie.
Advance the flag of Dixie;
Hurrah! hurrah!

CHORUS.

For Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
To live and die for Dixie;
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter;
Northern flags in South winds flutter.
Send them back your fierce defiance;
Stamp upon the accursed alliance.

Fear no danger; shun no labor;
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre;
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles;
Break the unequal bonds asunder;
Let them hence each other plunder.

Swear upon your Country's altar
Never to submit or falter
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our federation
Secures among earth's powers its station.
Now, at peace and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory shall bring them gladness;
Exultant pride now banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

The venerable Gen. T. N. Waul, of Neyland, Tex., responds to request for copy of "Dixie" by Gen. Pike, stating:

Inclosed I send you a letterpress copy of "A Lament for Dixie," written by Gen. Albert Pike. The original was presented to me by my friend, Gen. Pike, whose

intimacy I enjoyed for many years, during and after the war. I received it from him in Washington City, in the summer of 1870, when the hoof of the conqueror had not been removed from the neck of the South. The lament presented to me is cherished and preserved.

A LAMENT FOR DIXIE.

Southrons conquered, subjugated,
Mourn your country devastated:
Mourn for hapless, hopeless Dixie—
Homes once happy, desolated;
Church and altar desecrated.
Mourn for fallen, ruined Dixie.

Chorus.

Lament the fall of Dixie.
Alas! alas!
On Dixie's land we yet will stand,
And live or die for Dixie.
Endure! endure!
All ills endure for Dixie!
Endure! endure!
All ills endure for Dixie!

Bewail your dead, whose bones lie bleaching,
Courage to the living teaching;
Mourn, but still be proud of Dixie.
Bewail your Southland, crushed and trampled,
Bearing sorrows unexampled;
Mourn, but still be proud for Dixie.

Prey despoiled and victim bleeding,
Not to man for mercy pleading;
Unto God alone cries Dixie.
Cross of anguish bravely bearing,
Crown of thorns submissive wearing,
Patient and resigned Dixie.

All our States lie fainting, dying,
Each to each with sobs replying;
Each still loving, honoring Dixie.
By the accursed scourge lacerated,
By her freed slaves ruled and hated,
She is still our own dear Dixie.

Dear to us our conquered banners,
Greeted once with loud hosannas!
Dear the tattered flags of Dixie;
Dear the fields of honor glorious,
Where, defeated or victorious,
Sleep the immortal dead of Dixie.

Conquered, we are not degraded;
Southron laurels have not faded.
Mourn, but not in shame, for Dixie.
Deck your heroes' graves with garlands
Till the echo comes from far lands:
Honor to the dead of Dixie!

All is not yet lost unto us;
Baseness only can subdue us.
Mourn—you cannot flush—for Dixie.
Kneeling at your country's altar,
Swear your children not to falter
Till the right shall rule in Dixie.

If her fate be sealed, we'll share it,
By our shroudless dead, we swear it!
Ours the life or death of Dixie.

By her past's all-glorious story,
By her laureled martyr's glory,
We will live or die for Dixie!;

Shall there to our night of sorrow
Be no glad and bright to-morrow?
Is hope ever lost to Dixie?
Every dark night has its morning,
Long though oft delayed its dawning.
Wait! be patient! pray for Dixie!

Hope for dawn for Dixie.
Endure! endure!
On Dixie's land we yet will stand,
And live or die for Dixie.
Endure! endure!
All ills endure for Dixie!
Endure! endure!
All ills endure for Dixie!

THRICE HONORED BY THE SONS.

Miss Alma Lackey, of Gallatin, Tenn., is the only daughter of Comrade S. E. Lackey, who is of one of the oldest and best families of Sumner County, a county long famed (and a credit to Tennessee) for its fair women and brave men.

Miss Lackey has been thrice honored by selection as sponsor for Sons of the Southern Veterans. First, at Atlanta, when she was only seventeen years of age; second, at the State reunion at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and again at the reunion at Louisville, in 1900. A friend writes that "she is just developed into full, beautiful womanhood—a thing of beauty, to make an old man dance with joy."



MISS ALMA LACKEY.

Lon Woodburn, of Paloduro, Tex., is anxious to communicate with his old comrades of the sixties. He was in the Tennessee Army, serving in Company F, Seventh Arkansas Regiment, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. He has not seen any member of his regiment in twenty-seven years.

Mrs. N. C. Green, Golden City, Ark., will appreciate evidence of R. O. Green's service in the war. He was quartermaster sergeant under Capt. Dodson, Twenty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, Company B.

The name of William Blamey, as published in the January VETERAN, was erroneously given as Blaney. There is widespread inquiry about him, through Gen. Moorman as well as the VETERAN and other avenues. Information concerning Comrade Blamey or his family will be appreciated by James M. Caperton, Secretary Confederate Association, 431 Eleventh Street, Washington, D. C.

Thomas Westmoreland, Company K, Sixth Alabama Regiment, Rucker, Tenn., writes:

After thirty-six years I write about being captured at Gettysburg. My regiment, the advance guard, was on the road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, and

was deployed as skirmishers. I was captured where the stone fence and rail fence joined, where Gen. Reynolds was killed by some of our brave men who advanced in my rear. They ordered me to cross the fence. I believe I was the first prisoner captured there. It was near where their Gen. Reynold's had been killed. They said, "You killed our general;" but I denied it.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

The pessimist of to-day, whose continual war cry is "avarice," "greed," "self-aggrandizement," would feel repaid, and astonished too, could he pause in his unwholesome carping and listen to the universal humanitarian harmony that is vibrating in the hearts of God's creatures. The world is growing better, because strong men and earnest women wish it to become so; and they lend their hearts, brains, and purses to the accomplishment of glorious ends.

In the great chorus of philanthropy may be heard to-day the strong pleading for industrial schools of various kinds, and that many of these may spring from Southern soil, generous women are bending every energy to arouse interest in the work. Prominent among these is Mrs. Anne S. Green, of Culpeper, Va., who has already written a stirring article, which the VETERAN prints in part:

The establishment of such institutions is much needed. The call for industrial schools begins in Virginia, and extends down to the Gulf States, and out to the western confines of that land which was once known as "The Southern Confederacy." There are women, willing and capable, who are now ready to begin this work. Let them come together and organize for it, as worthy descendants of those who always responded to duty's call. Let the women of the South show to others how earnest they are in the cause for rescue of the descendants of our Confederate soldiers. Let us gather them into homes where they will be clothed and fed and cared for, and under such invigorating influences be returned and restored to the original status of their ancestors, "who came down from revolutionary sires." We must begin this work. We owe it to these dead soldiers, who gave up their lives for what they believed to be a holy cause."

Many girls and boys at the early age of eight and ten are being placed by their poor parents in the mills and factories which are springing up in the South. There are public schools; but they do not reach the evil, or extend the helping hand of home, fireside, food, or clothing. For the lack of these they are unable to avail themselves of the public provision. Those who help themselves are more deserving of help from others. Charity is not sectional, partisan, or self-glorying. There are large-minded, liberal men and women in this country who, from a sense of duty, are willing and ready to give of their abundance when they are convinced that the object is worthy. From this class we expect help, and we believe we will get it. Helen Gould has been identified with many noble charities. She seems ever on the watch to help the suffering and needy.

Are there no King Arthurs, with their gallant knights, who will go forth on expeditions of mercy. Are there no Queen Guineveres to bid them Godspeed, remaining in charge of the Round Table upon which are his commissions and plans for the progress of their future beneficent work. Let us organize at once, and have our first Round Table at Washington, the nation's capital, and select Helen Gould to sit in Guinevere's chair, with worthy women as assistants. There should be a Round Table established in every city and town in our country.

SAD REALITIES OF WAR.

J. W. Simmons, Twenty-Seventh Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, now of Mexia, Tex., writes:

During the fall of 1863 the great battle of Chickamauga had been fought and won; the Federal army had been driven back into Chattanooga, and the Confederate army was laying siege to that city. Of the thirty-two officers and men who were on detail at division headquarters as provost guard, I was of the number. It was the duty of the guard to take charge of prisoners, both Federals and Confederates, as large armies always have men under arrest for some kinds of offenses.

While we were camped on Lookout Creek, in the shadow of the historic Lookout Mountain, an intelligent and fine-looking Confederate soldier was sent to us under the charge of forgery and desertion. A court-martial was convened, and he was tried. It developed in the case that he was a member of the Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Regiment, and had been a true and faithful soldier; had done his full duty in many a hard-fought battle; had been wounded and sent home on wounded furlough; had recovered and returned to the army. But while he was at home he had married an accomplished lady, and soon after his return to the army he took his old furlough and, being an expert penman, copied all the signatures from his captain to army headquarters, passed all the guards without any trouble, and went back home to his young wife, where he was soon arrested, brought back, and turned over to our guard for safe-keeping.

The court-martial found him guilty of both charges—forgery and desertion—and assessed his penalty as death. I shall never forget the scene when the death penalty was read to him. He fell to the ground, and, pulling his blanket over his head, lay there in a death-like swoon for two days, and would pay no attention to any of us.

He finally revived, but was a very different-looking man, manifesting every appearance of having just recovered from a severe spell of sickness.

The day the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought it was my good fortune to be on duty as sergeant of the guard to keep the prisoners secure, and when our army was defeated and stampeded, just at night I was ordered to look well to the prisoners and to travel all night on the Dalton road, which I did.

I have often wondered why this prisoner, knowing his fate, did not make a break for liberty during that night's march. If he had, it would have been my duty and the duty of the other men to have shot at him, but I have never thought any of us would have aimed with much accuracy, knowing all the circumstances and his reputation as a fighter.

The guard reached Dalton the day of the execution. There had been considerable speculation among the men as to who would be detailed to do the shooting, and we noncommissioned officers felt rather secure, thinking that the men only would be on the detail; but to our surprise the noncommissioned officers were taken first, and the remainder of the twelve were selected from the ranks.

There was evident suspicion on the part of the officer in charge that we would miss the prisoner intentionally, and to guard against this he informed us that

this man had been condemned to death, and that it would be useless to miss or cripple him, as he would be compelled to order us to load and shoot until the prisoner was dead.

The prisoner was blindfolded and placed on a log, we were marched about thirty steps in front of him, and the order was given to fire. It seemed that the boys, without any consultation, had all formed the same resolution, that it would be best to shoot to kill, as every ball took effect in his breast.

Of the many thousand solemn scenes it was my misfortune to witness or perform during the war, this was the saddest.

The grave of the unfortunate man can be found about ten miles south of Dalton, about fifty yards to the east of the road, on the hillside, in the edge of an old field. Some of his friends built a substantial log pen around the grave at the time.

Twenty-four "worthy and well-qualified" ladies of Harrodsburg, Ky., on the 15th day of October organized a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy.



JAS. Q. CHENAULT.

They were unanimous in naming their Chapter in honor of Col. James Q. Chenault, who, at the breaking out of the war, joined the ranks of the Confederacy, and at the time of the surrender was commanding one of the distinguished Col. Gen. Lyon's brigades of Kentucky cavalry. Mrs. Jennie Hardin, daughter Ebenezer Magoffin, who was killed in action under Gen. Price in Missouri, the niece of Beriah Magoffin, the great war governor,

who defied and resisted the radical Legislature of Kentucky, and widow of the late Judge Charles A. Hardin, was elected President *pro tem* until a charter can be obtained, when a large number of new applicants for membership will be acted upon. The ladies are enthusiastic, a large and active Chapter is now assured, and they will enter immediately upon the work of completing the Confederate monument fund, for which about \$1,200 has already been collected.

Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, sends a copy of an old letter, dated St. Louis, April 14, 1862, to Capt. Moses Irwin, of the steamer Woodford:

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned committee on behalf of the officers and men, prisoners of war, do hereby tender to you our sincere thanks for the many favors and acts of kindness received from yourself and officers during our passage from Savannah, Tenn., to St. Louis. Capt. George Soule, Crescent Regiment, New Orleans, La.

Lieut. George M. Parker, Adjutant Twenty-First Alabama.

Lieut. John Daly, Thirteenth Louisiana Regiment.

Col. Young adds that Capt. Irwin, now of New Albany, Ind., would like to know if any of these gentlemen are living.

WHY MR. DAVIS WAS MANACLED IN PRISON.

BY JOHN P. HICKMAN, ADJT. GENERAL TENN. DIV., U. D. C.

Since the recent appointment of Nelson A. Miles as Lieutenant General there has been considerable discussion by the Southern press as to his treatment of Mr. Jefferson Davis while he was his prisoner at Fortress Monroe.

On May 19, 1865, Mr. Davis and family, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Reagan, Mr. Clay and wife, Gen. Joe Wheeler, Col. Johnston and Lubbock, with other Confederate prisoners, arrived at Fortress Monroe in charge of Col. Prichard and his regiment, the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. Mr. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, was present when they arrived, and in describing Mr. Davis's appearance he said: "He bore himself with a haughty attitude, his face was somewhat flushed, but his features were composed and his step firm." Just prior to that time Gen. H. W. Halleck had written the Secretary of War that "the present commandant at Fortress Monroe is a faithful officer, but not sharp enough to take charge of Jeff Davis and his crew." Therefore Gen. Miles was put in command.

Mr. Dana, in describing the prison in which Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay were confined, says: "The casements on each side and between those occupied by the prisoners are used as guard rooms, and soldiers are always there. A lamp is constantly kept burning in each of the rooms. I have not given any orders to have them placed in irons, as Gen. Halleck seemed opposed to it; but Gen. Miles is instructed to have fetters ready, if he thinks them necessary."

However, on May 23, 1865, Mr. Dana issued the following order to Gen. Miles: "You are hereby ordered and directed to place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay whenever you may deem it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure."

Under this permit, Gen. Miles, on May 24, wrote Mr. Dana: "Yesterday I directed that irons be put on Davis's ankles, which he violently resisted, but became more quiet afterwards." This was intended to be kept secret, but the soldiers on guard gave it out, and the papers of the North severely criticised the cruelty; and the placing of Mr. Davis in irons excited sympathy and indignation, instead of applause. Therefore, on May 28, 1865, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, telegraphed Gen. Miles as follows: "Please report whether irons have or have not been placed on Jefferson Davis. If they have been, when was it done, and for what reason? Have them removed."

In reply to this telegram, Gen. Miles wired: "I have had the irons removed. I had the anklets put on his ankles to prevent his running, should he endeavor to escape."

On June 2, 1865, Mr. Charles O'Connor, of New York, a staunch Union man and the most eminent criminal lawyer in the government, wrote Mr. Davis, tendering his services in his defense. Gen. Miles received this letter, and, after careful investigation and several telegrams to and from Mr. Dana, he gave the letter to Mr. Davis; but would give him no paper, pen, or ink with which to accept the kind and generous offer. Finally, after several other telegrams, Mr. Davis was given one sheet of paper on which to reply. He did reply, but his letter was never received by Mr. O'Connor. However, he acted as his chief counsel.

Mr. Davis's rations, under orders from Gen. Miles, were cooked by a guard, cut up, and passed through the grating to him without knife, fork, or spoon. After several weeks he was given a wooden knife and fork. Gen. Miles found out that Mr. Davis had a roll of small red tape made up of short pieces knotted together. He sent Maj. Muhlenberg to demand it. When he demanded it of Mr. Davis, telling him he was obeying orders from Gen. Miles, Mr. Davis handed it to him,

saying: "Tell the d—d a— that it was used to keep up the mosquito net on my bed." This tape is now preserved as one of the trophies of war.

Gen. Halleck permitted Mr. Davis to keep a little pet dog in the cell with him, and one day while Mrs. Davis was with her husband the little dog was out in front of the cell when Gen. Miles was passing, and he kicked it brutally.

Now where are the positive orders to Gen. Miles to put Mr. Davis in irons? He did it of his own volition, thinking it would meet the unanimous approval of the North. Moreover, he offered many other indignities to Mr. Davis beneath the proper dignity of a gentleman.



CHARLES HENRY NIEHAUS.

The face that looks into yours with such penetrating contemplation is that of Charles Henry Niehaus, the sculptor, and it is the artistic business of his calling that makes him look that way. For men and women point his theme and illuminate his point, inasmuch as they are the drama of his art and the actors of his inspiration.

Mr. Niehaus is an American who had the honor of capturing the first prize ever given to an American by a German academy. He has perhaps done more work for his government than any other sculptor. The Capitol at Washington has his Garfield, his Morton, his Allen, his Tompkins; the Congressional Library his Gibbons and his Moses, while the States of Ohio and Connecticut have each several of his statues of their famous men. Besides these, Washington has the imposing monument to Hahnemann, the commission for which Mr. Niehaus won over a hundred sculptors in an international competition. The well-known Astor doors of old Trinity, New York, are by him, and the immense pediment to the Appellate Courthouse in the same city. These are but few of his works that stand as perpetual monuments to his ability as well as to the subjects that he sought to perpetuate in them. His statues to President Davis and Gen. Lee, of whom he has made models, are among his best works.

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 recipe, 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, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ANNALS OF AN INVERTEBRATE.

Miss Laurette Nisbet Boykin wrote the wonderful book referred to herewith. "The Annals of an Invertebrate" is a small volume published since the death of the gifted author. It is in charming style, and is full of original and beautiful thoughts. The interest in the book is increased by the fact that it was written while she was imprisoned in the fatal sick room.

Hon. Clifford Anderson, Ex-Attorney-General of Georgia, wrote: "Lovely in person, and with a mind richly endowed



MISS LAURETTE BOYKIN.

by nature and well stored with the fruits of reading and study, her death was as if some bright star had suddenly become extinct. The little volume will serve to show what she was and what she might have been."

Rev. James I. Vance, D.D. who was at the time pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tenn., wrote of it as "a charming analysis, in rich English, of the phantasms of neurasthenia. The book is a marvel. It is a weird, exquisite poem in pure prose. Every sentence is a gem aglow with the soul of genius. The thought is as fresh as the breath of morning, the style vivid and picturesque, and the progress of the story so rapid and nervous that the mere reading of it stimulates the mind prodigiously. Every line of the book is as unique as its title; and the reader will be amazed that a girl

so young could be the author, and will grieve that she did not live longer to write more."

Mrs. H. M. Doak, of Nashville, Tenn., wrote: "Directly from the brilliant reception room we are taken by these 'Annals' into the quiet, darkened chamber of sickness, where, during months of stillness and pain, a mind of marvelous richness is turned in upon itself, and she who was so singularly reticent gives us the result of this introspection. . . . Even in chronicling pain she leads us away from the pain to the train of thought produced by it. She gives us the effect produced upon her by human tones; by trees; by flowers and vines, and we see that she creates for herself a thought-world as full of interest and entertainment as could be offered by the brilliant world from which she was shut off, in the night, when 'The Annals of an Invertebrate' began."

Hon. A. S. Colyar, who was a member of the Confederate States Congress: "Many of the thoughts in this casket of poetic gems are abnormal in their originality and beauty, and stand out from humanity's infirmities as if touched with light from the celestial clime. It is the sweet side of life. It is the departing spirit of a young girl of rarest gifts speaking back to the world she is leaving behind with a cheerfulness and a range of thought and a beauty of expression and a sentiment which will warm the heart and quicken the perceptions and surprise the intellect, as if coming from a land in which humanity is purified."

Judge W. C. Glenn, of Atlanta, Ga.: "In the truest sense the gifted authoress was a woman of genius and endowed with a subtle and penetrating intellect.

This book will be sent for three new subscribers to the VETERAN.

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Mrs. M. B. Morton, of 625 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., has varied experience as Purchasing Agent, and her small commissions are paid by the merchants, so that her services are absolutely free to purchasers.

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References are cordially given by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the Nashville daily press.

GENERAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, APRIL 24-30.

On account of the General Missionary Conference of the M. E. Church, South, at New Orleans, La., April 24 to 30, 1901, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to New Orleans, La., and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold April 22, 23, and 24, 1901, with final limit to return until May 2, 1901. For further information call on Southern Railway Ticket Agent.

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SOME ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

Among the artistic exhibits which will be seen at the Pan-American Exposition, which opens in May at Buffalo, there will be nothing in the line of landscape photography which can surpass the exhibit to be made by the Missouri Pacific Railway and the Iron Mountain Route. As is well known, these two lines pass through a very picturesque section of the country, as well as through the most prosperous agricultural districts. There are one hundred handsome photographs, magnificently framed, depicting striking bits of rugged landscape, either mountain or stream, or both, or reflecting the contentment and prosperity of the many excellent farms along the lines. The collection embraces almost every phase of outdoor photography, from the simple study of a peaceful meadow or wheat field through the more varied features of rushing mountain streams in the Ozark Uplift, hunting scenes in Arkansas, the shooters' and fishers' paradise, up to animated and instantaneous photography, which gives some idea of the stock and cattle farms, the mining and manufacturing industries, and the railroad service with which this country is blessed.

While, of course, the main value of a photograph lies in the merit, both artistic and technical, of the print, much of the finished beauty depends upon the matting, or mounting, and the framing, and we must say that we have never had the pleasure of looking upon a better arranged collection, or one in which the framing and the very unique but tasteful and striking matting produced a more harmonious effect or better suited the character of the photographs themselves.

There will be many a picture at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition, but few indeed that will approach the individual and collective merits of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain exhibits. These photographs are a part of the Postal Department's exhibit, showing scenery along the American postal routes.

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It Gives Life, Vigor, and Strength to the Blood.

CURES ALL BLOOD HUMORS AFTER ALL ELSE FAILS.

Heals Eczema, Scrofula, Pimples, Boils, Bone Pains, Itching Skin.

Do These Symptoms Appear?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

These symptoms indicate spring humors in the blood, and to cure, take a few large bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.).

HOW YOU FEEL WHILE BEING CURED WITH B. B. B. Follow directions for taking B. B. B., and when you begin to mend (which you surely will under the curative virtues of B. B. B.) you will gain a pound a week, your mind and body will be renewed, your eyes will lose that transparent glare they have; food will not distress you; you will meet your friends with a cheerful, open countenance; your wife and children will not dread to see you coming home. Then tell all your friends what Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) has done for you.

BOTANIC BLOOD BALM (B. B. B.) acts powerfully upon the liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ cleanses the system of all blood taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the kidneys and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength.

If you have Boils, Pimples, Eczema, Itching Skin, Aching Bones, Back, or Joints, Scrofula, Blood Poison, Cancer, Ulcers, Eating Sores, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It will heal every sore or eruption, make the blood pure and rich, giving it strength and vigor and making the skin aglow with perfect health.

B. B. B. thoroughly tested for thirty years. Sold at most drug stores, or by express, prepaid, \$1 per large bottle. So sufferers may test B. B. B., a trial treatment sent free by writing: Blood Balm Co., 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and free medical advice given until cured. Costs nothing to try B. B. B., as medicine is sent prepaid. Botanic Blood Balm does not contain mineral poisons or mercury (as so many advertised remedies do), but is composed of Pure Botanic Ingredients. The proprietor of this paper knows that B. B. B. is an old Southern blood cure that has cured thousands of obstinate cases of Bad Blood. Over three thousand voluntary testimonials of cure by taking Botanic Blood Balm.

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The Confederate Handbook is a compilation of important events and other interesting matter relating to the great civil war. It is indorsed and recommended by Gens. Gordon, S. D. Lee, Cabell, Evans, Moorman, and many other distinguished Confederates. It is an invaluable aid and reference in the study of Confederate history, and should have a place in every library. The price of the book is twenty-five cents, supplied by the VETERAN.

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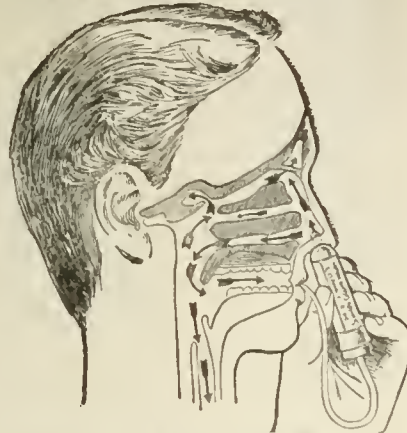
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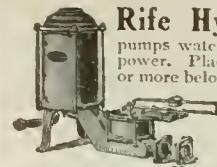
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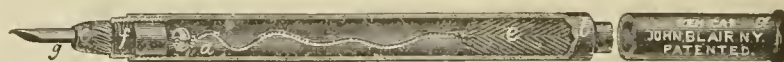
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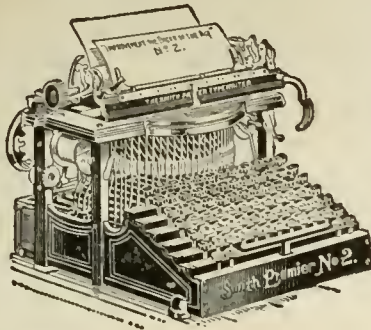
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WANTED:—A case of bad health that RIPPANS will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One given relief. Note the word RIPPANS on the package and accept no substitute. RIPPANS, 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

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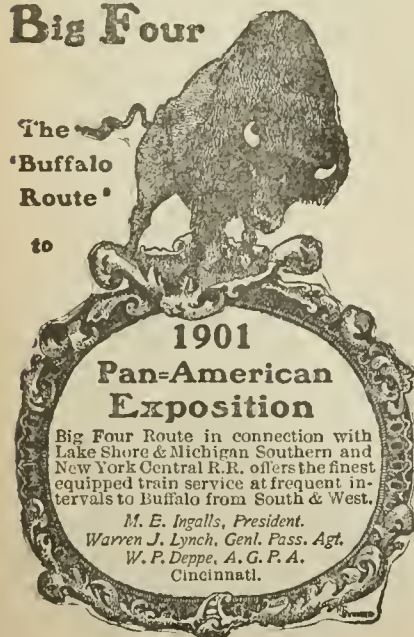
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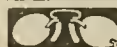
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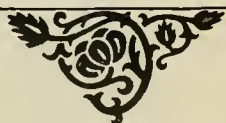
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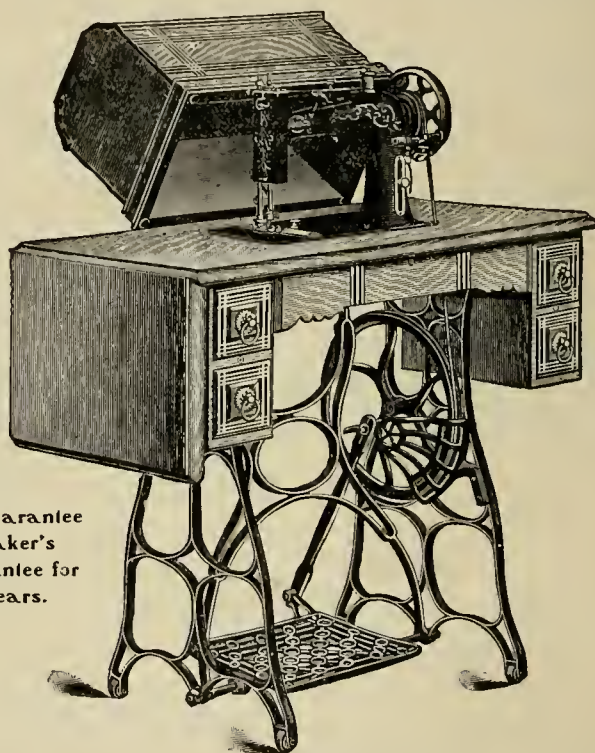
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From photo owned by Maj. E. C. Lewis.

WARTIME SCENE ON THE CUMBERLAND RIVER, 1862.—STEAMBOATS WITH FEDERAL SUPPLIES.

The above is a view from life—real active war life—of the wharf of Nashville, Tenn., December 18, 1862, showing a line of transports reaching from the foot of Broad Street to the lower end of the wharf. There are eight steamboats in all. The artist caught only the stern of the first boat, hence its name is not discernible. The second boat is the *Mercury*, then a famous Ohio river packet, the third is *Lizzie Martin*, the fourth the *Palestine*, also a famous and fancy Ohio river packet. The *Palestine* has a hole in her prow just above water line, which the ship carpenter is repairing as he stands in a yawl. It can't be that Tom Napier made this with one of his wooden guns with which he used to scare and capture the government transports. The fifth steamboat is the *Reveille*, the sixth the *Irene*, the seventh the *Belle Peoria*, of St. Louis, the eighth the *Rob Roy*.

Snow covers the ground, while the snow is covered with nine barrels of whisky supposed to be "Cincinnati rotgut," for the "government's own," with a lot

of sugar and molasses to mix with the whisky and acres of flour, coffee, and hardtack in boxes stenciled "Pilot Bread from U. S. Government Bakery, Evansville, Ind.," a brand quite familiar to many an old Confederate who depended on capturing his daily bread from the enemy rather than troubling the good Lord about so small a need.

At the corner of Front and Broad half a dozen men with army overcoats stand in the cold. Farther down, against the houses, is a group of staff officers mounted on gray horses. Nearer the river a few scattered men stand about, not a soul is in sight on the boats, except one man checking the manifest of the *Mercury*.

Across the river there is not a house in sight, while now for more than a mile along Bridge Avenue, Fatherland, and Woodland Streets there are blocks and blocks of buildings. This is now East Nashville.

Such scenes are familiar to Confederate prisoners.

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JANUARY.

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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* will be substituted.

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The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence. It is faithful to the great trust committed to it by the Southern people.

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

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTR. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1901.

No. 3. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

FORREST MONUMENT FUND.

A committee comprised of R. J. Black, Chairman; George Dashiell, J. M. Williams, A. H. D. Perkins, and Dr. A. L. Elcan, at Memphis, send an address to all Confederate soldiers, camps, bivouacs, and other interested associations and individuals:

The following resolution was adopted at a meeting of Camp No. 28, Confederate Historical Association of Memphis, Tenn., held in Forrest Memorial Hall, on Tuesday, February 12, 1901, concerning the equestrian monument to be erected in honor of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest in said city—viz.:

Resolved, that it is the sense of this meeting that immediate steps be taken toward the Forrest monument, in this city, so that the corner stone may be laid during the coming May reunion.

Thereupon a committee was appointed to assist in forwarding such movement by conferring with all associations and individuals who have this matter in view, and advising with them as to methods to be pursued from time to time until the aforesaid monument is completed and unveiled to the world.

We are ready to coöperate with all who may be interested, and do all in our power to bring this grand enterprise to a close.

Please determine as to what you can give or raise toward such, and notify this committee, the Ladies' Memorial Association, or the Forrest Monumental Association of Memphis, Tenn., as early as practicable. Money, stone, or marble will be acceptable.

OFFICIAL ORDER AND LETTER.

General Order No. 4, issued from Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 28, 1901, by the A. A. G., announces the staff of Maj. Gen. D. C. Kelley, Commanding. It names as surviving members of Lieut. Gen. Forrest's staff, with appropriate titles:

Charles W. Anderson, A. A. G., Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Dr. J. B. Cowan, Chief Surgeon, Tullahoma, Tenn.
John W. Morton, Chief of Artillery, Nashville, Tenn.
George Dashiell, Chief Paymaster, Memphis, Tenn.
Wm. M. Forrest, Aid-de-Camp, Memphis, Tenn.
Sam Donelson, Aid-de-Camp, Washington, D. C.
Appointments by the Major General Commanding:
G. L. Cowan, Chief Quartermaster, Franklin, Tenn.
D. C. Scales, Asst. Quartermaster, Nashville, Tenn.
W. A. Collier, Inspector General, Memphis, Tenn.
John C. Gooch, Chief Commissary, Jackson, Tenn.
Gilbert Anderson, Asst. Ch'f Com., Jackson, Tenn.
D. C. Jones, Chief of Ordnance, Memphis, Tenn.
E. S. Walton, Chief of Engineers, Sardis, Miss.
Dr. J. P. Hanner, Asst. Chief Surg., Franklin, Tenn.
T. B. Turley, J. A. Gen., Memphis, Tenn.
Wm. Richardson, Asst. J. A. Gen., Huntsville, Ala.
Hamilton Parkes, Nashville, H. J. Livingston, Brownsville, Geo. F. Hager, Nashville, J. F. Holt, Memphis, Aid-de-Camp.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, Historian, New York, N. Y.
R. H. Mahon, Chaplain, Memphis, Tenn.
The present organization of the Corps is as follows:
Maj. Gen. D. C. Kelley, Commanding Corps.
Maj. Gen. Tyree H. Bell, Com'd'g First Division.
First Brigade: Brig. Gen. Robert McCullough, Composed of Bell's old Tennessee Brigade and all other veterans not otherwise assigned.

Second Brigade: Brig. Gen. J. C. Blanton. Composed of all Mississippi veterans.

Maj. Gen. Edmund W. Rucker, Commanding, Second Division.

First Brigade: Gen. Baxter Smith. Composed of Middle Tennessee and Alabama veterans.

Second Brigade: Brig. Gen. G. A. C. Holt. Composed of Kentucky and all West Tennessee veterans, except Bell's old brigade.

The only change from the original organization is that the division numbers were reversed. No change is made in brigade assignments.

Circular Letter No. 1 is "to commanders and to every soldier who, at any time, served with Forrest."

1. By invitation of the city of Memphis and the special courtesy of our General Commanding the Association of United Confederate Veterans, the reunion of Forrest's Cavalry Corps for 1901 will be held at Memphis, Tenn., on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May.

2. In addition to the collection of historical incidents and the encouragement of good comradeship, our corps organization of Forrest veterans contemplates and purposes the erection of an equestrian statue to our great leader at the earliest date possible.

3. The circulars of the Forrest Monumental Committee of the Historical Society, and those also of the Women's Forrest Statue Association, having been extensively published, attention is called to Paragraph III. of Circular Letter No. 142, issued by Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General of the U. C. V., of March 16.

"III. Forrest's Cavalry Corps will attend the Memphis reunion in a body, and in order that due honor shall be paid to them and to the memory of their great leader, and as Memphis was his home, the General Commanding announces that Thursday, the 30th day of May, the third day of the reunion, which will be the day of the parade also, shall be designed as 'Forrest Day,' and on which day it is expected that the corner stone of this great 'Equestrian Monument' will also be laid."

4. It seems to be the unanimous desire of comrades that the corner stone of the Forrest Monument at Memphis be laid as proposed in the above paragraph; therefore, all soldiers of Gen. Forrest are directed and urged to be present in parade on "Forrest Day," Thursday, May 30th—mounted, if possible.

5. Blank forms of subscription are sent out, and it is earnestly urged that all commanders distribute them to staff and line officers; also that they extend to all Forrest veterans an opportunity to contribute to the erection of an enduring monument to the memory of our renowned commander.

6. A report of all subscriptions made or obtained by those to whom subscription blanks are sent should be made to these headquarters at Murfreesboro, Tenn., not later than the 25th day of May, or at headquarters thereafter to be established at Memphis, Tenn., until May 31, so that the same may be reported to the Forrest Monumental Committee, by Col. George Dashiell, Paymaster.

By order of Maj. Gen. D. C. Kelley; Charles W. Anderson, Assistant Adjutant General.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Biscoe Hindman, Commander in Chief United Sons of Confederate Veterans, writes from Louisville:

Please note as a matter of news that, under the able administration of Division Commander W. M. Kavanaugh, of Little Rock, the State of Arkansas is being rapidly organized. Already we have large and successful Camps at Pine Bluff, Arkadelphia, Helena, Little Rock, El Dorado, Evening Shade, and Fayetteville, and have large Camps in process of organization at Batesville, Camden, Mountain Home, Elmo, and Fort Smith. Gen. Kavanaugh is County and Probate Judge at Little Rock, and will be at the Memphis reunion with his entire staff.

THE SONS AT HELENA, ARK.—R. T. Pitchford, Adjutant of the W. E. Moore Camp, No. 135, Helena, Ark., United Sons of Confederate Veterans, writes:

On the 12th inst. our Camp held a meeting. Commandant John I. Moore tendered his resignation on account of his having been appointed on the staff of the commander in chief, and Comrade R. C. Burke was elected to succeed him. There were nine new members added to the roster. Miss Josephine Moore was elected sponsor for the Camp for the Memphis reunion, and she has appointed Miss Jennie Pillow and Miss Jessie Thompson as her maids of honor. Mrs. Jerome B. Pillow was appointed chaperon. A committee was also appointed to solicit funds to assist in building a monument to the heroic women of the Confederacy. These committees will report at our next meeting, at which time we will make an order for badges. We expect to have a membership of at least sixty.



MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES PARK COMMISSION SHILOH BATTLEFIELD AND OF FOURTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

W. M. Kavanaugh, Major General Commanding Arkansas Division of United Sons of Confederate Veterans, was born in Greene County, Ala., March 3, 1866. He is the son of Rev. H. H. and Mrs. Anna M. Kavanaugh. His father was a Methodist preacher.



W. M. KAVANAUGH.

and one of the chaplains of the Orphan Brigade. He was reared in Kentucky, and educated at the Kentucky Military Institute during the period that Biscoe Hindman, Commander in Chief of the Sons, was Professor of Mathematics. He moved to Arkansas on leaving school. The mercantile business gave him the first employment, and from that he drifted into journalism at Little Rock, and for ten years was connected with the *Arkansas Gazette*, and during the last seven years of his connection with the *Gazette* was the manager. He left the *Gazette* to become sheriff and collector of Pulaski County, the largest in the State, holding that office four years. He is now county and probate judge. In 1889 he was married to Miss Ida Floyd, at Clarksville, and five children—three boys and two girls—have blessed their union. Gen. Hindman appointed him Commander of the Arkansas Division of Sons of Veterans, and he and his Adjutant General, Robert G. Pillow, have been active in organizing the Sons of Veterans. They expect Arkansas to make the best showing of any State at the Memphis reunion.

Fontaine Broun, of Charleston, Kanawha County, W. Va., was appointed in June, 1900, Division Commander for West Virginia United Sons of Confederate Veterans by Biscoe Hindman, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V.

His father, Thomas L. Broun, as major in the Confederate army, was dangerously wounded May 9, 1864, in the battle of Cloyd's Mountain, near Dublin Depot, Va., but recovered. He still lives and is actively engaged at the law in Charleston, W. Va.

Fontaine Broun is of Scotch and French descent. There are many branches of the Broun family of the same Scotch descent in South Carolina, Alabama, and other parts of the South, and also many branches of the Fontaine family, descendants of the French Huguenots, in Virginia and other parts of the United States.

Fontaine Broun graduated with the degree of B.S. at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., of which his uncle, Dr. William LeRoy Broun, has been President for many years. Later he took the law course at the University of Virginia, and in April, 1892, was admitted to the bar in Charleston, W. Va.

When Fontaine Broun was appointed Division Commander for West Virginia, U. S. C. V., there were only two Camps in the State—to wit, Camp Beirne Chapman, at Union, L. E. Campbell, Commandant; Camp J. E. B. Stuart, at Marlinton, L. J. Marshall, Commandant. Since then five other Camps have been organized. They are: Camp Thomas L. Broun, at Charleston, W. D. Payne, Commandant; Camp Jenkins, at Huntington, O. J. Wilkinson, Commandant; Camp Henry Kyd Douglass, at Shepherdstown, W. H. Kearfoot, Commandant; Camp Stonewall Jackson, at Charlestown, C. E. Baylor, Commandant; Camp W. L. Jackson, at Parkersburg, W. G. Peterkin, Commandant. Several additional Camps are now being organized in other parts of the State.

The officers on his division staff are: John Baker White, of Charleston, Adjutant and Chief of Staff; Herbert Fitzpatrick, of Huntington, Inspector; C. G. Peyton, of Charleston, Quartermaster; Thomas R. Moore, of Charlestown, Commissary; W. G. Peterkin, of Parkersburg, Judge Advocate; Dr. Charles Truehart Taylor, of Huntington, Surgeon; Rev. Norman F. Marshall, of Bramwell, Chaplain.



FONTAINE BROUN,

Division Commander, U. S. C. V., for W. Va., Charleston, W. Va.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

Memphis is fast becoming conspicuous because of the U. C. V. reunion to be held there in May. Veterans are preparing to attend. Some who have been blessed in store and are officials in the great organization are preparing to make display to their credit and to the honor of the States they well represent, and in whose honor they feel worthy pride. There will be a much larger proportion of officials than held commissions in the sixties. Sons of Veterans will likewise make displays which will thrill the sponsors and their maids of honor with delight. A multitude will attend, many of whom were magnetic heroes in the strife, either in command of their comrades or who are proud now that they carried rifles and performed the arduous duties of private soldiers. These veterans will go more in search of comrades than all else. Then there will be Mothers and Daughters there, whose devotion and enthusiasm to these hero-patriots induce attendance at all such gatherings when it is practicable.

Our good friends in Memphis have contributed funds unstintedly until it is now understood that seventy-five thousand dollars is in sight with which to furnish the most lavish entertainment ever yet placed at the disposal of the Confederates, although they are making the mistake of inviting attendance outside of Confederate channels. Governors of States, Mayors of cities, and other officials, with their tinsel attaches, are being invited, so that it will be impossible to give that exclusive attention to Confederates which has been the rule at such conventions. The protests made against inviting President McKinley did not have the desired effect, and these other invitations can but detract from the purposes of Confederates who accepted the invitation to go there this year.

Worse than all else, however, is the attitude of the great brotherhood in some of its business affairs. Their official deeds carry great moral force in these respects, and it behooves and is the solemn duty of every member to watch closely and guard zealously these business interests, and to see that no official action is taken without a perfect understanding of all of its scope and purpose. Less than this would be a serious dereliction of duty. It is not lack of interest that these things are permitted, but of leadership. The situation in this respect seems not to be fully realized. The remedy must begin in the Camp at home if the dire calamities threatened are averted. It is important, very important, to consider carefully in the Camp

what measures should have consideration, and then to appoint delegates who will sacrifice the idea of frolic, so far as they are concerned, attend the business meetings, and persist in a determination to *know* what is being done before they approve it. Surely comrades will realize this year this *important* suggestion, and stand by their delegated duties, and be as watchful as they were on picket nearly forty years ago. They should keep eyes and ears open to every measure submitted in the convention. They cannot afford, for the honor of their dead, to be careless in these matters. The VETERAN has been faithful, and will continue so to the end. It appeals to the friends who are not of organized Confederates to confer with and impress upon them the importance of the diligence herein indicated. All should remember the faithfulness of the VETERAN, and that it depends absolutely upon its friends. Let business consideration be shown it, and reciprocity will as assuredly follow as that the Southern people are the truest of patriots.

The annual meeting of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy will be held in Memphis, Tenn., in connection with the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, May 28-30, 1901.

The Committee of Arrangements sends out the following invitation under date of March 1, 1901:

All surgeons, assistant surgeons, acting assistant surgeons, or contract physicians and hospital stewards, in the army and navy of the Confederate States, and all regular physicians who served honorably in any capacity in the Confederate States army and navy, and all regular physicians who are sons of Confederate veterans, are eligible to membership.

They are requested to contribute reports of important cases coming under their observation, and any reminiscences worthy of preservation connected with their service in the army or navy of the Confederacy.

Those desiring to become members of the Association, and expecting to attend that meeting, will please write to the Secretary at once for blanks, etc. G. B. Malone, M.D., Chairman, 281 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.; Dr. A. L. Elcan, Secretary, Southern Express Building, Memphis, Tenn.

The blank alluded to contains space for name in full; time and place of enlistment; rank at time of enlistment; rank at close of war; character of service, army or navy; when and where surrendered; present address; and remarks.

Dr. Roberts states that the doctors of Memphis will see that their end of the line is fully kept up; and he thinks that, with railroad rate of one cent per mile over all Southern roads, there will be a large attendance.

The venerable and beloved Mrs. Margaret A. E. McClure, of St. Louis, a princess in Confederate benefactions in Missouri, incloses a renewal of her subscription to the VETERAN, and writes: "On the 24th of March I was ninety years old. My friends called on me in force. I have so many loving friends, so much to be thankful for. May I be worthy of all this! is my prayer to my God."

HISTORIC PAINTINGS FOR RICHMOND.

Mrs. Anne P. (Leland) Rankin, formerly of Nashville, writes from her new home, Richmond, Va., inclosing an appeal from Mrs. Belle S. (Joseph) Bryan, in a circular, part of which is here copied:

There has been on exhibition in this city a series of thirty-one oil paintings, made at Charleston, S. C., between the dates of September 16, 1863, and March 16, 1864, by Mr. Conrad Wise Chapman, who left his studio, in Rome, to take part with us in our struggle. The paintings are of extraordinary interest, not only as works of art but because they represent vividly the actual daily life and appearance of the men, batteries, and boats, who successfully defended Charleston against every attack made on it from the water front.

These pictures would have great value for any museum as works of art; but for the South, for this museum, they are priceless. They were executed on the spot, often under heavy fire; and were painted under the strong impetus of personal enthusiasm, by the young artist who was detailed for the specific purpose. They are without parallel, and they prove the fact, often overlooked, that the Confederacy achieved remarkable results in military service and inventions.

A few descriptive points are mentioned. Picture No. 14 represents the submarine torpedo boat H. L. Hunley, the first submarine boat ever constructed. She sunk the Keokuk, and was herself lost, with all her crew.

No. 4 is the only picture of "The David," the first torpedo boat ever used in naval warfare, and is therefore forever famous.

No. 17 shows a night bombardment by calcium search lights, which have since become most powerful aids in waging war.

In each of the thirty-one pictures is represented some notable event of historic interest to us, which we cannot afford to let pass away.

In a public plea Mrs. Bryan states: "We look to you to help us in securing them; we cannot do it alone. The limit of our option is now rapidly drawing to a close, and we must make an extra effort to conclude this matter. We have gone too far to abandon it now. Send what you can, and without delay, for every little helps. If each State will raise \$50 toward this fund, we will soon have the privilege of placing them in a permanent form in the Confederate Memorial Museum."

The list of these paintings comprises, in addition to those mentioned above, Forts Sumter, Moultrie, and Johnson, Batteries Marion, Marshall, Beauregard, Bee, Rutledge, White Point, Union, Simpkins, Haskell, Wampler, Chevis, Quaker, Halston, and on Long Island etc.; also various views in and about Fort Sumter, including the evening or "sunset," and a general view of the city and bay of Charleston.

It is hardly worth while to add that any contribution sent to Mrs. Bryan will be sacredly applied as indicated.

J. D. McMullin, Robinson Springs, Ala., inquires of Col. L. T. Hardy, of Company E, Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry, Vaughan's Brigade, and also of any surviving members of the regiment.

SAM DAVIS CLUBS.

Veterans, Daughters, and Sons should Act—New Movement to Complete Monument to the Hero.

When the CONFEDERATE VETERAN inaugurated a movement to erect a monument to Sam Davis, the



CONTEMPLATED DESIGN FOR PART OF MONUMENT.

American hero, responses were magnetic in all parts of this great country, and more than two thousand dollars was sent in. Before the fund was completed the Spanish war opened, and public sentiment was diverted so that this worthy movement became dormant for a time.

Meanwhile the Legislature of Tennessee passed an act appropriating the choicest spot on capital hill in his own Tennessee, where it had only given place to two of its most distinguished men (Presidents of the United States), appointed a committee comprised of several of its best citizens, and authorized the erection of such memorial as the means contributed would justify. It should elicit the pride of all men.

This committee undertook the enterprise with patriotic devotion, and it has about decided upon a de-

sign, which will soon be submitted to the public. The fund so far raised is not sufficient, and it now appeals to all who are interested to coöperate for the speedy consummation of its plans. To insure active participation in the organization of Sam Davis Clubs in every community, the committee requests their formation where even two or three will determine to take an active interest for the completion of this great work. Let schools organize clubs. The membership of schools is admissible where teachers or students desire it. One in a family of children may be elected to a membership, the others putting in their mite, so that any family may be represented.

It is designed to publish memberships of these clubs with a history of the young man, whose high character has never been excelled, and a list of all members who contribute one dollar or more to the fund, and this history to be furnished free to all members of clubs and to subscribers where a club cannot be organized. All who have contributed are to be members of these clubs without additional pay, and they are urged to organize and get new members.

ELIGIBILITY TO MEMBERSHIP.

All persons who want to honor the name and glorious deed of Sam Davis may become members of these clubs, while all Veterans, Daughters, and Sons, of Confederate organizations, are urged to form clubs. Write to the Secretary for blanks.

In Tennessee there should be zeal on this subject secondary to nothing else, and Nashville should have a score of clubs ready for action whenever called upon. This movement is commended by the Monument Committee with confidence that action should be spontaneous.

Will subscribers to the fund report a club for the next issue of the VETERAN? Refer to E. C. Lewis, Chairman, S. A. Cunningham, Secretary, or any other member of the Sam Davis Monument Committee.

The committee is composed of Jos. W. Allen, J. M. Lea, J. W. Thomas, Sr., R. H. Dudley, G. H. Baskette, J. C. Kennedy, and J. W. Childress, besides the Chairman and the Secretary.

All persons who desire to be partakers in this honor should make it known as early as practicable, as that will determine the size and finish of the memorial.

STORY OF THE DEATH OF SAM DAVIS.

[Extracts from the Nashville (Tenn.) *American*.]

ADDRESS BY HON. TULLY BROWN AT NASHVILLE.

With the wonderful story of Sam Davis fresh in their minds, and full of reverence for his deathless memory, an audience at the Vendome entered cordially into the spirit of the entertainment of "An Evening of Songs and Stories of the South," given by Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, of Alabama, in aid of the Sam Davis Monument Fund. To hear and see Mrs. Gielow was to feel at once that no newspaper notice

can do justice to her talent as an impersonator and to her exquisite charm of manner.

The audience included a conservative element not often seen at places of public amusement. There were as many men as, if not more than, women, among whom were the leading literary and professional men of the city: the Governor, members of the Legislature, and members of the Supreme Court and their families. Many of the ladies were in semi-evening toilette, making the scene one of brilliance.

The stage decoration was appropriate and pleasing. Confederate flags were draped on the walls of a drawing room stage setting. A bust of the hero occupied a prominent place in the center, its pedestal draped with a Confederate flag.

Hon. Tully Brown made an address rich in eloquence and strong thought, part of which follows:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen:* The pleasing duty has been accorded to me to-night to introduce to you the distinguished lady who will entertain you with song and dialect of the old South, but I have been requested by the committee, before introducing her, to have some few words to say with reference to the object of this meeting, and to the young man whose short life and whose glorious death in a cause long gone by is the reason for erecting to him a monument upon the acropolis of the State.

"You doubtless have seen that the Legislature, by a resolution, has appropriated a spot upon the acropolis for a monument to this young man. And the questions might be asked: Why did the Legislature pass such a resolution? Who was Sam Davis? Did he lead listening Senates? Was he ever a governor of the State? Did he lead our legions to battle? What did he do, that the Legislature of this State should have given to him a place by the side of James K. Polk and Andrew Jackson, two Presidents of the United States; one who slept for many years in sight of the Capitol, but whose tomb was allowed to be placed upon the Capitol site; and Andrew Jackson, a man national in his fame, a man glorious, a man known to all the earth; and out of all the Tennessee people since the Capitol was built, only these two have been allowed resting places there—one in his grave and the other astride of his bronze horse? Then who was Sam Davis? That is what the committee has asked me to tell.

"It is a simple story of a short life and a death so glorious that it has no rival. [Applause.] His father and mother came to the State of Tennessee from Virginia, that State that has furnished so much of good and so much of greatness to the world. I take it, as they came from Virginia and from his simple English name, that he came of proud English blood. He lived the life of other Tennessee boys, and was at a military school here by Nashville in 1861, when the cloudburst of war startled the American people. Tennessean-like, the young man, scarcely nineteen, volunteered in the first regiment he could reach, which was the First Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A.

"I have asked a soldier comrade of that regiment, who was afterwards connected with his family, about him, for I felt certain that you would desire to hear of a man so famous, of a man capable of so heroic a deed, that any particular would be interesting. Sam Davis was nearly six feet high, and was as straight and

slender as a mountain pine. He had a shock of hair black as the raven's wing, and his face was bronzed, his eyes black and shining like diamonds. He was gentle and kindly as a girl. He loved his mother, and was gentle in his demeanor to his soldier comrades; while everybody who knew him was fond of him. He entered the army and served some time with the First Tennessee, and then was selected to compose a company of scouts on the dangerous duty of invading the enemy's line. That service went on until in November, 1863, when he was captured by the Federal soldiery near the town of Pulaski, Tenn. There were found upon his person maps of fortifications of Nashville and other places, statistics of the Federal army, their numbers in infantry, their artillery, cavalry, and all it takes to make up an army.

"Gen. Dodge, who was the commander of the Federal corps then at Pulaski, sent for him. He made known to the young man the grave and serious condition which he was in; that he would have to call a court-martial to try him for a spy. Gen. Dodge said to him: 'If you will give me the name of your informant; if you will tell me where these maps and figures came from, I will set you free.' Gen. Dodge evidently supposed that they came from around his headquarters, either from a staff officer or somebody in the confidence of a staff officer; he was very pressing in his desire to get this information. He says himself: 'I was struck with admiration at the integrity, the dignity, and the splendid courage of this young man, and I did my best to save his life.'

"The court-martial was called. Two charges were submitted. Charge first was that he was a spy. Charge second was that he was inside Federal lines carrying upon his person maps and communications detrimental to the government and to the armies of the United States. The specifications of both charges were set out.

"To the first charge and specification he pleaded not guilty. 'I am here in my Confederate uniform, without concealment. *I am not a spy.*' [Applause.] To the second charge he pleaded guilty. The court-martial, after a long investigation, found him guilty upon both charges and specifications. And when that was done he was confined in a separate cell, and the fact was made known to him that he had to die.

"On November 26, 1863, on Thursday night, this young fellow, in his lonely cell, wrote a letter most pathetic to his mother and father. He said: 'I am going to die on the gallows to-morrow. Do not grieve for me; it will do no good. Think of me; do not forget me. Tell the children to be good. I am not afraid to die.'

"Next morning there was sent to the jail a wagon to take him to the place of execution, under the orders of the court-martial. One of his comrades, who had been captured at the same time, but was confined with others as a prisoner in the courthouse of the little town, said they heard the drum roll, they saw the regimental march, and sitting in the wagon they saw their comrade and their friend. When he saw them he arose to his feet and howed. He was taken on, over to the eastern portion of the city, on a bluff side, and there, sitting on a bench, he awaited the action of the military authorities.

"Gen. Dodge, thinking that in the presence of the

scaffold, in the presence of immediate death, this young hero might have changed his mind, and that he might give him the information that he so much desired, sent Capt. Chickasaw, his chief scout, to him. He touched him on the shoulder with his hand, and said: 'It is not too late. Give me the information, and you will be escorted to the Confederate lines.' That scaffold, gentlemen and ladies, loomed up, and was a hideous specter in his front, but he turned and said: 'Captain, give my thanks to Gen. Dodge for the interest he has taken in me; but if I had a thousand lives, I would surrender them here and now before I would do a thing like that.' [Applause.]

"Look at the gracious and sweet demeanor—no bluffing, no bravado, no defiance, and no truculence—of that gallant young spirit on the verge of his grave! He was a gentleman. He had the gentleness in him to thank his enemies for the courtesies that they had done him. He asked Capt. Armstrong: 'How long have I to live?' He replied: 'Fifteen minutes.' Davis said: 'The boys will have to fight the balance of the battles without me.' Capt. Armstrong said: 'I hate to do this thing; I would rather die myself.'

"Standing around that scaffold were the stern phalanxes of the government under orders, with their guns in their hands. This young man was alone. He was twenty-one years and a few months of age. He had no counsel; he had no friend; he had no backer; that terrible thing was before him, and the resolution that he had was of his own making. He arose to his feet and looked around. What did he see, ladies and gentlemen? He looked upon the sun for the last time. Life is very, very sweet. It is particularly sweet when we are about to lose it. The sun that had kissed his cheek to a tan for twenty-one years was giving him her last kiss; the breeze that waved his raven hair was blowing on it for the last time; the hills of Pulaski were standing silent around him. Nearness to death must have quickened his faculties—and how he must have loved to live; how that heroic young spirit must have hated to die! Through his veins was running blood like quicksilver, singing to him the song of life. The earth was very beautiful; the sky was very blue. He could almost hear the dropping of the tears of his mother; he could hear her low moan and the groan of agony that came from his father. Perhaps there was another somewhere in Tennessee who was on her knees at that time—somebody must have loved that glorious young fellow. He could look over toward the South, and there he could see the hard-pressed flag of his country, and he could hear the shout of his comrades fighting for what they believed was just. O how he must have hated to leave them to fight that battle alone—this gallant, glorious, and devoted young soldier!

"Ladies and gentlemen, if I were to ask you to-night the question, 'What is the greatest passion in life?' you would answer, 'The passion to live.' Men cast away at sea, when starving, eat their comrades to live. London swarms with its hundreds of thousands who lead a life of immeasurable misery, but who do not want to die, though the Thames flows by and kindly invites them to jump in and end their misery. Men live in dungeons, away under the ground, in slime, and yet when they hear the tread of the turnkey in the corridor their souls quake for fear he may be

coming to say: 'You must die.' But this young man, who had everything to live for, whose very soul was full of life—this splendid young knight of the soul—said: 'If I had a thousand lives to give, I would give them all before I would do what you ask me to do.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, the story of Sam Davis will never die, and will never cease to be told. Listening senates will hear the grand story; the camp fires will repeat it in the armies of the government; the school-teachers in thousands of schools will recite the beautiful and pathetic story to the young boys and girls, who will listen with tender and wondering eye. Some Livy, like the Roman Livy, will put it in imperishable history. Yea, some Homer will yet be born in these Southern States—when the South again turns her attention to the things that are really great—will strike with fingers of genius the harp to the great demand, and will produce another Iliad, and in that grand epic the brightest pages will be the story of this young man's heroic death. [Applause.]

"Yea, he will never die, for he will be enshrined in earth's grandest pantheon, the human heart, and on its splendid walls his chaplet of laurel and immortelles will be higher than all the rest. Take all the heroes who bled for the South in the civil war; let them come from every field of battle; call up the spotless and the princely Lee, he that was made in God's own image if ever man was [applause]; call up Sydney Johnston from the bloody field of Shiloh, who, like one of Ossian's heroes, with his finger pointed to victory, and with the fierce South cheering on her sons, call him up; call Stonewall Jackson, the lightning bolt of the battlefield, that man who earnestly raised his hand to the God of battles on the day of battles; call up Joseph E. Johnston, the darling of the Tennessee army [applause]; call up the tall chieftain who sleeps by the banks of the Mississippi, Bedford Forrest [applause], listening to the song of a spirit kindred of his own; pass them in review; let the world look, as the world never looked before, at this splendid pageantry! Who is it that will attract every eye? What is it that will bring the tears and the look of pity to every face? Who is that riding by? Who is it, in his gray, ragged jacket that is riding by, with his whole neck and bosom wreathed with a chain of gold instead of a hangman's rope? It is Sam Davis, the most famous of them all, for he died for principle and that his friend might live. [Applause.]

"Yet Sam Davis will never die. His magnificent act connected him forever, linked him forever, with that greatest One, who, upon the outstretched cross on Calvary, discharged his great trust, and died for man. [Applause.]"

When the speaker finished there were few dry eyes in the audience. The gifted daughter of the South appeared with an escort. Mr. Brown greeted her, and, turning to the audience, said:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my great pleasure to introduce to you a lady who has made herself famous in many lands, delighting both the high and the low. She will give you to-night the songs and the stories of the golden days of the old South. Uncle Remus, the old black mammy, and the little boy will appear again. Those of us who are old enough to remember the dialect and the song of the old slave at the shucking pen or in the cotton patch will live again

in the songs that she sings and the stories that she tells. I introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Gielow, a Southern lady from our sister State of Alabama. [Applause.]"

TRIBUTE TO SAM DAVIS FROM JAPAN.

Rev. W. E. Towson writes from Osaka, Japan, January 22, 1901:

The author of the inclosed, Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D., of Kioto, Japan, for nearly thirty years an honored missionary in this land, was, in his youthful days, a soldier in the Union army, and reached the rank of colonel. The other day, while in my home, I called his attention to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a copy of which was lying on the table. On opening it I saw the story of Sam Davis, the details of which I began to give him. He was immediately moved to tears, and explained the reason of his outburst of feeling by saying that he was present in camp, at Pulaski, at the time of the execution, and that the flood tide of memories awakened by the recital had overcome him. He then gave me some facts, which he has kindly committed to writing, to be sent you.

DR. DAVIS'S LETTER.

KIOTO, JAPAN, January 19, 1900.

In response to your request for any facts which I may have in memory's keeping in regard to the execution of Samuel Davis, at Pulaski, Tenn., November 27, 1863, I send the following:

I was at the time a lieutenant in the Thirty-Second Illinois Infantry, a part of the division commanded by Brig. Gen. T. W. Sweeney, who was the first colonel our regiment had in the field, and under whose arrangements the execution was conducted. The gallows was erected on a high bluff overlooking the town, and in plain sight of many of the inhabitants. The gallows was left standing there until the next spring. It was probably erected there and left standing as an example to any others who should give information to the enemy.

There was another execution on this same gallows on April 28, 1864, the day before we started on our march through to Chattanooga. It was a most pathetic case. A soldier of our division, in a violent fit of anger, had shot his captain, nearly a year before, killing him. He had been tried by court-martial and sentenced to death, but the papers were delayed in the War Department at Washington so long that the man was released and went on duty. He reënlisted as a veteran with his regiment, and went home on furlough with the rest, and came back South. A few days before we left the papers came back from Washington approved, and he was hung on the same gallows on which Mr. Davis was executed.

In regard to the execution of Samuel Davis, or in regard to his unflinching bravery and fidelity, I can add nothing to what has been already stated. The simple facts are more eloquent than any words. I was glad that I escaped the necessity of witnessing this execution.

The writer is glad that he has lived to see all sectional bitterness gone, with the son of Gen. Lee and the son of Gen. Grant fighting shoulder to shoulder under the flag of the united nation.

STORY OF OUR GREAT WAR.

BY THE LATE MERCER OTEY, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

[Continued from the August number, 1900.]

I now look back and am amazed at the fidelity of our slaves during the trying times of those days, surrounded as they were by temptations and inducements to abandon us.

I told my boy Tom on several occasions that Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of January 1, 1863, pronounced him free, and at any time he was at liberty to go North, and I should put no obstacles in his way. I can never forget the expression on the face of this faithful and loved companion of my youth, as he candidly avowed his devotion to me, saying, "Why, Marse Willie, you don't suppose I'm going to leave you; didn't I promise old miss and old marster to always stay with you?" and he never did desert me through the whole war; but was always the warm-hearted, faithful creature under all circumstances. He was only a year younger than I, and we had grown up together with no distinction that his yellow skin could claim from my white; together we had been taught the prayers and catechism at my father's hearthstone, and morning and evening we daily worshiped in the family circle. If he or any other of the house servants were ill, they claimed as much care and comfort as my sisters. If I had a dollar, Tom could always claim half of it. After the war closed he and I drifted away with the great stream of struggling soldiers who were scattering here and there, seeking to earn their daily bread. Whether the honest fellow is now alive or not I do not know, but, God knows, he could always share my crust and cot.

Our removal of headquarters to Demopolis, Ala., was a matter of much congratulation, as the ease and comfort was well earned. The duties of reorganizing the department were routine, and relaxing from those previously undergone.

We had forced on us for occupancy the most palatial residence of that beautiful little town, and in the owner, Gen. Whitfield, and his charming daughter, everything that wealth and refinement could afford was extended us to add to our comfort.

In February, 1864, Gen. N. B. Forrest, commanding the cavalry of the Western Department, was busily occupied in his operations on Sherman's line of communication, stretching over an extended area from Nashville well down to Atlanta, Ga. Forrest's brilliant operations had received the well-merited promotion to the exalted rank of lieutenant general, commanding all the cavalry of the army west of the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

A requisition being made by Gen. Forrest on Gen. Polk for assignment to his staff of two officers to reorganize the adjutant generals' and inspector generals' departments, Gen. Polk detailed Lieut. Sam Donelson and myself for that duty, he for the inspector generals' assistant, while I was made A. A. A. general to his chief of staff, Major J. P. Strange. I had known of Gen. Forrest in Memphis before the war, and many of his staff were my personal friends. If my previous campaigning under Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" was trying, the one I was about to engage in with "Mr. Forrest's critter company" was the hardest service I had seen. What "Stonewall" was to

the infantry, Forrest was his counterpart with his cavalry. Both combined the talents of great commanders, and about as different, the one from the other, as can be imagined. The one a most devout and exemplary Christian soldier; the other fearless and profane in the extreme. It has been often stated, and no doubt it is true, that the only man in the world that Gen. Bedford Forrest feared was his brother Bill; and who Bill feared, nobody ever knew, and I do not think he himself knew. Yet he was as jovial and genial a fellow as I ever cantered with. Poor fellow! we have had many a scrub quarter-mile dash together, and chaffed each other over the merits and demerits of our respective Rosinantes. After the close of the war, Bill, I hear, drifted down into Texas, where he died "with his boots on," in some shooting scrape.

Gen. Forrest moved with the celerity of a cyclone, and his blows were dealt the enemy with such sledge-hammer force that the first generally so staggered him that he became "groggy," and could never recover. The same tactics were used by Stonewall Jackson.

Having reached Tupelo, Miss., and reported to Gen. Forrest, I set to work in my new duties, which gave little or no time for aught else.

A few days of "shoeing up" and provisioning, and away we clattered for West Tennessee and Kentucky. Ah! but those were glorious spring days, and we had as fine a lot of fellows under Gens. Abe Buford, William H. Jackson, and Tyree H. Bell as ever flashed a saber. Every man sat his steed as if he was part and parcel of the beast he strode, and it mattered little how mettlesome the nag, the rider was the master, and fit to fight mounted or dismounted. West Tennessee had been raided by Federal cavalry under Grierson, Hatch, and Hurst for many months, where they were always sure of finding good forage for man and beast. The latter had made himself extremely obnoxious by his indiscriminate plundering, and his command, the First Tennessee Cavalry, had been recruited from the very worst element among what was known as "Union men," living principally amidst the mountains and valleys of East Tennessee. He had been captured in the earlier part of the war, and tried for some outlawry. Being granted his parole by Gen. Polk, at Columbus, Ky., he had deliberately violated it, and his pathway was marked by deeds of greater devilry than ever before. It had been long the effort of our troops to capture this freebooter, but his spies and friends kept him so well advised that he always managed to elude us. He was as sly as a swamp fox. I shall refer a little later to a portion of his command that I happened to run into while traveling under a flag of truce.

Our first station appointed for a base of operations was the beautiful town of Jackson, Tenn., where Gen. Forrest was ever a welcome guest. The citizens were mostly of the refined and wealthy class, who, too old to take active service, had to remain at home, the prey of the roaming band of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, who levied heavy contributions on them for their known and avowed loyalty to the Southern cause. Our immediate headquarters were at the magnificent residence of Dr. Butler, whose hospitality was bountifully extended, aided as he was by a bevy of charming and highly cultured daughters. On the 24th of March we captured Union City, with a quantity of supplies, and what we could not utilize we destroyed.

Gen. Forrest was determined to get hold of Hurst if he could, and with that end in view instructed me to proceed to Memphis with sealed communications addressed to Gen. Buckland, commanding the Federal post there. While I was en route with my escort under flag of truce, he made a dash for and captured Paducah, Ky., on the 26th. This was a stunning blow to the enemy, and, becoming thoroughly alarmed, they at once commenced to provide against his crossing the river into Ohio. But Forrest had his eagle eye on the Fort Pillow garrison, and the 12th of April found him thundering at this stronghold on the Mississippi river, demanding its surrender. All day the battle raged, and being well fortified and admirably adapted by nature for defense, our cavalry, under that fiery little game cock, Gen. James R. Chalmers as advance, after stubborn resistance, drove the Federals into their last line of entrenchments. The majority of the enemy's force consisted of colored troops, and the fort was protected by a gunboat lying in the stream. After carrying everything before him, Gen. Forrest made a demand on the commander of the garrison for its surrender to save further bloodshed. The demand was granted, and the white flag was raised by the Federals. Fort Pillow is well up on the bluffs, overlooking the river, the banks leading thereto being quite precipitous.

As our forces unsuspectingly entered the works, they were met by a galling fire poured into them by the fleeing Federals, who were protecting themselves in the shelter afforded by the river bank, while the gunboat opened a brisk broadside on our troops. They were maddened by such perfidy. Many of the enemy were plainly visible trying to pack their boxes of ammunition to the river bank, hoping there to continue the fight. It so exasperated our men that they drove the enemy into the river, and shot them as they tried to gain the gunboat. This is the story of the famous "Massacre of Fort Pillow," as told me by Gen. Forrest after I had rejoined him at Jackson on my return from Memphis.

Journeying on my road to Memphis, bearing my flag of truce, while the above was taking place, I rode into a squadron of Federal cavalry that had been out on a foraging expedition. The men were in high spirits, for they had made a successful expedition, as the amount of various plunder packed by them testified. Wagons of feed, live cattle, poultry, and everything imaginable, useful or ornamental, or otherwise, so that they despoiled the defenseless people. After riding rapidly through the motley crowd, I finally reached the head of the column, when, saluting the commanding officer, I inquired: "What command is this?" He replied, returning my salutation, "The First Tennessee Cavalry, Lieut. Col. W. J. Smith commanding." Whew! Well, this was a nest of hornets I had gotten into, sure enough. The First Tennessee Cavalry, the colonel of which was Fielding Hurst, "the outlaw," and for whose body, dead or alive, I was then bearing a demand. Fortunately my flag protected me, but if my mission had been suspected, I don't think it would. A few miles companionship was quite sufficient, and I was glad when my road separated me from these ruffians.

Time, the great assuager of grief, also heals the bitterness of battle, and is as forcibly illustrated in the

case of Col. W. J. Smith, who settled in Memphis at the close of hostilities. It is great occasions of disaster that bring into play the hidden characteristics of the man.

I quote from the record of the Howard Association during the terrible yellow fever epidemic that desolated that city in the summer of 1878: "When the Mayor of Grenada, Miss., sent an appeal to the Howards of Memphis for nurses, Gen. W. J. Smith and Col. Butler P. Anderson and other Howards found it a difficult matter to find them at once. Several hours were spent in the effort, and, finally, ten were assembled at the depot to take the special train. They were inexperienced nurses, the most of them, and without a head would have been useless. The question arose as to who should go with them. One after another had reasons for saying: 'I pray thee have me excused.' Gen. Smith, as the First Vice President of the Howard Association, said he would go. No one else volunteered. It was a critical moment. At the last minute Col. Anderson stepped on the train and said: 'I will go myself.' After making the decision, he had only time to send a verbal message to his family. He and Gen. Smith found the city in the wildest confusion and fright. They went to work, forgetting themselves, bent only on relieving the sick and dying. They often worked from early morning until long after midnight. The Mayor fell the day after their arrival, and soon died. The six physicians of the place who remained all died. The mortality was appalling. They could not leave. The highest sense of duty and humanity impelled them to remain as they did, until one fell at his post and the other was brought away with the fever throbbing in every vein.

"And incidentally here we will say, that all the terrible trials and emergencies of the yellow fever period of 1878 did not develop a nobler, braver, and more unselfish man than Gen. W. J. Smith.

"Of English birth and ideas, entertaining political opinions at variance with those of most Southern people, he had been the object of dislike and coolness.

But when the occasion was presented, he went to the relief of those who, in a sense, might have been considered his enemies at the risk of his life. From this circumstance we may learn a lesson of forbearance and wisdom that should never be forgotten." The foregoing is from J. M. Keating's history of "Yellow Fever Epidemic of 1878."

Arriving at the picket post on the State line road, about three miles from the city limits, I was halted about 9 A.M., and my communication forwarded to post headquarters.

I was very anxious to get into the city to visit my two sisters, whom I had not seen for a year or more, they being unable to leave our home since my father's death. My request was denied, but my sisters were permitted to come to the picket station and meet me under escort of an officer. While grateful for this privilege I could not but complain of the rigid rule that could not permit me to visit them at our own fireside, especially as I had once a few months before been granted the permit by Gen. Hurlburt on the occasion of my father's death, but, when nearly about to gain admittance, I was suddenly and summarily ordered back. I never knew the reason of this change of heart, unless it was the grudge Hurlburt bore Forrest for his

audacity in carrying his operations so far as to invade the bedchamber of that general in the Gayoso Hotel in Memphis, and capturing his uniform while Hurlburt made his escape in his night shirt, aided by the darkness and the hilarity of our troopers. Maj. Gen. Washburn was commanding the department prior to Gen. Hurlburt, and when the former heard of the latter's mishap, he gleefully railed at the War Department for relieving him from his command because he couldn't keep Forrest out of his department, and he had been succeeded by Hurlburt, who couldn't keep him out of his bedroom. He properly thought it a good joke, and so would every one else.

After waiting five or six hours in the rain for my reply, an officer finally returned from headquarters, stating that Gen. Buckland would reply by due course, after communicating with the War Department.

Bidding my sisters good-by, I retraced my steps to Jackson, where I knew Forrest was waiting. I had ridden some twenty miles when I was overtaken by a cavalcade of finely mourned Federals, bearing a flag of truce. As they rode up, I was informed that they were bearing a communication to Gen. Forrest from Gen. Buckland, and the ranking officer introduced himself as Maj. Dustin, assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Buckland. He proved a very companionable gentleman, and for some miles we enjoyed each other's society, chatting over our varied experience. He was, if I remember, a member of the New York Fire Department before entering the army. He knew all the young ladies in Jackson, whither we were traveling, having been stationed there quite a while during the occupancy of the country before Gen. Forrest had made it too hot to hold them, when they sought safety in Memphis. The major had provided himself with an ambulance well filled with good cigars, champagne, and other delicacies, in anticipation of spending a day or so in Jackson, visiting and entertaining mutual friends. In fact so sure was he of being permitted to enter the town that he confided to me his plans for an evening's German at the public hall, and numerous other social events. My own experience of the refusal in not being permitted to visit my own home was too vivid, and the barb still rankled, to admit of any such courtesy being extended my adversary, and I was well convinced, in my own mind, the sole object of the flag of truce was a pretext to enable them to learn of Forrest's strength and movements. So I determined to block the little game, if possible. Within twelve or fifteen miles of Jackson, I whispered my instructions to the lieutenant of my troop to make haste slowly, and, leaving him in command, I bade adieu to the genial major, and took a short cut through Forked Deer Creek bottom, put my horse to his speed, and gained our headquarters in ample time to communicate to Gen. Forrest the news of the approaching flag, and of my ideas of its mission, as well as the anticipated pleasure of the Major in his social functions. The General immediately instructed that the cavalcade should be halted at our outposts, where, after a decorous delay, several of our staff visited the Major and enjoyed with much gusto the good things with which he had intended to regale his friends in Jackson. As anticipated, the communication he bore was of a frivolous nature, and the whole scheme was one concocted for espionage, but which failed signally.

For several weeks we rested our stock and recruited our ranks, and caused the enemy to keep themselves well within their garrison at Memphis. Orders were finally given to move South and rendezvous at Tupelo, Miss. On our arrival at Bolivar we had quite a running fight with Col. Hatch, who undertook to intercept our line of march. It was here that the General's chief of staff, Maj. J. P. Strange, caught a ball in his arm, which, though painful, disabled him for but a short time. Brushing Hatch from our pathway as a pesky fly, we continued our journey without further trouble to Tupelo, where the whole command was soon assembled.

It was enjoyable to be able once more to sit unmolested by sight or sound of conflict, and, gathered around the great cavalry commander, join with him in a laugh at the many schemes and snares he had set to bamboozle the Federals. Forrest was very affable, and placed himself on an equal footing with each and every one of his command. Entirely free from reserve, he was as full of fun as a kitten, and as amiable likewise, always ready for a frolic and a scrub race, or poking fun at some member of his staff. One especially came in for quite a share of the General's jibes, Capt. Paul Anderson, his chief of scouts. Paul was an old Texas ranger, and affected all the vagaries of the cowboy costume, mingled with that of the Mexican greaser, as shown in the white sombrero, leather-fringed breeches, and jangling spurs. His voice had a peculiar nasal twang, and his slowness of speech caused him great difficulty in spinning his yarns.

The General had an escort of some twenty or thirty, commanded by Capt. Jackson, but their escort duty consisted in fighting, the same as the troops of the line. Forrest never ordered his men to go anywhere that he did not accompany them, generally as a leader. He enjoyed fighting more than any man I ever met in the service; he seemed to glory in it as a pastime, and frequently would, during battle, forget that as a commander he was not expected to participate personally, but, singling out some foeman worthy of his steel, go for him full tilt with drawn saber, and, swinging it in a terrific circle, cut his man down as he would a cornstalk. His eyes fairly blazed with a fiend incarnate. The contrast to Forrest in battle and in repose was the most remarkable I ever saw, and one could hardly imagine that he could possess so much docility combined with so much ferocity. Much of the latter was undoubtedly traceable to the loss in battle of a favorite brother, Col. Jesse A. Forrest, who fell at Okolona, Miss., a few months before. Jesse Forrest, early in 1861, helped to organize a cavalry command, and soon rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel of the Sixteenth Tennessee Cavalry. Another brother, Jeffrey E. Forrest, who kept a livery stable in Memphis before the war, was major of the Eightieth Tennessee Cavalry, of which George G. Dibrell, as colonel, was afterwards promoted to brigadier general of cavalry. Then there was Bill Forrest, a captain of cavalry, to whom reference has previously been made. Another brother, John Forrest, was a noncombatant, owing to his being a cripple and a great sufferer from rheumatism, so much so that he could with great difficulty get around unless by aid of crutch or stick. This affliction, however, did not shield him from the persecution of

the enemy, who, having him a prisoner in Memphis, desired to extort information from him, and, to accomplish it, had him conveyed on one of their gunboats, and in a wooden box turned the steam on him from the boilers of the boat in a vain endeavor to wring information from him. I saw John Forrest in the town of Grenada, Miss., a few months after the above occurrence, the particulars of which he gave me. The General had one or more half-brothers by the name of Luxton, one of whom, Mat, figured in one or two bloody feuds, the particulars of which I did not charge my memory with at the time. Gen. Forrest had only one child, William M. Forrest, who was a lieutenant and aid-de-camp to his father. He partook essentially of his father's characteristics, being mild-tempered and gentle almost to effeminacy, but when aroused his temper blazed through those cold gray eyes that betokened unmistakably the danger behind them.

The General greatly enjoyed telling the ruse he practiced on the occasion of the capture of Col. Streight, near Rome, Ga., in April, 1863.

For daring and audacity, it is one of the most remarkable of any during the war. Streight largely outnumbered Forrest (who had only one or two parts of regiments), and was favorably posted on a commanding eminence, which would have resisted any of our assaults. A road at the base of this hill debouched from the thickly timbered country around and gave the enemy a clear and unobstructed view of our troops for fully a quarter of a mile, before again it was lost on the density of the forest. After passing this open point, the road again doubled on itself and paralleled it for fully another quarter of mile, fully hidden, however, from the Federals. By a short cut through or across this horseshoelike opening, Gen. Forrest, for an hour or more, kept his little band revolving in a circle, and Streight saw, from his perch on the hill, regiment after regiment, battery after battery, and wagon after wagon, pass before his astonished gaze.

After Forrest had thus magnified his little force into a division of solid phalanx, he halted the command, and, forming them into line of battle, preparatory to a charge, sent forward his aid-de-camp, Capt. Anderson, and demanded the unconditional surrender of Streight and his forces, stating that he had him completely surrounded, and if his demands were not complied with, he could not be responsible for the consequences. The Federal commander, satisfied in his own mind that he was outnumbered ten to one, gracefully surrendered his whole command of seventeen hundred men without firing a gun. His subsequent mortification and rage knew no bounds when he discovered how he had been hoodwinked by the astute Forrest.

About the 1st of June we received instructions to concentrate our command at or near Florence or Tusculumbia, Ala., on the Tennessee river, which being crossed by long-established fords, we were then to push on rapidly to cut the line of communication leading from Nashville, over the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, the only route over which Sherman could draw his supplies for the army he had at Allatoona, Ga. Could we succeed in this, his "march to the sea" would have been impossible. War is better exemplified by a game of chess than anything else. When your combination has been carefully completed, and you think you are about to make a scoop by a

lucky checkmate, suddenly pops up a knight to upset all your calculations, and your well-matured schemes fall to the ground.

We left Tupelo in high spirits, glad to get back into Middle Tennessee, where most of the command were at home amidst wives and sweethearts. The rain was coming down in torrents, the streams we had to cross were running bank full, the corduroy roads in many of the bottoms had floated out, and wagons and artillery were floundering through as best they could. Poor old Abe Buford, commanding a brigade, was swearing his best at the muddy roads and the roaring creeks, contrasting the former, doubtless, to the macadamized and level ones of his native state, Kentucky. As I passed him I saluted him, and wished him good luck in getting his headquarters wagon out of four feet of a mud hole, which he was superintending at the time. We enjoyed a visit when Gen. Buford dropped in at our headquarters, for he was a genial, jovial companion, full of war reminiscences, and generally his chief commissary kept a supply of good Nelson County Bourbon, which he always set before us when we returned the General's visit.

Buford presented a queer appearance, either mounted or afoot. He weighed something over three hundred pounds, of powerful frame, a round, ruddy face, covered with a short, stubby, red beard, dressed in brown butternut Kentucky jeans, his pants invariably stuck in his boots, he was the most perfect picture of the Jack of Clubs, as displayed on the packs of cards made those times, before they commenced to adorn and embellish them in the present day. With all his weight he was the most graceful dancer I ever saw swing a lady on the light and fantastic. The last time I saw the General was just after the war, in Memphis, where he had brought some of his blooded stock from the blue grass region, such as Enquirer, Exchequer, Crossland, and others now forgotten.

Gen. Forrest and I greeted him at the course, after winning a fat purse, and congratulated him on his good luck. He smiled grimly and said he had been quite fortunate in his circuit, and intended getting back more of the money of which he had been robbed during the war. But the very next day a sad accident overtook him. His favorite horse, Crossland, named after a colonel of that name, who commanded one of his regiments, was entered for a four-mile heat. Crossland had won two out of five heats, and was leading the bunch on the last stretch of the winning heat, when I saw Buford throw up his hands and cry out in agony of tone: "My God! Crossland has broke his leg." Sure enough he had, and he was at once shot on the track. But the saddest ending of all was the fate of Gen. Buford himself, when, only a few years ago, his mind became unsettled, it is thought through religious mania, and it eventuated in his driving a ball through his brain. How strange sometimes do we make out exit! Here was a man who, for four years, braved battle on many a hotly contested field, and when life's closing days should have been peace, joy, and comfort, the massive brain reeled, and reason forever fled.

The story of Comrade Otey will be concluded with one or two more installments. It may be remembered that he died within a month of the time that the manuscript was sent to the VETERAN.

THE TERM "NATION."

At the November meeting of the U. D. C., held at Montgomery, Miss., Adelia A. Dunovant touched a responsive chord in the hearts of her hearers when she spoke at length on the incorrectness of the term "nation," as applied to the United States. Since the meeting there has been a general desire to know more of this woman who could speak so vigorously and intelligently on so vital a point in constitutional affairs. Miss Dunovant said in part:

We are not a nation. The United States have never been a nation, either in the past or in the present. The sovereignty of the States is still sustained by the constitution of the United States and the States, and by the laws of the country—both Federal and State.

An indubitable proof of this lies in the fact that Jefferson Davis was not brought to trial. The people of the North did not venture to submit his case to the Supreme Court of the United States, because they knew that by those laws they, his accusers, would stand forth to the world rebels, traitors, violators of the constitution of their country, desecrators of its flag. [Loud applause.]

A clear understanding of the nature of the government of the United States can be obtained only by going back to the formative period. That period furnishes, among its many unquestionable proofs, that this government is not a "nation," an evidence which can be presented with sufficient conciseness to admit the presentation in this brief discussion.

When the Constitution of the United States was submitted to the convention composed of delegates from various States, the term "nation" appeared in one of the clauses submitted. A delegate from Connecticut moved that the term "nation" be stricken out. This motion was carried by a large majority. See how jealously our forefathers guarded against even the sug-

gestion of centralization! Think of how, by the elimination of that objectionable term "nation," they proclaimed that this government is a federative system of free, sovereign, and independent States—not a nation.

A nation is one political society. The United States are several political societies—as many as there are States—united in a general or federal government; those several societies or States delegating certain powers to their agent, the general government, but retaining their sovereignty—a sovereignty proceeding from sovereign man.

This (the sovereignty of the States) is the foundation stone upon which rests our Federal government. The Union is but the creature or common agent of the States—the States having created the Union. The North so formerly viewed it, as I have proved.

This is not a sectional question, or the dogma or theory of a political party. It is declared in and established by the Constitution of the United States, and by the various State constitutions. It is sustained by our laws, both Federal and State.

If we fail to recognize it, we are throwing down the South's great bulwark of defense; we are destroying the very basis upon which our association of United Daughters of the Confederacy stands. We cease to present to the world the moral grandeur of an organization of women, banded together to be the vindicators of earth's noblest heroes, the men of the Confederacy; we cease to be the conservors of constitutional liberty.

I know that no Daughter of the Confederacy would consciously throw away the birthright. But, in applying the term "nation" to the United States, we endanger our correct conception of the nature of the defense of the men whom we represent; we deter our association from the attainment of its object—the vindication of the men of the Confederacy who fought and died in defense of the constitutional right of State sovereignty. [Applause.]

PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER.

The many friends of Mrs. James M. Halsey will be distressed to hear of her illness at her home in Germantown, Philadelphia. She has been the President of this Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy since its organization. Owing to her health being delicate this winter, she desired some one else to fill the office. But her Chapter refused to have any one else in her place. As the daughter of Gen. Dabney H. Maury, Mrs. Halsey possesses the culture of her father, and must have had even more than his bravery to attempt to start a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy in Philadelphia. Owing to her gentle, refined manners, she has won her way into the hearts of many Philadelphia people, and has, by her tact and good sense, made her Chapter one of the recognized patriotic societies in Philadelphia. She has done much to pull down sectional prejudice and add to the kindly feeling growing up between the North and the South.

Will you kindly give space to this communication without my name. Mrs. Halsey has been such a brave little woman, and has done so much to make the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy honored in Philadelphia, that I think she deserves this at our hands.



MISS ADELIA A. DUNOVANT,

Historian Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The annual meeting of the Kansas City Chapter was held February 11, with a large attendance. Mrs. Joe O. Shelby, widow of Gen. Shelby, was the guest of the occasion, and was made honorary member. Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee was also made an honorary member.

Mrs. B. L. Woodson presented the Chapter with an official seal on which is inscribed the motto of the Chapter: "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget." A committee was appointed to select a design for the monument we wish to erect in memory of those who fell in the battle of Westport. Gen. Shelby is buried in the same cemetery. About \$2,000 has been raised, but we wish to raise \$5,000. The interest is lively in the Chapter now, and the Entertainment Committee has gone to work vigorously to find some attractive entertainment by which money can be raised. A gentleman who is about to start on a lecturing tour in Missouri has promised a part of the proceeds of his lecture to our monument.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. John M. Philips; Vice Presidents, Mrs. S. A. Morgan, Mrs. George Mosely; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. S. Miller; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. R. Malott; Treasurer, Mrs. T. A. Gill; Historian, Mrs. B. L. Woodson.

The membership committee reported eight new members. The historian proposes to collect interesting items and incidents of the war, and, in time, have them bound.

MONUMENT TO LIZZIE RUTHERFORD ELLIS.—The *Atlanta Constitution*, Feb. 17, 1901, contains the following: "The ladies of the Memorial Association at Columbus, Ga., have inaugurated a movement to erect a monument in the cemetery to the memory of Lizzie Rutherford Ellis, that true-hearted Southern woman who was first to propose memorial day. The Memorial Association proposes to secure necessary funds by popular subscription and by the sale of little books containing the history of the origin of memorial day, which, for all time, settles the question and gives the honor where it is due, to Lizzie Rutherford Ellis. The committee has been out only two days, and a large amount of the money has already been subscribed."

CONCERNING MANACLES FOR MR. DAVIS.

F. S. Ferguson, ex-Major General Alabama Division, U. C. V. Birmingham:

The article of my friend, Col. John P. Hickman, on the ironing of Mr. Davis is timely; but as to the cause of the removal of the shackles he is in error.

Dr. Cravens, the chief surgeon of Fortress Monroe at the time, was called to see Mr. Davis, who was suffering from neuralgia and nervous prostration. When he reached the casemate and examined his illustrious patient, he discovered that the irons (anklets) still fettered his limbs. Promptly he reported to Gen. Miles "that the removal of the fetters was a medical necessity." The removal quickly followed.

See the "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. Cravens.

Shortly before the death of Charles A. Dana, he published a magazine article, giving all the orders issued, and showing conclusively that the fettering of Mr. Davis was left to the discretion of Gen. Nelson

A. Miles. He has never denied it. Mrs. Davis, in her book, relates that Gen. Miles acknowledged as much to her, and also that Gen. Miles, when talking to her, always spoke of her unfortunate husband as "Jeff."

But enough of this sad episode in the history of our country. It is strange indeed that many Southern people and newspapers will and do take sides with Miles in a supposed controversy between him and President McKinley. The latter, in a long public life, has never spoken unkindly of the Southern people, or done them a wrong. On the contrary he has had the rare courage to proclaim that it is now the duty of the United States to take care of the graves of the Confederate dead.

I believe that there were very few officers in the United States army who would have manacled Mr. Davis under the circumstances as we now know them.

EXPERIENCES ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

A. W. Sidebottom, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:

If it be asked why I, once a prisoner on Johnson's Island, am so late in entering my denial of the truth of statements contained in the unsigned article that appeared in the *VETERAN* of last July, entitled "Officers Prisoners on Johnson's Island," I answer, Absence from home the latter part of the year.

I note in the October number letters from Comrades George, of Floyd, Tex., and Patterson, of Savannah, Tenn., and in the December number from Comrade Grabill, of Woodstock, Va.

These three letters cover a period of some thirty-five months, and contain the experiences of three prisoners confined there from about the 1st of April, 1862 to the 1st of February, 1865, each one giving, no doubt, a fair representation of prison life as he saw and experienced it.

I landed on Johnson's Island the 29th of July, 1864, and remained there until the 27th of June, 1865, and



MISS BELLE SULLIVAN,
Daughter of United States Senator Sullivan, of Mississippi.

can vouch for the correctness of the statements of my comrades, beginning with my arrival there.

I am not advised as to the particular date those "comfortable houses" were opened for the reception of the Confederates, but certainly the writer of the unsigned article (if he was a prisoner) was not confined there after the 1st of April, 1862, if prior to that time. If he was at the "grand opening," or a guest on the inside soon thereafter, he might have been dressed in "purple and fine linen," and made to fare "sumptuously every day;" otherwise his statements are so at variance with the facts, as could be proven by every Confederate now living, who was confined there, that we are forced to accept the only conclusion—viz., he either knew nothing of what he wrote, or he had some yet unexplained purpose in doing so.

There is certainly no pleasure in recalling the miseries we endured there, and I don't suppose a line would have ever been written in reference to the matter but for the appearance of the article in question.

Like Comrade Patterson, "I think nothing is to be gained by recalling the wrongs to prisoners on either side; but if we do speak of them, let us have the truth." At this late date I am not disposed to do any one the least injustice, without a proper hearing. Telling the truth never does that, therefore I would suggest that your July correspondent, over his signature, tell us who he is, what command he belonged to, at what time he was a prisoner on Johnson's Island, and how long he was confined there.

The finer feelings of the people, both North and South, were not so blunted in 1861-62 as they were later on; prisoners were, no doubt, better treated, and some Confederates might have met with unexpected kind treatment by the North, and your correspondent have been one of that number. Who knows but himself, unless we can hear from him again through the VETERAN?

As to what we were given per day to eat, and how

much of it, it is immaterial now, but I could have eaten at one time all I drew for two days. I have seen men eat at one sitting all they drew for three days, and take the chances on finding bones, catching rats, etc., to tide over until rations were issued again.

Most of us used tobacco in some shape, but were not allowed to buy it, but thanks to a "blue coat," he slipped me in half a plug or so at a time in exchange for finger rings, and a few of us enjoyed that luxury as long as it lasted. Not a penny's worth of anything was sold at the sutler's shop as long as I was there, nor were we allowed to receive anything to eat from outside, from home, friends, or any one else.

Early in 1865, in answer to complaints from the inside as to what we were given to eat, and the small quantity of it, from a stairway inside the prison overlooking quite a crowd of us, Col. Hill, commander of the post, said he knew our complaints were just, that we were not being given enough to eat, but he was powerless to do more than he was then doing. I believed then he spoke the truth, and believe so yet. I believed then he was a good man, and believe so yet.

There is an abundance of unquestionable evidence in existence to-day to enable us to point with a marked degree of certainty to those who were responsible for the suffering in both Northern and Southern prisons.

United States War Department Reports in 1866 show that about nine per cent of the Federals in Southern prisons died, whereas of the Confederates in Northern prisons something over twelve per cent died. This ought to be a valuable pointer in determining who cared for prisoners best.

ABOUT ECTOR'S AND McNAIR'S BRIGADES.

J. G. McCown, of Ector's Brigade, writes:

Ector's Brigade from Texas and McNair's from Arkansas were in the Army of Tennessee, and fought side by side in many battles. If either brigade was ever whipped, I don't recollect it. Both brigades had every confidence in each other, and a very strong attachment grew up between them. Ector's Brigade was nicknamed Chubs; McNair's was Joshies. I well recollect that our brigade (Ector's) was camped at Morton, Miss., and McNair's at Meridian, in 1863. I got a short furlough, and went up to Aberdeen, Miss., to see my grandmother. On my return I got into Meridian in the night, and found on the track a car loaded with flour, two hundred pounds in a sack. On inquiry I found that two Joshies were guarding it. I introduced myself as a Chub. I stole one of the sacks and got it on the next train, and went on to Morton, my camp. Every man in these brigades remembers the time down on Big Black, in Mississippi, when Gen. Walker separated Ector's and McNair's Brigades. At that time he had a poor opinion of us. He said we had no discipline, and ought to be discharged. Both Ector and McNair resented his remarks, and called on him about it. After the two days' fight at Chickamauga, Gen. Walker apologized for what he said, and complimented both brigades very highly. Gen. Ector is buried in this city. Gen. McNair, I learn, is yet alive, and lives in Mississippi. Only a short time, and all of those who followed these gallant leaders will "cross over the river."

Comrade J. G. McCown resides at Marshall, Tex.



MRS. ELLEN ADAIR BEATTY,
The eminent Florida White, great-aunt of Miss Sullivan, on opposite page.
3**

TERRIFIC FIGHTING AT WINCHESTER.

A. S. Hardy writes from Kilmarnock, Va.:

In the *VETERAN* for November, 1900, Maj. Rivera, of the Sixth Louisiana Regiment, gives an account of some of the patriotic services of the Misses Yonley, of Winchester, Va., and incidentally a description of the storming of the fort on Louisiana Heights, near Winchester, June 13, 1863.

In his narrative the gallant Major has, through modesty, failed to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

This writer was a member of Kirkpatrick's Battery, from Lynchburg, Va., which, with Milledge's Georgia and Massie's Virginia Batteries, composed Nelson's Battalion of Artillery in Ewell's Corps.

Immediately after the great cavalry battle near Brandy Station, in Culpeper County, on the 9th or 10th of June, 1863, Ewell's Corps started for Winchester to attack the forces of Gen. Milroy.

On the morning of June 13 we moved on the town by the Winchester and Front Royal turnpike. On a commanding eminence about one-half mile east of where this turnpike entered the town the enemy had built a formidable earth fort, flanked by heavy connections on either side, all of which, as well as all the defenses around the town, were heavily manned by artillery, which was by far the most efficient branch of the enemy's service.

On the south of this fort the ground sloped away for several hundred yards to a bottom, and then rose again to the top of a hill nearly as high as that on which the fort was situated. On the top of this south hill our battalion was posted with orders to give the fellows in the big fort a pounding. A North Carolina brigadier was posted in the bottom in our front for the purpose of charging the aforesaid fortification when the proper time came. After a promiscuous thumping and pounding had been administered to each other by the opposing batteries, some one in authority on our side thought the time to charge had arrived. The order was given, and away went our Tar Heels in gallant style up the hill. It was a brave charge, and as they went the ground was dotted with their dead and wounded. As they neared the top of the hill we were ordered to cease firing, and then they had to go it alone.

The struggle was short and sharp, and in a few minutes our Tar Heels were sent down that hill faster than they went up. When they reached the bottom they sheltered themselves there as best they could, when our artillery was ordered to pound the enemy again. While this was going on Smith's Virginia Brigade was brought up and prepared for the assault. After a while the order was given, and down the slope they went. On reaching the bottom it was said that Gen. Smith called out: "Lie down, Tar Heels, and let brave Virginians go over you." He was told in vigorous language that it would not be long before his brave Virginians would be glad to get in there too.

Many brave North Carolinians joined in this charge, and up the hill the second rush was made with loud cheering.

This time the enemy resisted more stubbornly than before, being greatly encouraged by their previous success.

After another struggle the result was the same as before. The Virginians came down the hill faster than they went up, and were glad to get shelter in the bottom with the Tar Heels.

But this position had to be carried, cost what it might. So the artillery was ordered to open on them again. This was replied to not only by the main fort but also by all the fortifications in range of this ground. This last shelling was fierce, furious, and lengthy. While it was going on the Louisiana Brigade was brought up to attempt what had twice proven a failure. When ordered forward they moved as steadily as a great wave. On reaching the bottom many brave men from each brigade went with them. The enemy met them with great cheers and a storm of bullets and canister, while Rebel shells for their help were screaming dangerously over their heads.

Pandemonium seemed to have broken loose this time. As the assaulting column moved up the hill many brave men fell to rise no more. The advance was not very rapid, but was made with a steadiness that has rarely been equaled. So far as we could see, not a musket was fired from our side until the men were jumping over the works; the reliance was on cold steel. On reaching the works the enemy met them bravely, but they could not resist that time. The wave broke over their defenses, which were entered with soul-inspiring yells. After a few volleys the big garrison flag was hauled down from the tall flagstaff, the enemy surrendered, the fort was ours, and Milroy's position at Winchester was made untenable.

It must not be understood that the writer intends any reflection upon the North Carolina and the Virginia troops. These brave men had many times before shown their pluck, and did so many times afterwards. The enemy also on all three occasions fought desperately.

The main reason of the failure of North Carolina and Virginia troops was because the enemy had not been sufficiently hammered by the artillery before the third assault. Yet we must bear in mind that Louisiana had the discouraging object lesson before them: two failures by first-class troops, with their dead and wounded lying right in their path. To Louisiana belong the honors on this memorable day, and our Commanding General Ewell knew and appreciated it by directing that the stubbornly contested hill should be henceforth known as Louisiana Heights.

Our command witnessed many great and gallant charges during the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia (including Pickett's at Gettysburg and the Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg); yet we were generally agreed that for intrepidity, steadiness, and all other qualities which make up the veteran soldier we never saw this charge excelled, even in Lee's army.

CAN'T LEAVE IF THE BATTLE IS TO BEGIN.

B. M. Zettler (of Eighth Georgia Regiment), Atlanta, Ga., writes of an incident that illustrates the spirit of our soldiers during the war for Southern independence:

Many instances of individual bravery and daring by private soldiers in our Southern army deserve the tribute of public mention, and those who were witnesses of

such deeds are not doing justice to their companions, living or dead, in keeping silent concerning them. Let all who were witnesses of individual acts of heroism and sacrifice for our cause hasten to place them on record for the benefit of posterity, and as a just tribute to merit and worth. One such I furnish the VETERAN, expressing regret that I had not long ago secured its publication.

For three weeks those two masters in the art of war, Lee and McClellan, had been facing each other like two skilled players in a game of chess. The Confederate army under Joe Johnston had been pressed back until it was at the very gates of Richmond, and with eager eyes McClellan's soldiers from the north side of the Chickahominy gazed at the church steeples in the Confederacy's capital city, only six miles away.

But Lee was in command of the army that stood between them and the coveted prize, and the impression had gone out that not another foot of ground would be yielded without a battle.

The seacoast and gulf cities had been stripped of every regiment that could possibly be spared, and the newspapers were appealing to all who were absent from their commands on furlough to return and save our beloved capital from the invader.

Among such absentees was John Krenson, of Company B, Eighth Georgia Regiment, one of Bartow's "beardless boys" from Savannah. He had been severely wounded in the memorable "pine sapling" thicket at Manassas, and had never completely recovered from his wound. It was said, in fact, that his surgeon had pronounced him permanently disabled and unfit for further service in the field. But when the news came that McClellan's army was in sight of Richmond, he could stay away no longer, and set out to rejoin his company. He came to us, I think, about the time we took up our position at Price's farm, five miles from Richmond, and a short distance north of Nine Mile road. The enemy's pickets were then less than three hundred yards in our front, and each succeeding morning they appeared in a new position and still nearer to us. As each day drew to its close, those of us on the picket line felt that the battle must certainly begin on the morrow. After a brief trial of his strength, Krenson had found that the surgeons were right. He could not stand active service, and a final discharge had been given to him. But he lingered in camp, and to each surprised inquirer as to why he did not go home he would reply with the question, "Do you think the battle will begin soon?" and to the invariable answer, "Yes," he would add, "Then I cannot leave now." And so during two weeks he waited, thinking each day that the battle would occur ere the setting of another sun.

Finally, on the 26th of June, upon our extreme left at Mechanicsville, the battle was on. Friday, the 27th, it raged furiously farther down on McClellan's right flank, and in the afternoon at Ellison's and Gaines's Mills and Cold Harbor. McClellan's right wing was doubled back at right angles to his original main line, and what that cautious leader's next move would be not even the astute Lee was able to guess.

Saturday came, and with it an order to Gen. Magruder, holding our center across the Nine Mile road, to make a demonstration against the enemy's lines in his

front. "Tige" Anderson's and Benning's Georgia Brigades were ordered forward. Companies A and B, of the Eighth Georgia, were ordered out as skirmishers to cover the front of the advancing column and drive in the enemy's pickets and sharpshooters. Krenson was in his place in the skirmish line. The running fight was at short range, and almost at every step some one went down; and among the first to fall, a sacrifice to that attempt to "feel the enemy," was brave, proud John Krenson. An honorable discharge in his pocket, a sharpshooter's bullet in his heart, that brave, young soldier boy was "off duty forever."

EXPERIENCE IN PROCURING INFORMATION.

Rev. A. D. Brooks writes from Milford, Tex., an interesting story which, in substance, is as follows:

Before the war my home was in Liberty, Mo., but in 1860 I went to Williamsburg, Ky., to spend the summer, and in the fall I was detained by sickness of myself and wife, so that I had to remain through the winter. When not sick I taught school, and on Saturdays and Sundays I preached. During this time I became acquainted with the country and the people. In the winter I was called to take the principalship of the Franklin Academy, at Jacksboro, Tenn., and also to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at that place. About a year later, early in 1862, Col. Joel A. Battle and Col. Dave Cummings were sent there with their regiments by Gen. Zollicofer, who then had his headquarters at Knoxville, Tenn. They took possession of the academy for hospital purposes, and thus stopped my school.

At this time the Federal troops were concentrating at Camp Dick Robinson. Col. Battle wanted some civilian acquainted with the country to make a trip over that way, and ascertain all he could about the enemy and their plans. Col. Terhune, postmaster at Jackson, the only other real Southern man whose proclivities were then known, recommended me as a suitable person to go. I had kindred over there, and, having spent the previous summer teaching and preaching in that region, it was thought I could safely accomplish the mission. I was soon well mounted, with hymn book and Bible in my saddlebags, was off over the mountain and down the Clear Fork of Cumberland river to my old brother-in-law, William Skeens, where I spent the night. The next day I rode into Williamsburg and dined with my friend, Jim Cutbirth, with whom I had boarded when I taught there the summer of 1860. After dinner and an hour's chat, I called upon my old preacher friend, David Sutler. From there I crossed the Cumberland and went eight miles northeast to H Ezekiah McKeehan's, a brother-in-law, on Meadow Creek, where I stopped the second night. The next day being Friday, and knowing of a meeting coming on Saturday, and being well acquainted with the pastor, Rev. Berry Foley, I went to his home, some seven or eight miles north of Camp Dick Robinson. He was very glad to see me, and soon told me I must go with him to his meeting, which was several miles nearer the camp, and I consented. We spent the night pleasantly, talking much of the war as well as of the coming meeting, neither of us expressing ourselves as to which side we favored.

Saturday morning early found us on our way to the church, each well equipped with the implements of our warfare—the hymn book and Bible. In due time we arrived at the church, and found quite a number of the good old farmers of that country present and busily engaged in discussing the war question. Some of them had been with their marketing to the camp the day before. They appeared to be reliable men, and spoke very knowingly about the plans at the camp. That evening Brother Foley and I went home with a good old brother and his wife, who had a son in camp, and they expected him home that night. We fared sumptuously and talked much, and at supper time the son came in. All were glad to see him. By Sunday afternoon I had gained all the information I wanted, and returned with the pastor. Monday I returned to McKeehan's, on Meadow Creek, and remained with him until late in the evening, when I started for Williamsburg. I was impressed somehow that I should not go through there, and knowing where there was a ford on the river, near a sugar camp where I had been, I turned to the left and crossed the Cumberland a few miles above the town, and then up the Clear Fork on the east side. Night overtook me when at the river, and I had a narrow road then under the beach limbs for twelve miles to the place I intended to cross Clear Fork, just below Skeen's, where I had stayed the week before.

The young Federal soldier, who came home where we spent the Saturday night, returned to camp on Sunday afternoon, and reported me as being there from Jacksboro. The officers knowing that Confederate troops were there, became suspicious, and on Monday they started him and another soldier after me. They came to McKeehan's after I had gone, and, learning that I had left, they started hard after me, but were told I had turned at the sugar camp, which satisfied their minds that I was avoiding something. Late in the night, or rather near day on Tuesday morning, they overtook me just before I crossed the Clear Fork. They insisted that I should return with them immediately, but I told them I had a brother-in-law two miles from there, and we would go there for breakfast and feed our horses. To this they readily consented, as they had traveled all day and night, and were tired and hungry. I told them that Capt. Skeen could satisfy them about my business. I awoke the family, and they were all much surprised to see me in company with two soldiers. Explanations were promptly made, and my escorts (?) were satisfied that I was just a minister, and had been on a friendly visit to kindred and friends. During this time quite a number of winks and knowing glances had been exchanged, all to my advantage, and very much to my delight. After breakfast, a few hours' talk, and a short nap, my young friends started back, having been bountifully replenished with some good old peach brandy, which the Captain always kept, of his own make. Directly after seeing them start toward Williamsburg, I mounted my tired horse, and before night I was across the mountain and in the beautiful Powell's Valley and down to Battle's headquarters, where some good, hearty laughs were had over the greenness of the two young recruits of Uncle Sam's army.

After making a full report to Col. Battle, I sought

my home, where I enjoyed a good night's rest. Two days after, Cols. Battle and Cummings were on the road over to the Wild Cat fight, and a few days later they returned, only to go down to the Fishing Creek battle, in which Gen. Zollicofer was killed.

About this time it became known that I had borne news from Camp Dick Robinson to the Confederate troops, and my dear friend Terhune, the postmaster, told me the Union people (they were all that) were threatening me, and that I had better get away. That night I left on the stage for Knoxville, and from there to Mississippi, and, after a score of years there, to my home in the Lone Star State.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

D. H. Patterson, Arcadia, La.:

Thirty-six years ago I was a humble participant in the battle of Franklin, which I believe was as bloody a contest as ever occurred in the history of the world. I shall not attempt to describe the battle, which has already been done by Gen. Gordon and others, and published in the VETERAN.

The circumstances leading up to the battle were highly interesting and dramatic. The command of Gen. Hood reached Columbia, Tenn., November 28, where we found the enemy intrenched. A picket line was immediately established, and advanced to within view of their works. At daylight on the 29th the pickets were ordered forward, when we found the earthworks abandoned. The enemy had retired across the river during the night.

Our regiment, which had been on picket and which had advanced into the town of Columbia, was recalled. Stewart's and Cheatham's corps were ordered to cross the river, about four miles above the town, and proceed without delay to Spring Hill. The crossing was effected by a pontoon bridge. The line of march was begun over country roads, and vigorously pursued until about 2 P.M., when we reached the neighborhood of the pike, just in the rear of Spring Hill, where we bivouacked until daylight. We could hear the cannonading at Columbia, which assured us that we had gained our purpose, and had the enemy cut off from relief or escape. Up to this time the management was perfect. If we had formed line of battle across the pike, not a man could have escaped. The halt was an unfortunate, an inexcusable mistake. By daylight, when we resumed our march, the enemy retreated along the pike, and had entirely escaped the trap in which they were caught. As we reached the pike the enemy's rear could be discovered on long stretches of road two miles ahead. Gen. Forrest rode by the side of the line, and, overtaking Gen. Quarles, our brigadier, he vigorously condemned him for the display of incapacity. It had a very demoralizing effect on the men. I could hear remarks to the effect that Hood had purposely let them escape in order to gain greater glory from whipping them in their breastworks. There was absolutely no expectation that they could withstand us, as our force was believed to be three to one.

We pressed them rapidly, marching in quick time. Every one or two hundred yards we would pass an abandoned wagon with the team shot down in the traces. There was every evidence of haste and fright.

Our regiment, the First Alabama, headed the column, and on reaching a point from which Franklin could be seen, Gen. Hood raised his lorgnette and gazed intently. As we reached him he gave the command, "By file right," and the march was continued through woods and fields until we reached Harpeth River, back of Franklin. On reaching this point we were halted and formed line of battle. The manner of our approach to the town placed the right much nearer Franklin than the left, and the execution of a right wheel was necessary to adjust the trouble. We were now within a half mile of Franklin, and ready for the advance. I could see the line for a half mile on each side, and it was grand. The generals and colonels were all ahead of the line, and from appearances were perfectly indifferent to the danger of the situation. The command forward was given. The line stepped off promptly, while a band or two on a near elevation began to play "Dixie," which elicited a Rebel yell that doubtless struck terror into the hearts of the Federals crouching behind their imposing breastworks. There were two lines of works in our front, and, as we advanced, the enemy precipitately withdrew to the second. Though the firing was pretty heavy, very little damage was done.

When we reached the first line of breastworks, the men seemed to think the trouble was over, and fell down to avoid the bullets. The command "Forward!" was again given, but the men did not go. I climbed on top of the breastworks and repeated the command several times without effect, and, seeing the line on my right going forward, I hastened to attach myself to it.

On reaching the second line of works, in which the Federals were standing and firing with all the rapidity possible, I fell down behind it and ceased to be an actor in the great tragedy of war. For an hour I witnessed as sublime bursts of courage as it is possible for human beings to display. The gallantry of Hobson, which startled the world by its dramatic splendor, is a mere trifle when compared with the unspeakably desperate courage which characterized the attack and defense of Franklin. For more than an hour two lines of men fought with but a pile of dirt between them. In firing, the muzzles of the guns would pass each other, and nine times out of ten, when a man rose to fire, he fell back dead.

It is to be remembered that the troops were all in confusion, that there were no organized commands. Officers and soldiers had straggled forward to this point of certain and swift death, and they determined to kill as many as possible in the few minutes they had to live. At frequent intervals the men would rise with the determination to go over and fight it out. Three times Col. Dick Williams rose with the cry, "Follow me!" and three times I seized the tail of his coat and held him back.

A student of history, commenting upon the battle, writes this opinion: "No man was sanguine enough to feel that he could reach the second line and live, and yet there were many who dared to approach it. The history of the world may record parallel cases, but there will never be found a page of more surpassing heroic splendors than the one that tells of the men in gray at the battle of Franklin."

REBURIAL OF CONFEDERATES IN MARYLAND.

A striking evidence that brave men, no matter where they die, are never forgotten by those who have suffered for the same cause was brought before the people of Cumberland, Md., on October 23, 1900. For many years the veterans of Cumberland looked forward to a time when they should gather the remains of their old comrades buried in obscure places in the community, and lay them to rest in a place secure from any future possibility of removal. The James Breathed Camp, of Cumberland, took the matter up, and the burial services of October 23 was a tender closing scene to their labor of love. The sacred ceremony of interment was most imposing. Gray-bearded veterans stood with uncovered heads around the carefully erected brick vault, and their demeanor told more plainly than words that their respect for the sacred ashes was as great as had been their love for the living when they had marched side by side to the drum beat.

During the reading of the beautiful poem, by J. E. Ratigan, "To the Unknown Dead," many eyes were moist.

Beneath the ragged, straggling boughs
Of these old storm-swept trees,
Unmarked by slab or marble urn,
Six soldiers sleep at ease;
From clangor, din, and noise of strife
Three souls from 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 deeds go thundering down
Through all the coming ages;
No shaft or monumental stone
Is seen above the sod;
Their names, their lives, are all unknown
To all except their God.
No mother's tears will mark the place
Where they in quiet sleep,
No sister, sweetheart, wife, or friend
Shall patient vigils keep;
No father's moans or brother's sighs
Will stir their long, long rest;
And 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.

Following is a list of those interred: H. W. Fuldewider, second lieutenant Company E, Twenty-Third North Carolina Infantry, died July 29, 1864; John A. Smith, Company E, Fifty-Second Virginia Infantry, died August 1, 1864; Watson M. Ramsay, Company F, Twenty-Third Virginia Infantry, died August 7, 1864; Nicholas A. Gilbert, sergeant Company F, Fifty-Eighth Virginia Infantry, died August 9, 1864; Allen Brown, Company C, Thirty-Seventh North Carolina Infantry, died October 11, 1864; Joel R. Stow, Company A, Eighth Tennessee Cavalry, died April 8, 1865.

The above were disinterred at Clarysville. The others were Charles Wagner, disinterred at Pollock's farm, James O. Choen, an unknown soldier, the latter two having been disinterred at Folek's Mill.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, furnishes the address of Mr. Jefferson Davis at a meeting of the Southern Historical Society in New Orleans. The speech before the Association in New Orleans was made at a secret session, when it was understood that no reporters were to be present, and nothing of the meeting published, but the Secretary, John H. Murray, had a stenographer there, who took it down verbatim, and he gave it to me as a special favor. I published it in my "Memorial Volume," and that is the only form in which it has ever been published. It is remarkable for its conservatism and peace-promoting spirit, delivered to the veterans, when it was never expected to see the light.

When the venerable soldier and statesman arose to respond to the introduction, deafening cheers greeted him, and, by common impulse, the whole assembly stood up in exulting reverence and respect. Mr. Davis, as soon as the applause permitted, began in a low voice, but gradually warmed up to inspiring tones.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: It would be more than superfluous to address to a New Orleans audience any argument in favor of the preservation of the history of our Confederate struggle. Your course is too well known, marked by too many deeds, both in war and in peace, to render it at all doubtful that your hearts beat in time to the cause for which so many of your bravest and best have died.

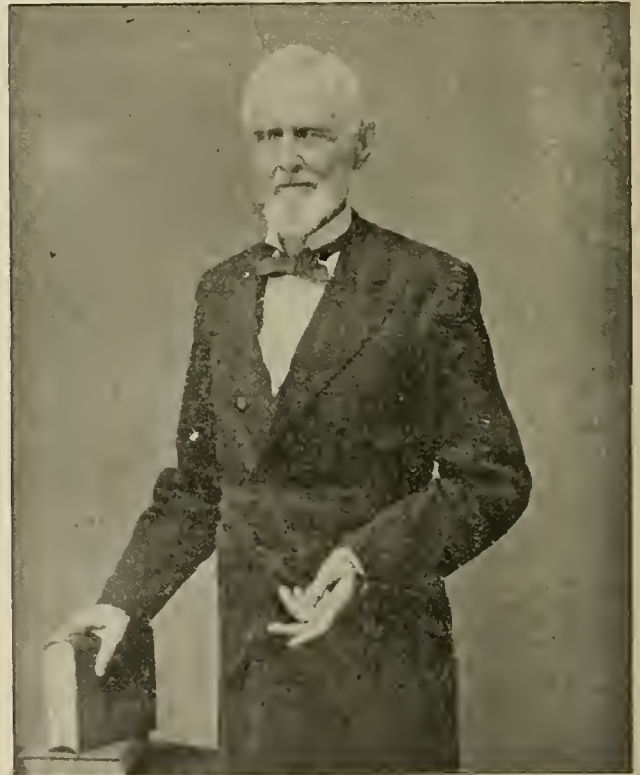
The early colony of Louisiana consisted of men who were refugees from conquest, and who, guided by patriotism and sustained by valor, plunged into the wilderness to make for themselves a new home. Their descendants have shown from that day to this the same characteristics which marked their fathers.

I believe it has been generally conceded, and I think most truly, that never was a people more universally gallant than the Creoles of Louisiana. [Applause.]

At the very first call of the late war your citizens rushed forth to the defense of their country, and you gave of your sons the first who reduced the fort that threatened to blockade a Southern harbor. And there was, in the first great battle of Manassas one who so distinguished himself as to be promoted on the field to the highest grade in the Confederate army. Such was your Beauregard. [Applause.] It would consume the whole evening to attempt to enumerate the list. You have seen standing before you here to introduce me one who went forth to the battle in the vigor of manhood, who lost a limb, and waited but for convalescence, when he again hastened to the field, and sacrificed another limb. (Applause.) What is left of him is more precious to you still, like Sibylline leaves, growing in value as they were reduced in bulk. But when the war was over, then the fair daughters of Louisiana (it is always the women who are first in good work) originated that plan of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, paying to them annually a tribute of flowers, which, in their beauty and recurring vitality, best express the everlasting love you bear toward the dead.

Then here in New Orleans was organized the His-

torical Society, with a view to preserving the records of the Confederate war. That Society has been removed, but still looks back to this, the place of its birth. Here, where more than in any other city, you had been swept by the besom of desolation, where you had been more terribly pillaged than any other town that had been overrun; here have arisen more monuments to the Confederate heroes than in any other city of the South. Glorious New Orleans! You have the right to be proud of the past, and we have the right to be expectant of you in the future, for there is yet a higher and a more immediate duty to perform. Monuments may crumble, their inscriptions may be defaced by time, but the records, the little slips of paper which contain the memorial of what is past will live forever. To collect and preserve these records is, therefore, our highest duty. They are said to be in danger. The Southern Historical Society appeals to you now. They appeal to you in the midst of your disaster, when your country has been overwhelmed by a flood, and when there is a want of means to supply the necessities of your people. Still the His-



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

torical Society comes to Louisiana as the first place, in which they ask that the Confederate records should be perfected and protected. I do not doubt that you will respond to the extent of your ability; that you will here inaugurate a movement which, growing and extending from city to city and year to year, will render certain the preservation of those archives, the value of which it is impossible to compute. It is a duty we owe to the dead—the dead who died for us, but whose memories can never die. It is a duty we owe to posterity to see that our children shall know

the virtues and rise worthy of their sires; to see that the sons grow up worthy of their noble mothers—those mothers who never faltered through all the hours of trial through which we passed. (Applause.)

They who now sleep in the grave cannot be benefited, it is true, by anything we do; their cause has gone before a higher tribunal than any earthly judgment seat, but their children and their children's children are to be benefited by preserving the record of what they did, and, more than all, the morale with which they did it. As for me—I speak only for myself—our cause was so just, so sacred, that, had I known all that has come to pass, had I known what was to be inflicted upon me, all that my country was to suffer, all that our posterity was to endure, I would do it all over again. [Great applause.]

It is to me most desirable that the conduct of our men in defense of that cause should be so presented to the world as to leave no stain upon it. They went through trials which might have corrupted weaker men, and yet throughout the war I never went into an army without finding their camp engaged in prayer. After the war was over, see how many of these men who bore muskets in the ranks became ministers of the gospel. It is your good fortune to have one presiding over your diocese now, and who is the successor of one who drew his last breath on the field of battle, the glorious, holy Bishop Polk!

It is not necessary that we should have recorded what is conceded by all the world, that our men were brave, that they had a power of endurance and self-denial which was remarkable, but if you would have your children rise to the high plane you desire them to occupy, you must add the evidence of their father's chivalry and forbearance from that staining crime of the soldier, plunder, under all the circumstances of the war. True, we did not invade to any great extent, though we did to some. It is a fact which I am happy to remember that when our army invaded the enemy's country their property was safe. I draw no comparisons, as I am speaking now of our people and of our country. If somebody else did not behave as well, let it rest. [Laughter.]

We had no army at the opening of the war; our defenders were not professional soldiers. They were men who left their wives, children, and peaceful occupation, and, at the first call of their country, seized such arms as they could gather, and rallied around their flag like a wall of fire to defend the rights their fathers left them. Could there be a cause more sacred than this? If there be anything that justifies human war, it is defense of country, of family, of constitutional rights. [Applause.] If I be asked, as is possible, Why do you wish to perpetuate these bitter memories? I say, in no spirit of vengeance, with no desire for vainglory, with no wish for sectional exaltation, but that the posterity of men, such as I have described, may rise equal to their parents, higher if possible, and that the South may exhibit for all time to come the noble qualities which her sons have heretofore manifested. [Applause.]

Examples to posterity of the cardinal virtues of mankind, they lived for humanity, and it is only by preserving your records, by gathering those incidents, which are apt to be forgotten, that you can hope to

convey to future generations an exact idea of the men who served through our struggle. It is not enough to say that some general won a battle; that doesn't teach you his character. It is not enough to say where some army displayed great valor, stormed a work, or defended one. Show the character of the men, how they behaved in the field and in the camp. For this you should collect and collate such evidence as our worthy friend, Gen. Nicholls, has said it was the object of this Society to gather.

The highest quality of man is self-sacrifice. The man who gives his life for another, who surrenders all his earthly prospects that his fellow-men may be benefited, has most followed that grand Exemplar who was given as a model for weak humanity. That we had many men in the Confederate service who forgot self in the defense of right, it is the purpose of this Society, by collecting the evidence, to show to the world.

I constantly find myself impelled to drift into comparative narration, which I wish to avoid. Let it suffice to say that I would have our children's children to know not only that our cause was just (that may be historically established), but to have them know that the men who sustained it were worthy of the cause for which they fought. These are the great objects for which your coöperation is invoked.

The other side has written, and is writing, their statement of the case. We wish to present ours also, that the future historian, by considering both, may deduce the unbiased statement, which no contemporary could make.

I will frankly acknowledge that I would distrust the man who served the Confederate cause and was capable of giving a disinterested account of it. [Applause.] If he had any heart, it must be on his own side. I would not give two pence for a man whose heart was so cold that he could be quite impartial. You remember the fable of the lion who, seeing a statue which represented a lion prostrate, and a man victorious, bending over him, said that if a lion had made the statue the figures would have been reversed. We want our side of the war so fully and exactly stated that the men who come after us may compare and do justice in the case.

You all know how utterly unprepared we were when we engaged in the war, without money, without an army, without credit, without arms or ammunition, or factories to make them. We went into the struggle relying solely on brave hearts, strong arms, and, unfortunately, many relying on deciding the issue by argument. When they found they were mistaken—that it was the dread ordeal of battle by which the question was to be settled—they shrank not from it, and I do contend their valor was equaled only by the morale of their conduct throughout the struggle. The unanimity of our people and the heroism of our soldiers has caused us to be the admiration of the world. They know the disadvantages under which we fought; they know the great achievements which we made. But there is much that is not known. You may ask the schoolboy in the lowest form, Who commanded at the pass of Thermopylæ? He can tell you. But, my friends, there are few in this audience who, if I asked them, could tell me who commanded at Sabine

Pass. And yet that battle of Sabine Pass was more remarkable than the battle of Thermopylae, and, when it has orators and poets to celebrate it, will be so esteemed by mankind.

The disparity of numbers was greater, the inequality of arms was greater. When an iron-clad fleet came to pass the Sabine, so as to invade the interior of Texas, an Irish lieutenant, with forty-two men behind a little mud fort, having only field guns for its armament, held them in check. When he asked for instructions he was told he had better retire. But this gallant man said: "We will never retire."

[The speaker went on to relate how the Irish lieutenant, Dowling, had captured two of the war vessels on September 9, 1863, and taken a great number of prisoners.]

It is our duty to keep the memory of our heroes green. Yet they belong not to us alone; they belong to the whole country; they belong to America. And we do not seek to deprive "Americans" of the glory of such heroes as we have produced. Nor were their services rendered in our war those only which claim grateful remembrance. There was pious Jackson, the man who, when he was waiting for the troops to move up, would, under a storm of bullets, be lost in ejaculatory prayer; the man who, when he bent over a wounded comrade, would feel a woman's weakness creep into his eyes; the man who came like a thunderbolt when his friends most needed him and his enemies least expected his coming, was the same who had marched into the valley of Mexico to sustain the flag of the United States. That man who had been the terror of the enemy in the hour of battle, but was as peaceful as a lamb after the conflict, when he found he was on a bed of death, calmly folded his arms, resigning his soul to God, and saying: "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." We do not claim to appropriate all his glory, but we hold dear every part of him that nobody else wants.

And there was Lee, the calm, faithful, far-seeing, dauntless Lee. As a soldier and engineer he penetrated the Mexican pedregal, and discovered a route by which the army must be led. To him more than to anybody else must be ascribed the capture of the city of Mexico.

We do not wish to wholly appropriate the glory of Lee, but shall willingly share it with those who have an equal right to it, and we should rather they would claim some share of the grand conduct of Lee at Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, and everywhere that soldiers met soldiers against mighty odds.

There was the great Gen. Sidney Johnston, distinguished in the Black Hawk war and the siege of Monterey. Holding a position in the army with a rank beyond his age and prospects the most inviting to a soldier, he surrendered everything in order to vindicate the principles he believed to be true, and came with nothing but his right arm and his good sword to offer his services to the Confederacy. Never was man truer to his duty, more devoted to his cause, or more sincere in his purposes, as was shown in the hour of his death, when, on the field of Shiloh, having driven the enemy from every position before him save one, which he saw must be carried to make the victory

complete, he led a column to storm it. Receiving a death wound, from which the lifeblood was pouring, he recked not of himself, but thinking, feeling only of his own country and its cause, rode on until he fell lifeless from his horse.

May not the genius of patriotism, as she bent over the form of the soldier so pure, so true, so devoted, have dropped a tear on a sacrifice so untimely slain upon her altar? Then I repeat it, such men do not belong to us alone. Shall their memories fade, and rising generations not feel the influence of such grand examples? May it not well come to pass that in some hour of the country's need, future generations, aware of the grandeur and the virtue of those men, will in a moment of disaster cry out like the ancient Scot:

O for an hour of Wallace wight
Or well-trained Bruce
To lead the fight,
And cry, "St. Andrew and our right."

In some future struggle when the energy of the country may be taxed to its utmost, will you then find such men as those who have illustrated our recent history? They may rise, and that result will certainly be promoted by the course which has been advocated here to-night. Let the rising generation learn what their fathers did, and let them learn the still better lesson to emulate not only the deeds but the motives which prompted them. May God grant that sons even greater than their fathers may rise whenever their country needs them to defend her cause! [Applause.]

Though the gallantry and capacity of the Confederate troops was so often and so brilliantly exhibited as to be undeniable and undenied, yet we have been inconsistently charged with cruelty to prisoners. I say inconsistently, because brave men are never cruel to those who are helpless and in their power. The fact is, we used our best efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners held by us. That they languished and died in prison was their misfortune and ours also. There were physical and climatic causes which we could not alter. We were wanting in supplies of the proper medicines and the kind of food to which the prisoners were accustomed. As the number of prisoners accumulated beyond what could have been anticipated, there was not a sufficient shelter for them. Disease was the consequence, and the medicine required could not be obtained because the enemy had made it contraband. It is a burning shame that the slander was ever circulated which imputed to us cruelty to those who were in our power. Enough has been collected and published on this subject to convince any fair, disinterested mind, but let us not stop until the facts have been so established that not even malignity and slanderous falsehood can fail to be silenced and abashed. Let the testimony of reliable persons who were in our prisons be taken, especially the evidence of those who came to me as a delegation from the prisoners at Andersonville, and whom I sent on parole to Washington to plead for the execution of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners. In due time they came back to report that they could not get an audience. Their conduct in observing their parole proved their honorable character, and must entitle them to credence. Let these and all other pertinent

facts be added to the testimony already of record, so that the odious accusations about Andersonville shall not be thrown in the faces of our children and our children's children. Time's mellowing influence has been felt on both sides of the Susquehanna, and our people sincerely appreciate the kindness shown to them in time of pestilence, and more recently in time of flood. It is the characteristic of the brave and generous always gratefully to acknowledge any kindness they receive. I trust that these mellowing influences may grow stronger, and that at no distant day those offensive epithets which, in view of our history, it was an abuse of the English language to employ, may cease to be part of the Northern vocabulary. Those who must live together should cultivate cointelligence and mutual respect, in order to which not one side only, but both, must be heard. The Southern people are not revengeful; the fact is they are not capable of lasting hate, which is the child of fear; therefore brave men do not hate like cowards. [Applause.]

Here where the Historical Society began, in an hour of utter desolation, it is here also in another period of disaster that I find you assembled to determine what can be done to preserve this Society and increase its usefulness. If you succeed in giving impulse to such an organization as will preserve this Society, you will add another feather to the wing which I trust will bear you to prosperity and happiness. You will have another claim to the admiration of those who honor virtue, and who feel gratitude for your generosity, and to us Confederates you will be, if possible, doubly dear. Here in the neighborhood of the Southern cross, that emblem in the skies of our sign upon earth, that likeness of the battle flag which our men so often followed, here where the Society began, it is meet that the Society should be preserved. In any event you are entitled to much credit, and now I bear a free testimony in your favor.

My friends, it is somewhat difficult for a Confederate, whose heart-love lies buried in the grave of our cause, to speak to you on a subject which revives the memories of that period, and to speak with that forbearance which the occasion requires. I have tried to do so, and all I can say is that, if I have exceeded the proper limit, you don't know how hard I have tried to keep within it. [Applause.]

Now, my friends, ladies and gentlemen, let me assure you that the same affectionate regard, the same hope for you, the same belief in your prosperity, the same high expectations of New Orleans, which I have so often declared, will follow me in the few remaining days I may yet live among you. [Great applause.]

Mr. Davis was frequently applauded throughout the delivery of his address, and was cheered to the echo as he took his seat. He was also presented with a magnificent floral tribute, which he gracefully received amid the tumultuous applause of the crowd.

The expression of patriotism in the foregoing recalls a memorable visit to Beauvoir, when Mr. and Mrs. Davis were preparing to go after their beloved Winnie, whose education was about completed in a foreign land. Mrs. Davis said: "I would not educate a son abroad; would not take the risk of his feeling that some other country was as good as his own."

GENERAL POLK AND HIS STAFF.

[Reminiscences continued from January Veteran by Col. Philip B. Spence.]

After the Kentucky campaign Gen. Polk's staff was reorganized at Knoxville, some of the officers going to other departments. Col. Thomas M. Jack, of Texas, former A. D. C. to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, was made chief of staff. The staff personnel changed often while I served with Gen. Polk from July, 1861, to the date of my promotion to the command of a regiment of cavalry. The following officers served as members of Gen. Polk's military family (as he used to speak of us) from the beginning, at Memphis, to June 14, 1864, the sad day that this great Christian, patriot soldier, gave his noble life on Pine Mountain, Ga., to the cause so dear to the Southern people. The loss to the Confederacy of this grand man's services were equaled only by the loss of Gens. Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson. Words could not express my grief and sorrow when the sad news reached me of the death of my old commander and friend. He often talked to me with the affection and advice of a father. I regretted having left him, and now, after thirty-seven years, I think of him with admiration and love. Following is a roster of the General's staff, some serving only for a short time. I do not remember the correct rank or date of service, but many were promoted to higher positions:

Col. E. D. Blake, A. A. G. and chief of staff; Capt. W. B. Richmond, A. D. C., killed at Chickamauga; Col. Alex W. Campbell, A. I. G.; Lieut. — Snowden, E. O., killed at Columbus; Capt. D. B. Harris, E. O.; Maj. Smith P. Bankead, C. of A.; Maj. Thomas Peters, C. Q. M.; Maj. W. D. Lysles, M.D.; Maj. George Williamson, A. A. G. and chief of staff; Capt. A. H. Polk, A. D. C., A. A. G.; Lieut. J. S. Lanier, A. A. D. C. (young cadets resigned from West Point); Lieut. Harris, A. A. D. C. (young cadet resigned from West Point); Lieut. Terrett, A. A. D. C. (young cadet resigned from West Point), wounded at Shiloh; Maj. H. Winslow, A. A. D. C.; Maj. Randel Higgins, A. Q. M.; Maj. R. M. Rutledge, C. of A.; Lieut. Mercer Otey, S. O.; Col. Thomas M. Jack, A. A. G. and chief of staff; Col. Frank Sevier, A. I. G.; Col. M. T. Polk, C. of A., lost a leg at Shiloh; Col. Andrew Ewing, presiding judge on military court; Col. R. J. Morgan, judge advocate; Capt. W. J. Morris, E. O.; Col. H. C. Yeatman, V. A. D. C. and A. D. C.; Maj. Frank H. McNairy, V. A. D. C.; Capt. Joe Philips, I. of A.; Capt. Sam Donaldson, —; Maj. Preston B. Scott, M.D.; Maj. R. H. Brewer, A. A. G., killed; Capt. W. O. Williams, A. D. C., killed after leaving staff; Maj. R. N. Snowden, A. A. G.; Capt. P. B. Spence, A. I. G., wounded at Shiloh; Col. Minor Meriwether, C. E.; Maj. J. T. Champneys, O. and E. O.; Capt. Joseph Dixon, E. O.; Maj. John J. Murphy, C. C.; Maj. W. C. Cavanaugh, M.D.; Lieut. L. L. Butler, A. A. G.; Lieut. W. M. Porter, V. A. D. C.; Capt. E. B. Sayers, E. O., captured at Chickamauga; Maj. J. F. Gerault, A. I. G.; Capt. John Rawle, A. C. A., O. O.; Maj. W. C. Nichols, M. I.; Maj. Douglass West, A. A. G.; Capt. J. F. Wheelless, A. I. G.; Capt. W. M. Polk, I. of A.; Col. S. H. Lockett, C. of E.; Maj. Charles F. Vanderford, C. O.; Col. W. D. Gale, V. A. D. C., A. D. C.; Capt. Ed D. Woodleaf, A. A. A. G.; Maj. Powhatan

Ellis, A. A. G.; Capt. J. M. Williams; Maj. W. D. Tucker, M. I.; Col. Sterling, Maj. Bursley, and Capt. Oliver.

Capt. Leeds Greenleaf commanded the escort company, which was composed of young men from the first families of Louisiana.

Officers of the line regarded the positions of staff officers as an easy army life, but this is not correct. The duties of staff officers are as arduous and dangerous as any in the army. As a rule staff officers were well mounted and well dressed, which was necessary, and they had possibly better mess arrangements than officers of the line.

At Murfreesboro the army was reorganized and styled the Army of Tennessee, and retained this name until the end. No one who was present could ever forget President Davis's first visit and his reviewing the army at Murfreesboro. The President, a fine rider, splendidly mounted, and the general of the army and the lieutenant generals of the army corps with their staff officers riding rapidly around each corps, and then that grand body of old soldiers wheeling into column of companies and marching by our President and the reviewing officers, with their bright guns and shining cannons, was a sight never to be forgotten.

Although the Kentucky campaign had failed of its object, the army at Murfreesboro was in high spirits and in fine condition, which the desperate fighting and great carnage at that battle will show. The loss in Polk's Corps was thirty-one and a third per cent, and only 135 were missing, 621 killed, 3,662 wounded. The history of this hard-fought battle has been fully written up by the best military writers. We were contending against an army (Western men) well equipped, tried, and seasoned soldiers.

We drove them from every position except one, the "Round Forrest," their extreme left, always spoken of as "Hell's Half Acre" by our old soldiers, who made charge after charge in vain to dislodge the enemy from this strong position.

The only time I remember of hastily dismounting to protect myself was during a hot engagement against "Hell's Half Acre." I was sent with orders to the officer in command of that part of the line, and as I approached officers and men yelled to me to dismount, that I was drawing the enemy's fire. I obeyed, and my horse thought it a dangerous place and left me, only one bullet striking my saddle.

Riding over the battlefield on January 1, Gen. Polk called my attention to a great number of dead Federals around their shattered gun carriages and caissons, and said to me: "Sir, you are a Tennessean. When this war is over you should see to it that a lasting monument be raised to these brave men."

There is a monument now on the battlefield not very far from where these brave men fell, and I hope soon a national park will be established on that field, as it was one of the hardest fought battles of the war.

The highest compliment Gen. Polk ever paid me was in the presence of Gens. Bragg, Hardee, Cheatham, Breckinridge, and others, on the night before the retreat (January 2) from Murfreesboro, which I will not repeat, and that same night he gave me the severest reprimand. I had been hard at work during the day and up to a late hour at night, was tired, cold, and wet, and went to my quarters to get needed

rest and sleep. At 3 A.M. I was awakened and informed that the General wished me to report at headquarters at once. My clothes and boots were wet and frozen, and I lost my temper. I went to the General's office with my hat pulled down over my eyes, knowing that he desired me to parole prisoners. I commenced signing blank paroles as rapidly as possible, when the general turned on me, and his first words were: "You must be more respectful to your superior officer." He gave me a just and severe reprimand for my impoliteness and want of military etiquette, which I have never forgotten.

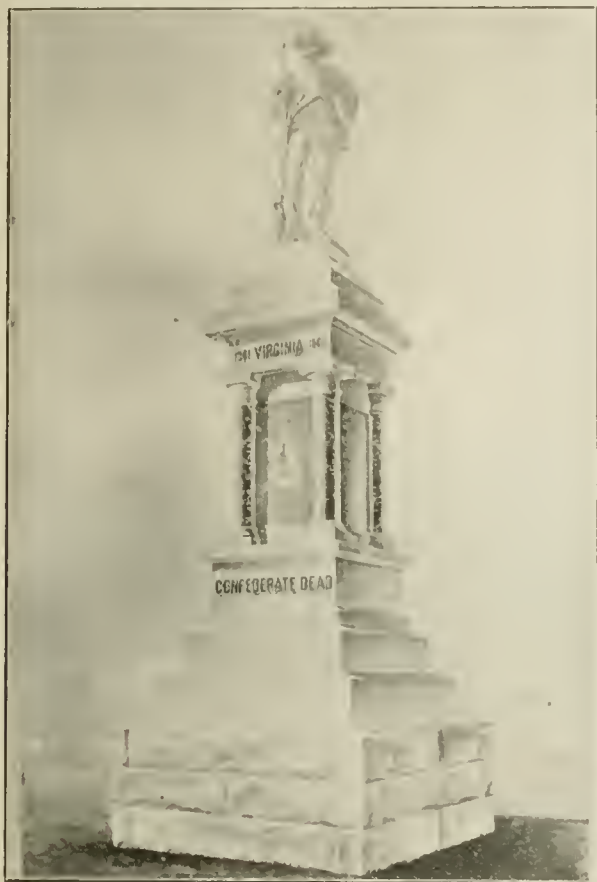
There were complaints among the officers and men, after the Kentucky campaign, against Gen. Bragg as an army commander, and after his failure at Murfreesboro this complaint became general, officers and men expressing themselves in forcible language, all of the opinion that this grand, fighting, marching army deserved another commander. For some cause, however, President Davis retained Gen. Bragg in command until after the battle of Chickamauga.

The army fell back from Murfreesboro on the night of January 3, Polk's Corps going to Shelbyville, Hardee's to Tullahoma. The enemy made no effort to follow. Early in December Gen. John H. Morgan, the dashing cavalryman, captured at Hartsville about 2,500 prisoners, and brought them to Murfreesboro. With other officers I was sent under flag of truce with these prisoners to within six miles of Nashville, where they were paroled in the presence of Federal officers. This was the nearest I ever got to my home for more than four years.

I remember of Gen. Polk's officiating as priest only on two occasions while I was with him. He performed the ceremony at the marriage of Gen. Morgan, and the other was at Columbus, Ky., at the deathbed of a gallant officer, who fell mortally wounded at Belmont. When he assumed the duties of a general he laid aside those of a bishop. He never resigned, and fully intended to resume the sacred duties, he so much loved, after his military career was over. The marriage of the gallant, dashing Morgan was one of the interesting events of the army while at Murfreesboro. The tragic death of this great partisan leader at Greeneville, Tenn., September 24, 1864, was mourned by the people of the Confederate States.

Taking advantage of a friend and fellow-officer, one night I was sent with orders to Maj. Gen. John A. Wharton on outpost duty ten or twelve miles in front of Murfreesboro. I suffered on the long ride with extreme cold. It was late, and I did not like the idea of going back before daylight. Maj. Benjamin Botts, Gen. Wharton's quartermaster, a warm friend of Col. Jack's, had comfortable quarters a short distance from his general's. I awakened him and informed him that Col. Jack, Gen. Polk's chief of staff, wished him to report at headquarters at once. Maj. Botts used some very strong language, and wanted to know if it would not do to report later. I informed him that he was wanted at once. After a good deal of complaining he got ready and started on his long cold ride. I occupied his warm bunk for the rest of the night. When Maj. Botts reported to Col. Jack, he found that I had perpetrated a severe joke upon him. The next time that I met him he vowed that he would get even with

me for my mean treatment. He did this many years afterwards, by entertaining me in a princely manner at his elegant Texas home, and giving me an excursion from Houston to San Antonio on a splendid observation car, which was enjoyed by a party of friends. Maj. Botts had not forgotten, but took pleasure in telling of how badly I treated him at Murfreesboro. Col. Jack and Maj. Botts, both my warm friends, crossed over the river and joined the great majority years ago. No better or nobler men ever lived.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CHATHAM, VA.
Sketch in Veteran for December, 1900, page 456.

T. M. Walker, Whitwell, Tenn.: "I write you of a soldier occupying a lonely grave on my grandfather's plantation in Sequatchee County. His name was O. N. Sullivan, and my mother says he did not meet death in battle, but at the hands of an officer of his company with whom he had a difficulty. It may be that his relatives or friends would wish to move his remains if they knew of their resting place, and I would cheerfully go with any one to the spot. It may be that witnesses of his death are still living; and if so, I should like to have particulars in regard to it. It is my purpose to erect a stone over his grave if there is no one left with a prior right."

Mrs. Rufus Barringer, of Charlotte, N. C., writes: "Our chapter of U. D. C., Stonewall Jackson No. 220, has elected Mrs. Jackson President for life. We had very interesting exercises for Lee's birthday. Mrs.

Jackson pinned on the veterans the Crosses of Honor presented by the Children of the Confederacy. Our Chapter is growing, and our absorbing interest for the next two months will be preparations for a bazaar to raise funds for the veterans. We hope other Chapters will help in this work."

THE VIRGINIA AND NOT THE MERRIMAC.

The following resolution was passed by Confederate Memorial Literary Society, of Richmond, Va., October 25, 1899:

That the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, in their publications, and whenever they have occasion to refer to the ironclad Virginia, of the Confederate navy, will give the vessel its right name. It is apparent that there is as great an impropriety in calling the Virginia the Merrimac as there would be in giving the Shenandoah its original name of Sea King.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, of Richmond, Va., is a society having a membership in all of the Southern States, with Regents and Vice Regents in the thirteen Confederate States and Maryland.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, who sent the copy of the resolution, mentions that the VETERAN of August previous contains an article by a Virginian called "Brilliant Career of the Merrimac," in which the writer says of this vessel: "After having been made ready for service it was christened Virginia, but has ever been known in naval annals as Merrimac." She says:

"Mr. Higgins must refer to the 'naval annals' of the United States. Certainly the Confederate States government gave the vessel its name, and their 'annals' tell you it was the Virginia that engaged the Monitor in 1862. It is for Confederates and their sons and daughters to see to it that our annals preserve the truth of history. The United States government insults our Southern people by publication of 'annals' of the war between the States, calling our righteous resistance to a war of invasion and coercion 'the war of the rebellion.' We are determined to give a correct name to the war, and I would remind Mr. Higgins that it was not a 'civil war.'"

"Why should we not give the correct name to our war vessels? There are battles that in the military annals of the North receive different names from those in the military annals of the South. Let Confederate or Southern historians preserve accuracy in writing of all things Confederate. There certainly was never any ironclad Merrimac, and never any vessel of that name in the Confederate navy. We had the Confederate ram Arkansas, the Georgia, the Florida, the famous Alabama, where the names of Confederate States are all happily associated with Confederate vessels; and is the Virginia alone—in one sense the greatest of all—to lose her proper name and be relegated back to one not belonging to her—a name, too, identified geographically with New England, and of no Southern significance whatever? And a Virginian, certainly, should be especially solicitous that his State should not lose the honor paid her by the Confederate government in the naming of the Virginia."

J. B. K. Smith, of Waycross, Ga., writes:

I wish to correct a slight mistake in the article in the January VETERAN in regard to Col. W. M. Inge as to the place of organization of the Twelfth (Griffith's) Mississippi Regiment and Infantry C. S. A. My company (Tombigee Rangers), Capt. J. H. Sharpe commanding, took its way from Columbus, Miss., April 5, 1861, and stopped two hours at Corinth on our way to Jackson, Tenn., to "get in the war," and went out to camp to see Barksdale's regiment, Thirteenth Mississippi, then just organized, and Baldwin's, also recently organized, both regiments being from Columbus. On our way back to the depot we passed Griffith's regiment (Twelfth) in line, the finest body of men physically I ever saw, scarcely a man in the whole command who was not the picture of health, standing an average of five feet eleven inches in his stockings.

We went on to Union City, Tenn., together with the companies making Blythe's Battalion, afterwards given as a regiment number Forty-Four by Gov. Pettus, under conscript reorganization subsequent to the battle of Shiloh. My company, Blythe's, Dubarry's (Calhoun Avengers), Humphreys', from Tunica, and Nesbit's (De Soto Beauregards), and two Alabama companies composed the battalion. Melanchthon Smith's Company, the Chichashay's Desperadoes, turned themselves into artillery, and were given a battery of six pounders by Gen. B. F. Cheatham, and did splendid service under Capt. Turner and Melanchthon Smith, major commanding battalion artillery of Cheatham's command during the whole war.

These were all the troops from Mississippi ever organized or mustered into service at Union City, Tenn.

I shall never forget Mrs. Inge's kindness in giving me some water, some "grub," and a dose of salts for my wounded brother-in-law, whom I found about midnight in a little cabin close to the residence. He was struck in the left knee by a bullet, which lamed him for life. I had limped from Shiloh with a hole in my shin made by a savage pine knot on the march from Purdy's Station out to the battle ground on Saturday before the first day's fight.

James Melvins, Thirty-Second Mississippi Volunteers, Cleburne's Division, and of Whitworth Sharpshooters, inquires for his old comrades, Henry Harrison and Jim Lawler, Sixteenth Alabama Regiment, Jim Moore, of a Tennessee regiment; Jim Lane, John Knox, and — Mixer, of an Arkansas regiment; also George Armore and Barney Robart, of a Texas Regiment. Comrade Melvins would like to hear from any of them before the reunion.

Private Ike Stone Camp, of Henderson, Tenn., held an unusually interesting meeting on the 2d of March. The resolutions of Gen. Gordon were unanimously indorsed. The camp will attend the reunion in a body.

Ike Stone, the man in whose honor this Camp was named, was but a private in the ranks, yet a brave, generous-hearted man. After the war was over he went back to cultivating the soil and although stricken with paralysis of his lower limbs he was a better farmer than many who have full use of all their limbs. He

made a good hand hoeing and picking cotton, sitting in his chair and wriggling it farther along when he had hoed or picked as far as he could reach.

This Camp was organized nearly a year ago with a membership of about twenty, and is steadily growing. The old boys relate many interesting and laughable incidents.

Reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade at Galveston.—The local committee of Galveston for the reception and entertainment of Hood's Texas Brigade on the 27th and 28th of June next are now at work getting the different sub-committees established so as to make that reunion one of the grandest the old brigade has ever had. The Committee on Transportation say they will get a very low rate, and as soon as all details are formulated as to rates and programme it will be published. The Secretary, George A. Branard, writes: "You are not expected to come in full dress suits, but just as you are in everyday life. The old clothes you had, or have, like those worn in your four years' service, 1,400 miles from your home, with all connections cut off, will do, as they are only plain people and expect to entertain old soldiers and not dudes. Bring your wives or some one of your family."

A member of Burns's Eleventh Mississippi Confederate Infantry writes:

An incident of the battle of Jenkin's Ferry, in Arkansas, deserves to be preserved. The Federal line had formed in a dense forest in the valley of Saline River, and seemed rooted to the ground like the trees. Several efforts to dislodge them had failed. In a continued or renewed assault by the Missouri and Arkansas Infantry two Southern flags were seen far in advance of our line, flaunting almost in the face of the foe. The one on our left was in the hands of the gallant Gen. Marmaduke for the brigade he was temporarily leading. That on the right was of Rindall's Battalion, and was upheld by its own color sergeant, mounted on the same horse with and behind a staff officer. Earlier in the day I saw this staff officer approach and salute our division commander, Gen. M. M. Parsons, and heard him deliver the order for battle in these words: "General, I am directed to present to you the compliments of Gen. Price, with the request that you immediately move on the enemy;" then staying, as I supposed, to see the order executed. He was soon riding along our front on a splendid bay, cheering the men on toward our homes and loved ones in Missouri. A little later he had caught up that boy color sergeant, flag and all, and was leading the way. At this juncture Walker's six thousand rushed down the hill like an avalanche, and literally swept the woods. Who were the double riders, that staff officer, and that color sergeant? Have they answered the last roll call like Marmaduke? This question is asked before all who could answer it are gone.

L. Yates, of Elsinore, Cal., writes: "I want to hear from some of the boys in my old regiment, Company B, Eighteenth Regiment, Arkansas Volunteer Infantry. Since I have been in California I rarely meet a Confederate, and never one with whom I marched during the sixties."

EIGHTEEN CONFEDERATES FOR RETALIATION.

H. B. Richards, Lagrange, Tex., writes:

Early in November, 1862, I was, with some other prisoners, en route to Vicksburg to be exchanged. We were stopped at Cairo, Ill., and a few days after we reached there all the prisoners in the pen with me, about two hundred or three hundred, were drawn up in a double line, and some officers and a guard came in. It was then announced that in retaliation for eighteen men who had been shot by Gen. Forrest's orders, the same number were to be selected from our ranks for a like fate. The order was then given for us to open ranks, which placed us in two single lines, one in rear of the other. A number of white beans and eighteen black ones were then put in a hat and carried up and down the lines, and each man was forced to put in his hand and draw out a bean. Before his hand could get out of the hat his wrist would be seized by the guard, who would open it, and if a white bean was disclosed the hat was passed to the next; but if the bean was black, the poor fellow was marched off, and we saw him no more. This was kept up until the eighteen men were drawn. About a week later we were loaded on a boat—960 in number by that time—and started for Vicksburg. We were sixteen days making the trip, with prisoners dying every day like sheep with the rot. At last, while lashed alongside the Confederate boat, the exchange going on, and at least a third of our men had passed over on to our boat, the Federals got a dispatch that one of the eighteen men drawn at Cairo had died, and demanding another victim. So another of our comrades was then and there seized, and, like those at Cairo, we saw him no more.

I was a member of Stuart's Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, and after exchange returned to my command as rapidly as possible. I have never been able to learn the fate of those comrades, nor have I ever seen any account of the transaction in print. I don't wish to revive the animosities of the war, but do want to know if those men were shot.

The above was written by Comrade Richards in December, 1893, but placed in a hook by him and forgotten. It now comes to light after all these years, and if any comrade can give information as to the fate of the eighteen men, it will help to clear up the mystery as to their fate.

MOTIVE FOR KILLING MR. LINCOLN.

Maj. John W. Tench, Gainesville, Fla., writes:

Apropos of the killing of Lincoln, it may be well to state that Powell, the most dangerous of Booth's adjutants, was a native Floridian, the son of a preacher at Marianna, who happened to be in Washington when the assassin needed him. A happy-go-lucky, dare-devil fellow, and a fine specimen of physical manhood, Booth molded the youth to his evil will. It was he who stabbed the Swards. Booth and Beall were fast friends. In an attempted raid on St. Albans prison, where a number of Confederate soldiers were confined, Beall was betrayed by one of his party and captured. He was in his uniform, but this availed him not. He was tried as a spy and condemned to death. Hearing of his friend's sad plight, Booth went in his

behalf to Mr. Lincoln, with whom he had always been on cordial terms of friendship. Booth felt satisfied that he could have Beall pardoned, and before he left the executive mansion he had Mr. Lincoln's promise to save his friend's life. Mr. Stanton, always irate where a Southerner was involved, hearing of Mr. Lincoln's promise to Booth, declared to Mr. Lincoln that if Beall was pardoned he and the remainder of the cabinet would resign. To appease him for the moment, the President promised that he would look over the findings again, but before he did so Beall's life was at an end. Stanton's threat proves that there was a promise of some sort given Booth by the President, and as further proof, the officer in charge of the execution, with watch in hand, looked anxiously for a messenger from the White House until the last second had expired. When Booth learned of Beall's death, he was heard to swear that no such a traitor to his word should longer rule the nation. Were it not for violating promises, the proof of the above would be printed. They are of record and will, before many years, be crystallized into history.

Mrs. E. L. Brown, Historian of Barbour Chapter, U. D. C., of Alabama, writes of a statement in the *Sunny South* to the effect that to Franklin J. Moses was due the honor of firing the first gun in the war between the States. Frank Moses was never due any honor from any source for anything from his birth to his death. At the surrender of Fort Sumter, as an aid to Gov. Pickens, he was sent to receive the flag of Maj. Anderson, and if there was any honor in this act of servitude, he is welcome to it.

Mrs. Brown will pardon me for saying that she errs in giving the honor to Mr. Haynesworth. The then venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, being in the city of Charleston, asked, and was granted, permission by Gen. Beauregard to fire the first gun, and to him the honor belongs.



MAJ. HONORE DUGAS, OF LOUISIANA,
Who was on the staff of Maj. Gen. E. H. Lambard.



J. J. M'GOWAN, OF SAVANNAH, GA.

T. N. Theus, of Camp 736, sends account of deaths in that Camp. Comrade McGowan is of the number.

J. J. McGowan was born in Ireland sixty-four years ago, but his parents came to this country and to Savannah when he was an infant, and he had resided here ever since, save during the period of his service in the Confederate army, and for some months after he received the wound that terminated the service.

At the outbreak of the civil war Mr. McGowan was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Savannah, and at once enlisted in the Irish Jasper Greys, with which gallant body of his compatriots he served until the battle of Lost Mountain, in which he was desperately wounded. A Minie ball struck him at the junction of the elbow of his left arm, and to save his life it was



J. J. M'GOWAN.

necessary to amputate the arm. Mr. McGowan at that time was orderly sergeant of his company, and had made a record for gallantry and the efficient discharge of duty which won for him the respect of the men of his company and the entire confidence of his superior officers.

The loss of his arm incapacitated him for military service, and he was discharged. He returned to Savannah, and remained until the advance of Sherman's army, when he went to Augusta and lived there until the cessation of hostilities.

Soon after the war Mr. McGowan was elected tax collector, and assumed charge under the commission

of Gov. Jenkins. He continued in office for a very short time only. Georgia ceased to be a State, and became a military district, with a United States army officer in charge as military governor. Gov. Jenkins was deposed, and Tax Collector McGowan was ordered to turn over to the military authorities the money he had collected for taxes and assessments. He refused with a firmness that no amount of threats and persuasion served to overcome. He was thrown into prison in the old government barracks, now where the De Soto Hotel stands, and was kept there for several months. The surrender of the money he had collected was made the price of his liberty, and he didn't want it at that price. The money had been sent on to New York, to the banking firm of Eugene Kelly & Company, where it remained until a civil government was again in power and Mr. McGowan was in position to hand it over to the duly constituted authorities of the county.

A man named Hopkins, who had drifted into Savannah during the last days of the war, and had become a bitter Republican, was appointed tax collector of the county. Hopkins could not get anybody to go on his bond, and the ordinary of the county pronounced the office of tax collector vacant, and appointed Mr. McGowan to fill the unexpired term to which he had originally been elected and during which he had been removed. At the next election he was again a candidate for the office, and was elected. At each succeeding election he received a plurality of the votes cast. He was never defeated.

No death that has recently occurred in Savannah has created more profound grief and widespread regret. He was a man of simple tastes and quiet and unobtrusive life habits, and his intercourse with others was almost entirely in the line of his public duty. Throughout the long period of time during which he was tax collector of the county he had carried on the arduous business and looked after the delicate duties of the office with a degree of satisfaction to the public that was remarkable. No criticism upon his official conduct was ever passed, nor did he permit any personal considerations to interfere with the performance of what he esteemed his duty.

J. G. ARNOLD.

Comrade J. G. Arnold, a member of William Friereson Camp 83, died at his home in Wartrace, March 21, 1900. He enlisted in July, 1861, in the Twenty-Third Tennessee, and served to the end of the war, always ready when duty called, shirking nothing. After his return home, in 1865, he was successful in farming. He served two terms as deputy sheriff, and then was appointed superintendent of the Hermitage farm at the soldier's home, where he stayed four years and brought that famous farm into a high state of cultivation. He left there in the fall of 1899, returned to Wartrace, and was again appointed deputy sheriff, but lived only a few months. He was buried with Masonic honors at Fairfield March 22. This information was furnished by W. U. Isham.

J. M. KELLAR.

Died at his home near Wartrace, on December 23, 1900, Comrade J. M. Kellar, who for years had been a member of William Friereson Camp 83. Comrade Kel-

lar enlisted in Company C, Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, in July, 1861, and was in every engagement of the Western army from Shiloh to Chickamauga. After that battle the Twenty-Third was consolidated with the Seventeenth and sent with Longstreet to Knoxville, and arrived in Richmond in May, 1864. He did his share of the fighting in front of Petersburg, and was surrendered with Gen. Lee at Appomattox. After the war he was a successful farmer. He was a Mason in good standing and was buried by that fraternity near Haley's Station, December 24, 1900.



MRS. MARY MAUDE CLARK.

Mrs. Mary Maude Clark died at Warrensburg, Mo., September 28, 1900. Mrs. Clark was born near Montgomery, Ala., May 25, 1860, and while very young moved with her parents to Illinois, where her mother died. When about three years old she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Watts, living in Illinois, and in 1880 moved with them to Missouri. She was married to Mr. John B. Clark in Sedalia, Mo., in 1881, and they moved to Warrensburg in 1895, and lived there up to the time of Mrs. Clark's death. From the organization of the F. M. Cockerill Chapter, U. D. C., at Warrensburg, Mrs. Clark had been President, and was much interested in the work. The Chapter adopted resolutions in memory of their beloved President, which were published in the Warrensburg papers.

HENRY AUGUSTUS WARE.

The *Huntington Advertiser*, Huntington, W. Va., reports the death of Col. Henry Augustus Ware. He was a native of Caroline County, Va. He was born September 1, 1829, and was educated at Fleetwood Academy, in King and Queen County, Va., and married in 1857 to Miss Georgia Hill. Col. Ware was one of the first Virginians to volunteer in the Confederate army, where he saw four years of active service, surrendering with Gen. Lee at Appomattox, along with the Thirtieth Virginia Regiment. He came to Huntington in 1885, where he has since lived. Col. Ware was a gentleman of the old Virginia type, scrupulously exact in his dealings with men, and at all times and seasons gentle and courteous.

ROBERT T. PEAK.

Col. Dew M. Wisdom, Forrest's Cavalry, writes from Muskogee, Ind. T.:

Robert T. Peak, a Confederate veteran, aged about seventy-three years, died near Claremore, Cherokee Nation, Ind. T., on the night of February 15. He served in the war as a member of Company E, Fourth Alabama Cavalry, Col. Russell's "crack" regiment under Wheeler and Forrest. About twenty years ago Mr. Peak moved from Alabama to the Indian Territory to establish his right as a Cherokee Indian by blood, which he always claimed to be. There was no braver or more honest man than Richard T. Peak, and his devotion to our great cause continued without wavering to the day of his death. He was buried at Muskogee on February 17. A widow and several children mourn his loss.

HUGH THOMAS BERRY.

From the *Democrat Bulletin*, Salem, Mo.:

At the death of Hon. Hugh Thomas Berry, the words by King David, "Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel?" are most appropriate. Lieut. Berry was born in Missouri July 21, 1837. He entered the Confederate army, and made a brave soldier and officer. He served as lieutenant, and came out of the war unhurt. He suffered many hardships and was captured at Helena, Ark., July 4, 1864, but was afterwards released. He was a patriot. His love for his country filled him with true courage and bravery. He was as true to his flag as is the needle to the pole. He was held in high esteem even by those who fought on the other side. When the war ended he accepted the situation and renewed his allegiance to our united country. In May, 1865, he moved to Texas, locating in Angeline County. In 1897 he moved to Johnson County, where he taught school for several years. He held several positions of public trust in Hood County.

COL. WARREN M. HOPKINS.

Mrs. Alice Roberts, Knoxville, Tenn., writes:

More than thirty-nine years ago Capt. W. E. Jones, of Washington County, Va., finding that "a war between the States" was inevitable, raised a company of cavalry composed of the very best young men in the county. He was elected captain, and, after carefully drilling them in this branch of the service, led them to Richmond, and turned them over to the Army of Northern Virginia as Company D, Fitzhugh Lee's First Virginia Cavalry. Col. Warren M. Hopkins was color bearer as they marched out of Abingdon. Promotion in his case was rapid, and at the close of the war he came home to his loved one as colonel of cavalry. Duty was his watchword in every crisis of life, so he went to work to retrieve all that was lost by the war. He was spared for many years to those who loved him, and then the Master called this upright, genial, and much loved man to his reward. He was buried in Sinking Spring cemetery, Abingdon, Va., with many of the bravest and best of our Confederate noblemen. Our blue mountains look down and keep guard over a hero who never stooped to an apology for the cause he fought for.

TRIBUTES TO GEN. GREEN B. CRANE.

Comrade J. I. Hood writes from Meridian, Miss.:

The accompanying portrait is that of one of the most promising young men of Mississippi when the war broke out. He was a student of the University of Mississippi at Oxford. Aspiring, ambitious, with high ideals, his record at the time the university closed to transfer her students to the field of battle was prophetic of a brilliant and useful career, and fully indicated the exalted plane he was to reach and tread. He was a leader in debate and oratory. The elo-



quent and stirring appeal he made at that time in behalf of the army showed that his tongue had been richly tipped with the fire of genius and eloquence. He entered the army in Company C, Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry, a company from Canton. He passed unscathed through the battles of Manassas and Leesburg.

The tributes sent herewith were written by two of the noblest, purest, and most heroic men who figured in those trying times. One by Mr. David S. Goodloe, whose beautiful face, lined with intellectuality, is still outlined in memory and a pleasing, inspiring vision. He followed the fortunes of that splendid company, winning laurels and friends, and, when the end came, became a prominent and eloquent minister of the Episcopal Church. He has "crossed over the river, and rests under the shade of the trees."

The other by J. A. Hackett, D.D., who was one of the fighting chaplains of the cause, going into the battles with his comrades, and, when the battles were over, devoting himself faithfully to the wounded and dying, bending over them in aid and comfort, love and prayer. He resides in this city, loved and honored by all, and is one of the most distinguished divines of the State.

"D. S. G." wrote the father, J. W. Crane, in Camp, July 30, 1862:

Having been a sorrowful eyewitness to the fall of your worthy son, Green B. Crane, at the request of his afflicted brother, I take the sad pleasure of giving some slight testimony of his gallant and Christian death.

On July 1, just before sundown, the brigade under Col. Barksdale was ordered to attack a powerful battery of ten or twelve heavy guns, advantageously posted upon a hill difficult of approach, and strongly supported by infantry. The Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment boldly advanced and formed in beautiful order under a fearful fire of shell, and halted within five hundred yards of the enemy's line, to wait for the other regiments of the brigade to come up and form upon her right and left. Our colonel had now fallen, and many of our brave men were fast marking the deadly line where we stood. The other regiments were so slow in coming up that we could delay no longer. The order was given to "forward," and up through the dark carnage of death—the fearful sweep of grape, canister, and rifle shot—our heroic boys pressed on over the bodies of our slain with a steadiness of tread that may

well fill the heart of our chivalrous State with a lofty pride in her sons. We neared the battery in line as perfect as I ever saw at evening drill. Thus we were moving, and here where the destruction was awful, as death was reaping our ranks, your noble son, my beloved friend, reeled from his place, fell and died as only the bold-hearted can die, with the lines of calm strength and Christian hope on his face. He spoke no word, except to say, with dignity and firmness: "I'm shot." So pure a life must have led him to a peaceful and happy rest.

From the field, July 31, another comrade, "J. A. H.," wrote the father:

No purer sacrifice has ever been laid upon the altar of liberty. No braver heart has ever met the hirclings of tyranny. You have sustained an irreparable loss in his death.

At home he was known to be emphatically a gentleman, in whose nature were combined those essential qualities which command respect and love. In the camp to these qualities he added those of a patient, willing, and active soldier. On the battlefield he showed himself a hero worthy of the glorious and sacred cause in which he fell. But above all, he was a Christian. His life was in close conformity to the requirements of the gospel. He fell with his feet to the enemy, his eyes toward heaven.

JAMES D. BULLOCH.

R. F. Armstrong writes from Halifax, Nova Scotia:

At Liverpool, England, on January 7, 1901, at the residence of his son-in-law, M. H. Maxwell, Esq., an alderman of the city, died James Dunwoody Bulloch, a distinguished officer in the navy of the Confederate States, and, during the greater part of the war, the trusted financial agent of the Confederacy in Europe. The important rôle which Capt. Bulloch played, and the eminent services he rendered to his struggling countrymen has never been known or adequately appreciated; but history, to which everything is ultimately known, will be busy with his name and fame, and will write on its brightest page the heroic devotion of this man, who, taking counsel of his country's necessities, was content to sacrifice all personal ambitions to her needs.

It was not his privilege to command at sea during the war, but he constructed the ladders by which other men climbed to fame, and the success of the Confederate commerce destroyers was primarily due to the indefatigable exertions and wise counsels of Capt. Bulloch. When, at the beginning of our long struggle, the Confederacy was embarrassed with a plethora of men and a dearth of arms and war equipment, it was Bulloch that President Davis selected to proceed to Europe and supply the deficiency. The successful entry of the Fingal, under his command, into Savannah, loaded with arms and ammunition, supplied the immediate needs of our soldiers, which, being supplemented with the *spolia opima* of Bull Run, placed our armies in Virginia on a war footing, and inspired a confidence which could not be felt in ill-armed levies. Besides, the Fingal's success in running the gantlet of the Federal blockade pointed the way to that unique

commerce, blockade-running, which cut such a figure afterwards in the fortunes of the Confederacy.

At this time Semmes, in the little Sumter, was presenting an impudently bold front on the high seas to the overwhelming Federal navy, and his success against the commerce of the enemy inspired our Navy Department with the desire to reënforce the Sumter with one or more suitable cruisers. Capt. Bulloch was again selected for the important and delicate work, and, with enlarged powers and very little else in the shape of "ways and means," landed in Liverpool on the 4th of June 1861. The Alexandria, Florida, and Alabama, model gunboats, and *sui generis* for the work intended, built within the first six months of his taking hold, sufficiently attest the ability and energy of the man; and if to this be added the numerous cargoes of arms, ammunition, and supplies he purchased and dispatched successfully through the blockade, it will be recognized that James D. Bulloch, in the early part of our war, was a host in himself.

Uncomplainingly, at the earnest solicitation of the President, Capt. Bulloch yielded the command of the Florida and Alabama successively to others, and allowed not disappointed ambition to change in one iota his supreme devotion to his dearly loved South. Subsequently he built two ironclads on the Mersey, but, owing to the ill-concealed partisanship and one-sided neutrality of the British government, recalled by the recent death of the Queen, they were illegally seized and incorporated into the British navy. The same thing happened in France, and the seizure, before completion, of two of Capt. Bulloch's ironclads accentuated the wisdom of the biblical maxim, "Put not your trust in Princes." However, owing to Bulloch's strategy and wonderful management, the Confederacy afterwards came into possession of one of these rams, which, under the name of Stonewall, and under the command of Capt. Thomas J. Page, of glorious memory, exposed to the eyes of all Europe the cowardice of the Federal frigates Niagara and Sacramento off Ferrol, Spain, in 1865. Failing to provoke Commodore Craven to fight, the Stonewall sailed away for our Southern coast, and the surrender of Lee—the end of all things in this world for many of us—found her in the harbor of Havana, the prize, but only by inheritance, of her enemy.

The Shenandoah, purchased and fitted out by Bulloch, made her wonderful cruise under his instructions, and it was his conception and plan that enabled Capt. Waddell to retaliate for the infamous "stone blockade" of Charleston harbor in the early part of the war, by wholly obliterating from the seas the whaling fleet of the United States.

But to write fully the history of James D. Bulloch would be to write much of the history of the Confederate States, for although a naval officer and supposed to be acting only in a naval capacity, he was intimately connected as well with the diplomacy of our country, and stood high in the confidences of Messrs. Mason, Slidell, and other accredited agents abroad. During the latter days of the Confederacy the daily rations of Lee's army were almost wholly supplied through the blockade by his indefatigable exertions, and but for him there is no doubt that the invincible remnant which succumbed to starvation at Appomattox C. H.

would have had their agony shortened by some months.

Bulloch's revered name stands associated with every amiable and noble quality, and as his merits cannot be enhanced by eulogy, so likewise can no detraction tarnish his glory. Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control were the three pillars which supported his well-ordered life, and as an object lesson in morals and



HON. JAMES D. BULLOCH.

devotion to duty, his life cannot be too often reviewed, nor can his example be too closely copied by the youth of the South.

Born in Liberty County, Ga., in 1825, of distinguished ancestry, his great-grandfather having been first Governor of Georgia, after the revolution, his predilections for a seafaring life were nurtured by his residence on salt water and boyhood sports. Entering the United States navy about 1840, he rose through all the intermediate grades to a lieutenancy; but, finding promotion slow and naval pay inadequate to the needs of a growing family, he resigned his commission and accepted service in the Cromwell steamship line, running between New York and New Orleans. The commercial experience he gained here, and his intimate relations with business men, stood him in good stead afterwards, and it can be truthfully said of Capt. Bulloch what he so gracefully said of our dear old Commodore Tattnall: "He always brought to the execution of a task more ability than was required for its accomplishment."

The beginning of the war found Capt. Bulloch in command of the Bienville, which afterwards, in the United States navy, became a "pestilential hornet" to our blockade runners, but, promptly resigning from the merchant service, and sacrificing in the North the ac-

cumulations of years, he embraced the cause of his people and brought to their succor the matured experience and ripened judgment of forty-five years of earnest living.

There are but few characters in which so many amiable and shining qualities are found united. His affable and engaging manners, his great, big heart full of sympathy for distress, and his unfeigned piety gained for him the love and esteem of all. His mind was abundantly stored, and he had the happy faculty of communicating his ideas in an easy-flowing and perspicuous manner. Although he experienced great physical debility during the last few months of his life, the powers of his mind were unimpaired, and, surrounded by his immediate family, he gently yielded up a life of seventy-seven years, which had been so full of service for God and country. His faithful wife died a few years ago, and of his children two daughters remain. Their best inheritance is the remembrance of their father's many noble Christian virtues.

"Blessed are the people who have a noble history, and read it." In this respect our Southern people are peculiarly blessed in the proprietorship of

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled,
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men by whom impartial laws are given,
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven;

and in close association with the honored names of Washington, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Tattall, Buchanan, Semmes, and a host of Southern heroes in the love, reverence, and affection of his people shall ever be found that of James D. Bulloch.

CAPT. WILLIAM FRY.

Dr. J. M. Fry, of Wills Point, Tex., writes: "Capt. William Fry died on the farm where he had lived twenty-four years, October 13, 1900, at McCoy, Tex. He was born in Greene County, Tenn., and lived there until the opening of the civil war. From its organization to its reorganization, in 1862, he was captain of Company I, Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. From then until the close of the war he operated in upper East Tennessee, commanding a semi-independent company of scouts, subject to orders from Gen. Vaughn, commanding the department. The people living in that section can testify to the services rendered by Fry, Osborne, Dyke, and others in protecting them from depredations of bushwhackers, many of whom they killed, while they drove others from the country."

CAPT. G. W. SMITHSON.

Capt. George W. Smithson (senior member of the firm of Smithson & Kennedy), widely known and generally beloved, died at his home, Franklin, Tenn., on Monday, October 1, 1900, in his sixty-third year. The announcement of his death was a shock to the community.

Capt. Smithson's life was an epistle worthy to be read of all men. In it were the attributes that make up that noblest work of God—an honest man. In his young manhood he laid his all upon the altar of his country, and for four years of fire and blood he did his full part to crown with undying honor the bright-

est character on the page of history—the Confederate soldier. He was a member of Company B, Second Tennessee Regiment, Bell's Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry. Surviving comrades at his grave bore testimony to his gallantry in those brave old days. The Mc-



CAPT. SMITHSON.

Ewen Bivouac and Starnes Camp attended the funeral and officiated in a last tribute of affection and honor to their departed comrade. He was wounded on Gen. Hood's retreat. Sad loss was sustained to the business and social circles of Franklin in his death, and the deep sorrow of the community was everywhere manifested. As a special mark of respect, the dry goods stores of the city were closed during his funeral.

Capt. Smithson was married in 1871 to Miss Sallie Henderson, whom he survived scarcely one year. He left four children: Mrs. W. J. Bruce, George H. Smithson, Mrs. N. C. Perkins, and Miss Sallie Smithson.

MAJ. L. C. BRUYN.

Extract from a letter of Capt. DeWitt Bruyn (Uncle DeWitt) to Miss Lettie R. Bryan, dated Burroughs, Ga., February 14, 1897:

The image of your noble father, Maj. L. C. Bryan, is often present in my thoughts. Did I ever tell you the remarks that Col. Olmstead made on the occasion of your father's funeral? Col. Olmstead and I chanced to occupy seats in the same carriage on the way from the house to the grave, and of course the good qualities of your father were the subject of general conversation. The Colonel made quite a little speech. As near as I can remember it was this: "Maj. Bryan was the most coolly brave man I ever saw. He was so remarkably courteous at all times that I often thought I would like to see him under fire. My desire was to see if that invulnerable suavity would disappear under such excitement. The opportunity presented itself during the battles around Atlanta, and I became convinced that bravery and courtesy were coexisting qualities of the man. It happened to be

my duty to bear the orders to repair the breastworks in a certain part of the battlefield. The firing was terrific. As I arrived at the trenches of the Fifty-Seventh Georgia Regiment, I found Maj. Bryan in command. As I rode up he turned to me with the same courteous greeting, but graver than usual. I delivered the order, and he at once turned to his men, exclaiming: 'Boys; here is an order to repair yonder breastworks! Come on!' And he leaped on his horse and led them to the work."

Now, Lettie, I am an old man, and passed through similar ordeals that your father did during the cruel war, but it was not my fortune to be near him.

Capt. DeWitt Bruyn is the son of Andrew Bruyn, for years a member of Congress from New York State. Ithaca was his home. It was said that his death was caused by his remaining at his post when he was sick. He would not leave until he had given his vote to Democracy on some bill then before Congress.

REV. M. B. DEWITT, D.D.

Rev. James H. McNeilly, a fellow-chaplain in the Western army—a minister of the Presbyterian Church—wrote of the late Rev. M. B. DeWitt, D.D., for many years a distinguished minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. There are some abbreviations of his most worthy tribute:

The death of Rev. Dr. DeWitt removes a powerful moral and spiritual force from the activities of this life. He was not only a good man, but a great one as measured by our Lord's standard, "Whosoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant." His life was a long, continuous, self-denying, patient, cheerful service. His highest ambition was to hear the Master say: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Endowed by nature with rare abilities, which

he had cultivated highly, he laid all at the feet of the Lord, to be used by him when and where and how he would.

Our friendship was formed and welded amid the trying scenes of the civil war. The Eighth Tennessee was a fighting regiment, and he went with it, always ready to care for the wounded and comfort the dying. He won the respect, the confidence, and the love of the men by his true manhood in camp and on the field. He was a perfect gentleman, a humble, catholic-spirited Christian, a wise, safe counselor, and an earnest worker in every good cause. He was so sincere, guileless, and genuine that all trusted him; he was so cheerful, bright, and companionable that he was the life of the circle in which he moved. He was brave as a lion, yet as modest as a woman; he was strong to do or to suffer, yet very tender to the weak; he was stern in his integrity, yet pitiful to the erring; he was ready to enjoy the comic side of life, yet none ever felt more deeply its pathos. He loved this life and this bright world, yet was glad to give it up when God called. He purified, sweetened, elevated the lives about him.

A red-letter day occurred with him ten years ago, when Rev. S. M. Cherry, Sr., of the Methodist Church, was to celebrate his birthday, so he asked Dr. DeWitt and Elder R. Lin Cave, of the Christian Church, and myself to spend the day with him. We were all in the Confederate army to the last. We sat and walked and talked until the night fell; and as we recalled the scenes, humorous and sad, of those brave old days, he enjoyed it all with intense delight.

Two weeks before his death I visited him, and again the talk drifted to the war times and our army experiences. He seemed to forget his sufferings as he recalled many a form long turned to dust and voices long silent; and he mentioned the grand deeds of many who sleep on distant battlefields, where his hands helped to lay them to rest. The old memories again stirred him to smiles and to tears.

But he has gone to join the great company to whom he ministered on earth, and as I think of the great work he wrought I thank God for such a work, and as I think of the great man he was I thank God for such a friend.

The editor of the VETERAN has ever admired the character of that noble man. In the great Georgia campaign the zeal, the courage, and the self-sacrifice of Dr. DeWitt is recalled as that of no other man in any sphere of usefulness. On a forced march, upon one hot day, he was astride his horse, and, seeing an emaciated soldier trudging along, he instantly sprang from his horse into the hot, deep dust, and directed the sick fellow to take his place. A few sentences from his will, recently probated, may be taken as an index to his character:

By God's blessings I am what I am, and what he has given me ought to be humbly acknowledged. He has given me soul and body and spirit. These I commit to his keeping, now and always.

I hereby declare that whatever property I own, of every kind, is largely due to the faithfulness, care, and love of my wife; wherefore I feel it to be right to say that I would be recreant to duty and gratitude, as well



REV. M. B. DEWITT, D.D.

as to love, did I not record my appreciation of her fidelity during more than thirty-two years [this was written March, 1892.—ED.] which we have lived together. I will, devise, and bequeath all my property, real and personal, to my beloved wife, Mary Elizabeth DeWitt. I will that she become executrix without bond, and that there shall be no hindrance placed in her way in the use or disposal of the property of every kind.

He indicated his desire to leave valuable portions of his library to the Cumberland University, Lebanon.

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CAPT. A. T. GAY.

Young County Camp, of Graham, Tex., through a committee composed of F. Herron, A. O. Norris, H. C. Fields, J. S. Starrett, J. W. Graves, and A. A. Timmons, sends the following tribute:

Capt. A. T. Gay, the founder of Young County Camp of United Confederate Veterans, has been transferred to the great beyond, and now rests under the sod and the dew, awaiting the sound of the trumpet which shall call him to his everlasting reward.

Capt. Gay was a native of Tennessee, and when his State sounded the alarm and beat the long roll early in 1861, he enlisted as a private soldier in April, 1861, and in five months time was, by promotion, the captain of Company E, Thirty-First Tennessee Regiment. He served with this regiment until after Gen. Bragg's defeat at Chattanooga, when he was transferred to the cavalry service, and was captain of Company E, Twentieth Tennessee Cavalry, until the close of the war, when he surrendered with Forrest at Gainesville, Ala.

Like thousands of others, at the time of enlisting in the army, Comrade Gay went forth willingly and cheerfully to battle for principles he then believed, and died believing they were just, honorable, and right. He was one of those patriotic and chivalrous spirits who made the name of Forrest so famous in American history.

R. G. HOLSTINE.

J. W. Register, of Clayton, La., pays this tribute:

R. G. Holstine was born in Franklin Parish, La., June 30, 1838, and died at Florence, Catahoula Parish, November 26, 1900. Comrade Holstine attended Soule Commercial College at New Orleans and the Kentucky Military Institute, session of 1858-59. He went to the army in 1861 as a private in the Texas Cavalry, Company A, of Wirt Adams's Regiment, which was among the first troops stationed at Bowling Green, Ky. He served at private with the Army of Tennessee in all the campaigns, including the battles of Shiloh, Britton's Lane, Iuka, and many cavalry skirmishes. In the fall of 1862 his company was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department by special order from President Davis. In this department he was promoted to first lieutenant in Capt. John Pike's Company, and served as such until the end.

After the war he married Miss Kate Donaphan, and to them ten children were born, nine of whom survive him. He served his parish as police juror and Presi-

dent of the School Board, and belonged to the John Peck Camp, U. C. V., at Sicily Island. He was an honored citizen.

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COL. ROBERT C. WOOD.

Col. R. C. Wood, of New Orleans, well known in journalistic, social, military, and commercial circles, passed away on December 11, 1900. He had been ill for some time. Col. Wood was always an active, earnest, and useful factor in all matters tending to the benefit of the community in which he lived. He stood unflinchingly at the post of duty whether on the field of battle or in the peaceful pursuits of daily existence.



COL. R. C. WOOD.

Col. Wood was born at Fort Snelling, Minn., April 4, 1832. His father, Assistant Surgeon General R. C. Wood, U. S. A., was a distinguished officer, and his mother, Anne M. Taylor, was the daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor. He was educated at Mt. St. Mary College, Emmitsburg, Md., and at West Point. He was appointed lieutenant in the Second Cavalry U. S. A., which had for colonel A. S. Johnston, for lieutenant colonel R. E. Lee, and for majors W. J. Hardee and George H. Thomas. Among its captains were E. Kirby Smith and Earl Van Dorn, while several others of its officers attained high rank in the Confederate or Union armies. Col. Wood served for some time in this command, and resigned before the Confederate war. He enlisted in 1861 for the South. Declining a commission offered by Gov. Moore, of Louisiana, he accepted that of adjutant general and chief of staff under Gen. Braxton Bragg, and was one of his most efficient aids, assisting most materially at Pensacola in organizing the Army of Tennessee. From Pensacola he was transferred to Richmond, Va., and assigned to special duty with the Secretary of War. After serving thus a few months, he went into active service on the field as lieutenant colonel in Gen. Wirt Adams's Cavalry.

When the Confederate forces withdrew from Nash-

ville, after the fall of Fort Donelson, Col. Wood remained at Murfreesboro in charge of the cavalry outposts, and from this point went out with Morgan on his celebrated expedition. At the battle of Lebanon, Tenn., he was conspicuously brave, and his heroic and stubborn resistance averted a great disaster. He was captured and confined in the Nashville penitentiary, in Camp Chase, and on Johnson's Island. After being exchanged, he was soon in the field again, and was given command of a cavalry brigade, and remained in active service till the close of the war.

Col. Wood was often mentioned in official orders for brave and meritorious conduct. He was considered by Gen. Hardee as a model cavalry officer. His defeat of the Marine Brigade at Coleman's Cross Roads, his brilliant charge at Concord Church, his successful attacks on the cavalry outposts of the army investing Vicksburg, and many other gallant deeds evidenced his worth and valor as a commanding officer.

After the war Col. Wood engaged in sugar-planting in Louisiana, and subsequently located in New Orleans, where he engaged in various enterprises. He was Commissioner of the Cotton Centennial held there in 1884-85, and was sent to Mexico by the Director General, under commission by Gov. S. D. McEnery to solicit exhibits. Later he went to South America, where he successfully carried out several engineering contracts with the Colombian government, notably the opening of a waterway in the interior of that republic. He was President of the Gatling Gun Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., for two years, then returned to New Orleans, where he lived until his death. He was prominent in Confederate veteran matters of that city, and was a member of the Cavalry Association Camp, No. 9, U. C. V.

Col. Wood was kind, courteous, affable, polished in manners, and he possessed a rare fund of information on almost any topic. He was an able contributor to newspapers on matters pertaining to the Confederate cause, as well as commercial and industrial subjects. His last work, undertaken after his health began to fail, was the compilation of the "Confederate Hand Book," which was completed entirely without assistance. He was married in 1867 to Wilhelmina Trist, daughter of H. B. Trist, a wealthy and influential sugar planter of Louisiana, and his widow and four children survive him. One son, Trist Wood, is a resident of London, where he has achieved reputation as a journalist and artist. His other son and two daughters are residents of New Orleans. Col. Wood, while a grandson of President Zachary Taylor, was also related to the Lees, Madisons, Johnstons, and other prominent families of Virginia and Kentucky.

REUNION AT SHILOH BATTLEFIELD PARK.—Capt. J. W. Irwin, Savannah, Tenn., writes: "The annual reunion will be observed this year at Shiloh, Friday and Saturday, April 5 and 6, instead of 6 and 7, the anniversaries of the battle, as the 7th comes on Sunday. It is expected that Capt. Rhea's line of boats—the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company—will make the proper connection for the occasion. Capt. Koger, the agent at Paducah, can give information about this. We hope to have a good crowd."

In printing the notice from the Augusta (Ark.) Chapter two errors were made, which we gladly correct. The Chapter number is 358 instead of 359. The President's name was given as Mrs. J. Russell, and it should have been Mrs. J. Russell Vinson.

UNIFORMS FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

J. F. Shipp, Quartermaster General U. C. V., in his report to Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, submits the following:

The most important matter for the consideration and execution by this department, since our last meeting, was to formulate and promulgate a regulation uniform in compliance with the resolution adopted at the annual meeting in Charleston, S. C., May 12, 1899. Formulating an appropriate uniform for an association such as ours required much reflection and investigation.

It was my purpose to present a design that would be appropriate for this association as a society uniform, representing the different arms of the service, rank and file, line and general officers, with colors and insignia of rank, same as used in the Confederate army, the object being to perpetuate a true type of our uniform as a part of the history of the Confederate States of America.

The Confederate uniform was promulgated by General Order No. 9 in the city of Richmond, Va., June 6, 1861. It was the pride and glory of the young Confederacy, is now revered by all survivors, and is respected by the American people. It was a power for discipline in the army, and will be a power for perpetuating the memory of the Confederate soldier.

I found it impracticable to use the regulation button of the Confederate army, on account of expense in supplying them. Each arm of the service had a special button. It would have required ten different dies, at a cost of \$25 each, and the first order of two hundred and fifty gross buttons. This would have involved a large outlay of money to carry out that feature of the uniform. Therefore, I designed the U. C. V. button with battle flag in center for our use, and for all purposes, which, I think, is appropriate and involves a much less outlay. This design I have made identical in size and shape with the army button of the Confederate government.

For the sake of uniformity, I selected the same shade, weight, and grade of goods for all uniforms—namely, No. 1238, Charlottesville Woolen Mills, Charlottesville, Va. It is the regulation shade, and can be worn at receptions, funerals, and other occasions, as well as reunions. I think the weight will not be found objectionable. The quality of the goods is first-class, and free from shoddy materials, and, if properly taken care of and worn only on reunion and special occasions, will last most of us as long as we live and serve as a proper uniform at death.

When I had formulated a design for the uniform I issued a folder, a copy of which I file as part of this report, giving information in regard to same, including lists and prices for uniforms, trimmings, and supplies. In this folder I suggested that all orders, outside of the cloth, for the sake of uniformity, be sent to and through me, so that I might give them proper directions and secure uniform shade of cloth, trimmings, etc.

In the uniform folder I indicate dress coat for staff officers, as provided by the regulations of the Confederate States army. While I do not recommend this to be changed, I have recommended, for the sake of comfort and economy, a fatigue blouse, single-breasted, stand-up collar, seven buttons in front, three on sleeve, cuffs and collar trimmed with buff, for all staff officers below the rank of brigadier general. I have referred in folder to camp commanders with rank of major, treating the camp as a battalion organization, rather than as a company.

CAPTURE OF HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

From Winnsboro, Tex., the following is sent by W. R. Stevenson, in response to the request by Prof. J. G. Deupree, of the University of Mississippi:

I was a member of Company F of the Third Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, and after the battle at Corinth we fell back to Holly Springs, thence to Lumpkin's Mill, where we were reinforced. We then fell back below Grenada, and one evening, during a brisk rain, we received orders to cook three days' rations, and be ready to move at a moment's warning. A short time after night the bugle sounded "saddle up." We mounted without knowing where we were going. We moved through Grenada and turned in a northeasterly direction, and between midnight and day the rain ceased, the clouds cleared away, the stars were bright, and by daylight there was considerable frost on the ground. We passed on up through Pontotoc and several other small towns. When within twenty or twenty-five miles of Holly Springs we halted, fed our horses, and drew a little tough beef, our rations being nearly exhausted. Gen. Van Dorn sent word around to "the boys" to make out the best they could, as by the next morning he would have plenty for them. A little after dark we mounted and moved out toward Holly Springs. A scout was sent ahead to capture the Yankee pickets, which was done by our scouts getting between them and the town. We were marched up near town, and waited a short time until day dawned, when we charged the town. When we passed in, seeing Gen. Van Dorn on a little rise, seated on his fine black mare, holding his hat above his head, I thought him as fine a general as I had ever seen. As we dashed down one of the main streets, by a two-story residence on the right, there were on the little front portico upstairs two ladies, mother and daughter doubtless, in their night dresses, both jumping up and down and clapping their hands, one of them crying at the top of her voice: "I told the Yankees our boys would come in here and catch them. I told them so." Both seemed to be as happy as mortals could possibly be. We captured everything but a few Yankees that jumped on their horses without waiting to dress, bare-backed, and most of them bare-headed. We got all the provisions we wanted, and plenty of guns, sixshooters, clothing, and horses. We burned large supplies for Grant's army. I understood that Mrs. Grant was in the town, and that Gen. Van Dorn put a guard around the house she occupied until we left. He paroled about 2,700 prisoners, and we then proceeded up the main lines of railroads, tearing them up and burning most of the bridges nearly up to Bolivar, Tenn. We had a hard engagement at Davis's Mill, the enemy being in a blockhouse. We also had a severe engagement at Middleburg, Tenn., the enemy being in a large brick house, and we having no artillery with which to dislodge them. We then turned South and made our way back. Gen. Grant thought to cut us off at Ripley with his cavalry, but we beat them. While we were resting and taking a scant dinner, they attacked Col. Dudley Gaines's Regiment, which was on picket, and he had a light engagement until we had time to move out. We then made our way back to the main army at Grenada. The raid was a complete success, and, I understood,

prevented Grant from taking Vicksburg until the next year, which he did by way of the river.

Confederate Soldiers from Southern Illinois.—A. Weber, Hickory Withe, Tenn., writes: "Permit me to correct an error in the communication of Judge J. M. Dickinson on 'Secession Spirit in Illinois, 1861,' in the January VETERAN. I know nothing of the meetings and actions referred to by these Southern sympathizers in Illinois, only as those who came South related their experiences to us after they arrived in Dixie. The article states that they 'crossed the Ohio river at Paducah, and went to Mayfield, Ky., joined Company G, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers.' After they crossed the Ohio they may have passed through Mayfield, but did not join the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment. They came on to Camp Cheatham, at Union City, Tenn., and, with some recruits they picked up on their way in Kentucky, organized a company and joined the Fifteenth Tennessee Regiment, Charles M. Carroll, of Memphis, commanding (of which regiment I was a member), and were Company G of this regiment—Brooks was captain of the company, and later lieutenant colonel of the regiment, and Cunningham was then promoted to captain of Company G. In 1863 or 1864 Cunningham was commissioned to return to Southern Illinois for recruits, but he never returned. Col. Brooks remained with the regiment to the close. He was a good man and brave officer. I remember the names of only three of this company: Brooks, Cunningham, and Hopper. If any of Company G are on this side of the great river yet, and see this, I should be glad to hear from them."

One of the First Confederate Memorial Services.—The Savannah (Ga.) *Republican*, April, 1866, edited by a Northern man, contained an account of the impressive and touching spectacle at Laurel Grove cemetery, saying in part: "The relatives and friends of the Confederate dead decorate the graves. Hundreds of the citizens of Savannah slowly wended their way to the graves of gallant men in the city cemetery. Deprecating the cause in which the brave spirits fell, as we conscientiously do, we feel that no humane heart could behold this solemn spectacle without feeling a throb of deep pity and warm glow of Christian sympathy. It was pitiful to hear the sobs of grief for the dear ones laid beneath the sod; while from the distant camp of the Twelfth Maine Regiment was borne on the evening breeze the strains of a brass band, the last cadence dying away in sadness, as the curtain of twilight was drawn over the sad picture. We trust that those who assembled to honor the dead of the South did not forget that other households were draped—that Northern hearts were pierced by the same poignant grief."

George W. Lott, of Johnston, S. C.: "Any information you can give me of my brother, John Lott, will be appreciated. We have had no information of him since the battle of Gettysburg. My eldest brother thinks John heard that I was wounded in that battle, and tried to find me, and that he must have met the Federal army. We have long and anxiously wished for any knowledge of his fate."

WAR TIME ASSOCIATIONS—COL. JAMES D. TILLMAN.

Associations in the great war established relations between men and boys who "fought for home and country" as last-



COL. TILLMAN, FROM PHOTO 1901.

ing as will be memory. The greatest misfortune attending the general reunions is that the crowds are so great that former friends who know each other personally cannot possibly enjoy being together, as they otherwise would. The editor recurs to this in connection with a brief mention of the commander of his regiment, Col. James D. Tillman, who entered the Confederate army at Shelbyville as second lieutenant in Capt. Ab S. Boone's company; was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson; was exchanged in September, 1862, and near Vicksburg was elected lieutenant colonel of the Forty-First Tennessee Regiment. He was later made colonel of this regiment, and just previous to the surrender of Gen. Johnston in North Carolina he was appointed colonel of the Third Consolidated Tennessee Regiment, composed of the remnants of ten Tennessee regiments. He was in all the engagements in which the regiment fought, except at Franklin, Tenn. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, near Snodgrass Hill. He surrendered with Cheatham's command in North Carolina in April, 1865, never having been at his home after he entered the army. He is now the Senator in the State Legislature from Lincoln and Marshall Counties, which he also represented in 1873 and 1893. He represented Lincoln County in the Lower House in 1871. In 1895 he was appointed by Mr. Cleveland Minister to Ecuador, where he remained three years, returning home in 1898, when he discontinued the practice of law, and has since lived upon his farm, in Lincoln County, devoting himself to agriculture, but not ceasing to take an interest in questions of government.

COL. E. L. RUSSELL, OF MOBILE AND OHIO RAILROAD CO.

Edward Lafayette Russell, a native of Franklin County, Ala., born August 1845, is, consequently, one of the youngest of Confederate veterans. He was a farmer boy attending a country school in season until he left home a private soldier boy.

He was in the battles around Corinth, and after the battle of Perryville he was wounded at Murfreesboro. He was again wounded at Chickamauga, but recovered in time to engage in the Dalton-Atlanta campaign. Young Russell was made ensign of his regiment, the Forty-First Mississippi, for gallantry, the day before the severe battle of Jonesboro, Ga. He was in that hard campaign through Tennessee with Hood, and at the end was in the battles about Mobile.

When the war was over Mr. Russell went back to the farm, near Verona, Miss. After two or three years on the farm he engaged with Norton & Co., merchants at Tupelo, in their general merchandise trade.

Comrade Russell had married Miss Emma Davis, daughter of a prosperous planter, and in 1871 went to Texas, settling in Caldwell County. He there engaged in farming, but his spare time had been given to law books. Soon after going to Texas he was admitted to the bar. Early in 1873 he returned to Verona, Miss., and engaged in the practice of law for four years.

In 1875 Col. William Butler Duncan, long and well known in connection with the Mobile & Ohio railroad properties, appointed Mr. Russell general solicitor for that road in the State of Mississippi. He had a vast amount of litigation, appearing often before the State and Interstate Railroad Commissions, and also before the United States Supreme Court.

In 1897 Col. Russell was chosen First Vice President of the Mobile & Ohio, and took charge of the large property as acting President. Unprecedented floods, a yellow fever scourge, and the consequent quarantine were bad for his enterprise, yet the net results for the company were greater that year than in any previous one of its history. Mr. Russell's executive abilities, his tact, and his energy were sufficient for all emergencies.

While President of this large property, owned largely by aliens, as are all such enterprises, he has remained in touch



COL. RUSSELL.

and in coöperative accord with his people, with whom he fought in the great war.

Since the absorption of the Mobile & Ohio Company by the Southern Railway system Mr. Samuel Spencer has been made President and Col. Russell is retained as general counsel.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT KITTRELL, N. C.

The C. C. Blacknall Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, at Kittrell, N. C., is raising funds to erect a monument to the forty-eight Confederate soldiers who died at the old Kittrell Springs Hospital 1864-1865, and are buried at that place. Hoping that some of the readers of the *VETERAN* may find in the following list a long-sought name, we publish it in full. The graves are well cared for, and memorial day duly observed on the tenth of every May.

Mrs. O. W. Blacknall, President of the Chapter, requests the aid of all patriotic men and women in this work. Kittrell has doubtless been as liberal in Confederate donations as any town in the South in proportion to its size. Having only one hundred and fifty inhabitants, it has given over ten per cent of the money raised in the State for the four hundred North Carolina graves in Winchester, Va., and for the monument there. Kittrell asks help for this home monument, and it should not be denied her.

J. A. Robbins, G. 51st N. C. July 22, '64.
 John Locklier, G. 23d S. C. Aug. 1, '64.
 J. S. Minims, G. 11th S. C. Aug. 1, '64.
 W. Sutton, I, 56th N. C. Aug. 2, '64.
 John C. Barnes, I, 5th S. C. Cav. Aug. 3, '64.
 D. L. Lanier, K, 7th Ga. Cav. Aug. 5, '64.
 A. Griffin, D, 6th N. C. Res., Chatham Co. Aug. 6, '64.
 W. W. Latham, K, 6th Reg. S. C. Cav. Aug. 8, '64.
 L. M. Green, I, 56th N. C. Aug. 11, '64.
 Wesley Hargrove, A, 5th N. C. Res. Aug. 14, '64.
 J. C. Wagner, I, 1st N. C. Res. Aug. 27, '64.
 T. J. Tutters, B, 10th Va. Cav., Davie Co., N. C. Oct. 2, '64.
 T. A. Bryson, 25th N. C. Sept. 25, '64.
 Henry Williams, Serg., F, 2d N. C. Cav. Sept. 27, '64.
 L. J. Gilstrap, G, 6th N. C. Cav., from S. C. Sept. 27, '64.
 F. C. Donella, Serg., G, 11th Va. Sept. 29, '64.
 Marmaduke Gay, G, Anderson's N. C. Res. Oct. 9, '64.
 I. T. Edwards, D, 5th N. C. Cav. Oct. 10, '64.
 William Brown, A, 35th Batt. Cav., Milford, Va. Oct. 18, '64.
 Walter Bagnall, K, 13th Va. Cav. Oct. 11, '64.
 J. A. Earnhart, B, 1st N. C. Cav. Dec. 10, '64.
 L. E. Saunders, C, 2d N. C. Jun. Res. Dec. 15, '64.
 J. I. Howell, E, 2d N. C. Jun. Res. Dec. 17, '64.
 James Eley, D, 68th N. C., Pitch Landing, N. C. Dec. 17, '64.
 J. M. Gordon, F, 2d N. C. Jun. Res. Dec. 17, '64.
 R. P. Todd, D, 68th N. C. Jun. Res. Dec. 18, '64.
 J. C. Corzine, 2d N. C. Jun. Res. Dec. 18, '64.
 J. H. Givens, F, 2d N. C. Batt. Jun. Res. Dec. 21, '64.
 T. Jones, F, 68th N. C. Dec. 25, '64.
 W. B. Kennady, I, 1st N. C. Cav. Dec. 29, '64.
 W. A. Beaver, B, 2d N. C. Jun. Res. Jan. 9, '65.
 E. C. Elliott, I, 1st N. C. Cav. Jan. 12, '65.
 H. W. Brown, A, 26th S. C. Inf., Harry, S. C. Jan. 28, '65.
 W. Roberson, Hart's S. C. Battery. Jan. 29, '65.
 E. M. Hamrick, D, 2d N. C. Jun. Res. Feb. 12, '65.
 I. T. McDow, Serg., H, 1th S. C. Cav. Feb. 15, '65.
 R. K. Robinson, F, 2d N. C. Jun. Res. Feb. 20, '65.
 S. B. Robinson, Lieut., F, 2d N. C. Jun. Res. March 2, '65.
 M. A. Riddick, D, 5th N. C. Cav. March 15, '65.
 C. Watson, C, 27th S. C. Inf., Yorkville, S. C. March 23, '65.
 W. Gregory, A, 3d S. C. Batt. March 31, '65.
 E. Stark, I, 67th N. C. Troops, Greenville, N. C. April 1, '65.
 I. W. West, B, 10th N. C. Heavy Artillery. April 2, '65.
 Moses L. Headrick, C, 1st N. C. Jun. Res. April 8, '65.
 H. P. Privatt, C, 3d N. C. Jun. Res. April 10, '65.

Paul A. Barringer, F, 1st N. C. Cav. April 12, '65.
 William A. Roach, B, Hare's Light Duty Men. April 15, '65.
 L. L. Henderson, H, 32d N. C. Cav. April 15, '65.

The following poem was written by William Ernest Henley, an Englishman, and appeared for the first time in a collection of his poems entitled "In a Hospital." The sailor referred to is supposed to have been on a blockade runner during the war. He was wounded off Charleston, and carried to this hospital, and while there he tells what he saw of the "pluck and bravery" of the soldiers of Dixie:

"Talk of pluck!" pursued the sailor,
 Set at euchre on his elbow,
 "I was on the wharf at Charleston,
 Just ashore from off the runner.

It was gray and dirty weather,
 And I heard a drum go rolling,
 Rub-a-dubbing in the distance,
 Awful dourlike and defiant.

In and out among the cotton,
 Mud, and chains, and stores, and anchors,
 Tramped a squad of battered scarecrows—
 Poor old Dixie's bottom dollar.

Some had shoes, but all had rifles;
 Them that wasn't bald was beardless;
 And the drum was rolling 'Dixie,'
 And they stepped to it like men, sir!

Rags and tatters, belts and bayonets,
 On they swung, the drum a rolling,
 Mum and sour. It looked like fighting,
 And they meant it, too, by thunder!"

A. W. Rucker, of Elmore, Ala., is anxious to communicate with any survivors of his old Company (A), Fifty-Sixth Alabama Cavalry. Most of the company were from Autauga County, Ala. After the war some went to Texas and others to Randolph County, Ala. He desires specially to hear from Burrell Brumley, of Company G, Peak's old company.

John W. Craddock, Memphis, Tenn., asks assistance in securing a history of the Fifth and Forty-First Alabama Regiments, C. S. A. He states: "My father was a member of the Warrior Guards, and went out with the lamented and gallant Rhodes from Tuscaloosa. He was afterwards captain of Company K, Forty-First Alabama, serving through the Murfreesboro campaign. The brigade commanders were Hanson, Helm, and Gracie, I think."

At the meeting of Forrest Chapter at Dodd City, Tex., on January 12, the following officers were elected for the year: Mrs. John C. Organ, President; Misses Aetna Roderick and Mary Waller, Vice Presidents; Miss Laura White, Recording Secretary; Miss Susie Waller, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Vista Lee, Treasurer; Miss Amanda Smith, Historian. In the observance of Lee's birthday by this Chapter, twenty-one crosses of honor were given to members of Camp Maxey, five of whom served under Lee.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A CONFEDERATE SPY.

A moment gazed those war-worn men;
Stern faces lit then on the air;
Echoing from mountain height and glen,
Sudden there rose a last, long cheer!

Rough hands dashed blinding tears aside;
Then reverently, with drooping head.
Slowly each went with heavy stride
As from the presence of the dead.

A thousand years will come, and then
The theme will be of noble men;
The heroes of the earth
By deeds, not of birth;
And about the home's sacred hearth
Where'er are gathered children,
Where'er are loyal men
Who will have known what 'tis to be
Freemen of a country free,
To our Great War's written pages
(Which will brighten with the ages)
These loyal sires and sons will turn
For the deeds and the names
That then and there were fame's
Immortals in historic urn.

Of the mighty spirits of this age,
Of the loyal names on that page,
One's, and the saddest story
Ever writ in glory
There will green, as the fragrant bay
Rooted by the river's side,
Watered by the river's tide;
A youth that one of manly mold,
Whose stout heart, tongue, nor pen
To the living ears of men
Will scarce its virtues quite unfold.
And who and what was he
That he should immortal be?
That in the urn of fame
Should burn a lamp his name?
A soldier boy who wore the gray;
Nor on this stars nor bars
Slight were his battle scars,
Tho' oft he'd stood in battle array.
He boasted not a stately tree:
Humbly born of, and 'mong the free
Of the commonwealth of Tennessee.
A martyr! nameless here,
His name is written there
On the rocks—those eternal spires
Where burn the incense fires
(Made brighter by his blood)
Ascending up to God.
From the rising to the setting sun,
These ignitious heights,
Burning incense lights,
Shed splendor 'bout that martyred one—
That immortal name
Of Confederate fame;
That true and tried Confederate spy
Who chose, 'tween life and death, to die
Rather than he'd betray
A comrade in the gray.

Life to the hero's heart is sweet,
Loves and hopes in his bosom beat,
And death to him hath dread
Where'er met, in whatever way.
But most, that terror, grim, shadowy,
The living's cheeks make pallid,
Is when the doomed stands all alone,
And life's fond hopes in pall
Come trooping to the call
Of death, and cold, and mute as stone
Stand shriveled, blanching, all.
Then and there, of earth's mortals, few
Can summon to that last review,
Life's highest, noblest aim—
The soul's inspiring flame
Which cannot die; and like a god,
Enshrined above this earthly sod,
Say unto Death: "Thou hath not bribe
To which, for life, I would subscribe.
Now, and where now I stand
Let fall thy heavy hand.
Unto Him who gave it,
My soul He shall receive it
Untarnished by disloyalty
To Him, God, or to man."
But such of earth there be,
And such of earth was he
Who went down to death that day
And up to heaven's van;
And he, but a soldier of the Gray,
Condemned and doomed to die
For loyal Confederate spy.

TEXAS

WEDDING GIFT REDUCTIONS.

The persistent cutting down of prices just when most dealers would put them up is the notable trait of this store. We have doubled our stock of wedding gifts this year, and cut all prices fifteen per cent. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.

GOOD SHOPPING FREE OF COST.

Mrs. M. B. Morton, of 625 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., has varied experience as Purchasing Agent, and her small commissions are paid by the merchants, so that her services are absolutely free to purchasers.

An efficient purchasing agent is posted in latest styles and "fads" and the most reliable dealers. Mrs. Morton supplies household furnishings, wardrobes in detail, jewelry, etc. She makes a specialty of millinery.

References are cordially given by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the Nashville daily press.

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OLD ROOFS MADE GOOD AS NEW.

If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof, paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan. One coat is enough; no skill required; costs little, goes far, and lasts long. **Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs.** Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted. **Allen Anti-Rust Mfg. Co., 413 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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With all the latest known improvements, at greatly reduced prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. **B. MATTHEWS, Cor. 4th Ave. & Market St., Louisville, Ky.**

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*Botanic Blood Balm Cures After All
Else Fails, Ulcers, Cancer,
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Catarrh, Rheumatism.*

**B. B. B. GIVES LIFE, VIGOR,
AND STRENGTH TO THE BLOOD.**

*The Finest Blood Purifier Made Makes
the Weak Strong.*

The Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) treatment for impure blood and skin disease is now recognized as a sure and certain cure for the most advanced stages of Impure Blood, as Cancer, Eczema, Running Sores, Eczema, Itching Skin, Humors, Scabs or Scalers, Syphilitic Blood Poison, Scrofula, Eclairs, Persistent Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Aches and Pains in Bones, Joints, or Back; Swollen Glands, Risings and Bumps on the Skin; Carbuncles, Thin Blood, Weak Eyes; as tired in the morning as when you went to bed; all run down. Rheumatism, Catarrh, or any form of skin or blood diseases. Here is proof:

RUNNING SORES. Afflicted Six Years, also with Enlarged Bone of the Leg. Six Bottles Cured.

Walter Bridges, of Athens, Tenn., writes: "For six years I had been afflicted with running sores and an enlargement of the bone in my leg. I tried everything I heard of without any permanent benefit until Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) was recommended to me. After using six bottles the sores healed, and I am now in better health than I have ever been."

ECZEMA. Suffered Thirteen Years.

Julia E. Johnson, Stafford's P. O., S. C., writes: "I had suffered thirteen years with eczema. The itching was terrible. My son-in-law got me one-half dozen bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, which entirely cured me, and I ask you to publish this for the benefit of others suffering in like manner."

PAINFUL SORE ON LIP.

Allen Grant, Sparta, Ga., writes: "A painful sore came on my lip, which was pronounced epithelial cancer by prominent physicians. I also had much pain and great weakness in the back. Eight bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) healed the sore, gave me strength, and made me well."

GREAT TROUBLE IN PASSING URINE.

J. A. Maddox, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I had great trouble in passing urine, which was filled with sediments. My back and loins gave me much pain, and I lost my appetite, strength, and flesh. I became nervous and unable to sleep soundly. Two bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gave me entire relief, and permanently cured me."

No matter how many discouragements you may have met with, Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) cures permanently and quickly. Drug stores, \$1. Trial treatment sent free and prepaid by writing **BLOOD BALM COMPANY, 77 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga.** Describe trouble, and free medical advice will be given.

DEDICATION.

The following poem was written by Henry Timrod, of South Carolina, on the day the Confederate government was first declared. It shows the feelings of the Southern people at the time:

Hath not the morning dawned with added light?

And shall not evening call another star
Out of the infinite legions of the night
To mark this day in heaven? At last we
are

A nation among nations; and the world
Shall soon behold, in many a distant port,
Another flag unfurled!

Now, come what may, whose favor need
we court?

And, under God, whose thunder need we
fear?

Thank Him who placed us here
Beneath so kind a sky—the very sun
Takes part with us; and on our errands
run

All breezes of the ocean; dew and rain
Do noiseless battle for us; and the year,
And all the gentle daughters in her train,
March in our ranks, and in our service
wield

Long spears of golden grain!
A yellow blossom as her fairy shield,
June flings her azure banner to the wind,
While in the order of their birth
Her sisters pass; and many an ample
field
Grows white beneath their steps, till now,
behold

In endless sheets unrolled
The snow of Southern summers! Let
the earth
Rejoice! Beneath these fleeces soft and
warm

Our happy land shall sleep
In a repose as deep
As if we lay intrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and Arctic
snow!

FREE TO EVERYBODY.

Dr. J. M. Willis, a specialist of Crawfordsville, Ind., will send free by mail to all who send him their address a package of Pansy Compound, which is two weeks' treatment with printed instructions, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, la grippe, and blood poison.

YOUR WEDDING SAVING.

All our prices were reduced fifteen per cent on February 1. They were already far the lowest. This applies to the matchless lines of wedding gifts recently received. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.

A New Cure for Cancer.



J. NEWTON HATHAWAY, M.D.

Dr. Hathaway's Serum Treatment Removes all Malignant Growth and Drives the Poison from the Blood and Lymphatic Fluids.

Cutting out Cancer does not cure it and cannot cure it. Dr. Hathaway's Serum Treatment does cure it. Cutting out Cancer simply removes the local, outward manifestation; Dr. Hathaway's Treatment kills the malignant germs of the Cancer, removes the poison from the blood and lymphatic fluid, and immunizes the system against future attacks.

Dr. Hathaway has treated Cancer successfully under this method over eight years; his experience, covering a large number of well-defined cases, has proven this terrible affliction to be perfectly curable IN EVERY CASE WHERE IT CAN BE REACHED BY THE SYRINGE. This includes all outward manifestations, such as the nose, face, head, mouth, lips, tongue, and breast, as well as all internal organs that can be reached direct. Besides, many internal Cancers that cannot be reached direct, may be reached and treated successfully through the agency of the lymphatic vessels and the blood.

Dr. Hathaway also treats, with the same guarantee of success, Ulcers, Sores, all manner of Blood Poisoning, and all chronic diseases of men and women.

Dr. Hathaway makes no charge for consultation or advice, either at his office or by mail. He will be glad to send free by mail his new book on Cancer and its cure to any address.

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(DR. HATHAWAY & CO.)

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FIFTEEN PER CENT OFF ON GIFTS.

Same off on everything. We made a clean cut of this amount February 1. Some day we shall cut again. It keeps us growing. This saving will be appreciated in buying wedding presents from our enormous stock. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.

For handsome picture of steamships and hotels, 30x40 inches, for framing, send 8 cents in postage to B. W. Wrenn, Passenger Traffic Manager Plant System, Savannah, Ga., sending twenty-five cents in postage or cash.

For beautifully illustrated deck of playing cards write B. W. Wrenn, Passenger Traffic Manager Plant System, Savannah, Ga., sending twenty-five cents in postage or cash.

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR.

Send us 50 cents for a beautiful enameled lapel button or hat pin that the committee is selling as souvenirs of the Memphis reunion. They are very handsome. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.

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TENN.

THE CONFEDERATE HANDBOOK.

The Confederate Handbook is a compilation of important events and other interesting matter relating to the great civil war. It is indorsed and recommended by Gens. Gordon, S. D. Lee, Cabell, Evans, Moorman, and many other distinguished Confederates. It is an invaluable aid and reference in the study of Confederate history, and should have a place in every library. The price of the book is twenty-five cents, supplied by the VETERAN.

Free for renewal and one new subscriber.

LOWEST PRICES MADE LOWER.

There is no other such stock of rare wedding goods in the South. This claim is not even open to argument. Nor are any such prices to be had. A general reduction of fifteen per cent went into force February 1. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.



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pumps water automatically by water power. Place this engine two feet or more below your water supply, and it will deliver a constant stream of water 30 feet high for every foot of fall,
Without Stopping,
Without Attention.
Chauncey C. Foster, Special Agent,
329 Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

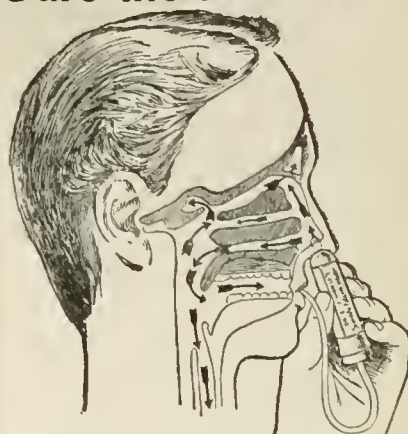
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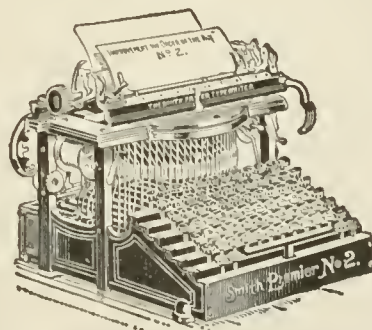
For a short time I will mail to any reader, naming this paper, one of my new Scientific Catarrh Inhalers, with medicine for one year on three days' trial free. If it gives satisfaction, send me \$1.00; if not, return it after three days' trial. Could any proposition be fairer?

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TRIBUTE TO MRS. MARTHA S. GIELOW.

Hon. John J. Steger, of the Tennessee Legislature, now in session: "I had the pleasure of attending the Sam Davis monument entertainment in Nashville. Being very busy, I hesitated about attending the first night, but the second night I was there early. Mrs. Gielow is the most natural and charming exponent of old plantation days in Dixie I have ever heard. I will long treasure the memories of those evenings. I wished all present could have been 'old for the time,' so as to have enjoyed to the fullest. It touched and played upon some chords in my heart that I supposed dead. God bless the dear woman! Do not neglect an opportunity to hear Mrs. Gielow."

Mac-O-Cheek Indian Salve.

If you are troubled with Eczema, Tetter, Granulated Eyelids, Frosted Feet, Piles, Burns of any kind, Blackheads, Chaps or any kind of Skin Disease, you can be cured by using MAC-O-CHEEK INDIAN SALVE.

The formula for this salve was originated by Mac-O-Cheek, an Indian doctor who returned to Boone County, Ky., with Maj. Robert Piatt after the war of 1812. While this salve ceased to be manufactured after the death of Mac-O-Cheek, the formula has recently been discovered by Maj. Piatt's grandson, W. C. Piatt, who will from now on continue to manufacture MAC-O-CHEEK INDIAN SALVE.

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IN MEMORIAM.

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON, HILLSBORO, N. C.

(Lines written hearing a distant bugle and dedicated to the survivors of the Confederate States army.)

Faintly rings out a bugle horn,
And fainter still its echoes die,
Breaking the soft, sweet hush of morn
With mimic war's wild minstrelsy.

And memories of the long ago
Come thronging, as its notes I hear,
When all the future seemed aglow
With radiancy of promise fair.

Adown the coming years did beat
The pulse of hope, life seemed so
bright
That little recked we of defeat,
Nor dreamed such days should close
in night.

Freedom had gathered thirteen stars,
Soft blue from out the sky she rent,
Caught from the rainbow crimson bars,
That with the stars and blue were
blent.

Into a banner shall we live
On history's page in song and story,
By heroes wreathed with immortelles,
A people's pride, a nation's glory.

She gave this standard to our trust,
And bade us to the conflict go,
Never to trail it in the dust,
Or yield one fair star to the foe.

For four long years we kept at bay,
'Gainst desperate odds, their countless
host;
We fought and starved for many a day,
Nor dreamed our cause could e'er be
lost.

But as the years went slowly by,
Our sun adown the west had crept;
The flower of Southern chivalry
On blood-stained fields by thousands
slept.

Disease and want had worn away
Our shattered ranks, until at last
Night's darkness fell athwart a day
When hope of victory was past.

On Appomattox' fatal plain
Faded from out our flag the stars,
The blue crept back to heaven again,
The rainbow claimed its blood-stained
bars.

Ragged, hungry, weary men!
Brave veterans of a hundred fields,
You rallied for the last time then,
And wrote defeat upon your shields.

O, who can forget that hour
In the long lapse of coming years?
Men though we were we had no power
To stay our sobs and bitter tears.

At length 'twas o'er, and as we turned,
Stilled by a deep and voiceless pain,
Suddenly aloft there burned
A glory we ne'er would see again.

From splintered staff was floating far
Tattered and battle-stained and riven,
A banner whereon each radiant star
Shone as though from the vault of
heaven.

A moment gazed those war-worn men;
Stern faces lit then on the air;
Echoing from mountain height and
glen,
Sudden there rose a last, long cheer!

Rough hands dashed blinding tears
aside;
Then reverently, with drooping head,
Slowly each went with heavy stride
As from the presence of the dead.

BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS
AND
TEXAS
AND
MEXICO.

THE
I.&G.N.

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A RECORD BREAKER.

Speaking of fast time made by railroad trains, the official record of a fast mail train on the Plant System February 28 is as follows: A train consisting of Engine No. 111, one sixty-foot vestibule postal car and one standard sleeper ran from Fleming, Ga., to Jacksonville, Fla., a distance of one hundred and forty-eight miles, in one hundred and thirty-four minutes. The fastest time on this run was made between the following points: Jesup to Waycross, forty miles in thirty minutes; Waycross to Folkston, thirty-four miles in twenty-eight minutes; Waycross to Callahan, fifty-five miles in forty-eight minutes; Waycross to Jacksonville, seventy-five miles in sixty-nine minutes.

The fastest time on the run was from Screven, Ga., to the seventy-four-mile siding, a distance of four and eight-tenths miles, which was covered in exactly two minutes and forty seconds.

The train stopped for water at Jesup and Waycross, stopped at Seaboard Air Line crossing at Callahan, and slowed down twice, over the A. V. & W. and Jacksonville & Southwestern crossings between Jacksonville and Callahan.

When the remarkable time of this train is compared with the schedules of a few years ago some idea can be obtained of the rapid advance of train service, especially in the South.

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ARCH BY SITE ON WHICH THE NEW BELL EXCH.

HOLLYWOOD MONUMENT, RICHMOND.

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

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

Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. The shorter the article the sooner published.

Don't send newspapers marked. Clip the article and inclose it with letter.

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

Advertising rates furnished on application. They are very low.

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

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence. It is faithful to the great trust committed to it by the Southern people.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1901.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR. }

LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER, AND REST UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES.

Rev. J. William Jones, Chaplain General U. C. V., writes of the accompanying: "I want to sing that at our chaplains' meeting in Memphis."

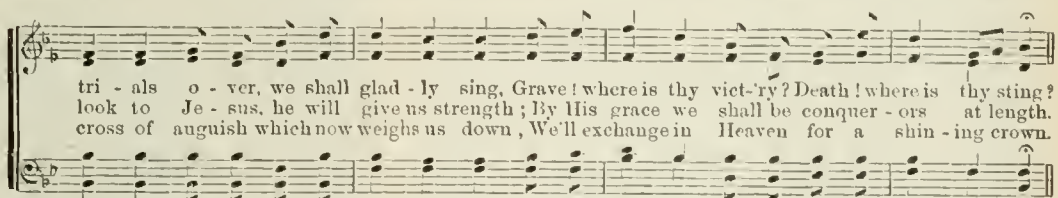
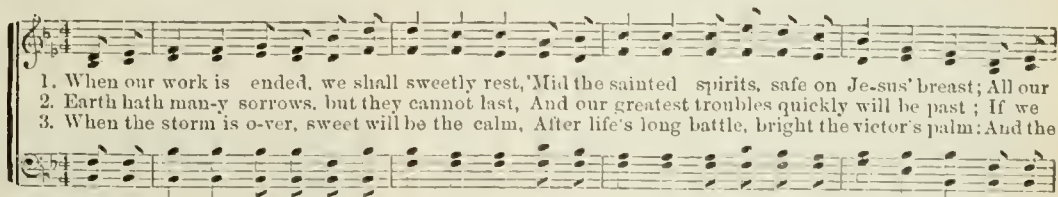
It is a happy suggestion, and is commended to all congregations of worshippers, where the magnetic career of Stonewall Jackson is revered, on the Sunday previous to the reunion.

While the "boys" enjoy "Old-Time Confederates" and sing the tune to many phrases, this song might be substituted most appropriately at many of their gatherings.

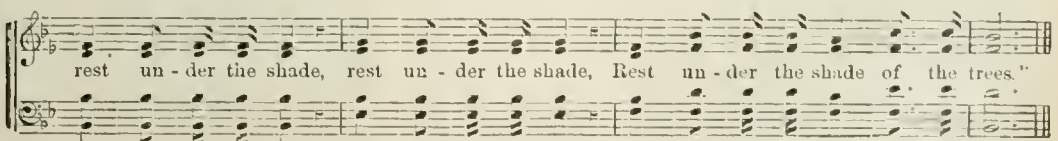
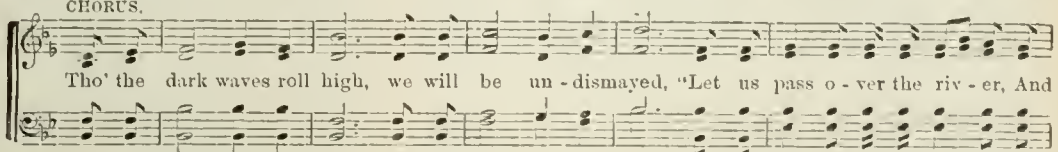
While so great a multitude has

been called hence since our last convention, prominence to "Let Us Pass over the River" would seem fitting as a general memorial tribute to all of our comrades who have answered the "last roll" call.

Comrades everywhere would do well to cooperate in all movements inaugurated by our chaplains, whose unselfishness during the war and since commends their actions.



CHORUS.

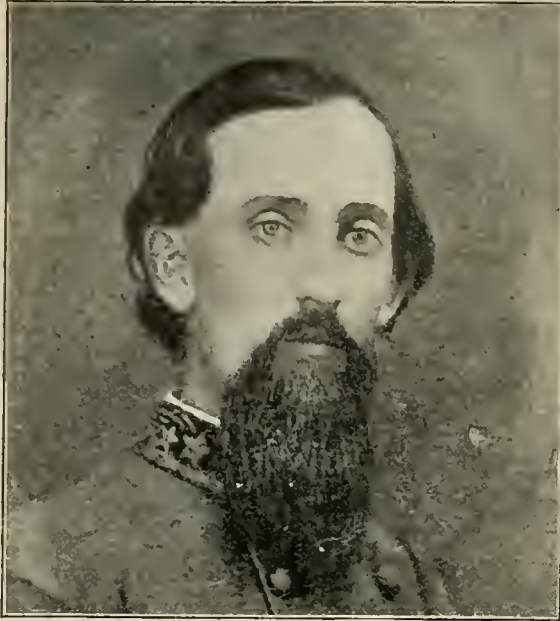


The above is from the "Amaranth," published by the M. E. Church, South. The words are by Kate Cameron and the music by the late R. M. McIntosh. It closes with the words of Stonewall Jackson.

Gen. John B. Gordon, Commanding U. C. V., has appointed the following as aids-de-camp on his staff, with rank of colonel: Allen Barksdale, Ruston, La.; John W. Faxon, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Charles W. Anderson, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Tim E. Cooper, Jackson, Miss., now a resident of Memphis, Tenn.; W. J. Crawford, Memphis, Tenn.; William M. Forrest, son of Gen. N. B. Forrest, of Memphis, Tenn.

GEN. O. F. STRAHL, BURIED AT DYERSBURG.

A surprise, pleasing and sad, occurred recently in the visit of Comrades John M. McGinnis and David



GEN. O. F. STRAHL.

Shaw, of Dyersburg, who called at the VETERAN office announcing that they had come to take home for final burial Gen. Otho French Strahl, killed in the battle of Franklin. It was pleasing to know that the love and admiration for that noble Confederate officer, who had lain in a grave at St. John's Church (Maury County, Tenn., west of Columbia) for more than thirty-six years, induced the expense and discomfort of such service, while the good people of Columbia were depressed by the defeat of their long-cherished hope to remove the body to the Confederate lot in Columbia, and erect a worthy monument to his memory. Knowing the desire to do this, Col. H. G. Evans, of Columbia, was telephoned at once, that friends there might be prepared for their loss, and that they arrange to cooperate in the disinterment service. It was like breaking the news of a death. Courageously they met the issue. Col. Evans and Capt. R. D. Smith, of the Leonidas Polk Bivouac and the William H. Trousdale Camp of Confederate Veterans, took action, cooperated with by the Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons, so the visiting comrades who went for the body were largely relieved.

The reinterment was made, and the handsome casket was carried to the Episcopal Church, in Columbia, where it remained overnight, and appropriate service was conducted by Rev. W. B. Capers, rector. Gen. Strahl was a churchman.

A floral Confederate battle flag was sent by the Daughters, and presented by one of them who attended the funeral of Gen. Strahl when first buried. The kindness of many others deserves mention. As an instance, a liveryman at Mt. Pleasant furnished carriages

for the guests, and offered to serve free all who wanted to go to St. John's to the limit of his livery.

The public service at Dyersburg was appropriate. There was in town that day a surprisingly large attendance of veterans. It was intended to have the services in the courthouse, but by a change the handsome Opera House was used for the public exercises. Capt. S. R. Latta, of Dyersburg, made the first address. He mentioned the remarkable fact that when the patriots of that section of Tennessee rushed to arms in defense of their homes and rights, Strahl, an Ohioan, was chosen to command the first company organized; while he, a Pennsylvanian, was chosen to command the second company raised in the county. Capt. Latta gave in brief the story of Strahl's life, a record of which all men may be proud. Rev. Dr. T. G. Stainback, Chaplain of the Camp, that magnetic and eloquent comrade who was the pastor and intimate friend of Gen. Forrest, and who received him into the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and preached his funeral when he died, paid worthy tribute. Dr. Stainback's service in the Tennessee headquarters at the Louisville reunion will ever be a sweet and charming memory to all who attended it. The editor of the VETERAN, who was with Gen. Strahl, and received guns from his hands while posted on the embankment of the works captured in the battle, was introduced and gave a succinct account of his command on that memorable occasion up to the time the General was first wounded, which is here reproduced in part: "I was near Gen. Strahl, who stood in the ditch and handed up guns to those posted to fire them. I had passed to him my short Enfield (noted in the regiment) about



THE GALLANT LIEUT. JOHN MARSH,
Killed at Franklin, and buried by Gen. Strahl at St. John's Church.

the sixth time. The man who had been firing cocked it, and was taking deliberate aim, when he was shot, and tumbled down dead into the ditch upon those killed before him. When the men so exposed were shot down their places were supplied by volunteers until these were exhausted, and it was necessary for Gen. Strahl to call upon others. He turned to me, and, though I was several feet back from the ditch, I rose up immediately and, walking over the wounded and dead, took position with one foot upon the pile of bodies of my dead fellows and the other in the embankment, and fired guns which the General himself handed up to me until he too was shot down. One other man had had position on my right, and assisted in the firing. The battle lasted until not an efficient man was left between us and the Columbia pike, about fifty yards to our right, and hardly enough behind us to hand up the guns. We could not hold out much longer, for indeed but few of us were then left alive. It seemed as if we had no choice but to surrender or try to get away; and when I asked the General for counsel he simply answered: 'Keep firing.' But just as the man to my right was shot, and fell against me with terrible groans, Gen. Strahl was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and I thought him dead; but in asking the dying man who still lay against my shoulder as he sunk forever how he was wounded, the General, who had not been killed, thinking my question was to him, raised up, saying that he was shot in the neck, and called for Col. Stafford to turn over his command. He crawled over the dead piled in the ditch for that purpose. I learned later that intercepting T. F. Ledsinger, one of his old company, he started to the rear supported by him, and in a few moments a fatal shot struck him on the back of the head, and he fell suddenly forward."

A long procession on foot and in carriages followed the hearse and veterans who marched to the cemetery. The grave is on a beautiful hill, within a few hundred yards of the railway station, where it is hoped a magnificent monument will be erected.

Feeling concerned upon this subject, the writer not only notified comrades at Columbia, but also wrote Gen. Strahl's sister, Mrs. Janet S. Sigler, at Hepler, Kans., of the intended removal, hoping that her sanction might be known on that occasion. Her letter was not received in time, so extracts are made here which will interest not only those who participated but all others who read the VETERAN. It is dated April 9, 1901:

"I had not heard of the intended removal of brother Otho's remains to Dyersburg, but I am sincerely glad, as I know he has many friends among them. I wish I could have been present. I so often wonder why he could not have been spared among so many, but all things are for the best, I suppose.

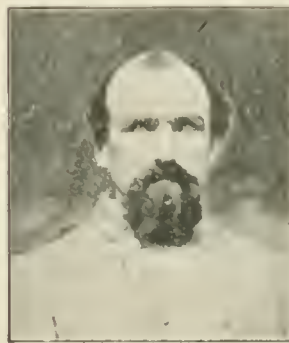
"If you have a chance, I should be so thankful if you would give my thanks to any and all who are helping to honor him, the beloved brother, although I can scarcely remember him, for I was a babe when he left home, and I just remember one visit he made us when I was possibly five or six years old. There are only my youngest brother and myself now living of our immediate family."

The writer visited Mrs. Sigler several years ago as

a tribute to his beloved commander. It was an event of much interest and pleasure. When he asked if she could explain why her brother was so persistent to the death in the Confederate service, being a Northern man, she promptly replied: "Both of his grandmothers were Southern women." Mr. Sigler, manifestly proud of his brother-in-law, produced the beautiful uniform gray coat they had sacredly preserved with its stars and wreath.

FOR WHOM DAWSON CAMP WAS NAMED.

Col. W. A. Dawson, of the Fifteenth Tennessee Regiment, Rucker's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Forrest's Cavalry, was killed near Columbia, Tenn., on the morning of November 28, 1864. His regiment was in advance of the army, and ran into the camp of a brigade of mounted infantry about dark at Henryville, west of Mt. Pleasant, on the 1st of November, and stampeded them. Forrest and his escort were with them in the Henryville fight, and the Federals were pushed right along through the night, reaching Mt. Pleasant about



COL. W. A. DAWSON.

four o'clock on the morning of November 2. They moved on toward Columbia, fighting almost constantly until about ten o'clock, when Col. Dawson was killed. He had just crossed a bridge near Columbia in advance of his command. In fact he and two of his men from Company I (Capt. Williams) were the only men that crossed the bridge. On the 3d Gen. Strahl detailed two men to find his body, and it was buried in the cemetery at Columbia.

In a personal letter Mr. J. H. Dawson, a son of Col. Dawson, who was flag bearer of the regiment, writes: "Bennie Butterworth jumped off his horse, got my father's saddlebags and his own pistols, which he had loaned my father in the charge. He had emptied the pistols and broken his saber. His horse ran on into the Federal lines."

Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, writes that Saturday, June 8, has been fixed as the day for the annual memorial exercises at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, and he asks that the floral donations be sent in time to reach them the day before. Consult your express company, and forward in good time. He says that in the last two years over half the flowers did not arrive until one, two, and three days after the service; but he, usually accompanied by his wife, would take them each day to the cemetery and place them on the graves. It would be much better to send flowers a little earlier.

Merritt Clarkson, an inmate of the Confederate Home, Austin, Tex., would like to locate his wife, Rebecca Ann Clarkson, who resided with her son in Travis County.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

SERIOUS STATUS OF THE LIBEL SUIT.

To announce the result of the libel suit will surprise and pain the multitude who read the VETERAN. A joint judgment was awarded the plaintiff against the Methodist Publishing House and S. A. Cunningham of \$15,000, and an additional sum of \$10,000 against the latter.

A motion for a new trial is pending. Judge Walter Evans, of Louisville, tried the case by interchange with Judge Clark, and held that most of the evidence offered by the defendant was incompetent, although this same evidence was admitted upon the former trial by Judge Clark. Lawyers and judges will differ, and our attorneys are confident that the verdict of the jury will be set aside. However this may be, the VETERAN is still on the watch tower, and will always stand well to the front in the battle for the success of Confederate causes. The continued and renewed assurance of confidence and support from our friends all over the South is a source of comfort, and is profoundly appreciated.

It would not be fair to print the article upon the famous Hampton Roads Conference without reference and without giving personal credit to Capt. W. P. Tolley, of Tennessee, who presented this subject to the Convention at the Charleston reunion in an able argument, and who pursued it to the subsequent action at Louisville, to which Mr. Reagan refers as the report of the Historical Committee.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS DRILL.

Comrade M. T. Garvin, Memphis, Tenn., writes:

The Southern Cross Drill originated on Johnson's Island, United States military prison, Lake Erie, Ohio, in 1864, and was composed by James Dugan, a dashing lieutenant of the Confederate army from South Carolina.

The object of the drill was to beguile away the weary hours of the captives' life whilst in prison.

Capt. S. A. Munson, now a member of both Company A, U. C. V., of Memphis, and the drill team, was the fiddler for the boys on Johnson's Island at the rehearsals.

Gen. George W. Gordon, Capt. W. L. McLean, and Lieut. Conrad Nutzell were members of the team at Johnson's Island, and are now members of Company A's drill team (Gen. Gordon being an honorary member of Company A).

The drill is a grand military walk around, performed by thirty-two Confederate veterans, members of Com-

pany A, dressed in the regulation uniform from the C. S. A. War Department, adopted by C. S. A. Congress in January, 1865, and thirty-two young ladies, all Daughters of the Confederacy, dressed in white dresses and Confederate colors. The drill was revived in Memphis, in 1895, by the present drill officer, Capt. W. L. McLean, and introduced in drama of "Johnson's Island," composed by Col. C. W. Frazer, of Memphis, a former prisoner on Johnson's Island, and played by Company A in Memphis, and also at Richmond, Va., during the reunion there.

The drill will be given at the Confederate Reunion Hall on Wednesday night, May 29, 1901, by the entire team of thirty-two couples (64).

Gen. George W. Gordon has assigned the thirty-two young ladies of the Southern Cross Drill Team, decorated in the uniform of the team, to the Post of Honor in parade on May 30, in rear of Forrest's Cavalry.

The thirty-two young ladies of the team will also enter into the flower parade contest on Tuesday, May 28, 1901.

The drill is a very popular social amusement with the young ladies and the old veterans, and will make quite an agreeable attraction for our guests at the reunion.



VETERAN OFFICE AT MEMPHIS.

The above building, corner of Front and Court Streets, Memphis, will be the headquarters of the VETERAN during the reunion. It is just across the street from the Confederate Hall, and is in every way accessible. The entrance to the VETERAN department is on the side, by where the horse and buggy appear in the picture. The firm of Barksdale, Denton & Company are most generous in this fortunate arrangement to the multitude who will want to find "the VETERAN."

Dr. J. W. Williamson, Deming, N. Mex., who was a member of the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade, Hume's Division, under Wheeler, asks if Col. McKenzie and Lieut. Col. Montgomery, of the Fifth Tennessee, are living, and if they will be at the reunion in Memphis? He also inquires for Lieut. W. P. Wood, of Company E, Fifth Tennessee, and would like to hear from any others of this regiment.

ROUND TRIP RATES TO MEMPHIS REUNION.

Mr. Fred Orgill, Chairman of the Transportation Committee, Memphis, furnishes the following:

From territory (of the Southeastern Passenger Association) comprising the States of Virginia (including Washington, D. C.), North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and that portion of Louisiana east of the Mississippi river, one cent per mile in each direction per capita. Tickets to be sold from points beyond a 200-mile limit on May 25, 26, 27, and from points within a 200-mile limit on May 27, 28, 29, and 30. All of these limited for return to June 4; and upon deposit of the return portion of tickets from beyond the 200-mile limit, by the original purchasers thereof, at Joint Validating Agency, Memphis, and payment of 50 cents bureau fee, they will be extended to June 19. Tickets sold from points in the State of South Carolina will have the privilege of stop off one day at Chattanooga, Tenn., either going or returning, to attend the dedication of the South Carolina monument on the Chickamauga battlefield; and a similar privilege at Vicksburg, Miss., will accrue on tickets sold from points in Texas and Louisiana.

The St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, the Cotton Belt, and the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf, and Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis, will sell at one cent per mile in each direction, plus Memphis bridge arbitrary. Upon deposit of return portion of tickets sold from points 200 miles distant and over (and payment of 50 cents fee) with Validating Agency at Memphis, they will be extended until June 19. These conditions prevail practically to all lines.

Round trip rates for Texas are made on the basis of one fare to Texarkana and other basing points added to the one cent per mile traveled, plus bridge arbitrary, applying from such points.

The Lee Line and the Memphis & Vicksburg Packet Company will make round trip rates of a fare and a third, which will include meals and berth in each direction.

The Merchants & Miners Transportation Company will make round trip rates to Memphis, via their line of steamships and Norfolk and rail, of \$33.20.

The same Merchants & Miners Transportation Company are also making round trip via Savannah and rail of \$28.70. From Baltimore this line of steamships will also have a round trip rate via Newport News and rail of \$22.20.

The following round trip rates are official:

Abbeville.....S. C.	\$11 15	Bainbridge.....Ga.	\$10 40
Aberdeen.....Miss.	2 85	Barnwell.....S. C.	12 75
Albany.....Ga.	10 20	Basic.....Va.	16 00
Alexandria.....Va.	18 45	Birmingham.....Ala.	5 00
Allendale.....S. C.	13 15	Blacksburg.....S. C.	12 80
Americus.....Ga.	9 45	Bremen.....Ga.	7 30
Andalusia.....Ala.	8 75	Bristol.....Tenn.	11 05
Anderson.....S. C.	11 30	Brunswick.....Ga.	13 00
Anniston.....Ala.	6 30	Burgin.....Ky.	8 50
Archer.....Fla.	15 60	Burkeville.....Va.	16 55
Asheville.....N. C.	11 00		
Athens.....Ga.	9 85	Cairo.....Ills.	3 20
Atlanta.....Ga.	8 40	Calera.....Ala.	5 70
Attalla.....Ala.	6 15	Calhoun Falls.....S. C.	10 85
Augusta.....Ga.	9 80	Callahan.....Fla.	13 50

Camden.....S. C.	\$13 95	Hopkinsville.....Ky.	\$ 4 70
Carlisle.....S. C.	12 60	Humboldt.....Tenn.	1 65
Cartersville.....Ga.	8 00	Huntsville.....Ala.	4 25
Catawba Junct'n, S. C.	13 35	Hurtsboro.....Ala.	8 05
Central City.....Ky.	3 35	Jackson.....Miss.	4 20
Charleston.....S. C.	14 55	Jackson.....Tenn.	1 70
Charlotte.....N. C.	13 75	Jacksonville.....Fla.	13 90
Charlottesville.....Va.	16 30	Jellico.....Tenn.	9 75
Chattanooga.....Tenn.	6 20	Jenifer.....Ala.	6 30
Cheraw.....S. C.	15 05	Jesup.....Ga.	12 85
Chester.....S. C.	12 90	Jasper.....Fla.	13 00
Childersburg.....Ala.	5 90	Junction City.....Ky.	8 25
Cincinnati.....Ohio.	19 25		
Citra.....Fla.	15 60	Knoxville.....Tenn.	8 40
Clinton.....S. C.	12 00		
Columbia.....S. C.	13 30	Lagrange.....Ga.	8 35
Columbia.....Tenn.	5 25	Lake City.....Fla.	13 90
Columbus.....Ga.	8 15	Lancaster.....S. C.	13 60
Columbus.....Ky.	2 70	Laurens.....S. C.	12 00
Columbus.....Miss.	3 40	Lawrenceville.....Ga.	9 10
Cordele.....Ga.	10 25	Leesburg.....Fla.	16 70
Corinth.....Miss.	1 35	Lexington.....Ky.	9 20
Cumberland Gap, Tenn.	0 70	Lincolnton.....N. C.	13 30
		Live Oak.....Fla.	13 90
Dade City.....Fla.	17 20	Louisville.....Ky.	7 55
Dalton.....Ga.	6 95	Lynchburg.....Va.	15 10
Danville.....Va.	15 80		
Dawson.....Ga.	9 45	Macon.....Ga.	10 15
Decatur.....Ala.	3 75	Madison.....Ga.	10 45
Denmark.....S. C.	13 05	Maplesville.....Ala.	5 90
Dothan.....Ala.	9 30	Marietta.....Ga.	8 40
Durham.....N. C.	15 90	Martin.....Tenn.	2 40
		Maxton.....N. C.	15 30
Elberton.....Ga.	10 50	Maysville.....Ky.	10 60
Elizabethtown.....Ky.	6 70	McKenzie.....Tenn.	2 25
Eufaula.....Ala.	8 50	Meridian.....Miss.	5 00
Evansville.....Ind.	6 95	Middlesboro.....Ky.	9 75
		Midway.....Ky.	9 10
Fairfax.....S. C.	13 35	Milan.....Tenn.	1 85
Fayetteville.....N. C.	16 00	Milledgeville.....Ga.	10 50
Fitzgerald.....Ga.	11 40	Mobile.....Ala.	7 70
Florence.....Ala.	3 00	Montgomery.....Ala.	6 90
Fort Payne.....Ala.	6 85	Morristown.....Tenn.	9 25
Fort Valley.....Ga.	9 60		
Frankfort.....Ky.	8 65	Nashville.....Tenn.	4 60
Fulton.....Ky.	2 40	Newbern.....N. C.	18 00
		Newberry.....S. C.	12 40
Gadsden.....Ala.	6 15	Newnan.....Ga.	9 00
Gainesville.....Fla.	15 30	New Orleans.....La.	7 90
Gainesville.....Ga.	9 45	Newport News.....Va.	19 20
Gastonia.....N. C.	13 30	Newton.....N. C.	12 85
Georgetown.....Ky.	9 10	Nicholasville.....Ky.	8 60
Goldsboro.....N. C.	17 40	Norfolk.....Va.	19 20
Grand Junction.....Tenn.	1 05	Norton.....Va.	12 15
Greensboro.....N. C.	14 80	Nortonville.....Ky.	4 85
Greenville.....Miss.	3 00		
Greenville.....S. C.	11 60	Ocala.....Fla.	15 95
Greenwood.....Miss.	3 50	Opelika.....Ala.	7 60
Greenwood.....S. C.	11 45	Orangeburg.....S. C.	13 45
Griffin.....Ga.	9 25	Orlando.....Fla.	16 85
		Owensboro.....Ky.	6 10
Harriman Junc., Tenn.	7 80	Ozark.....Ala.	8 75
Hawthorne.....Fla.	15 30		
Helena.....Ga.	11 40	Paducah.....Ky.	3 30
Henderson.....Ky.	6 00	Paducah Junc., Tenn.	2 20
Henderson.....N. C.	16 85	Palatka.....Fla.	15 00
Hickory.....N. C.	12 70	Paris.....Ky.	9 60
Holly Springs.....Miss.	90	Paris.....Tenn.	2 60

Pell City.....	Ala.	\$ 5 70	Bells.....		\$10 65	Oakwoods.....		\$12 30	England.....		\$ 3 75
Pensacola.....	Fla.	10 15	Belton.....		14 60	Overton.....		9 95	Fordyce.....		4 40
Petersburg.....	Va.	17 65	Big Springs.....		20 80	Palestine.....		11 75	Garland City.....		6 20
Plant City.....	Fla.	17 70	Bonham.....		10 25	Paris.....		9 15	Haldan.....		3 10
Portsmouth.....	Va.	11 20	Bremond.....		14 35	Pearsall.....		19 15	Jonesboro.....		1 80
Princeton.....	Ky.	1 25	Brenham.....		14 35	Pilot Point.....		11 95	Keo.....		3 85
Prosperity.....	S. C.	12 60	Brownwood.....		17 10	Rockdale.....		14 35	Kingsland.....		4 25
Raleigh.....	N. C.	16 45	Bryan.....		14 35	Round Rock.....		14 85	Lewisville.....		6 05
Richland.....	Ga.	9 20	Buda.....		15 60	San Antonio.....		17 60	McNeill.....		5 60
Richmond.....	Ky.	9 80	Buffalo.....		12 80	San Marcos.....		16 05	New Madrid.....		3 65
Richmond.....	Va.	17 65	Calvert.....		14 35	Sherman.....		10 95	Paragould.....		2 20
River Junction.....	Fla.	11 40	Cameron.....		14 35	Shreveport.....		7 40	Pine Bluff.....		3 60
Rives.....	Tenn.	2 10	Celeste.....		10 70	Taylor.....		14 35	Rector.....		2 55
Roanoke.....	Va.	14 05	Cisco.....		16 25	Temple.....		14 35	Rison.....		4 95
Rock Hill.....	S. C.	13 35	Clarks ville.....		8 25	Terrell.....		11 30	Roe.....		2 65
Rockmart.....	Ga.	7 60	Cleburne.....		13 55	Trinity.....		13 70	Shreveport.....		7 40
Rome.....	Ga.	7 40	Colorado.....		19 70	Troupe.....		10 25	Stamps.....		5 95
Rutherfordton.....	N. C.	12 95	Commerce.....		9 95	Tyler.....		10 25	St. Francis.....		2 85
			Cotulla.....		20 15	Waco.....		14 15	Stuttgart.....		2 90
Sanford.....	N. C.	16 00	Crockett.....		12 85	Weatherford.....		13 75	Texarkana.....		6 40
Savannah.....	Ga.	13 70	Corsicana.....		12 50	Whitesboro.....		11 40	Thebes.....		4 95
Selma.....	Ala.	6 90	Dallas.....		11 95	Wills Point.....		11 20	Tucker.....		3 60
Selma.....	N. C.	17 00	Denison.....		10 65	Wolfe City.....		10 25	Ulm.....		2 80
Sheffield.....	Ala.	2 95	Denton.....		12 50				Wyatt.....		4 15
Shelby.....	N. C.	12 65	Devine.....		18 50	IN ARKANSAS, ETC.					
Somerville.....	Tenn.	85	El Paso.....		31 20	Alexandria.....	La.	\$ 8 60	C, O, and G. POINTS.		
South Boston.....	Va.	16 40	El Pecos.....		24 80	Arkadelphia.....	Ark.	4 75	<i>Approximate Figures.</i>		
Spartanburg.....	S. C.	12 20	Encinal.....		21 00	Arkansas City.....	Ark.	3 95	Boonville.....		5 50
Starkville.....	Miss.	3 10	Franklin.....		14 05	Atkins.....	Ark.	4 50	Brinkley.....		1 85
Staunton.....	Va.	16 00	Fort Worth.....		12 80	Bald Knob.....	Ark.	2 30	Danville.....		4 85
Stevenson.....	Ala.	5 45	Gainesville.....		12 05	Batesville.....	Ark.	3 10	El Reno.....		10 70
Suffolk.....	Va.	18 75	Gainesv'e, via Ft. W'th		12 05	Camden.....	Ark.	5 00	Forrest City.....		1 35
Sumter.....	S. C.	14 15	Galveston.....		15 80	Claremore.....	Ind. T.	8 45	Hartford.....		6 05
Sylacauga.....	Ala.	6 10	Georgetown.....		15 15	Conway.....	Ark.	3 80	Houston.....		4 00
			Greenville.....		10 35	Dermot.....	Ark.	4 95	Howe.....		6 35
Talledega.....	Ala.	6 20	Hearne.....		14 35	El Dorado.....	Ark.	5 70	Little Rock.....		3 20
Tampa.....	Fla.	18 15	Hempstead.....		14 35	Fair Oaks.....	Ark.	1 70	Lonoke.....		2 70
Tavares.....	Fla.	16 90	Henderson.....		10 45	Fort Smith.....	Ark.	6 40	Madison.....		1 25
Thomaston.....	Ga.	9 25	Hillsboro.....		13 75	Gurdon.....	Ark.	5 00	Magazine.....		5 35
Thomasville.....	Ga.	11 15	Honey Grove.....		9 75	Helena.....	Ark.	1 60	Mansfield.....		5 90
Tifton.....	Ga.	11 00	Houston.....		14 35	Higginson.....	Ark.	2 55	Oklahoma.....		10 20
Troy.....	Ala.	7 95	Huntsville.....		14 55	Hope.....	Ark.	5 70	Shawnee.....		9 40
Tupelo.....	Miss.	2 10	Jacksonville.....		10 75	Hot Springs.....	Ark.	5 20	South McAlester.....		7 80
Tuscaloosa.....	Ala.	4 80	Jewett.....		13 05	Little Rock.....	Ark.	3 20	Weatherford.....		11 70
Tuscumbia.....	Ala.	2 90	Kyle.....		15 80	Malvern.....	Ark.	4 10	Wewoka.....		8 35
			Lampasas.....		10 00	Monroe.....	La.	6 65	Wilburton.....		7 15
Union City.....	Tenn.	2 25	Laredo.....		22 15	Monticello.....	Ark.	5 45	Wister.....		6 50
Union Springs.....	Ala.	7 70	Longview.....		9 30	Morrilton.....	Ark.	4 20			
Valdosta.....	Ga.	11 90	Lufkin.....		10 75	Newport.....	Ark.	2 50	K. C., F. S., and M. POINTS.		
Vicksburg.....	Miss.	4 40	Lytle.....		18 15	Ozark.....	Ark.	5 70	Arcadia.....		7 90
			Mansfield.....		8 35	Pine Bluff.....	Ark.	3 60	Clinton.....		8 10
Wadesboro.....	N. C.	14 40	Marlin.....		14 35	Plumerville.....	Ark.	4 10	Fort Scott.....		8 20
Washington.....	D. C.	18 90	Marquez.....		13 40	Prescott.....	Ark.	5 40	Hoxie.....		2 20
Waycross.....	Ga.	12 40	Marshall.....		7 40	Russellville.....	Ark.	4 70	Jonesboro.....		1 80
Weldon.....	N. C.	18 40	McGregor.....		14 35	Sallisaw.....	Ind. T.	7 00	Kansas City.....		10 20
West Point.....	Miss.	3 05	McKinney.....		11 30	Texarkana.....	Ark.	6 40	Lamar.....		7 40
Wilmington.....	N. C.	17 05	McNeill.....		15 00	Wagoner.....	Ind. T.	7 85	Mansfield.....		5 20
Winchester.....	Ky.	9 60	Mexia.....		13 40	Wynne.....	Ark.	1 40	Nettleton.....		1 70
Winona.....	Miss.	2 45	Midlothian.....		12 85	Van Buren.....	Ark.	6 40	Nichols Junction.....		6 25
Winston-Salem.....	N. C.	15 40	Milano.....		14 35				Olathe.....		9 80
Yemassee.....	S. C.	13 70	Minneola.....		10 30	COTTON BELT POINTS.					
Yorkville.....	S. C.	13 35	Moore.....		18 80	Alzheimer.....		3 25	Paola.....		9 35
FROM TEXAS POINTS.						Brinkley.....		2 20	Pleasanton.....		8 50
Abilene.....		\$17 65	Morgan.....		14 35	Clarendon.....		2 50	Springfield.....		6 15
Alvarado.....		13 20	Mt. Pleasant.....		8 25	Delta.....		4 20	Thayer.....		3 40
Austin.....		15 15	Navasota.....		14 35	Dexter.....		3 50	West Plains.....		3 90
			New Braunfels.....		16 60				Willow Springs.....		4 35

STORY OF OUR GREAT WAR.

BY THE LATE MERCER OTEY, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

[Continued from the March number, 1901.]

To return to our campaign, we finally reached our point of rendezvous on the Tennessee river, and were just about to cross the entire command, when a courier overtook us, bearing dispatches from Gen. Stephen D. Lee, commanding the department, ordering our immediate return to intercept a volume of 14,000 mounted infantry and cavalry that had left Memphis under command of Gen. Grierson and Sturgis, and were heading for the rich fields of Mississippi, from which we had to draw our forage supplies. So here was the knight that had been thrust forward in the game that upset all our plans.

Immediately orders were issued to the three brigades to retrace their steps, and we started to find the enemy. Couriers were constantly arriving from Gen. (Stephen) Lee, urging all possible haste, as the column was devastating the country and committing outrages of the most fiendish kind. Women and children alone were encountered, all the men being in the ranks, and these noncombatants were made to feel the heavy hand of the spoilers. The larger part of the Federal troops were negroes that had been enlisted in Memphis, and now sent out on this raid as mounted infantry. They came breathing death and destruction, proclaiming "no quarter" to Forrest and his whole command. Their battle cry was: "Remember Fort Pillow!"

A forced march brought us in front of the column at Tishomingo Creek on the morning of January 10, and we immediately attacked, though our men and horses were badly jaded by the constant ten days in the saddle, through heavy rains and miry roads. The fight took place at Guntown, a small country post office, sometimes called Bryce's Cross Roads. It was a hot and stubborn one; but our men were maddened to fury by the news of the atrocities perpetrated by the negroes all along the line of their march from Memphis, and as the enemy had declared themselves for extermination, but little attention was given to capturing prisoners. For several hours the fight was kept up, until a desperate charge broke the line and a wild retreat was begun. I passed several friends who had been wounded, Maj. C. C. Clay, of the First Tennessee (Jackson's) Cavalry, severely wounded in the shoulder, passed me on his way to the field hospital; next I ran across William L. Duff, colonel of the Eightieth Mississippi Cavalry, nursing a shattered wrist; while farther along lay Capt. Isaac T. Bell, aide-camp on his father's staff, Gen. T. H. Bell, badly shot through the lung. All of these, however, recovered, and to-day can look back with pride and pleasure to duty well done on that field. The artillery and wagons and ambulances lay piled in confusion along the road, over which the fleeing forces were struggling panic-struck. I never saw since Bull Run such wild confusion; they were terror-stricken, as they knew the avengers were on their track. All day long through the rain could be heard the crack of carbine on each side of the road, as some poor unfortunate went to the happy hunting grounds. We chased the flying Federals for three days to the very intrenchments of Memphis, many reaching there minus coat

and shoes, which, with guns, they had cast off, so as not to impede their flight.

At the close of the first day and about nine o'clock, as Gen. Forrest was well to the front, we thought sure the enemy had made a stand and were going to give battle. A long line of fires were burning brightly across the road at a favorable position on the crest of a hill. We halted a few minutes until more of our troops could join us, when the General, with staff and Jackson's Company, his escort, made a dash for the supposed enemy, only to find the place deserted, the enemy having built the burning piles of fence rails as a blind, hoping to delay our troopers long enough to gain time in their retreat.

Having utterly destroyed this column, we again sought our old stamping ground at Tupelo to give the men and horses needed repose and rest.

Before reaching Tupelo we were met by a courier bearing a dispatch announcing the defeat of my old chief, Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, at Pine Mountain, in Georgia, on the 13th of June. Such a loss was keenly felt by all of our command, the most of whom had been at former times under him. Since the untimely fall of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, Gen. T. J. Jackson at Chancellorsville, we could have suffered no greater loss than that of Gen. Polk, the noble Christian and accomplished soldier.

The particulars of his death were afterwards detailed me by one of his staff, Maj. Douglas West, of New Orleans. I have before referred to his intrepidity and indifference to danger. On this occasion he and Gen. Hardee had accompanied Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to one of our outposts on Pine Mountain to reconnoiter the enemy and more thoroughly make himself conversant with the ground in his immediate front. The three officers were noticed by the enemy as they stood in full view and in a very exposed position. A Federal battery at once trained a gun on the group, and as the first shot whistled uncomfortably close, Gen. Johnston remarked, "Gentlemen, we have drawn the enemy's fire, and we had better get under the cover of the hill." He and Gen. Hardee did so, while Gen. Polk lingered a moment longer with his field glass to his eyes, when the second shot struck him on the left arm and tore through his body.

My special assignment to Gen. Forrest being intended as only temporary, I secured a permit to visit Virginia, where one was anxiously waiting me, in the lovely town of Lexington, upon whom my affections had been pledged for over three years. My sister had recently arrived in Hernando, Miss., from Memphis, bringing with her many things necessary for one about to commit matrimony. Chief among them all was a piece of fine gray cloth, which was to be my wedding suit, and of course not obtainable in the South. A Federal staff officer of Gen. Sherman kindly escorted my sister through the lines and conveyed the cloth, which was contraband, to her destination by having it folded neatly inside of his saddle blanket. A hurried trip to Richmond, Va., and the services of a tailor soon converted my gray cloth and gold braid into a gorgeous uniform, for which I handed the knight of the shears twenty crisp and new ten-dollar Confederate treasury notes. A thousand dollars of our currency didn't go very far in the summer of 1864, and I couldn't afford to buy many things for a wed-

ding outfit. In fact there wasn't much to buy, if I had had the funds.

When I now reflect on the responsibilities I assumed on that 27th of July, 1864, I can only wonder at my bravery; but I had youth and all the anticipations that hope can hold out, and the love and devotion of one that was dearer than everything in the world. Who would have stopped to weigh the future in the scales? So the wedding bells pealed merrily for me and mine; and if we didn't have a brilliant *table d'hôte*, I note we had a bountiful one, such as could only be served with the existing conditions surrounding us. We were forced to forego many luxuries, for the Federals had long since closed our ports by a strict blockade. For champagne we gladly substituted home-made currant wine. Cake was to be had for the baking, and fortunately the icing could be had, as our stock of sugar was independent of the blockade, as also the hens didn't fail us at egg-laying time. But the times were getting harder and harder, and we had recourse to all kinds of expedients to secure substitutes for many necessities.

Letters coming from the boys at the front were generally circulated among the neighbors and friends, who were always interested in the general news they contained. Before circulating these letters the envelopes were carefully preserved and made to do double duty by turning them inside out and readdressing them, when another letter was written in reply. Those of us who had only one suit (and the exception was the rule) would have to call to our aid the service of some kind sister or mother or sweetheart to rip up the suit and, after beating out the dust thoroughly, reverse the whole garment, which generally passed muster to the satisfaction of every one.

Coffee was a variety and only obtained by the "grape vine route"—i. e., surreptitiously—being like a "nigger," a contraband of war. The boys at the front were more fortunate in securing coffee than any others, for they had a tacit agreement among the opposing pickets at a given signal to cease firing, and, fraternizing, exchange coffee for tobacco, they being "shy" of the latter, of which we of course had the bulk. After the negocié was completed the truce was declared off, and at the command, "Go back to your rifle pits, Johnny," each would repair to their respective posts and open fire again; and woe to the unlucky head or limb that was exposed.

Outside of the army our coffee supply was extremely rare, and a good substitute was found in parched rye or wheat, and many became such experts in blending of this and other substitutes that an expert would pronounce the decoction good java or mocha. After the Federals had pretty well overrun Louisiana, all the sugar plantations that were not destroyed and the refineries burned closed down, and no molasses or sugar was obtainable. But our fertile brains adopted a substitute, and the sorghum cane was made to do duty for the sugar cane. The saccharine matter was of course not comparable to the sugar cane, but it answered all practical purposes; and the sorghum mills were cheap, inexpensive affairs that could be built in a day or two with sufficient capacity to supply a town-ship. Quite frequently we had to sweeten our coffee (?) with sorghum.

Brandy for medicinal purposes was hard to obtain,

as but few persons understood how to manufacture brandy, or at least if they knew, they had not made any attempt, save in a limited way. The few grapes raised in the South had been for table use only, and the larger part of the spirits manufactured was in Tennessee, noted for its Robertson County whisky, as Virginia was noted for its peach brandy and Monongahela rye whisky. The "moonshiner" had not blossomed out then, and only became prominent and promiscuous after the war. About the worst substitute I ever struck for brandy in Alabama was at a farmhouse just across the Mississippi State line. It was manufactured from sweet potatoes, and of all liquefied lightning that I ever tasted that was the worst.

We had one or two cotton mills in the South at and around Columbus, Ga., and these were taxed to their full capacity. We had the raw staple *ad libitum*, but what avail was it for cotton to be king if we could not get it to market. While it supplied many of our wants, it could not answer them all.

It was very odd to see some of our newspapers and the subterfuges that they had to adopt to go to press when by chance their stock ran low, and not unfrequently they would appear printed on wall paper, of which the proprietor may fortunately have possessed a supply. I often saw the *Chattanooga Rebel*, published by "John Happy" (Albert Roberts), make its appearance sometimes in different colors of the rainbow. We cared little for the texture so long as we got the tincture of real frolic and humor from its versatile editor.

When old Sol went to bed it was a trying hour with many of our housewives, for the days of coal oil had not arrived. Tallow was hard to get and more in demand for army uses. Stearine or paraffin were not to be thought of, but the hog was still with us, and he must be economized in every way. Neither had the busy little bee left us—they must contribute their quota, besides the honey, in the wax.

Now for our candles. Candle molds had long since disappeared, but the bottle still remained with us—I mean the empty bottle. Cotton wick was in abundance, which, in the form of a heavy twine twisted in three or more layers of thread, was steeped in the lard oil till thoroughly saturated, and then soaked in the bees wax until a good coating was obtained. This was allowed to harden, when it was wound spirally around the bottle till the whole surface was covered, and when the light for evening's use was required, you had as nice a substitute as you could desire.

At other times, if you did not care to be so fastidious in constructing your candelabra, and was rushed for time, take your lard oil or any other grease obtainable, and place it in a saucer, into which sit your sycamore ball and allow it to soak for a few minutes until its pores have absorbed the grease, when you stick a light to the stem of the ball, which is generally a half inch or more in length, and will furnish a good light for an hour's reading.

It is difficult to understand to what extremities we were forced. I suppose the ladies (God bless them!) suffered as much as if not more than the men in the deprivation of those many little necessities of their toilets. But a smiling cheerful face always greeted us, and no hardship was considered too great to undergo for the cause they held most dear.

City and village church bells were graciously but regretfully devoted to be molded into brass cannon, and one could readily call to mind those touching lines of Tom Moore :

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chimes.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

There was a sanctity and a sadness in a people's giving up those bells that is very touching. Can you remember, dear reader, the chime of your church bell, and the hallowed thoughts clustering around it. Perhaps it had hung in its weather-beaten belfry for a generation or more, giving in clear tones every Sabbath day an invocation to turn your footsteps to the sacred altar; it had tolled the sad requiem of death of our dearest loved treasures; and now it is given up to be molded into cannon to breathe death and agony to our fellow-man. What an awful thing is war!

My honeymoon in the valley of Virginia was rudely shattered, and my well-earned rest was of short duration.

Sheridan, that scourge of the country, was moving a strong column of cavalry in pursuit of Early, and a heavy detachment under Gen. Averill was rapidly approaching Lexington. To remain meant certain capture and confinement at Johnson's Island or Camp Douglass or some other Northern prison.

[Continued]

CONFEDERATE SURGEONS.

C. H. Tebault, M.D., Surgeon General, U. C. V., addressing the survivors of the medical corps of the army and navy of the Confederate States, says :

Our ranks are rapidly thinning under the corrosive tooth of time, and whatever remains to approximate, as far as we may, our historic part in the brilliant, incisive, self-sacrificing, principle-honoring, and glorious chapter, which shall mark the rise and fall of the Southern Confederacy, with all her illustrious Christian men and women, her heroic, all-enduring sons and daughters, must be done without much further delay.

Exceeding four years of almost uninterrupted campaigns, conducted through all seasons and in all weather, covering an unprecedentedly vast territory scarred by more than 2,000 battlefields—600,000 Confederate soldiers against 2,865,028 Federal soldiers—engaged in the only decisive method for the settlement of a great national question, must compass materials of signal and crucial historic importance for a reunited people, organized under a republican form of government.

Our part had to deal with the stern actualities of a vast array of diseases, ghastly wounds, and with problems of sanitation, on an immense scale, in the execution of our most responsible duties. Medicines, instruments, medical works, provisions, and delicacies for the sick and wounded were made contraband of war, both as regarded our own sick and wounded as well as the sick and wounded prisoners their govern-

ment, by refusing to exchange, compelled us to retain and care for in prison life, in spite of our well-known limited resources of every kind for such a colossal undertaking.

Thus, with a prison list, from first to last, reaching the immense total of 270,000, against 220,000 of our own soldiers held in Federal prisons—with a balance, as the records show, in our favor of 50,000 prisoners, the Confederate surgeons, with proudest Christian consolation, point to their monument of monuments, in that terrible, bloody and contracted contention between brothers of the same land and blood and hopes, to the 4,000 more lives saved in prison life than were saved by our quondam enemies of the other side with an excess of prisoners in our keeping, and with all the stated disadvantages against us, while all the advantages in resources, with a fewer number of prisoners, were in their favor.

Under my circular letter for the Atlanta reunion, the "Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy" was organized under constitution and by-laws, and officers elected. The next meeting was held at the Charleston reunion, and other officers elected. The third meeting was held at the Louisville reunion, and the following officers elected: President, Preston B. Scott, of Louisville; Vice President, J. M. Keller, of Little Rock; Secretary, Deering J. Roberts, of Nashville; Treasurer, V. G. Hitt, of Atlanta; Chaplain, G. B. Overton, of Louisville. President Preston B. Scott, I much regret to say, died shortly after the adjournment of that brilliant reunion, in which he acted a most conspicuous part, and is greatly lamented by us all. The Vice President, J. M. Keller, a distinguished surgeon and medical director in our cause, has most worthily succeeded to the presidency of our Association by reason of the death of the lamented surgeon and medical director, Preston B. Scott.

At last mentioned reunion the *Southern Practitioner*, edited and owned by Comrade and Secretary of our Association, Surgeon Deering J. Roberts, of Nashville, Tenn., was elected our official organ. This excellent medical monthly devotes every month a certain number of pages for "Records, Recollections, and Reminiscences" in possession of Confederate surgeons and assistant surgeons, etc. Every member of our medical staff, and every medical man who was the son of a Confederate surgeon, should subscribe to this patriotic journal. Surgeon S. H. Stout, now in his eightieth year—the distinguished medical director of the hospitals of the Confederate armies and department of Tennessee—is now contributing, through the columns of our official organ, most valuable data from the preserved entire records in his possession, which, if his valuable life be yet longer spared to perfect his now undertaken work, will prove both interesting and instructive, even at this distant day.

But for our present Association we would be only poorly informed with respect to each other. Just prior to the last reunion our distinguished comrade, Surgeon Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, Va., medical director on the staff of the immortal Stonewall Jackson, passed from our midst to his final reward beyond the skies; and almost immediately after the same reunion our President of the Association contracted typhoid fever in the mountains where he had gone to recuperate, and fell a victim to this remorseless enemy.

RESOLUTIONS CONCERNING U. C. V. REUNIONS.

At a meeting of the Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., held in Batesville, Ark., April 9, the following resolutions were adopted by the unanimous vote of the Camp:

"That it is the sense of this Camp that the annual reunions of United Confederate Veterans should be devoted exclusively to the objects set forth in the Constitution of the Association, and to social greetings of the veterans, their wives and families.

"The members of this Camp protest against the disposition manifested in some quarters to intermingle semi-political demonstrations in honor of persons occupying high positions in the State and Federal governments, but who were in no wise identified with the fortunes of the Confederate States of America during the stormy period of their existence.

"That, as plain citizens, soldiers of a generation of men now swiftly merging into the past, we deprecate the extravagance in show and tinsel so largely in evidence at some of the reunions, as being not in accordance with the habits of life, financial ability, and aspirations of the great body of the men who carried guns during the time of war."

The elected delegates to the Memphis reunion are: Messrs. R. P. Phillips, of Bellmore; R. H. Powell, of Batesville; J. B. Nesbit, of Cushman. Alternates: Messrs. R. A. Frazier and J. P. Montgomery, of Alvis; R. J. Scott, of Ashley Township.

In U. C. V. General orders the General Commanding announces the following appointments upon his staff, to rank from dates named:

John J. Hornor, of Helena, Ark., to be Paymaster General of the U. C. V.'s, with the rank of Brigadier General, to rank from December 20, 1900.

The following as aids-de-camp with rank of colonel: J. B. Trulock, of Pine Bluff, Ark., to rank from December 20, 1900; Biscoe Hindman, now of Louisville, Ky., to rank from December 20, 1900; A. R. Blakely, of New Orleans, to rank from February 17, 1900; David Zable, now of Knoxville, Tenn., to rank from July 21, 1900.

Capt. James G. Holmes, Charleston, S. C., writes:

In reply to inquiry, in the February VETERAN, of Mrs. E. Brown, Historian of Barbour Chapter, U. D. C., as to who fired the first gun in the bombardment of Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, April 12, 1861, it may be authoritatively said that this "signal shot" was fired by Capt. George S. James (later lieutenant colonel commanding Third Battalion South Carolina Infantry) from the mortar battery on James Island, a few hundred yards east of Fort Johnson. Capt. James was in command of said battery, and as this signal shot was to begin the war between the Confederate States and the United States, he fired it, instead of the lanyard man, No. 4, of the gun crew. Capt. James was a man of high character, and probably fired this first shot that he might be held responsible if need be, though, after all, it is the man who gives the order to fire, not the man who pulls the lanyard, that is held responsible. This shot, I learn from an eyewitness, being a signal shot, was aimed to explode over the water and seaward, or east, of the fort. The same eyewitness informed me that he had seen in the North

a piece of shell which the owner valued at \$250, because he thought it was a piece of the signal shell.

The second shot, and the first at the fort it is claimed, was fired from the Stevens Iron Battery, on Morris Island, and the lanyard was pulled by Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, a courtesy accorded him by Capt. George B. Cuthbert, of the Palmetto Guard, because Mr. Ruffin volunteered to fight for the Confederacy before Virginia had seceded.

Cadet George E. Haynesworth, of the first class of the South Carolina Military Academy, pulled the lanyard of the first gun fired on the United States flag, January 9, 1861 (three months before Sumter was bombarded), from the Vinegar Hill Battery, on Morris Island, manned by the cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy, and commanded by Maj. P. F. Stevens, the superintendent, who is now Bishop Stevens of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and resides at Orangeburg, S. C. The writer, in January, 1861, was a member of the fourth, or youngest, class, which was kept at the citadel, as the barracks of the South Carolina Military Academy is locally known, to do garrison duty, hence didn't take part in firing on the Star of the West (January 9) that prevented the reinforcement of Fort Sumter. This first shot, fired by Haynesworth, was also a signal shot, as it was fired across the bow of the United States steamer transport. Both Vinegar Hill and Battery James have been washed away by storms.

CONGRATULATORY ORDER TO HIS SOLDIERS.

Col. V. D. Groner, of the Sixty-First Virginia Regiment, was severely wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864, Lieut. Col. William F. Niemeyer had been killed, and Lieut. Col. William H. Stewart commanded the regiment in the following engagements and battles: North Anna River, May 21 to 23; Hanover C. H., May 28, 29; Atlee's Station, June 1; Cold Harbor, June 1, 2, 3; Turkey Ridge, June 4 to 13; Frazier's Farm, June 13; Wilcox Farm, June 22; Gurley House, June 23; Ream's Station, June 27; Crater, July 30; Burgess's Mill, October 29; Hicksford, December 9, 10. On turning over the command to Col. Groner, who had recovered from his wound, he issued the following order from headquarters of the Sixty-First Virginia (near Petersburg) December 14, 1864:

"General Order No. 14.—As the lieutenant colonel commanding is about to relinquish the command, he desires to express to officers and men his heartfelt thanks for your uniform courtesy and kindness, and prompt observance of all orders.

"He congratulates you upon the noble part you have acted in the brilliant successes of the campaign. Besides participating in the capture of artillery, small arms, and prisoners, eight battle flags are proud mementos of your prowess.

"Soldiers, these successes have been obtained only by a sad depletion of your ranks. Let the noble deeds of your fallen comrades and the oppressive slavery of your kinsmen stimulate you to renewed efforts in behalf of your afflicted country. Stand steady and firm by your tattered battle flag in the future as you have in the past, and soon an honorable peace, with the independence of your country, will be a glorious reward."

W. A. S. Taylor was adjutant of the regiment.

HEROISM LIKE THAT OF JOHN PELHAM.

S. T. Shank, of North River, Va., has consented to give an interesting event of the great war of which very little is known:

I was a sergeant in Capt. McClanahan's Battery, Gen. J. D. Imboden's Command, and we had just returned to Virginia, after Gen. Early's near approach to the Federal capital in August, 1864, in which campaign two of our guns had taken part. The section was in command of Lieut. Carter Berkeley, of Staunton, Va. In an engagement with the enemy a few days before, near Leesburg, Va., we had burst the barrel of one of our guns. This was ordered to be taken to Staunton, and, as that was the home of our lieutenant, he accompanied the disabled gun, leaving me in command of the other gun. We were now in the lower valley, in Clark County, Va., near the Shenandoah river and the town of Berryville.

On the morning that Lieut. Berkeley was to start to Staunton an order was received for a commissioned officer and one gun to report to Col. Long, of the Sixty-Second Virginia Infantry, at Berry's Ferry for guard duty. Lieut. Berkeley told the officers in command that I could fill the place, as there would be nothing to do but lie around the ferry during the day. So he started to Staunton and I to the place designated, reaching there about 8 A.M. We were on the west side of the river, which is flanked by a low ridge of hills. The road to the ferry passes through a deep ravine of this ridge. Arriving here, I found that the enemy had thrown a skirmish line across the river, which had advanced far as the entrance to this ravine, and had just been driven back by our pickets, which consisted of only a few detachments of infantry, possibly in all one hundred men. I reported at once to Col. Long, and he told me to select a position, and do the best I could. This was the only order I received during the day. I took my gun to the top of the hill on the south side of the ravine, and there had an opportunity for using it most effectively. On the opposite side of the river, about a mile distant, there was a stretch of bottom land literally covered with troops just in the act of crossing the river by wading. In a moment we brought our gun into position, and threw shells into their very midst as rapidly as we could, until they sought shelter. During this time we had all in our own hands, as we were too far off to be reached with their smaller arms, and their artillery, it seems, had not arrived. In a short time, however, they had a battery of six rifle guns in position, and opened fire on us at such a distance that we could not reach at all with our howitzer. As we could do no effective work for a while, we left the gun in position and retired behind the brow of the hill for protection. Their firing continued for some time, and whenever their infantry or cavalry would become visible I alone would load and fire our gun, not wishing to expose more than one man at a time. One or two others did this after me. After some time I inferred from their movements that they were preparing to charge across the river with their cavalry and capture our gun, thus opening the way for their army to cross over.

We then drew our gun by hand, not wishing to expose our horses, below the crest of the hill, limbered up and moved several hundred yards to the right,

placed it in position again without being seen by the enemy, and awaited developments. We had not long to wait, for soon the anticipated charge was made through the placid waters of the Shenandoah, and on through our feeble line of infantry, out through the ravine, then wheeled to the left up the ridge and over the very ground our gun had occupied all morning. Then at a short distance on their right we began firing, using first the shell with which the gun was loaded and then canister. We fired so rapidly into their midst that very few of them were able to recross the river to their friends. As soon as all this was over I went to where they had passed, and where our gun had been. Two men, whose horses had been shot, were crouching under some bushes like frightened birds. I walked up to them wholly unarmed and demanded their arms. They deliberately unbuckled their belts, and gave me two new Colt's army revolvers, which had never been fired, and forty rounds of cartridges. I gave one of the pistols to the first one of our boys who asked for it. The other I gave to the person who afterwards became my wife, and we have it yet as a memento of the war.

This was the last effort made to cross the river, and it may be said practically that one howitzer prevented an entire brigade of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and a battery of six guns from making that crossing. We remained upon the hill until night, then were relieved by others sent to our assistance.

Gen. Imboden, who had been captain of a battery in the Mexican war, and had commanded the same battery the first year of our war, came on the field that evening and rode a portion of the way to camp with me. He was highly complimentary, and said that he had never seen anything to equal the valor and sagacity displayed by us that day. He also complimented me very highly, as did Col. Long and other officers. Lieut. Berkeley wrote to the department asking for a commission for me, but it never came. Of course I felt very much gratified over all this, for I was only a boy. I was doing only my plain duty. I have never seen this episode in history, and have no idea what troops were opposing us. As our battery was made up of boys from many different States and, in many instances, remote sections, I rarely see any of my old comrades. The other day I met six of them at Staunton, whom I had not seen since April 9, 1865. I was much impressed with the changes time had wrought in their appearance. We had parted as boys, and then met as gray-haired veterans.

Mark Cockrill, Jr., Marias, Mont.:

Seeing that you print anecdotes about former slaves. I wish to tell you of Uncle Dan's volunteering as related by himself to me when I was a child: "Dey had a whole passel of us niggers standin' dar in er line, an' de cap'n say, 'Ef dar is er man among you dat aint willin' ter fight fer his freedom, let 'im step out.' I stepped out quick. De cap'n say, 'Step back dar, nigger,' an' 'I's skeered sho nuff den.'"

An understood conversation between two old darkeys at Nashville is that one of them said: "I asked Mars John Hickman for a pension, and he said, 'How long was you in the Confederate army?' and I said, 'About eleven, twelve, or thirteen years, I disremember,' and he said, 'If that is all, you can't git no pension.'"

J. WILKES BOOTH AND HIS MOTHER.

The stage reminiscences of Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert, an English actress, in the *Scribner Magazine* for February, 1901, contain the following as furnished by Miss Kate Mason Rowland:

Mrs. Gilbert speaks of Edwin Booth as a "charming Romeo," and adds: "But the most perfect Romeo, the finest I ever saw, was the brother, Wilkes Booth. He was very handsome, most lovable and lovely. He was eccentric in some ways, and he had the family failings; but he also had a simple, direct, and charming nature. The love and sympathy between him and his mother were very close, very strong. No matter how far apart they were, she seemed to know in some mysterious way when anything was wrong with him. If he were ill, or unfit to play, he would often receive a letter of sympathy, counsel, and warning, written when she could not possibly have received any news of him. He told me of this himself. No, I never felt that it was madness that carried him into the plot to assassinate the President. I know from my own limited experience how high feeling could run in those days. A man lived so wholly with people who thought as he did that any one on the other side was hateful to him. Whatever drew Wilkes Booth into the plot, it was not quite dare-deviltry. And if the lot fell to him to do the thing, I feel sure that he went through with it without a backward thought. He had that kind of loyalty, that kind of courage. Perhaps the devotion of a high-strung Nihilist, who believes in his cause, comes nearest to expressing it. This is just my fancy from having known the man."

A Baltimore Daughter of the Confederacy writes:

The interesting communication in the last *VETERAN* regarding John Wilkes Booth and young Powell, who was associated with him under the name of Payne, recalls to my mind a touching letter written by the father of the latter shortly after his execution. I copy it from my old scrapbook—a storehouse of war incidents—and feel sure that it will be read with interest.

Col. Daster, who was connected with the military commission which tried the assassins of the late President Lincoln, has received the following letter from the father of Payne, who attempted to murder Secretary Seward:

"LIVE OAK, EAST FLORIDA, September 30, 1865.

"Dear Sir: On my return home some days since I found your very welcome letter, which brought me some interesting items in reference to my unfortunate and lamented son. Be assured, sir, that your kindness both to him and to myself is highly appreciated. At the time your first letter reached me I was confined to my bed, and it was received only the day before the execution. I did not answer it, for I intended coming to Washington as soon as possible, and started as soon as I could travel. At Jacksonville I met the sad intelligence of his execution, and returned home in sorrow such as is not common for human hearts to bear. As to his early history, he was born in the State of Alabama April 22, 1844. (I see by a statement of his that he was mistaken by one year in his age.) In the twelfth year of his age he made a profession of religion, and from that time he lived a pious life up to

the time of his enlistment. He was soon ordered to Virginia. From that time forward I knew nothing of him only by letter. He was always kind and tender-hearted, yet determined in all his undertakings. He was much esteemed by all who knew him, and bid fair for usefulness in Church and State. Please accept the warmest thanks of myself and family for the services rendered the unfortunate youth. Very truly and sincerely yours,
GEORGE C. POWELL."

ROSTER OF THE TEXAS DIVISION WANTED.

K. M. Van Zandt, Major General Commanding the Texas Division, U. C. V., issues General Order No. 4 from Fort Worth, Tex., in which he states:

The Brigadier Generals commanding the several subdivisions of this division are hereby directed to require the Camps of their respective subdivisions to promptly make out complete muster rolls of the members of said Camp. It is the intention of the Major General commanding, as soon as such muster rolls, properly prepared, shall have been received at these headquarters, to cause the same to be compiled and published in book or pamphlet form, and a copy of same furnished each Camp in the division, to the intent that a permanent record be preserved of members of the division and of the commands in which they served during the war; and, further, that every Confederate in this State should have the means of readily locating and finding every comrade in the State, provided he is a member of any Camp in this division.

Muster rolls, together with the per capita tax of five cents per member, shall be forwarded by the Camps without delay to brigade headquarters, and not to these headquarters. And the Adjutant General of said subdivision, or such other officer as may be designated by the Brigadier General, shall, on receipt of same, retain one-half of said per capita tax so received for the expenses of said subdivision, and forward the remaining one-half of said per capita tax, together with said muster roll, at once to these headquarters, first seeing that said rolls are properly prepared.

MEMPHIS REUNION COMMITTEES.—President, Thomas B. Turley; Vice Presidents, W. J. Crawford, A. B. Pickett, E. Lowenstein, John Overton, M. Gavin, Charles S. Eberhart, Joseph D. Montedonico, Oscar I. Kruger, and D. C. Govan; Treasurer, John Armistead; Secretary, R. A. Parker.

Chairmen of Committees.—Finance, A. B. Pickett; Auditing, Miles S. Buckingham; Transportation, Fred Orgill; Accommodations, W. A. Gage; Parade and Review, A. R. Taylor; Horses and Carriages, Cyrus Garnsey, Jr.; Commissary, John Myers; Military and Encampment, E. E. Wright; Information, James S. Davant; Press, T. C. Ashcroft; Printing and Advertising, W. H. Bates; Invitations, Tim E. Cooper; Badges, S. A. Pepper; Medical, Dr. G. B. Malone; Amusements, R. Brinkley Snowden; Decoration and Illumination, R. H. Vance; Hall for Meeting of Veteran Convention, J. M. Goodbar; Headquarters, W. B. Mallory; Halls for State Organizations, J. E. Beasley; Music, T. O. Vinton; Entertainment General Officers, Frank G. Jones; General Entertainment, Robert L. McKellar; Ladies, Alex. Allison; Reception, J. J. Williams.

ABOUT THE BATTLE AT SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

So much interest is felt in Dr. J. A. Wyeth (New York) on account of his "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest" that the VETERAN prints an account given by him sometime since of his experience in the battle of Shelbyville, Tenn. He does not admit merit to the credit for bravery that was given him in that engagement. Indeed he did not consent to its publication until confronted with his own argument that every contribution of a personal nature coming from a reliable source is a contribution to the true history of the war, for it shows the spirit which actuated the men in the ranks. His account is as follows:

Russell's Fourth Alabama Cavalry Regiment, to which I belonged, had been doing outpost duty in the neighborhood of Unionville and Triune, Tenn. On June 27, 1863, we were covering the retreat of Bragg's army, and were roughly handled by a strong force of Union cavalry at Shelbyville. I happened to be on the skirmish line, and was about three hundred yards in front of the Confederate line of battle. As the Federal skirmishers advanced, one of these came within about one hundred yards of my position, and before I had been ordered to retire, and after we had exchanged shots with our carbines, he put spurs to his horse and charged directly at me. I have an idea now that it was my diminutive size and boyish appearance (for I was then just eighteen years old, and small of stature for that age) which suggested to his mind this sudden rush. I recall vividly the thoughts which flashed through my mind at that critical moment. In the first place, I was scared, for I have never been able to reach that sublime condition when the fear of physical disaster or of death was entirely absent. I think I succeeded in concealing this fear from my comrades, but it was with considerable effort, and was a deceit which human pride must justify, if such can find justification. Moreover, I believed for a few seconds that I had been shot, for when my antagonist fired at me something struck me in my left side, and I was sure the bullet had found its mark. It may be that this induced a condition of desperation which under ordinary conditions might not have been present, for as he came toward me at full speed, I held my horse as steadily as possible and tried to stop the daring trooper with my six-shooter. He was engaged in the same use of his pistol, and we were quickly close together. Not more than thirty feet separated us when, just as I was about to fire a fourth shot, he suddenly tightened the reins and turned his horse to one side, and at the same moment expertly threw his body down on the safe side of his horse and saddle for protection. As he scurried back toward his line of skirmishers, I could not resist the temptation to try again to hit him, and was foolish enough to chase him until he was in close supporting distance of his comrades.

As good luck would have it, I escaped what might have been the logical and proper result of an injudicious effort, and must confess to a feeling of considerable pride at the yells of approval which welcomed the prodigal's return. Sam Russell, orderly sergeant of my company (although he was too experienced a sol-

dier to approve of what had been done), had, with a squad, rallied to my aid.

An intimate boyhood friend and playmate, now Dr. C. A. Robinson, of Huntsville, Ala., who belonged to



DR. WYETH ON THE STEPS OF HIS OFFICE.
From "Snap Shot" by a young Confederate.

one of the companies from Madison County, and who on many occasions attested coolness and courage of the highest order, remarked as I rode by him into my place in the line of battle: "John, you are the d—st fool in the regiment." From the standpoint of fifty-five years of age, looking backward upon the performance on that day of the boy of eighteen, I think Meck was not far from right.

HE WAS A YOUNG SOLDIER.

Dr. John R. Mackenzie, Weatherford, Tex.: "The distinction of having been the youngest soldier in the Confederate army has been claimed by many, and the question seems yet to be settled. There lives in the little city of Weatherford, Tex., Father Patrick F. Brannan, an eminent Catholic priest, who can justly lay claim to having been at least one of the youngest soldiers in our army, and who, in addition, served continuously until the close of the war. Father Brannan was born November 30, 1847. He enlisted in the Fifteenth Alabama Infantry at Fort Mitchell Ala., on the 2d day of June, 1861, being at that time thirteen years old. Very soon after his enlistment his regiment was ordered to Virginia, where it did its quota of gallant service until the close of the war. Being an orphan and without a home, the boy soldier, who never sought or accepted a furlough, remained steadfast to the end, and was one of those who composed the shattered battalion which surrendered at Appomattox. Father Brannan's friends claim that his record, age considered, is without a parallel in the history of the war."

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.—The C. S. M. A. will hold its annual reunion and first anniversary at Memphis, Tenn., at the time of the U. C. V. reunion, May 28, 29, 30. The exercises of the Confederation will begin with a memorial service, in honor of President Davis, at Calvary Episcopal Church, corner of Second and Adams Streets, at 9 A.M., Tuesday, May 28, services conducted Rev. T. F. Gailor, Bishop of the Diocese. Bishop Gailor is the son of a Confederate hero, and himself Commander of N. B. Forrest Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at Memphis. It is hoped there will be a large attendance of Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy to unite with the Memorial Association in paying tribute to the memory of "our silent chieftain." After this service of one hour, the Confederation will repair to the Woman's Building, corner of Jefferson and Third Streets (two blocks from Calvary Church), where the Committee on Credentials will issue badges and enroll the names of the delegates.

The Association will then convene for the business session of the morning. The Woman's Building will be headquarters for the Confederation, and all business meetings will be held there.

The Committee on Arrangements, composed of members of the S. C. M. A. of Memphis, Mrs. C. W. Frazer, Chairman, have been untiring in their efforts to make this our first reunion a perfect success.

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President*;
SUE H. WALKER, *Cor. Sec.*

Mrs. James T. Halsey, President Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, U. D. C., Philadelphia, sends this:

The Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, U. D. C., expresses grateful appreciation for the following donations sent to Miss Gertrude Agnes Byers, member of the Monument Committee, to be erected either here (Philadelphia) or in the South, to the memory of Confederate dead buried in the national cemetery, Philadelphia; R. E. Lee Camp, Jacksonville, Fla., \$3.05; Gen. Turner Ashby Camp, Winchester, Va., \$3.85; Dibrell Bivouac, Lewisburg, Tenn., \$5; John B. Clark Camp, Fayette, Mo., \$5; W. H. Duncan Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Barnwell, S. C., \$1.30; Archibald Gracia Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Bristol, Tenn., \$1.80; Fayetteville Camp, Fayetteville, N. C., \$2.05; D. Waytt Aiken Camp, Greenwood, S. C., \$5; Mr. Joseph K. Caldwell, Philadelphia, \$2.

Additional contributions to the Confederate Monument Fund through Dabney H. Maury Chapter, U. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.: Mrs. J. A. Woodall, Sharon, Ga., \$1.70; Hopkins County Confederate Veteran Camp, Madisonville, Ky., \$3; Mr. Lang C. Allen, Clarksdale, Miss., \$1.95; Standwatie Camp, Chelsea, I. T., \$2; Henry Gray Camp, Timothea, La., \$1.10; Mildred Lee Camp, Sherman, Texas, \$2.50; Capt. T. W. Elliott, Clarksdale, Miss., 25 cents; H. M. Ashby Camp, Pikeville, Tenn., \$1; Gen. James Conner Camp, Summer-ville, S. C., \$1.05; John H. Morgan Camp, San Diego, Cal., \$1.80; William E. Moore Camp, Sons of Veterans, Helena, Ark., \$9.75; John R. Baylor Camp, Uvalde, Texas, 85 cents; Mr. Thomas T. Smith, Philipsburg, Mont., 25 cents; Mr. F. D. Brown, Philipsburg, Mont., 50 cents; Dr. William Ray, Philipsburg, Mont., 50 cents.

Capt. F. S. Harris writes to Elder J. K. Womack, a nephew of Capt. Asoph Hill, concerning the latter as a soldier:

When the company from Statesville was organized, in May, 1861, Asoph Hill was defeated for captain by one or two votes by Capt. N. Oakley. Hill's youth



ASOPH HILL.

was against him, and Oakley's gallant service as a soldier in Mexico was in his favor. When the Seventh Tennessee was organized at Camp Trousdale, Col. Hatton promoted Hill to sergeant major from private, a very responsible place, and so faithfully did Hill perform the various duties that he received honorable mention from Col. Hatton, commander of the regi-

ment, and from brigade headquarters. On the reorganization of the regiment, in April, 1862, at Yorktown, Capt. Oakley did not offer again for the command of his company, and Hill was elected to the position. He treated his men kindly. His discipline was firm and strong, without any of the martinet, and his command was perfect as could be in a volunteer army. He led his company into every battle with such gallantry that it was often the compliment of the regiment. Seven Pines was the first battle his company was in after he became captain.

When Gen. Hatton fell Capt. Hill was close to him, and it was one of his company, now Esquire Davis, together with T. J. Holloway, of Company H, who carried Gen. Hatton from the field. He led his old company (F) in every one of the seven days' battles around Richmond, when the men were placed for the second and last time under old Stonewall Jackson.

At the head of his company Capt. Hill helped to break the impetuous charge of Banks at Cedar Run. The three days of second Manassas found him dusty, sun-browned, and hungry, but still in command of his company. Several times during this campaign Capt. Hill commanded the regiment. I was not at Sharpsburg, but Fredericksburg found him on the front line, with Company F at his back.

At Chancellorsville he was conspicuous for his bravery. He walked all the way to Gettysburg at the head of his company. When that fatal day and the world's greatest charge was ordered, Capt. Hill stepped to the front smiling, as was his custom on such occasions. He carried his company to the "stone wall" so well known in that battle.

Capt. Alexander, who was perhaps the last man who ever spoke to him, told me afterwards that Capt. Hill stood waving his sword to his men, urging them forward in the face of one hundred pieces of artillery in front, and more than that from Round Top, and three lines of Federal infantry. Capt. Alexander thinks death was instantaneous. He was strictly honest, always courteous, obliging, and was said to be the handsomest man in the regiment.

THE DEVIL'S DEN.

Gen. W. F. Perry, Bowling Green, Ky., writes of "The Devil's Den" in battle of Gettysburg:

Three or four miles south of Gettysburg, Pa., is a wild, rocky labyrinth, which, from its weird, uncanny features, has long been called by the people of the vicinity the "Devil's Den." The fierce conflict which was waged within and around it on the evening of July 2, 1863, has rendered it historic.

Large rocks from six to fifteen feet high are thrown together in confusion over a considerable area, and yet so disposed as to leave everywhere among them winding passages carpeted with moss. Many of its recesses are never visited by the sunshine, and a cavernous coolness pervades the air within it.

A short distance to the east the frowning bastions of Little Round Top rise two hundred feet above the level of the plain. An abrupt elevation, thirty or forty feet high, itself buttressed with rocks, constitutes the western boundary of this strange formation. On the south of the Den is an open space less than a hundred yards wide; and then begins a forest, which extends to and covers a larger hill known as Big Round Top. Toward the west, a narrow valley of cultivated land lying between, is Seminary Ridge, on which the Confederate army was drawn up.

Upon the position I have described rested the left of the Federal line when the battle of the 2nd of July began. The rocks were filled with infantry, and on the adjacent elevation were three pieces of artillery.

The storming and capture of this formidable position by the Southern troops was the opening act of the second day's battle of Gettysburg. Three bodies of troops have laid claim to the honor of the achievement: Benning's Brigade of Georgians, the Fourth Texas Regiment of Robertson's Brigade, and the Forty-Fourth Alabama Regiment of Law's Brigade. The commissioners of the Gettysburg National Military Park, unable or unwilling to discriminate, seem to have settled the dispute by dividing the honor among the claimants. As to the commander of the body of troops last named, even at the risk of incurring the charge of egotism, I propose to state precisely what occurred, as I saw and understood it at the time, and remember it now. I do so for the sake of the truth of history, and as an act of justice to a body of men that, in all the qualities of true soldiership, had few, if any, superiors in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Law's Brigade arrived on the battlefield during the afternoon of July 2, after a forced march of twenty-two miles. It then made with the corps a tedious march of three or four miles in a circuit to gain the point on the extreme right from which the attack was to be delivered. About four o'clock in the evening it was thrown into line of battle on the crest of Seminary Ridge, facing due east, and fronting the two Round Top hills. It constituted the extreme right of the Confederate army.

The view was imposing. Little Round Top, crowned with artillery, resembled a volcano in eruption; while the hillock near the Devil's Den, the distance between them being diminished by the view in perspective, appeared as a secondary crater near its

base. It was evident that a formidable task was before us. The regimental commanders were ordered to go in on foot. This proved a misfortune. They should have remained mounted, at least until the rugged ground beyond the valley was reached. Three out of five, I believe, were prostrated before the battle closed.

The brigade, as soon as its formation was completed, moved steadily down the slope into the valley. When near the middle of the valley, I received an order to capture the battery at the Devil's Den. Of course the name and the nature of the place were then unknown. It was perhaps three hundred yards to the left of the line on which we were advancing. To execute the order, it was necessary to swing loose from the brigade, change direction, and move upon the position without support on either flank. I at once resolved to make the attack from the woods south of the battery. My regiment, which was near the center, having been disengaged from the advancing line by a short halt, was thrown to the left of the brigade by an oblique march. It then moved directly forward until the edge of the woods was reached. Here it wheeled so as to face to the north, and at once moved upon the point of attack.

The enemy were as invisible to us as we were to them. The presence of a battery of artillery of course implied the presence of a strong supporting force of infantry. Of its strength, its position, and the nature of its defenses, we were in total ignorance. We were soon to learn.

As the line emerged from the woods into the open space mentioned above, a sheet of flame burst from the rocks less than a hundred yards away. A few scattering shots in the beginning gave warning in time for my men to fall flat, and thus largely to escape the effect of the main volley. They doubtless seemed to the enemy to be all dead; but the volume of the fire which they immediately returned proved that they were very much alive.

No language can express the intensity of the solicitude with which I surveyed the strange, wild situation which suddenly burst upon my view. Upon the decision of a moment depended the honor of my command, and perhaps the lives of many brave men. I knew that, if called upon, they would follow me, and felt confident that the place could be carried by an impetuous charge. But then what? There were no supporting troops in sight. A heavy force of the enemy might envelop and overpower us. It was certain that we should be exposed to a plunging, enfilading fire from Little Round Top. And yet, the demoralization and shame of a retreat, and an exposure to be shot in the back, were not to be thought of. Before the enemy had time to reload their guns a decision was made. Leaping over my prostrate line, I shouted the order "Forward!" and started for the rocks. The response was a bound, a yell, and a rush, and in less than a minute the right wing of the regiment was pouring into the Den—the enemy escaping from the opposite side—and the left was scaling the rugged eminence on which the artillery was planted. It was led by Maj. George W. Cary, who, flag in hand, bounded up the cliff, and landed on the crest ahead of the line. The gunners, stationed where they could

see what was coming, made their escape; while the infantry support of the battery, apparently taken by surprise, surrendered without resistance. They constituted the right wing of the Fourth Maine Regiment. I soon afterwards met one of the surrendered officers, who complimented, in the highest terms, the gallantry of Maj. Cary and his men. A few minutes later the Major found me among the rocks near the foot of the hill, prostrated by heat and excessive exertion. He exhibited an armful of swords as trophies of his victory, and complained that cannon from both sides were playing on his position. This I knew to be true as to the Federal side. At the very entrance of the labyrinth a spherical case shot from Round Top had exploded very near my head, and thrown its deadly contents against a rock almost within my reach. He was ordered to hurry back and withdraw the men from the crest, so that they could find shelter on the sides of the hill.

In a very short time he came back in great haste, and informed me that a force of the enemy large enough to envelop our position was moving down upon us. I sprang to my feet with the intention of climbing the hill to see the situation and determine what to do, but found myself unable to stand without support. While we were anxiously discussing the situation, Benning's Brigade, moving in splendid style, swept in from Seminary Ridge on our left, and met the threatening force. One of us remarked: "There is Benning; we are all right now." His march was so directed that his right lapped upon my left, and poured over the hill upon which were the abandoned guns.

A furious battle now began along his entire line, as well as my own, which had pressed through to the north side of the rocks. Other troops, also, are spoken of by the Gettysburg Park Commissioners as engaged in the struggle for the possession of the Devil's Den. In a most interesting work recently published by them, entitled "New York at Gettysburg," a copy of which was kindly sent me, I find it stated that four brigades of Southern troops were engaged in its capture. If by that name is meant the peculiar rocky formation above described, a very good picture of which is given in their work, I know that a single regiment of three hundred and forty men stormed and carried it in less than five minutes after the first gun was fired. Their reference must have been to the number engaged in repelling the counter attack which the capture provoked.

It has always been to me a source of sincere regret that my disability, which continued until after night-fall, prevented me from seeing anything that occurred after the arrival of Benning's line. Buried in the recesses of the rocks, I could only hear. It is seldom that a soldier in the midst of a great battle, in comparative security and perfect composure, can enjoy the privilege of listening. The incessant roar of small arms, the deadly hiss of Minie balls, the shouts of the combatants, the booming of cannon, the explosion of shells, and the crash of their fragments among the rocks, all blended in one dread chorus whose sublimity and terror no power of expression could compass. The conflict raged at intervals until dark.

My loss was comparatively light, considering the

desperate character of the fighting. This was due to three causes: the happy dodge given the first volley of the enemy; the rush made upon them before they had time to reload; the protection afterwards afforded by the rocks. The killed and wounded numbered ninety-two, a little over one-fourth of those who went into action.

Soon after dark the enemy extended their line southward, so as to cover Big Round Top. Law's Brigade made a corresponding movement to confront them, and the Forty-Fourth was withdrawn from the Devil's Den, and rejoined the command.

The captured guns were removed during the night by Benning's Brigade, or by the Fourth Texas, which was engaged at the same point.

I would not be understood as expressing or entertaining a suspicion that any false claim to the capture of the position was intentionally made. It was perfectly natural that, coming on the abandoned guns, and no other troops being in sight, they should regard themselves as the first captors. I heard soon after the battle that the claim was made, but was too indifferent to give the matter any attention. Stunned and dazed by the result of the campaign, a result which cast ominous conjecture on the whole Southern cause, I could not realize that the next generation would feel the keenest desire to know, even down to the minutest particulars, everything that occurred in that epoch-making conflict.

Though not strictly within the scope of this paper, it is, nevertheless, in order to speak briefly of the other regiments of Law's Brigade: the Fourth, the Fifteenth, the Forty-Seventh, and Forty-Eighth Alabama. After the Forty-Fourth parted company and headed northward to the Devil's Den, they pressed on into the woods, clambered over a rugged spur between the two Round Top hills, furiously assailed Little Round Top, scaled its steep, and fought more than twice their



GEN. W. F. PERRY.

number on its rocky terraces, until night ended the struggle. All this, after a forced march of twenty-six miles in the heat of a sultry July day. It would be hard to find in the annals of war a parallel to that day's work of Law's Brigade.

GEN. PERRY'S MILITARY SERVICE.

Gen. W. F. Perry entered the Confederate service in May, 1862, as major of the Forty-Fourth Alabama Regiment. He joined the Army of Northern Virginia the last of June, while the battles around Richmond were in progress. Having been assigned to Longstreet's Corps, he afterwards took part in every important battle of that famous body of troops. He was promoted to the command of his regiment on the field of Sharpsburg. On the first day of the battle of Chickamauga, he led his regiment in an independent charge, which broke the Federal line in his front, and on the second day, at the head of Law's Brigade, he took a prominent part in the capture of sixteen pieces of artillery on Snodgrass Hill.

In January, 1864, Gen. Longstreet recommended him for promotion for gallantry in battle.

In 1864, as senior officer present, he led his brigade in all the desperate battles between Grant and Lee, and was subsequently promoted to its permanent command.

During the last days of the retreat to Appomattox, Perry's brigade, on account of its fine tone and discipline, was made the rear guard of the army; and at the surrender it constituted about one-tenth of Gen. Lee's effective force.

ABOUT THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KY.

W. C. Gipson, Cowan, Tenn., writes as follows:

In the August (1900) *VETERAN* a partial view of the Perryville battlefield and the stone wall, even a hole in the wall which was at the right place and at the right time on that memorable 8th day of October, 1862, brings many pictures to my mind. First, some personal history: I enlisted as a private in Company I, Seventeenth Tennessee Volunteers, in April, 1861. I was with Gen. Zollicofer in Kentucky. After the battle of Fishing Creek we were sent to Corinth, Miss., where we reënlisted for the war and elected new officers. I was elected sergeant of Company I. We next moved to Chattanooga, and joined Gen. Bragg on his Kentucky campaign. A forced march was made, in which we tried to beat Gen. Buell to Louisville, but failed by some twenty-five miles. We passed through Bardstown, and rested at a place called Hen Peck. We started the retreat to Perryville at 1 A.M. I was put in charge of the rear guard. Unfortunately the Fifth Confederate, mostly Irish, had got some whisky, and many of them were drunk, and we had a hard time in getting them forward while we tried to keep the enemy back. We had to leave some of them, as they could not travel. We carried their guns for some time, but the enemy pressed us so hard that we hid their guns—twelve in number—under a brush pile. We reached Perryville about 1 P.M., and found our command in line of battle. The order soon came to advance on the enemy. As our brigade was in the south end of the town, we did not strike the

enemy until we got over the first range of hills. When we reached the edge of an old field we were in plain view of the enemy, and they gave us the warmest reception I ever had. Our colonel, A. S. Marks, proposed to Gen. Bushrod Johnson, our brigade commander, to charge the stone wall, which was about four hundred yards in our front, but Gen. Johnson thought it too perilous. Col. Marks replied: "It can't be worse than this; we shall all be killed if we stay here." The charge was then ordered, and we went double-quick right for the stone wall under a heavy fire of both grapeshots and musketry. When near the wall we crossed a creek, and then bounded over the wall. The Yankees fell back through a sorghum patch, and formed behind a rail fence, some two hundred yards distant. At first we could only see their colors, but before what few of them who were not shot down left we could see them very plainly as the cane patch was mowed down. Three or four times the colors would fall, but were no sooner down than they were raised again, by other hands. Just here occurred that which make the picture of the wall and that hole in it, so vivid to me. Myself and three others were trying to shoot through that hole, and we were in each other's way. So I told them to do the loading and I would do the shooting, and thus we continued until the enemy fled. I felt quite safe behind that wall. During the battle Gen. Cleburne marched up the creek, and ordered Col. Marks to move farther to the right, and give him the inclosure, which Col. Marks refused to do, and there were some very rough words passed between them. After the enemy retreated, I counted thirteen of their dead in the corner of the fence, where we had seen the flag fall so often. Our command was ordered forward to the top of the hill to support the Washington Battery, which kept up a constant firing until about eleven o'clock at night. As the elements above seemed to be on fire, we lay flat on the ground. While in this position a piece of a shell struck my gun, close to my head, and cut it in two, the front end flying over and the bayonet sticking in the ground behind the line. When I came to myself Col. Marks was sitting on the ground resting my head against his breast. I said: "What is the matter, boys?" He answered: "Nothing the matter; you are all right." "Where is my gun then." One of the boys pulled one piece out of the ground, while another handed me the breech. The piece of shell had buried itself in the earth. The next morning we started on our long and weary retreat to Tennessee.

Joseph S. Savage, Terrell, Tex., writes that Nathan Smith, Lawrence, Tex., wishes to apply for a pension. He belonged to Company E, Ninth Alabama Battalion, with McClelland captain. It consolidated with the Fifty-Eighth Alabama Regiment under Cleburne. Information will be gratefully appreciated.

J. A. Collinsworth, of Humboldt, Tenn., sends some prints of an old firearm, of which he is anxious to learn something. It was found in Crockett County some forty years ago. It is made to shoot five times, and is forty-four caliber, made for cap and ball. No one who has seen it can give a name to it.

HARDSHIPS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

With reference to an article previously written for the *VETERAN*, T. B. Jackson, Lieutenant Third Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, A. N. V., writes from Norfolk, Va.:

In the *VETERAN* for July, 1900, appears an article entitled "Officers Prisoners on Johnson's Island," which is true only in part. The geographical sketch of the island; the statement of the number of Confederate officers confined there from April, 1862, to September, 1865; the present status of the buildings, grounds, and the Confederate cemetery, wherein sleep two hundred and sixty of the Southron braves, and their names as published in the article, are doubtless strictly true, but the idea intended to be conveyed by the writer of that article, who evidently never was a soldier, that the Confederate officers confined on Johnson's Island were ever put upon their honor, or ever agreed, in any sense, not to attempt escape whenever such a thing was possible, is too absurd for belief.

It is thoroughly unreasonable to suppose that the Confederate officers at that time on the island had, in any way, pledged themselves not to participate in the plan of liberation originated, it is claimed, by Jacob Thompson, Maj. Cole (of Tennessee), and Maj. Hinds (of Bowling Green, Ky.). It is safe to say that not one single officer would have hesitated to do his full share in attempting to overcome the prison guard—the gallant Fifth Ohio Battalion of Infantry, commanded by a man of the name of Scoville, and of the rank of major—if the man of war, Michigan, had been captured, or the steamer Philo Parsons, which was captured, had appeared in sight of the island flying the stars and bars.

The writer of the article in your July number states that "these Confederate officers were treated, during their imprisonment, as befitted men in their station in life as far as circumstances would permit, of course; that they were subjected to no petty tyranny, but on the contrary were granted privileges enjoyed by prisoners of war at no other military prisons of the North."

Now in just what manner they were treated differently from other prisoners of war, I am unable to discover. They were quartered in twelve wooden buildings, with an additional one for a hospital, and these buildings were inclosed by a fence twelve feet high, on the outside of which, near the top, was what we called a parapet, and on which paced the sentinels, their pieces ready for use, and they used them on the slightest pretext, as I myself had proof.

Each room had bunks in tiers, three high, all the way around, and these bunks had an apology of a tick and straw, with one United States blanket to the man. In midwinter great suffering was endured from the intense cold, all lights and fires being out at nine o'clock at night, with the mercury getting down as low as twenty degrees below zero. The writer of your July article unblushingly tells us that "suitable clothing was provided."

I was carried from David's Island (N. Y.) hospital in the latter part of September, 1863, being left wounded on the Gettysburg field in Pickett's charge, July 3, 1863, with some two hundred wounded officers.

I reached Johnson's Island about the 1st of October, and had scarcely enough clothing to cover me. All that I received from October, 1863, until March 22, 1865, when paroled and sent South, was such as came from Southern sympathizers.

My case was an exception as to the receipt of clothing, for of the forty officers in Room 4 of Block 10, not more than five received a stitch of any description during the sixteen months they were in the prison, and those not handy with the needle were more or less ragged.

There were some in the prison who had friends in the North, and from them they received clothing and occasionally a box of provisions, but these were rare cases. There is not the slightest semblance of truth in the inference sought to be shown by the writer of your July article that the United States government issued clothing to the Confederate officers at Johnson's Island prison.

A word as to the statement that these officers' tables were furnished with an "abundance of substantial and many of the luxuries." What we termed the "retaliatory period" began in the summer of 1864, and continued until the prison was emptied, and to say that an "abundance of substantial and many of the luxuries" were furnished the Confederate officers during that time is a grave error, on a par, I affirm, with many of the statements in Northern histories of events that transpired between 1861 and 1865, which, as is now thought by some kind persons, should be taught to our children.

The elegant illustration introduced by the writer of your July article would leave the impression that life for the Confederate officer at Johnson's Island was one sweet song.

RECORD OF PRIVATION IN PRISON.

Col. B. W. Johnson, Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry, writes of Johnson's Island:

A friend of mine calls attention to an article, either by some Northern writer or some apostate from the South, pretending to give a true account of prison life at Johnson's Island during our civil war; and I must say that he either was never on the island during the years 1864 and 1865, or has joined the great army of Mulhatton.

I was the colonel of the Fifteenth Arkansas Regiment of Infantry, and on July 9, 1863, was surrendered at Port Hudson, La. From there I was taken to New Orleans, and confined for a time in the Custom House. After that I was transported to Governor's Island, N. Y. Thence I was transferred to Johnson's Island in the fall of 1863. All prisoners were treated well at both of these former places, and there was no complaint, and could not have been any.

When I reached Johnson's Island the prison was not crowded, and the rations were good in quality and sufficient in quantity. In addition to this there was inside of the prison a good sutler's establishment, where we could buy any article that we wished, except liquor—that is, had we the wherewith to purchase.

In the winter of 1863-64 each prisoner was furnished with two so-called blankets, but if any sheep ever furnished any wool that entered into the make-up of those blankets, he must have been of a hairy description, as they were made shoddy and no wool in them. Each

prisoner, when he entered that prison, was furnished with two of such blankets, and never received any more. The bedding in the bunks consisted of about as much wheat straw as would give an ordinary cow a scant meal. Neither the straw nor blankets were ever changed while I was there.

This prison consisted of thirteen buildings, one of which was reserved for a hospital and the others for living quarters, and when fully occupied would accommodate about fifteen hundred men. They were two-story frame box houses, and with no wood at night, and with the temperature down at one time to twenty-seven degrees below zero it kept the boys quite lively to keep from freezing. In the summer of 1864 the sutler shop was moved out, and rations, which up to that time had been abundant, began to grow short. Complaint was made to the commandant of the prison, who, by the way, was quite a gentleman, and the reply we received was that he was "simply obeying orders from headquarters," which, we supposed, was the War Department, presided over at that time by Mr. Stanton. The rations continued to grow short until it began to look like starvation.

In the fall of that year we were introduced to a new kind of ration, called white fish. This salted fish was about as palatable and juicy as smoked codfish. I suppose that there were hundreds who had never heard of or seen a white fish, much less eaten one; but even the fish was issued only in half rations. The excuse for this was that bacon was high and fish cheap. Each block in this prison had a chief of the mess, who drew the rations for his block, and each room had its chief under him. When rations got down so short every man gathered around his mess chief to see that he got his share of the grub. The long fellow got as much as the short one, the fat fellow as much as the lean one, and the hungry ones got just the same. It was certainly equality. I have seen men draw their rations, look at the pile, and remark that they could eat five times that day's rations, and they could have done so. Here was equality. The general didn't get any more than the lieutenant. There was no excuse for such meanness, and many died from diseases brought on from the want of sufficient food.

At the time this reduction in rations took place I suppose that the prison had the largest and happiest army of rats on the face of the earth. Great, big, fat fellows, who had been rolling in luxury on crusts and bones. But soon they began to disappear. They never deserted, nor were they ever paroled, but they never regained their liberty. The boys said they ate fine; I can't say it. But this was not the worst of our troubles. That prison, like a street car, seemed never to get full. When I reached there I think about fifteen hundred were in the prison. They continued to come, and when I left, except those who went out in boxes to the graveyard, there were about twenty-seven hundred men in the prison. There was one of these buildings, Block No. 13, known as the "boar's nest." When a prisoner could not get a place in any of the other blocks, he had to betake himself to the "boar's nest," which building consisted, as I recollect, of four rooms about fifty feet long and twenty feet wide; and when I left there, in March, 1865, there were not less than twenty-seven hundred in this prison, and not less than three hundred and fifty in this "boar's nest," which

was a living, sweltering, stifling lot of humanity. They had to cook, eat, and sleep in that building. In the winter of 1864-65 smallpox broke out in this building. There were no pesthouses inside of this prison, and when we asked that these smallpox patients be taken elsewhere, we were informed that we could take care of them ourselves, as there was no pesthouse on the island. This is one time that Providence seemed to have smiled on the unfortunate, for, according to my recollection, only about ten or twelve were affected with the disease, and only two or three died. I have interrogated others, whom I left there, as I said before, in March, 1865, and they all tell me that the conditions in that prison never changed for the better. I hope never again to see that miserable place. The black hole of Calcutta possibly was worse, but Andersonville could not have been as bad.

MISSISSIPPIANS AT THE WILDERNESS.—Capt. T. C. Holliday, of Aberdeen, Miss., a staff officer to Gen. Davis, was killed while bearing a message across the battlefield during the desperate engagement in the Wilderness (Virginia) May 6, 1864. Capt. Holliday was conspicuous for gallantry during the entire engagement, and his fall was deeply regretted by all who knew him, as he was a general favorite. He delivered the message intrusted to him as he fell from his horse. Inspired by his sublime courage, those brave soldiers again rushed into battle, reinforcing the right and driving the enemy before them as they shouted "Tom Holliday." Gen. Davis, being absent at Richmond, Col. John M. Stone commanded the brigade, and retook, on the second day of the battle, a position from which he had been driven the day before. The Second Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Capt. Thomas J. Crawford, of Pontotoc, lost over half its numbers, and Col. Stone himself, although severely wounded, refused to leave the field, and it is said that he burst into tears as he looked over the field on the bodies of his fallen comrades. After the battle Gen. Hill rode up and saluted Col. Stone, saying: "Col. Stone, you have won laurels to-day. I hope soon to see you a major general." To which the modest Stone replied: "Gen. Hill, I have only done my duty, and if you have any compliments to bestow, give them to these men standing here and their comrades left on the field; they did the fighting, and they deserve the 'laurels.'"

VETERANS AT COLUSA, CAL.—A few gentlemen accidentally met on the street and began to talk of the past. They were all Confederate veterans, and one of them said: "Why cannot we have a Camp here—a place to gather around the altar of the past—and talk over old times."

Good soldiers of all lands love to grow reminiscent as age advances, so the proposition was accepted, and the social crowd voted that T. L. Singleton should become Chairman, and arrangements be made immediately for a Confederate Veterans' Association like those in Fresno, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

Those present were J. L. Jackson, W. T. Beville, J. B. Moore, J. F. Rich, John T. Harrington, John R. Terrill, T. L. Singleton, and R. T. Powell.

Many others are entitled to this brotherhood, but were not at the impromptu meeting.

ABOUT THE BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.

W. R. Campbell, of the Fourth Louisiana, writes from Rogillioville, La., February 22, 1901:

Being an ardent admirer of the VETERAN, I frequently peruse back numbers with great interest. I wish to correct an error of Comrade B. L. Ridley in the VETERAN of September, 1897, concerning the battle of New Hope Church in the Georgia campaign. Comrade Ridley gives a correct statement of the battle of May 25, 1864, but is in serious error as to the command that did such terrific execution on the 27th. Gen. W. A. Quarles's Brigade, consisting of the Fourth and Thirtieth Louisiana, Forty-Second, Forty-Eighth, Forty-Ninth, Fifty-Third, and Fifty-Fifth Tennessee Regiments, had been on garrison duty in and around Mobile and along the Gulf coast, but was rushed off to reinforce Gen. J. E. Johnston's army.

The brigade disembarked from the cars at Marietta, Ga., on the evening of May 26, and marched immediately to New Hope Church, twenty-eight miles distant. The command arrived in the morning as day was breaking. The brigade lay in reserve just behind the lines at the church, and rested until late in the evening of the 27th, when it was moved rapidly to the right, some four miles, when it was halted and fronted in line of battle. We heard light skirmishing in front by the cavalry, and were kept in line of battle until dark, when we moved forward, all the brigade except the Fourth Louisiana being moved to our left. We advanced across a field some three hundred yards, then into a thicket of undergrowth, where the land had been cleared a year or two previous, and from that into a dense skirt of woods, when a perfect hail-storm of bullets cut through the limbs over our heads. Suddenly the firing ceased. We passed the cavalry pickets, and very soon we struck the Yankee line, which lay in ambush behind a hedgerow. They rose and poured a crashing volley in our faces at not more than fifteen paces; but, strange to say, they shot high and did very little damage. We returned the fire and charged, advancing with a yell up a hill. They still shot over us, and the elevation was just enough for our fire to be very effective. We forced them back some two hundred or three hundred yards, and recovered the lines where they were forcing the cavalry back, and then lay in line of battle on the field until about 1 A.M., the 28th, when Granbury's and Lowery's Brigades relieved us, and we moved back a short distance, and got some much needed sleep, having had no rest for three days previous. The Fourth Louisiana went into action that night with seven hundred and sixty muskets, and very near a full line of officers. When daylight came, being refreshed and rested, a great many of the boys went out in front, where we fought the night before, and found the ground literally strewn with dead and wounded Federal soldiers. There was fully one-third more on the field than we carried in action, due to our fighting them up the hill and their overshooting. Our casualties were exceedingly small, only twenty-five. Just two months afterwards I was severely wounded, and languished many months in hospital, and did not see my regiment again till March, 1865, when I hobbled into camp at Mobile, Ala., and found sixteen of the regiment, commanded by a third lieutenant. The Fourth

and Thirtieth Louisiana were transferred to Gen. R. L. Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, July 1, 1864, and remained with it until the end.

I am confident that Capt. Ridley is mistaken about Granbury's and Lowery's Brigades doing the terrible execution mentioned on the 27th of May.

VIVID RECOLLECTIONS OF SHILOH.

E. B. Carruth, Austin, Tex.:

In reply to the request of Capt. Moses Irwin, of New Albany, Ind., let me say that I was on board the Woolford with Col. George Soule, Lieut. George M. Parker, and Lieut. John Daily, and well remember calling the meeting of prisoners, and appointing the committee from whom you received the letter sent by Col. Bennett H. Young. Col. George Soule still lives in New Orleans. I have never heard from Daily or Parker.

The following little sketch may not be amiss: Col. Soule and I were captured at Shiloh, Sunday, April 6, during the first day's fighting. It was my sad fate to have been captured by Prentice's Brigade before that troop was captured by the Confederates. I was at once carried to brigade headquarters, and just as the Confederates were coming up on the flank of the bluecoats, I was ordered to the rear, with four mounted escorts. I myself being mounted, we made good time. I heard the order given to "charge front," and before we cleared the grounds the Confederate bullets were falling around us like hail, but I was not recaptured with the brigade. We soon reached the big road which leads up and down the Tennessee river at the foot of the hill. There were large fields between this road and the river. These fields were covered with *unarmed* men as thick as they could stand. They were massed under cover of the gunboats that lay in the river. The bank of the river is high on the south side, and the gunboats were firing at an angle near forty-five degrees, and their balls passed over both armies. Just as I was nearing Gen. Grant's headquarters, I fell in with Col. George Soule, of New Orleans, also under an escort. I was relieved of my horse, and we were marched up near headquarters, when a frisky little officer in blue pranced out in front of us, and, saluting with his sword, asked if we were Confederate soldiers. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Who is in command of the Confederate forces?" "Go and see," said Soule. "Take them on board the Hiawatha," was the stern command of the staff officer to the guards. This transport was near by in the river, and we could see only the smokestacks above the bluff bank of the river. So Soule and I with our escorts clambered down the river bank and went on board the boat. We soon learned that it was a Southern craft that had been pressed into service to transport arms and ammunition to the Savannah landing. The crew were all Southern men. They cautiously stepped around and gave us a cordial shake of the hand. They were apprised of the excitement that prevailed in the Federal ranks, and they were in high hopes of being captured by the Confederates. At the time we went aboard the Hiawatha, men were hoisting boxes of guns and ammunition out of the boats with ropes, and loading them on army wagons. These wagons were driven with a man to each span of mules,

and at full gallop, to the front, where the men were receiving their arms as fast as they could be handed out. It was now late in the afternoon of Sunday, April 6. Firing had about ceased. There was nothing to have hindered the Confederates from taking Grant's army—gunboats, transports, and all—if they had known it. But our gallant leader, Albert Sidney Johnston, had fallen, and that greatest opportunity of the war was lost. By the next morning their men had been armed, and were in line of battle. Shortly after dark the Hiawatha steamed down the river to Savannah landing, and we were placed under guard in the front of a livery stable. There we stood looking out of the door at Buell's army passing, regiment after regiment, band after band, all night, and by daylight this splendid army was in line of battle to confront our depleted forces. Too many men! Too many men! ejaculated Soule often though the weary night. At early dawn the firing commenced. The rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon were terrific for a while. It was soon evident from the receding sound that the Confederates were being driven back. The battle over, the victory won, we, the prisoners, were placed on board a transport and sent to St. Louis for safe-keeping. It was on this trip that we held the meeting alluded to above, and passed resolutions with respect to the officers and crew of the boat. I should be pleased to hear from any survivor of these stirring scenes.

WAS THIS A COINCIDENCE?

Hon. John Purifay, Montgomery, Ala.:

The Jeff Davis Artillery, attached to D. H. Hill's Division of Jackson's Corps, was located at Port Royal, some eighteen miles below Fredericksburg, Va., just previous to the battle at the latter place on the 13th of December, 1862. On the morning of the 12th the division was put in readiness to move to any point at which it might be needed. For some time it was held, stretched along a road, awaiting orders.

While in this condition, W. J. Dennis, a member of the Jeff Davis Artillery, stopped, and was resting with the writer, who greeted him cheerfully, inquiring after his health, and Dennis replied: "I am feeling rather sad, Jack. I had a dream last night which impressed me very much. I dreamed I had been in battle and was killed, and in a spirit form was wandering about in space, when I met John Crosby (another member of the company), who also seemed to be in spirit form, having been killed before I was." He related the occurrence of other immaterial matters as having taken place. I tried to impress upon him that dreams had no significance, and to relieve himself of any trouble on that account.

Now for the sequence. The following day the battery was engaged in the battle, and Crosby was struck by a solid shot and mashed into a pulp, the shot passing entirely through his body as he lay on the ground. Dennis's foot was shot off, and several other members of the company were wounded. Dennis's leg was amputated, and his friends thought that the only trouble with him would be the loss of his foot. But imagine our surprise when we were informed that he died from the effects of his wound on the 19th of January following. Then for the first time, after it was re-

peated, was the dream recalled. Here was an exact foreshadowing of coming events. Who can explain it? These were the only two deaths in that battle.

The Jeff Davis Artillery was organized at Selma, Ala., in June, 1861, and served throughout the war with the Army of Northern Virginia. After the war several of the survivors moved to Texas, and perhaps some are living in other States. Doubtless many have "crossed over the river, and are resting under the shade of the trees." The writer is desirous of getting in communication with all survivors.

A recent session of the general assembly of this State created a Department of History, and it is my purpose to get up a correct roll of the members, and write a complete history of the services of the company, with sketches of each member, and file with this department. The following survivors were last heard of in Texas: M. B. Laski, Henry Gayle, R. P. Stuart, John B. Stuart, A. W. Skinner, Ben Skinner, W. J. Polk, John A. Logan, J. W. Cox, and W. B. Traweek. Perhaps there are others. I shall be glad to have the address of any survivor of the company, whether his name is mentioned above or not.

The following letter from Col. E. V. White, Leesburg, Va., who commanded a battalion of cavalry, to H. W. Viets, of Pikesville, Md., gives an interesting incident of the battle of the Wilderness:

I had attempted to lead another regiment into the charge. Supposing they were following me, I ventured close to the enemy's lines, and looking around found the regiment gone. I turned my horse to the rear, and had not gone very far when he was shot under me. I was making the best time I could afoot when I saw soldiers off on my left, whom I ordered to "rally and charge," but there was no charge. You, however, came to my rescue, and did as unselfish and gallant an act as it was my privilege to witness during the war, saying to me: "Take my horse, and get out." I replied: "No; get behind the saddle." This you did, and we both got out. The Yankees surely could have captured us, for they were a very short distance from us, and why they did not kill us, God only knows. It seemed to me a whole regiment was shooting at us. I had my pistol shot out of my hand, one ball grazed my tongue, a wound on the side of my face, and two or three holes in my hat, but in the providence of God you, by your noble devotion and remarkable bravery, got me out.

While I give God the praise of it all, I want you to know and your people to know my appreciation—yes, my undying remembrance—of your personal bravery and service to me.

That was on May 6, during our fighting in the Wilderness.

VALUABLE PAINTING GIVEN TO THE GOVERNMENT.—Early in January, 1901, Dr. Octavious White, of New York, presented to the government a painting of the "Battle of Fort Moultrie," executed in 1815 by his father, John Blake White, one of the earliest American historical artists. This painting, long lost to view, was recently found in excellent preservation. Dr. White has given three of his father's pictures to the government.

THAT HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

Hon. John H. Reagan, ex-Postmaster General, C. S. A., writes from Austin, Tex., April 3, 1901:

Some one whose name is not given, in a communication dated March 18, has inclosed to me from Atlanta, Ga., what purports to be an account written by Dr. R. J. Massey of an interview between himself and Vice President Stephens, during the month of April, 1865, in which expressions are attributed to Mr. Stephens of so extraordinary a character as to make a statement as to the real facts, about which he is made to speak, necessary for two reasons: one in vindication of the truth of history, and the other to protect the good name and character for truth of Vice President Stephens.

The person who sent me Dr. Massey's paper speaks of him as a "physician of about forty years standing, and an elegant old gentleman." His high character and standing makes it the more important that the errors to which he gives publicity should be corrected.

On the 28th day of January, 1865, President Davis appointed Vice President Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, a Confederate Senator, and Judge John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, as commissioners for an informal conference with the Federal authorities. They met President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, acting for the United States, in conference at Hampton Roads on the 3d day of February, 1865.

In Dr. Massey's paper Mr. Stephens states:

"After the usual salutations and a few compliments, we went to business. Mr. Lincoln drew from his pocket a sheet of paper about two feet long, and held it up to the wall and said: 'Gentlemen, let me write the word "Union." The Union must be preserved, and you may fill the balance of this sheet with your own terms.' Several points were then discussed. He proposed that all men in arms might return home unmolested, and every Southerner shall have a full and unconditional pardon for any and every crime that he may have committed against the United States; all rights shall be restored to everybody; no trials for treason, or any other crime, and that all slaves at that time in bondage shall remain so; but a bill will be immediately introduced in Congress for the gradual emancipation, and every slaveholder shall have fair and liberal compensation for every slave so emancipated."

Did President Lincoln make such a statement at the Hampton Roads Conference? Let us see if it is possible that he could have made such a statement. In his annual message to Congress, December 5, 1864, President Lincoln said:

"At the last session of Congress a proposed amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery throughout the United States passed the Senate, but failed for lack of the requisite 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. Of course the abstract question is not

changed; but an intervening election shows, almost certainly, that the next Congress will pass the measure if this does not. Hence there is only a question of *time* as to when the proposed amendment will go to the States for their action. And as it is to so go, at all events, may we not agree that the sooner the better?"

He thus favored abolishing slavery throughout the Union, without compensation, less than two months before the Hampton Roads Conference.

In the same message he said:

"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 heretofore 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 of the acts of Congress.' If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to reënslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it."

Nothing is here said about compensation.

In his Emancipation Proclamation of September 22, 1862, President Lincoln said:

"That, on the 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, 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; and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

This of course covered the whole South, and nothing is said here about compensation.

In his Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, he said:

"By virtue of the power in me vested as commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, I do, on this the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States, wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: . . .

"And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons."

This covered the whole South, and nothing is said in this about compensation.

On the 31st of January, 1865, two days before the



J. H. REAGAN.

meeting of the Hampton Roads Conference, Congress finally passed the joint resolution to abolish slavery throughout the United States. No compensation.

On the 10th of February, 1865, President Lincoln, in response to a resolution adopted by the House of Representatives, calling for information about the Hampton Roads Conference, speaking for himself and Secretary Seward, said:

"On our part, the whole substance of the instructions to the Secretary of State, herein before recited, was stated and insisted upon, and nothing was said inconsistent therewith."

In giving those instructions to Secretary Seward, to govern him in the Hampton Roads Conference, on the 21st of January, 1865, President Lincoln, among other things, said:

"2. No receding, by the Executive of the United States, on the slavery question, from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress, and in preceding documents."

You have seen what he said in that message and in his two Emancipation Proclamations. In the face of the foregoing facts could President Lincoln have used the language attributed to him in Dr. Massey's paper?

The Confederate commissioners at the Hampton Roads Conference, making their report to President Davis on the 5th of February, 1865, as to what occurred in that conference, said in part as follows:

"We learned from them (President Lincoln and Secretary Seward) that the message of President Lincoln to the Congress of the United States, in December last, explains clearly and distinctly his sentiments as to the terms, conditions, and methods of proceeding by which peace can be secured to the people, and we were not informed that they would be modified or altered to obtain that end. We understand from him that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which, under no circumstances, would be done; and for like 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 in advance of the complete restoration of the authority of the United States over all places within the States of the Confederacy.

"That whatever consequence may follow from the reestablishment of that authority must be accepted; but that individuals subject to pains and penalties under the laws of the United States might rely upon a very liberal use of the power confided to him to remit those pains and penalties if peace be restored.

"During the conference the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, adopted by Congress on the 31st ultimo, was brought to our notice. This amendment declares that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crimes, should exist within the United States, or any place within their

jurisdiction, and that Congress should have power to enforce this amendment by appropriate legislation."

This report was signed by Vice President Stephens, along with the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter and Judge Campbell.

On the 6th of February, 1865, President Davis, in communicating that report to the Confederate Congress, said:

"I herewith transmit, for the information of Congress, the report of the eminent citizens above named showing that the enemy refused to enter into negotiations with the Confederate States, or any one of them separately, or to give to our people any other terms or guarantees than those which the conqueror may grant, or permit us to have peace on any other basis than our unconditional submission to their rule."

On the 7th of February, 1865, four days after the Hampton Roads meeting, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, wrote to the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the United States Minister to Great Britain, giving a detailed account of what took place at that Conference. In that paper he said:

"This suggestion, though deliberately considered, was nevertheless regarded by the President as one of armistice or truce, and he announced that we can agree to no cessation or suspension of hostilities, except on the basis of the disbandment of the insurgent forces, and the restoration of the national authority throughout all the States in the Union. Collaterally, and in subordination to the proposition which was thus announced, the anti-slavery policy of the United States was reviewed in all its bearings, and the President announced that he must not be expected to depart from the positions he had heretofore assumed in his proclamation of emancipation and other documents, as these positions were reiterated in his last annual message. It was further declared by the President that the complete restoration of the national authority everywhere was an indispensable condition of any assent on our part to whatever form of peace might be proposed. The President assured the other party that, while he must adhere to these positions, he would be prepared, so far as power is lodged with the Executive, to exercise liberality. His power, however, is limited by the Constitution, and when peace should be made Congress must necessarily act in regard to appropriations of money and to the admission of representatives from the insurrectionary States. The Richmond party was then informed that Congress had, on the 31st ultimo, adopted by a constitutional majority a joint resolution submitting to the several States the proposition to abolish slavery throughout the United States, and that there is every reason to expect that it will be soon accepted by three-fourths of the States, so as to become a part of the national organic law."

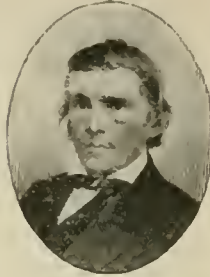
In the face of the foregoing official facts can any reasonable person believe it to be possible that President Lincoln made such a statement to Vice President Stephens as that attributed to him in Dr. Massey's paper? The whole story must be an unwarranted assumption. Mr. Lincoln would not, in the face of his own record, of the action of Congress, and of the impassioned condition of public feeling in the United States, have dared to make such a proposition.

Mr. Stephens in his book, "The War between the States," page 617 and following, gives an account of



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

what occurred in the Hampton Roads Conference. He makes no such statement as that attributed to him by Dr. Massey, but, on the contrary, shows that the Confederates could get no terms but unconditional surrender. Can it be believed that if such an offer had been made he would, in his historical account of what occurred, have omitted it, and have, in substance, stated the opposite to it?



A. H. STEPHENS.

Judge Campbell, another member of the Confederate Commission, in giving his account of what occurred at that Conference, in a paper which was in the possession of Ex-United States Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, and which was afterwards published in *The Land We Love* magazine, makes no mention of such an incident as that described in Dr. Massey's paper; but, on the contrary, he shows distinctly that nothing was promised by either President Lincoln or Secretary Seward; that no guarantees would be given, but that the South must cease hostilities and trust to clemency.

On the night of the return of Mr. Stephens to Richmond from that conference, it is stated on good authority that he told the Hon. James L. Orr, a Confederate Senator from South Carolina, that the Hampton Roads Conference was "fruitless and hopeless, because Mr. Lincoln offered the Confederacy nothing but unconditional submission."

In a letter which the late Hon. F. B. Sexton, a representative in the Confederate Congress, wrote to me he says that Mr. Stephens, on his return from Hampton Roads, told him that Mr. Lincoln offered nothing but unconditional submission.

An account of a controversy which took place between Judge Wallace, of San Augustine, Tex., and myself, a few years after the war, Judge Wallace asserting and I denying that an offer of \$400,000,000 was made by President Lincoln to the Confederate Commissioners if the Confederates would abandon the war and come into the Union, attracted the attention of Col. Stephen W. Blount, who lived in the same town with Judge Wallace, and he, being an old-time friend of Mr. Stephens, wrote to him asking for the truth as to this. Mr. Stephens wrote him that "the statement was untrue;" that "the only element in reference to the slave payment was so mixed and infused with falsehood as to make the entire assertion false."

I thus offer the authentic record of what occurred at the Hampton Roads Conference, and Mr. Stephens's own several statements in signing the report of the Confederate Commissioners of the result of that Conference, in his history of the "War between the States," his statement to Senator Orr, his statement to Col. Sexton, and his letter to Col. Blount, the statement of President Lincoln, of Secretary Seward, and of Judge Campbell, formerly a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, as evidence of the inaccuracy of the statement attributed by Dr. Massey and others to Mr. Stephens.

I add that at the last annual reunion of the Confederate Veterans Association, at Louisville, Ky., in June last, the Committee on History, with Gen. Stephen D. Lee as its Chairman, having had their atten-

tion called to the discussion of the question about the offers made by Mr. Lincoln to pay for the slaves if that would end the war and restore the Union, made a full investigation of the question, and reported that there was no shadow of foundation for any such statement.

The foregoing facts dispose of the statement attributed to Vice President Stephens, in which he is made to say that President Lincoln proposed, in substance, if the Union could be preserved, "that all men in arms might return to their homes unmolested, and every Southerner shall have an unconditional pardon for any and every crime that he may have committed against the United States; all rights shall be restored to everybody; no trials for treason, or any other crime; that all slaves that at that time are in bondage shall remain so; but a bill will be immediately introduced in Congress for the gradual emancipation, and every slaveholder shall have fair and liberal compensation for every slave so emancipated." Could anything be farther from the real truth, as shown by the foregoing facts?

If any man ever needed to be protected from his supposed friends, it is Mr. Stephens. If they could induce the public to believe these representations in this respect, the effect would be to injure the character of Mr. Stephens for truth and veracity. The public will doubtless accept such facts as are herein stated, rather than the recollections of any man, however respectable, depending on his memory after the lapse of thirty-six years.

I knew Vice President Stephens well, served with him four years in the House of Representatives of the United States before the war, was associated with him more or less during the war, we were fellow-prisoners in Fort Warren after the war, and we served several sessions together in the United States House of Representatives after the war. While our views were not always in accord about the conduct of the war, I always had the greatest respect for his ability, his patriotism, and his exceptionally fine character as a man; and it pains me to have seen the efforts which have been made to put him in a false position, and to falsify the facts of history in a matter in which he was an actor, and all, as I believe, as a means of trying to bring discredit on the Confederate government and those who administered it.

Most of the principal actors in the war between the States have passed to their final account. So far as relates to the heroes and martyrs on the Confederate side, civil and military, in one of the greatest wars known to history, I think it can be truthfully said, as to both those in civil and military life, that braver, more patriotic, more self-sacrificing men and women never gave their services, their fortunes, and their lives to the great cause of human rights and constitutional government, and it is pitiable to see persons of later days, some of whom took no part in that struggle and made no sacrifices for that cause, busying themselves in finding fault with and in criticising the noble men who did so much and suffered so much for it.

In his letter to the VETERAN from Austin, Gen. Reagan states: "So much has been said in Georgia and elsewhere, especially in Georgia, on the same line that I thought it necessary to put a quietus to such falsehoods and perversions of history."

MONUMENT TO GEN. ASHBY.

Miss Mary Calhoun, of Liberty, Mo., sent the VETERAN a picture of the Ashby monument with the following account:

On the spot where Gen. Turner Ashby received his death wound this monument has been erected in loving memory of him by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Harrisonburg, Va. The spot is about two miles southeast of Harrisonburg, and the place is high. To the east stretch the Massanutta Mountains, while far to the west the Alleghenies can be seen. Such was the crowd on the day of the unveiling that when the first carriage was halted in front of the monument others were still leaving the town. I copy a sketch of the last charge of Ashby from Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government:" "Leaving Strasburg on the evening of June 1, 1862, Jackson continued to march up the Shenandoah Valley. Fremont followed in pursuit, while Shields moved up the Valley via Luray, Va., in order to reach New Market in front of Jackson. On the morning of June 5 Jackson reached Harrisonburg, and went beyond the town toward Port Republic. Gen. Ashby had destroyed all the bridges between Front Royal and Port Republic to prevent Shields from crossing the Shenandoah to join Fremont. Early on June 6 Fremont's reinforced cavalry attacked our rear guard under Gen. Ashby. After a sharp conflict the enemy was repulsed, and Col. Percy Wyndham, commanding a brigade, was captured, also sixty-three others. Gen. Ashby, who was stationed between Port Republic and Harrisonburg after the combat, saw indications of more serious trouble. He sent a message to Ewell informing him that cavalry, supported by infantry, was advancing upon his position. The Fifty-Eighth Virginia and First Maryland Regiments were sent to support him. Ashby led the Fifty-Eighth Virginia to attack the enemy, who were under cover of a fence. Gen. Ewell in the meantime had arrived, and, seeing the enemy's advantage in position, directed Col. Johnson to move his regiment so as to approach the flank instead of the front of the enemy, and he was driven from the field with heavy loss. Our loss was seventeen killed, fifty wounded, and three missing. Here fell the stainless, fearless cavalier, Gen. Turner Ashby, of whom Gen. Jackson in his report, thus forcibly speaks: 'As a par-



VIEW FROM THE ASHBY MONUMENT.

tisan 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 purpose and movements of the enemy.'"

Mr. Charles Brock, now living at Lacey Spring, Va., and a cousin of my mother, was at Gen. Ashby's side when he fell, and helped to carry him off the field. On the face of the monument is this inscription:

GENERAL TURNER ASHBY,

KILLED ON THIS SPOT

JUNE 6, 1862,

GALLANTLY LEADING A CHARGE.

ASHBY'S MEN IN REAR OF THE ENEMY.

Comrade T. J. Young, of Austin, Ark., writes:

History does not record the important part accomplished by Ashby's old brigade of cavalry at the battle of Chancellorsville. I will endeavor to tell what it did in the latter part of April, 1863. The brigade was commanded by Brig. Gen. William E. Jones, and camped near New Market, in the Shenandoah Valley, Va.

In anticipation of the great battle which was soon to come off at Chancellorsville, it was deemed necessary to make a raid on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in West Virginia, and keep it torn up during the battle in order to prevent reinforcements from being sent to Hooker from the west. This brigade at that time was composed of the following regiments and battalions: Seventh Virginia, Ashby's old regiment; Eleventh and Twelfth Regiments of Virginia Cavalry; Witcher's Virginia Battalion; and Maryland Battalion—all cavalry.

After crossing the North Mountains we came to Petersburg, a small town on the south branch of the Potomac, in Hardy County, W. Va. Owing to a heavy rain the river was swollen, and we had to swim our horses across, at which time one man was drowned. After crossing the river we went to Greenland Pass, where we encountered a company of Federal infantry, who were quartered in an old log church. They had knocked the chinking out, which served them as port-holes. The Seventh Regiment in front was ordered to charge past the church, which we did, the Federals firing at us. Col. R. H. Dulaney was wounded in this charge, and several were killed and wounded out of the regiment. Owing to the narrow passage through the mountains, we had them cut off after we had passed the church, and the rest of the command



MONUMENT WHERE GEN. ASHBY FELL.

soon surrounded them. As we had no artillery, the difficulty now was to get them out of the church. A detail of men tied up bundles of hay, which they rolled in front of them until they reached the church. Then they set the hay on fire, and in a few minutes the Federals came out and hoisted a white flag. There were just eighty of them. After we made a detail to carry the prisoners back, we resumed our march. Nothing of importance occurred until we reached Rollsburg, Md., on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. At this point we encountered a garrison of Federals. After capturing them we proceeded to destroy the high trestle work which was located there. We then resumed our march north to Monganton, in Preston County, W. Va. Here we crossed the Monongalia river on a suspension bridge, and went to Fairmount, in Monongalia County, W. Va., where we encountered about two regiments of Federal infantry, who surrendered after a sharp engagement of about one hour. We destroyed their commissary stores and the railroad bridge. After paroling the prisoners, we went to Bridgeport, where we captured another garrison. We paroled the prisoners and tore up the railroad. The Federals were working the oil wells when we reached Wirt County, in the coal regions, and we opened the tanks and turned the oil into the river, where we set it on fire, and soon had a blaze that was beautiful to witness. From here we went by way of Suttensville to White Sulphur Springs, then back to our starting point, the Shenandoah Valley. I think we were gone on this raid about thirty days.

STORY OF "OLD MAN HENRY" AND HIS CHILD.

Judge M. D. Wood, of Bristol, Va., is reported by a Chattanooga *Times* reporter, in connection with occupants of the Henry House, Manassas battlefield:

At the second battle of Manassas the Henry House was a strategic point around which much hard fighting was done. Old man Henry was near-sighted, and wore a peculiar pair of spectacles with a green glass flap on the outside of either eye. About 1858 he taught school at Estellville, in Scott County, Va. As a small boy I attended his school. In 1862 I was in Stonewall Jackson's corps as a soldier. Just before the battle opened the regiment to which I belonged was halted about twenty yards in front of the Henry House. Sole Fanning, a comrade, though from a different county and in a different company, came to me and said: "Old man Henry wants to see you." I walked up to the house and spoke to the old man, who was standing on the front porch. I asked: "Where is your wife?" He called her, and she came out with a baby in her arms. The wife was much the younger. Just as I spoke to her one of Jackson's couriers galloped up and told Mr. Henry and his wife to run for their lives, and pointed out the direction they should take. He snatched from his wife the baby, which looked to be about six months of age. They ran in the direction indicated, and that was the last I saw of them.

About eighteen years ago I read in a newspaper an account of the marriage of Miss Ida Henry. The account stated that at the second battle of Manassas old man Henry and his wife were ordered by a courier to run from their homes for their lives. The account

further stated that they had gone but a little way when a shell exploded and killed the old man and his wife. In the evening a soldier found the baby uninjured, and took it, I think, to the little village of Aldie, and left it with a family of good people, who brought up the child with great tenderness, and gave her a fine education. I have since lost all trace of her, but would certainly like to meet or hear from her, if she is the daughter of that old man Henry.

GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS'S RELATIONS TO THE SOUTH.—It has often been denied that Gen. George H. Thomas, the celebrated Union officer, ever wrote to Gov. Letcher avowing his intention to resign from the army if Virginia seceded, but the letter found by Hon. Joseph T. Lawless, Secretary of the Commonwealth, will do much to silence any future discussion. The letter by Mr. Lawless, who was searching for it as the result of a conversation with Maj. Norman V. Randolph, will be a valuable find for historians and biographers of Gen. Thomas. It was written from a New York hotel, March 12, 1861, and is as follows:

HON. JOHN LETCHER, Governor of Virginia.

My Dear Governor: I received yesterday a letter from Maj. Gilham, of the Virginia Military Institute, dated the 9th instant, in reference to the position of Chief of Ordnance of the State, in which he informs me that you had requested him "to ask me if I would resign from the service, and if so whether that post would be acceptable to me." As he requested me to make my reply to you direct, I have the honor to state, after expressing my most sincere thanks for your very kind offer, that it is not my wish to leave the service of the United States as long as it is honorable for me to remain in it, and therefore as long as my native State (Virginia) remains in the Union, it is my purpose to remain in the army, unless required to perform duties alike repulsive to honor and humanity.

W. C. Wilkinson, Proffitt, Tex., disagrees with J. M. Berry in the October *VETERAN* concerning the command of Col. Churchill as being that of the Eighth Arkansas Regiment. He adds: "If you will read the July, 1900, *VETERAN*, page 324, you will see that I. N. Wilkinson asserts that T. I. Churchill carried out the First Arkansas Mounted Rifles. I also know that he was the first colonel of the First Arkansas Rifles, for I belonged to Company H, of that regiment, which company was known as Dardanelle Rangers. This fact can be substantiated by Gen. D. H. Reynolds, Lake Village, Ark., our last colonel."

Any one who can do so will confer a favor by sending to the *VETERAN* a copy of the poem in which these two stanzas occur:

Then fill your glasses, fill them up to the brim;
We'll drink a deep bumper in honor of him,
Of dear Johnny Reh, 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 to-night,
And our toast is to them and to Johnny to-night.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.—On Tuesday, March 26, the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York held its monthly meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The names of the following well-known gentlemen have recently been added to the list of associate members: John P. East, Duncan B. Cannon, W. P. Godfrey, Thomas U. Dudley, Jr., Dr. Gessner Harrison, Eugene Lanier Sykes, Samuel Martin, Dr. Alfred B. Tucker, Charles A. Hough.

It has been proposed that comrades who have not yet received the Cross of Honor and desire to do so can find an opportunity at the ceremony of decoration at the time of the memorial services at Mount Hope, in May.

FLOURISHING U. C. V. CAMP AT BUFORD, GA.

One of the most flourishing Camps of the U. C. V. Association is that at Buford, Ga., organized on the evening of November 30, 1900. In response to the call, a number of the old heroes who followed the battle flag of Dixie assembled for the purpose of organizing, and under the leadership of Capt. A. J. West, of Atlanta, Commander of the North Georgia Brigade, Col. Henry Capers, and other prominent Confederates, the organization was perfected, and J. E. Cloud, of Buford, was elected Commander. Mr. Cloud was a gallant soldier of Company B, Eleventh Georgia, Young's Regiment, A. N. V. He is one of the heroes of Gettysburg and other great battles fought by Lee. Lieut. J. F. Espey was elected Vice Commander; Col. Henry D. Capers, Adjutant; Rev. Jonas Cain, Chaplain; J. G. Bower, Quartermaster.



COMMANDER J. E. CLOUD.

The Camp was unanimously named the W. T. Smith, which honor was eloquently acknowledged by Senator Smith, who was present.

TRIBUTE TO VALOR.—In delivering his eloquent address on the Confederate Pension Bill, February 21,

1901, Senator James E. Wood, of Arkansas, paid a manly and loyal tribute to the valor of the brave men for whom he was pleading. The man who can, in gentle and loving memory, retrace the long journey of heroism and self-sacrifice that makes the record of the Confederacy the most perfect in all history, is the man who should plead for the veterans of such a cause, and Senator Wood evidenced his loyalty in a forceful address.

OLD FLAG OF THE FOURTH CONFEDERATE TENNESSEE INFANTRY.—H. M. Houston, first lieutenant, Company F, Woodville, Tenn., writes: "In the beginning of the war the patriotic ladies of Knoxville, Tenn., presented to the Fourth Confederate Tennessee Infantry a beautiful silk flag. The presentation was made from the balcony of the Lamar House, in that city. This regiment was commanded by Col. Churchwell, who was succeeded by Col. James McMurray. Under this flag we marched to Cumberland Gap, and it served as the battle flag throughout the Kentucky campaign. It was in the battle of Murfreesboro where it occupied the center of Gen. Maney's Brigade. After this battle a special order was read before the army commending the bearer of this flag for his gallant conduct on this occasion. Under this flag the Fourth Regiment marched into the battle of Chickamauga, and in this battle I was captured. This flag is now labeled 'Fifteenth Tennessee, Col. McMurray.' Now, if this regiment, the Fourth Confederate Tennessee Infantry, was consolidated with the Fifth after the battle of Chickamauga, should the identity of the flag, through doing service for the Fifth, be annihilated? In behalf of the ladies of Knoxville and the members of the Fourth Regiment up to the consolidation, should not the flag be at least labeled 'Fourth and Fifth Tennessee Infantry?'"

Rev. E. C. Faulkner, Monticello, Ark., writes: "At the second meeting of our Camp, James A. Jackson, No. 1508, we received a number of new members. We are now eighty-three strong. We also admitted five faithful old colored servants as honorary members. They followed their masters through the war. When sick or wounded they nursed them. They want to go to Memphis, and they will go. Some provision ought to be made for all such, and a general invitation extended to them to attend the great reunion. The Brownsville (Tenn.) Camp carried several of their old servants to the Nashville reunion, in 1897, and, as the boys used to say, they had 'a hog-killing time.'"

Private Ike Stone Camp, of Henderson, Tenn., held an unusually interesting meeting at the courthouse on the 2d of March. The Camp will attend the Memphis reunion in a body. This Camp was organized nearly a year ago with a membership of about twenty, and is steadily growing. The old boys have many interesting and laughable incidents to relate. The man for whom this Camp was named, Ike Stone, was but a private in the ranks, yet he was a brave and generous-hearted man. After the struggle was over he went back to cultivating the soil, and, although stricken with paralysis of his lower limbs, he was a better farmer than many who have full use of all their limbs.



"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

J. L. THOMPSON.

Lieut. Lee Thompson, of Forestburg, Tex., reports the death of J. Q. Thompson at Moffat, Tex., at the age of seventy years. Comrade Thompson was with the Third Louisiana Regiment until transferred west of the Mississippi river, when he served with a Texas regiment until the end. He went through many battles "without a scratch."

HAY CRAWFORD ROLLINS.

G. R. Christian, Antelope, Tex., reports the death on September 1 of Mr. Hay Crawford Rollins at the age of fifty-six years. Comrade Rollins was born in Washington County, Ark., and, although quite young at the beginning of the war, he cast his lot with his noble brothers in fighting for principle. He saw active service at the battles of Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge, Iuka, and Corinth, and was taken prisoner at Port Hudson. At the close of the war he was stationed at Marshall, Tex. From that time his home was principally in Texas, in which State he married Miss Margaret Cook. After 1887 his home was at Antelope.

W. GART JOHNSON.

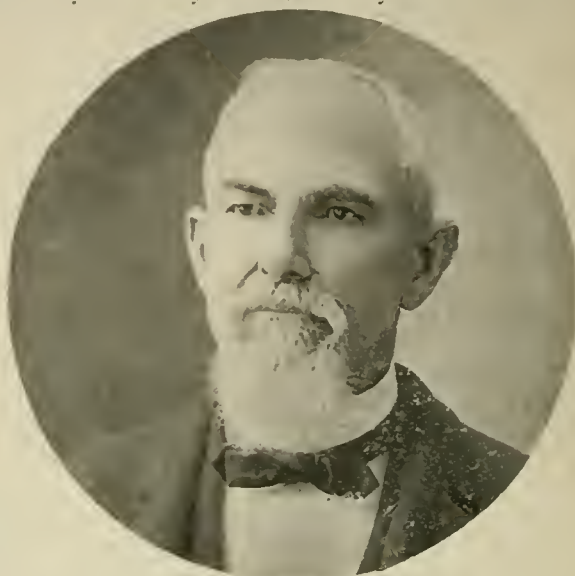
From Orlando, Fla., comes the sad news that death has claimed Comrade W. Gart Johnson, well known to VETERAN readers through his excellent contributions. He was Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Third Brigade, Florida Division, U. C. V. Commander Jewell pays tribute.

On Saturday, March 9, at 11:40 A.M., he "fell asleep in Jesus," and on Sunday following his body was escorted to its last earthly resting place in the Confederate cemetery by his sorrowing comrades of Camp 54, U. C. V., who had loved him in life and who honor and revere him in death.

Comrade Johnson was born in Mississippi in May, 1836, and in May, 1861, became a soldier in Company C, of the Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry of that State. His regiment was part of Barksdale's splendid and historic brigade, afterwards Humphreys'. His war record is that of a faithful and gallant soldier. Comrade Johnson became captain of his company after the battle of Gettysburg, where it lost three out of four of its commissioned officers. After passing safely through the many terrible battles in which his regiment was engaged, he was taken prisoner in September, 1864, and kept on Johnson's Island until June 15, 1865, when he was paroled and returned to his native State.

In 1871 he was married. His devoted wife and two sons survive him.

Our comrade, who was spared amid the terrible carnage of many battles, was stricken down in the walks of a peaceful life, but he was always ready, sustained by his manly courage and by the trust and faith



W. GART JOHNSON.

of a devout Christian. He faced death when it came at last as he had faced it on scores of battlefields—calmly, bravely, hopefully.

As your commander served with Comrade Johnson for two years in the same brigade of the Confederate army, the ties of love and friendship are knit the closer, and make his loss a more personal one.

CAPT. T. D. GRIFFIS.

Maia Pettus, Elkmont, Ala., writes:

Capt. T. D. Griffis as citizen and soldier was universally esteemed. Of commanding carriage and distinguished appearance, he possessed the impressive dignity and noble courtesy of a gentleman of the old South. His war record, like that of so many of the gallant comrades who have "crossed over the river," is known only to the few of his company who survive him. Yet it is recalled with pride that the boy of seventeen, who entered the war at his country's first call, was faithful to the end. Engaging in some of the hardest-fought battles, he displayed such courage and heroism as to win promotion, and was made captain under Col. James D. Tillman, and from him received words of highest praise. Col. Tillman says of him: "I first knew Capt. Griffis as a soldier in the Forty-First Tennessee Regiment. I have been with him the night before battle and the night after, when the ranks were more than decimated; I have been with him during the long winter months in camp, on muddy roads and dark nights on the march; and for weary months in prison on Johnson's Island; and during the four years of war the conduct of this boy just entering manhood was above reproach, his valor as a soldier above criticism. In every time and place he was the embodiment of true patriotism."

The same nobility of character was exemplified in after life. Removing from Lincoln County, Tenn., to Elkmont, Ala., he married Mrs. Emma Cole October 16, 1889; and was a popular and influential citizen.

His death occurred suddenly April 5, 1899. His only daughter, Emma May Griffis, is the youngest member of the Joseph E. Johnston Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Athens, Ala. The affection between father and daughter was extraordinary. In his death came their first separation, yet she spoke comforting words to her bereaved mother.

Capt. Griffis's Christian example remains a precious heritage. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and a Mason. His record as a citizen is as stainless as his record as soldier is heroic. He is still most fondly remembered.

DR. J. MARION SHIRER.

Dr. J. M. Shirer died at his home near St. Stephens, Berkeley County, N. C., November 29, 1900, in his sixty-first year. He was among the first to respond to the call of his State for the Confederate army, and served as sergeant of the Second Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry, under Gen. Hampton. He was a true, brave, and heroic soldier, a faithful and self-sacrificing physician, an affectionate husband and father, and his death leaves a void in many hearts.

CAPT. E. G. W. HERR.

Capt. Edgar Greene Williams Herr died recently at his home near Shepherdstown, W. Va., having reached the ripe age of seventy-two years. He was a native of the vicinity of Williamsport, Md., and went to Jefferson County, W. Va., in early manhood, where he always was a useful citizen. He served his county in various capacities, and at the breaking out of the war he took his company into the Confederate service. This incident illustrates his character in fidelity to duty: Several years ago an old gentleman stopped Gen. H. Kyd Douglas on the street in Hagerstown, Md., accosting him as follows: "I have come to report. In the spring of 1862, at Winchester, Va., you got Stonewall Jackson to give me permission and a pass to go to Shepherdstown on a personal matter of importance to me. You instructed me to make observations, and gave me a positive order to report to you immediately on my return what I might find out. Before I got back Gen. Jackson had gone up the Valley, and I was cut off. I got with my command after a while in another part of the State, and I never saw you while Stonewall lived. This is the first time I have met you, and now, after more than thirty-five years, I am ready to report. My name is Herr."

And standing at guard, the old man touched his hat in soldierly salute, and then, with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand, in full enjoyment of the joke, Capt. Herr passed on. He is now off duty forever, and has gone to report finally to the high and supreme authority to whom Lee and Jackson, Stuart and Ashby, and others have already reported.

ROBERT V. GRIFFIS.

J. N. Grigsby, Italy, Tex., writes of his lifelong friend and comrade, Robert V. Griffis, who was born May 15, 1836, near Lynnville, Tenn. He states:

Early in life a widowed mother and two sisters were left to his care, and duty to them was well performed.

When the war began he enlisted in Company B, of the Third Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. He was in camp for a few months at Camp Cheatham, Camp Trousdale, and at Bowling Green. His first battle was at Fort Donelson. In his diary he gave minute accounts of every move by the Third Tennessee Regiment, followed by that of his capture, then travels to a Northern prison, and the hardships incident to prison life. Also of his exchange and return to the South in the autumn of 1862.

In the reorganization of the regiment Mr. Griffis was elected orderly sergeant of Company B. "Duty before pleasure" and "Always at your post" were his mottoes. Gen. John C. Brown was once heard to say that if all the soldiers were like Sergt. Griffis the world could not conquer the Confederate army. In the battle of Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863, the writer and Mr. Griffis were shot within a few minutes of each other. His was a bad wound in the face, but good health and determination soon enabled him to be at his post. Afterwards, wherever the fortunes of war carried the Third Tennessee, he was in the thickest of the fight. He was seriously wounded five times, his body being lacerated by bullets. His diary is so time-worn that particulars of the last service are lost, but I think he was captured and carried to prison the second time. A truer, nobler soldier never went on the battlefield. He was modest as a woman and fearless as a Napoleon.

REV. W. E. HILL.

A special committee was appointed by the Thomas H. Woods Camp, of DeKalb, Miss., to prepare a sketch of Rev. W. E. Hill, from which extracts are made:

Born in Roanoke County, Va., May 27, 1837. His ancestors were of worthy families in the Old Dominion; they were loyal and patriotic citizens. His progenitors shared in the privations, the sufferings, and the honors of the revolutionary struggle. His school days were passed mainly at Hollins Institute, where he made rapid progress in his studies. He was finishing a military course at Lexington, Va., under the immortal (Stonewall) Jackson when the war began. He enlisted at once, and was sent to the Western Army. In the battle of Shiloh he was ever in front until dangerously wounded. After his recovery he was back with his command, as fearless and gallant as ever. He was much of the time on Gen. Wheeler's staff, and in the perilous enterprises in which he was engaged acquitted himself most gallantly. After the war he took up the standard of Christ, and bore it unstained throughout the remainder of his life. He was happily married to Miss Jennie Pitzer, of Covington, Va., in October, 1869, who survives him with four daughters.



REV. W. E. HILL.

CAPT. JOHN RANDOLPH ERWIN.

There answered to the last roll call on March 19, 1901, Capt. John Randolph Erwin, the adjutant of Mecklenburg Camp, No. 382, U. C. V. He was a loyal friend, a devoted husband, a kind father, and one of the bravest of Confederate soldiers.

John Randolph Erwin was born in York County, S. C., August 1, 1838; but at an early age his family moved to Steele Creek Township, Mecklenburg County, N. C., and this county Capt. Erwin always considered his home.

When war was declared between the North and South Capt. Erwin enlisted in the noted Ranaleburg Rifles, and was thereupon made first lieutenant of the company. The captain of this company was wounded, and Capt. Erwin took charge of the men. He was tendered the position of major of the Thirteenth North Carolina Regiment, but, owing to the entreaties of his company, he declined it, and remained with them.

Capt. Erwin served with distinction through the war, and won an enviable reputation for courage and fidelity.

In 1862 Capt. Erwin left the Ranaleburg Rifles and enlisted in the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry. After the bloody battle of Chamberlain Run his superior officers being wounded or killed, he was in charge of this regiment. He did not, however, surrender his men, but brought them safely back to North Carolina, and in Charlotte received an order from the Secretary of War to disband them.

Capt. Erwin was lovingly laid to rest in the old cemetery in Steele Creek Township, clothed in his Confederate uniform, in a coffin of Confederate gray, and with laurel wreaths and the sacred flag of the Confederacy above, there to rest until God shall judge us, and show the justice of the cause for which he fought.

R. W. JONES.

R. W. Jones died on March 5 at his home in Winchester, Ky. He was a member of Company B, Thirteenth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, Beale's Brigade, W. H. F. Lee's Division. He was always at his post of duty until captured at Five Forks April 1, 1865. He was released from Point Lookout, Md., June 25, 1865, on parole. Comrade Jones was born in Essex County, Va., 1846. For years he was a trusted employee of the C. & O. R. R. At the time of his death he was a member of Winchester's Public School Board, of the C. V. A. Association, and belonged to the order of Red Men and order of Odd Fellows. His death is a sad loss to the community.

JAMES M'FADDEN.

W. Wallace Matthews, Jackson, La., Adjutant Feliciana Camp, No. 264, sends notice of the death of a member of his Camp: "James McFadden, a member of Feliciana Camp, was born in West Feliciana in 1845. At the beginning of the war, a boy of sixteen, he joined a company from Columbia, Caldwell Parish, and was mustered into the Confederate service at Camp Moore, La., 1861, with the Twelfth Louisiana Infantry, and served faithfully as a private in that command until the close of the war. After the sur-

render he settled in Jackson, La., where he married and lived a useful life. He died at his home February 6, 1901."

JOHN THORNTON SINCLAIR.

John Thornton Sinclair was born January 24, 1839, at Stamping Ground, Ky., and died June 8, 1899. He attended the Georgetown College, leaving this institution at the age of seventeen on account of impaired health. He began life as a farmer, afterwards becoming a merchant. His father was Dr. Benjamin Winn Sinclair, his mother Elizabeth Burbridge, both of whom died in his early boyhood.

At the age of seventeen young Sinclair enlisted in the Confederate army under Humphrey Marshall—Col. D. Howard Smith's Regiment—Company B, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, of which he was elected second lieutenant. He participated in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, and many others. While in Tennessee he was transferred to Gen. John Morgan's Cavalry, and commanded Company B on the famous raid in Kentucky and Ohio. He was captured at Buffington, Ky., in August, 1863. He was held as a prisoner of war for twenty-three months at Johnson's Island, at Allegheny City penitentiary, at Point Lookout, and at Fort Delaware.

After the close of war Mr. Sinclair was paroled, and returned to his farm in Scott County in July, 1865. Removing to Georgetown in 1871, he was elected deputy sheriff, and served four years; in 1875 he was elected sheriff, and again served four years; he was also city judge for seven years. Throughout his life he was gentle as a woman, yet without fear, a man of sterling integrity.

MAJ. WILLIAM GAY.

Maj. William Gay, one of the oldest of Gibson County's prominent citizens and ex-Confederates, died at his home near Trenton, Tenn., March 22, 1901. Maj. Gay was born in 1827. He entered the Confederate army in 1861 as captain of a company, which he organized, of the Forty-Seventh Tennessee Infantry, and in 1863, after the reorganization at Corinth, he returned home and organized another company—Company A, of Russell's Regiment. He served as captain of this company until the last year of the war, when he was promoted to major of the Twentieth Tennessee Cavalry. After the close of the war he engaged in farming and stock-raising. He was elected trustee of Gibson County in 1886, and served two terms. His devotion to the cause before and since the surrender was ever ardent. At the time of his death he was President of the O. T. Strahl Bivouac and Commander of the R. M. Russell Camp. Three sons and two daughters survive him.

LIEUT. WILLIAM MARTIN.

W. O. Price, Secretary, Oakley, Tenn., reports the death, on September 13, 1900, of Lieut. William Martin, Company H, Twenty-Fifth Tennessee, commanded by Col. S. S. Stanton. He served through the war until captured, and was then in prison to the end. He was a good soldier and officer. His comrades of the S. S. Stanton Bivouac passed resolutions of respect and sympathy in the loss of their comrade and friend.

MRS. BENEDETTE MOORE TOBIN.

The death of Mrs. William Henry Tobin, which occurred at the family residence, Austin, Tex., April 5, 1901, is one of the saddest events ever recorded for the VETERAN. It was not unexpected, for the lovely woman said at the Montgomery Convention, U. D. C., in November, 1900, and reaffirmed the conviction at the meeting of the Texas Division, U. D. C., of which she was President, that she would soon cross the dark river. In a late letter to the VETERAN she wrote in the same spirit, and only a few days before the end came reexpressed desire that her friend, Mrs. Fannie Chambers G. Iglhart, write a sketch of her life for the VETERAN. It is a coincidence that this tribute for the VETERAN was assigned to one who was a friend of the editor long before it was founded. The sketch was prepared and the photograph in hand before the summons came, hence the sketch was first given to the press of Texas. An extended report is made from it here because of these extraordinary circumstances, and because the VETERAN has never paid tribute to a worthier Daughter or a more lovely woman. Mrs. Tobin was serving her second term as President of the great Texas Division, U. D. C.

So flows my love along your life, O friend—
A whispered song, with neither break nor end,
Outbreathed wherever your dear footsteps tend.

Amid the gay carnival of color which comes with the floral pageantry of the bright-hued, sweet-breathed flowers of May there came tripping lightly along a fair, fresh young girl, her beautiful face aglow with happiness, her bewitching smile a vision of enchantment, and the lightsome, dainty figure a rhythm of graceful motion as she moved along in rapturous enjoyment of a Texas prairie.

Only three short days before had this dainty young creature worn upon her regal Parian brow the wreath of orange blossoms and uttered the vows which made Benedette Moore the happy wife of Dr. William Henry Tobin.

Bidding adieu to the loved scenes of her childhood in Camden, Ark., which for her held the tender memories and associations of her girlhood, she came to Groesbeck, Tex., the then terminus of the Houston and Texas Central railway, and Dr. Tobin's home.

Under the kind disposition of the fates I was permitted to become her first friend in Texas, and, on the occasion of our first meeting, a mutual recognition of mutual needs formed the magnet which attracted and attached us to each other, and a friendship resulted which, in all these years, has never known diminution nor the intervention of a fleeting shadow. How well do I recall her daintiness, her rare beauty and charm, her wonderful sweetness and amiability as they were impressed upon me on our first meeting, and of how I at once gave to her the Spanish diminutive of Bencita for the more stately and dignified Benedette! With what feeling of satisfaction do I now recall that like as a gentle dove going to her nest did this lovable and attractive young girl-wife come into my heart, where ever since she has been securely enthroned.

Benedette Moore Tobin descended from a long line of English, Irish, and French colonial ancestry, which had as its American founder James Moore, who fled from Ireland about 1650 on account of religious persecution. He became colonial Governor of the Carolinas when the two formed one province, in or about 1700, succeeding Gov. Blake. In 1703 he sent an expedition against the Spaniards in Florida, and afterwards against the Appalachian Indians. This last expedition made possible the success of the English settlements in the Carolinas. James Moore, the second in line, was also Governor of the Carolinas in 1719, succeeding Gov. Johnson. He had previously commanded a successful expedition against the Tuscarora Indians. This paternal ancestor married Ann Yeamans, daughter of Baron Yeamans.

Two of Mrs. Tobin's maternal ancestors were French, and this fact is the key to her remarkable social charm. She possessed the pugnacity and adhesiveness of the English, the wit and sprightliness of the Irish, together with the perfect charm and *savoir-faire* of the French. Irrespective of a long line of splendid ancestry, and solely by reason of her own beneficent heart and boundless sympathies for every phase of human life, Benedette Tobin always held a position which was, in every sense, distinctly her own. Her supreme courage, indomitable energy, and executive ability were demonstrated in every act of her daily life. . . . Generous to a fault, she would smile upon error or condone a fault.

Her "temple of home" was ever illumined by the love and adoration of those whom God had given her.



From the cradle her children were enshrined and pil-
lowed with her tender love. She was their guardian
angel, her high-bred womanhood was the light and
music of their lives, and her husband, recognizing the
perfect jewel that was his, never by word or deed dis-
approved her objects or purposes. No insignificant
want of husband or children was ever overlooked.

In her many charities she was practical, and in her social life no woman had greater demands upon her, no social function at the capital of Texas being complete without the charm, beauty, and graciousness of Mrs. Tobin. Yet there was always plenty of time for the performance of each and every home duty. Ample time for art work of many kinds made her home one of the most artistic and attractive in Austin. The warmth, beauty, and strength of her refined thoughts spoke volumes for the gracious high priestess who there presided. As her children grew older, each one having his or her own particular set, the duties of the home naturally expanded, and especially was this true after they had entered the university.

Mrs. Tobin's strong and individual friendship has, perhaps, been given to a greater variety of human beings of different grades of culture, intelligence, and education than that of any other woman at the capital of Texas. The Tobin home has ever been a rallying point in all social matters, and in no other in this city have so many strangers been received and graciously entertained. Many a struggling young artist, musician, or aspirant for literary favors found their starting point through the kind sympathy of Mrs. Tobin. The desire to do good was the mainspring to her life's action, and extending, as it did, to illimitable lengths, bearing blessings on its wings, her nature was stamped with the divine image.

The name of Benedette Tobin has been linked with every charitable and patriotic enterprise that has existed in Austin since her long residence here. Notable among those of recent years was the Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, which she organized, and of which she became the first President. She organized the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., and threw her whole soul into the work, in a short time bringing it up to one of the largest and most successful bodies of the kind in the State. She was State President of the Texas Division of the U. D. C., and added immeasurably to the growth of the order in Texas. Always at the close of the university term her hands were busy decorating and embellishing the hall where the final ball of each society was to take place. It was her ambition that the closing social year of the students' life should be a brilliant success, bringing happiness to young men and maidens from all over the State.

In no large enterprise affecting Texas was Mrs. Tobin's enthusiasm and energy so undividedly directed as in the World's Fair movement. The Legislature refusing to appropriate money that the State might have representation at the greatest exhibition of human industries that the Western world has ever known, Mrs. Tobin threw her whole soul into the work of interesting the people of Texas in a State exhibit at Chicago, and the women of Texas nobly responded. She was elected President, and by her earnest efforts, her persistency, her splendid executive ability, aided and seconded by the organization of women workers, not only was a most artistic building erected, in which all Texans were royally welcomed by Mrs. Tobin, but through her energy an annex was erected, in which Texas had a fair amount of her wonderful products on exhibition.

During that time, by her executive ability, her kindly demeanor and personal charm, she attracted to her

side many warm friends among the cultured men and women from other States and foreign countries.

Last September Mrs. Tobin fell ill, an incurable malady setting its baleful seal upon her bright and happy life. Although she realized that a few months at farthest would terminate her existence on earth, she was undaunted, and her indomitable will sustained her in a remarkable way. In November she attended the General Association of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and, returning, she soon went to Corsicana to attend the same organization for the State, being its President, at which time she was reelected. She conducted the regular forms of that body, carrying out the parliamentary usages in all their completeness. But the life-destroying disease was consuming the very vital spark of life, and when the new year was ushered in she took permanently to her bed, from which time she scarcely arose.

In February her husband and daughter took her to the finest medical skill in New York, but there was no hope, and she returned to meet the worst. Although perfectly aware of the hopelessness of her case, she kept up her courage to a remarkable degree. She talked frequently and dispassionately to her children, husband, and friends of her approaching end, and with all the calmness and fortitude which characterized her life.

A husband and five children (all grown), Mr. William H. Tobin, Jr., Leonard, Raymond, Margaret Emily, and Richard Swearingen; a sister, Mrs. A. W. Houston, of San Antonio; and nieces, Mrs. Alsdorf Faulkner, of Austin; Mrs. George Hines, of San Antonio; Mrs. Judge Waltom, of Atascosa; Mrs. Claude Skeen; E. M. Winstead, of (the "Frisco" Railroad) San Antonio; Mr. John Proctor; besides numerous other distant relatives—are mourners by her loss. Her loving daughter suddenly developed from a gay and joyous girl into a skillful and expert nurse.

Bencita has gone. To-day we walk under a shaded sky. The land is bereft of its brightness. There is a hush in the air—a resonance of a harp string tensely drawn. I pause and listen to my beating heart; there is awe in the sound. A leaf loosens above me and falls from bough to bough with tiny rustle. I hear a voice, a far-away, gentle whisper that comes nearer, floats by my ear, which says, "We all do fade away as a leaf;" and an echoing answer comes from her whom we all mourn, which says,

"My way of life is fallen into
The sere and yellow leaf."

Bencita, the fair, the amiable, the true, the noble, is no more.—*Fanny Chambers Gooch Iglehart, Author of "Face to Face with the Mexicans."*

Notice is sent to Chapters of the Texas Division by Mrs. Cone Johnson, Vice President, and Miss Katie L. Daffan, Secretary, in which they say:

Her loss to the Daughters is irreparable. Her love for the cause was unquenched during months of suffering, and, in the face of approaching death, her deep and abiding interest in the work of the Daughters was not diminished. Our hearts are bowed in grief at our great misfortune.

As a tribute to the memory of our departed President, we suggest that all Chapters of the Division hold appropriate memorial services in connection with the

regular exercises on Memorial Day; that the Chapter banner be draped in mourning, and that every Daughter wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

CAPT. JOHN COWAN.

At a meeting of the Third North Carolina Regiment Survivors' Association, Comrades James I. Metts and J. L. Cantwell, as a committee, submitted the following, which was adopted by the Association in becoming reverence.

During the afternoon the annual meeting of the company was held, during which the following resolutions, regarding the death of Capt. John Cowan, an honored member of the Association, were adopted, to wit:

"Comrades, halt, salute, close up, reverse arms. There is one less in the ranks. He who at Gettysburg, with a steadiness, determination, and soldierly devotion that dwells in the memory of his comrades and is one of the brightest records of the Third North Carolina Infantry, amid the hail of hostile missiles, successfully held the line of battle intrusted to him, passing through the fearful storm with but one slight wound; and, as one of the six hundred Confederate States officers prisoners of war, under so-called retaliation, shared with manliness and fortitude the perils of opposing bombardments and pangs of starvation at Morris Island and Fort Pulaski, has, in the quiet walks of civil life, peacefully and trustingly answered the call.

"He was a gallant soldier, a courteous, cheerful, affable gentleman, ever prompt and zealous, faithful to obligation, patient in affliction and privation. His work is done, his chair is vacant; taps have sounded; our friend and comrade, John Cowan, is not here; his immortal soul has winged its flight to the Almighty Creator who gave it, and his temporal tenement we have consigned to the earth as it was.

"It is not ours to grieve as those without hope. Nay, relying on the promise, we devoutly pray and humbly hope that when the all-pervading call of the last trump shall sound we shall arise reunited, never to part again.

"In loving memoriam be it ordered that our Secretary inscribe a page with his name, rank, birth, death, and age."

J. G. CARLISLE.

Wounds received during the struggle for Southern independence at last caused the death of J. G. Carlisle, of Italy, Tex., and he now rests on the other shore with the great majority. He enlisted in the Missouri State Guard, December, 1861, serving in Gen. Rains's Division. Then he joined the Fourth Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., under Sterling Price at Springfield, Mo., Company E, Capt. John H. Britts, and participated in the fight at Pea Ridge, Ark., after which he was with Van Dorn in the Memphis raid, and was at Iuka, Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, and Farmington.

On the 16th of May, 1863, he was severely wounded at Champion Hill, and was left for dead upon the battlefield. Assigned to the death ward in the hospital, being shot in the right lung, a visiting angel in the person of Mrs. Banks, of Clinton, Miss., had him removed to her home, where, by careful attention and faithful

nursing, he recovered. The fires of patriotism yet burned with undimmed ardor within his breast, and caused him to join a remnant of his former command. He was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and, during the memorable retreat, was daily under fire until Atlanta was reached, being in the engagements of New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, and Nashville. Subsequently ordered to Mobile, Ala., for secret service, he was captured in the performance of hazardous duty and imprisoned in New Orleans, but succeeded in making his escape and reached Fort Morgan, where he remained on a pilot boat until the close of the war.

At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., his commanding general, F. M. Cockrell (now Senator), was dangerously wounded. Seeing the necessity of his immediate removal, Comrade Carlisle bore him from the field. This noble act and his uniform soldierly conduct won the admiration and friendship of his commander, which lasted until death.

DR. J. J. BOZEMAN.

Dr. J. J. Bozeman, of Camp J. Foster Marshall, South Carolina, died on March 19, 1901. Wherever there is a survivor of the Hampton Legion and Gary's Brigade, the news of the death of this true man will fall as the loss of a brother. He was an able, devoted, and conscientious surgeon and physician, and a friend as true as the needle to the pole. A friend says of him: "It was his nature and habit to think of and love himself last. Peace be to his ashes, and rest to as tender and noble a soul as was ever called to meet a last summons!"

ROBERT KNICKMEYER.

Capt. Robert Knickmeyer, Commander of Camp Tom Moore, U. C. V., Apalachicola, Fla., died during the month of February. He was captain of Company



CAPT. ROBERT KNICKMEYER, APALACHICOLA, FLA.

B, Fourth Florida Regiment, Finley's Brigade, Bate's Division. He enlisted August 31, 1861. The picture

represents him as captain of the Franklin County Guards, a local company, which took part in his funeral services in connection with the Confederate veterans. His loss is keenly felt by those with whom he had so long been associated.

At its regular monthly meeting, Camp Tom Moore elected Capt. Amos Sharitt to succeed Capt. Knickmeyer as Commander. A. J. Murat was reappointed Adjutant, and he and F. G. Wilhelm were appointed delegates to the Memphis reunion.

COL. R. D. ALLISON.

Col. R. D. Allison, who departed this life on the 15th of December, 1900, was born in North Carolina September 25, 1810. In his early manhood he emigrated to Tennessee, where he mustered forces for the Volunteer State in 1846, when the war against Mexico called upon Tennessee for her quota of troops. During all the vicissitudes of the period which followed he proved himself a true soldier. Soon after retiring to private life he was called by the people of Smith County, Tenn., in 1848, to represent them in the State Legislature, and he was reelected several times. In 1861 he raised a company of cavalry for the Confederate service, and went into the organization of the Twenty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, of which he was made colonel. With untiring activity and devotion he evinced his exalted patriotism and unchallenged courage until the close of the war, after which he located in McKinney, Tex., where he resided until his death. Twenty-seven times during his life he was elected to positions of honor and public trust, and no man ever knew him to betray the stewardship intrust-



COL. R. D. ALLISON.

ed to him. In the resolutions adopted by Camp J. W. Throckmorton, No. 109, U. C. V., and signed by W. H. Taylor, W. N. Bush, H. C. Mack, H. H. Sullivan, and T. J. Finly, the fraternal devotion to their deceased comrade is touchingly expressed, and his unswerving virtues of truth, honor, goodness, loyalty, and faith are entered upon the records of the Camp for the inspiration and edification of devoted survivors.



DR. J. S. ROBERTS.

The VETERAN has too long omitted notice of the death of Dr. J. S. Roberts, of Pulaski, Tenn. Dr. Roberts was one of its first and most steadfast friends to the end. He was proud of his connection with the Confederate army. His service was as surgeon under Dr. Ford, and later he went with Dr. Wooton in Bragg's Kentucky campaign.

T. B. ACKER.

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss., writes of the death of T. B. Acker, one of the original members of Isham Harrison Camp, No. 27: "He enlisted in Capt. George Lipscomb's Company, and served with it at Pensacola, Fla. He was afterwards a member of Capt. J. W. Banks's Company of Forty-Third Mississippi Infantry, and later a member of Capt. Thomas Lipscomb's Company of Sixth Mississippi Cavalry, with which he remained until the close of the war, being surrendered at Selma, Ala., in 1865. One who knew him says: 'No better citizen ever lived, and no better soldier ever shouldered a gun.'"

FULTON CONNER.

Fulton Conner, who was captain of Company I, Forty-Ninth North Carolina, died suddenly Sunday, March 24, 1901, at his home in Catawba County, N. C. He was well advanced in years. The survivors of his company meet on April 1 every year, and this year were saddened by the absence of their beloved captain.

DINNER BY THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE, NEW ORLEANS.—The annual reunion of the Army of Tennessee, Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, was celebrated by a dinner April 6. President G. S. Richards, and Comrades A. J. Lewis and W. H. Pasco made addresses. Of the toasts, Comrade W. P. Brewer responded for the Army of Northern Virginia, and Comrade J. A. Harrill for the Confederate States Cavalry—the “eyes and ears of the army.” E. P. Cottraux talked of the Confederate artillery. F. L. Richardson paid tribute to the chivalry and pluck of Southern women, while Comrade G. H. Packwood, General commanding for Louisiana, made a speech upon the United Confederate veterans.

THIRD NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.—The Third North Carolina Infantry Association celebrated, in a most delightful manner, the thirty-fourth anniversary of the organization. It occurred at the summer residence of Capt. James I. Metts, on Greenville Sound. The party left the Wilmington Light Infantry armory at 10 A.M. in wagonettes, and drove to Capt. Metts's place, where ample preparation had been made for their entertainment. An especial feature was the serving of a delicious dinner of numerous courses, a roast pig being an especially notable viand.

ENTERTAINMENT AT SAN ANTONIO.—For the purpose of raising funds to enable them to secure a hall befitting the dignity of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 144, the Confederate veterans of San Antonio gave an entertainment on March 19, which proved an unusual success. From the opening number to the close of the unique programme the audience was either convulsed with laughter or moved to tears as the artistic participants brought out the sunshine of life in selections of humor and the sublimity of brave deeds in the recital of stirring war poems, etc.

OFFICERS OF R. E. LEE CAMP, No. 158, U. C. V., FORT WORTH, TEX.—Commander, E. W. Taylor; Lieutenants, J. C. Terrell and M. J. Pankey; Quartermaster, George Jackson; Surgeon, A. P. Brown, M.D.; Chaplain, E. W. Sellers; Historian, C. C. Cummings; Adjutant, W. M. McConnell.

Comrade McConnell writes: “Our Camp numbers over six hundred members, which Gen. George Moor-man says makes ours the banner camp in the U. C. V. organizations.

RECENTLY ELECTED OFFICERS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE, NEW ORLEANS.—The officers of the Army of Tennessee are: President, Isidore S. Richard; Vice Presidents, Lewis Guion, Alden McLellan, and Edward Durrive; Recording Secretaries, Nicholas Cuny, John R. Juden; Corresponding Secretary, J. A. Chalaron; Treasurer, Adam Wagatha; Physician, C. H. Tebault, M.D.; Assistant Physicians, James S. Richard, M.D., Dr. Frank J. Chalaron; Chaplain, Rev. B. M. Palmer.

Judge J. N. Lyle, Waco, Tex., sent the same rendition of Albert Pike's “Dixie” as that published in the February VETERAN from Mrs. Rosa Burwell Todd, and suggested that some publisher be gotten to bring it out set to music instead of the words in negro dialect. Miss Sarah A. Cromwell, of Mt. Eckhart, Md., also sent a copy of the “Lament for Dixie,” which was copied from that furnished by Gen. T. N. Waul, of Texas.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.—The Major General Commanding, Julian S. Carr, Durham, N. C., announces the following appointments on his staff:

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Col. H. A. London, Pittsboro; Inspector General, Lieut. Col. Paul B. Means, Concord; Quartermaster General, Lieut. Col. T. L. Emery, Weldon; Judge Advocate General, Lieut. Col. C. B. Watson, Winston; Commissary General, Lieut. Col. James A. Bryan, New Berne; Surgeon General, Lieut. Col. P. S. Hines, Raleigh; Chaplain General, Lieut. Col. Charles Fetter, Rocky Mount; Chief of Artillery, Lieut. Col. J. B. Starr, Fayetteville; Chief of Ordnance, Lieut. Col. Frank Bennet, Wadesboro; Assistant Adjutant General, Maj. J. N. Ramsey, Seaboard; Assistant Inspector General, Maj. R. B. Peebles, Jackson; Assistant Quartermaster General, Maj. Harrison Watts, Charlotte; Assistant Judge Advocate General, Maj. A. W. Graham, Oxford; Assistant Commissary General, Maj. R. E. Wilson, Winston. Aids-de-Camp: Maj. Ashley Horne, Clayton; Maj. F. H. Busbee, Raleigh; Maj. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury; Maj. E. J. Hale, Fayetteville; Maj. W. R. Kenan, Wilmington; Maj. J. A. Long, Roxboro; Maj. W. P. Wood, Asheboro; Maj. S. H. Smith, Winston; Maj. C. Frank Siler, Erect; Maj. F. H. Leatherwood, Webster; Maj. G. S. Ferguson, Waynesville. Color Bearer, Capt. J. H. Currie, Fayetteville.

The following new Camps are assigned as designated: Oscar R. Rand Camp, No. 1278, Holly Springs, and Alf Rowland Camp, No. 1302, Rowland, to the Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. W. L. London commanding; Bill Johnston Camp, No. 1275, Weldon, and Maurice T. Smith Camp, No. 1277, Oxford, to the Third Brigade, Brig. Gen. F. M. Parker commanding. Attention is called to the resolution adopted at the meeting of the North Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, held at Raleigh on the 22d of August, 1900, levying a per capita tax of five cents on the members of this Division to be used to defray the expenses of Division Headquarters.

J. Frank Cargile, of Morrisville, Mo., calls to the boys of the old Tenth Arkansas. He writes: “I enlisted at the age of fifteen, and served the first two years east of the Mississippi. I was at the battle of Shiloh, and also at the siege of Port Hudson. Left there a paroled prisoner, and came back to my home in Arkansas. The Federals had gotten control of that country, and gave us a great deal of trouble. They would take us off from home fifteen or twenty miles and turn us loose, and then another scout would pick us up. We got tired of that, so gathered up all the old guns and rifles our fathers used to kill deer, and defended ourselves the best we could until old “Pap” Price made his raid into Missouri. I fell in with him, and we had quite a little fight at Pilot Knob, though they gave us the road to pass on. Some twenty miles from Boonville a friend of mine named Ross and I left the road to find something to eat. We got lost, and the Federals were between us and our command. Some young ladies, Misses Mayfield and Newman, came to our relief, and directed us to our command. On parting I gave Miss Mattie Mayfield a locket I had gotten from Ross in exchange for my watch. I should like to hear from either of these ladies if living.”

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

ADDRESS BY THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

The following is an address by Biscoe Hindman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans:

As a number of comrades and Camps have kindly offered to vote for me at the Memphis reunion as my own successor, I consider it only fair to all that I should announce in advance that I shall not be a candidate for reelection. Nor do I desire the Confederation to reflect me simply as an indorsement of my administration. . . . If my administration shall be considered worthy of your indorsement, such indorsement can be officially given by means of a suitable resolution passed by you in convention assembled. As your Commander in Chief I have endeavored to serve you earnestly and faithfully.

The results of the year's work, which has been a labor of love, will be duly laid before you for your consideration. The present condition of our Confederation is the most prosperous and satisfactory in its history, and I assure you that it is with a great deal of regret that I am absolutely forced by the demands of my business to relinquish the work in which I have taken so much interest and pride. Upon the Sons, and upon the noble order of the Daughters, will fall the mantle of the veteran heroes when they cease to exist as an organization. Each succeeding reunion shows too plainly that their ranks are made thinner by the absence of those who have crossed over the river and joined their comrades on the other side.

While yet we have the opportunity, we should not fail to avail ourselves of the privilege of meeting with them, so that we can catch some of their spirit and strike for the lofty heights of their integrity and honor and patriotism. Let no true Son feel that it is incompatible with our love and loyalty for our whole country and for our own beloved star-spangled banner, that we cherish and love and regard as sacred, the stars and bars which our fathers loved and defended so gallantly, and over which our mothers stitched and prayed, while their tears fell for their loved ones who had fallen upon their shields with their faces to the foe, or who were fighting with all the chivalry and manhood that was in them for justice and the right, and for the glory of their country. And, though we may feel that it was all for the best, as God doeth all things well, we shall never believe, and no true man would have us believe, that our brave fathers gave up their fortunes, their homes, their loved ones, and their lives, for a cause which was wrong. We do not believe that might works right, nor shall we ever acknowledge that the result of the great war detracted one jot or tittle from justice or from the rights of mankind, or from the glory of the immortal deeds of those whose names we bear. But we are ready to grant to Union and Confederate veterans alike equal honesty and equal loyalty in the separate causes for which both suffered and fought and died. They are American soldiers all, and a great country of common interests, common unity, and common loyalty places the names of its national heroes side by side in the temple of

fame, and points with national pride to the most glorious battlefields which the world has ever known.

Camp John A. Broadus, of Louisville, which has nearly 350 members, informs us that at a recent meeting they unanimously decided to support Gen.



COL. BISCOE HINDMAN.

Hindman for reelection as Commander in Chief. The action of the Camp shows the strong hold which he has on the affection of the individual members as well as upon their respect and admiration.

Biscoe Hindman, Commander in Chief, U. S. C. V., sends out General Order No. 5, announcing the membership of four important standing committees:

Historical Committee.—William F. Jones, Chairman, Elberton, Ga.; Prof. P. H. Mell, Auburn, Ala.; W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Capt. W. W. Davies, Louisville, Ky.; W. H. McLellan, New Orleans, La.; R. C. McCoy, Port Gibson, Miss.; W. H. Cocke, St. Louis, Mo.; Prof. Charles L. Coon, Salisbury, N. C.; James A. Hoyt, Columbia, S. C.; W. B. Wooten, Columbia, Tenn.; Brant H. Kirk, Waco, Tex.; Edwin P. Cox, Richmond, Va.; A. W. Gatewood, Marlinton, W. Va.; William M. Franklin, Ardmore, Ind. T.; C. L. Brown, Washington, D. C.

Relief Committee.—Robert G. Pillow, Chairman, Little Rock, Ark.; L. D. T. Quinby, Atlanta, Ga.; J. W. Anderson, Washington, D. C.; J. T. Chancellor, Marietta, Ind. T.; Ephraim H. Foster, Huntsville, Ala.; C. E. Worth, Tampa, Fla.; John M. Ashby, Owensboro, Ky.; M. E. Roger, Napoleonville, La.; T. H. Hazelhurst, Charleston, S. C.; George H. Ezell, Columbus, Miss.; T. W. Ruckley, Houston, Mo.; J. H. Foot, Jr., Winston, N. C.; R. E. Lee Bynum, Union City, Tenn.; W. T. Wray, Milford, Tex.; J. Baldwin Rawson, Staunton, Va.; W. H. Kearfott, Kearneysville, W. Va.

Monumental Committee.—D. A. Spivey, Chairman, Conway, S. C.; Howard P. Wright, Washington, D.

C.; W. H. Rader, Lone Grove, Ind. T.; U. H. McLaws, Savannah, Ga.; R. J. Thurmon, Jr., Tusculumbia, Ala.; Hindman Biscoe, Helena, Ark.; B. C. Abernathy, Orlando, Fla.; Hood Harney, Lexington, Ky.; W. McL. Fayssoux, New Orleans, La.; J. O. S. Sanders, Charleston, Miss.; James L. Robinson, Warrensburg, Mo.; J. C. Gorham, Fayetteville, N. C.; W. C. Lyons, Stony Point, Tenn.; J. H. Alexander, Meridian, Tex.; T. W. Edwards, Leesburg, Va.; Cameron Lewis, Charleston, W. Va.

Finance Committee.—W. H. Langford, Chairman, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Fitzhugh C. Goldsborough, Washington, D. C.; G. H. Collins, Davis, Ind. T.; W. M. Fulcher, Waynesboro, Ga.; Roger Ap C. Jones, Selma, Ala.; C. N. Wilshands, Jacksonville, Fla.; Ben T. Head, Burgin, Ky.; Edmund Muarin, Donaldsonville, La.; J. G. Wardlaw, Gaffney, S. C.; M. C. Knox, Water Valley, Miss.; Henry D. Green, West Plains, Mo.; Wayne S. Ray, Asheville, N. C.; John L. Norman, Lynchburg, Tenn.; R. B. Truly, Ballinger, Tex.; H. T. Talliaferro, Hot Springs, Va.; Joel Ruffner, Charleston, W. Va.

Two other committees are also announced:

Women's Memorial Committee.—James Mann, Chairman, Nottoway, Va.; Hon. Francis H. Weston, Columbia, S. C.; Hon. John Marks, Napoleonville, La.; Hamilton N. Branch, Savannah, Ga.; Dr. W. P. Patterson, Springfield, Mo.; Hon. John H. Wallace, Jr., Huntsville, Ala.; George B. Myers, Holly Springs, Miss.; H. T. Alexander, Columbia, Tenn.; Hon. John Ike Moore, Helena, Ark.; C. W. Bocock, Houston, Tex.; N. R. Tisdal, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Jesse N. Gathright, Louisville, Ky.; J. R. Mathewes, Ocala, Fla.; W. D. Payne, Charleston, W. Va.; Wayne S. Ray, Asheville, N. C.

Constitutional Committee.—Hon. Walter T. Colquitt, Chairman, Atlanta, Ga.; Judge R. W. Nicholls, Helena, Ark.; Edwin P. Cox, Richmond, Va.

Each chairman is requested to communicate with his committeemen, and it is earnestly hoped that the committees will show an active interest in the work of these important committees.

The object of the Women's Memorial Committee is to erect some proper memorial in honor of the women of the South, whose Spartan devotion to the Confederacy, both at home and in the field, were the wonder and admiration of the world. The work intrusted to this committee is a sacred work, which ought to be encouraged to the fullest extent by all the sons of the South.

The Constitutional Committee is to revise the Constitution which was adopted at the reunion, Atlanta, Ga., in 1898. It will report at the next annual reunion at Memphis. Hon. Walter T. Colquitt, former Commander in Chief, who is chairman of this committee, requests each Camp to take up the subject of revision, and, after discussing the same, to send to him any amendments, changes, or additions that they may wish made or brought before the Confederation at the Memphis reunion. He will also be glad to receive suggestions from any individual members of the Confederation, and will be pleased to correspond fully with them on the subject.

West Virginia Division, Charleston, W. Va., General Orders No. 1, announces the following appointments by Fontaine Broun, Division Commander:

John Baker White, of Charleston, Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

Herbert Fitzpatrick, of Huntington, Inspector.

C. G. Peyton, of Charleston, Quartermaster.

Thomas R. Moore, of Charlestown, Commissary.

W. G. Peterkin, of Parkersburg, Judge Advocate.

Dr. Charles Truchart Taylor, of Huntington, Surgeon.

Rev. Norman F. Marshall, of Bramwell, Chaplain.

There are seven Camps of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans organized and chartered in West Virginia, and several additional Camps now being organized. Those already chartered and the Commandants are:

Camp Beirne Chapman, at Union, L. E. Campbell.

Camp J. E. B. Stuart, at Marlinton, L. J. Marshall.

Camp Thos. L. Broun, at Charleston, W. D. Payne.

Camp Jenkins, at Huntington, O. J. Wilkinson.

Camp Henry Kyd Douglass, at Sheperdstown, W. H. Kearfoot.

Camp Stonewall Jackson, at Charlestown, C. E. Baylor.

Camp W. L. Jackson, at Parkersburg, W. G. Peterkin.

Gustav T. Fitzhugh, Judge Advocate General, U. S. C. V., is a prominent lawyer of the Memphis bar—Watson & Fitzhugh. He is a native of Mississippi, a



GUSTAV T. FITZHUGH.

son of Prof. Lewis T. Fitzhugh, a gallant Confederate soldier, who served throughout the war, and is now President of Belhaven College at Jackson, Miss. The son was educated at the University of Mississippi.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Hon. Brant H. Kirk, of Waco, Tex., is a native of Stanley County, N. C. His father, William A. Kirk, served in the famous Twenty-Eighth North Carolina Regiment, surrendering with Gen. Lee at Appomattox.

tox. Mr. Kirk is a lawyer, and can make the high claim of being a self-made man. In May, 1899, he was a delegate from his State to the National Convention of Confederate Soldiers and Sons of Confederate Soldiers held in Charleston, S. C., and was elected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., which command he still holds.

Mr. Kirk is deeply interested in the work of organizing the Sons to the end that no Confederate shall suffer in old age or be denounced in school histories as a traitor, and urges the Sons who are willing to organize in their respective localities of his department to correspond with him at Waco for full information.

N. B. FORREST CAMP OF SONS IN MEMPHIS.

Of the one hundred sons of veterans who signed our call for the organization of the N. B. Forrest Camp, of Memphis, Tenn., the following ten are sons of members of the Confederate Historical Society of Memphis, Camp No. 28: Louis M. DeSaussure, W. A. Collier, Jr., Joseph W. Martin, G. B. Thornton, Jr., T. J. Turley, C. W. Frazer, J. P. Holt, C. Q. Carnes, John S. Hampton, N. B. Forrest. W. A. Collier, Jr., is Adjutant, and Bishop Thomas F. Gailor is the Commandant. The Camp consists of about 250 members.

The seventh annual reunion of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., will be held at Columbia, S. C., commencing May 8. All will be done by the people of Columbia to make the occasion pleasant and enjoyable. Miss Elizabeth C. Teague, of Aiken, has been appointed sponsor, and Miss Annie Norwood, of Greenville, maid of honor for the division this year.

On invitation of the Ladies Memorial Association, of Columbia, the division will participate in the memorial services on May 10.

At their annual meeting on the 25th of March, Camp William E. Jones, of Abingdon, Va., elected the following officers: Commander, Thomas W. Colley; Lieutenant Commanders, P. G. Minnick and H. Hagy; Adjutant, Thomas K. Trigg; Quartermaster, R. J. Caldwell; Surgeon, Dr. William L. Dunn; Chaplain, Isaac Baker; Finance Committee, Capt. John Roberts, Hon. J. W. McBroom, Maj. F. S. Robinson. The commander writes that the Camp is taking on new life. It will be represented at Memphis.

J. N. Holmes, Tylertown, Miss., is desirous of returning a pocketbook and pocket mirrors taken from a Confederate soldier who was killed on the battlefield at Harrisonburg, Miss. On the pocketbook is written: "Oscar N. Grisham's book, April 18, 1861." Relatives can have same by addressing Mr. Holmes at post office given or calling for him at Mississippi headquarters at the reunion in Memphis.

The Southern Railway has been selected as the official route for delegates to the U. C. V. Reunion at Memphis. Trains will reach Chattanooga on May 27, and run down to the Chickamauga battlefield, so comrades will have the opportunity of participating in the unveiling ceremonies of the South Carolina monument, a cordial invitation having been extended by the South Carolina Chickamauga Monument Commission.

SUBSISTENCE OFFICE RTEXAS DIV., MAJ. RANKIN.

Maj. John Y. Rankin, the "father of Brownwood, Tex.," after serving throughout the war, in 1872 settled at Brownwood, where he established a land agency. His first addition to the town, purchased for ten dollars an acre, is now its best business portion.

Maj. Rankin was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1833, moved to Missouri in 1840, and was educated at Kemper Institute, Boonville, Mo. Upon his removal to San Augustine, Tex., he studied law. He was a lieutenant in a company of Texas rangers from Henderson, Tex., in Capt. Giles Bogges's company in 1855, and later was a commission merchant on the Houston & Texas Central railway.

Early in 1861 he raised a company for the Confederate service at Navasota, Tex.; was lieutenant in B. Donley's company, and reported to Col. John S. Ford ("Old Rip") on the Rio Grande, after which he joined the Twenty-Fifth Texas Cavalry at Hempstead, and was dismounted in Arkansas. He was captured at Arkansas Post, in the battle of Fort Hindman, January 11, 1863, and sent to the Camp Chase (Ohio) and Fort Delaware prisons. After four months he was exchanged at City Point.

His command was assigned to duty in Pat Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee, under Gens. Bragg, Hood, and Johnston. He was promoted to major at Dalton, Ga.; was assigned to staff duty, and served as A. C. S. on the staff of Brig. Gen.



MAJ. JOHN Y. RANKIN.

Desler, who fell at Chickamauga; and then to that of Granbury, who fell at Franklin with Cleburne. He was captured the second time the day after the fall of Atlanta, near Rough and Ready Station, and was exchanged the second time at Palmetto, Ga. Maj. Rankin was confined in the penitentiary at Nashville, which was used as a Federal prison. He reported to Maj. Gen. Bate, afterwards Governor of Tennessee and now United States Senator; and he was on the staff of Lieut. Gen. Cheatham at the surrender of Gen. Johnston's army at Durham Station, N. C.

After the war Maj. Rankin returned to Texas, and for the past twenty-nine years has been in business at Brownwood. He is now on Maj. Gen. K. M. Vanzant's staff, Texas Division, as Chief of Subsistence.

Hon. H. A. London, of Pittsboro, N. C., writes that the North Carolina Legislature passed two bills by unanimous vote in both branches in aid of disabled veterans. One bill increases the appropriation for pensions from \$115,000 to \$200,000 a year, and the other increases the appropriation for the Soldiers' Home from \$10,000 to \$13,000 a year, and \$5,000 for repairs and improvements. Both of these bills were written and introduced by Comrade London as Senator, and the success of his efforts is very gratifying.



LIFE OF LIEUT. GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

BY JOHN ALLEN WYETH, M.D.

Every Confederate or admirer of Southern heroism should possess a copy of the "Life of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest," written by Dr. John A. Wyeth, the eminent surgeon of New York City. He is an Alabamian, and was a boy soldier in Forrest's Cavalry. This thrilling book comprises his own knowledge of the great chieftain in connection with that of others who served under him, and the extraordinary traits of his character are presented most admirably.

A year's subscription to the *VETERAN* is given with this book for \$4, the price of the book alone. Copies will be for sale at the *VETERAN* office, Memphis, and to take it home as a reunion memory would assure pleasure and pride afterwards. Orders filled from this office at price given, postpaid. The *VETERAN* has supplies at both Memphis and Nashville of latest editions with many fine engravings.

**LIBERAL TREATMENT OF
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When the war began all contracts between the North and South were abrogated and annulled by proclamation. Furthermore it was impossible, in many cases, for Southern people to remit their premiums to the Company. The Grand Old Company, however, decided upon a course which has ever since given them a warm place in the hearts of all Southerners. They decided not to stand on their legal rights, but to treat the Southern people in a broad spirit of equity, and therefore resolved to consider every Southern policy as surrendered to the Company at the date to which its last premium was paid, and to allow the full cash surrender value for every policy duly receipted and properly presented.

And yet, according to the printed terms of the policies at that time, lapsed policies had no cash surrender values, and no doubt many persons who had lapsed their policies on purpose came in afterwards and received their cash values from the Company. The Company paid no attention whatever to the political opinions of the Southern people, but treated them all not only liberally but magnanimously.

While one company required Southerners, after the war was over, to sign an "iron-clad oath" that they had not taken part in or sympathized with the Confederacy before they would insure them; and while another company placed Southern people in a "Southern Class," which paid them practically no profits or dividends, it is to the honor of the Old Mutual Life that they acted in the generous manner above stated. The Mutual Life has never had any "classes" for its policy holders or discriminated in any way against any of its members.

The Company has dealt more liberally by its policy holders, and has paid out vastly more dividends, death claims, and surrender values, than any other company in the world.

It is the Strongest, Safest, and Best Life Insurance Company in the world. It has paid to and accumulated for its policy holders nearly **NINE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!** Its new policies contain the largest guaranteed cash surrender and loan values offered by any company in the world, although its premiums are less than those charged by other prominent companies. Its present cash funds are over \$325,000,000, and exceed by nearly \$150,000,000 the combined cash capital of the four famous banks of the world: the Bank of England, Bank of France, Bank of Russia, and Imperial Bank of Germany.

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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 recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparation and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY SALLIE JONES,

Honorary Life President Alabama Division,
U. D. C.

From the shadow land of memory
Scenes long past return again;
Phantoms thronging weird around me
Waken slumbering thoughts of pain.
Once again, mid din of battle,
Can I hear the bugle's call;
See the marshaled forces forming,
For our homes to stand or fall;
While amid the dreadful carnage,
And above the cannon's mouth,
Waves the banner of our daring
Spartan soldiers of the South.
But though valiantly they bore it
Over many a glorious field,
Till, when foiled at last by numbers,
Sadly they were forced to yield,
Still their valiant deeds will ever
Sound along the Hall of Fame,
And the ages will remember
All they did in Freedom's name;
And our banner, wreathed in glory,
Tattered, furled though it may be,
Thrill each Southern heart with memories
Of our struggle to be free.

Can we e'er forget the heroes,
Who with dauntless heart and brave
Swore that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave?
No! we'll seek our richest treasure
In the memory of the dead,
And with pride we'll tell the story,
How for rights of men they bled.
And with springtime's fairest flowers
We will weave a chaplet now,
Laurel crown with cypress mingled
Place above each hero's brow.
Camden, Ala.

SECURE THESE SOUVENIRS.

You wish to make a happy choice of reunion souvenirs; we fulfill the wish. Ours is by far the largest assortment, and the articles are wholly suitable. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.

Old comrades of W. O. Kelley, Company H, Twelfth Tennessee Regiment, infantry (Col. R. M. Russell), can find him at C. L. Byrd & Co.'s, 290 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn., where he will be glad to welcome all old comrades.

PROF. J. F. DRAUGHON.

Prof. J. F. Draughon, whose name has become famous throughout the Union as the result of the merits of four textbooks on bookkeeping of which he is author, and the wonderful success of Draughon's Practical Business Colleges at St. Louis, Nashville, Savannah, Galveston, Fort Worth, Montgomery, Little Rock, and Shreveport, has recently been offered special inducements by a foreign country to open a business college across the waters.

It is conceded by all who are in a position to know that Prof. Draughon's success in the business college work has been, by far, greater than that of any one else engaged in the same line of business. His superior course of instruction, and his special facilities for securing positions are almost an offset to competition. His colleges are strongly indorsed by business men.

If you are interested in a good business education and a good position, write for 164-page illustrated catalogue. It will be sent free. Address Draughon's Business College at either place.

REUNION TOKEN WINDOWS.

The striking array of attractive reunion souvenirs in our windows must not be overlooked. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.

MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, NEW ORLEANS, LA., MAY 9-16, 1901. REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY AND A. G. S. R. R.

On account of the meeting of the Southern Baptist Association, New Orleans, La., May 9-16, 1901, the Southern Railway and Alabama Great Southern Railroad will sell tickets from all points on their lines to New Orleans, La., and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold May 7, 8, and 9, 1901, limited to return until May 20, 1901. An extension of final limit to June 5, 1901, may be obtained by the payment of a fee of fifty cents to the joint agent at New Orleans, La., provided ticket is deposited with the joint agent on or before May 16, 1901.

For further information call on Southern Railway or Alabama Great Southern Railroad ticket agents.

WINDOWS FULL OF SOUVENIRS.

See our windows for the rarest and most suitable reunion souvenirs. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.

Cape Jessamine Buds

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Season begins about May 20. Supply unlimited. By express, f. o. b., at 75 cents per hundred, \$6.50 per thousand. All orders shall receive prompt attention.

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THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST line to Denver is from St. Louis via the Missouri Pacific Railway, leaving St. Louis at 9 A.M. and arriving at Denver at 11 o'clock the next morning—only one night out. Pullman sleepers, superior service. For complete information address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.; or H. C. Townsend, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

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Wounds and Burns. Cures Colic
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Samples Free.

THE SOUTHERN FLAGS.

BY H. M. CLARKSON, A.M., M.D.

Written, at time of President Cleveland's revocation of his famous order to restore to the Southern people their battle flags.

Let those flags be furled forever,

Just as when we laid them down,

Emblems of a vain endeavor,

Duty done without its crown.

Covered as they are with glory,

Let them molder into dust,

Emblematic of their story,

Emblematic of our trust.

Let those braves who charged upon them,

Men who met us in the fight;

They who by their valor won them,

Let them keep them—theirs by right.

Let them keep them, torn and tattered,

Tokens of the tears they cost,

Symbols of a people scattered,

Emblems of the cause they lost.

Emblems of a people dashing

Down the tide of time to die;

Meteorlike, in splendor flashing,

Flaming 'cross the Southern sky!

When before did such a nation,

Born alone of hopes and prayers,

Freely offer such libation,

Pouring out its blood and tears?

Not old Rome's heroic ages,

Not e'en Greece's grandest days,

Not the world's historic pages,

Furnish such a theme for praise.

Classic Greece yet tells the deeds of

Heroes of her land and sea;

Wondering, all the world now reads of

Raphael Semmes and Robert Lee.

Never marched men into battle,

Braver men with firmer tread,

Spite of all the roar and rattle,

Spite of dying and the dead.

Rest, ye warriors, from your labors;

Rest your banners worn to rags;

Sheathed forever are your sabers;

Furled forever be your flags.

Though in vain our brave endeavor,

Though our skies be overcast,

Appomattox meant "forever."

No repinings for the past.

Symbols of a grand oblation,

Keep those flags forever furled;

Emblems of a vanished nation,

Once the wonder of the world.

Haymarket, Va., July 4, 1887.

SEE REUNION SOUVENIRS.

See them in the windows each time you pass. Worth seeing, and seen here only in such array. Brodnax, Jeweler, Peabody Hotel Building, Memphis, Tenn.

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Dr. Hathaway's Serum Treatment Removes all Malignant Growth and Drives the Poison from the Blood and Lymphatic Fluids.

Cutting out Cancer does not cure it and cannot cure it. Dr. Hathaway's Serum Treatment does cure it. Cutting out Cancer simply removes the local, outward manifestation; Dr. Hathaway's Treatment kills the malignant germs of the Cancer, removes the poison from the blood and lymphatic fluid, and immunizes the system against future attacks.

Dr. Hathaway has treated Cancer successfully under this method over eight years; his experience, covering a large number of well-defined cases, has proven this terrible affliction to be perfectly curable IN EVERY CASE WHERE IT CAN BE REACHED BY THE SYRINGE. This includes all outward manifestations, such as the nose, face, head, mouth, lips, tongue, and breast, as well as all internal organs that can be reached direct. Besides, many internal Cancers that cannot be reached direct, may be reached and treated successfully through the agency of the lymphatic vessels and the blood.

Dr. Hathaway also treats, with the same guarantee of success, Ulcers, Sores, all manner of Blood Poisoning, and all chronic diseases of men and women.

Dr. Hathaway makes no charge for consultation or advice, either at his office or by mail. He will be glad to send free by mail his new book on Cancer and its cure to any address.

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As a special premium to yearly subscribers to the *Chronicle*, we will send, free of charge, one box of 12 "CUBAN HUSTLER CIGARS," clear Havana filler (the retail price of same is 10 cents each), made especially for this purpose, and we guarantee they are as good as, if not far superior to, the best 10-cent cigar made.

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REUNION OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY 28-30, 1901. REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On account of the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, Tenn., May 28-30, 1901, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to Memphis, Tenn., and return at very low rates. From points beyond a radius of 200 miles of Memphis, Tenn., tickets will be sold May 25, 26, and 27, 1901, and from points within a radius of 200 miles of Memphis, Tenn., tickets will be sold May 27, 28, 29, and 30, 1901. All tickets limited to return until June 4, 1901. By depositing tickets with the joint agent at Memphis between May 28 and June 3, 1901, and on payment of a fee of fifty cents an extension of the final limit to June 19, 1901, will be granted on tickets sold from points beyond a radius of 200 miles of Memphis.

Schedule and sleeping car arrangements offered by the Southern Railway are unexcelled, and those contemplating a trip to Memphis should communicate with nearest Southern Railway ticket agent for additional information, etc.

GET CHOICEST SOUVENIRS.

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OLD ROOFS MADE GOOD AS NEW.

If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof, paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan. One coat is enough; no skill required; costs little, goes far, and lasts long. Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs. Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted. Allen Anti-Rust Mfg. Co., 413 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 268, Detroit, Mich.

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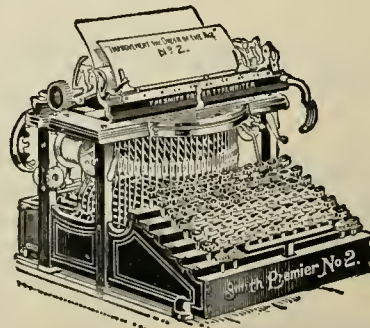
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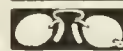
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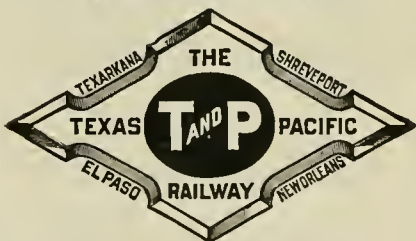
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378

OCEANIA.

HAWAII. Ha-wi'-e.

Historical.—Islands visited by Spaniards 1542; rediscovered by Cook 1778, and named Sandwich Islands in honor of the then first lord of the admiralty; during second visit, 1779, Cook murdered by the natives. Trade with natives established by fur traders from America en route to China 1786. Islands united into a kingdom under Kamehameha I, 1791. Idolatry abolished 1819. American missionaries settled in islands 1820. First treaty with United States 1826; first constitution proclaimed 1810, more liberal one 1887; Reciprocity treaty, practically establishing free trade with United States, ratified 1875. Reigning queen deposed, provisional government formed 1893; Republic proclaimed July 4, 1894; annexed to United States 1898; Hawaii Territory created 1900.

Area. 6,770 square miles. Group practically comprises eight larger islands—the four smaller ones being mere rocks: Hawaii, 4,212 square miles; Maui, 560 square miles; Oahu, 640 square miles; Kauai, 290 square miles; Molokai, 270 square miles; Lanai, 150 square miles; Niihau, 97 square miles, and Kahoolawe, 63 square miles.

Physical Features.—Chain extends from northeast to southwest; islands mountainous and of volcanic formation—partly surrounded by reefs. Surface broken and diversified by many valleys and streams; Hawaii and Kauai, especially, well supplied with rivers. Most prominent physical features of group, volcanoes of Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet—quiescent—and Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet—still active—on Island of Hawaii; Kilauea, on same island, 16 miles south, largest active volcano in the world; circumference of its oval-shaped crater 9 miles; depth, 1,000 feet. Mountains on other islands range from 4,000 to 5,000 feet; extinct craters abound clothed with luxuriant vegetation.

Climate of all healthful and equable; within the tropics, but lying in mid-ocean with prevailing winds northeast trades, perpetual summer without enervating heat; extreme heat and cases of sunstroke unknown. Temperature varies according to elevation and position; mean average, 71.5 deg.; highest, 89 deg.; lowest, 54 deg.; average daily range at Honolulu, 11 deg. Rainfall abundant; annual average on windward side, 176.82 inches; on leeward side, 51.21 inches. Islands lie outside cyclone belt; severe storms accompanied by thunder and lightning rare.

Forest.—Higher elevations of mountains covered with dense forests, especially windward slopes. Excellent ship timber and many ornamental woods abound. Among indigenous plants are coconuts, banana, plantain, candlenut, and pandanus, cordyline and other palms, and taro, a succulent root from which *poi* is made—formerly the staple food of the natives, still generally used.

Agriculture.—Climate and soil favorable to cultivation of nearly all products common to tropics and temperate zone. Soil highly productive; cultivable lands mostly confined to valleys and belt of land near shores; uplands better adapted to grazing. On principal agricultural islands—Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, and Kauai—vegetation luxuriant. Cultivation of sugar and rice leading industries. Sugar the staple product for 35 years; plantations, 1897, employed 24,533 laborers, including 1,497 Hawaiians—native laborers preferred, but number constantly decreasing—12,163 Japanese, 8,111 Chinese, 2,218 Portuguese; during year, 524,138,222 pounds of sugar and 33,770 gallons of molasses were produced. Rice extensively cultivated; yields two crops yearly; grows only on marshy land, successful culture has been entirely dependent upon Chinese labor; upland rice, however, has been introduced; rice exports, 1897, 5,499,490 pounds. Coffee industry next in importance to sugar and rice; plantations rapidly increasing in number and extent; exports increased from 118,733 pounds in 1895 to 371,153 pounds in 1897. Pineapples and bananas produced and largely exported. Pineapple culture a profitable pursuit; number exported, 1895, 65,213; 1897, 149,515; bananas, 75,835 bunches. Limes, oranges, and many other tropical fruits flourish. Guava and cape gooseberry grow wild. Corn, wheat, potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds thrive.

Live Stock.—Cattle and other European domestic animals introduced by Vancouver and succeeding navigators. On Hawaii, herds of wild cattle roam the mountain forests; hunted chiefly for their horns and hides, articles of export. Cattle, sheep, goats, and hogs are raised.

NOTE.—This is one-half of the descriptive matter pertaining to Hawaii. Each map is treated as fully.

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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.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1901.

No. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

THE FORREST MONUMENT.

BY MRS. LATHAM.

Few readers whose eyes fall on the attractive headlines that herald an enterprise to be set in motion, a monument to be unveiled, or a corner stone to be laid, seldom look back of the mere statement to the unswerving tirelessness of the leading mind and heart—the mainspring—that made such an event possible.



MISS BESSIE DRAPER, SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH, U. C. V.

Hence, upon a perusal of Gen. Gordon's circular letter, relative to the programme for Forrest Day at the Memphis Reunion, when the corner stone for the great equestrian monument will be laid, the reader does not realize that loving and loyal women have bent every energy to make this consummation an actuality.

Foremost among these faithful workers, Mrs. T. J. Latham, President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., has always been found. Her reelection at the State Convention on May 14 is a proof that she is a woman who is faithful in the discharge of duty. She is justly beloved by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and has the esteem and confidence of the Sons of Veterans, who are ever eager to lend her a helping hand. In the *Commercial Appeal* of recent date Mr. Michael Conalley heaps unstinted praise upon this rare woman, who "possesses an enthusiasm that fires all about her and melts all obstacles. She has undertaken a task which is Herculean, but she is fully competent to cope with it." The *Catholic Journal*, of Memphis, in a brilliant editorial, refers to Mrs. Latham as one of the most learned and efficient women of Memphis, whose heart and soul are devoted to the memories of the gallant heroes who fell bravely fighting for the South-



MISS ALICE CASTLEMAN, SPONSOR IN CHIEF FOR U. S. C. V.

land's honor. Back of Mrs. Latham's work we must look to the brave spirit whose beauty inspired such enthusiasm, and every visitor at the Reunion will enter reverently upon the day which is to be adorned by the sacred name of "Forrest."



MRS. M. H. LATHAM, MEMPHIS.

Mrs. Latham said of herself: "I am not a poetess; I am not a parliamentarian; I am not an orator; but I am strong for the Forrest monument."

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT THE NORTH.

It has often been said that half of the world does not know what the other half is doing; and it is a pity, a great pity, that all of the world does not know every day of the active, noble work that women are doing, through intelligently organized channels, for the preservation of lofty ideals and holy sentiments in this hurry-scurry world of ever-increasing commercialism.

Mrs. William J. Behan, the loyal, wide-awake President of the Confederate Memorial Associations of the South, sends full evidence of her untiring efforts that the bodies of the Confederate dead shall be properly revered, and the *VETERAN* publishes parts of her letter to Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, dated March 14, 1901, together with other correspondence, in order that veterans and sympathizers may know how the Memorial Association will not allow the sacred dust of the brave defenders of their hearths and homes to remain as "unclaimed dead" in any part of this wide land. Mrs. Behan tells Mr. Herbert that she deems it her duty to correct statements made by him in his letter to Mrs. Ockenden, Secretary of the Ladies' Memorial

Association, which was published in the *Montgomery Advertiser* of February 27, 1901, in answer to that lady's question as to whether the government would forbid the erection of a monument to the ex-Confederates at Arlington, and to which he evasively replied: "The plans of the grounds are very beautiful, and I cannot imagine where the idea originated that no monument is to be allowed." In order that he may be enlightened, she furnishes him with a copy of resolutions passed by Ellis Post, No. 6, G. A. R., and with a letter from Gen. Ludington. They are as follows:

Whereas certain ladies in Germantown, Philadelphia, are agitating the project of petitioning the War Department for permission to erect a monument to the Confederate dead in the National Cemetery at Germantown; and whereas we believe the national cemeteries should be preserved exclusively as memorials for those who lost their lives in defense of their country; therefore,

Resolved, That Post 6, Grand Army of the Republic of Germantown, enter an earnest protest against the project above named, because, while some may believe it proper to erect monuments to the memory of those who lost their lives in an unparalleled effort to destroy the Union, yet those who sympathize with the cause which cost so much in blood and treasure should select a more suitable place for such monuments than the spot where lie the bodies of hundreds of Union soldiers who gave their lives in support of one flag and one country.

Because the national cemeteries are sacred to the dead soldiers of the republic, there at least should be preserved not only the memory of the soldier who fought, but of the cause for which he died. No flag should be allowed to fly there except the flag of the Union, and no monuments or inscriptions permitted which are not in honor of that flag and its defenders.

Because the national cemeteries are sacred to the dead soldiers those Germantown ladies, work serious injury to the country by needlessly stirring up the dying embers of sectional strife. No Union soldier would think of asking permission to erect national monuments in the cemeteries set apart for the Confederate dead. The war of the rebellion is over; the Southern people who engaged in it have been forgiven; the flag is the flag of all, and the country is the country of all; yet thinking people cannot forget that the Confederate soldiers fought to destroy the republic, and that our country and its flag were preserved only by those who fought for the Union from 1861 to 1865. For these reasons we protest.

Gen. A. M. Ludington, Quartermaster General, wrote Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., August 4, 1900:

Madam: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication of the 24th ult., addressed to the President, requesting that permission be granted for the erection in the Philadelphia (Pa.) National Cemetery of a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead buried there. In reply thereto you are respectfully informed that in the case of a similar request by Hon. John Lamb, M. C., Third District of Virginia, for permission to erect a granite shaft to the memory of Confederate dead buried at Elmira, N. Y. (Woodlawn National Cemetery), and Point Lookout, Md., Fort Delaware, Del. (Finns Point, N. J., National Cemetery), the Secretary of War, under date of June 8, 1900, replied as follows: "Replying thereto, I beg to say that, it being understood that the ground on which it is proposed to erect the monuments belongs to the United States, and is a part of the national cemeteries at the places mentioned, it is thought by this Department that Con-

gress alone can grant the permission requested." In view of the above, permission for the erection of a monument in the Philadelphia National Cemetery cannot be granted by this Department.

Mrs. Behan further says in that letter :

Let me call your attention also to the fact that when President McKinley uttered those beautiful and fraternal sentiments at Atlanta, which have done so much toward uniting the people of the two sections of this great country, he was thinking of the dead Confederates, the men who sacrificed life itself on the altar of duty. He did not propose that the government should provide a future burial place for living ex-Confederates. I mention this point, as I have learned from good authority that it is the intention of the members of the Rouss Camp to make this spot in Arlington the future burial place of members of their camp who die in Washington, D. C. The women of the South are not lacking in appreciation of this beautiful and friendly offer on the part of Congress. On the contrary we have been deeply touched by it, but the old sentiment that animated us in the dark days of 1865-66, when we organized our associations for the purpose of bringing back our martyred dead, still lives, and is as strong to-day as when we took upon

ourselves this life work, which called forth from the heart of the poet priest of the South those immortal lines :

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true.

Allow me to again call your attention to your letter. You say: "In the first place, these ladies lack the means for removing and reinterring the dead properly." This indeed is news to us. In our petition for the removal of these remains, addressed to Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of War, it was plainly stated that the Southern Memorial Association did not ask for any part of the appropriation; we simply requested permission to remove our dead from in and around Washington to their respective States.

The women of the South commenced collecting funds in 1897 for the erection of appropriate monuments to the memory of the Confederate dead wherever buried, thinking it wiser to do so than to remove them. When it was learned, however, that no monument could be erected to Confederate soldiers in national cemeteries, except by special act of Congress, it was then decided to reserve this fund for the Confederate prison dead, whenever deemed necessary and practicable. In speaking of the monument, at Chicago



MIRONETTE HUTTON,
Sponsor for Pacific Div.

IDA GENTRY PHILLIPS,
Sponsor for Cal. Brigade, Pacific Div.

ELIZABETH KATHERINE TEAGUE,
Sponsor for South Carolina.

ORA MOSS MARTIN,
Sponsor for W. Va.
CORINNE ABERCROMBIE,
Sponsor for Texas, U. C. V.

ELIZABETH WITTICH,
Sponsor for Fla.

ALLIE MATTHEWS,
Sponsor for Oklahoma.

LUCY BRENT ARNOLD,
Sponsor for Kentucky.

you ask: "Would we be willing to tear down that monument and remove our dead?" No, a thousand times no. Far be it from us to disturb the dead who have been thus honored by friend and foe alike. All honor to Col. William Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, who was instrumental in having this monument erected. In your opinion it would be a thousand pities if the Confederate Memorial Associations should take any action which would even seem to have as its purpose the interference with the carrying out of this act of Congress. Here again we differ. We claim that before asking for this appropriation it would have been more courteous if the parties who were so active in securing its passage had consulted the wishes of the veterans of these different Southern States. Did the Rouss Camp have a right to say where the dead of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, or those of the other Southern States should be buried? Since they have taken this matter in their own hands, have not the people of these States the right to protest and interfere, to prevent such action? We have taken action and have entered our solemn protest. While in Washington I consulted Hon. Elihu Root, Gen. Ludington, and Col. Patton, and found these gentlemen favorably disposed to our request. Gen. Ludington said: "We thought this a beautiful idea to have the Confederate dead cared for by the government, for it would cement more firmly the ties of friendship that should exist between the people of the North and South. Still I must and do appreciate and admire the sentiments which prompt this request; and were it in my power, I would give you not only the remains but the appropriation also." I cannot understand how the request can be refused in the face of the numerous letters from the people of the South, which are intrusted to Gen. Ludington to be submitted to the Secretary of War. When the people of Virginia consulted Gen. Robert E. Lee as to the propriety of removing the Confederate dead from Gettysburg his reply was: "If the people of the States are ready to receive these remains, it is but right and proper that they should be returned there for final interment, and it would be a source of gratification to the people of the States to be thus able to care for their dead."

Mrs. Behan then refers to the P. S. of Mr. Herbert's letter, which deals with the erroneous statement, believed by Mr. Herbert, that the graves of one hundred Confederate dead in a Terre Haute cemetery would soon be sold in town lots. She tells Mr. Herbert that she has looked into the matter, and finds that there were but fourteen Confederate soldiers buried in Terre Haute, and that these were cared for and would remain in the cemetery while time lasted.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans

General Order No. 12, U. S. C. V., states that arrangements have been completed for our Sixth Annual Reunion at Memphis, May 28, 29, 30. They will hold their meeting in the Auditorium, Main and Linden Streets.

On Tuesday, May 28, the meeting will be called to order by Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, Commandant of

Camp N. B. Forrest, No. 215, U. S. C. V., of Memphis. There will be an invocation by the Chaplain General, Carter Helm Jones, of Louisville, Ky., when the Convention Brigade Commander, R. Leedy Matthews, of Memphis, will turn the Convention over to the Division Commander of Tennessee, James J. Bean, of Lynchburg, and then the Division Commander of the



BISCOE HINDMAN, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. S. C. N.

Tennessee Department, George B. Myers, of Holly Springs, Miss., will formally transfer it to the Commander in Chief, Biscoe Hindman, of Louisville, Ky., who accepts the hall and assumes charge of the Convention.

The address of welcome will be made by Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, and responded to by Assistant Judge Advocate General Robert Worth Bingham, of Louisville.

Sponsors, Maids of Honor, and visitors will join in the songs.

The Adjutant General and Chief of Staff will call the roll of general officers and of the camps.

The Committee on Credentials will consist of one delegate from each division.

Business will be resumed in the afternoon, when reports of the staff officers will be read, which will be followed by reports of the Historical Committee, William F. Jones, Chairman; Relief Committee, Robert G. Pillow, Chairman; Monumental Committee, D. A. Spivey, Chairman; Finance Committee, W. H. Langford, Chairman; Women's Memorial Committee, James Mann, Chairman; Constitutional Committee, Walter T. Colquitt, Chairman. The general business of the organization will follow.

An efficient programme has been made for the three days of the Convention. The VETERAN expects to report the largest list of Camps in the history of the Association.



ANNIE D. MAULL,
Sponsor for Camp 526, Grand View, Ala.

MISS ALBERTA HYER, PENSACOLA, FLA.,
Chief Maid of Honor Fla. Division, U. C. V.

ANNIE NORWOOD, GREENVILLE, S. C.,
Maid of Honor S. C. Div., U. C. V.

COL. W. M. McCONNELL, FORT WORTH, TEX.—The appointment of W. M. McConnell as Colonel and Aid-de-Camp on the staff of the Major General Commanding, Forrest's Cavalry Corps, is announced. Our modest comrade writes that this order has been issued more as a compliment to Henderson's Scouts than to him personally. Maj. Charles W. Anderson says: "No set of men ever rendered better service to the Confederacy than Capt. Henderson and his company of brave and efficient scouts."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL SOCIETY OF MISSOURI.—A meeting of the Confederate Memorial Society of Missouri was held on the afternoon of April 29 at the residence of Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant, President of the Association. Mrs. J. N. Edwards, of Jefferson City, Mo., is Secretary, and Mrs. McGowan, of Nevada, Mo., Treasurer. At the meeting the members decided to place a memorial window in the Bransford Church at Petersburg, Va., where five thousand Confederate dead are buried, among them many Missourians. The window will be the gift of the State of Missouri. About fifty of the most representative women of St. Louis were present at the meeting.

On April 9, 10, and 11 the ladies of Charlotte, N. C., held a bazaar for the purpose of raising money to assist the Confederate Veterans in their efforts to relieve unfortunate comrades and widows of Confederates. The result was a remarkable success, a neat sum of \$1,250 being realized. Comrade Leon writes

of the work of these good ladies, and says: "God bless them! . . . We have a strong bank to draw from, the bond of love our Southern women have for the ranks of the gray." Mrs. Stonewall Jackson was in attendance, and gave a tie belonging to the noble General, which was cut in small pieces and sold.

Miss Mary F. Meares, Wilmington, N. C., Corresponding Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, received the following letter from the Secretary of the Board of Women Managers of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, in reference to the invitation extended the Daughters to hold their next convention there:

"Mrs. William Hamlin, President of the Board of Managers of the Pan-American Exposition, requests me to express her regret that it did not seem advisable for the United Daughters of the Confederacy to hold its 1901 Convention in Buffalo. Mrs. Hamlin hopes, however, that many representatives of the Daughters of the Confederacy will be in Buffalo during the coming summer, and that they will give the Board of Women Managers of the Pan-American Exposition an opportunity to extend to them some courtesy. At the Woman's Building on the exposition grounds arrangements will be made for the registration of all club women visiting the Exposition, and Mrs. Hamlin will esteem it a great favor if you will, as soon as possible, spread this information among the members of your organization."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

Another greeting goes herein to the United Confederate Veterans. This ninth year of the VETERAN is of momentous concern. There is no diminution of interest in the great work in which it has been engaged, save by the death of thousands who read and approved it. Other thousands have taken the places of many of those heroes who have crossed over the river, so that the patronage has been sustained quite as fully as could have been expected. Of the large number of copies published, exceeding a million and a half, many thousands have been carefully preserved, largely in handsomely bound volumes. The record, therefore, will be preserved for centuries.

The responsibility of conducting the VETERAN in right spirit would depress its management but for the fact that in every sense it has ever been faithful to its sacred trust, and will follow that rule to the end.

In appeal for steadfastness and zeal to the great cause it has been so valiant in sustaining, it can hardly be out of place to remind all who have been personally favored by the record made of their services, by procuring information for others, and by placing in enduring form tributes to the dead of many homes, besides the large number who have been constant for the principles advocated, that they all individually do what they can to give it enduring strength. The issues appeal to each one for sincere resolve that he or she will perform the personal duty of diligence in sustaining it. In commending it to those who are not familiar, incalculable aid may be given. To those who would work for it the premiums are of so high a character that all who will aid by securing new subscriptions can procure gratis that which would cost much

money. Make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN first after the Book of books.

The bound volumes illustrated above are the property of Dr. R. A. Halley, one of the best-known men in Tennessee journalism, and who has been active for the past few years in building up its capital city. Dr. Halley has one of the most complete modern libraries in existence, and he is proud of his complete edition of the VETERAN to date.

It occurs in this connection to refer to the late Judge Sage, of Ohio, who, in procuring the complete edition, expressed with pride that it would ere long be the "most valuable book" in his library.

This VETERAN is put to press under unusual stringency. The engravings, many of which are held over, were not received in time. That of the Reunion building was prepared by L. M. Withers, the architect.

Notice is here given of several engravings in hand and pictures to be engraved where the names are lost. Those who have sent such will please write of them, giving description, etc.

In a recently published report of subscriptions to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund some erroneous impressions are being made. Some of the States and Camps of Veterans entertaining worthy pride complain at the report mentioned. For instance, Florida is credited with but a small sum, whereas the R. E. Lee Camp at Jacksonville paid \$500 through Gen. William Baya. That amount was credited in his name, and the sum is included in remittances by the general agent.

Various States in the South made remittances through S. A. Cunningham, who was agent at the time, and in his report and settlement the payments are all itemized. They were published. The list was published complete in the first issue of the VETERAN, January, 1893. The States should be credited with these amounts.

The ladies of the Mansfield (La.) Cemetery Association have undertaken to raise a fund to secure marble headstones to mark the graves of all the Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Mansfield, April 8, 1864. For many years the care of these graves has been to them a labor of love, and cordial response should be given to their appeal in behalf of this noble work. Address Mrs. W. P. Sample, President Cemetery Association, Mansfield, La.

Mrs. W. P. Campbell, Watkinsville, Ga., asks for any information concerning Lieut. John R. North, who was reported killed. The last heard of him was at Crampton's Gap. His captain was killed, and he was acting as captain. He enlisted in Jackson County, Capt. Reynolds, in 1861. Howell Cobbs was his general. Mrs. Campbell thinks he was in the Sixteenth Georgia. She is desirous of finding out when he was killed and where buried.



A GRAND MOUNT OF MORGAN MEN.

James Montgomery, Elizabethtown, Ky.:

After Gen. John H. Morgan escaped from prison he ordered his men to rendezvous at Decatur, Ga., from which place he led them through South and North Carolina and Virginia into Kentucky by the way of Pound Gap, on, what we called, the Mount Sterling raid—every raid had a name, such as the Ohio raid, the Cynthiana raid, and Christmas raid through Elizabethtown. The greater portion of the men were dismounted, having escaped prison, and the purpose of this raid was to mount the men. Capt. Lawrence Jones was, at Pound Gap, ordered to take his advance guard, and by a different route reach Pineville, about nine miles from Lexington, on the Mount Sterling and Winchester pike; to tap the wires and send messages, and with blind pickets to intercept all the horses that would be run off by the march of the command on Mount Sterling and Winchester. We captured on that day about four hundred fine blooded blue grass horses, as that was the only kind the stockmen run off. They were turned into a ten-acre field, and the men while not on duty were testing them and exchanging, and when the advance guard left that evening it was the best mounted company the world ever saw. The men were detailed from the various commands for their intelligence and daring, and never braver knights reined nobler steeds.

J. O. Lea, City Treasurer, Charleston, S. C., is anxious to procure a list of the Confederate prisoners in Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, in January, 1863, and Fort Delaware, March or April of 1863.



JAMES M. ARNOLD, NEWPORT, KY.
Commander First Brigade, Kentucky Division, U. C. V.

W. P. Brown, Wynn, Ark., writes: "A Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized at Wynn, Ark., March 2, 1901, with forty-three members, Marion Cogdill Camp, No. 1316, named after Comrade Cogdill, who was a member of Company A, Fifth Arkansas Regiment. John Graham was elected captain. We expect to have others join, and will attend the reunion at Memphis fifty strong."



MISS MARY PORTER BRENT,
Chief Maid of Honor Ky. Division.

MISS LIZZETTE DICKSON,
Maid of Honor First Brigade, Ky. Division.

JESSIE TURNEY,
Sponsor for First Brigade, Ky. Division.

KATHERINE DESHA LUCAS,
Maid of Honor First Brigade, Ky. Division.

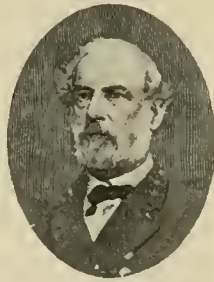
GEN. R. E. LEE.

In "The End of an Era" John S. Wise writes of Gen. Lee:

A few weeks ago I stood for the first time upon the steps of his beautiful Arlington. The Potomac of history and song rolled at my feet, and just across the river glittered a world city in its magnificence. As I gazed upon the panorama, with its cloud-capped shaft in honor of another, but not greater, patriot, in the foreground, I saw not the enemy's graves scattered thick around me, I thought only of him whose matchless and immortal spirit so dominated the scene as to eclipse all else. Beyond the massive columns of the portico I looked up at the windows and wondered from which one he had oftenest looked out upon this fairest picture in all the land. Then my thoughts traveled to that quiet retreat, far away from his lordly Arlington, where in supreme dignity and with a resignation little less than divine, he gave those last years to training the youth of his State—refusing the riches that England and his de-



MAIN STREET, MEMPHIS, OVER WHICH THERE IS AN ARCH NOW, BY COURTSQUARE.



voted South eagerly offered him. I turned away sad at heart, and yet with a thrill of pride and exaltation in the majesty of the man who had counted this regal estate and the highest military honors of the other side as nothing when duty was in the balance.

It is impossible to speak of Gen. Lee without seeming to deal in hyperbole. Above the ordinary size, his proportions were perfect. His features are too well known to need description, but no representation of Gen. Lee which I have ever seen properly conveys the light and softness of his eye, the tenderness and intellectuality of his mouth, or the indescribable refinement of his face. I have seen all the great men of our times, except Mr. Lincoln, and have no hesitation in

saying that Robert E. Lee was incomparably the greatest-looking man I ever saw. Every man in his army believed that he was the greatest man alive. Their faith in him alone kept that army together during the last six months of its existence. Whatever greatness was accorded to him was not of his own seeking. He was less of an actor than any man I ever saw. But the impression made by his presence and by his leadership upon all who came in contact with him can be described



THE RIVER WHARF AT MEMPHIS, NEAR THE REUNION HALL.



U. S. POST OFFICE, MEMPHIS, FACING MADISON STREET.

by no other term than that of grandeur. When I have stood at evening and watched the great clouds banked in the west, and tinged by evening sunlight; when on the Western plains I have looked at the peaks of the Rocky Mountains outlined against the sky; when, in midocean, I have seen the limitless waters encircling us, unbounded

save by the infinite horizon—the grandeur, the vastness of these have invariably suggested thoughts of Gen. Robert E. Lee. . . . When he said that the career of the Confederacy was ended; that the hope of an independent government must be abandoned; that all had been done which mortals could accomplish against the



THIS HOTEL IS NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

power of overwhelming numbers and resources; and that the duty of the future was to abandon the dream of a Confederacy and to render a new and cheerful allegiance to a reunited government—his utterances were accepted as true as Holy Writ. No other human being upon earth, no other earthly power, could have compelled such prompt acceptance of that final and irreversible judgment.

Of Gen. Lee's military greatness, absolute or relative, I shall not speak; of his moral greatness I need not. . . . The man who could so stamp his impress upon his nation, rendering all others insignificant beside him, and yet die without an enemy; the soldier who could make love for his person a substitute for pay and clothing and food, and could by the constraint of that love hold together a naked, starving band, and transform it into a fighting army; the heart which, after the failure of its great endeavor, could break in silence and die without the utterance of one word of bitterness—such a man, such a soldier, such a heart must have been great indeed, great beyond the power of eulogy.

MRS. M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN'S BOOK.

Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, of Mobile, Ala., is the latest Southern writer to claim the attention of the literary world by her strong and dramatic story of the civil war. "John Gildart" is the title of Mrs. Ruffin's delicate tracery of lofty ideals, pure affection, and self-sacrificing valor. The atmosphere of the tender pastoral is redolent with the fragrance of the eternal mountains, on whose breast it seems to have been inspired, and against whose solemn grandeur she places

ideas of carnage behind an artistically wrought veil of suggestion.

Mrs. Ruffin resides in Mobile, and is the wife of Mr. F. G. Ruffin, of Virginia. She was educated at the famous academy of St. Joseph, at Emmitsburg, Md., and enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few women who were actual "blockade runners," though her experience was at so early an age that she cannot recall it. "John Gildart" is published by William H. Young & Company, New York, and R. and T. Washbourne, London. It is artistically bound and illustrated.



MRS. M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN,
Mobile, Ala.



MRS. WM. B. LAWRENCE,
Batesville, Ark., Chap. for Ark. Div.

the sweet picture of Acadian-like purity, simplicity, and content, followed by a dramatic and significant shifting of scene, which carries the reader out of the mountains into the valleys—the mountains and valleys of Virginia.

John Gildart is a lofty creation, and Mrs. Ruffin's masterly handling of his great struggle between love of home and country is worthy of highest commendation. She depicts the beauty of a voluntary act and the awful demands of war, while with infinite skill she proves herself the true idealist in delicately hiding the



EFFIE BARROW, MISS FAY TAYLOR,
Maid of Honor, Second Brigade, Ark. Sponsor for Second Brigade, Ark.

J. W. Willingham, Pilot Oak, Ky.: "Last March I was appointed on a committee to see after the graves of Confederates buried at Camp Beauregard the latter part of 1861 and 1862 while camped there. This camp was near the Mayfield and Feliciana road, two miles north of Feliciana in the southwest part of Graves County, Ky., and a half mile east of the Paducah and Memphis (now Illinois Central) railroad. I found about eighty-five graves out in the open woods on the public road, and about three hundred at the graveyard. Who can tell me of what command were the men buried near the road? I understand the eighty-five were all of one regiment. I should also like to know the regiment of those buried in the graveyard. Of those in the graveyard, some were Alabamians, some Missourians, and others from Arkansas. I enlisted at Jackson, Tenn., in May, 1861, in the Twelfth Tennessee. After the battle of Shiloh we reorganized at Corinth, Miss., and I was put in the Third Kentucky Regiment, and surrendered to Gen. Canby at Canton, Miss., in June, 1865."

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR.

Mrs. Phœbe Frazer Edmonds gives thrilling reminiscences of the war for Southern independence :

By request and a promise that I would try, I am now seated to write a paper to be read at a meeting of the Ladies' Memorial Association. I was not chosen to write this first paper because my intellectual attainments are more brilliant than my associates in this honored membership, or that my "stories of the war" will be more thrilling or pathetic than thousands of others. But time, the great meter of days, months, and years, has patiently waited upon me, until custom, from immemorial ages, says: "A crown of dignity and veneration can now be placed upon her head, and the jewel is old age." Ladies, the inevitable is accepted as gracefully and thankfully as circumstances will admit. Could the beauty and fragrance of fresh flowers twine about this crown, as once in the springtime of life, it would be more attractive, and could be carried more lightly. This can be no more. The flowers have withered, and the fragrance scattered through the storms of many winters and the blight of many seasons, yet I can see the rainbow behind the clouds, and this Memorial Association will continue to gather clusters of sweet memories that will prove immortelles to the coming race, of truth and justice to man, and a halo to the love, suffering, and sacrifice of women. Pardon so long a digression, though I believe this is one of the few privileges awarded to the wearer of the crown of old age.

Let me set myself right before you. For generations a true Southerner bred and born, I was none the less a true patriot. It is "of my country" I shall now speak. The possibility of disunion, a separation of the States never even haunted a midnight dream, and when a few States had declared secession in December and January of 1861 I looked upon it somewhat as boys when they play brag; yet the daring precedent pained me as though portions of vitality were being torn from

my body. If there had been a call, my life would have been freely offered to save the union, to calm the troubled waters. We were looking for a visit from my eldest brother, Capt. John W. Frazer, U. S. A., who had been in the far West for four years, engaged in surveying military roads, building forts, and teaching the free savage. After four years' continued service an officer could claim a six months' leave of absence. This my brother had obtained, and shipped from Washington Territory, by way of the Isthmus, to Washington City, to report at headquarters.

We must not forget that there were no steamships on the Pacific then, and when he left, November 1, he regarded us as an undivided people.

The election had not come off, and a pessimist would expect the people to choose the right man from the four candidates running with so much ardor, to save the Union and preserve peace. This voyage consumed two months. On his arrival at Washington several States had severed their allegiance to the "stars and stripes." The red hand of war was written in the clouds, and he hastened to his mother's home in Memphis, not with the smiles of joy and hope he thought to bring us; neither could we lift our eyes to him without tears of sorrow and apprehension. In a few days all resolutions and preparations were made to take the road to Montgomery, Ala., at which place had just been established the capital of the Confederate States of America, and Jefferson Davis proclaimed President. My brother loved and revered his sister Phœbe, for he knew she loved the very sash that bound him, and he invited her to go with him and be with him when he laid down his arms to one government and took up arms again for another.

Again we must be reminded that locomotion in the sixties was limited, save to the service of our beautiful horses. There was only one railroad going out from our city, the newly constructed Memphis and Charleston, which intersected the Mobile and Ohio at Corinth. Arriving at Corinth, we found we had just missed the down going train, and here at the little hotel we had an opportunity to cultivate patience for twenty-four hours. It was whispered that a collusion of this kind was frequent between the railroad officials and the master of the hotel. Arrived at Mobile, we located in the famous old Battle House. Here we found great activity and enthusiasm, all rejoicing in the newness of a new republic. From Mobile to Montgomery a steamer was the only conveyance, but we found that this was restful. Reaching Montgomery, my brother and I were received and welcomed by all, as if we had been invited and expected guests. We were rushed to headquarters (the hotel of the President and his cabinet). Soon after the registering of our names the ledger was examined by many inquisitive eyes. Among them one, whom I shall freely sketch, ere the darkness comes and the lights are blown out, a future major general, Col. I. Patton Anderson, a temporary member of the present cabinet. He recognized us at once, and installed himself our cicerone. He had us placed at the table of the President and the chiefs of the new Confederate States of America, himself seated on my right and Mr. Davis at the head of the table—the almost idolized man. Toombs, Cobb, Yancey, and a host of other lights were on either side, blazing with electric sparks of wit and humor, sharing the brilliancy



MRS. PHOEBE FRAZER EDMONDS.

of the gorgeous chandeliers overhead. Shall I confess it? This was the most triumphant hour of my life, far more prized than to have moved in the pageants of royalty; for here were statesmen, poets, citizens, clashing their intellectual swords with each other—sparkling coruscations falling like scintillations from the distant stars. They were resting from their labors, for each day found them assembled in grave conclave within congress halls, preparing to handle weapons of heavy steel in bloody conflicts on battlefields; contending for the right of their homes and firesides, the liberty of establishing a new empire and a government stripped of entanglements. In truth, I do not believe that one in ten thought a drop of blood would be spilled to accomplish this ideal—"Southern independence."

Events moved rapidly in those hours of a new life. Heroes and heroines were born in a day, sprang into existence unsummoned, without promise of reward or renown, but impelled by the noblest sentiments of humanity, duty, and obligation, and often in the face of death.

Our friend, Patton Anderson, the leader of the first regiment sent from Florida, was created a major general of the Confederate States of America, the highest rank then of the service, and never did honor fall upon a nobler man or a truer friend. The sequel I leave to history and his honored comrades, concluding with these beautiful lines:

"Gone like a meteor through the cloudless skies,
The hopes with which we fought the stubborn fray;
Gone like the music when the singer dies,
The fancies that beguiled us for a day."

Camp Patton Anderson, U. C. V., Monticello, Fla., cherishes the memory of his lovely character and achievements, and in our own Elmwood his body sleeps quietly, waiting for the reveille of the resurrection morn.

All history has its "landmarks"—some are recorded, some forgotten. Ere it be too late, allow me to record one. Near by we have a town, almost out of sight and out of mind to our hustling, bustling city of a hundred thousand population. Hernando, Miss., has been in an eclipse since the epidemics of 1878 and 1879. I propose to make a rift in this dark curtain, and tell you of some of the early days and the men who lived there and became famous. Memphis captured many of them, both before the war and since. Among these, I may mention the Dockerys, McKays, Col. Tom White's children, the Humphreys, the children of the poetess Estelle, whose verses were once famous in the local papers of Memphis. My brother Charles transferred his boyhood shingle, "Attorney at Law," from Hernando to Memphis in 1857. Later on came Bedford Forrest, Gen. Patton Anderson, and his martyr brother, Butler Anderson, sacrificed to the cause of humanity in 1878.

Now let us take one glimpse at Hernando during the years from 1846 to 1860, when I knew it in its glory. Most of the leading citizens were the children of old-time Kentuckians from the veritable blue grass section. They brought with them all the fire and mental activities of historic fame. This element was diversified by a few choice spirits from Virginia, the old North State, and Tennessee, with a large sprinkling of Georgians. Society was unique and charming. The

county teemed in large landed estates, where negroes and cotton expressed the wealth of the landlords. During this *gaieté de coeur* there came a call for volunteers. The Mexican war had been the exciting theme, the first trumpet of the war god this generation ever heard. Patriotism was no subdivided word then. Mississippi, ever proud and foremost in deeds of daring, answered the call at once. The hero of the Monticello Camp, Florida, U. C. V., was then in the glory and beauty of early manhood, and with his in-



MISS ROSALIE E. ELCAN,
Sponsor for Second Brigade, First Division Forrest Cavalry; Daughter of
Maj. A. L. Elcan, of Memphis.

herited love of military tactics he seized upon the opportunity of gratifying his inheritance. In a few days the youth and chivalry of De Soto County, Miss., were gathered at his call, and their champion and leader was unanimously chosen captain to lead them. His law books were laid upon the shelf, his knapsack packed. Mothers, sisters, sweethearts were suddenly awakened from dreams of repose and love to an un contemplated epoch in their lives. The resolution once taken, pleading voices and tearful eyes could not dissuade or dampen enthusiasm. So, womanlike, each one strove to freight the parting hour with smiles, and by souvenirs worked by deft and gentle fingers. A banquet was spread, and friends and kinsmen from far and near were invited; and a beautiful silk banner was unfurled for the first time, with presentation and acceptance made in due form. Our village assemblies were broken up, the spirit that animated them had departed, gone to bivouac in the tented fields of far-off Mexico.

Another, who is now resting in our own sacred Elmwood, a name whose echo circles the globe, Bedford Forrest, after the tempestuous storms and victories of four years' conflict, settled down a quiet and progressive citizen of Memphis. He became a meek and humble Christian, a communicant of the Court Street Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He who commanded sits as a child at the foot of the cross, with his eagle eyes fading—fading, but fixedly upon the crown awaited him. He too was a citizen of Hernando for many years, with no thought of the future glory awaiting him.

When the cry of 1861, "To arms! to arms!" came, Hernando and De Soto County rose as one solid body; every man, woman, and child was offered at the shrine of freedom and independence. Scores of names might be recalled, but time will permit of only a very few. Hernando gave a distinguished physician, as surgeon in Southern hospitals, Dr. J. H. P. Westbrook. She gave a chaplain from her Episcopal Church, Rev. Mr. Goodloe; also children of Judge Monroe, Judge Wheat, and Judge Mayes; the Andersons, Dr. Temple, Col. Buckner—all of Kentucky. These leading spirits are now sleeping in silence; I alone am left, making this simple record that their memory may not forever pass away.

After the wreck of the war and the blight of the fever, her old citizens passed out and a new people walk her streets. After a very lengthy digression let

us return to Montgomery. My brother has received his discharge from the United States of America and acceptance by the Confederate States of America, and we are *en route* to New Orleans, down the same beautiful river to Mobile, thence by steamer to New Orleans. His commission was to open a recruiting office for Lee. Men came by scores to enlist. According to military rules, in the examinations, many had to be rejected as not competent physically. My brother said that these would sit down and sob like children because they had to return home. We were engaged in this exciting business for at least two months. Many of us were still hoping for an acceptable compromise, either to go in peace or come back into the Union. Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee were swinging in the balance. All hearts were centered upon Virginia—we knew she held the deciding weight.

We went upon some business one evening far up the river, and, resting the horses, sat down beneath the canopy of one of those huge oaks, when the booming of cannon filled the world around us. We knew this signal said: "Virginia has seceded." Each was wrapped in thought. Finally my brother said, brushing the tears from his cheek: "We cannot foresee the future; it may end well, but I think not. My location has been on Northern soil fourteen years; the first four at West Point, then from East to the far West. I am well acquainted with the spirit and temper of Northern minds, their financial and material ability;



MACKIE HARDISON,
Maid of Honor First Brigade, Cal.

ANNIE F. ADAMS,
Chief Maid of Honor, Pacific Division.
KATHARINE HOWELL, Maid of Honor, Ark.

LUTEOLA GIBBS,
Chief Maid of Honor, Texas Division.

the sympathies of European nations on the slave question; the unprepared condition of the South. I cannot but expect a long and disastrous conflict, with much suffering and loss, and a final humiliating defeat by overwhelming numbers. But we are in it, perhaps to the death. My life and honor are the sworn property of the South, and may each man do his best, while life last! Let us be going."

A PROPHETIC VISION REALIZED FOUR YEARS LATER.

A very successful mission of recruiting was accomplished both at New Orleans and Baton Rouge. My brother proceeded to Virginia, the seat of war, and I up the river on a steamer to Memphis. Tennessee had just followed the footsteps of the mother State, Virginia. I found the ladies, whom I immediately joined, busily and gayly at work on a silk banner for the State of Tennessee. On my arrival at Memphis the whole city was apparently a preparatory military camp, with marching and drilling and fife and drum. There were sewing assemblies, gathered from grandmother to granddaughter, making soldier clothes; concerts and tableaux at night to raise requisite funds; silk dresses and evening draperies brought out to make flags and scarfs. My mother's house was large, with many rooms. It took but few days after my return to have one of them opened as a sewing room. All the sewing machines in the neighborhood were pressed into service, and a general invitation sent out: "Come, help to equip a company just formed." Bolts of cloth were sent in, shears and scissors, needles and thimbles passed around. It was a merry but ambitious group. We were determined not to be behind any other people; that our men and boys should wear as fine clothes, and have as many pretty things and souvenirs, and hats and black plumes as fine as the "bluecoats" could show.

My dear brother Charles, when duty called, never stopped to talk about these minor details. His company and himself, captain, were already in camp. So we had the house to ourselves—my mother's full approbation given. It was wonderful to see the soft and delicate fingers handling the heavy, rough material; placing seams, finishing off button holes, collars, and waistbands—new, unheard of work to them. The adage, "Where there's a will, there will be a way," came in place here. I remember so distinctly one fair maiden seamstress. Her cheek was like the petal of a fresh rose, her eyes like dewdrops in the morning sun; her white hands had been accustomed to handle only silk floss and the embroidery stitch. She was not conscious of the deepening of the rose in her cheeks when the name of a certain captain was mentioned. There was a secret cause for this, not known to her company. On the departure of this captain an old-fashioned "declaration of love" was left for her to think about. He was tall and handsome, his raven-black hair slightly curling over his very white forehead, his eyes dark, full of vim and fire, his cheeks ruddy with health and strength, and his heart beating with the highest impulses of noble manhood. If our President, Mrs. C. W. Frazer, were present, she might recognize this picture and draw her veil over her face in disapproval; but as she is in New York, we shall make use of our freedom and say what we please.

I must find an ending to this long-drawn-out paper, and shall close with the battle of Manassas, as that was

the end of my high hopes to save the Union. July 21, 1861, as the sun was resting in clouds of silver lining, just west of our magnificent river, the air was filled with the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, and the shouts of our citizens. "Victory! victory! A great battle has been fought! We have routed the Federals—they are fleeing to Washington, leaving bag and baggage behind them!" After this came in a minor key the plaintive dirge, "Three thousand Americans lie dead upon the field." A sickness like unto death crept over me. Until this hour I could not, *would* not believe that Americans would take the blood of Americans in deadly hostility. I had persuaded myself that, when face to face in battle array, their hearts on either side would soften and yield to tender emotions and good sense; that they would ground their arms, the bugle would sound a truce, and the message would be: "This conflict shall not end in blood; there shall be a compromise; the South shall return to us, or go from us in peace." The next morning I arose a transformed being: I was a Rebel in every sense of the word. No more shall I sing, "My Country," but go to the extreme in doing, daring, suffering, dying for the Southland, Dixie, now and forever.

Ladies, accept my thanks for this long detention. As this is my first paper, so I expect it to be my last. I could not spare myself to say less. Receive it as my memorial to the Association, and let me entreat, entreat you to write down your experiences while it is called to-day, for "the night cometh, when no man can work." One more request: Induce your President to give you some of the thrilling scenes through which she passed during the four years she hovered near the outside of the soldiers' camp, or the prison walls of her husband at Johnson's Island.



WIFE OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

DARDEN'S MISSISSIPPI BATTERY.

James A. Turpin, L'Argent, La.:

An account in the VETERAN for January of the battle of Nashville induces this letter.

I belonged to Darden's Mississippi Battery referred to as having fought on Overton Hill to the left of the Nashville and Franklin pike, and supported by a brigade of Clayton's Division. My brother, White Turpin, was badly burned by the explosion of one of the two caissons referred to. He was removed to the house of Mrs. John H. Ewing, seven miles south of Nashville on the Franklin road, and two weeks later was taken to the hospital at Nashville by the Federals for safekeeping. There his wound was not properly treated. He died January 17, 1865, and is buried near the center of the old cemetery in Nashville.

My battalion of artillery was composed of Cowan's, of Vicksburg, Darden's, of Fayette, Miss., and Bouchaud's, of Pointe Coupee Parish, La. It was commanded at the battle of Nashville by Col. Samuel C. Williams, of Knoxville, Tenn. He was shot through the body, but rode on horseback on Hood's retreat from Nashville to Mississippi.

Having lost our guns at Nashville, our company was stationed at Selma, Ala., and put in charge of six guns there. We were in the battle of Selma, where

We were put in a stockade at Selma, and kept there eight days, then were taken out and marched toward Montgomery. The second night after we were out, I made my escape and rejoined my command at Meridian, it having joined Gen. Dick Taylor's forces there, they having just evacuated Mobile.

I joined Darden's Battery, better known as the Jefferson Artillery, at Tullahoma, Tenn., in January, 1863, having two brothers already in that command. I am a cousin of Gen. James Archer (a Marylander), who commanded a Tennessee Brigade, succeeding Gen. Hatton. My battery was attached to a Tennessee brigade commanded by Gen. Bushrod Johnson.

After the battle of Chickamauga we were ordered to Knoxville, Tenn., to join Gen. Longstreet to aid in the capture of Gen. Burnside, and while awaiting a train at Chickamauga station, the battle of Missionary Ridge having commenced, the order was countermanded. Our brigade had taken a train before us, so we were detached from it in this way. The brigade went to Virginia to reinforce Gen. Lee, and our battery was ordered to Selma, Ala., joining Gen. Forrest's command there.

John R. Windham, Stone, Ala., asks that some member of the Eighth Tennessee Regiment write of the part it took in the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, and would like to know whether the brave officer in command was killed or not. He says: "After our regiment left the temporary works to meet the enemy in the cedar thicket, just to the left of the Cowan House, the Eighth moved up and took our place. We were repulsed, and they moved down and met the enemy just back of the old Cowan House. Their commander, who was riding a small black horse, struck me as being the most fearless man I ever saw in battle, but all of his regiment proved heroes on that bloody field."

Mr. Windham evidently refers to Col. J. H. Anderson, who lives in Nashville. Time has dealt gently with him. True he is getting old, but when with "the boys" he commanded there is a bright sparkle in his old eye, and the warmth of young life returns to him.

Thomas Cranford, Caddo Mills, Tex., would be glad to hear from any two soldiers who served with him in Company B, Fifth South Carolina. By finding two witnesses he can secure a pension, and as he is nearing his seventieth year, a small pension would be most acceptable. The regiment was commanded by Col. Jenkins, and the company by Capt. Seabrook at first and later by Capt. Beckham.

Stan C. Harley, Gurdon, Ark., writes that Mrs. Esther S. Norman, of Smithton, Ark., would appreciate any information concerning her brother, Adoniram Judson Culp. He was a member of Company F, Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, Forrest's Corps. He was mortally wounded or killed at Lafayette, Ga., on June 24, 1864, in a skirmish in which the Confederates had to retreat. She would like to know what Federal troops were engaged that day. The information may be sent to her or to Mr. Harley.



MISS ADELAIDE ALLEN,

Sponsor for Tennessee Brigade. (Giers Photographer, Nashville.)

I and about twenty-two of my company were captured on the 2d of April, 1865, by Gen. Wilder's Brigade, and we who were manning the pieces of artillery on the Plantersville road were marched down the line to be fired upon by our own company, and but for an officer of Wilder's command, who ordered our captors to take us back to the rear, we would all have been killed by our own men. I have ever been grateful to this officer, but have never ascertained who he was. In this battle Bouchaud's Battery wounded Gen. Long, of Ohio.

FOURTH LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

SKETCH OF THE REGIMENT BY JOHN S. KENDALL.

Company B (the National Guards), Fourth Louisiana Volunteers, was formed in New Orleans in the early part of 1861, and was mustered into the Fourth Louisiana at Camp Moore on May 25. Its original officers were: Capt. Henry C. Rauhman and Lieuts. Charles Betz and C. Blum.

During the first siege of Vicksburg a reorganization was effected, and R. L. Pruyne became captain and David Devall lieutenant. Subsequently John I. Kendall was made the junior lieutenant. It is these three officers who are represented in the engraving given herewith. Capt. Pruyne and Lieut. Devall are still living, but Lieut. Kendall died in Mexico some two years ago. These three officers entered the Confederate service as privates in Company C (the Delta Rifles) of this Fourth Regiment—a company of which nearly every member rose to commissioned rank during the war.

Capt. Pruyne served as a member of the fife corps throughout the Mexican war. He was residing in Baton Rouge at the beginning of the civil war, and was among the first to respond to the call for troops issued by Henry Watkins Allen. He was present with the Delta Rifles during the occupation of the United States arsenal in Baton Rouge. He accompanied it thence to Camp Moore, near New Orleans, where the Fourth Regiment was organized, and was present with the command while it was on garrison duty at Brashier City. He distinguished himself at the battle of Shiloh, the first engagement in which the regiment took part, and was present during the first siege of Vicksburg, the battle of Baton Rouge, and the siege of Port Hudson. He successfully carried important messages from Gen. Gardner, the commandant at Port Hudson, to Gen. J. E. Johnston, risking his life in a series of daring passages through the enemy's lines. He was personally commended by both of these distinguished officers for his courage and address.

When Port Hudson capitulated Capt. Pruyne and a few other dauntless spirits, refusing to surrender, effected their escape by swimming down the Mississippi beyond the limits occupied by the Federals. Having served with the regiment on garrison duty in Mobile, he accompanied it to Georgia, but immediately after the battle of New Hope Church he was commissioned major, and returned to Louisiana, where he raised a battalion.

With the return of peace Capt. Pruyne returned to Baton Rouge, where he still continues to reside. He has been very successful as a building contractor.

Lieut. David Devall belongs to one of the best-known families in Louisiana. He enlisted in the Delta Rifles, which company was mustered into the Confederate service at Camp Moore, and was with it on garrison duty at Brashier, but after going with it to Tennessee to join Gen. A. S. Johnston at Corinth, and just previous to the battle of Shiloh, he was detached for duty in the quartermaster's department. He was with his regiment again during the first siege of Vicksburg, and was elected lieutenant of Company B (the National Guards) when Mr. Pruyne became captain. He performed conspicuous service in the brilliant engagement at Baton Rouge during August, 1862.

While Capt. Pruyne was stationed at Port Hudson, on detached duty during the siege, Lieut. Devall commanded the company through the siege of Jackson, Miss., and thence to Mobile, where it was in garrison for several months. The regiment was then ordered to Georgia, and joined the army just before the severe fight at New Hope Church. When Capt. Pruyne was again promoted, the command of the company devolved on Lieut. Devall, and he was commissioned as captain in May, 1864. During the campaigns in Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee he was under fire almost continuously for several months, engaging in the great battles of Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Ezra C. H., and Jonesboro, besides countless lesser engagements. At Jonesboro he was slightly wounded in the throat, but remained in the thick of the battle. He was present throughout the memorable campaign from Jonesboro to Nashville, sharing in the battles of Florence, Franklin, and Nashville. The day after the battle of Nashville the remnant of the regiment was surrounded in a fog by Federal cavalry and compelled to surrender. Capt. Devall was sent to Johnson's Island, and remained there till released after the war. He has since resided at Devall, in West Baton Rouge Parish, where he is interested in a large sugar plantation. He is married and has several sons and daughters.

Lieut. John I. Kendall was in his twentieth year when he enlisted in the Delta Rifles. His father, one of the leading citizens of Mississippi, disapproved of his action, and refused to exert his influence to obtain a commission for the young man. Nothing daunted, he was mustered into the Delta Rifles by Capt. Favrot while the company was stationed in Ocean Springs, in August, 1861. He was with the regiment at Brashier City, and served in the ranks throughout the Shiloh campaign. He was commended for courage in the attack on the Hornets' Nest, one of the most dra-



CAPT. PRUYNE, LIEUT. J. S. KENDALL, LIEUT. DAVID DEVAL. (From a photograph taken at Mobile in 1864.)

matic and terrible episodes in the battle of Shiloh. During the first siege of Vicksburg he was promoted corporal, and then first sergeant of Company B (the National Guards). After the battle of Baton Rouge he was promoted to be junior lieutenant in recognition of his courage in that engagement. He was then stationed at Port Hudson as aid to Brig. Gen. Quarles, while the army was shut up there, and went through all the perils of that siege. Lieut. Kendall was among the officers who volunteered for the river expedition that resulted in the capture of the Federal ironclad *Indianola*, one of the most daring exploits of the war—a small fleet of dilapidated wooden river steamers successfully encountering a large armored vessel armed with eleven-inch cannon.

After the surrender of Port Hudson, Lieut. Kendall and other captured officers were confined in the customhouse at New Orleans. He made his escape from this strongly guarded prison in a particularly daring manner, rejoined his command in Mobile, Ala., and accompanied it to Georgia in May, 1864. After the battle of New Hope Church, in which he took part, he was detached as acting assistant adjutant general to Gen. Quarles. He made such a good record in this position that he was transferred to the division staff, then under Maj. Gen. Canty. He participated in the battles of Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, and many smaller engagements. When Gen. Walthall relieved Gen. Canty in command of the division, he retained Lieut. Kendall as one of his aids.

After the desperate battle of Ezra C. H. the young officer was allowed to rejoin his company, and was with it in the battle of Jonesboro, where a ball carried away one of his shoulder straps, and a wounded soldier, to whom he was giving assistance, was killed in his arms. Another period of staff duty intervened, but after the engagement at Florence, Ala., he resumed his place in the line, and was with the company in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. In the last-named battle he was wounded in the shoulder and captured. He was sent with other officers to the military prison on Johnson's Island, where he remained till the close of hostilities.

After the war the youthful veteran studied law, but never practiced. He went into the railroad business, and in 1882 visited Mexico, where he resided with a few intermissions continuously thereafter. He died suddenly in October, 1898, at Mazatlan, in the state of Sinaloa, in that republic, and is buried in that city. He was married, and leaves three children.

The reader will gather from the foregoing biographical sketches an idea of the history of the Fourth Louisiana Regiment, of which the Delta Rifles and the National Guards formed a part. The regiment may be said to have evolved from the Delta Rifles, a company which had been some years in existence as a part of the Louisiana militia when the civil war began. This company (the Delta Rifles) was then under the command of Henry M. Favrot, and in its ranks were Henry Watkins Allen, Dudley Avery, and many others who subsequently rose to distinction. When it was apparent that war was inevitable, Allen obtained authority to recruit a regiment, and through his exertions a number of militia companies were assembled at Camp Moore, near New Orleans. To these were added the requisite number of newly

formed companies, and on May 25, 1861, Lieut. Pfifer mustered the regiment into the service. Robert I. Barrow was appointed colonel and Allen became the lieutenant colonel; but, owing to Col. Barrow's advanced age and physical disabilities, the actual command was soon relegated to the junior officer's capable hands.

The first service of the regiment was along the coast of the Mississippi Sound. The companies were scattered at the various towns, from Ocean Springs to Bay St. Louis. In the autumn of that year, however, they were reassembled and sent to Brashier City, La., where a camp of instruction was formed. Parts of the command were also kept on duty as garrisons in the neighboring forts. In February, 1862, the regiment was ordered to join Albert Sidney Johnston's army at Corinth. It served with singular brilliancy throughout the two days' fighting at Shiloh, and was one of the regiments that vainly tried to storm the Hornets' Nest. Col. Allen was wounded here, and the Delta Rifles lost five men killed. The regiment also took part in the skirmish at Ten-Mile Creek, and, after a period spent in camp at Corinth, was ordered to Edwards Station, Miss. While camped at this point the companies were detailed in rotation to work on the batteries being erected under Col. Allen's supervision at Vicksburg. Finally the entire command was added to the garrison there, and remained during the so-called first siege of the city.

The Fourth Louisiana formed part of Breckinridge's force sent to attack Baton Rouge, and in the fighting here Col. Allen was badly wounded, and many officers and men were killed and injured. The regiment fell back to the Comite river, but a few weeks later, the enemy having abandoned the city, was sent to Baton Rouge as a part of the garrison.

It was the first regiment to enter Port Hudson, and was for months assiduously employed in building the works at that point. In March A. C. Hunter was made colonel, Allen having been appointed brigadier general. On May 1, 1863, the regiment was sent northward to intercept Grierson's raiders, but, failing to do so, was diverted to Jackson, Miss., arriving just in time to share in the siege of that place. The regiment was sent to Enterprise, Miss., to intercept an advance of Federal cavalry, and accomplished this important duty by smart maneuvering and hard marching. It was thereupon ordered to Mobile, Ala., and was in garrison there till January 1, 1864, when it was dispatched to Dalton, Ga.; but after lying inactive in the trenches at that place for some weeks, exposed to intense cold, it was sent back to Mobile. In May, 1864, the regiment was sent to Marietta, Ga., and was detained immediately in order to reinforce the troops at New Hope Church, where a hot fight was in progress. It was next engaged at Kennesaw Mountain, where, in spite of a position on the right flank, high up on the hills, it lost several men killed and wounded.

On July 10, 1864, the Fourth Louisiana was transferred to Gen. Randall Gibson's Brigade, and remained under that gallant officer during the remainder of its existence. It was under fire toward the end of the battle of Peachtree Creek, July 20, and was hotly engaged for upward of twelve hours at Ezra C. H. on August 2. Two whole companies were captured by the Federals after desperate fighting before Atlanta

on August 5. At Jonesboro the regiment bore the brunt of the fighting, and was shot to pieces, only a handful surviving.

This condition of affairs led to the amalgamation of the Fourth and the Thirtieth Louisiana Regiments, under Col. Hunter. The consolidated command was of the first to enter Florence, Ala., after a sharp engagement with the Federals there. The sufferings which it endured during the great retreat through Alabama and the subsequent advance to Nashville cannot be estimated: severe cold, constant rain, roads knee-deep in mud, protracted marches, and miserable commissariat being some of the causes that contributed to their hardships. The regiment was in reserve at Franklin, but took an active part in the fighting at Nashville. On the day following the battle of Nashville the survivors were captured while on picket duty in a gap among the hills, three miles north of Franklin. A part of the command, however, was on detached duty elsewhere, and escaped this fate. This relic of the regiment was attached to the Sixteenth Louisiana from that time till January 12, 1865, when it was partially reorganized. On February 3, 1865, the gallant remnant arrived in New Orleans, and a few days later was among the valiant few who defended Spanish Fort in one of the very last actions in the war.

The exact losses of the Fourth Louisiana have never been accurately compiled. But from the battle of New Hope Church, May 27, 1864, to the end of the campaign in Tennessee, the killed and wounded numbered 233. The Fourth Louisiana went into this campaign with 360 officers and men, and the Thirtieth with 340 officers and men, a total of 700. When captured near Franklin the combined commands numbered 60 officers and men, of whom 40 belonged to the Fourth. At Jonesboro the Fourth lost 64 men killed and wounded out of 104 present for duty.

THOMAS B. BROWN—A REMARKABLE SOLDIER.

E. G. West, of the Thirty-Third United States Infantry, writes of Thomas B. Brown as a most remarkable soldier. He was born in Yazoo City, Miss., June 16, 1845. On February 12, 1861, he enlisted in the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment. For four years and one month he was in actual field service, taking part in two hundred and ten days of fighting and skirmishing. He was wounded three times: first at Malvern Hill, in the hip; next at Seven Pines, when a rifle ball came near causing his death by passing through his neck; but his third and most painful wound was at Chancellorsville, just at the close of the battle, when a portion of an exploding shell wounded him in the left forearm. After the war he returned to Mississippi, but soon a spirit of adventure induced him to enter the United States service; so in 1871 he joined Collins and McNally's Scouts. During the first year he served in New Mexico and Arizona against Indians and other outlaws. During this campaign against outlaws the Mexican government aided in capturing a band that were in the habit of stealing cattle and driving them into Mexico and bringing back other stock from Mexico. Our men chased them to the border and on seventy miles to the interior of Mexico in conjunction with Mexican soldiers. The outlaws here made a stand until finally captured. In that fight Brown fought under two flags.

Leaving the service in 1872, he again returned to Mississippi, where he remained until the trouble with Spain. During this period he had served twelve years as a deputy United States marshal. Returning home without the luxury of being in a battle, he continued to take an interest in such matters, and the growth of the Philippine trouble re-aroused him, and when another call for volunteers was made old man "Dad," as he is called, was accepted by the recruiting officer. Enlisting in Company A, Thirty-Third Infantry, U. S. V., he was at once sent to Luzon with the company, and had the satisfaction of taking part in several little scraps. A spell of sickness was followed by a partial loss of hearing, and "Dad" was placed in the post office.

During all his army service Brown had never lost a day on account of sickness till this last enlistment, and he was always at his post of duty except when disabled by wounds or held a prisoner. He was captured at Fredericksburg and carried to Fortress Monroe, but after three months he was exchanged.

Speaking of his service to some young soldiers, he said: "Boys, never take up a rifle except in defense of your country. Soldiering is a hard life. I was reared religiously, and have always tried to live right, but in the army I can't keep from breaking out."

"Dad" is an interesting talker, and many a night could be seen sitting in front of quarters with an interested group of soldiers listening to his stories of the war.



CAPT. RICHARD N. REA.

The subject of this sketch has the unique honor of being a veteran and son of a veteran. He and his father were captains of the same company in the great war. His father, Constantine Rea, was made colonel, and the son, being first lieutenant, became captain of Company F, Forty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment. He was born in November, 1845, and bears his years with dignity and grace. His wife is a Daughter and Granddaughter of the Confederacy, also a Daughter of the Revolution. She and the little four-year-old daughter are members of the Edward Sparrow Chapter, U. D. C., of East Carroll Parish, La.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was composed by Harry McCarthy, one of the few actors left in the South during the war. He was an Irishman, and enlisted in the Confederate army from Arkansas. After a time he was granted a discharge, and continued his career as actor at Richmond and other points. The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was first sung in a theater in New Orleans in 1861. He wrote other war verse, but none so popular as this song which rang alike through camps and homes. He died in California in extreme poverty, it is said, a year or two ago. The following copy of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" is taken from a short account of Harry McCarthy and his poems in "War Poets of the South" by Samuel Albert Link:

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were threatened the cry rose near and far:
Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star.

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida—
All raised the flag, the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight.
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens statesmen are;
Now rally round the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia. The Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate.
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy! Strong we are and brave;
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer! Raise the joyous shout!
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out,
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given!
The single star of the bonnie blue flag has grown to be eleven.

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

Capt. W. H. Hardy, Hattiesburg, Miss., who commanded Company H, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, writes of it:

There is a Confederate war song written by Miss Carrie Bell Sinclair entitled the "Homespun Dress," sung to the air of the "Bonnie Blue Flag." It was written in 1862, and was sung by the Confederates throughout the army.

Prof. John Lord recently offered a reward of \$50 for the name of its author. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives quite a romantic account of how the song in manuscript was recently found at Carrollton, Ky., and

how it was written by Lieut. Howington, of Alabama, who was killed at the battle of Perryville. Also that it was set to music by Miss Earle, and that the words had never been in print, etc. The *Enquirer* gives only four stanzas, whilst the original has six. All this is the merest fiction, and the *Enquirer* has been imposed upon.

The song was written by Miss Sinclair, and expressly adapted to the air of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and it may be found on page 81 of "Southern War Songs," compiled by W. L. Fagan and published in 1890 by M. T. Richardson & Co., of New York.

The writer does not know Miss Sinclair nor where she lived during the war, but hopes that if she is living this will meet her eye, and that she will verify the statements herein made, that the historic truth may be vindicated.

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

O yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
We envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck
And pearls bedeck her hair.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah!
For the Sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the homespun dress
That Southern ladies wear.

The homespun dress is plain, I know;
My hat's palmetto, too.
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We send the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe;
And we will lend a helping hand—
We love the South, you know.

Now Northern goods are out of date,
And since old Abe's blockade
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern-made.
We send our sweethearts to the war;
But, dear girls, never mind—
Your soldier love will ne'er forget
The girl he left behind.

The soldier is the lad for me,
A brave heart I adore;
And when the Sunny South is free,
And when fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave
From out that gallant band.
The soldier lad I love the best
Shall have my heart and hand.

The Southern land's a glorious land,
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer, three cheers, for Southern rights
And for the Southern boys!
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with a grace.

And now, young man, a word to you:
 If you would win this fair,
 Go to the field where honor calls,
 And win your lady there.
 Remember that our brightest smiles
 Are for the true and brave,
 And that our tears are all for those
 Who fill a soldier's grave.

A WAR LOVE STORY—SPOTSWOOD MATHES.

It was in the first year of the war, when she was a mere girl, that Miss Mildred Spotswood first met Capt. J. Harvey Mathes, the well-known journalist of Memphis. He was then sergeant major of the Thirty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment, and was encamped for a time at Germantown, Tenn., near her father's home. Miss Spotswood is of revolutionary ancestry, and of course intensely Confederate and patriotic. Her only brother old enough to be in the service, Boggon Cash, was in the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment, under Col. (afterwards general) A. J. Vaughan, and was killed at Murfreesboro December 31, 1862. His fate was not known definitely, however, for many years. All her kindred were true Southerners, and many of them served in the army, some with high rank and distinction.



MRS. MILDRED SPOTSWOOD MATHES.

Young as she was, Mildred Spotswood aided in preparing clothing, supplies, and delicacies for the soldiers. She never lost interest in the sergeant major of the Thirty-Seventh Tennessee, and when word was received that he was desperately wounded, having lost a leg in front of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, she was asked if he would still be the same to her, she replied: "Certainly; just so he has body enough left to hold his heart." This message reached him by a passing comrade in a far-distant hospital, where he lingered for months. A few years after the war she became his happy wife.

Mrs. Mathes is prominent in the Daughters of the

American Revolution, having become a member early in its history. She organized and was Regent of the first Chapter in the State at Memphis, and afterwards served six years as State Regent. Her work was preeminently successful. She belongs to the Colonial Dames through the Virginia Society, and at the last Congress of D. A. R., held in Washington, D. C., 1900, although not in attendance, she was unanimously elected Honorary President General for life, an honor conferred only upon charter members or ladies who have rendered unusual service.

Mrs. Mathes was also the spirit and promoter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Memphis, and promoter of the Children of the American Revolution. She has frequently contributed to the press, and, while capable of shining in society, her ambition is in her hospitable home, where genuine Southern hospitality is ever lavishly bestowed upon guests.

The annual meeting of the Kansas City Chapter was held February 11 with large attendance. Mrs. Joe O. Shelby; widow of Gen. Shelby, was guest of the occasion, and was made honorary member. Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee was also made honorary member. Mrs. B. L. Woodson presented the Chapter with an official seal, on which is inscribed the motto of the chapter: "Lord God of Hosts, Be With Us Yet, Lest We Forget, Lest We Forget." A committee was appointed to select a design for the monument we wish to erect in memory of those who fell in the battle of West Point. Gen. Shelby is buried in the same cemetery. About \$2,000 has been raised, but we wish to raise \$5,000.

The interest is lively in the Chapter, and the Entertainment Committee has gone to work vigorously to find some attractive entertainment by which money can be raised. A gentleman who goes on a lecturing tour in Missouri promises to give a part of the proceeds of his lecture to our monument.

A contribution was sent to Bull Run and Fitzhugh Lee Chapters to aid them in their care for cemeteries.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. John M. Philip; Vice Presidents, Mrs. S. A. Morgan and Mrs. George Moseley.

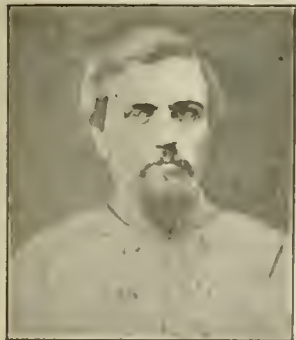
Mr. W. N. Blanton, Carteville, Mo.: "I belonged to Company G, Fifteenth (or First) Regiment Arkansas Volunteers. The company was made up at Helena, Ark., and our first captain was W. S. Otey. Afterwards we reorganized at Corinth, Miss., and elected H. S. Otey captain. I was captured near Athens, Tenn., on our way from Knoxville to Murfreesboro, and have never seen one of my comrades since the 1st of November, 1862. If there are any of the old boys living, and they should chance to see this, I should be glad to hear from them.

M. E. Deakins, Delphi, Tenn., in reply to the inquiry of James Melvin, of the Thirty-Second Mississippi Volunteers, in the March VETERAN, states that Jim Moore was a member of Company H, Thirty-Fifth Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. B. J. Hill, made up at McMinnville. His address can be obtained from Rev. Richard Moore, Whitwell, Tenn. It is regretted that Comrade Melvin's address was not given in the inquiry, and cannot now be traced.

GEN. JAMES DEARING.

Comrade J. W. Wilcox, of Macon, Ga., wrote to Gen. M. C. Butler for a tribute to Gen. James Dearing, stating:

Aside from my devotion to dear and incomparable Gen. R. E. Lee, my heart was warm and tender toward



GEN. DEARING.

Dearing, and of to-day no one seems to remember him. My children ask me: "Why doesn't someone say something of Gen. Dearing in the VETERAN?" They love Dearing because I love him. An old war time picture of him hangs in my bedroom. Do you remember when, on the line near Petersburg, you were in position waiting for an advance of the enemy, your artillery in position,

when a squad of horsemen was seen advancing, and the artillery opened fire upon them? You, with your field glasses, recognized Dearing, and ordered the battery to cease firing.

GEN. M. C. BUTLER TO MR. WILCOX.

My Dear Sir: I can best comply with your request by transmitting a letter from Capt. Robert M. Stribling, of Markham, Va., to my friend, Gen. L. L. Lomax, who had written to Capt. Stribling at my request.

Capt. Stribling is one of the most distinguished battery commanders of that splendid galaxy of young artillery officers of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was thoroughly acquainted with Dearing's career, and his sketch is therefore the more valuable. Gen. Lomax, now in the War Records Office at Washington, kindly sends me Dearing's cadet record, from the files of the War Department, as follows: "James Dearing was admitted into the Military Academy (West Point) July 1, 1858. Resignation accepted April 22, 1861. He resigned to join the Confederate army. His residence was Castle Craig, Campbell County, Va., Fifth Cong. District." The following is Capt. Stribling's letter above referred to.

CAPT. R. M. STRIBLING'S LETTER.

MARKHAM, VA., April, 1898.

Dearing's father went when quite young from Rappahannock County to Lynchburg, where he married a Miss Lynch. I think they called her father "Judy." He was a prominent and wealthy landowner of Campbell County. An uncle of Dearing's visited him frequently in the army, and it was then said that Dearing was to be his heir, he being an old bachelor. The Rappahannock Dearings are closely related to the Georgia family. Indeed, I think the Georgia family went from Rappahannock. Dearing was first an aide-camp in the Battalion of Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, La. In the spring of 1862 he was elected captain of Latham's (Lynchburg) Battery. He commanded the battery in the battle of Seven Pines. It went into action on the Williamsburg Road under

Longstreet. As soon as D. H. Hill's Division overran Casey's line, first Carter's and next Dearing's Batteries were sent to it. The ground was boggy, and the guns could not be served very efficiently, and both batteries lost very heavily. When I came upon the field, soon after, Dearing had been compelled, by the loss of men and horses and exhaustion of ammunition, to temporarily abandon his guns, and was acting in the capacity of aid to Gen. Hill, and appeared to be his most efficient member of staff in conducting to the front the troops sent forward by Longstreet, and locating them on the line.

The Confederate reports of that battle are very meager, and not at all reliable, but I know that at the time both Carter and Dearing were highly complimented on all sides, and Dearing was brought prominently forward in artillery circles.

From the organization of the brigade my battery was attached to the South Carolina Brigade of Longstreet's Division. I did not again come in contact with Dearing's Battery until at Fredericksburg, just before the battle there. We were both in Pickett's line in the center, and were not engaged. Soon after the battle Dearing, though I think the youngest captain, was promoted to be major of a battalion composed of my battery, Macon's, Caskin's, and his (Blount's). He went that winter to Petersburg, and from there, with Longstreet's Command, to Ivor Station. From there Maj. Dearing was placed in command of a squadron of cavalry and one or two regiments of infantry to make a reconnoissance of the defenses of Suffolk, with the view of Longstreet's advance upon it. He succeeded well in obtaining the information sought, and returned, bringing back with him some prisoners.

When Longstreet invested Suffolk my battery was sent to Gen. French to blockade the Nansamond river, and was captured. That called forth some correspondence, and the General will find several characteristic letters from Dearing in the "Records."

The battalion was next assembled in full at Richmond, and was equipped for the Gettysburg campaign. Whilst at Chambersburg, Pa., Dearing armed and mounted on battery horses a squad of men, went west into the mountains in search of fresh horses, and was successful. The party had a lively time. They were bushwhacked, driven back from gaps by militia, and made narrow escapes from capture. Dearing achieved this by building extensive camp fires at about eleven o'clock at night to deceive the enemy, and then making a hurried march to a gap some fifteen miles distant, and slipping through without being observed.

At Gettysburg his battalion was in front of Pickett's line. When the infantry advanced the First Virginia Regiment, the right regiment of the line, passed through my battery.

Dearing's battalion was ordered to advance with the infantry, and he had given his directions to each battery commanded, that the advance would be by batteries in echelon. When the time came, however, through no fault of his, but in spite of his earnest repeated representation, all the ammunition had been exhausted, and no more was in reach, and the advance of the artillery was consequently abandoned. During the cannonade Dearing, followed by his staff and his courier, waving the battalion flag, rode from right to

left of battalion, backward and forward, decidedly the most conspicuous figures upon that field. The courier's horse was killed, and that ended the flag-waving business, much to the delight of the men, who did not desire any more special attention than they were then receiving from the enemy's guns.

In Gen. E. P. Alexander's report he makes very flattering mention of Dearing's assistance to him on the day before (the 2d). As soon as Pickett reached the rear of the line, about 3 P.M. (on the 2d), and bivouacked, Dearing rode to the front and joined Alexander, hence his being there without his battalion.

When Longstreet was sent to Chickamauga, Dearing's Battalion was to have accompanied him; but for some reason went no farther than Petersburg, and wintered in that neighborhood. During the winter he made several excursions toward Suffolk and the border of North Carolina, with the battalion mounted on battery horses, and used no cavalry.

When Pickett went to capture New Berne, at Kingston his command was divided into four parts. He, with the main body, passed down between the Neuse and the Trent. Dearing was placed in command of a small force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and moved down north of the Neuse to capture the outworks on that side of the river; Barton, with his brigade, and some other force, on the south side of the Trent; whilst Col. Wood, with the naval brigade, went down the Neuse in boats. There was no coöperation, each arrived in front of the place at different times, and Pollock had withdrawn before any of the other detachments had gotten up.

Soon after I left the battalion for Ewell's Corps, and next saw Dearing personally in Petersburg, during the winter of 1864 and 1865, when he was brigadier of cavalry. The General knows how full of adventure he was, what a splendid horseman, how gay and high-strung.

Continuing Gen. Butler writes:

I recall very vividly the incident referred to in your letter. On the 30th of October, 1864, or within a day or two of that date, we were posted along the Rowanty Creek, to the right of Petersburg. Hancock's corps (the Second), generally chosen by Grant for perilous enterprises, was thrown out from the left of Grant's army across the Rowanty as far as the Jerusalem plank road. My division was deployed dismounted, left resting on the Burgess mill pond, and engaged with a division of Federal infantry in front. Dearing, with his staff, had crossed the Rowanty, just below Burgess Mill, and could not have been a great distance from the enemy's right, which had recently got in position. At any rate, as soon as the artillerymen of one of my batteries discovered a squad of horsemen, about twenty in number, approaching us at a gallop across the upper side of the broad open field, they naturally mistook them for the enemy, and opened a vigorous fire.

Fortunately, I was not far away from the battery, and, discovering the party to be Confederates through my field glasses, I ordered them to cease firing in time to save Dearing, his staff, and couriers. It must have been a half mile across the field to where Dearing and escort were first discovered. The day was cold, disagreeable, drizzly, and therefore objects at a distance were not easily discernible. Only a few shots were

fired, and when Dearing came gayly dashing up to our lines he remarked: "The shells landed near enough to be very uncomfortable." At that time he was in command of a brigade of cavalry, mostly, if not entirely, composed of North Carolina troops, and was for a time attached to my division.

Dearing was young, handsome, dashing, full of life, and always cheerful and joyous. He had not long been married, and had everything to live for. It seemed therefore the irony of fate, that, having passed through the perils and carnage of so many battles, with such a brilliant record and such a future, he should have been mortally wounded near Farmville, Va., by one of almost the last shots in that great war. Gen. Lomax tells me he died at Lynchburg, after Gen. Lee's surrender. My division had been ordered South in January, 1865, and I was therefore with Gen. Joe Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., at the final break up.

Jim Dearing, as he was familiarly called by his intimate friends, a dashing, rollicking, brilliant cavalryman, was rapidly forging to the front, to take his place in the front rank, among as fine a body of young cavalry officers as ever formed a squadron or led a charge. Under all the circumstances, his death was a peculiarly sad one, but perhaps it was best for him that he thereby escaped the terrors and trials his surviving comrades had to encounter after they laid down their arms. He died from wounds received on the field of battle, at the head of his gallant squadrons, without a taint of dishonor on his bright flashing sword. Let us hope that he is enjoying the "peace that passeth all understanding" in the companionship of the comrades who so loved and admired him.

CAMP BUREM, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Camp Burem, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, was organized at Stony Point, Tenn., January 26, with a membership of forty-four. It was named in honor



CAPT. JAMES P. BUREM.

of Capt. James P. Burem, of Company G, Thirty-First Tennessee Infantry, who was killed in the battle of Piedmont, Va., June 5, 1864. W. C. Lyons is Commander; Sam P. Miller, Adjutant.

In a sketch of Capt. Burem in the VETERAN for July, 1895, page 203, it is stated that he called at a house in Vicksburg, drawn by the popular song "Annie Laurie," during the war, fell in

love with the singer on sight, and a sensational wedding occurred, wherein Miss Nettie Green became his wife. Also that after the surrender Gen. Grant graciously permitted him to take a carriage and servant with his bride through the lines.

W. H. Cummings, of Alvord, Tex., would like to have the addresses of Sergs. Nelson Pharr and Mark Felts, Company B, Third Regiment Engineer Troops, C. S. A.

THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG OR ANTIETAM.

BY R. H. DANIELS, COMPANY K, FOURTH GA. REGIMENT.

Our brigade was composed of the Fourth and Forty-Fourth Georgia Regiments and the First and Third North Carolina, Gen. George Doles commanding. On September 16, 1862, we covered the retreat from Boonsboro Gap, and that evening we took our position on the extreme left of the army to the left of the town of Sharpsburg, facing the enemy; but just as we took our place a portion of Col. Cutt's Artillery came very near being captured, and the Fourth Georgia was sent to the rescue. Just before we reached them Lieut. Spivey, always equal to the occasion, unlimbered two of his guns, double charged them with grape, and opened on the enemy at close range and cleared the pike. As we came up he laughed and said: "Boys, you are just too late. I cleared them up. It was a cavalry charge."

On the morning of the 17th, about two hours before daylight, our brigade was advanced over the hill in front of Col. Cutt's battery of artillery, and just in front of a large two-story dwelling with six or eight haystacks in front of the house. The Union forces opened fire with their artillery two hours before day, and lying on the ground we could see the fuses on the shells burning as they passed over us. Just after daylight Gen. Jackson passed in front of our line, and then rode to the left. He ordered ten men to burn the house and haystacks in double-quick order. As he was sitting on his horse looking over the field, the Yankees spied him and opened a piece of artillery on him. The first shell passed over him, the second just to the rear and a little above him, and the third shell struck his horse just back of the saddle. As his horse went down Gen. Jackson jumped to the ground, and, one of his aids dismounting, he vaulted into the saddle and immediately ordered us to "attention" and to "left wheel." As we rose from the ground the Yankees sent a deadly volley into our line. To our left was a staked and ridged rail fence; just across the road was a graveyard, and the Yankees had taken advantage of this. We had to cross this fence to get to them, and many of our boys were killed or wounded as we formed on the other side. Here we struck the famous "Fighting Joe Hooker's" command, twenty thousand strong, with only our little brigade of four regiments. We drove them before us for quite a distance nevertheless. Our ammunition becoming exhausted, our officers pillaged the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded, handing us one or two cartridges at a time so we could keep up the firing. In our last charge the First and Third North Carolina had to give way, and this caused the Forty-Fourth Georgia also to break, but the Fourth Georgia held her own, and we gained the day. Gen. Jackson rode along our line, telling us to hold our own for just a little while, and he would give us help, as other troops were coming from Harper's Ferry. Here we held the whole Union forces, for Hooker's command had been reinforced by Gen. McDowell's twenty thousand. As Jackson's men came in sight he told us to look, and we could see the boys coming from Harper's Ferry. As they came in sight we gave a yell, and they re-

plied, coming over the hill at a double-quick. We were nearly a mile to the left of the army, with no support when the troops from Harper's Ferry came up, and Gen. Jackson then ordered us to fall back to a high hill just to the left of Sharpsburg, and there clean up our guns and get fresh ammunition. That evening, with the troops from Harper's Ferry, we whipped Gen. McDowell's command of twenty thousand fresh troops that had been sent to reinforce Gen. Hooker. There were that day, on the left of the army, to the left of the bridge across Antietam Creek, about seven thousand five hundred men, who defeated forty thousand. Here is where Gen. R. E. Lee complimented our regiment so highly, saying that Col. Cook's regiment held the enemy in check without any support. According to Capt. Gunns, of a Virginia battery of artillery, the fight of our brigade in the morning lasted five hours and a half to the time we fell back to get ready for the afternoon fight. We were in line of battle all next day waiting for an attack, but Gen. McClellan did not make it. I suppose we had struck him too heavy a blow, and he needed reinforcements.



MISS MITTIE KNOX,

Sponsor for Arkansas Division at Memphis Reunion.

NAMING CAMPS FOR THE LIVING.

John W. Morton Bivouac, No. 39, at Milan, Tenn., is the latest. It is the custom to name Bivouacs—usually called Camps—in honor of some gallant and meritorious deceased Confederate. In only three instances has there been a deviation from this custom in Tennessee. The Palmer Bivouac, at Murfreesboro, named in honor of Gen. J. B. Palmer; the John H.



MISS KATHERINE HOWELL, RUSSELLVILLE, ARK.,
Maid of Honor for Arkansas Division.

Wooldridge Bivouac, of Pulaski, named for the gallant Capt. John H. Wooldridge, who lost both eyes in the Confederate service, but who still lives, and is in excellent health; and the Bivouac at Milan in honor of Capt. John W. Morton, the present Secretary of State. It promises to turn out as a body at the Memphis Confederate Reunion. The Nashville Daughters of the Confederacy are preparing an elegant banner to be presented to the John W. Morton Bivouac, which will be carried in the march of the veterans at Memphis. This Bivouac of forty-eight charter members is comprised of men who served in thirty-one separate commands—fifteen from Tennessee, two Alabama, one Arkansas, one Mississippi, three Kentucky, one Georgia, three North Carolina, one Virginia, and four miscellaneous commands not numbered.

The officers are: W. H. Coley, President; D. H. Wyout and R. H. Clark, Vice Presidents; J. J. Collins and E. N. Stone, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries; F. Jones, Treasurer; W. L. Black, Sergeant at Arms; A. M. Brown, Chaplain.

This Bivouac could well afford to vary from the rule when it recalls the letter that Gen. N. B. Forrest wrote the father, Dr. John W. Morton, when the war ended. It is dated at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865:

Dear Sir: It affords me pleasure to report the following to you of the conduct of your son, John W.

Morton, Jr. He was ordered to report to me for duty by Gen. Bragg to take charge of my horse artillery in November, 1862.

His appearance was so youthful and form so frail, and wishing stout, active men for my service, I at first hesitated to receive him, but coming so well recommended by Col. Hallonquist, Gen. Bragg's chief of artillery, Maj. Graves, Gen. Breckinridge's chief of artillery, and others, I concluded to try him, having learned that he was first lieutenant of Porter's famous Tennessee Battery, which surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. He was highly complimented by Gen. Buckner in his official report, and received from Gen. Buckner the high appellation of "Gallant Lieut. Morton, the beardless boy."

I gave him command of a section of artillery, and moved with my first raid into West Tennessee in December, 1862, and soon captured other guns, and placed him in command of the battery, and during this expedition the gallant and efficient manner in which he handled his guns won my confidence and esteem. He has constantly been with me since in all my engagements, never absent from his post of duty, apparently happiest when in the thickest of the fight. He has held with great credit for twelve months past the position of chief of artillery of my corps. By his soldierly bearing, generous disposition, affable manners, strict attention to duty and the welfare of his men, uniform and true gallantry on so many fields, he has made many friends, and you may feel justly proud of such a son. He was with the troops of this department, and surrendered his old battery, one of the best-equipped and finest in the service.

With the batteries of Capt. John W. Morton, Gen. Forrest's chief of artillery, there were two negroes, Bob Morton, a cook, and Ed Patterson, the hostler for the captain, both of whom served with the artillery throughout the war. Ed Patterson, whose fidelity and loyalty stoutly withstood the test of battle and even of capture, still survives. He is a respected householder and property owner, near Nashville, and delights to recall the time when he wore the gray in Morton's Battery. Everybody in the artillery service of Forrest knew and liked Ed. He took good care of the horses, and performed his duties with unflagging good humor.

On one occasion it was feared that Ed was lost to the battery. In the terrific fight at Parker's Cross Roads, when Morton's men, behind the guns, were almost overwhelmed by superior numbers of the enemy in a sudden charge, about twenty members of the battery were run over and captured. Ed was among them. He was missed, notwithstanding the confusion of the disaster, and the temporary reverse of the almost invariably successful artillerists was regarded by them as aggravated by the loss of their diligent hostler. Capt. Morton particularly mourned his absence. One morning, a few days after the battle, he rode into the camp of the battery, mounted upon a superb horse, whose caparison denoted it the property of an officer of no mean rank.

"Hallo, Ed! Where did you come from?" was the artillery chief's greeting.

"I des come f'om de Yankees," responded Ed com-

placently, as he dismounted and stood proudly eying the steed.

"How did you get away, and where did you get that horse?"

"Wall, sah; dey taken us all along. When we got out o' sight o' y' all, I notice dat dey didn't 'pear to notice me, an' when dey got to whar dey was gwine into camp, I sort o' got away. De Yankees des seed me ridin' 'roun', an' I 'spec' maybe dey thought I was waitin' on some o' de officers. I des went on th'ough de woods. I seed a heap o' dead men wid blue coats on, an' a heap of 'em what was 'live, too. D'rectly I come to a big road. I seed one o' our boys walkin' what 'ad done los' his horse. I axed him which erway Marse John went. He knowed me, an' said de artillery done gone down dis road. I kep' on, an' passed a heap o' our men walkin'. I axed 'em which er way de artillery done gone, an' dey said, 'Down dis road.' I kep' on an' kep' on 'til I got here; an' dat's why I'm here, Marse John. Dey took yo' horse away f'om me, but I done got you a better one, sho. No, sah; dey didn't 'pear to notice me at all. When I was comin' on I seed some mighty nice-lookin' hosses tied in de bushes, an' ez dey wan' nobody noticin' I tuck 'n' pick me out one, an' des got on dis 'n' and rid him to hunt y' all. I seed a blue overcoat layin' on de groun', an' I took 'n' put it on. An' it's a good one, too, Marse John.

John A. Haynie, of Italy, Tex., asks for information of his uncle, John A. Carlisle, who joined Company G, Forty-Fifth Mississippi Regiment, under Capt. W. J. Houston and Col. A. B. Hardcastle. Mr. Carlisle died near the Tennessee line on Bragg's retreat from Lexington, Ky., to Knoxville, Tenn. Lieut. C. G. Liddell was left to care for him, but the lieutenant never reached home.



MISS MARGARET F. MATTHEWS, NORMAN, OKLA.,
First Maid of Honor for the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.

R. E. McCarthy, Carytown, Mo., writes:

I think the first regiment to reenlist after the three years' service had expired was the Ninth Mississippi, commanded at the time by Col. S. S. Calhoun, at present residing in Jackson, Miss., and a supreme judge. I do not recollect the exact date, but we were in winter quarters at the time near Dalton. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when the assembly sounded and the regiment fell in. There was a grim silence along the line as the men took their places in the ranks. Were they to return to their homes? Were they to stack arms and turn their backs on the enemy, who were only a few miles away on the other side of Tunnel Hill? Who can tell what was passing in the minds of those veterans of Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge? Col. Calhoun walked out in front of the regiment with the flag in his hand. There was nothing dramatic or theatrical about him as he asked his comrades how many of them were willing to stand by the flag, and for them to step four paces to the front. Then the Ninth Mississippi stepped four paces to the front. A great load was lifted from their hearts, and a loud cheer went up, which was answered by the men of the Tenth, Twenty-First, Fifty-Fourth Mississippi and Blythe's Battalion, the four regiments composing the brigade.

W. N. Blanton, Company G, Fifteenth Arkansas Volunteers, writes from Carterville, Mo., asking that he may hear something of the "dear old boys" with whom he fought. He sends a most fervent "God bless you!" to every surviving Confederate soldier.



MISS ALLIE E. MATHEWS, NORMAN, OKLA.,
Sponsor for Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.

G. W. Shepherd, Fredericksburg, Va.: "I have in my possession a war relic recently unearthed near our town—a square-cut pipe made of clay or soft stone, bearing the following inscription cut in very distinctly: 'Cyrus Moore, Company D, Fourth Regiment Georgia Volunteers, April 22, 1862, Confederate States of America.' A cannon and sword are cut on front of the pipe, and on the cannon is cut 'Atlanta.' I should like to know of the owner, and to hear from him if living."

ADAM JOHNSON AND HIS MEN.

Mrs. G. T. Mattingly, Morganfield, Ky., writes:

The December number of the *VETERAN* contains an article entitled "Thrilling Heroism of Confederates," taken from reminiscences by Miss Elizabeth Badger, of the many unrecorded deeds of Adam Johnson and his men. Near the close of the very interesting and truthful sketch a request is made for the address of any other survivors. If, by this request, the writer seeks the names of any of those first few, the band of seven, who went through the adventures of the spring and early summer of 1864, I know only of A. A. Johnson, who has brothers and other relatives in Henderson City, Ky., and F. A. Owen, who has relatives in Spring Grove, Union County, Ky. Each of these are living in the localities named in Miss Badger's article. The impression prevailed at one time in Henderson, Daviess, McLean, and Hancock Counties, as well as in most of central Kentucky, that Adam Johnson was a recruiting officer, and was in Kentucky by order of the Confederate government to gather volunteers for the Southern army. Young men flocked to his standard, and at one time there were encamped in Henderson and Union Counties over one thousand five hundred men. He made raids such as have been described, to the delight of sympathizers all over the country, and wherever he or his men appeared young men immediately joined them. On one occasion twelve of Adam Johnson's men swam Green River at a point called Delaware, near the McLean and Daviess County line, and made their way to St. Alphonsus Catholic Church, in Daviess County. They arrived just at the close of services, and six young men volunteered at once, mounted and departed with them. Citizens who dared not speak to Rebels, for fear of arrest, in some mysterious way gave the Confederates to understand that they would like to swap horses, whereupon worthless animals were left, and each soldier rode away on a fine, fresh mount. On the 22d of July, following this episode, two of the six men who enlisted that day, W. C. Thompson and John C. Powell, were publicly executed in Henderson City, Ky., the execution taking place after the colonel of their regiment had sent a flag of truce into the city, borne by G. T. Mattingly of the Colonel's staff, accompanied by the lieutenant colonel of the regiment, who demanded that Thompson and Powell be held and treated as prisoners of war. The Federals readily agreed to this, and the Confederates withdrew, but as soon as the shades of evening fell the Federal officer violated his promise, and marched the prisoners out and shot them, and immediately went aboard a gunboat that had been sent for their protection, and left the city. The prisoners had been captured in Ohio County, Ky., where about twenty Confederates had gone to strengthen a few volunteers, and, meeting about one hundred and fifty home guards, they dismounted and opened an attack, killing seventeen and wounding and dispersing the others. Not a Confederate was killed or wounded in the engagement, but a small boy who held the horses in the woods near by received a mortal wound. As the Confederates were returning to their horses, Capt. Dick Yates, of Henderson County, and commanding officer of the

squad, was killed. Thompson and Powell fell behind, and, mistaking the road, they were captured and taken to Owensboro, where they were lodged in jail. At the time a notorious man named Warren was confined, with one or two of his followers, on the charge of thieving and giving trouble over the country, and he passed himself off as a Rebel guerrilla. After their capture by the Federal authorities Warren and one of his men were put in irons, and he was soon recognized as a deserter from the Federal army. When Thompson and Powell were brought in, Warren had a private talk with the commander in charge, after which he and his comrades were set at liberty, and Powell and Thompson put in irons and sent to Louisville. Being detained there in a filthy prison for a few days, they were sent to the military prison at Frankfort, Ky., and were tried before Gen. Stephen A. Burbidge, U. S. A., who ordered them sent to Henderson, Ky., and there publicly shot in retaliation for a robbery perpetrated there on a "loyal Union man." From the description of the robbers and the property found on Warren, it was generally believed that he and his gang did the work. The execution took place at the time and date above mentioned, and was carried out by Indiana troops, one-hundred-day men, under command of a lieutenant. Three more of the six, W. M. Clark, William Linton, and James Linton, good and useful citizens, reside in Daviess County, Ky. James Linton was wounded at Salem, Ky., his arm being broken in three places, and he was carried by G. T. Mattingly to Morganfield, the temporary headquarters for Adam Johnson's forces. Here he was tenderly nursed for twenty-one days and nights.

Hearing that a strongly guarded United States transport on its way South was on a sand bar in the Ohio river between Caseyville and Shawneetown, Adam Johnson decided to take possession of it and carry the horses South. During the month of September he went over with a regiment, took the trans-



MISS CYNTHIA GRAHAM CANNON,
Sponsor for Tennessee from Franklin.

port and drove the horses into the river, heading them for the Kentucky side. Between midnight and day-break he encountered a large Yankee force at Grubb's Cross Roads, and, owing to the extreme darkness, the men were ordered to halt. As soon as it was light the Confederates attacked the Federals, and completely routed them. Just as orders were given to cease firing a ball struck Gen. Johnson, and confusion reigned. The Confederates withdrew and proceeded on their way to Canton, where they expected to cross the Cumberland. Finding the river swollen, they ferried across, and had succeeded in landing the men and about five hundred horses when the notorious Gen. Payne, with an overwhelming force, superior in numbers and discipline, attacked them. Worn out from excessive marching and sleepless days and nights, and bereft of their idolized leader, a general stampede ensued.

I suppose there are many others of the old command still living. After the breaking up of the command at Canton, hundreds of men pushed farther South. During the intense cold of the following winter many of the men returned to Kentucky with Gen. Lyons's command, enduring hardships and constant exposure, but clinging to the South and striking a blow for her whenever a chance arose. They were finally surrendered with Forrest's command. This is, I think, the exact truth of those I knew of Adam Johnson's men who enlisted during the spring and summer of 1864.



MISS LELA L. MALLORY,
Maid of Honor for Tennessee, Memphis.

Capt. Atkins, of New York City, has in his possession a small Testament, on the fly leaf of which is the following: "J. W. Bolton's Book, Company I, Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, Johnson's Brigade. Presented by Chapman Taylor at Petersburg, Va., June 25, 1864." Inquiries about it may be addressed L. E. Olwill, No. 309 Cherry Street, Nashville, Tenn.

SEEING THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

Col. R. H. Lindsay, Sixteenth Louisiana Regiment, Shreveport:

I was glad to read that very truthful paper on the "Battle of Franklin" by D. H. Patterson, of Arcadia, La. The Louisiana Brigade was among the troops left at Columbia while others proceeded to Spring Hill, as he states. The next day we received orders to move at once toward Franklin, and I remember well of a halt being made, and that the good news was made known to the troops that we had the enemy between the upper and nether millstones, and for us to hurry up or we would not be in it. We increased our steps, but we learned on our approach to Franklin that the enemy had got from between the millstones and were safe behind their works, and the battle was on. My regiment was held in reserve. I stood close by Gen. S. D. Lee and Gen. Frank Cheatham, and in that way I saw the battle from first to its close. After dark we could tell how our troops were gaining by the line of fire from their guns. During the battle S. D. Lee: "Gen. Granbury says for God's sake send I heard one of Gen. Granbury's aids report to Gen. him some troops. He is now behind the last line of the enemy's works, but out of ammunition, and the trenches are running in blood." Soon after Gen. Granbury was numbered with the dead. This fight could have been averted, so Patterson says. It was common talk that if the troops had been thrown across the pike the Federal army would not have reached Franklin as they did. In a conversation afterwards with Gen. Randall L. Gibson, commanding the Louisiana Brigade, he said to me: "The whole thing is inexplicable. Some one blundered, and the bloodiest and most disastrous battle of the war was fought and won by the bravery and self-sacrifice of the Confederate soldiers."

List of officers of Richmond Camp, No. 152, U. C. V., Rayville, La.: John S. Summerlin, Commander, Rayville; W. G. Meyers, First Lieutenant, Buckner; J. B. Hardwick, Second Lieutenant, Girard; D. T. Chapman, Adjutant, Alto; J. W. Simms, Quartermaster, Rayville; F. M. Smith, Commissary, Alto; A. C. Jones, Chaplain, Alto; Frank Hatch, Treasurer, Buckner; G. W. Wright, Sergeant Major, Rayville; A. W. Beagle, Officer of the Day, Collinston; J. M. Gwin, Color Sergeant, Archibald; A. J. Wright, Vidette, Rayville; H. D. Carpenter and J. J. Cuthbert, Color Guards, Delhi; Miss Mamie Meyers, Sponsor, Buckner.

W. W. Winburn, West Point, Ark.: "My father, M. H. Winburn, was colonel of a regiment from South Mississippi. He died when I was a small boy, and I do not know what regiment he belonged to, and would appreciate that information. He was from Leaksville, Miss."

Possibly Mr. Winburn is in error as to his father being colonel of a regiment. The name does not appear in such list published by the United States government years ago. If any one can inform the inquirer on the subject, it will be a great favor to him of course.

TWELFTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

T. G. Dabney, of Clarksdale, Miss., writes of its first service:

The communication from Comrade J. B. K. Smith in the March VETERAN, correcting an error in relation to Col. W. M. Inge in the January number, reminds me of other errors in that sketch. The Twelfth Mississippi Regiment did not lie at Lynchburg during Sunday, July 21, while the battle of Manassas was being fought, but was traveling all that day between Lynchburg and Manassas. During the day we passed through Charlottesville, where many bright-eyed schoolgirls came to the depot and supplied sandwiches, pies, etc., to the half-famished soldiers—I wonder where all those bright eyes are at this writing. We reached Manassas Junction about 9 P.M., after the battle had been fought, where we had a novel spectacle of bloody dismembered limbs about the field hospitals.

In March or April, 1861, the Raymond Fencibles, from Raymond, Miss., under Capt. William H. Taylor, was the first military company to arrive at Corinth. When we left the train Capt. (afterwards lieutenant colonel) Taylor ranged us up to the hotel bar, and gave us all drinks. We then had dinner at the hotel, after which we were marched out to the suburbs of the little town and went into our first camp. In the course of a few weeks other companies arrived, and the Twelfth Regiment was organized, with Col. Richard Griffith commander. The Raymond Fencibles were accorded the position of Company A, by virtue of being the first to arrive on the ground.

In May or June we went to Union City, Tenn. A week before the battle of Manassas we were ordered to prepare three days' rations, and embarked for Virginia in box cars, on plank seats extended across the cars without any backs. The weather was extremely hot, and we were very much crowded. The first service our muskets were employed in was to knock the side boards off the cars. We occupied a week on the journey, more than half the time being without food, except an occasional supply of bread that was telegraphed for ahead. And yet we traveled along merrily singing in cheerful mood, looking upon the whole business as a great joke.

The Twelfth Mississippi was then full twelve hundred strong, of light-hearted lads. The sad remnant, a mere handful, were captured by assault after a desperate defense in Fort Gregg, near Petersburg, at the final wind up. This writer had been transferred to the Western Army in 1862, and ended his military career in the artillery service in Fort Blakely, on Mobile Bay, April 9, 1865.

STUART'S GREAT RIDE AROUND THE ENEMY.

William J. Campbell, of Danville, Va., writes of it:

Late in June, 1863, a large proportion of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia was detached, and, under the command of J. E. B. Stuart, was sent on that march, wherein, after passing entirely around the Army of the Potomac, it was again united with the Army of Northern Virginia upon the disastrous field of Gettysburg. The march was long and tedious, but was enlivened by many extraordinary occurrences. I was at that time the clerk of the adjutant of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and, being on the march, had very

few duties, so I frequently went out on reconnoitering expeditions or along with some of the scouts attached to the command. One of these scouts, J. S. Curtis, was directly under orders of Gen. R. E. Lee. He is now in Texas. To him I became specially attached for his many manly qualities. He was from Stafford County, Va. Of all the men in that noble command, I should have selected J. S. Curtis to perform the most desperate of deeds. He was calm and courageous, and when necessary would risk any danger.

But I started out to tell one or two incidents that happened on that memorable ride. On the 28th of June, 1863, I went with a party to Fairfax C. H., when some of our scouts brought in six prisoners. They wore broadcloth, beaver hats, kid gloves, and "boiled" shirts. They were quartermaster and commissary clerks, just out from Washington, and had spent the night in the city. When captured they were starting out to join their respective commands. They were dismounted and turned over to guards. We did not see them again until just before sunset near a ford on the Potomac. One of the prisoners protested against wading, as he did not want to soil his fine clothes. About this time Gen. Stuart rode up and inquired the cause of their delay. On being told he promptly ordered them to enter the water, and he watched them plunge with evident amusement.

Early the next morning Curtis and I rode out from camp in search of breakfast, which we soon found at a farmhouse, where they treated us to the best they had. When we reached camp we found my command on the march, our regiment in advance and near the enemy. We (Curtis and myself) were ordered to select a few men and ride to the front, feeling our way until we reached Rockville. There we learned that a large train of wagons on the way to Meade's army had turned, and was hurrying back to Washington. Seeing the necessity of prompt action if we captured this train, we sent a man back to Col. Beale, of the Ninth Virginia Regiment, for a squadron to charge the train, but before the squadron reached us Gen. Stuart arrived and asked for volunteers to join us in the charge we had offered to lead, and several promptly volunteered. We soon rode upon a platoon of cavalry, who fired at us and ran, but we held our fire for closer game. Curtis advanced on the left and I on the right. Now and then we would shoot, and over would topple a driver, but we could never tell whether he was hit or scared to death; but I am quite sure many a poor fellow went to his long home, for Curtis was one of the best shots I ever saw. The train was a very long one, and when we neared the end we were in sight of the steeples of Georgetown. The quartermaster in charge of the train endeavored to escape, but we secured him, his fine horse, and trappings.

J. S. Curtis, after these thirty-five years, is still living, active and useful, helping to build up the resources of the Lone Star State.

A. M. Paine, Sevierville, Tenn., wishes the address of any member of the Forty-Eighth Tennessee Infantry, those of Company E preferred. He also asks for the address of Col. Voorhees or Capt. Love. These requests are in the interest of an old soldier of Company E, John Mann, who is in destitute circumstances and who desires to secure a pension.

J. A. Drummond, Opelousas, La., writes of the article in the February VETERAN on the "Davis Guards," Dick Dowling's old company, and says:

I find some mistakes in names and some omissions. I think of one Levington Jett who was in the Sabine fight, and then of those who were not in it are Mike Sullivan and Terrence Mulhern. I had been sent with dispatches to headquarters by Capt. Dowling, stating that the men were repulsed and would have to evacuate the fort. I returned, facing the fire of fifty guns the last quarter of a mile, and delivered the answer from Capt. F. Hodlum to Dowling to "hold the fort at all hazards." Dowling read the answer and jumped on the sand parapet with the flag, gave three cheers and drove the staff into the sand, saying, "Dick Dowling will be dead, men, before that flag can be pulled down;" and all the while tears were streaming down his cheeks. Lient. Smith and Dr. Bailey did not take places at the guns, but acted as assistants to Capt. Dowling. There were thirty-eight enlisted men in the fort, thirty-six at the guns, two men were in the magazine as reserve, forty-one all told in the fort.

I enlisted at Galveston about November, 1861. Being under age and fearing interference of my father, I dropped my last name and was known as John Anderson. Had lost all trace of my comrades until I saw this article.

Mr. Drummond made the fourth survivor of the Davis Guards, but just before the article appeared Mickie Carr passed away at the Home in Austin.

interment before it seemed practicable or possible to erect a suitable memorial. The flowers of many summers had bloomed and faded. At last the moment



MRS. H. L. CRAIGHEAD.

President Nashville Chapter, U. D. C., No. 1.

arrived; it was on an ideal May day. A number of ladies had come on their annual pilgrimage, bringing their flowers of love. Mrs. Harriet Overton, Miss White May, and Miss Claiborne, yet living, were in a group. A speech, eloquently delivered, had been delivered by Mr. Tully Brown, when Mrs. Overton said to Miss White May: "White, this must be our last visit without a monument to these soldiers." In perfect keeping with the energy of her words and actions, on the recurring decoration day that magnificent monument was unveiled.

Reid Smith, orderly sergeant Company H, Forty-Fifth Alabama, Lowry's Brigade, Montgomery, Ala.: "I was glad to see in the January VETERAN Col. Buck's correction of my article regarding the rescue of the lady and child. After the article had been published I met C. C. Hay, an old comrade of the Forty-Fifth Alabama, and, in talking over the incident, he told me it must have been Capt. Palmer, an aid on Gen. Lowry's staff, and I am now satisfied that it was. Col. Buck must have been relating a different incident, though similar. My company was lying down in the garden near the house when Capt. Palmer rode off with the lady and baby, and there was no one afoot with them or on horse. This was just before dark, and I could see them plainly for one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, or to the enemy's first line on the crest of the hill. Gen. Govan must have been with his brigade on another part of the line, and was thus enabled to aid another unfortunate family.



MISS MOLLIE CLAIBORNE, NASHVILLE, TENN.,
First Secretary of Chapter Number 1, in the U. D. C.

There is a beautiful monument in Mt. Olivet, Nashville, Tenn., marking the last resting place of such of our Confederate dead as it was possible to gather together from the ditches, fence corners, and wasted fields after the war. Years had elapsed after their re-

HOW GEN. LEE MADE GLAD THE HEART OF A SUB-ALTERN.—William A. Obenchain, of Bowling Green, tells a pleasant story of Gen. Lee, illustrating his "kindly and condescending nature:"

It occurred in the fall of 1864. At that time I was a first lieutenant of engineers, and was one of the four officers assigned for special duties to the staff of the chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. Walter H. Stevens. Our quarters were near the Osborne turnpike, about four miles below Richmond.

I had just returned to camp from a long, hard day's duty. The weather was drizzly, and I was thoroughly chilled. There were only a few coals and smoldering chunks where the fire had been. The servants were all away, and our camp seemed deserted.

Dismounting and hitching my horse, I gathered some wood and small sticks, raked the coals together, and began to make a fire. While on my knees, vigorously blowing the coals to ignite the kindling, I heard some one ride up and dismount. I felt so forlorn and was so intent on my undertaking that I did not look up to see who it was. In a few moments he walked up to where I was and stopped at my side. Still I did not look up. Imagine my surprise when, in a gentle and sympathetic voice, which I recognized at once, came the words: "My boy, let me show you how to make that fire." It was Gen. Robert E. Lee.

I arose instantly, saluted, and attempted an apology. Then, stooping down with me, Gen. Lee pulled the wood open at the top, and told me to take the coals and kindling from off the ground underneath and lay them in the opening. "This is the way," he said, "the old servants showed me how to make a fire when I was a boy;" and then he explained the philosophy of it. In a short time we had a roaring fire, which we enjoyed alone until the other officers returned to camp.

That young engineer cherishes to this day the fact that the commander of all the armies assisted him in making a fire. The desolation of the place was transformed more by the genial presence of Gen. Lee than can be imagined.

G. W. Bynum, major of Eleventh Mississippi, Corinth, Miss.: "I was badly wounded at Powder Springs, Ga., October 2, 1864, and was taken to the home of a Mrs. Wright, a short distance from Powder Springs. My nurse, Thomas Wheeler, was captured here, together with some scouts of Ferguson's Brigade, in the latter part of the month. One of the scouts, — Roberts, made his headquarters at Mrs. Wright's. He had captured a fine mule from the Yankees, and, procuring a buggy, brought me out through their lines by way of Villa Rica to Newnan, where I took the train. I should like to hear from him, from any of the scouts who were there, or any of Mrs. Wright's family."

Lon Woodburn, of Paloduro, Tex., who was a member of Company F, Seventh Arkansas Regiment, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, was wounded within a few steps of where Gen. Cleburne fell. He says he hasn't seen a man who belonged to his regiment in twenty-seven years, and should like very much to hear from any of them.

MYSTERY ABOUT SAM DAVIS'S INFORMER.

In a carefully prepared article about Sam Davis and his martyrdom, Capt. B. P. Steele, writing from Murphy, N. C., states:

The secret which has never been divulged to mortal ken as to the identity of the person from whom Sam Davis obtained the papers which caused his death was probably never known but to two or, at most, three persons: Sam Davis himself and the person who intrusted him with the important package, with a possibility of a third party in the person of the hero's commanding officer, known among the scouts as Coleman. Various theories as to how Davis came into possession of the Federal documents have been advanced from time to time, some of them through the columns of the VETERAN, and the bulk of them have inclined to the idea that the documents were intrusted to the young hero by his officer. I do not accept this theory as probably correct, although I am scarcely prepared to advance one any more tangible. My reason for not regarding the last-mentioned theory is correct. I quote the words uttered by Sam Davis on the scaffold—almost his last before he was launched into eternity: "I gave my word." Now, under the inexorable code of honor governing military rules and discipline, neither Coleman nor any army comrade of Sam Davis would have required him to pledge his word against a betrayal of the trust. They recognized each in the other a comrade of the same faith, ready to die for the common cause or for each other. I conclude, therefore, that Sam Davis gave his word of honor to some zealous friend of the Confederacy, a noncombatant, who surreptitiously obtained the papers from the Federal headquarters. This I regard as most plausible.



THE LATE MRS. HARRIET OVERTON.

THE ROAD TO IMMORTALITY.

To the Army Without a Gun.

BY JOHN W. FAXON.

Hail! brave vet'rans, ensign's tattered,
Panoplied no more for war;
Heroes scarred and maimed and battered,
Bowed with age and weight of care;
Year by year your roll's decreasing,
Silenced lips, and heart beats ceasing.

Gleams of battle clear and frigid
Flit before the soldier's mind;
Where death, stalking stark and rigid,
Seemed to "leave all hope behind."
Iron hailstorms, bayonets flashing;
Troops now rushing, sabers clashing.

How these "comrades," mingling, blending,
Speak of deeds of bloody strife,
Tell of shrapnel, case shot rending,
As they hurled the breath from life;
Bombshells bursting, rockets flying.
Carnage heaping, brothers dying.

Yet, in saddest, darkest moments,
Whilst the death knell sounded forth,
Ties were formed which trouble foment,
Pledging friends who'd proved their worth,
Whilst the drums kept solemn tapping
To the soil's pure lifeblood lapping,

Cleanse from Southern soil the blood spots,
Stained by angered brothers' arms;
Veil them 'neath the rarest flow'r plots—
Peace's emblems, Memory's charms.
Monoliths will tell the story,
Manhood's valor, country's glory.

Forrest—brave, unflinching, daring—
Gave his State his meed of fame;
Still the painful truth is glaring:
No memorial bears his name.
Name so worthy, fame deserving;
Firm and faithful, never swerving.

Breasts for Southern woman baring,
Bore the brunt of four long years;
She, for heroes' graves now caring,
Keeps them green with grateful tears—
Tears of sorrow, flowers of beauty,
Sacred proofs of "well done" duty.

Rear to sisters, wives, and mothers
Shaft of marble pure and tall;
On it trace those deeds for brothers,
Living vet'rans now recall.
Years may glide; time cannot sever
Humane acts—they live forever.

Lovely woman took upon her
Noble hands a duty fair;
Gave to you the "Cross of Honor"—
There's another "cross," to bear:
Cross of Jesus, crown of glory!
Capture both, ye vet'rans hoary.

When the last sad "taps" are sounded,
When the "Rebel shout" is stayed,
Heaven's the happy camp unbounded,
Where God's orders are obeyed,

Where the Prince of Peace benignly
Lulls to rest the soul divinely.

Memphis Reunion, U. C. V., May, 1901.

John W. Faxon, author of "The Road to Immortality" addressed "To the Army without a Gun," was reared at Clarksville, Tenn. When the war commenced he was Assistant Supervisor of Banks for the State of Tennessee, and on the 12th of April, 1861, the day of the attack on Fort Sumter, he volunteered as a private in Capt. W. A. Forbes's company of infantry, the nucleus for the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., of which regiment it was Company A. Mr. Faxon was elected third sergeant. He was discharged after the Cheat Mountain raid in West Virginia, and returned to Clarksville, when he was made acting assistant adjutant general to Gen. M. G. Gholson, with the rank of major, who was appointed by Gen. Harris to organize the Ninety-First and Ninety-Second Regiment of



JOHN W. FAXON.

Tennessee militia. After the battle of Fort Donelson he went to Richmond, where for a while he was on detail service in the Confederate States Treasury Department. He then joined the Second Richmond Howitzers, First Regiment Virginia Artillery. After the Wilderness fight he was, on account of disability, detailed for duty to the "Tax in Kind Bureau," and was stationed at Charlotte, N. C., when he surrendered May 3, 1865. He was in the service of the Confederacy from April 12, 1861, to May 3, 1865, either as a soldier or a clerk.

When he reached home, in June, 1865, he weighed only ninety-eight pounds. He took the oath of allegiance to the United States government August 3, 1865, and engaged in banking. He is at present in the banking business at Chattanooga, and is a member of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 4, U. C. V., and also a member of the Richmond (Va.) Howitzer Association. He was colonel and aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon, U. C. V., commander.

An inquiry comes from the Bay City Bank of Bay City, Tex., for information concerning the death of H. K. Lowe, second lieutenant of Company K, Whitfield's Legion, Sixth Texas Cavalry, under Gen. Earl Van Dorn. It seems that Lieut. Lowe died of brain fever on the march into Tennessee in February, 1863, at the residence of a Mr. Fisher. Two soldiers were left to attend him, and after his death they followed the command to Columbia, Tenn., taking his effects with them—a sorrel horse named Prince and his clothing, etc. These were left in the care of a Mr. Goodlow near Mt. Pleasant, and by him delivered to Rev. Golman Green, father-in-law of Lieut. Lowe. These are substantially the facts, but it is desired to find some one who can testify to the date of his death.

THE LATE MRS. SARAH HELM CLARKE.

Confederates and devoted friends in many sections will observe with sorrow the passing away from earth, May 19, of Mrs. Sarah Helm Clarke. To Kentuckians the notice will be as a loss from the home. Mrs. Clarke was a well-known favorite in the Orphan Brigade, and at all of their reunions special honors were ever paid her, for herself as well as in honor of her distinguished husband, Col. William L. Clarke, who so gallantly commanded the Sixth Kentucky Infantry. Both were of distinguished Kentucky families.

Business interests brought Col. Clarke with his family to Nashville in 1882 to accept an important official position [with the Phillips & Buttorff Manufactur-



MRS. SARAH HELM CLARK.

ing Company, which position he held until his death, January 19, 1895, since which time it has been filled by his son, Walter H. Clarke], and although the family came to Tennessee nearly twenty years ago, their identity with old Kentucky was ever fondly cherished by their friends in the twin State. They together and individually honored both home and country. They were zealous Christians.

MRS. DAVIS COX, AN ENTERPRISING U. D. C.

The Lone Star State can boast of many a charming Daughter of the Confederacy, but truly none more tender and loyal than Mrs. Davis Cox, formerly of Huntsville, Tex. Born and reared in the great Texas, she has always manifested the sincerest, deepest in-



MRS. DAVIS COX.

terest in everything pertaining to the Stars and Bars. Mrs. Cox has, within a few months, adopted Memphis, Tenn., as her home, and her interest in the reunion has been shown in the number of attractive letters concerning it, written for various leading daily papers throughout the South. Mrs. Cox is Secretary of the Woman's Forrest Monument Association, and a member of the Sarah Law Chapter, U. D. C. Her executive ability has made her a conspicuous member of woman's clubdom in the South, and in the journalistic world she is a leading press woman. She now edits the "Home Household" and the "Boys and Girls Departments" of the *Cotton Planters Journal*. By her gentleness of manner and loveliness of character she proves that womanhood need lose none of its charm in taking part in the busy world.

Mrs. R. E. Wilson, President of the Missouri Division, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., writes of the work of the Daughters for the Confederate Home at Higginsville:

While the Confederate Association bought the land, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri built and equipped the Home, and for years after helped to maintain it. We were all one organization then. St. Louis was munificent in giving; indeed, every society in the State did its part nobly. The next good deed which should be entered to our credit was the uniforming of the inmates of the Home. Kansas City inaugurated the movement, and received aid of all the other societies in the State. Now, instead of the

motley crowd assembled on the galleries of the Home, one finds a genteel array of old soldiers clothed in the uniform of gray. Kansas City also furnished a drug department, and for a long while kept it stocked.

While I was President of the Kansas City Daughters, a period covering eight years, we worked faithfully for the Home, giving all kinds of entertainments to earn the money we needed. We had the honor and pleasure of putting the capstone on the final payment of the building. Two of our organization, Mrs. Morgan and myself, laid the corner stone. Now that the State has charge of the Home, the Missouri Division, U. D. C., has petitioned the Confederate Association for the charge of the little burying ground of the Home. It is proposed to build a low stone wall around it, and erect a suitable monument, so that in future years this monument will not only keep in remembrance the dead who sleep there, but will perpetuate the fact that the Southern women have been faithful to their cause.

Mrs. Rosalie Carter Jenkins was the first President of the W. L. Cabell (old "Tige") Chapter, U. D. C., which was organized at Lockesburg, Ark., by Mrs. C. A. Forney Smith, in October, 1898. Mrs. Jenkins is a daughter of Capt. Louis Carter, who gave his life for the Confederacy. The loyalty and devotion of the father is reproduced in his daughter. Although her duties as the wife of a Methodist minister were manifold, she was just as faithful and zealous as President of this Chapter as she was as President of the Home

Stone; Vice Presidents, Mrs. J. A. Madden and Mrs. John Fielder; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. T. Nixon; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. C. Worthy; Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Gollledge. Mrs. P. A. Laughlin and Mrs. Ben Carter were elected Honorary Vice Presidents for life.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY IN KY.

A meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. T. L. Burnett, Louisville, Ky., on April 25, to perfect the State organization of Children of the Confederacy. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and eligibility papers decided on. The following general officers were elected: President General, Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Basil W. Duke, Mrs. T. L. Burnett, Mrs. H. W. Bruce; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charlotte Osborne Woodbury; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. Ed Grant; Treasurer, Mrs. Thomas A. Barker; Historian, Mrs. Reginald Thompson. The members of the Organization Board are: Mesdames Thomas Taylor, Thomas D. Osborne, W. N. Haldeman, J. H. Leathers, Luke Blackburn, Hampden Jones, Sallie Bruce Morris.

The Chapter of Children of the Confederacy at Louisville was named for Hon. Eli M. Bruce, member of the Confederate Congress and one of the most charitable and best beloved men of Kentucky. He was born February 2, 1828, in Fleming County, Ky., and died in New York City December 15, 1866. He was an officer on Gen. John C. Breckinridge's staff, and his devoted friend. They lived together in Richmond during the struggle. At the beginning of the war he was a member of the firm of Adams & Bruce, pork packers. Just before the Mississippi was blockaded Mr. Bruce, with his usual foresight, knowing that the South would need salt for packing meat for the army, sent large cargoes as rapidly as possible down the Mississippi, so when navigation closed he had an immense quantity on hand. He went directly to Montgomery, Ala., to deliver it in person to the Confederate authorities, in convention at that time to nominate the President. It was gladly accepted, and he was complimented for his wisdom and foresight. This purchase of salt proved of great value to the new government, shut out from all the markets of the world. He had associated with him in this large business Mr. C. J. Armstrong and Mr. Warren Mitchell, of Louisville, and Mr. R. T. Wilson, of New York City.

Mr. Bruce was nominated for Congress by the Kentucky "Council of Ten," served two years, and was nominated again unanimously, serving to the end of the war. His people whom he had loved and labored for wished to make him Governor of the State, and he was preparing to return home when death intervened. During the four long years of war no worthy Kentuckian appealed to him for help in vain. He gave away hundreds of thousands of dollars to the needy and suffering. After a battle he hurried to the field to relieve the suffering of all he could reach, and filled his home with the wounded, his entire family uniting in the effort to restore them to health. His wife did much good work in the hospitals. His daughter, Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, is President General of the State organization. His only son, George S. Bruce, lives in Houston, Tex.



MRS. ROSALIE CARTER JENKINS.

Mission and Parsonage Societies. Her unceasing efforts have created an interest in all matters pertaining to the great war. The Chapter was organized with a membership of thirteen, which is now increased to twenty. Several Mothers of the Confederacy in this Chapter are an inspiration to the Daughters in their great and noble work.

At the annual meeting of the Chickasaw Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, Ardmore, Ind. T., the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. L. L.

THE HAMPTON CROSS ROADS CONFERENCE.

AUSTIN, TEX., May 17, 1901.

Hon. John H. Reagan replies to a criticism of Dr. R. J. Massey on the paper from him published in the *VETERAN* for April, in which he states:

The object of my paper was to prove by recorded facts and the statements of a number of citizens of the highest character that at the Hampton Roads Conference no terms for the termination of the war were offered to the Confederate government by President Lincoln but the unconditional surrender of the Confederate government. I rest on that paper as absolute proof of the truth of my position, and do not care to add to what I then said, except to state that about two years ago, when this question was under discussion, Gov. Garland, of Arkansas, who at the date of that Conference was a member of the Confederate Senate, and who was the roommate of Vice President Stephens, in Richmond, in a published statement, said that on the night after Mr. Stephens's return from that Conference he told him (Garland) that no terms could be had but unconditional surrender. Garland, after the war, became Governor of Arkansas, United States Senator from that State, and then Attorney-General of the United States.

Since the war between the States a persistent effort has been made to make the public believe that President Lincoln offered the Confederate commissioners at that conference terms of peace favorable to our people, which the Confederate commissioners were prevented from accepting because President Davis insisted upon the independence of the Confederacy, for which our people had fought so long and sacrificed so much. And many of the people of the Southern States were induced to believe this was true, and that President Davis and the Confederate authorities were responsible for the continuance of the war.

Dr. Massey criticises me with much severity, and with a good deal of personal bitterness and spite, for having shown, in my paper, the utter falsehood of this assumption, and he assumes to answer me by publishing the statements of several respectable gentlemen to the effect that Mr. Stephens had told them, not of any proposed terms to the Confederate commissioners, but the substance of private conversation between President Lincoln and himself.

He shows by the statement of Mr. Evan P. Howell that Mr. Stephens told him that Mr. Lincoln asked him into a stateroom and seated himself at a table, and said to him: "Mr. Stephens, we can settle this war and stop bloodshed. I know you well and know you can appreciate my position and feelings;" and, taking a sheet of paper, said: "I will write one word on the top of this paper, and that word is 'Union,' and you can write the terms of settlement, and I will give you my word I will use the best efforts of my life to have Congress accept the terms." I have not disputed and have no desire to dispute the fact as to whether such a private conversation occurred. I only say that no such proposition was made to the Confederate commissioners, or rejected by them, or submitted by them for the action of the Confederate government.

The same may be said as to the statement of the Hon. Clark Howell. That is not a matter in issue, so

far as I am concerned, and has nothing to do with the real issue. And the same may be said as to the statements of Mr. Richardson, Mr. McBride, and Mr. Smith, whose statements he publishes. I have no controversy with the truth of these statements. They are utterly immaterial so far as relates to a proposition by President Lincoln to the Confederate commissioners for the termination of the war.

For the purpose of showing what Dr. Massey regarded as the real issues, I quote from his paper published in the *Atlanta Daily News* of February 16, 1901, to which mine of April 2 was a reply, in which he gives Mr. Stephens's statement as follows:

"Mr. Lincoln drew from his pocket a sheet of paper about two feet long, and held it up to the wall and said: 'Gentlemen,' not privately to Mr. Stephens, but to the Confederate commissioners, 'let me write the word "reunion," the Union must be preserved, and you may fill the balance of the sheet with your own terms.' Several points were then discussed, not with Mr. Stephens privately, but with the Confederate commissioners. He proposed that all men in arms may return home unmolested; that every Southerner shall have a full and unconditional pardon for any and every crime he may have committed against the United States; that all rights shall be restored to everybody; no trials for treason or any other crime; and all slaves at that time in bondage shall remain so; but a bill will be immediately introduced for the gradual emancipation, and every slaveholder shall have fair and liberal compensation for each slave so emancipated."

These extraordinary terms, Dr. Massey tells us, Mr. Stephens said Mr. Lincoln offered the Confederate commissioners. And extraordinarily liberal as these terms were, the Confederate commissioners could not accept them because President Davis demanded the independence of the Confederacy. In the face of the report of the Confederate commissioners, in the face of the message of President Davis transmitting that report to the Confederate Congress, in the face of what Mr. Stephens says in his book, in the face of Mr. Lincoln's two emancipation proclamations, in the face of his message of December, 1864, to Congress, in the face of his instructions to Secretary Seward for his government in those negotiations, in the face of the fact that three days before that the two Houses of Congress had passed a joint resolution submitting to the States the proposition to abolish slavery throughout the United States without compensation, in the face of the statements made by Mr. Stephens to the



GROUP AT BRYCE'S CROSS ROADS REVIEW.

effect that no terms but unconditional surrender could be had, to Gov. Garland, of Arkansas, to Senator Orr, of South Carolina, to Representative Sexton, of Texas, and of his letter to his old friend, Stephen W. Blount, of Texas, in which he said the statement that President Lincoln had offered to pay \$400,000,000 for the slaves of the South, can any sane person be expected to believe that any such proposition was made by President Lincoln to the Confederate commissioners, or was submitted to the Confederate government, or rejected by it?

It was such statements as these that I controverted. I had nothing to do or say about what occurred in private conversations between President Lincoln and Vice President Stephens, and I do not propose to allow Dr. Massey, or any one else, to escape from the issues they have heretofore made to the prejudice of the Confederate authorities, by saying now that they only referred to private conversation between President Lincoln and Mr. Stephens. I am not concerned about the private interviews between President Lincoln and Vice President Stephens, or about the private opinions and personal views of Mr. Lincoln. In this discussion I am concerned only with the public and official action of President Lincoln and the Confederate commissioners in the Conference at Hampton Roads, and I will see, as far as I can, that the facts as to that Conference shall go into history correctly. To this end I rest the case on the official documents and facts presented in my paper of the 3d of April, to which Dr. Massey has replied in the *Atlanta News* of the 4th of May.

Dr. Massey, in his last paper, passed a very high and deserved eulogy on the late Senator and Justice Lamar, the late Senator Hill, the late editor and orator Grady, and upon the Hon. Clark Howell. From personal acquaintance and association with some of these gentlemen, and from a knowledge of the characters of the others, I fully concur with the Doctor in his high estimate of the ability, the genius, the patriotism and peace-loving character of each and all of them. But what has that got to do with the question as to whether President Lincoln made the offer to the Confederate commissioners at Hampton Roads, which Dr. Massey says Mr. Stephens told him was made, and which is herein above copied from Dr. Massey's letter? The Doctor might, with equal truth and with equal disregard to the rules of logic, have said that President Washington was the greatest patriot and that President Jefferson was the greatest political philosopher of the age in which they lived. But what connection would there be between such statement and the question under consideration? Why bring such matter into this discussion of a question of history, which must at last be determined by the real facts, if not for the purpose of obscuring the real issue?

Inquiry is made of Maj. Milton S. Alcorn, of Forrest's command, and of his company; also of Capt. Flem Saunders's company, and the flag presented them by Miss Mary Alcorn at Friar's Point, Miss. Maj. Alcorn was also of Friar's Point, but at the Virginia Military Institute when the war commenced. He joined Forrest's command, and was soon made captain, then promoted to major.

REMINISCENCES OF MAJ. THOMAS L. BROWN,

Thomas L. Brown, son of Edwin Conway Brown, was born in Loudoun County, Va., December 25, 1823. He graduated at the University of Virginia in 1848, and taught school for two years. He studied law with Hon. G. W. Summers in Charleston, Kanawha County, and was admitted to the bar in 1852. He succeeded William S. Rosecrans as President of the Coal River Navigation Company in 1858. His law partner, George S. Patton, became colonel of the Twenty-Second Virginia Regiment, and was killed in battle near Winchester, Va.

Maj. Brown entered the Confederate service as a private in April, 1861, and continued in service until the surrender at Appomattox in April, 1865, becoming major in the Third Regiment of the Wise Legion. During the campaign on Big Sewell Mountain, in Western Virginia, in the fall of 1861, he was very ill from typhoid pneumonia, which rendered him unfit for field service. Consequently he was stationed at Dublin Depot, Va., as commandant of the post and major quartermaster. Maj. Brown was very dangerously wounded May 9, 1864, in battle at Cloyd's Mountain, Pulaski County, Va., at which time he was volunteer aid to Col. Bheuring, of the Sixtieth Virginia Regiment, formerly the Third Regiment of the Wise Legion. In that battle the Confederates numbered about 2,500 and the enemy about 7,500. It was a hotly fought battle, in which about one-tenth of the men engaged were either killed or wounded. Upon the retreat to Dublin Depot, Morgan's Kentuckians checked the advance of the enemy, who were pursuing the Confederate forces. Gen. A. G. Jenkins, Maj. Thomas Smith, and Maj. Thomas L. Brown were all wounded and taken to the residence of Mr. Guthrie, residing near Dublin Depot. The evening after the battle a squad of Federal cavalry went to Mr. Guthrie's house and paroled Gen. Jenkins and Maj. Smith. The Federal surgeon said to his clerk, in the presence of



THOMAS L. BROWN, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Maj. Broun, "Report him dead, for he will die to-night;" and so Maj. Broun was reported as killed in that battle.

In April, 1865, after the surrender at Appomattox, he was sent to his native home in Loudoun County, Va. "Mosby's Men," it was understood, would not be paroled, but be treated as outlaws. Maj. Broun went to Gen. Carroll's headquarters, near Middleburg, where he was questioned very closely as to where he was wounded and to what command he belonged. After a consultation among the staff officers it was concluded that Maj. Broun was certainly killed at



EVELYN HUMPHRIES,
Sponsor for Mississippi, U. C. V.



FLORENCE WINNER,
Sponsor for Sons, Meridian, Miss.

Cloyd's Mountain, and Gen. Carroll so informed him. Maj. Broun was at once suspected of being one of Mosby's men trying to escape from the military orders issued against Mosby's command. After discussing what should be done with the crippled officer, Gen. Carroll decided that he was the identical Maj. Broun as represented, and he gave him his parole. Then followed some friendly remarks from Gen. Carroll, who proposed a glass of wine to Maj. Broun, which was accepted. Other glasses were filled, and the staff officers drank to his speedy recovery. This was a happy change from what had threatened to be a hard fate for Maj. Broun.

Early in June, 1865, Maj. Broun returned to Charleston (after an absence of four years), and found that his valuable law library and other personal property had been confiscated. There were, besides, several indictments in the United States Court against him as a recruiting officer in Boone and Logan Counties for the Confederate army under orders from Gen. H. A. Wise, of the Wise Legion, and Gov. Letcher, of Richmond, Va. Officials of the new State of West Virginia were bitterly opposed to the so-called Rebels returning to their homes, and Maj. Broun was ordered to appear before Gen. Oley, then in command of troops stationed here. He presented his parole from Gen. Carroll, and claimed protection, but this was not granted him. Thereupon the friends of Maj. Broun and other Confederates telegraphed to Gen. Grant, who at once replied that the paroled soldiers and officers of the Confederate army should have all rights and privileges granted to them by their paroles, without any interference whatever by State or local United States authorities. This reply brought much quiet and satisfaction to Confederates in West Virginia.

Maj. Broun was married in Richmond June 8, 1866,

to Miss Mary M. Fontaine, daughter of Col. Edmond Fontaine, of Beaver Dam, Hanover County, Va.

As ex-Confederate soldiers were not permitted to practice law in West Virginia for some time after the war, Maj. Broun moved to New York City in June, 1866, where he resided for several years. After political disabilities in West Virginia were removed, he returned and resumed the practice of his profession in Circuit Courts, in the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, and in the United States District and Circuit Courts for West Virginia. As a delegate from the Diocese of West Virginia he attended the Triennial Episcopal Conventions held in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, in 1880, 1882, and 1886. Camp Thomas L. Broun, U. S. C. V., No. 193, Charleston, W. Va., was named in his honor.

MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

J. W. Willingham, Chattanooga, Tenn.:

The N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., has put into operation a plan to raise money for a monument to the women of the South that is worthy of adoption by every Camp of United Confederate Veterans. We make it a part of the order of business at every meeting to take a collection for this specific purpose. When the order is reached the Commander arises and announces it; then the officer of the day takes the collection, each comrade contributing according to ability and inclination. These collections constitute a separate fund, which is deposited in bank and can be used for no other purpose. Though these monthly collections may be small, the aggregate in a few years will amount to a handsome sum. If every Camp, of which there are nearly fifteen hundred, adopts this simple plan, a handsome monument could soon be erected in each State of our fair Southland to commemorate the courage, self-sacrifice, and devotion of the noblest women on earth for a cause they believed to be right. In those dark yet glorious days of 1861 to 1865 these heroic women toiled and suffered at home to keep our struggling armies in the field. They nursed our sick and wounded in hospitals, and often in their own homes. Then when our flag was furled and the survivors of our glorious armies returned to their desolated homes, these noble women took up the work of building monuments to the heroism of our Confederate dead, and vindicating the cause for which they fought. During the thirty-six years that have passed since the war they have continued their labors. Hundreds of monuments and beautifully kept cemeteries attest their zeal.

Now, comrades, let us see to it that suitable monuments are erected to tell "the story of the glory" of our women, as well as of our men. Let every Camp act at once. We think our plan a good one; but if a better one is conceived, let us use that. Collections taken at each meeting persistently will bring success. Col. Garnett Andrews, of our Memphis reunion delegation, is enthusiastic on this subject, and will no doubt be heard from at Memphis.

John M. Jolly, Marlin, Tex., inquires the whereabouts of W. A. Blaylock, who was one of the crew of the ironclad steamer Chicora at Charleston, S. C. He would like to hear from any of the crew now living.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.—L. C. Varnedoe is a native of Liberty County, Ga., and at the breaking out of the war was eleven years of age. In his personal reminiscences of the civil strife he describes many blood-curdling scenes and others laughably ludicrous. He relates an amusing incident relative to the approach of Sherman's army: "It was currently reported and believed that the Federal soldiers would slay all male children, and at the first coming of the enemy many anxious mothers sought to disguise their sons of tender age by dressing them in girls' clothing, thinking they would thus save them from the reported destruction of all male offspring. One youth thus metamorphosed into the semblance of a female was engaged in the unfeminine and dangerous pastime of sliding down the stair rail in the presence of some of the Yankee soldiers, when his mother, fearing for his safety, and forgetting his disguise for the moment, called out to him: 'Bessie, my son, come down from there.' 'Oho,' remarked one of the troopers, 'I thought it strange that the children of this neighborhood were all girls.'"



TOM OCHILTREE, THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Capt. N. P. Turner (Fifth Texas Mounted Infantry, Lanc's Brigade), now of Denver, Colo., furnishes an interesting sketch of Maj. Tom P. Ochiltree, a well-known Confederate, now residing in New York City:

"Maj. Ochiltree was born in San Augustine, Tex., about twenty years before the beginning of the civil war. He was educated for a lawyer, his father being one of the supreme judges



THOMAS OCHILTREE.

of Texas. When hostilities began between the North and South Ochiltree promptly entered the Confederate service, and distinguished himself at the battle of Glorieta and in other engage-

ments in the unfortunate invasion of Arizona and New Mexico by the Texas troops.

"During the remainder of the war he served first on the staff of Gen. Longstreet, and subsequently on that of Joseph E. Johnston, during which period he distinguished himself on many occasions. Since the war he has served one term in Congress from the Galveston (Tex.) District. He is now retained in the capacity of attorney by John W. Mackay, President of the Bennett-Mackey Cable Company and Postal Telegraph Company, and gives especial attention to legislation that affects these companies at Washington and at various State capitals.

"Tom' Ochiltree is well and favorably known, both at home and in Europe. On one occasion, when in England, I had letters of introduction from high officials at Washington, from prominent business men in New York, including letters from Tom Ochiltree to several of his friends in England and France. When these letters were presented the consideration shown me attested the high opinion in which he is held.

"Tom Ochiltree is one of the brainiest men in the country. He is widely known among friends as a master 'romancer,' and among those who know him by reputation as 'the greatest liar in America.' The latter term is as unfair as it would be to call Jules Verne a liar. He is simply a delightful and entertaining spinner of yarns, and has never been known to concoct a harmful tale."

INTERESTING TO THE VETERAN—AN ONLY SON.

Representatives of the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission have just embarked on a voyage down the Rio Grande in three boats, to make observations and a more complete survey of the river. P. D. Cunningham, Chief Engineer of the United States Commission, is at the head of the expedition. The party proposes to follow the course of the river from El Paso to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of nearly 1,300 miles. It will require three months to make the trip, and for a distance of six hundred miles all communication with the outside world will be cut off. The voyage is considered an extremely hazardous one, as in many places the river consists of dangerous rapids, and but little is known of its windings where it traverses the Grand Canyon.



An illustration of the friendly relations existing between the best element of the colored people and the whites in the South is given by a small photograph—print from which is here given—which has been preserved with pride, through friendship, for twenty five years in the family of William H. Key, and presented recently to the father of the gentleman named in the foregoing. Key and family are of a later than the slave generation, but were nurtured in the spirit of those who were. In many ways it is demonstrated that the relation between the whites and the blacks of the South is of ready adjustment, and there is mutual interest in the welfare of each other.

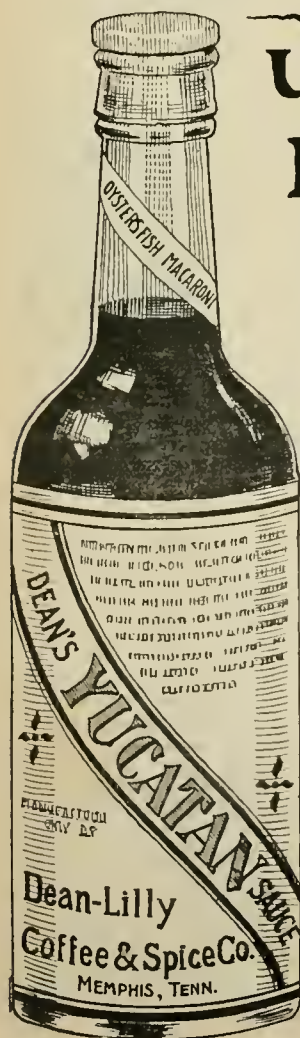


SIDE-TRIP FROM MEMPHIS DURING REUNION.

On May 29 and 30 the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway will sell SIDE-TRIP tickets from MEMPHIS to Nashville, Tenn., Chattanooga, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., Macon, Ga., and all intermediate points, at rate of ONE FARE, plus \$2, for the ROUND TRIP. Final limit for return 18 days from date of sale. This extremely low rate will enable veterans to visit friends and relatives in Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, and also to visit old battlefields and spend a few weeks at mountain resorts.

A trip from Memphis to Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta, over the N. C. & St. L. Railway, takes in without exception more points of historic interest than any other railway journey of equal distance. Some of the most desperate battles of the war were fought along its lines. No other railway can offer such advantages in the way of sight seeing.

Have your Reunion tickets extended until June 19, purchase a side-trip ticket over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, and visit the summer resorts and old battlefields of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. Remember the rate, ONE FARE, plus \$2, for the round trip, good for 18 days.



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And yet, according to the printed terms of the policies at that time, lapsed policies had no cash surrender values, and no doubt many persons who had lapsed their policies on purpose came in afterwards and received their cash values from the Company. The Company paid no attention whatever to the political opinions of the Southern people, but treated them all not only liberally but magnanimously.

While one company required Southerners, after the war was over, to sign an "iron-clad oath" that they had not taken part in or sympathized with the Confederacy before they would insure them; and while another company placed Southern people in a "Southern Class," which paid them practically no profits or dividends, it is to the honor of the Old Mutual Life that they acted in the generous manner above stated. The Mutual Life has never had any "classes" for its policy holders or discriminated in any way against any of its members.

The Company has dealt more liberally by its policy holders, and has paid out vastly more dividends, death claims, and surrender values, than any other company in the world.

It is the Strongest, Safest, and Best Life Insurance Company in the world. It has paid to and accumulated for its policy holders nearly NINE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! Its new policies contain the largest guaranteed cash surrender and loan values offered by any company in the world, although its premiums are less than those charged by other prominent companies. Its present cash funds are over \$325,000,000, and exceed by nearly \$150,000,000 the combined cash capital of the four famous banks of the world: the Bank of England, Bank of France, Bank of Russia, and Imperial Bank of Germany.

**BISCOE HINDMAN, Gen'l Agent,
LOUISVILLE, KY.**

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

The Pan-American Exposition was thrown open to the public on Wednesday, May 1. The Common Council of the city of Buffalo declared that day a civic holiday, and the entire city recognized this signal event, which celebrates the centennial of the founding of the city, and which is the first great exposition to be devoted exclusively to the interests of Pan-America.

A new booklet, just issued for the Exposition, tells a very charming story of its history and creation and describes the beautiful city in which the festival has been developed and brought to completion. The booklet is embellished with many illustrations, including twelve colored plates of Exposition buildings and views. These will be sent free to applicants by the Bureau of Publicity so long as the edition lasts. All the principal buildings of the Exposition have been completed for some time. Some of the afterthoughts, such as State buildings, were not ready till about May 20, which was Dedication Day.

Every one who has visited the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition during the last few months has been astonished beyond expression upon beholding the magnitude and the exceptional beauty and novelty of the enterprise. It is very much larger than people generally have supposed, and it is apparent that the \$10,000,000, which is the approximate cost of the Exposition as a whole, has been expended most wisely and with the happiest results. The particular novelty that is to be noted in this Exposition is discovered in the fact that in its exterior aspect it is a radical departure from former expositions. The buildings are arranged upon a harmonious and well-developed plan, producing court settings and vistas of very charming character. The use of molded staff work and decorative sculpture upon the buildings and at all salient points within the courts, the liberal employment of hydraulic and fountain features, the floral and garden effects, the exquisite colorings of buildings and architectural ornaments, and the illumination of the whole with more than 300,000 electric lamps, combine to make a picture of unsurpassed loveliness. The musical features are also of great importance and interest. The exhibit divisions are very complete, and embrace the gamut of industrial, scientific, and artistic activities of the people of the Western Hemisphere. The Midway, claimed to be the greatest in the world, has more than a mile of frontage. The restaurant features are perfect, and the

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may have such accommodations as he is willing to pay for. He may have the palatial quarters of the fine hotels or the quiet restfulness of a pleasant home. The average rate for accommodations near the Exposition grounds is about \$1 per night for lodging, with 25c. to 50c. added for breakfast, it being expected that guests will take their other meals upon the Exposition grounds. A number of responsible companies have organized to find accommodations for visitors at any price they may desire to pay. The offices of these companies are centrally located, and this system of management promises to bring very satisfactory results to all concerned.

John Logan, Logan, Mo., would like to correspond with Capt. Kitchens or Capt. McGregor. One belonged to the paymaster department, the other to the commissary.

Harry Burgwyn Camp, No. 166, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Raleigh, N. C., was temporarily instituted January, 1899, and permanently organized and chartered May, 1900.

J. M. Foy, Sweetwater, Tex., inquires for C. Wesley Davis, member of Hampton Legion, prisoner at Fort Monroe, 1864-65, and also for James Chatmore and John A. Donevan.

A camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans was organized at Camden, Ala., on April 5, and the following officers elected: Commander, J. C. Benson; Lieut. Commander, R. C. Jones, Jr.; Adjutant, Sherwood Bonner; Quartermaster, D. S. Pritchett, Jr.; Commissary, R. E. McWilliams, Jr.; Surgeon, J. F. Jenkins; Treasurer, W. J. Bonner; Chaplain, W. T. Waller.

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Mr. Northrup, the composer, has written many compositions of sterling worth in the various departments of vocal and instrumental music, and is worthy of the highest compliments from the fact that his genius has given birth to the official march of the Reunion. Published by O. K. Houck & Co., 359 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

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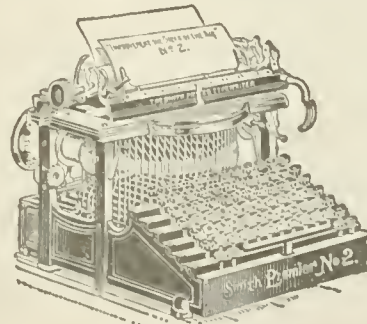
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John B. Hood Camp, No. 1343, was organized at Piggott, Ark., on May 11, with fifty members.

Dr. W. H. Roberts, Jr., of Denison, Tex., would like to correspond with any members of the Georgia Cadets under Gen. F. W. Capers from 1862 to 1865.

J. M. Myers, of Fisherville, Ky., a member of Company B, Second Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command, would be glad to hear from William M. Buchanan, of the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi, and W. C. Arnett, of the Fifth Kentucky, who were his prison companions at Camp Douglas, Ill., in Masonic Barracks No. 40. He inquires also for U. C. Ricketts, of Clifton, Tenn., who was his hunk mate. He left them at Camp Douglas when he was exchanged, February 13, 1865.

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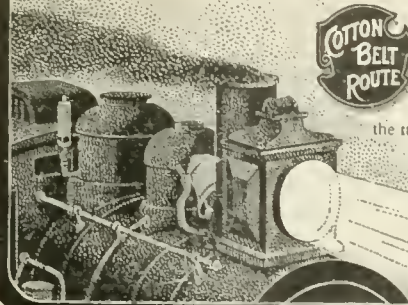
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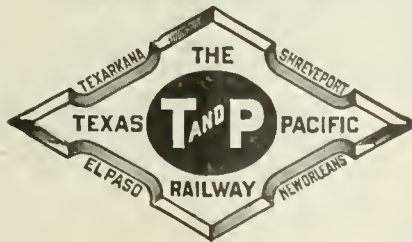
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M. H. McKee, of Bowie, Tex., would be pleased to receive any information concerning his grandfather, First Sergeant John McKee, Company D, Brook's Regiment, enlisted with Capt. Lewis, of Carroll's Regiment, in Sebastian County, Ark. Comrade McKee was by profession a physician, and was discharged from the service at Camden, Ark.

D. J. Martin, Plano, Tex., inquires if Lieut. John Hiett, of Company F, Ward's Regiment, Tennessee Infantry, is living, and where? He says: "This regiment was made up mainly from Smith, Sumner, Jackson, Wilson, Davidson, and some other counties in Middle Tennessee. Col. James Bennett, of Hartsville, was its first colonel. Bennett died at Elizabethtown, Ky., in the early days of 1863, after which W. W. Ward, of Carthage, who was lieutenant colonel, was promoted to the rank of colonel of the regiment. This was a mounted regiment, and served under Gen. John H. Morgan. Charles E. Cossitt was the first captain of Company F. He was killed in an engagement at Milton, Tenn., in March, 1863. Rufus Cornwell and John Hiett were the lieutenants. The former died many years ago, but I do not know of the latter. I was a member of the same company, and had the pleasure of knowing every man well."

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Every Confederate veteran should secure a copy of the war poem, "Kindness to Enemies," by Miss Sallie M. A. Black, of Columbia, S. C. It is a souvenir of the battle of Fredericksburg, and will be for sale at the Memphis reunion, or may be ordered from the R. L. Bryan Company, Columbia, S. C. Twenty-five cents per copy.

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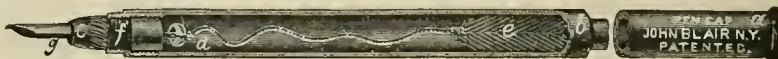
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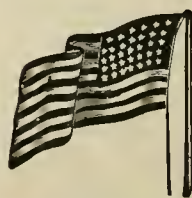
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COMMISSARY COMMITTEE OF THE U. C. V. REUNION AT MEMPHIS, 1901.

The above group comprises the Commissary Committee of the Memphis reunion. There should have been a group of the entire committee, but an effort to procure it was unsuccessful. It is fitting, however, to give special prominence to this committee, as in its work highest praise is due. The "mess" tent was enormous, and although it caught fire the day before the reunion and was much damaged, there was still room to feed nearly two thousand veterans at a time. The superintendence of this was by Mr. W. R. Barksdale, whose firm generously supplied the VETERAN quarters at the reunion. He was ably assisted by F. D. Craig, W. P. Eckles, J. L. M. McGehee, J. P. Jordan, and W. G. Cannon. The ten ranges, used for cooking as fine tenderloin steak as the country affords, were under the special charge of Franke Ozanne. He and J. W. Cunningham had charge of the kitchen. The picture of Mr. Ozanne and J. P. Jordan, who did excellent work as members of the committee, do not

appear in the group. Comrade Arch McCarver, another member, is absent from the group, having been injured by a fall a few days before the reunion.

A remarkable contribution to this was in the service of Chase and Sanborn, who furnished one hundred thousand cups of coffee, and a large proportion of it free. There never was supplied, doubtless, as great a quantity of fine coffee at one place in so short a time. An engraving of the great banner of Chase and Sanborn may be seen on another page. The VETERAN anxiously expresses the gratitude for this generosity for all Confederates. In this great tent, void of any red tape, there was furnished, in addition to the one hundred thousand cups of coffee, seventy-two thousand meals, and over twenty-two thousand sandwiches. Severe as were some of the people in taking advantage of the necessities of guests, the committee of great-hearted Memphians did royal service with liberal hands.

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN 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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SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1901.

No. 6. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.



SECOND KENTUCKY CAVALRY; MORGAN'S MEN, ENTERTAINED BY THEIR COMRADE, D. A. CAMPBELL.

There are twenty-nine members alive of Company F, Morgan's Second Kentucky Regiment. Of this number, fifteen met at the home of their comrade, D. A. Campbell, Memphis, May 28, 1901, and were guests of his home during the reunion: N. W. Lea (captain), Clarksdale, Miss.; Houston Hopkins (first lieutenant), Augusta, Ark.; D. A. Campbell (orderly sergeant), Memphis, Tenn.; R. A. McWilliams, George Finley, R. E. Dejarnett, H. C. Moore, and W. A. Jones, Holly Springs, Miss.; G. H. Black, Lafayette, Ala.; W. C. Hamner, Water Valley, Miss.; C. G. Sharp, Lexington, Ky.; J. W. Cunningham, Warren, Ark.; John Crump, Lula, Miss.; T. J. Ross, Trion Factory, Ga.; Hi Rodgers, Shreveport, La.; and James Sims, Nashville, Tenn.

This company was organized at Holly Springs, Miss., with Thomas Webber as captain, and joined John H. Morgan when he had only a battalion.

A beautiful souvenir was written for and dedicated by Mrs. Belle W. Reid to the survivors of this company (F). A committee of three—Capts. N. W. Lea, W. C. Hamner, and C. G. Sharp—was appointed to express our appreciation and thanks. They found in Mrs. Reid's poem sentiments which awaken the tenderest memories of our lives and bring back to us the stirring days of our boyhood, when the smiles of the grand women of the old South were the inspiration to deeds of valor which placed her soldiers in the front rank of the world and won the respect of the patriots of all nations.

MRS. REID'S POEM.

Memphis is proud to welcome you, you gray and war-scarred band,
With homage true and reverence sweet, she'll take you by the hand,
'Twill be a grand reunion, to some the last on earth,
But to feelings deep and tender this meeting will give birth.

O! if I were inspired, what grand things I would say
About our Southland heroes, the men that wore the gray.
My heart is filled to bursting when I think of dark days past,
But brighter than the sunshine is the glory that will last,

For many unborn children will rise and proudly say: — — —
"I'm descended from a hero, grandma's father wore the gray,"
And tender thoughts will fill our hearts as each old soldier dies,
To join the last reunion in God's home beyond the skies.

MEMPHIS REUNION—NOTES FROM PROCEEDINGS

With a United States gunboat in port, with the Forrest Rifles and the Governor's Guard armed and thoroughly disciplined, and with the city's entire population in a perfect state of readiness, Memphis, the gateway of the Southwest, was captured on the morning of May 27, 1901, by a peaceful army numbering 20,000, and without a show of resistance. Indeed, the invasion was right joyously welcomed, and every stranger who entered the portals of the city was greeted with an evidence of kindly feeling that will be oft remembered in the quiet evenings of many lives when memory becomes the dear fireside companion of tender twilights.

The eleventh annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was officially launched at 10:15 A.M. of May 28, and when Gen. G. W. Gordon, of Memphis, called the convention to order the main floor of the great assembly hall was filled, the large floor section being set aside for the delegates from various States. The opening invocation of Rev. J. Williams Jones was soul-stirring and impressive in the extreme. The presentation and address of Hon. Benton McMillin, Governor of Tennessee, followed, after which Mayor Williams, Senator Turley, and Judge Timothy E. Cooper made short speeches.

The great demonstration of the day came when Gen. G. W. Gordon introduced Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. The immense audience applauded until the beloved and often honored Commander was forced to appeal for silence, after which he made an address that proved one of the glories of the reunion.

Hon. Bennett H. Young, of Kentucky, spoke next. The tribute which he paid to the valor and heroism of the armies of the West was as eloquent as it was true. Without disparaging the soldierly qualities of the troops who fought in the campaigns of the East, Col. Young showed by careful contrast of their achievements that the battlefields of the West were just as bloody, that the armies of the West accomplished just as much in the face of odds just as appalling, and that the leaders who met the shock of battle on the Western fields are no less worthy of immortal fame than those whose names are associated with the campaigns of Virginia.

The genius and achievements of Forrest received splendid recognition in the treatment of the theme by Col. Young, who also paid a fitting tribute to his old leader, Gen. John H. Morgan, a knightly soldier who gave his life for the cause he loved. Col. Young's address was masterly, and was delivered with fine effect.

BISHOP GAILOR'S ADDRESS.

Presenting Bishop Gailor, Gen. G. W. Gordon said:

I have the honor to present the son of a veteran who was killed in the battle of Perryville, Ky., in 1862. He thus stands as close to us as any man who was not actually a soldier in our army—being entirely too young for military duty.

The Bishop is one of those sons of veterans whose love of truth and justice induces him to read and investigate for himself; and, having carefully and critically examined and scrutinized the history of the questions that led to the war between the American States, he believes as profoundly in the legal right and constitutional justice of the cause for which we fought and his father died as any Southern hero that faced the thundering cannon or fell upon the fiery field of battle. Be pleased to hear Bishop Gailor, whose fascinating oratory is his best introduction to your favor and attention.

In his able and eloquent address Bishop Gailor said:

To-day we recall and are bidden to judge the greatest epoch in the history of our country—an epoch still beclouded, in popular histories, with sectional prejudice,

or else depicted with the transparent and impossible definiteness of invincible bigotry—and yet an epoch the secret springs of which defy the genius and learning of any present day historian adequately to determine.

More momentous to us than the French revolution, and equal in importance with the civil war in England, it may not be summarily disposed of by American political philosophers, without exposing them to the ridicule



BISHOP GAILOR.

and contempt of future generations. We venture to say this in spite of the fact that public opinion has been educated to denominate "the war between the States," the conflict of two great incompatible interpretations of the Constitution, as the war of the rebellion, and in spite of the other fact that a distinguished orator of Massachusetts has within the past three years, according to newspaper reports, seen fit in a public speech to declare that the side of the Southern States in that conflict was an infamous cause and its adherents traitors to their country.

It is quite possible that there are young men in the South—sons of Confederate soldiers—whose desire

for commercial prosperity, or whose enthusiasm for President Lincoln's character, or whose indifference to "dead issues," will induce them to acquiesce tamely in such judgments, or who will even positively endure these caricatures of history; but the existence of an organization like the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the presence here to-day of so many of the best young men of the South, are the witness—the splendid witness—to the desire, the hope, the determination of some, at least, that our children shall not be educated to depreciate and discredit our fathers' patriotism and our fathers' faith.

We reopen no closed questions, we revive no settled controversies, we rekindle no smoldering strife, when we ask for justice to the dead.

To put it upon the lowest ground, we may say that the Stuarts' cause in England was a "lost cause," and most men believe to-day that its success would have been a hindrance to the progress of human liberty; but how small-minded and how hunger-bitten would be the criticism that would deny the present loyalty of an Englishman because he dared to say that he was glad that his ancestors were with the Cavaliers!

There has been no history of the American civil war written that was harsher in its judgment of the South than that of Prof. Goldwin Smith, and yet this distinguished historian emphatically declares "the Southern leaders ought not to have been treated as rebels," for "secession was not a rebellion." Surely there is no violation of good feeling, nor lack of devotion to our glorious republic, in my quoting that sentence to-day. If that be the true statement of the case, why should it not be made?

Why are we compelled to acquiesce in a bold assertion that "Gen. N. B. Forrest and his men were murderous guerrillas," even if Gen. Sherman is quoted as the author of the libel? Or why should we not be permitted to ridicule the same writer's nonsense about Hood's army, without hazarding our reputation for patriotism? Or why should we not repudiate the indecent slur upon the motives of the men who surrendered with Lee and Johnston, when we know that the world's history never recorded a nobler manhood than that which admitted and accepted its defeat, brokenheartedly but in good faith, at Appomattox, and went to work without any attempt at guerrilla warfare, without any vestige of secret malice or mean revenge, to restore peace and prosperity to the whole country?

Why should not every American, of every name, of every political creed, delight, again and again, to tell that story—not only as a tribute to the South, but as a testimony to the honor, the courage, the manhood of the American people?

Truth, my friends, is many-sided. It is a globe of opal—that gleams and burns in vanishing depths, too far and various to be exhausted by the insight of any generation or any time.

And to the truth—the whole truth—the South has to make her contribution—her offering of actual fact in social and political development, an offering which, if her people be faithful, shall secure for them an enviable place in the memory of mankind.

To honor one's father and one's mother was the ancient Roman definition of "piety," and to the Jew and Christian it is the only commandment with promise.

And surely there is no virtue in manhood that comes from a deeper source or bespeaks a finer breeding than the virtue of filial loyalty. Human language in all its dialects exhausted its capacity for sweetness in "father," "mother," "child." To-day we remember our fathers and our mothers. Yes, our mothers! And as we go forth in this mighty throng of war-crowned and war-scarred men, who is there that will not rise to point with us in glad and grateful homage to those women of the old South, whose unequalled courage and supreme unselfishness made the campaigns of Lee and Jackson and Bragg and Hood and Johnston possible? We feel, as it were, the innerment and secret joy of life. For once we know in the burdened and perplexing time that we are right. To some of us, from the misty past, from blood-stained battlefields, from sacred deathbeds, the whisper comes, "Well done, my son;" and through that vast and pleading bond of blood and birth wells up the interest, the love for those who endured the same experience and who are with us here to-day. Fresh in memory become those stories of our youth—the ringing cheers of the gray battalions and the smoke-embosomed fields; the painful marches, the days of hunger and thirst—of mournful anguish, the loneliness and helplessness of the dear hearts at home, the burning cities, the awful suffering, the unwavering loyalty, the splendid heroic sacrifice of the generation of men and women, who were once strong and rich in the vigor and springtime of their youth—but are now gray with age, and slowly but surely passing from the stage of active life.

For you and me, my comrades, the future is glorious with the promise and prophecy of our country's unexampled greatness and honor. We believe in the ever-increasing power and beneficence of the republic. In the fire of a patriotism, which has, within the last three years, placed us in the forefront of the nations of the world, all the bitterness and all the envy and resentment of the old conflict has turned to ashes; and no mournful past shall be permitted to overshadow the great present or the greater future. Yet the virtue and loyalty of its citizens are the true foundations of a nation's perpetuity, and to promote and encourage that virtue and that loyalty is the purpose of this association. There is no virtue more manly or more precious than filial reverence for the traditions of one's own people, and there is no patriotism so enduring and so reliable as that which begins with and proceeds from the honest, the firm, the unswerving affection for one's own section and one's native land.

VARIOUS ADDRESSES WERE MADE.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who had been sitting at the rear of the platform throughout the exercises, was brought to the front by Gen. Gordon at the conclusion of Bishop Gailor's address. Gen. Wheeler was given an ovation equal to that of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee earlier in the day. Gen. Wheeler resumed his seat as soon as he had bowed to the audience, but the audience did not mean to let him off so easily. There were repeated calls for a speech until he came to the front again. He reacknowledged the courtesy and retired.

Gen. Lee was next called upon. For five minutes

he kept the crowd laughing. One story of a negro servant who ran to where the generals were stationed at the battle of Sharpsburg because he considered it the only safe place made a big hit with the crowd.

Senator Bate, of Tennessee, who was a Confederate major general, was the last speaker of the morning. He vigorously defended the cause of the South. He believed, he said, during the war that the South was right, and he believed it still.

A historic address by Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., will appear in the next VETERAN.

The Committee on Resolutions was as follows:

Tennessee, W. P. Tolley; Mississippi, I. L. McCaskell; Georgia, John A. Waddell; Arkansas, Charles Coffin; Alabama, J. W. Bush; Louisiana, B. F. Eshleman; South Carolina, Thomas W. Carwile; Missouri, A. B. Gant; Virginia, George L. Christian; North Carolina, A. L. Smith; Kentucky, Bennett H. Young; District of Columbia, Hillary A. Herbert; Kansas, J. H. Shields; Texas, R. E. Beckham.

The Committee on Credentials was as follows:

Tennessee, C. H. Bailey; Georgia, C. N. Wheatley; Arkansas, C. J. Mitchell; Alabama, J. G. Guice; South Carolina, A. W. Marshall; Missouri, T. P. Hoy; Virginia, J. T. Ellyson; North Carolina, B. H. Hoyne; Kentucky, W. L. Dulaney; District of Columbia, Dr. S. E. Lewis; Kansas, T. P. Alexander; Oklahoma, S. O. Chesney; Texas, W. H. Richardson; Florida, John C. White.

At the second day's session the report on credentials showed that twenty-two States were represented, and that there were 2,305 delegates from 1,331 Camps. The States, Camps, and delegates are as follows:

	Camps.	Delegates.
Texas	255	451
Mississippi.....	92	233
Georgia	132	223
Tennessee.....	61	182
Arkansas.....	92	171
Alabama.....	107	166
Kentucky.....	65	152
Louisiana.....	62	149
South Carolina.....	133	137
Virginia.....	49	102
North Carolina.....	65	99
Missouri.....	78	67
Florida.....	38	45
Pacific Division...	13	29
West Virginia.....	23	26
Indian Territory	26	21
Maryland	12	18
Oklahoma Territory.....	20	18
District of Columbia.....	2	10
Illinois.....	2	2
Indiana.....	2	2
Ohio.....	2	2
Total.....	1,331	2,305

A resolution thanking Congress for its attention to the graves of Confederate soldiers was adopted. It was as follows:

Resolved: 1. That we hereby extend our thanks to the Congress and the President of the United States for the act of Congress approved on the 6th day of June,

1900, making appropriation for the reinterment of the Confederate dead now in the National Cemeteries at Washington.

2. That whenever any State of the South, or any organized memorial association from any Southern State shall ask for the dead of such State, we ask that such request be granted.

A resolution that every member of the convention pay \$1 toward a fund for the erection of a monument to Southern women was unanimously adopted. Dollars began pouring into the hands of Gen. A. P. Stewart, who consented to act as treasurer, and all subscriptions are to be sent to him at Chattanooga, Tenn.

GEN. STEWART ISSUES A CARD CONCERNING IT.

On the 29th of May, at the Memphis Reunion, a resolution was unanimously adopted to the effect that during the next twelve months every veteran able to do so should contribute at least one dollar to a fund for appropriately memorializing the noble, self-sacrificing Southern women of Confederate times. The undersigned was appointed Treasurer of the fund. A number of veterans whose names were not given to the



MISS ANNIE BELLE HALE, MAYFIELD, KY.,
Sponsor Seventh Kentucky Regiment at Memphis, 1901.

Treasurer handed in their dollars on the spot. The first contributor announcing himself as "Jim Crow, of Louisiana." In the estimation of the writer this is the most deserving of all the memorials proposed, and should have the first place. We who are veterans owe it to the women who toiled and suffered and endured throughout the most trying period that has ever occurred, or perhaps that ever will occur, in the history of this country, whose conduct rendered immortal and forever glorious the title "Southern Woman," to honor them with a memorial worthy of their deeds and virtues. It cannot be necessary to make an appeal in this behalf to the survivors of those armies whose un-

surpassed gallantry is recognized by the whole civilized world.

Will the commanders of Camps everywhere receive the contributions of their members, and forward check for total sum with a list of names of contributors and amount given by each?

ALEX P. STEWART, *Treasurer.*

Mrs. Edward D. Taylor read the report of the ladies' committee having in charge the erection of a monument to President Davis, reporting that the amount on hand was \$32,670.

At noon a memorial service to Winnie Davis and the Confederate dead was held. Rev. George C. Harris, of Mississippi, was the principal speaker. He paid a high tribute to the soldiers and the women of the South.

SELECTION OF DALLAS FOR THE NEXT REUNION.

An interesting feature was the animated voting to effect a decision upon the next place of meeting. Voting by States, the ballot was as follows:

	Dallas.	Louisville.
Virginia.....	27	75
Maryland.....	18	
North Carolina.....		99
South Carolina.....	137	
Kentucky.....		158
West Virginia.....		26
Georgia.....		223
Alabama.....		166
Tennessee.....	91	91
Mississippi.....	78	155
Louisiana.....	149	
Florida.....	2	43
Missouri.....	67	
Texas.....	451	
Arkansas.....	171	
Indian Territory.....	21	
Oklahoma Territory.....	22	
Pacific Division.....	29	
District of Columbia.....		10
Totals.....	1,263	1,046

On motion of Col. Bennett Young, the selection of Dallas was made unanimous, amid hearty cheers.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans held a spirited session over the election of a Commander in Chief to succeed Biscoe Hindman, who declined to become a candidate for reelection. Judge R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, was finally chosen by acclamation.

Report of the Sons' convention deferred.

SURGEONS OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Surgeons of the United Confederate Veterans met at Odd Fellow Hall. President J. M. Keller called the meeting to order. The address of welcome was delivered by Dr. Alexander Erskine, and was responded to by Dr. J. B. Cowan. A number of amendments to the constitution had been proposed, and when they were read were adopted without a dissenting vote. One of the most important of the changes regards the name of the association. Henceforth it will be known as the "Association of the Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy."

SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE REUNION.

The grand ball given by the U. S. C. V. to compliment their sponsors and maids of honor had, in its

magnificence of arrangement, the effect of a brilliant spectacular.

Miss Castleman, sponsor in chief for the Sons, and her escort, John Bullington, led the march, and were followed in near succession by Commander in Chief and Mrs. Biscoe Hindman, Capt. and Mrs. G. T. Fitzhugh, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martin. Mr. Martin and Capt. Fitzhugh were in charge of this feature, and directed the maneuvers.

Seldom does there occur an opportunity for the beholding of so much beauty and grace. The warmth of beauty that belongs distinctively to Southern womanhood was further enhanced by gowns of perfect creation. To this was added another touch of color in the uniforms worn by men of distinction in both Confederate organizations.

At the close of this festivity, so singularly perfect in its entirety, the prizes of the flower parade were announced by Capt. Fitzhugh.

THE FLOWER PARADE.

The age of romance and chivalry was recalled by the grand flower parade. With its cavalcades of chivalrous outriders and handsome equestriennes, its splendid bands and trumpet corps, its marching soldiers and sailors, its graceful vehicles and fine horses, its beautiful women, its poetic ideas instinct in myriads of flowers of perfect form and color, it made up a spectacle such as even the pomp and circumstances that surround the carnival pageants of the old world cities could not vie with, and it made the hearts of Memphians and their guests swell with pride and pleasure.

SIXTEENTH CONFEDERATE CAVALRY REGIMENT.

The officers and men of the Sixteenth Confederate Cavalry Regiment, who were present at the eleventh reunion at Memphis, May 28, 29, 30, christened Miss Clara Serner the "Daughter of the Regiment," and presented her with a handsome badge. Miss Serner is a modest and beautiful girl of sixteen, the daughter of Private Zack Serner, now of Durant, Ind. T., who was a gallant soldier. At Rome, Ga., in a hot engagement in front of Sherman's army, he was



MISS CLARA SERNER.

wounded and reported amongst the killed, but afterwards rejoined the regiment, and was known as "the man killed at Rome." He is justly proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, and is a devoted husband and father.

This fair girl from the Indian Territory acknowledged the honor conferred upon her by the old soldiers of the Sixteenth Confederate Cavalry Regiment, who "fought the last engagement of the war" between the States, in the following note:

Col. Spence and Fellow-Comrades: Permit me to express to you my sincere gratitude for the honor you have conferred upon me in christening me the Daughter of the Sixteenth Confederate Cavalry Regiment. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for this beautiful badge. I shall ever prize it above all things as a compliment extended through me to my father by his old comrades in arms.

Col. Spence and comrades, I trust you will please excuse my inability to express my feelings on this occasion. May your futures be as bright as the colors in this beautiful badge of honor!

Your Confederate Daughter, CLARA SERNER.

In furnishing to the March VETERAN the list of officers who served on the staff of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, I find I omitted the names of some who were members of the General's military family: Maj. R. M. Mason, A. Q. M., afterwards C. Q. M., who served from Columbus, Ky., June 14, 1864; Capt. M. R. Tunno, A. A. D. C., complimented in report of battle of Shiloh; Col. Eugene Whitfield; Maj. Fred Ogden. The large number of gentlemen who served on this staff and the long time which has passed since the war must be my excuse for the omission.

PATRIOTISM OF THE CONFEDERATES.

Upon the return to Nashville of Troops A and B, Uniformed Confederate Veterans, although weary from travel and marching at the Memphis reunion, they did the gracious thing to call in a body upon Maj. J. W. Thomas, President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, who has ever been most generous to these organizations and their comrades, and thank him for his kindness. Capt. B. P. Steele—not now of Nashville, but formerly of the (Nashville) Rock City Guards—was chosen speaker for the two companies in expressing their thanks for the uniform kindness which the Confederate veterans had received from Maj. Thomas, who responded:

Gentlemen: I appreciate most highly the compliment you have paid me. There is no man who has greater respect and admiration for the Confederate veteran than myself, as I know full well the privations, hardships, and dangers which you encountered in the fearful struggle for a cause which we then believed, believe now, and ever shall believe to be just and right, but when overpowered by overwhelming numbers we accepted the situation, and ever since have been good, true, and loyal citizens; and, while we cherish the fond memories which cluster around the stars and bars and shed tears over the heroes of their cause,

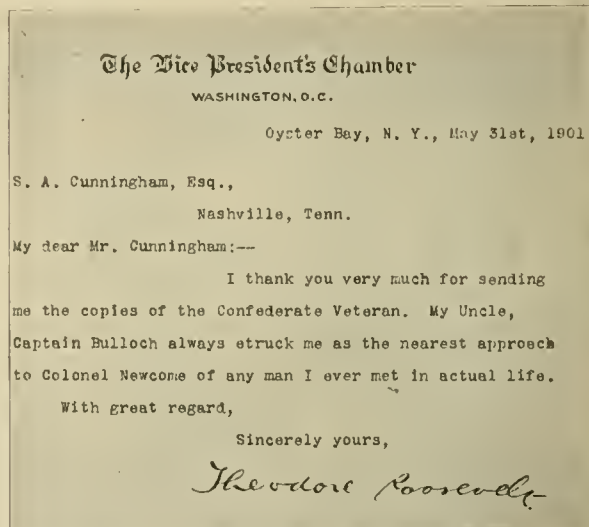
yet we rejoice in the prosperity of our common country under one flag.

Trusting that you may be able to attend many more reunions of the Confederate Veterans, and may all live long and prosper, I thank you for the compliment you have paid me.

Miss Margaret Eakin, sponsor for Company B, was presented, and the veterans marched up Broad Street to the Amusement Hall, where Company A broke ranks. Company B marched in ranks to Union Street, where Capt. Cockrill gave the order: "Report to your wives."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S UNCLE.

All who read the exquisite tribute to the late Capt. James D. Bulloch by R. F. Armstrong, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the March VETERAN, pages 128, 129, were impressed with his noble character as a man and a patriot. Copies of this tribute were sent to the Vice President, and his brief letter is here copied:



Mr. Roosevelt's mother was a sister of Capt. Bulloch, and both were dearly beloved in their Savannah (Ga.) home.

GEN. LYTLE'S SWORD.

J. H. Dent writes from Montgomery, Ala.:

Many of your readers have read in prose and poetry of the death of Gen. Lytle, the author and soldier who wrote, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." He was killed on the bloody field of Chickamauga at the head of his brigade while leading an unsuccessful charge against the Confederate lines September 20, 1863. His body fell into the hands of the Confederates. The division confronting his brigade was commanded by Gen. Patton Anderson, who, I am told, was a classmate of Gen. Lytle at West Point previous to the war. When Gen. Anderson learned who the dead officer was he had every respect paid to the remains. He discovered that the body had been stripped of all valuables, including his handsome sword mounted in gold and silver, on which his name was engraved. Gen. Rosecrans sent by truce request that the body be sent through to his

lines, to which Gen. Bragg readily acceded. A diligent search was made for the articles taken from the body. The sword was searched for in vain. A young lieutenant, James McCrary, of the Thirty-Ninth Alabama Brigade, had secured the sword and buckled it on for Confederate service. He fell soon after while leading his company in the fatal battle of Missionary Ridge. It was taken from his body and carefully preserved by his comrades, and later was sent to his grief-stricken old mother, living near Clayton, Ala.

Several years after the war, while Mrs. McCrary, withered and decrepit, was sitting by her fireside smoking her pipe and knitting, Maj. Gen. Henry D. Clayton called and said he came for the sword, that he might return it to the widow of Gen. Lytle, who was then living somewhere North, but she refused all appeals. When he offered to pay for it she became indignant, and informed Gen. Clayton that he did not have money enough to purchase that sword from her—a relic made sacred by the blood of her gallant son. The patriotic old lady was then more than three score and ten. She afterwards emigrated with her family to Titus County, Tex., where she died many years ago. Inquiry might be made through Mt. Pleasant, Tex. Gen. Clayton's actions were prompted by a noble spirit, attempting to gratify the worthy desire of a disconsolate widow, whose husband lost his life as an enemy.

REUNION SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. C. V.

The annual reunion of the South Carolina Division was held at Columbia on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of May, with larger attendance than ever before. The hospi-

talities of the city was taxed to the utmost, but all went away well pleased with their entertainment. Columbia was the godmother of the Confederacy, and the fortieth anniversary of the beginning of hostilities was most fittingly celebrated by the meeting of these gray-haired survivors of the conflict. The city was lavishly decorated in honor of the visitors. Confederate colors met the eye everywhere, and over the left wing of the capitol floated a mammoth Confederate flag; over the right wing the stars and stripes held sway. From the window of the Confederate relic room of the capitol swung an old Confederate battle flag, while from an opposite window was suspended a large State flag.

The meetings of the convention were held at the new theater, which was beautifully decorated and brilliantly illuminated. The convention was opened on the night of the 8th. On the stage were the Mayor of Columbia, members of the Executive Committee, Gens. Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon, Chief Justice McIver, and Col. Daniel H. Pope—the two latter signers of the Act of Secession—and Gen. C. I. Walker and staff of the South Carolina Division. In addition to other decorations, on the stage appeared the names of the generals South Carolina furnished to the Confederacy, and worked in palmetto leaf was the sentence: "God bless our veterans." Enthusiasm rose as the band played "Dixie," and when the grand old hero, Wade Hampton, was introduced the audience rose to its feet and cheered to the echo, thus testifying as to who is dearest to the hearts of South Carolinians. Gen. Gordon was also well received, as one who came to the support of Hampton in the trying days of 1876. He paid a beautiful tribute to Gen. Hampton.

A distinctive feature of these reunions is the attendance of visitors from Georgia, and an address of welcome to them was delivered by Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin in a strong sweet voice, and with dramatic expression. When she held out her arms to the old veterans and said, "I love you," the demonstration was boundless.

The business meeting of the convention on the morning of the 9th was suspended while two hundred children sang Confederate songs, led by Mrs. Robert Gibbs, and these small Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy completely won the hearts of those who had given so much in its defense. The survivors of Hampton's Cavalry met at the courthouse, and more were gathered together than have met since the days of 1865. It was a most enthusiastic meeting, and after adjournment they all called at Gen. Hampton's home to speak face to face with their gallant leader, who, in the enthusiasm of the meeting, appeared the dashing cavalry general of the sixties.

A ball to the sponsors was given at night, opened by a grand march led by Gen. Walker and Miss Teague, the State sponsor. A very pleasant feature of the occasion was the attention given by each sponsor to the old soldiers.

The grand parade was held on the afternoon of the 10th, led by the Governor and staff. Gen. Walker and staff came next. The sponsors came in carriages, bearing banners of brigade and division, and hundreds of soldiers from Georgia and Carolina were in line. Gen. Hampton rode at the head of his men, and many a heart was made glad to see him in the saddle again.



MISS MARY HAFNER,

Sponsor for Walker-Gaston Camp 521, Chester, S. C., at Memphis reunion.

On the afternoon of the 9th the division, as a body, called on Gen. Hampton, and glowing speeches were made by Gen. Walker and Maj. Hart, of Hampton's Artillery, Hart's Battery. Col. James G. Holmes had suggested, and had prepared, a wreath made of the victors' laurel. The leaves came from a tree growing in Charleston, Hampton's birthplace, and the tree was transplanted from Virginia, whence came his ancestors. Col. Holmes, in closing, said that he hoped "each leaf of the wreath would prove an Æolian harp, blown upon by the loving prayers of the veterans for the General's health and happiness, making sweet music to his ears;" and he asked Gen. Hampton to hang the wreath in the room he most frequently occupied, that it might serve as a constant reminder. Gen. Hampton in replying was visibly affected, and said that, if he "could so order it, his last look in life should be upon the wreath."

LASTING LOVE FOR WADE HAMPTON.

A Georgia delegation called upon their old commander, Gen. Wade Hampton. Capt. F. E. Eve was made speaker for the company. He said:

Gen. Hampton, we have come to pay our respects to you. Some of us were your old soldiers, and still feel the magic thrill that sends the warm blood tingling through our veins when the glorious deeds of Hampton's Cavalry are recalled. We consider it a great privilege and more to see our old commander. In the sixties we believed what Hampton ordered was right—what you did was right—for you never ordered us to go where you would not lead, and often did it. In "reconstruction days" we believed that Hampton's course was right—that his cool brain, his high integrity, the moral standard of his life, shone like a beacon light to steer by, far above the dark and stormy waves of the political whirlwind of bribery and corruption then obtaining in our sister State. And as Governor, as Senator, nobly has he vindicated our judgment.

You belong to the South, and not alone to South Carolina. And Augusta—why, Col. Wade Hampton builded the first bridge across the Savannah river shortly after the revolutionary war, and the thoroughbreds from the Hampton stables for many years carried off prizes offered. Your market was there. In your youth you was often seen in our town. Many of your dead kindred's dust mingle with that of their Georgia's relatives in the old Cottage Cemetery, but a few miles from Augusta.

General, here is the old Cobb Legion battle flag that you have so often led in the charge. Like our principles, it never was surrendered. Once more we bring it to wave in your presence, as it has on the Chickahominy, the James, the Rappahannock, the Rapidan, the Shenandoah, the Potomac—aye, sir, on the banks of the Susquehanna and in view of the capitol dome in Washington. Few of the battles of Northern Virginia did it not witness from 1862, when you took command of the First Cavalry Brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia. And, sir, you have complimented our old regiment—the Cobb Legion, Georgia Cavalry—in the few words that we would have blazoned in letters of gold upon our colors were we to fight again. "It was the best regiment in either army,

north or south." General, most of us came to see you, not the reunion, though we wish it all success.

Then again grasping the hand of their old general, their ideal of a man, they withdrew.

General Hampton received the old soldiers with all cordiality, and briefly told them how glad he was to see them.

The Georgia delegation passed resolutions setting forth their high appreciation of South Carolina's unstinted hospitality.

ADDITIONAL REUNION INFORMATION.

The grand reunion ball was a fitting and beautiful climax to the festivities and social functions of the week. A more brilliant affair was never witnessed in Memphis. Pleasurable expectations had been centered in the reunion ball, and the realization was universally satisfactory. The chivalry of Southern manhood and the beauty of Southern womanhood were never more largely represented at a social event in Memphis.

It was 10:30 when the line was formed for the grand march, which was the most attractive feature of the ball. It was faultlessly executed, every evolution being perfect. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and Mrs. Thomas B. Turley, Capt. Sargent and Mrs. A. B. Pickett led the fours to the right; Gen. Joe Wheeler and Mrs. E. W. Carmack, M. E. Carter and Mrs. Fitzhugh, of Virginia, led the fours to the left. This feature was a source of much enjoyment to thousands of spectators.

Mr. Noland Fontaine, Sr., Chairman of the Reception Committee, and his assistants, and Mr. M. E. Carter, Chairman of the Floor Committee, and his assistants, were thoughtful and attentive. This ball will be remembered as a brilliant event of the reunion.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

A reception, distinctive in every detail, was given by the Commodore Perry, Watauga, and Hermitage Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It blended in sympathetic interest and patriotism the spirit of 1776 with that of 1865.

The ladies who gave their time and talent so generously to this entertainment, for the honoring of the surgeons of the army and navy of the Confederacy, as well as the guests of the Daughters of the American Revolution, are to be congratulated on the entire success of their labors.



OFFGROUP TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C., AT LEBANON.

MRS. BOYLE AND HER TRIBUTE TO FORREST.

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle is the daughter of the late Col. Charles W. Frazer, of Memphis, one of the bravest and truest of those who wore the gray. Nur-

tured and educated by such a father, it is natural that much of Mrs. Boyle's work should relate to the various episodes of the South, notably the Confederacy. "The Wizard of the Saddle," which was read at the laying of the corner stone of the Forrest Monument, on the 30th of May, at Forrest Park, Memphis, Tenn., was written last year, and was the fulfillment of a promise made to the Forrest Monument Association, upon its organization, nearly ten years ago.



VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Mrs. Boyle has been a contributor for some years to the *Century*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and other prominent magazines. Her first book, a historical poem, "The Other Side," dealing with the history of the Confederacy, and called by many of her critics, "The Epic of the South," received the most hearty commendation from such men as Senators L. Q. C. Lamar and E. C. Wallhall on the one side, and Charles Dudley Warner on the other. "Brokenburne," a love story of the war, published by Mrs. Boyle some three years ago, is regarded as a truer, tenderer picture of the old South than has been given by any Southern writer. "Devil Tales," a series of ten old mammy tales of hoodoos, the devil, black cats and charms, was brought out during the holidays by Harper & Brothers, and was received with enthusiasm by those interested in old Southern literature as well as folklorists, on both sides of the water. "Devil Tales" having received the compliment of translation at the hands of a prominent French magazine.

But it is as a poet that Mrs. Boyle's oldest friends know her best and love to think of her, for as a recent writer says of her: "Throughout the South Mrs. Boyle's poetry is treasured, and the collection of this work into a volume is looked forward to as an important literary event."

It is accepted that there was no more beautiful tribute paid that wizard of that "saddle whom all the world honors" than in the poem of Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle. It was read as part of the services at the laying of the corner stone of the monument.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE'S POEM.

It was out of the South that the lion heart came,
From the ranks of the Gray like the flashing of flame,
A juggler with fortune, a master with fame—
The rugged heart born to command.

And he rode by the star of an unconquered will,
And he struck with the might of an undaunted skill;
Unschool'd, but as firm as the granite-flanked hill—
As true and as tried as steel.

Though the Gray were outnumbered, he counted no odd,
But fought like a demon and struck like a god,
Disclaiming defeat on the blood-curdled sod,
As he pledged to the South that he loved.

'Twas saddle and spur, or on foot in the field,
Unguided by tactics that knew how to yield;
Stripped of all, save his honor, but rich in that shield,
Full armored by nature's own hand.

As the rush of the storm he swept on the foe;
It was "Come!" to his legions—he never said "Go!"
With sinews unbending, how could the world know
That he rallied a starving host?

For the wondering ranks of the foe were like clay
To these men of flint in the molten day;
And the hell-hounds of war howled afar for their prey,
When the arm of a Forrest led.

Was he devil or angel? Life stirred when he spoke,
And the current of courage, if slumbering, woke
At the yell of the leader, for never was broke
The record men wondering read.

With a hundred he charged like a thousand men,
And the hoofbeats of one seemed the tattoo of ten
What bar were burned bridges or flooded fords when
The wizard of battles was there?

But his pity could bend to a fallen foe,
The mailed hand soothe a brother's woe;
He had time to be human, for tears to flow
For the heart of the man to thrill.

Then "On!" as though never a halt befell,
With a swinging blade and the rebel yell,
Through the song of the bullets and the plowshares of bell—
The hero, half iron, half soul!

Swing, rustless blade in the strong left hand—
Ride, soul of a god, through the dauntless band—
Through the low, green mounds of the breadth of the land—
Wherever your legions dwell!

Swing, rebel blade, through the halls of fame,
Where courage and justice have left your name;
By the torches of glory your deeds shall flame
With the reckoning of Time!

At the Louisville reunion (1900) resolutions were passed in honor of the late Col. C. W. Frazer, a member of Gen. J. B. Gordon's staff. The paper concluded:

Resolved, That this preamble in commemoration of our deceased comrade, Charles W. Frazer, and the memorial passed in his honor and to his memory by Camp No. 28, U. C. V., of Memphis, Tenn., July 20, 1897, be made a part of the proceedings of this meeting; that they be published in the annual minutes of this Association.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

The hearing before Judge Walter Evans, who conducted the last trial on the charge of libel by John C. Underwood against S. A. Cunningham and the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, for a new trial is still pending. The Judge stated that the joint verdict of \$15,000 was so large that he would give a new trial unless the plaintiff would agree to a large reduction. He did not, however, favor any reduction of the ten thousand dollars additional against S. A. Cunningham. This issue of the VETERAN has been delayed in the hope of announcing a new trial.

Since the foregoing was put in type Judge Evans has forwarded to the clerk of the court his decision, which sets forth that he will give a new trial unless the plaintiff consents to a reduction of the joint judgment from \$15,000 to \$3,000, but that the \$10,000 additional against Cunningham will not be disturbed. No favor is granted the VETERAN as official organ.

The "thousand men" who called on Editor Cunningham at the Memphis reunion to express concern, and who "don't understand it" may expect to be informed by and by. Their pledges of practical faithfulness are treasured beyond the power of words. For the present no explanation is given even as to why the Executive Committee of the Memorial Association took action apart from the Board of Trustees on Monday May 27, and did not publish the same until after the U. C. V. convention adjourned—on May 30.

Without other comment, the declaration is made that the VETERAN has been conducted faithfully for the eight and a half years of its existence, and the founder is ready now for the eternal judgment concerning its contents. The prosecution, which has been going on two years, has been a severe hardship; but, however great the burden, it is cheerfully borne in firm faith that truth and justice will triumph in the end.

Meanwhile, every friend of the VETERAN will instinctively realize the importance of zealous action in behalf of its sustenance in proportion as it possesses merit. It has never acted except for the general good of Confederates, and its founder should not have to "tread the wine press alone."

In reporting to his Camp at Winchester, Capt. W. P. Tolley, member of the Committee on Resolutions, United Confederate Veterans for Tennessee, said:

There was one other matter of importance that I tried to get before the committee, and thence the con-

vention. But in consequence of the crowded condition of things in the committee, and the adjournment of the convention a day earlier than had been set in the programme, it was impossible to get a hearing. This was in relation to the Underwood-Cunningham lawsuit. It is believed by many of the most prominent veterans that there is something wrong in this matter. The merits of this case may be seen to some extent in the following paragraph, that occurs in the proceedings of the reunion, as published in the *Memphis Commercial-Appal* of May 30: "By the adoption of the report of the trustees of the Memorial Association, the convention approved of paying Gen. John C. Underwood over twenty-five thousand dollars for his work in securing the amount necessary to validate the Rouss offer of \$100,000."

I desired that a committee of seven impartial members of the Association should be appointed to investigate this matter thoroughly, and report at the next reunion. It certainly ought to be looked into.

The reunion convention was called for three days—May 28, 29, 30—yet it adjourned on the 29th with important business unattended to.

It is earnestly desired that Dallas will have a hall for the business meetings of the veterans, to which none other than delegates will be admitted.

It is very bad for such a body to have the moral responsibility of transacting business matters that are fraught with momentous consequences, and yet go through the form when only a very small percentage of the delegates can tell anything whatever about what is being done. Such should never occur again.

In printing the report of the Board of Trustees, Confederate Memorial Association—see next two pages—the "cash in bank," "reliable subscriptions," and "C. B. Rouss \$100,000" statement is repeated without any known reason. The item of cash in bank at Louisville as \$65,210.20 must be an error, for the report at Louisville copied in the October VETERAN, page 454, states it as \$95,210.20. No other comment is made.

Few persons will realize the labor and expense of preparing and publishing our camp list, which was done by the VETERAN for gratuitous distribution among the Camps at the Memphis Reunion. The official list is numerical, while this, being alphabetical as to States and post offices, is much more satisfactory and useful to the general public.

DR. WYETH, PRESIDENT AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—Dr. John Allen Wyeth, author of the "Life of Forrest," already eminent as a surgeon, has been specially honored of late. At the fifty-second annual meeting of the American Medical Association, held at St. Paul, Minn., June 4-7, he was elected President. This comes soon after his election as President of the New York State Medical Association, and the receipt of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Alabama, his native State.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The following report is copied from the *Memphis Scimitar* of May 30, 1901:

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 27, 1901.

To the United Confederate Veterans.

Gentlemen: The Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association respectfully submits its annual report for the year ending May 24, 1901.

The report of the Executive Committee was submitted to the Board and adopted. The report says:

"In compliance with your instructions given at the meeting held in Louisville, Ky., last year, an expert examination of the accounts of the Superintendent and Secretary was had.

"Hon. George L. Christian, our Treasurer, has qualified and given bond in the Virginia Trust Company in the penalty of \$50,000, and has entered upon the discharge of his duties.

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held January 17, 1901, in compliance with the resolution adopted by your Board of Directors, we proceeded to ascertain the amount due Gen. John C. Underwood, Superintendent and Secretary, for salary, expenses, and commissions, and the following basis of settlement was agreed upon:

Amount reported to the Charleston convention in 1899, as due for salary and expenses to May 1, 1899	\$ 7,715 50
Salary to June 1, 1899.....	333 33
Hotel and traveling expenses for two years, ending May 1, 1901.....	1,000 00
Amount allowed for expenses for postage, telegrams, and stenographer under Chipley agreement for twenty months.....	1,000 00
Miscellaneous expenses.....	425 04
Total	\$10,473 87
Commissions on collections of \$58,200.....	14,550 00
Making whole amount due Gen. Underwood.....	\$25,023 87
1901—January 17. Balance cash in Farmers' and Traders' Bank.....	\$78,200 00
Less amount paid John C. Underwood.....	25,023 87
Leaving a balance of.....	\$53,176 13

The cash balance reported in the Farmers' and Traders' Bank as of January 17, 1901, was \$78,200, not including the \$30,000 guaranteed on the Daly subscription, and after deducting the amount allowed Gen. Underwood as above, we still had a balance in bank of \$53,176.13, which the Superintendent and Secretary was instructed to pay over to George L. Christian, Treasurer. Of this amount, however, only \$20,000 has been paid over, that being the amount paid by Charles Broadway Rouss on account of his subscription. The balance has not been turned over, but at a meeting held on May 24, 1901, the Superintendent and Secretary submitted the following report:

"*Gentlemen and Comrades:* I respectfully report that in compliance with your resolution, adopted January 17, 1901, I have remitted to George L. Christian, Treasurer C. M. A., the sum of \$20,000, the amount collected by me from C. B. Rouss, referred to in said resolution.

"I also remitted to said Treasurer another sum of \$20,000 collected of C. B. Rouss since January 17, 1901, and I have also turned over to said Treasurer

the sum of \$6,871.50, the amount on deposit in the First National Bank of Richmond, Va.

"The \$23,775, which was part of the sum allowed me in the settlement made by the committee at said meeting (January 17, 1901), was drawn out of bank by me from funds not belonging to the permanent fund, but collected by me and applicable to the payment of expenses by consent of the donors, which left a small balance, as ascertained and allowed by the committee, still due me.

"The balance in the Farmers' and Traders' National Bank of \$34,425 still remains in said bank as there originally deposited, and I desire and propose to transfer the same to the Treasurer of the Association, to be held by him upon the same conditions with the donors upon which I deposited it."

[Here appears his official signature.—Ed. VETERAN.]

And your committee, by resolution, directed the Superintendent to transfer said fund to the Treasurer, to be held by him upon the conditions named. The following statement was reported to the convention at Louisville in May, 1900:

Cash in bank.....	\$ 65,210 20
Reliable subscriptions.....	59,227 15
C. B. Rouss.....	100,000 00
Making a total of.....	\$224,437 35

The Superintendent reports collections during the year from C. B. Rouss \$40,000, and from other sources \$1,100. Among the items of assets reported at the Louisville convention was cash in bank, \$65,210.20. It was at the time explained that of this sum \$30,000 was a guaranteed loan on account of a subscription of \$45,000 made by Mr. Daly. We regret to have to report that this generous friend of the Confederate Memorial Association has died during the past year, and in view of his death it has been made necessary to transfer the item of \$30,000 from the cash in bank account to the uncollected subscription account. As you will recall, this subscription was \$45,000. We are assured by competent counsel that this is an obligation on the estate of Mr. Daly, which, no doubt, will in due time be collected.

We have in the Virginia Trust Company, to the credit of George L. Christian, Treasurer, the sum of \$46,871.50, and there is deposited in the Farmers' and Traders' Bank at Covington, Ky., to the credit of John C. Underwood, Superintendent and Secretary C. M. A., the above-named sum of \$34,425. There are other accounts which are set forth in detail in the report of the Superintendent, but these are the only two accounts which are directly under the control of your Board.

We beg leave to say, in connection with the expenditures made during the year, that the following statement was reported to the convention at Louisville in May, 1900:

Cash in bank.....	\$ 65,210 20
Reliable subscriptions.....	59,227 15
C. B. Rouss.....	100,000 00
Making a total of.....	\$224,437 35

We have of reliable subscriptions not yet collected, including the Daly subscription.....\$ 81,387 35

There remains to be paid on the subscription of C. B. Rouss..... 60,000 00

We have in the Farmers' and Traders' Bank, to the credit of J. C. Underwood, Superintendent and Secretary.....	\$ 34,425 00
We have cash in the Virginia Trust Company, to the credit of George L. Christian, Treasurer...	46,871 50
Total	\$222,683 85
To which should be added the amount due us from Tennessee Centennial Exposition Company and held by them.....	6,026 96
Making a grand total of.....	\$228,710 81

The whole amount allowed Gen. Underwood under the settlement ordered by your Board at the Louisville meeting was to be paid out of funds he had personally raised, or would raise, and not out of the funds collected before his administration began, and subscribed or collected before he entered upon the duties of his office. These conditions were carefully complied with, and the settlement was made out of funds personally collected by Gen. Underwood.

Before the meeting at Charleston, in 1899, Mr. Rouss, who had before that time donated money with which the salary of the Secretary and Superintendent was paid, had declined to further furnish money to pay such salary, and the committee having no funds out of which the salary could be paid, the written contract between Gen. Underwood and the committee was so modified as that after June 1, 1899, he was to receive as his compensation only a commission of twenty-five per cent upon amounts of subscription obtained and collected by him and his actual expenses, but no further salary for services after that date was to be paid to or be received by him until he should obtain and collect and pay over the sum of \$100,000 in cash, not including Mr. Rouss's subscription, or any subscription raised prior to his appointment; after raising and collecting and paying over the sum of \$100,000 his salary was to be paid out of collections made over and above that sum. In accordance with which contract no salary has been paid him for his services since June 1, 1899.

It is due to ourselves to add that not a member of the present Board of Directors has ever received compensation of any sort, or any allowance for expenses of any kind; and this is especially true of the Executive Committee, the members of which have been at extraordinary expense in attending meetings a long distance from home, the aggregate of which sum would be in itself a substantial contribution to the funds of the Association. But the work has been cheerfully done, and we shall feel that we have been fully compensated for any labor performed or any outlay incurred if we can have the assurance of the appreciation and hearty coöperation of our comrades in arms, for the perpetuation of the memory of whose achievements this movement was inaugurated.

The following was adopted by the Board:

Whereas it is the sense of the Board of Trustees that the time has arrived for the establishment and opening of the Confederate Memorial Institute; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be, and is hereby, instructed to meet at Richmond, Va., within the next ninety days, and do whatever may be necessary to establish the Confederate Memorial Insti-

tute in pursuance of the action taken at the Atlanta reunion in 1898.

Signed: Clement A. Evans, President Board of Trustees; W. R. Garrett, Vice President; Robert White, Chairman of Executive Committee; J. Taylor Ellyson, Trustee; Joseph B. Briggs, Trustee; D. W. Haily, Trustee; J. O. Casler, Trustee; George Reese, Trustee; W. D. Cameron, Trustee; B. H. Teague, Trustee (proxy); Thomas S. Kenan, Trustee (proxy).

THE DEVASTATED CITY, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Rev. Douglas Matthews, rector of the Episcopal Church at Palatka, who was in Jacksonville the day of the fire, has preached a sermon on "The Devastated City" at Palatka. He uttered the following very beautiful sentiment:

Man absolutely failed to check the onward march of that roaring, crashing army of unchained forces, and to-day, as you wander among the bricks and ashes, that once were the happy homes of a happy people, there is the stillness of death all around you, the desolation of a great disaster, and you tread with that hushed step that befits the presence of the dead; for you are in the presence of dead hopes, of dead ambitions, and of dead homes (for who says that homes have not a life?) A sadder sight never greeted the eyes of men than those smoking monuments of disaster. In all that burned district there is but one column reared by man that still stands, the shaft in Hemming Park commemorating the valor of a Southern soldier. Smoked and darkened, it stands there with the ashes of ashen hope all around it—a mute but eloquent prophet of a brighter day for the stricken city; for the only imperishable thing in God's universe is that for which that column was reared, undaunted manhood, and that spirit is still unbroken and unshaken. Flames could not burn it, smoke could not choke it, disaster could not dismay it; and many of us will yet live to see victory crown the efforts of those brave men and brave women who are fighting for the life and prosperity of their city.

Rev. Douglas Matthews is a son of Comrade W. D. Matthews, of Jacksonville, who sent the first hundred subscribers to the VETERAN. His labor was a patriotic freewill offering. In a recent letter he states:

"I have been burned out, losing my lovely home and everything in the world, and find myself in a worse condition than when the war ended. Old as I am, I still have not yet entirely surrendered to fate; but have buckled on my armor to struggle on against all adverse circumstances, and will yield only when the great Commander orders me to lay down my arms."

A friend who attended the reunion at Memphis writes of an amusing mistake. He says:

You know the earnestness with which our friend, Dr. Kelley, prays, especially when he is invoking a blessing upon old ex-Confederates. He was delivering a prayer at the Assembly Hall with an emphasis, intonation, and roundness of periods that would well make the impression which it did upon a stranger who walked up behind me and leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the speaker. Just as he did he turned to me and said: "That's old Joe Wheeler making that speech, isn't it?"

LOUISIANA STATE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The annual convention of the U. D. C. in Louisiana was held at Shreveport on April 23-25, 1901, with good representation from the different Chapters in the State Division. Delegates from fourteen Chapters responded to the first roll call. The report of the Corresponding Secretary shows that there are seventeen Chapters in this Division, and that the members have been actively interested in the many channels of U. D. C. work. The report of the President, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, was heard with close attention. It is as follows:

United Daughters of the Confederacy and Friends: We are here to-day in accordance with the unanimous vote of the delegates to the last State convention—"our next meeting place should be in Shreveport."

It is a great pleasure to me officially and personally to be in this city on such a mission, as it once was the home and abiding place of one very dear to me, who all through his whole life had only kind words to say of Shreveport and her people.

I feel it to be a great honor to again represent, as its President, the Louisiana Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy, having ministered to it since its birth, believing with almost its first breath with almost holy reverence in so beloved a cause, the great possibilities of the upbuilding and uplifting of this beautiful memorial work into a mighty educational factor. In consecrating our combined efforts in giving to future generations a truthful history of the splendid achievements—both in war and in peace—of the great and good men and women of our dear Southland and the surviving veterans of the Confederacy do not need our efforts to help them keep alive the memories of the heroic deeds of their dead and living comrades. Alas! their ranks are growing thinner and thinner each day, and so, while we have them with us as beacon lights to guide us against all errors in the gathering of the precious records of the past, it is indeed the duty of the hour that our Daughters of the Confederacy should strive to make our organization a regenerating force to perpetuate the heroic virtues of a dauntless race of people who, in the face of death, held fast to the highest ideals of patriotism and love for their sun-kissed land.

There is no limit to my ambition for this Association of Southern women. I wish every woman in the land to become imbued with the loftiest aspirations to make their work one of great service to education, by showing to our people such earnestness of purpose in our work as to stimulate every community in giving active assistance and aiding every Chapter in gathering and distributing to coming generations the true history of our Southland. There is no measuring what a body of well-organized women can accomplish if they set themselves seriously to work with that forceful power so necessary to perfect all things worthy of thought or action. Integrity of purpose must be the undercurrent of your individual efforts; the general results are bound to bring the consciousness of a duty well performed, and unbounded success must follow when based on the only true principle which can never die. We have here to-day a new inspiration to keep one's lamp well filled and

burning brightly. I know it must make the heart of every true Daughter of the Confederacy thrill with new hope and energy to see delegates from all parts of the State at this our second State convention. It shows that our work is being recognized in every direction.

I will not take your time and patience with lengthy details of the work of the Division, as each Chapter will be accorded unlimited time to bring you good tidings of the work going on in every section of Louisiana.

The State Division was represented at the State fair and flower parade in New Orleans by twenty young ladies from the Joanna Waddill Chapter, Baton Rouge. These fair young Daughters were mounted on horseback and dressed in Confederate gray. They entered the contest with the hope of winning the four hundred dollar prize, which, if won, would have greatly enriched the coffers of the old Soldiers' Home, Camp Nichols.

Through the State Division Mrs. Sarah Gibson Humphreys presented to the Memorial Hall in New Orleans a splendid life-size portrait of her distinguished brother, Gen. Randall Lee Gibson. The Division was represented by your President at the Louisville Rennie and the National Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Montgomery, Ala. She was among the first to send a cash donation to the New York *World* for the storm sufferers at Galveston, and sent a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Ruby Mallory Kennedy on the death of her beloved mother, the wife of the Commander of the Confederate Navy, Stephen D. Mallory. The death of this venerable lady, which occurred in her home in Pensacola, Fla., removes from earth another connecting link of the past. She was one of the most noted social and historical characters of the Confederate congress—a time that indeed tried the souls of men and women. There are now only two surviving women of Jefferson Davis's cabinet: Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Julia Reagan, of Texas. The National Association specially urges you to select a motto and



MISS MAMIE WESTCOTT RILEY,

Sponsor for Camp Lomax, Montgomery, Ala., Memphis, 1901.

flower for State Division and Chapters. All Chapters are requested to hold a memorial service June 3, Jefferson Davis's birthday, and January 19, General Robert E. Lee's; also that the State Division make Mrs. Jefferson Davis an honorary member of that body, and that each Chapter bestow a like honor on Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes. The Division should be deeply interested in the building of a monument to the gallant and brilliant soldier of Louisiana, Gen. G. T. Beauregard. How grateful I should feel if every Chapter in our State would take an active part in completing this duty work!

THE DAVIS MONUMENT.

As Chairman of Louisiana on the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee in Richmond, Va., it is my duty to call your attention to the importance of this grand enterprise. A number of Chapters have already donated various sums. I hope all of them will see their way clear to do their share in the erection of this monument to our great chieftain. If any of the Chapters have relics, they are most earnestly requested to send them to the United Daughters of the Confederacy case in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, where they will be cared for and most tenderly guarded. I am sorry to say that the Louisiana Room in the museum in Richmond is still perfectly destitute of furniture. Mrs. J. Y. Gilmore is the Regent for our State, and will most gratefully acknowledge any assistance rendered her in making the room more attractive. At our State convention several Chapters promised assistance, but have, so far, failed to be heard from. Many of the Chapters responded promptly to the request of your President to make a monthly donation to the infirmary at the Soldiers' Home, Camp Nichols. I need not add a word as to your duty in the premises. The old soldiers need a regular trained nurse; they cannot have one without you aid them in paying for such service. In the name of the State Division a memorial bed has been placed in the infirmary.

During the absence of the President from the State, our active and zealous First Vice President, Mrs. T. B. Pugh, did most ably manage the affairs of the Division. I desire here to tender her my hearty thanks for her splendid service at this and all times during my administration. It was a happy inspiration of hers to suggest that the United Daughters of the Confederacy contribute a Christmas dinner to the old soldiers at Camp Nichols. It was a grand success—and never was a happier day recorded in the history of the Home than Christmas day, 1900.

I cannot close my report without giving public expression of my grateful acknowledgment for the help and assistance given me at all times by our faithful Corresponding Secretary. Never weary of well-doing, always on the alert, she has cheerfully responded to every demand made upon her, and I know the various Chapters can attest to diligent and faithful attention to all duties.

And now I bespeak for my successor in office that same kind consideration that has ever been extended to me by all my Daughters. I deeply regret I was not physically or financially able to have given my undivided time to this glorious work, by going all over the State, forming Chapters and talking to our

dear people of our mission. How I should have loved to have brought you a report that would have been in every way worthy of the cause so dearly beloved by your first President.

And now, my Daughters, I leave my failures and successes in your hands. I hope by your growing knowledge of what it means to be a true Daughter of the Confederacy, with wise judgment and conscientious work you will obliterate the failures and perpetuate the successes.

Mrs. Smith was unanimously reelected President of the Division for the ensuing year. The other officers are: Mrs. N. C. Blanchard, First Vice President; Shreveport, La.; Mrs. P. Youree, Second Vice President, Shreveport, La.; Miss Belle Gilbert, Third Vice President, Napoleonville, La.; Mrs. T. P. Singleterry, Fourth Vice President, Baton Rouge, La.; Miss Mamie Walsh, Treasurer, Thibodaux, La.; Mrs. D. M. Sholars, Corresponding Secretary, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. B. M. White, Recording Secretary, Lake Providence, La.; Mrs. T. B. Pugh, Historian, Napoleonville, La.; Mrs. A. D. Scandland, Registrar, Benton, La.

Another Chapter has been added to the growing list of the Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the country. The ladies of Cincinnati have recently organized a Chapter, naming it for Col. Robert Patton, of Covington, Ky. Although distant from sister organizations and in an "alien" State, the Chapter starts with a strong, healthy movement, which bids fair to give much help to its Southern sisters in furthering the interests of the cause. Although not numerically strong, numbering only eighteen members as yet, it is composed of enthusiastic and energetic women. The officers are Mrs. T. M. Worcester, President; Mrs. J. P. Tarvin, Mrs. Margaret Todd Kellogg, and Mrs. Sophia Brunot Sprigg, Vice Presidents; Mrs. William Keith Briggs, Recording Secretary; Miss Minnie Kellogg, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson, Historian.

The first work of the Chapter was to assist in dedicating a monument to Felix Moses, a character now so well known through "Stringtown on the Pike," by Prof. John Uri Lloyd. Moses was a Jew and a Confederate soldier.

On May 5, through the efforts of the Jewish ladies of Cincinnati, a plain but appropriate stone was placed over his resting place in the Jewish cemetery. Prof. John Uri Lloyd, the author, who has every year decorated and cared for the grave of Felix Moses, gathered as many as possible of Moses's old friends and veterans to attend the commemoration services. Addresses were made by Prof. Lloyd, Col. Howard Henderson (an ex-Confederate), Judge J. Soule Smith, of Lexington, Ky., and Gen. B. R. Cowen, of Cincinnati. The Daughters of the Confederacy had draped the chapel with appropriate decorations, including Confederate flags. At the grave Mrs. Worcester, the President of the Chapter, in behalf of the women of the South, made a touching speech. Other presentations were made by the Robert Patton and Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapters. The services were extremely appropriate and impressive. Felix Moses was simply a private soldier.

ABOUT THE TWELFTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

L. C. Balch, Esq., of Little Rock, Ark., writes to T. G. Dabney, of Clarksdale, Miss., concerning his article in the last VETERAN, page 222:

Dear Comrade: I have just read your letter in the VETERAN for May, in which you mention some matters connected with the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment.

The Twelfth did not lie at Lynchburg during Sunday, July 21. It may be true, so far as I know, that all of the regiment did not do so, but that a large part did I do know beyond the possibility of doubt, so when you say the regiment was traveling on the way between Lynchburg and Manassas I must take issue with you. I was a member of Company E, Sardis Blues. Aside from a very distinct recollection of some things that occurred that day I quote from the written evidence made at the time:

"UNION CITY, TENN., July 16.

"Thank God we are to leave this death hole for the front. We have been issued five days' rations, and have cooked a part of them, as many as we can get in our haversacks, and are now being packed in box cars. . . . After two days and a half we are at Bristol, hungry and nothing left of our five days' rations. Bread and some side meat have been issued. We have been five hours. On Sunday morning, the 21st, we unloaded, and marched out to a little grove on the bank of a canal, and rations were issued. We had to use the dirty water from the canal to cook with, but we were so nearly famished that we did not complain. About one o'clock we heard they were fighting at Manassas, and you never heard such cursing and clamoring to go on, but it seems there is no way to go yet. I went up town with Tup, Old Red, Steve Blann, and Fanin Sledge this afternoon, and took in the sights. The place was full of our boys, and they were making it hot, especially for the girls. We are to leave this evening. We had an awful night. It seemed to me the train stopped every ten feet, and when it started it would jerk so that we could not keep on the seats. At Gordonsville President Davis made us a speech from the rear of his train. He told us all about how we whipped the Yanks yesterday, and that only made us furious because we were not in it."

"MANASSAS JUNCTION, July 23.

"We got here sometime in the night, I do not know when, but I do know they never let us be still five minutes at a time until nearly day."

Now some part of the regiment may, and with your statement I do not doubt, have gone on Sunday, but the Sardis Blues and some other companies did not. Do you remember the hanging of an engineer on the way, because he was suspected of delaying the train? Do you remember President Davis making a speech to us at Gordonsville?

Comrade Dabney sends the above, and adds:

As to the issue between Comrade Balch and myself concerning the movements of the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment on the journey from Tennessee to Manassas, it is now clear to my mind that we moved in two sections, and my company was in the advanced section that arrived on the Manassas battlefield about 9 P.M. on Sunday, July 21, 1861.

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BATTLE OF RAYMOND, MISS.

H. H. Hockersmith, South Union, Ky., writes: "It has never gone to record, yet it is the truth just the same, that Gregg's Brigade, consisting of 2,250 men, fought and held in check for seven hours Logan's Corps, and not only held them in check, but when called off were near a half mile in advance of former position. This battle was fought at Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863, and, numbers considered, was one among the hottest contested battles of the war. The brigade consisted of the Third, Tenth, Thirtieth, Thirty-Seventh, Forty-First, and Fiftieth Tennessee; Seventh Texas and Thirty-Seventh Georgia.

The writer was one of twelve color guards, ten of whom were shot down, including the color bearer. It was at this spot where Col. Randall McGavock, of Nashville, was pierced by six Minie balls, and a more gallant soldier never crossed the dark river in defense of a cause he so dearly loved.

No superiority over other brigades is claimed, yet this much can be said, that where Gregg's Brigade failed it would have been sheer nonsense for others to try. As for Bledsoe's Battery, the world never produced better fighting material, and they could be justly termed "the fighting devils." For confirmation or more proof of what has been written the writer can refer you to the gallant Col. J. J. Turner, or Capt. C. S. Douglass, of Gallatin, Tenn., or to a host of others if need be. And now in conclusion, if this record for hard fighting can be beaten, then let some one make the "show up," and the "blue ribbon will be ready for the buttonhole."

Comrade Hockersmith puts the case mildly. The editor of the VETERAN was in that awful fight. In marching by the flank four abreast, being first sergeant of his company, marching by the side of his captain (S. O. Woods, Company B, Forty-First Tennessee), the bullets at one time made the dust fly about our feet as would great drops of rain, and in an instant there were evidences of higher aim with seven of the eight immediately in front and rear of our places in the line. We had so to maneuver to avoid being surrounded that the space between regiments was greater than was their frontage. It is a wonder that all were not captured. Raymond! let the memory of her people that day be of record in song and story. If every soldier in Gregg's Brigade had been at home in Raymond with his own people, he could not have expected better attention. The well were fed and the wounded nursed to the extent that was possible.

J. A. Harden, of Dillwyn, Va., would like to locate his old colonel, Clarence Derrick, of the Twenty-Third Battalion, Virginia Volunteers. At one time he lived at Marion, Ala.

J. S. Durham, Hood's Landing, Tenn., makes inquiry about "Susan" Brown—as he was called by the boys—who was a member of Gen. John C. Brown's staff. Thinks he was a son of Neill S. Brown. Comrade Hood belonged to Company I, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee, Brown's Brigade.

NEW UNION DEDICATION FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Gen. Walter C. Newberry, of the Union army in our great war, made an address before his Grand Army comrades at Rockford, Ill., the other day, in which he made fine progress for the country in the way of the peace for which good men have prayed for a third of a century. He reminded his large audience that only a small percentage of the actors in that great struggle are now living, and said:

The times demand a change in our views of what is demanded of us. We are ready to-day to declare what five years ago we should hardly have dared to say. The veteran's mind was expanded, and that, too, into a better feeling toward those who once fought against us. The events which aroused the spirit and patriotism of the nation in the later events has brought us into a greater unity, and we have no hesitation now in offering a new sentiment.

Gen. Newberry made the usual mistake that has been repeatedly uttered at the North that a new sentiment exists at the South as demonstrated by our response to the call for volunteers in the Spanish-American war, designating it as "a response so unanimous and earnest as to disarm us of all prejudice and unite us for any emergency. From a mutual calamity that sent grief and distress into the homes of every American family for a generation has come a reward little anticipated and only to be fully appreciated by coming generations of Americans." The Southern people were not more loyal during the Spanish war than they were all along before. He continued:

The courage and skill displayed by the Confederate army excites in us great respect, and adds luster to our achievements. History has never recorded and will never record its superior in courage, endurance, self-sacrifice, and intelligent strategy, and the two armies recognize no parallel except our forefathers of the American revolution, who unitedly surrendered all to found what we maintained. In our commemoration of this day we do not fail to extend our earnest sympathy to the friends and families who mourn for their dead in battle on American soil and to congratulate our late enemies on a restored citizenship, a common flag, a common prosperity, and renewed friendship, and to offer an earnest prayer that no civil strife may ever again disunite our successors.

There are members of our organization who, from either prejudice or lack of information, have not appreciated the genuineness of the acts of sympathy and friendliness manifested by our late antagonists, and I want to say to such of our comrades and their friends who have cultivated such a doubt or such a suspicion that the balance of evidence is all against them. Gen. Grant, President Hayes, and President McKinley all have evidenced their belief in such sincerity, and it ill becomes us to longer doubt them. In my labor for the Greeley ticket in 1872 I evidenced this feeling of respect for law and the honest acceptance of the result of the arbitrament of war. Asking Gen. George E. Pickett to make public his political adherence to Mr.

Greeley, he courteously declined, saying that the kindness of Gen. Grant and the considerate treatment accorded his division after the surrender debarred him from any action or declaration that could be construed into even an appearance of opposition to the action of government. Gen. Robert E. Lee, in an address to his army, advised the earnest and conscientious acceptance of the results of the war. Gen. Lee was an educated soldier, and indulged in no hyperbole or insincerity. We have every reason to credit him with the purest motives and a cordial return to his former loyal love for the stars and stripes under which he had been educated and for which he had fought in Mexico. His son, Gen. William H. F. Lee, who served his State several times and died in Congress, by his voice and vote supported every measure for our benefit; and his nephew, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, now a brigadier general in the regular establishment, has confirmed by his loyal services in Cuba and in the Philippines all I have claimed.

Illustration can be multiplied indefinitely, for it has been my good fortune in service, both military and civil, to meet and enjoy the association with Gen. Wheeler, Gen. Forney, Col. and Gov. Oates, of Alabama, Gen. Hampton, of South Carolina, Gen. Gordon, of Georgia, Gens. Heath and Walker, of Virginia, and a score of others who have long since convinced me of their patriotic devotion to the country of their birth and hopes and the home of their descendants.

What better time than now—a third of a century after a great internal strife over a mooted and undefined question, and at the beginning of a new century and practically at the summit of our own importance—for this great organization to send forth the messenger of peace and good fellowship to our late antagonists—a loving notice of the death and burial of prejudice and sectional strife?

All patriots appreciate these kindly utterances by Gen. Newberry.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT EVANSVILLE, IND.

Comrade Frank A. Owen, of Evansville, Ind., sends a list of our Confederate dead buried there in Oak Hill cemetery, and writes that there are eighty-two graves without names, which he designates as "our unknown dead." The names of the twenty-four given will no doubt interest many families in our dear Southland.

In asking that these names be published, Comrade Owen refers to a short article in the December VETERAN (1900), page 527, on this subject, and adds: "We need assistance to finish paying for the lot in Oak Hill cemetery, and ask our Southern friends who are able and willing to assist us to do so, remitting their donations to Capt. William Field, Evansville, Ind., who is Treasurer of this special fund."

At the annual meeting of the A. R. Johnson Camp, No. 481, U. C. V., F. A. Owen was reelected Commander, as was also Maj. Cave J. Morris Adjutant. Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Evansville, is giving in this matter, and the Commander writes: "God bless them! I don't know what we would do without them."

Known Confederate dead buried in Oak Hill cemetery, Evansville, Ind.:

Allen, L. M., Co. E, Nineteenth Arkansas.
 Bralot, G. F., Spring Hill, Ala.
 Clayton, Richard, Co. A, Eighth Kentucky Infantry.
 Downs, J. K., Co. K, Fifth Arkansas.
 Evert, John, Co. B, Third Battalion, Alabama.
 Finley, James, Co. G, Third Kentucky.
 Gray, W. R., Seventeenth Alabama.
 George, Alabama.
 Givens, Alfred, Barnes's Battalion, Mississippi.
 Haedel, Joseph, Co. E, Eighteenth Louisiana.
 Hales, Isaac M., Second Tennessee.
 Hopag, W. G., Co. K, Twenty-Second Tennessee.
 Hughes, J. H., Co. K, Sixtieth North Carolina.
 Harris, Clifford D., Co. E, Fifth Arkansas.
 Ledbetter, A., Fourth Tennessee.
 Lake, Henry, Co. F, First Louisiana.
 Mason, H., Co. G, Ninth Texas.
 McGlaughlin, Morris, Co. C, Eighteenth Louisiana.
 Owen, A. C., Tennessee.
 Payne, James, Twenty-Second Tennessee.
 Pens, John, Co. C, Sixth Arkansas.
 Rykard, Ed C., Co. C, Fourth Florida.
 Spence, William, Thirty-First Alabama.

There are many more buried in private lots in the same cemetery; while there are two other cemeteries in Evansville, through which search will be made as soon as possible.



F. A. OWEN, EVANSVILLE, IND.,
 Commander Adam R. Johns in Camp, United Confederate Veterans.

An apology is due Comrade J. M. Berry, of Salem, Mo., for an error made in his correction of the statement that Churchill was colonel of the Eighth Arkansas. The omission of the word "not" caused the confusion. He asks the VETERAN to say that Churchill was never its colonel, but that William K. Patterson was its first colonel, the gallant John H. Kelley the second, and George F. Baucum, now of Little Rock, Ark., the third and last colonel.

UNION VETERANS AT CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

The *Republican* of Alton, Ill., gives an account of the decoration of our graves in the North Alton Confederate cemetery on May 31, 1901, in which "the boys in blue participated." The article refers to the graves of "the brave Southerners:"

Members of the G. A. R. assisted in decorating the graves. With tender hands they arranged the flowers upon the little mounds, that from lack of proper care have almost disappeared in the old cemetery. The old soldiers attended to the decoration of the Confederate graves with the same instinct of duty as they did to the decoration of the graves of their comrades. A special street car took the little company of people to North Alton, who from there made their way to the old Confederate cemetery. They had with them a wagonload of flowers, including those that had been sent by the old soldiers of Texas. When the company reached the cemetery the service was opened with a prayer by Rev. M. W. Twing. The song "America" was sung by the audience. Joshua Dixon, President of the Village Board of Upper Alton, delivered the address, and he was followed by Rev. H. K. Sanborne in a short and appropriate address. After the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Rev. A. H. Kelso made a short address. Another hymn, "Shall We Meet beyond the River," was sung, and Mr. Twing pronounced the benediction. The graves of the Confederate soldiers were then decorated with the beautiful flowers, and each grave was marked by a little mound of flowers, made up of the Illinois rose and the favorite flower of Texas, the magnolia blossom. It was a pretty and impressive occasion.

JEFFERSON DAVIS PURE AND INCORRUPTIBLE.

From an article in the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald* headed "Breckinridge's Tribute to Jefferson Davis:"

To-day thousands will celebrate this natal day of him whom they still regard as their chief, their leader, and their representative. It was not given to him to lead a successful war, to establish a permanent republic, to be crowned as the hero of victorious armies and the founder of an independent nation. Liberty has her martyrs as well as her victorious chieftains. The scaffold has often served as the pedestal upon which she gave immortality to those she loved and honored. This Kentuckian loved liberty with as passionate devotion as any martyr who gave life to her service. He was as brave as the bravest, as tender as the tenderest. His personal gifts, qualities, and virtues were of the brightest and rarest. We who followed him can claim him as chief without a trace of shame and with unmixed pride. In private life stainless gentleman and consistent Christian; in public life pure, incorruptible; on the battlefield dauntless and superb; in the Senate eloquent, able, and frank; in the Cabinet upright, competent, and successful; in power clement, unselfish, dutiful; in prosperity simple, generous, unostentatious; in prison patient, resolute, noble; in adversity dignified, unbending, unrumorming; always heroic, lofty, self-poised, and loving—a man among men, a leader among leaders; living without stain, dying without fear. His life is now an open book on whose white pages there is no blot.

DARING OF FORREST'S SCOUTS.—While on one of Gen. Forrest's raids into Middle Tennessee, Jack Eaton, Henry Lipscomb, and Robert Terry went to the home of Eaton's father for their dinner. While there twenty-five or thirty Yankees run upon them. When crossing a field Henry Lipscomb got off of his horse and laid down the fence, while Jack and Bob turned on their horses and held the enemy at bay until Henry "opened the gap" and mounted his horse. They rode away, leaving three or four of the enemy wounded, while the others were awestricken at their failure to capture or injure any of the three.

These men were connected with many thrilling and perilous events. This modest note is given as a minor fact and in the hope that some of them will come to the front with many thrilling episodes in their constantly dangerous service.

MAJ. W. J. WHITTHORNE.

Remarkable Career of the "Confederate on Foot."

This typical Tennessee volunteer was a delegate to the Memphis reunion from the Bivouac and Camp of Columbia, Tenn. His military record is not excelled by that of any soldier in the civil or Spanish-Filipino wars for courage and devotion to duty. Enlisting as a Confederate private in the First Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, Maney's Regiment, in April, 1861; serving under Lee and Jackson in Virginia, and Bragg,



MAJ. W. J. WHITTHORNE.

Johnston, and Hood in the Army of Tennessee without missing a duty in four years' service save ninety days while wounded and a prisoner. He was always prompt to volunteer for dangerous scout or picket duty. He was terribly wounded, but declined discharge; and was promoted, but resigned to serve in the ranks. He was paroled at the final surrender, and returned home with the love and esteem of his comrades. One need only mention Cheat Mountain, the

march to Romney (when the sudden fall in temperature froze the Potomac river and found Stonewall Jackson's troops in light marching order, which meant no tents or baggage, but a single blanket, an empty haversack, and a partially filled cartridge box), Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Dead Angle, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, Hood's retreat, and the final surrender, to realize the terrible ordeals through which this young soldier passed. Add to these the fact that from the day of the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, he has carried a Minie ball imbedded in his breast, and his sacrifice for his country can be the better appreciated.

The Confederate war ended, he began at once a literary and law course at Lebanon. Within a year he was licensed, and began to practice law in Columbia, Tenn. He is believed to have been the first Confederate soldier made a legal voter in this State, and was made so for saving the life of Republican Congressman Arnell from a mob in Columbia soon after the war. Gen. Forrest, before the war, saved a man's life from a mob in Memphis, single-handed and alone. Young Whitthorne's act on this occasion was similarly gallant and noble.

Maj. Whitthorne has served as a Legislator four terms, twice by the united vote of all parties, and has a reputation for integrity and devotion to the interests of the people. In the National Guard of the State he has always been ready to aid when called upon. He was captain of the celebrated Witt Rifles of Columbia, then inspector general of rifle practice (with rank of brigadier general) four years, and during our State centennial he was captain of Company B, First Regiment National Guard. While holding this position the President issued his call for volunteers for the war with Spain. Without a moment's hesitation Capt. Whitthorne enlisted, and served until mustered out, without a day's absence from duty, as a member of the gallant First Tennessee Regiment, which won in the Philippines the admiration of the whole country. Leaving a lovely wife and six children, he took his place with his company, without applying for position of ease or profit, and faced death and disease in the discharge of his duty. How well the "Confederate on Foot" (as his friends affectionately termed him) did that duty is a matter now of history. Devoted to the welfare of the enlisted men, on land and sea, he was made their champion. When sick or in trouble they sent for him, and under fire never hesitated to follow him. At Cavite he won commendation from Col. Smith and Admiral Dewey by his expeditions into the enemy's lines during the few weeks preceding actual hostilities, accompanied solely by his intrepid friend and interpreter, Sergeant Tom Vaughan. When Col. Smith fell dead in the first day's battle of Manila at the head of the Second Battalion, gallant little Frank Cheatham assumed command, and ordered Capt. Whitthorne to take the battalion across San Juan bridge. The battalion was lying down under a terrific fire from the enemy's fortifications on the other side of the San Juan river. This old Confederate walked down the line, and when he reached the center of the battalion, in his singularly distinct, magnetic voice, said: "Boys, I'm going to lead you across that bridge, and when I give the command I wish you to give

an old-time Rebel yell." They did it, and in ten minutes that charge and Southern cheer had paralyzed the insurgents, relieved the Nebraskans, saved the Utah Battery, and made the reputation of the Tennesseans as fighters with regulars and volunteers in the Philippines. In the capture of the waterworks next day, then at Iloilo, Manduriao, and Jaro, Capt. Whitthorne led his company, winning a recommendation for brevet promotion at Jaro.

Appointed major twice, and placed in command at Molo, two miles in front of Iloilo, his treatment of the natives and his sleepless care of the outposts prevented any attack upon that part of our lines. Almost daily he would venture in front of our lines of pickets. Upon one occasion he went out with an interpreter to meet Col. Villeneuve (third in command of the insurgents), and induced him to surrender. Two days before embarking from Iloilo he went to Oton, eight miles inside the insurgent lines, to confer with Gen. Araneta, the Visayan commander, in regard to making peace in Panay; and had he remained, it is possible this would have been done, and the lives of many brave men saved, among them that of his successor in command at Molo, gallant Capt. Warwick, of the Eighteenth Regulars. Ordered on board the little steamer El Cano at Iloilo with his battalion, he preceded the regiment to Cebu by twenty-four hours, and upon his arrival at the city of Cebu he found the garrison overawed by an overwhelming force of the enemy, fortified on the surrounding mountains. He suggested disembarkment after on board homeward bound to Lieut. Col. Hamer, Governor of Cebu, that the First Tennessee would regret to leave their fellow-soldiers in so dangerous a position, and that he believed they would volunteer to drive the enemy out of their fortifications. How promptly Col. Childers and his brave men volunteered to do this upon the arrival of the Indiana, and how well they did it, have caused the hearts of the men and women of the old volunteer State to glow with pride whenever Cebu is mentioned.

Members of the First Tennessee in the Confederate army will be glad to know that the Second Battalion, commanded by one of their comrades, occupying the center of the attacking column, was ordered to march against apparently impregnable forts, and captured them; and that its commander, with four scouts, was first to enter the works on the mountains of Cebu.

Maj. Whitthorne not only performed every company and battalion duty, but was in fact on double duty, except about ten days, from his arrival in Manila until he landed in San Francisco to be mustered out. Summary Court and Judge of the Inferior Provost Court at Cavite, Judge of the Superior Provost Court of Panay, in charge of the issuance and preparation of rations for the regiment for fifty-two days on the voyage home, he doubtless did more work than any other man or officer during his term of service. As a judge he gave universal satisfaction to natives and foreigners and his superior officers. Resolutions of regret were passed by the Iloilo Merchants' Exchange upon his departure.

It is sincerely believed that no man who served under the stars and bars, no man who fought under the stars and stripes, deserves more credit than the "Confederate on Foot," who was the real hero of Cebu.

When the First Tennessee was mustered out the President offered to recommission him in the volunteer service, and since then the Governor of Tennessee tendered him the position of Adjutant General of the State. He declined these honors, desiring no reward for his services, and preferring to return to civil life until his country should again need volunteers.

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.



The above is a view of the front portico of the Confederate Soldiers' Home near Nashville, taken by the snap shot artist of a party of twenty or more young ladies and gentlemen from the city, who spent the day in the Hermitage neighborhood. The Home was then quarantined against visitors because of a threatened smallpox epidemic; but the tourists in their tallyho drew up before the entrance, and as the veterans crowded forward to the windows, doors, and porch, they were given a loud and hearty greeting. Then, for their pleasure, a number of favorite songs of the South were sung, and at this climax the picture was taken. All hearts were gladdened by this unlooked-for episode.

This Home is one of Tennessee's noblest charities, and is much appreciated as such. It is wisely and well conducted, and the inmates generally, now numbering one hundred and twenty-six, are contented and happy. The Legislature, at its last session, was most generous in providing for the needs of the institution. The allowance per capita was increased from \$90 to \$100, besides a grant of \$20 for burial expenses. For the enlargement of the hospital \$1,500 was appropriated, and \$3,500 to liquidate back indebtedness. The farm attached to the Home, comprising 475 acres, is for the free use of the Home management. By legislative appropriation there is \$50,000 more for pensions.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of B. F. Rich, second lieutenant of Company H, Fifth Florida Regiment; also J. J. Rich, sergeant in the same company, will confer a favor by addressing J. H. Robertson at Marlin, Tex.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT FRANKLIN.

Judge H. H. Cook delivered an address at the recent decoration of the graves of the Confederate soldiers at Franklin, Tenn. It is as follows:

Ladies, Gentlemen, Comrades, Daughters and Sons of the Soldiers of the South, we have met here to-day to reverence and honor our departed heroes, who have passed over the river, and are resting under the shade of the trees, waiting for us.

We have met not only to cherish their memories, but to vindicate their characters and the purity of their motives. In 1861 the Southern people were the best-informed, the most energetic, the most religious, and the most democratic people upon the earth. And I can also truthfully state that the people of the South were more attached to the Union as it existed under the Constitution than were the people of the North. We were learned in agriculture, law, medicine, the literature of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, French, and English, and surpassed all others in statecraft. Our young men would gladly listen for hours to the discussion of political questions.

Our institution of slavery had partly separated us from other nations. The Southern people were mostly descended from the soldiers of the revolution. Almost every Southern soldier could remember that his ancestors fought in the war of the revolution, the war of 1812, the Indian wars, or the war with Mexico. We had devised, framed, and fashioned the Union, and added to it all of its grandeur and glory. We had extended its boundaries from Virginia to California, and hence were attached to it.

The young people may ask: Why did these heroes who sleep in their graves before us willingly offer up their lives? Why did they seek to dissolve the Union they had loved so much? The whole story can be told in a few minutes: As we understood it in 1861, and as our departed comrades understood it, with their parting words they urged us to be true and faithful.

When we gained our independence we were thirteen separate and distinct colonies. A more perfect Union was formed. The Constitution was the written contract entered into. The first trouble came during the war of 1812, when the North, in convention at Hartford, Conn., asserted the right of secession, and threatened to withdraw from the Union, and make an ignoble peace with England. The next trouble came when Congress imposed a tariff for the declared purpose of protecting the manufactories of the North. John C. Calhoun requested that the acknowledged purpose be expressed in the act; so that its constitutionality could be tested in the Supreme Court of the United States. When this was refused he asserted that there was a tribunal of last resort—the people of the States. This was called "Nullification." The North was the first to assert the right of secession; the South first to assert the right of nullification. Our rights in slaves were declared protected by the Constitution, the acts of Congress, and the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. The North became "nullifiers," and a majority of the Northern States, through their Legislatures, nullified the Constitution, the acts of Congress, and the decision of the Supreme Court, and be-

came the advocates of nullification. In the midst of these disagreements, secret societies in the North collected, armed, and equipped a band of men, who, with John Brown as their leader, invaded Virginia. These men were captured, convicted, and executed. Though they were guilty of treason and murder, the North threatened the South with vengeance for executing the law. The Republican or abolition party had been teaching the doctrine of secession and nullification, and had been vigorously enforcing the doctrine of nullification; but when it elected a President, the whole tone of the party changed.

The South having been driven in desperation to resort to secession, the abolition party of the North became at once a great Union party. Their President, Mr. Lincoln, was a wise, shrewd, and cunning politician, with many virtues. Under his lead his party was taught that henceforth nothing but the preservation of the Union was to be taught and urged. He at once pacified the Democratic party of the North by bestowing offices and declaring that he sought nothing but the preservation of the Union. He raised a great army, but this army was not to turn its arms against the nullifiers of the North, but the secessionists of the South. The South remembered the John Brown raid and his intention as expressed in his code of laws, and it was the universal opinion of the South that the raid of John Brown was but the advance guard of the Northern armies. And thus this great war was begun. No power upon the earth could prevent it. No individual should be held responsible for what happened. Grim-visaged war ruled supreme. We would have the young of this age and future ages understand what we thought and how we felt. How could we trust the promises of the North as long as their acts of nullification remained upon their statute books? How could we trust them when they raised armies to coerce us into obedience, and openly refused themselves to be bound by the Constitution, the acts of Congress, and the opinion of the Supreme Court?

We did not fully understand what the negroes would do, or how they would act? The North had brought them from Africa in their ships, and had sold them in the South, and now proposed to release them and place them in power over the white people of the South. This must have been prompted by the blindest prejudice and a most malignant heart or ignorance of



the true philosophy of the situation. The South had done more for the negro than all the North put together. We had civilized and Christianized 4,000,000 of that race. Be it said to the honor of the women of the South: They had looked after the physical and spiritual welfare of the negro, and had so Christianized him and so attached him to his home that he was true and faithful in the hour of our greatest need, and many anticipated evils did not come.

To fully understand the Southern soldier, we must look at these things as we understood them in 1861. The North placed 2,500,000 soldiers in the field. The largest, the best-equipped and best-disciplined army of modern times; perhaps the world had never before seen such an army. This army was composed in part of the flower of the North, and all Europe was open to draw upon for soldiers, money, and all the sinews of war. The South had only 600,000 soldiers, no ships or arms, no money, and no friends. But we continued the unequal contest for four long years under countless disadvantages and deprivations.

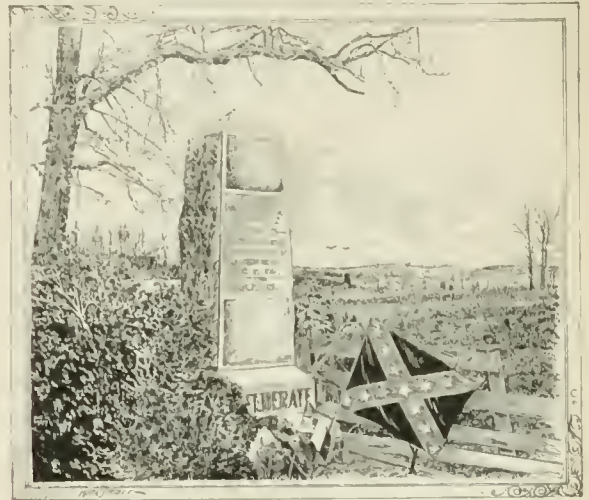
There were no classes in the South; all white men were free and equal. In that grand army of the South the farmer, the planter, the mechanic, the merchant, the rich and the poor stood side by side upon terms of perfect equality—one in love and friendship. The boy of seventeen stood shoulder to shoulder with the man of sixty, and the boy was required to assume the responsibilities and perform the duties of a man. If those who sleep before us could come from their graves and appear before us as they appeared upon this bloody battlefield, you would be amazed at the great number of boys from seventeen to twenty years of age.

The brave never die in vain. The courage of the South had much to do with the preservation of local self-government and the individual rights of man. Happy must be the souls of our departed comrades who died for what has been called the "lost cause" when they look down upon us and see that, by wisdom, courage, patience, endurance, and devotion to law and order, we have gained the victory, and to know that the whole civilized world gives more honor and praise to the vanquished than to the victors. We stand among the graves of our departed comrades who gave their lives for their country on the 30th day of November, 1864. They come from all the States of our dear and beautiful South, and now rest with us. Some had come from Germany, Scotland, and Ireland to make their homes in the South. They have erected their own monuments, more durable than marble or brass. They have made their names immortal. We will decorate their graves. Upon one we will place the corn flower in honor of the place of his birth among the vine-clad hills of the Rhine, and with it we will place the magnolia in memory of the State of his adoption. Upon some we will place the lily, and upon some the shamrock, and upon all the beautiful and fragrant flowers of the South. You Daughters of the South will care for their graves, and will cherish their virtues and deeds in your hearts forever. Let us not forget to ever bear in kindly and honorable remembrance that peerless Southern gentleman, Col. John McGavock, now departed, and his noble wife, who so generously gave this resting place for our dead in this most beautiful spot.

CONFEDERATES WERE CLOSE TO WASHINGTON,

Carter Berkeley, of Lynchburg, Va., replies to an inquiry in the VETERAN about survivors of the skirmish in front of Washington on the 11th of June, 1864:

The regiment in advance that day was the Sixty-Second Virginia Mounted Infantry, and with it was a section of McClanahan's Horse Artillery. The Sixty-Second was commanded by Col. George Smith, one of the most magnificent soldiers in the Confederate States army, and the battery was commanded by the writer. Col. Smith was a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, and his regiment belonged to Imboden's Brigade. He is now a distinguished lawyer at Los Angeles, Cal. This advance guard drove the enemy into Washington on the Seventh Street Road.



Engraving with compliments of H. C. Wagstaff, Atlanta, Ga.

My recollection is that we struck the Federals about Rockville, and pursued them to Washington. They made several stands, and, whenever they did, Col. Smith would dismount his men and charge them. I remember well that the pursuit and retreat were so rapid that it was almost impossible for the artillery to keep up, and the infantry were left far behind. The heat and dust were terrible. The Federals did not stop at the fort, but retreated down Seventh Street, as we could see by the column of dust. When we got there the fort was unmanned, and Col. Smith would have gone in, but was stopped by a courier bringing peremptory orders from Gen. Early to halt until the column arrived. We all waited impatiently, expecting to go into the city as soon as they got up, but before they did troops appeared in the fort, and began shelling us. I am sure that they were not expecting us, for we saw in papers issued that morning that Early had gone toward Baltimore. Why Gen. Early did not go into Washington I do not know, but take it for granted that he had information justifying him for not doing so. I am satisfied, though, that when we first got there mounted men could easily have ridden down Seventh Street to the long bridge, and could have crossed over to Arlington Heights. The Sixty-Second was a splendid regiment, and made a glorious reputation on many battlefields. At the battle of New Market they lost two hundred and fifty killed and wounded.

WORTHY PRAISE OF ARKANSAS TROOPS.

Stanley C. Harley writes the following paper:

In the October VETERAN J. M. Berry, of Salem, Mo., wrote that Comrade J. N. Wilkinson, of Blooming Grove, Tex., is correct in stating that Churchill was colonel of the Eighth Arkansas Regiment. Comrades Wilkinson and Berry are both wrong. The Eighth Arkansas Infantry Regiment was commanded first by Col. William K. Patterson. Gen. Churchill never commanded a regiment in the brigade to which the Eighth Arkansas belonged. He was colonel once of the First Arkansas Mounted Riflemen, one of the famous regiments which Arkansas furnished to the Confederate army. This regiment was early in battle at Neosho, Mo., July, 1861, and from then on to April 26, 1865. In all of the battles in which it was engaged that resplendent courage was displayed which gave Arkansas regiments fresh glory in the Army of Tennessee. They were the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Nineteenth, and Twenty-Fourth, also the Third Confederate, mainly from Arkansas. The Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Arkansas and Third Confederate composed the brigade commanded by Brig. Gens. W. J. Hardee, T. C. Hindman, St. John R. Liddell, and D. C. Gordon, respectively. The First and Second Mounted Riflemen, Fourth, Twenty-Fifth, Thirty-First Regiments Arkansas Infantry, and the Fourth Arkansas Battalion composed the Arkansas troops in Churchill's, McNair's, and Reynold's Brigades, respectively.

A history of the feats of valor performed by the Arkansas troops in the Army of Tennessee would indeed be chivalric. The First Arkansas was in Gen. L. E. Polk's Brigade until he was disabled, then it became a part of Govan's Brigade, as did also the Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Nineteenth, and Twenty-Fourth, which came from other brigades.

At the close of the war all of the regiments of infantry from Arkansas in the Army of Tennessee were consolidated into two small regiments: those of Reynold's Brigade into one commanded by Col. H. G. Bunn, now chief justice of Arkansas; those in Govan's Brigade into one commanded by Col. Peter Snyder, who died about the time of the surrender, April 26, 1865.

These Arkansas regiments took an active and prominent part in many battles in Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South and North Carolina. No other troops covered so much territory or acquitted themselves as well everywhere. In several instances they inflicted losses upon the enemy as great as their own numbers. With one exception they never failed to drive the enemy either in open field or in intrenchments, and that was at Franklin, Tenn. Their works were never taken but once, and that was at Jonesboro, Ga., when Govan's Brigade was stretched in single rank one yard apart with poor works, when they were attacked by seven lines of men.

At Franklin sixty-six per cent of Govan's Brigade were killed and wounded. The Third was the only regiment of cavalry from Arkansas in the Army of Tennessee. The First and Second Mounted Riflemen were dismounted early in the war, and fought as in-

fantry afterwards. The Second Arkansas Cavalry was cast of the Mississippi river part of the war. So were other Arkansas infantry regiments, but they were not in the Army of Tennessee, except a part of the Twelfth Infantry for a while. The Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-First, Twenty-Third were in the Western army, east of the Mississippi, operating about Corinth, Jackson, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson. At the latter places many of them were captured, and after exchange saw service in the Trans-Mississippi Department. The Third Arkansas Infantry Regiment was in Virginia all of the time, except during the Chickamauga campaign. It came with Gen. Longstreet to the battle of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Knoxville, and back to Virginia.

Owing to the lax way in which Arkansas regiments were numbered and named, it is difficult to ascertain how many regiments, battalions, and companies of infantry, cavalry, and artillery Arkansas furnished.

Dr. John P. Hight writes from Fayetteville, Ark.:

Through the August VETERAN of 1900, Mercer Otey, on "Our Great War," relates this incident at Crawfish Springs, Ga.: "That night we camped on the battlefield a little beyond the line occupied by the enemy at the commencement of the day's battle. Our chief aid-de-camp, Col. William P. Richmond, was missing, and no tidings of him had been received for four or five hours. This was such an unusual thing that we were quite uneasy about him. The next morning bright and early we had our coffee and crackers, etc., when a startling discovery was made by Col. Gale, the second aid-de-camp of Col. Polk. Strolling near a little clump of bushes, thirty feet from where we had slept, he saw an officer in gray stretched at full length upon his back, who, upon closer examination, proved to be our fellow staff officer, Richmond, who had been shot behind the ear, having evidently gotten in the line of the enemy through a break in our alignment during some shifting of the troops."

This article has brought to my mind another incident to which I was an eyewitness. I had never been able, however, to learn the name of the dead officer. With several comrades I had come unwittingly into the Federal lines. We were all captured. Almost immediately after our capture the Federal officer ordered us to hurry into a "clump of bushes," and just as we made the bushes a Confederate officer dashed right into our midst, and was shot from his horse. In the confusion of the quickly changing scenes at this point I made the break of my life for liberty, and succeeded in getting back to our lines, although I was wounded in the arm. I felt like the darky who commanded the scared rabbit to stand aside and let him show him how to run.

I have never known the fate of my fellow-prisoners, and, until I read the above article, was ignorant of the identity of the gallant officer who fell in that "little clump of bushes." This circumstance occurred between the firing lines of both armies. Every bullet seemed to sing a requiem mixture of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." Such a constant rattle of musketry I never heard before or afterwards. The messengers of

death never flew faster, and I am sure were thick as stones in ancient Jerusalem. At this battle I was in the Twenty-Third Tennessee, and until that time had served under Gen. Pat Cleburne. Just at the time of my capture I distinctly heard the groans of a wounded Federal officer, and heard in a conference their intention to surrender, and could plainly see their effort to secure a white flag. I could hear the Rebel yell, and knew that victory was ours.



JUDGE JOHN B. STONE.

Judge John B. Stone enlisted at Selma, Ala., in April, 1861, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia until the last six months of the war in Company A, Fourth Alabama Infantry, Law's Brigade. He was transferred by promotion as second lieutenant of Company I, Sixty-Second Alabama. He was captured at Blakely, Ala., and paroled at Meridian, Miss. Judge Stone now lives at Kansas City, Mo., and would be glad to hear from any of his old comrades.

BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG—A CORRECTION.

William L. DeRosset, lieutenant colonel Third North Carolina Infantry, Wilmington, N. C.:

Comrade R. H. Daniel's article on the above subject in your May issue contains some errors which should be corrected. Gen. R. S. Ripley commanded the brigade composed of the Fourth and Forty-Fourth Georgia and First and Third North Carolina Regiments; and, being wounded early in the action, left the command to the senior colonel, George Doles, Fourth Georgia, who assumed the command some hour or so after Ripley's withdrawal.

The burning of the house in front of our lines, Mumma farm (pronounced "moomaw"), was not by order of Gen. Jackson, so far as I know, but was done at my own suggestion and by my order, by men who volunteered from my command.

He adds that "in our last charge" the First and Third North Carolina "had to give way." About 9 A.M. my regiment, Third North Carolina, being about to be assaulted on its right flank by a brigade, in column by battalion, caused me to give orders to "change front to rear on Tenth Company," and this movement brought my line at nearly right angles with that of the rest of the brigade. From this position a charge was at once made by the Third North Carolina, under Lieut. Col. Thruston, I having been disabled, and they were of course repulsed, and while in the act of retiring, sullenly, were reënforced by Col. Regent. The brigade "went in" again with them, and stayed until their ammunition was exhausted. These are the only "giving way" actions by the Third.

I believe Comrade Daniels also unwittingly misstated the facts as to what regiment Gen. Lee complimented. I was told at the time, and have seen the statement several times since in print, that it was a North Carolina Regiment commanded by Col. Cook, not the Fourth Georgia, which was under the command of Lieut. Col. (?) Phil Cook. It was on the same line, while Col. Thruston was holding a position at a fence, that, having reported to Gen. Hill that he was out of ammunition, he was ordered to hold the position at all hazards with or without ammunition.

George R. Congdon, Georgetown, S. C.: "In the April number of the VETERAN, in the article about 'Old Man Henry and His Child,' you have taken from the *Chattanooga Times* a very untruthful bit of history. The reporter makes Judge Wood say things that never occurred and could not have occurred. I was in that battle, and remember many, perhaps all, of the circumstances regarding the Henry House and old man Henry. He was not killed, as stated, for twenty-five years after the Second Manassas I spent several hours in his house (the old Henry House) with him, and we walked over his grounds, the places in his field where Gens. Bee and Bartow fell (in 1861) being pointed out by him. At the first battle the Henry House was within the Confederate lines, and at the second within the Federal lines, and Stonewall Jackson could not have gotten his courier through the lines to warn Mr. Henry to take his family to a place of safety, as stated. The reporter evidently mixed the two battles, which were a year apart.

In the contributions for the Forrest Monument at Memphis, ex-Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V., Richmond, handed to D. C. Scales, who was offering badges "from fifty cents to as high as anybody would go," a silver dollar coined in the United States Mint in 1798. It is in excellent condition. The parties present offered to buy, one proposing to double it, another to give \$5, and quickly the third said: "I will give you ten dollars."

Benjamin Gough, Pikesville, Md., would like to know of Dr. A. G. Lane, who was in charge of the Confederate hospital near Richmond, Va. He also inquires for his clerk, James M. Champlin. The latter was a Tennessean by birth, but enlisted in the Fifth Louisiana, and was detailed from that regiment.

CALVIN CROZIER.

Bill Arp, in the *Atlanta Constitution*, calls attention to the killing of the brave Confederate soldier by the order of Col. Trowbridge, at Newberry, S. C., September 8, 1865. Many requests have been made through the press of the South since the publication of this letter that some one conversant with the facts of that inhuman butchery give them to the public.

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

This is one of the verses on a beautiful monument I looked upon with tearful reverence while walking through Rosemont Cemetery at Newberry. Such acts as the murdering of Crozier are some of the things that keep a man from forgetting the war. Does history record any nobler sacrifice? Damon was the friend of Pythias, but this man Bowers was a stranger to Crozier. Much more of this pathetic story is recorded in the annals of Newberry.

W. M. Fenton writes of it: "I was then a youth of fifteen years, and was living at Newberry when the brave Crozier yielded up his life that another might not suffer. The memory of that day is of a tragedy never to be forgotten. The war had ended, and the soldiers of the disbanded Confederate army and paroled prisoners were passing through South Carolina to their homes in the West. Among them was Calvin Crozier, a Texan, who arrived at Newberry on September 7, 1865, and was delayed there overnight. He had some ladies under his care; and, as hotel accommodations were very meager, they decided it would be best to pass the night in the car on which they had traveled. Late in the night some negro soldiers, under the command of Col. Trowbridge, who had arrived at Newberry that day, entered the car where Crozier and the ladies under his care were quietly reposing, and made themselves very offensive to the ladies. Crozier requested them to leave, but they refused to do so, and a difficulty arose. In the scuffle which followed one of the negroes was slightly cut by Crozier with his knife. The regiment to which they belonged was encamped in a graveyard near the depot, and very soon after the difficulty occurred a number of them appeared at the depot bent on avenging the one who had been dealt with by Crozier. In their madness they seized Mr. Jacob S. Bowers, who was then General Superintendent of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and, despite his many protestations, were about to lynch him. When Crozier learned what they were about, without a moment's hesitation he presented himself and acknowledged that he had wounded the negro soldier. He was at once tied and taken to the camp mentioned above, and was shot to death by the fiends. His body was thrown in a shallow grave, and they danced in ghoulish glee upon his new-made grave. The officers of the negro regiment, principally white, were appealed to in behalf of Crozier, but in vain. Trowbridge, the colonel of this regiment, was heard to declare that he took upon himself all the responsibility of the act. Prince Rivers, a negro who

was then an officer in this same regiment, wishing to save the life of Crozier, went to him and begged him to deny that he was the man who had the difficulty with the negro soldier, but he refused. Seldom indeed do we find such heroic self-sacrifice as is recorded of this noble Texan. He might have gone free to his far Western home had he permitted an innocent man to suffer. However fondly he may have dreamed of his arrival at his Texan home, Galveston, and the greeting of loved ones there, he gave it all up and laid down his life that another might live. No ignoble spirit could have acted as he did. Such a death must work forgiveness for many misdeeds and shortcomings, and where he now sleeps must be holy ground. His body remained where he was buried by the negro soldiers until 1891, when the people of Newberry had him buried in Rosemont Cemetery, and erected an enduring monument to his memory. In erecting this monument they have honored themselves."

Mrs. Mary S. Rogers, of Blum, Tex., a sister of Crozier, writes of the family: "I read in the *JANUARY VETERAN* the account of the killing of my brother, Calvin Crozier, September 8, 1865, by order of Col. Trowbridge, commanding the Thirty-Third Colored Regiment of Federal troops. My brother was born in Brandon, Miss. He enlisted in Goode's Battery at Dallas in 1861. Our father was too old and feeble to go to the war, but he had five sons and two sons-in-law who served through the war. My husband was a private in Gen. Gano's command three and a half years. My brothers served in Texas regiments, and all went safely through the war except one brother, who was wounded in the battle of Pleasant Hill. I am the only one of my family left. Exposure during the war caused the death of three of my brothers. My husband, R. C. Donalson, lived through the war, and died ten years ago. I was married again six years ago to an ex-Confederate, W. L. Rogers, from Tennessee, who served in Maj. Gunter's battalion. My only sister, May E. M. Stackhouse, widow, was lost in the Galveston flood with eleven others of our family. That flood occurred on the thirty-fifth anniversary of my brother Calvin's brutal murder. I have the names of all the people that subscribed to the monument."

STONEWALL JACKSON AT PORT REPUBLIC.

BY R. S. FORTSON, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

I was a member of Company F, Ninth Louisiana Volunteers, and was at Port Republic, Va., on the day of the battle between Shields, Federal commander, and Stonewall Jackson, Confederate. Being ill, I was with a small number of other sick soldiers ordered to cross from the north side of the river Shenandoah to the Port Republic side, and to go in the direction of the baggage trains. We crossed the river a little above the bridge in a small boat, after which most of the men went directly toward the baggage train, while I and a comrade named Jones, of the same company, turned to the left and went directly to the pike. Upon reaching the pike we saw in the direction of the bridge that spanned the Shenandoah river three or four Federal soldiers with a cannon at the south entrance of the bridge, only seventy-five or one hundred yards from us, and pointing toward where we

were. We started to run, when we saw Gen. Jackson alone coming down the pike at a gallop. He had on his old brown cap, but wore a United States army overcoat. He rode by us, passing within ten feet of us, in the direction of the cannon above referred to. I heard him say: "Who ordered you to put that gun there? Move it down; don't you see the enemy over yonder?" pointing to our troops on the north side of the river, and also pointing to a level place a little below the bridge. The Yankees (as we then called them) at once removed the gun to the place indicated by Gen. Jackson, who immediately rode through the bridge as fast as his horse could carry him, and waved his cap to his men as soon as he got where they could see him. They moved at a double-quick toward the bridge, firing as they went, and soon drove the gunners and other soldiers away from the bridge, and he marched his army right on. There were other Federal troops in sight down the river. I knew Gen. Jackson by sight perfectly, and cannot be mistaken.

WITH DICK DOWLING AT SABINE PASS.

William Hardin, of Hico, Tex., was born in Hackney, London, and was apprenticed to a butcher and kept there until he was fifteen. He landed in Galveston, Tex., soon after the first locomotive came to Texas. Soon after this Lincoln was made President, and the trouble began. Companies were being formed such as the Bayou City Guards and Turner Rifles. He liked Capt. Odum and Dick Dowling, and as they were organizing the Davis Guards, he joined them and his fortunes with the South, and served faithfully to the end. After the war he went away out from civilization killing buffalo. Indians were hostile, and railroad men were being massacred every day. He says at this time came to him the most memorable event of his life, when, with two companions, he was attacked by a party of fifteen Cheyenne Indians. His comrades left him and were killed. He got behind a dead buffalo, and the Indians formed a circle and shot arrows at him. He kept them off with his Henry rifle, killing their chief, but was desperately wounded by an arrow in his breast, and would have been killed but for a noted scout called Wild Bill, who, with his party, came to his rescue. He still has the arrow that struck him and the scar of his wound. He came back to Texas in 1870, and married in Lampasas, where he still lives with wife and children. Last June he made a trip to Austin to be united once more with Michael Carr and R. C. O'Hara, and a happy week they spent together at the Confederate Home, their undying friendship receiving the reward it deserved.

W. C. Kirkland, Franklin, Tenn., who was a member of the Autauga Rifles, Sixth Alabama Regiment, and afterwards ordnance sergeant of Waddell's Artillery, would like to hear from any surviving members of these commands.

Among the books that the VETERAN can commend to its readers is that by Verne S. Pease, of Chicago, "In the Wake of War," which we are glad to offer as one of our premiums. A club of four subscribers will secure a copy, or it will be sent postpaid with a year's subscription to the VETERAN, new or renewal, for \$1.75. Price of the book is \$1.50.

SONS OF VETERANS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

William H. Kearfott, Commander of the Henry Kid Douglas Camp, U. S. C. V., at Kearneysville, W. Va., has been appointed Assistant Division Inspector for West Virginia, and will assist in organizing new Camps throughout the State. He is a son of John P. Kearfott, who was a member of Company B, First Regiment Virginia Cavalry, which was a part of the brigade commanded at different times by Gens. Fitzhugh Lee and J. E. B. Stuart. He was wounded at Kennon's Land-



W. H. KEARFOTT.

ing, on the James river below Richmond, in June, 1864, an ounce musket ball passing entirely through his breast. Comrade Kearfott is now one of Jefferson County's most prominent and prosperous business men.

INQUIRIES FOR TENNESSEE VETERANS.—Will some veteran answer the following questions, and greatly oblige R. J. D., Ninth Tennessee Infantry: Was the battle flag of the Sixth and Ninth Consolidated Tennessee Infantry on exhibition at the Centennial at Nashville? If so, where is the old flag now? What regiments, if any, other than Maney's Brigade, composed the First Tennessee Consolidated Regiment (infantry), reorganized just before the surrender at Greensboro, N. C.? What regimental flag was used by the new regiment until the close of the war?

THE STORY OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG.—The *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia) prints a pathetic story from Samoa of a Confederate flag. The article is in substance as follows:

Since the advent of the white man every Samoan boat must have its flag. Just what the flag represents is not so important a question.

Sitting in the cool of his porch overlooking the bay one afternoon, the Land Commissioner, ex-Chief Justice Chambers, saw a boat approaching the shore flying a flag which struck him with peculiar interest. It was the stars and bars of the Southern Confederacy. What could it be doing in the South Pacific, and so long after Appomattox? He determined to

learn the history of the flag and get possession of it if he could.

Meeting the boat as it landed, the offer of the "American chief" to buy it was promptly declined. Then the Justice tried a little diplomacy: he took the boatman into a store and bought for him a bolt of calico and then a kit of mackerel, which delighted the Samoan, but the native still declined to part with his flag.

"Where did you get it, and why do you value it so highly?" asked Mr. Chambers.

"Well, I will tell you," answered the Samoan. "A long time ago a man came to Samoa from far off in America, where you came from. He was not a sailor, but told me he had been a soldier. He was my friend, and lived at my house. But after a while he got sick; and one day he said to me: 'Tasi, look in my bag there and get out my flag, and put it up on the wall where I can see it.' I did so; and he would lie there and look at it and look at it. Some days afterwards he grew worse. He called me to him and said: 'Tasi, I am going to die. I am far away from my home and my people. This flag is all I have in the world; you have been my friend; I give it to you. Keep it as long as you live. Don't give it to anybody—and whatever you do, don't you ever let a Yankee have it.' No, my chief, I cannot part with this flag—not till I die."

John N. Johnson, Bristol, Va.-Tenn., writes:

I was with Morgan on his last raid into Kentucky. We were defeated in the second day's fight at Cynthiana. One hundred and six of us made our escape, reached the Ohio River and rode South till we reached the Mississippi, where we joined Gen. Forrest. He paid us the compliment to add us to his bodyguard, but gave us to understand that when there was any fighting his bodyguard always did its share. This proved to be only too true, for within a week our little band was about wiped out. I was wounded in the battle of Harrisburg. After Forrest had driven Smith out of the country the small remnant of our band continued the march back to Virginia, completing the circuit in probably the longest ride of the kind on record.

After persistent inquiry by letter I have failed to find a single man who was with me through the raid with Morgan and the battles with Forrest. It is not fair to this little band or their children that they should be dropped out of history without any reason being given why they, as Morgan's men, should be with Forrest, seven or eight hundred miles away from their command. I have never told a war story and would probably never have given this matter attention, as I was only sixteen years old when wounded; but I have now a son, and he has said to me: "Papa, I have heard that you were in the great war. I want to join the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and it is now in order for you to give me an account of yourself, that I may keep my record straight."

My son is eminently correct, and as I desire to write up the history of that ride, I ask you to aid me in finding one or more of my comrades.

The monument to the memory of the Noxubee County Confederate dead, erected by Walter Barker Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Macon, Miss., was formally dedicated June 12.

Mrs. M. P. McIntosh, of Waverly Place, Nashville, Tenn., formerly Mary Parks, of Humboldt, Tenn., desires to know if Oscar Roberts, who nursed her brother, William Hugh Parks, so faithfully in his long, severe illness in the hospital at Lauderdale Springs, Miss., is living; also James (?) Simmons and his good wife, who lived near there, and took him to their home, fed and nursed him until able to be taken to Tupelo, Miss. Mrs. McIntosh passed through the lines and traveled four hundred miles to see him—the last time on earth. Comrade Parks was wounded, captured, and died in the field hospital on Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, June 19, 1864, but his sister did not learn of his fate for five years.



' SALLIE MORGAN YERGER, SALLIE MORGAN POINDEXTER,
Greenwood, Miss., Sponsor S. C. V. Maid of Honor S. C. V. Miss.
Namesakes and Nieces of Mrs. W. S. Green, of Caloosa, Cal.

J. D. McLane, Patterson, Ill., writes:

Answering Comrade John R. Windham, of Stone, Ala., relative to the part taken in the battle of Murfreesboro by the Eighth Tennessee, I will state that I was a member of that gallant old regiment throughout the war, and had the honor of commanding Company K during the last half of the war.

The Eighth and Sixteenth Tennessee Regiments composed Carter's Brigade, which did some of the hardest and most effective fighting of that memorable battle, both regiments sustaining very heavy losses. But you are mistaken on one point. While I have great respect for Col. John H. Anderson as a brave and gallant officer, yet it was the lamented Col. W. L. Moore who showed himself so recklessly on that occasion. The "small black horse" alluded to was captured by my company at Perryville, Ky., and was shot and fell dead within a few feet of myself and others of my company on the premises of the Cowan House. Col. Moore extricated his legs quickly from beneath his horse, drew his sword and went on with my company. He was shot and instantly killed within one hundred yards of where his horse fell.

ABOUT THE FIGHTING NEAR LEESBURG.

F. D. Kildow, of Company B, Hardy Blues, Sixty-Second Virginia Infantry, gives some interesting reminiscences. He writes from Iowa Park, Tex.:

In the VETERAN of last April S. T. Shank, of North River, Va., reminds me of scenes and incidents in the long ago. I wish to correct what I think is an error in his article. The officer of whom he speaks was Col. D. B. Lang (not Long), possibly by typographical error. My company, in which I was a private, was on the ground for that Leesburg fight early. We deployed on the left of the road in a piece of timber, advanced by the left oblique toward the ferry, the right of the company keeping near the road. After being uncovered from the timber, our orderly sergeant on the right took in a Yank. He was on foot, but carried a carbine, showing that he was a cavalryman. We advanced over one or two ridges toward the river without encountering the enemy until we reached the timber along its banks, behind which a line of cavalry was concealed. They gave us several volleys without effect, and attempted to charge, but the timber and ravine prevented them, and they had to move some distance by their left flank before they could get out. In the meantime we were moving by the left flank at double-quick, and reached a grove of heavy timber in the nick of time. After a few of our well-directed volleys, they crossed the river below the ford. Our company then joined the regiment and took a position on the south of the road near the crossing, behind a stone residence and some log outbuildings. Lieut. Wartenbaker, Sergt. J. W. Hadley, J. H. Winter, myself, and several others volunteered to take possession of an old earthwork. We got within thirty feet of the place under cover of a dead horse and a deep gulley. The lieutenant said he would get into it first and see the conditions. He was small, and we helped him on top of the bank. As he went he received a bullet through the hips. Winters and I mounted the bank and got the lieutenant over into the gulley, escaping a volley from across the river. We carried him out the way we went in; got him to the ambulance and reported to our company. The regiment was at that time in position under cover of the buildings which were then being perforated with shot and shell. During a lull in the storm I paid a visit to Company —, Lieut. Basore commanding. He asked me to go to the top of the bluff and see what the enemy was doing. I did so, and got a good view of the opposite valley. I saw only a column of cavalry moving up the valley. I watched them, and counted them by fours until the head of the column reached the pike and turned to the right toward the ford. I then told the lieutenant that they were coming in force. He ordered his men to the top of the hill, when the Yankee artillery turned their six guns loose on us with shell, accurately timed, for I think every one exploded right over our heads, but injuring only one or two men. I had a position with Lieut. Kiester, of Company C, behind a large locust tree. He always had a gun, and used it well. He was brave as a lion. When about one-third of the cavalry had reached the middle of the river they broke and turned back, save the head of the column which was led by a gray-whiskered officer. They came at full speed up the hill, charging

right and left through our little squad. They would run up against a bunch of our boys demanding their surrender, when the boys would drop their guns, and the Yanks would go on to the next bunch demanding their surrender likewise. While they were doing up the second bunch the first bunch gathered up their guns and fired on them. Finally it got too hot for the Yanks, and they broke for the river, taking most of their loose horses with them. The majority of the Yanks, led by gray whiskers, charged up the pike in search of Sergt. Shank's gun, which he says he hid under the hill. After Lieut. Basore had routed them from the hill I went to the company on the south side of the road, near the buildings, expecting the Yanks to come back that way, which they did in a very short time. They could not charge over us, as we had the buildings and stone fence to protect us. They advanced upon us with a rush, both sides firing. Joe Winter and Tom Cross could not load fast enough, so set their guns against the stone fence, jumped over into the road, and pelted the Yanks with stones. Most of them got back over the river. After this there was a lull, except that a shell would occasionally come tearing through the logs. Suddenly a rapid firing of small arms began some distance away, and we knew that Col. Mosby was saluting them from the rear.



MISS KATIE GRAHAM,
Sponsor for Marion Coghill Camp, No. 1310, Wynne, Ark.

This doubtless prevented them from making another break across the river. I could see their cavalry moving up the mountain to save their guns, but I did not at any time see any infantry, consequently I think Comrade Shank must be mistaken. McClanahan's Battery did effective work on more than one field, notably at the battle of New Market, May, 1864, between Gen. J. C. Breckinridge and Gen. Seigle, of the Union forces.

Mrs. George O. Brown, of Mexico, Mo., asks for the address of any member of Capt. P. Wilkerson's Company, recruited in Callaway County, Mo.

THE SAM DATIS MONUMENT.

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				ruary, 1898, \$2,208.56. Additional con-	
				tributions to date, \$581.95. Total,	
				\$2,790.51.	

FROM SUBSCRIBERS TO THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

Miss Kate Macdonald, Secretary of Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., St. Joseph, Mo.: "At a meeting of our Chapter last November a motion to send ten dollars to the Sam Davis Monument Fund was not only unanimously but enthusiastically adopted, since the whole society felt it to be not only a sacred duty but also a precious privilege to contribute something to the monument that shall commemorate the unparalleled deed of the brave young hero and martyr, who was indeed

'Young as the youngest that donned the gray,
Brave as the bravest who wore it.'"

Miss Marjorie Anderson, of New Orleans, contributes one dollar, and says: "I had a great-uncle hanged in St. Louis as a Confederate spy. Like Sam Davis, he was a young man, about twenty-two years old. His father was in prison at the time, and had to go through the painful ordeal of shaking hands with him on his way to the scaffold. I am sorry a monument cannot be raised to every young man who lost his life as they did."

Mrs. J. W. Yoeman, of Billings, Okla., sends one dollar, and writes: "May the monument be as lasting as the memories which his grateful people keep fresh in their hearts!"

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Franklin, Tenn., have contributed five dollars for this fund.

T. H. Lauck, Leander, Tex.: "Please devote the inclosed dollar to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, and oblige a Virginia-Texan who wishes he had \$1,000 to spare for such a purpose."

J. P. Cox, Gatesville, Tex.: "I was born one mile from old Jefferson, on Stone's River, and about one year older than Sam Davis. We were boys together. Inclosed find two dollars to go to his monument."

CAPT. SHAW AND SAM DAVIS.

The tireless theme of Sam Davis is to be revived



THE SAM DAVIS BUST.

now with the confidence that patriots and all who honor a young man who gives his life fearlessly for principle take an active interest in securing to him the memorial in granite and bronze to which a multitude have contributed already. Some articles are given herewith, and a list of the contributions not heretofore published.

Comrade P. H. Benson, who was first lieutenant of Company I, Twenty-Third Regiment, Arkansas Infantry, writes from Three Creeks, Ark., some interesting data induced by the article of Capt. B. P. Steele in the May VETERAN concerning Sam Davis. His opinion is adverse to Capt. Steele's theory. He

explains that in July, 1863, he was taken to Johnson's Island prison; that his brother, Dr. W. F. Benson, was a prisoner in the penitentiary at Nashville, and that they corresponded. In the latter part of 1863 his brother wrote him that a Capt. Shaw would land on the island soon, and he must hunt him up. He did meet Shaw, and they became intimate friends. Capt. Shaw told him that he was an old steamboat man, his line of boats running between Nashville and Cincinnati. He never had much to say about his services in the army, except that he was of the Confederate scouts, and was captured near Pulaski, Tenn. The Federals suspected him as a spy, and he was put in irons. Another man, likewise ironed, was put in the cell with him. This fellow was very communicative; told Capt. Shaw that he was a spy, but did not think they could prove it on him. He related many hair-breadth escapes, but he did not induce Shaw to respond. After a few days this fellow was taken out.

"From Pulaski Capt. Shaw was sent to Nashville, and, as stated, was then sent to Johnson's Island. One day I called upon Capt. Shaw, and found him reading a paper—the Pulaski Citizen—and I noticed tears running down his cheeks. He handed me the paper, pointing out the piece he was reading. It was an account of the execution of Sam Davis. There was in it a report of the conditions whereby he might have stopped the execution. When I had finished reading the account he told me that he was the man they were after."

Comrade Benson writes that when he was taken from Johnson's Island, in July, 1864, he left Capt. Shaw there, but doesn't know what became of him, although "confident that he has answered the last roll call." His ignorance of the facts generally known



about Capt. Shaw gives assuring strength to his position on this subject. For his information, and that of others who may not know, the facts are restated in the VETERAN that Capt. Shaw survived the war, and that he reentered the steamboat service afterwards, Sam Davis's elder brother, John Davis, and Shaw buying a boat. Davis's father furnished them \$12,000 of the purchase money. The boat

SAM DAVIS'S PRINCIPAL AID.

Harriette E. Wright gives the theory of "a woman in the case." In giving it there is no purpose to detract from the conviction that the papers were given by Capt. Shaw—Coleman—to Sam Davis. If Miss Woodruff had supplied him with them, he evidently would have reported fully to his chief as to their contents at least:

It is one of the truisms of history that the most tragic events have their source in commonplace happenings, and Miss Robbie Woodruff's indignant words

of "Can you, sir, a man, stand here and see ladies deprived of their homes," to Sam Davis's memorable words of, "I gave my word not to tell," is a pathetic example. In the memories of her girlhood friends Miss Woodruff, afterwards Mrs. Crank, lives a bright girl with a heart full of love for that cause she was born to defend, and to which her quick wit and ready intelligence gave a most efficient support.



MISS ROBBIE WOODRUFF.

From her home, at Holly Springs, Miss., Mrs. Woodruff brought her daughter and son to the residence of her sister, Mrs. Patterson, on the Nolensville pike, south of Nashville. One not-to-be-forgotten evening the house was surrounded by a company of Yankees, and threats of burning indulged in. With that grim determination peculiar to men bent on destructive work, kindling was soon piled at every advantageous point. Miss Woodruff, greatly excited and highly indignant, appealed in a few terse words to what was evidently some latent spark of humanity in the leader of that gang of depredators, for in a few moments the horror of fire was changed to a feeling of security, at least for a time.

For a while the fortune of war—which is never merciful—remained about the same, when news came of the severe sickness of Lieut. —, the Yankee who who had been man enough to stop his men from burning the Patterson home. With a regal disregard of the opinions of others and a determination that no one should be able to say they were in debt to an enemy, Mrs. Patterson gave orders that the sick man be brought to her home for attention. Health came, but love went roaming, and, to the disgust of Miss Woodruff and her friends, the Yankee's heart was placed at the disposal of the Southern belle. The story of the advance and repulse would be too long. Enough to say that this girl dared to do that which in former ages would have made for her an immortal name—she played with the love of this man, and in that way gave to the world Sam Davis, whose fame she should share. Robbie Woodruff braved not only the hangman's noose, the bullet's quick release—but what is ten thousand deaths to every sensitive woman—the misunderstanding and slights of those who should have been more merciful, if not capable of showing greater insight in character and more general intelligence. A mile or so from the Patterson home there was a heavy thicket which boasted a certain hollow tree that, as things go, should now be regarded with interest, for it was here that valuable papers were left by Miss Woodruff for Sam Davis, at times when it was unsafe for him to go to her house. On Lieut. —'s recovery and return to his post there commenced a series of passes, on which medicines, provisions, saddles, clothing, and boots were carried out, sometimes concealed on Miss Woodruff's person. More remark-

able still was the amount of information she was able to obtain through this man, the accuracy of which was never found deficient. Though assisted by several ladies, some of whom are now living, "to take some food out to a poor old sick woman in the woods," Miss Woodruff depended principally on her younger brother William. It was he who made the wild ride on an old mule to find Gen. Wheeler. His sister, coming to town one morning, was informed that Capt. Frank Gurley was to be hung, and she alone could help him. Hurrying home, with her characteristic energy, she soon had the youngster on his way to find Gen. Wheeler with a message as to the condition of affairs, her last words to William being: "And don't you stop until you've found him." The ride was successful. Gen. Wheeler sent word under a flag of truce that unless Capt. Gurley was properly treated several Yankee prisoners would be hanged. The threat was effective.

Some thought at the time that Miss Woodruff entertained a deeper affection for Sam Davis than the mere fact of a family connection, her cousin having married his sister. This was not the fact, although she rendered him invaluable assistance. The scouts recognized this, for on one occasion one of them, coming into the yard and seeing the lieutenant talking to Miss Woodruff, raised his gun impulsively to kill him, but upon reflection desisted, realizing that he would cut off their main source of information on which they depended. Whenever Sam Davis had the opportunity of visiting the Patterson home, his signal was to throw a pebble against the window. It is not thought that he and the lieutenant ever met, although they knew well of each other. It is understood that Miss Woodruff and the lieutenant often quarreled. She would storm at him, but the scene usually ended with abuse on her part and passes on his. On one occasion, stamping her foot, this little dare-devil declared her intention of telling on him and having him hanged, and he retorted that he would tell on her too, and that they would be hanged together, but neither told; the women because she served her people, the man—well—because he loved. A man of unpleasing appearance and low instinct, history to do him justice must tell how capable he was of high devotion to the woman who had all unconsciously won his heart—for through that love he was even a traitor—one cannot help feeling a moment's pity, though his subsequent career was marked with every atrocity.

With many now living memories of Robbie Woodruff's escapades must be very fresh. Each time more daring, there grew up between Sam Davis and this his principal aid a mutual confidence and reliance. His sterling qualities had never failed her; her sympathy and intuitive assistance for the cause, for which they both worked, had never been withheld. How bright she was singing in the midst of danger, cheering some on to brave deeds, strengthening some who were weak until she became a genius before whom cowardice and lukewarm support would hide their heads in shame! At last came the necessity for papers of grave import. If eyes take a far-off look, as if peering into the future, if a girlish mouth became set as the spirit of the undertaking was felt, one cannot feel surprised. What scenes were enacted, what words

passed, what heart struggles braved, we do not know; graves keep their secrets, and those living, who have the knowledge, respect the dead too much to tell even for history's sake those things for which lives were given up.

From whose hands Sam Davis received the fateful papers cannot be told. Probably if the old hollow tree could talk, curiosity would be satisfied. Enough to say that when Sam Davis was executed Robbie Woodruff's sorrow was almost beyond tears. Sickness followed, and she was torn by conflicting emotions, which had in them the elements of many tragedies. The bright, laughing girl was dead, and a woman with a sorrow, of which she was bound in honor not to speak, was born. Marrying later a Mr. Crank, of Houston, Tex., Robbie Woodruff disappeared for a long time from a place so full of dear and terrible memories, until news of her death revived for a short time her support of one now immortal. Her friends and family have, as a rule, objected to all publicity; but now, after many years, it is but right that a spirit so full of love, bravery, and daring should be given that credit and honor, which, were Sam Davis living, would without doubt be accorded her.

CROSSES OF HONOR AT FLORENCE, S. C.

At Florence, S. C., on Jefferson Davis's birthday, the U. D. C. presented the Cross of Honor to veterans. Confederate and State flags decorated the Auditorium. A large choir of young ladies, decorated with white and red sashes, occupied the platform, as did officials of the Daughters and prominent veterans. The Mayor of the city introduced the venerable W. A. Brunson, eighty-four years old, who delivered the address on President Davis, and who was the first veteran presented with the Cross of Honor.

Mrs. V. C. Tarrh, Secretary of the U. D. C. Chapter, read the resolution and the names of the veterans on whom the Crosses were to be bestowed. Then the other veterans were supplied by Misses Mattie Brunson, Marie Bacot, Gertrude Jacobi, and Minnie Jarrot. The religious services were conducted by Rev. H. F. Oliver. Appropriate music was rendered.

An editorial in the *Florence Daily Times*, which gives an interesting account of the event, states concerning Jefferson Davis:

"He was a man of rare executive ability. His labors in the service of the government, his talent for organizing and planning is bearing fruit in the military department of the government to-day. He was a rare man, and as nearly a perfect one in every position in life as ever lived, and yet for years he suffered from the thoughtlessness and ingratitude of his own people. It behooves the young and the old to learn more about this hero, and to recognize in him one of the beacons that guide man to higher paths and safer harbors in life."

ABOUT THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* states:

A recent issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN publishes a version of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and claims that it was first sung in a New Orleans theater in 1861. Every once in a while some new claimant to

the authorship of this song, or some new version of the melody, is presented to the public, none of the former having any foundation in fact or reason. It is a fact not generally known that the song was written in the city of Jackson on the 9th day of January, 1861, and it was first sung on the night following in the Spengler Theater by its author, Harry McCarthy, a well-known comedian of *ante-bellum* days. Col. J. L. Power, Mississippi's venerable Secretary of State, vouches for the truth of this version of the song, and he put it into type for the first time from the author's manuscript, afterwards printing one thousand copies for McCarthy. According to Col. Power, the author obtained his inspiration from the secession convention, which, on the 9th day of January, formally withdrew Mississippi from the Union. McCarthy was in the hall when the vote was taken on the ordinance of secession, at the conclusion of which a blue flag, made of silk and with a white star in the center, was presented to President W. S. Barry by Mrs. Homer Smythe, and it was waved aloft by President Barry as "the first flag of the young republic." Six months later the song was printed in sheet music form by A. E. Blackmar, of New Orleans, and dedicated to Gen. Albert Pike.

U. D. C. CHAPTER AT FREDERICK, MD.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Frederick, Md., have new quarters that embrace a suite of four rooms on the second floor of Mrs. E. C. Legg's building, West Patrick Street.

All the trimmings are in the Confederate colors. The assembly room is furnished in perfect taste.



MISS FANNIE MAE MASON,
Maid of Honor, Camp Lomax, Mont.

The gilt papering is brightened by knots of bright red, while the woodwork is all white. A red-and-gray matting covers the floor, and the chairs are white in enamel finish. There are cozy corners, hand-painted screens, a white bookcase with the doors painted in rosebuds, and a white clock with gilt adornments marks the passing time. The portraits on the walls are of Gens. T. J. Jackson, Robert and Fitzhugh Lee, President Jefferson Davis, Miss Winnie Davis, the last meeting of Lee, Jackson, and others. Over the mantel is a handsome portrait of Mrs. L. V. Baughman, President of the Chapter, and Gen. L. V.

Baughman. A neatly framed Confederate bond of three hundred dollars, dated 1863, is another ornament. Pretty white curtains topped with red complete the furnishings. The rooms were furnished by the Chapter, and the adornments loaned by individuals. The rooms will be open for the Chapter once a week, when members will meet for social intercourse or to enjoy the privileges of the library.



There is a future. O, thank God,
Of life this is so small a part!
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod:
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

FIVE ANSWER NEAR ERIN, TENN.

Comrade J. W. McDonald, Erin, Tenn., writes:

We old Confederates are passing out fast. There died this spring, in five miles of Erin, four of our number, to-wit: John B. Nichols, James M. Newbery, M. M. Weaver, J. S. Lee, and yesterday, June 25, near Magnolia, Tenn., Robert M. Eckles. Ere long there will be none of us left.

Young County Camp, of Graham, Tex., reports the passing away of Comrades John Taylor and E. F. Lewis. The former joined Company F, Sixth Regiment Texas Volunteers, in December, 1861, and was detached to serve in the subsistence department, where he remained till the fall of 1864, under Gen. Henry E. McCullough, and then returned to his company until the end. He had been long a resident of Graham, and filled many positions of trust and honor, having been postmaster under Cleveland. A wife and daughter survive him.

Dr. E. F. Lewis served in Florida during the war, afterwards moving to Louisiana, whence he came to Graham about ten years ago. He made many friends during his residence there.

JAMES I. CLARK.

James Ira Clark, who was a member of Company D, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, and who was wounded twice, died on May 22, 1901, in his seventieth year. He was a member of the Frank Cheatham Camp, No. 35, of Nashville, Tenn. He was also a member of Company B of Uniformed Confederate Veterans, and he requested that he be buried in his uniform, which was done, and his resting place is in the beautiful Confederate circle at Mt. Olivet cemetery, among other heroes who had gone before.

MISS FANNIE M. SCOTT.

Miss Fannie M. Scott, who died recently at Little Rock, Ark., was one of the most loyal and devoted members of the U. D. C. She was indeed one of the most delightful in her State of charming women. At the splendid convention of the United Daughters at Hot Springs, in 1898, it was said that no State ever had a finer delegation than had Arkansas, and Miss Fannie Scott was conspicuous in the assembly. She had done, perhaps, more than any other woman in that State for the cause, especially in the building of the handsome Confederate monument at Van Buren. This is largely her monument.

Miss Scott was honored by being made Lady Man-

ager for Arkansas at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, and her cordial welcome and warm hospitality to visitors at the Arkansas building will remain to the multitude a pleasant memory. For her services at that time she received many trophies of recognition, but none was prized more than being named as "Arkansas' Daughter," and this was engraved on the silver plate of her casket, which was covered in Confederate gray. In the mention of this World's Fair service it recalls the beloved Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin, who so efficiently and creditably represented Texas at the same exposition.

Miss Scott had been ill for more than a year, and was removed from her home at Van Buren to Little Rock for treatment. The J. T. Stuart Camp, at Van



MISS FANNIE SCOTT.

Buren, took prompt action in expressing their exalted regard for her, particularly her usefulness as a Daughter of the Confederacy. They give to her due credit for the "imposing and beautiful statue that now stands in Fairview Cemetery at Van Buren as a silent sentinel over the graves of heroes who sleep there," acknowledging with grateful recollections the part she so efficiently and cheerfully took in the accomplishment of this end.

A committee comprised of Mrs. W. G. Vincenheller, Mrs. Clementine Boles, and Mrs. Margaret Galloway sends the following from the Fayetteville Chapter:

"There is no death; the stars go down,
To shine on a fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore."

Our hearts are indeed sad as we realize the great loss Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., has sustained in the passing over of our beloved organizer, Miss Francis M. Scott; but we are comforted by the knowledge of her noble deeds, self-denying spirit, and magnani-

mous life. It can truly be said of her: "She hath done what she could." Her life of Christian charity and good deeds are fully evidenced in that the poor loved her, the veterans of the lost cause revered her, and the State of Arkansas honored her by conferring upon her the title of "Arkansas' Daughter."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me:" therefore be it

Resolved, That Mildred Lee Chapter and the State of Arkansas have sustained an irreparable loss; that with bowed heads and sad hearts we say: "Thy will be done."

They further bespeak the earnest sympathy of the Chapter to the bereaved family, and order that the resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Mildred Lee Chapter.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, writes as follows:

One of the manliest and most modest of men was our late comrade, Capt. William Howard Mitchell, who died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., April 23, 1900. For twenty years of association with him, often quite intimate, I seldom heard him speak of himself or of his war experience. Yet his record was one to be proud of; and his character won the affection and confidence of those who knew him best.

Capt. Mitchell was born at Carthage, Tenn., July 10, 1842. When he was a child he lost his mother, and his father died during the war, while the son was in the army. He came to Nashville and entered business when only fifteen years old. He began at once helping others out of his earnings. He was a member of the Nashville Zouaves in 1861; and when the State army was transferred to the Confederacy he enlisted in the Twenty-Eighth Tennessee Infantry, and was made second lieutenant in Company E. In 1862 he was promoted to be first lieutenant, and in 1864 captain. His regiment was in Cheatham's Division, and he participated in the terrible battles which gave that division imperishable renown. He was at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, Bentonville, and in many other engagements. He was wounded at Resaca. He was paroled in May, 1865. Returning to Nashville, he set bravely to work to do his duty as a citizen and make a living. For a time he was in the wholesale trade, and afterwards in banking and insurance.

Capt. Mitchell was married in 1875 to Miss Sproull, of Cartersville, Ga. His wife and two daughters survive him.

For some years before his death he suffered very much from heart trouble, but with indomitable spirit he did his work almost to the last. He was for twenty years or more a member of the Presbyterian Church, and part of the time an officer in the Moore Memorial Church.

Capt. Mitchell was a quiet, reserved man, who was opposed to all boasting or ostentation. He was strict in his integrity, striving always to do right. If in any case he failed, as we all do fail, it was an error of judgment, not of heart. He was sincere, courageous, true. He was kind and generous, with a warm, affec-

tionate disposition. He took great interest in young people. He loved the companionship of young men, and did what he could to help them. Especially was he earnest to reclaim any who had gone wrong.



CAPT. W. H. MITCHELL.

He gave liberally of his means to assist any who had any claim on him. He supported and educated, in his younger days, two girls, his consins. And his hand and heart ever responded quickly to the call of charity. If that call came from an old comrade, the appeal was doubly sacred.

He ever cherished the memory of our glorious struggle for liberty, and felt a just pride in the South and her achievements. He has entered the land where all mysteries are solved and all wrongs are righted.

JOHN LEWIS REESE.

Dr. R. L. Reese, Micanopy, Fla., writes of his brother, John L. Reese, adjutant of the Fifty-Seventh Alabama Regiment: "When the tocsin of war sounded and the footprints of the enemy polluted our soil, John Lewis Reese gave up his college career in the East Alabama College at Auburn, shouldered his musket, and entered the Confederate service as private. He joined the Tuskegee Light Infantry in 1861, under Capt. W. G. Swanson, Third Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. T. Lomax. After serving in the arduous and hard-fought campaigns in Lee's army in Virginia, he was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, and was made adjutant of the Fifty-Seventh Alabama. He was with Gen. Hood in his disastrous campaigns, and took part in the most obstinately fought battles of the war, but was so fortunate as never to receive a wound."

FRANK DAVIS.

A. A. Ezell, Pulaski, Tenn., writes of a comrade who died about a year since:

Frank Davis was a member of Capt. Tucker's Company, Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment. He enlisted in 1861, and was with the regiment until the battle of Chickamauga, where he lost a leg, but even after being crippled he was always ready to do anything for the Southern cause. Many a Confederate scout was fed by him at his home in Marshall County. Like Sam Davis, he would have died before he would have betrayed a friend.



MR. AND MRS. FRANK DAVIS.

He said of himself: "I was not a soldier—was only fifteen—but tried to be one. A good many Federal horses left Pulaski and were ridden to Dixie by Southern soldiers, and a boy was accused of being instrumental in such flights—but let bygones be bygones. I worshiped the cause of our Southland then, and I love it to-day." Mrs. Davis, his wife, is a faithful and true Confederate.

JOHN T. BARNETT.

W. A. Anderson, Holly Springs, Miss., writes:

Lieut. John T. Barnett, Company K, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment, died at his residence in Iuka, Miss., November 22, 1900. The life and character of this good man and prominent citizen deserve a lasting record, and as long as our people admire a noble heart and a pure life so long will they cherish the memory of this beloved friend and point their children to his character as one worthy of their study and emulation. Whether as a soldier or a civilian, a private citizen or a public official, as a business man or a neighbor, as a husband or a father, as a friend or a Christian, it is a difficult task to decide in which character he was more to be admired, for he was conspicuous in all these relations.

At the first alarm of war in 1861, though but a youth of eighteen, he responded with zeal to his country's call to arms, and as a soldier bared his breast to the storm of death on many bloody fields. He served in the famous Twenty-Sixth Mississippi, and was captured at Fort Donelson with his command in February, 1862, and was afterwards exchanged after seven months' imprisonment at Camp Douglas. He was severely wounded in the right arm at the battle on the Weldon railroad, which necessitated the extraction of four inches of the humerus, thus rendering him a cripple in this limb for life.

In 1867 he was married to Miss Sallie Davis, and his wife and eight children survive him. He was a progressive, public-spirited man, and was always ready to advance every cause and promote every enterprise

that tended to the welfare of his people or the growth of the cause of Christ.

At different periods of his career he served his country as sheriff, treasurer, and clerk with exceptional ability; and the confidence bestowed on him by his people was never betrayed. Probably no citizen of Tishomingo County was ever more popular or more universally loved and respected. He served also as alderman and school trustee, and held the office of postmaster at Iuka at the time of his death. John Barnett was endowed by nature with high moral principles, and he stood upon an exalted plane from which he never descended to indulge in the petty vices that often mar so many otherwise noble lives.

A. C. M'CUTCHAN.

From George M. B.:

Comrade McCutchan died at his home in Victoria, Marshall County, Miss., on May 27, 1901. A. C. McCutchan was a member of Company F, Second Missouri Cavalry, McCulloch's Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. Survivors of this grand old command will not fail to remember Ab McCutchan, the bold and daring scout, in which capacity he had but few equals. He was a true and courageous soldier on all occasions, utterly unselfish, always ready to help the helpless. He was a great favorite with the whole command. At the close of the war Comrade McCutchan married and located near Byhalia, Miss., where he reared a family of four daughters and three sons, all of whom are now grown. His wife and children all survive him. For a long number of years he was an active and useful citizen. Many years ago he became a zealous member of the Methodist Church, and was always faithful in the discharge of his religious duties.

COL. SIM FOLSOM.

From a sketch by Victor M. Locke, Antlers, Ind. T.:

Col. Sim Folsom, an honored Choctaw Indian veteran of civil war fame, died at his old home near Docksville, Choctaw Nation, Ind. T., in December, 1900. "Col. Sim," as he was called, was a man of fine character and with a remarkable career. He was a half-breed Indian and a ranking member of one of the largest and most highly respected families of the Choctaw tribe—the Folsoms. At the outbreak of the war between the States he was about thirty years of age, and was among the first of his countrymen to offer his services in defense of the Sunny Southland.

In the organization of the volunteer forces of the Choctaw Nation that flocked to the standard of the Southern Confederacy, Sim Folsom was commissioned colonel, and placed in command of the Second Choctaw Regiment of Cavalry. The entire forces of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations were formed into one brigade, and the command given to Brig. Gen. Douglas H. Cooper, who was prior to the precipitation of war an Indian agent in the service of the United States government. This brigade engaged in nearly all the campaigns and battles of any note in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and its aged members down to this day exultingly boast that they never surrendered. Even now in the twilight of a long life the white-haired old Indian veterans of Cooper's Brigade

proudly tell of heroic deeds under their revered old paleface chief when Sterling Price led them to victory. It was the fortune of Col. Sim's regiment to come forth from this unequal struggle with a bright record in arms. The opportunity to do patriotic duty was presented to him and his regiment more frequently than to their comrades, and right well was it performed. At Wilson's Creek "Col. Sim" rallied his broken squadrons time after time on that sorrowful day when Ben McCulloch nobly yielded up his well-spent life for his country's sake at Elk Horn tavern. Col. Sim's war paint was well smeared when his revengeful "bucks" measured muskets with Phillips's Kansas regiment of fugitive negroes at Poison Springs, Ark., and it is said that he with the flat of his sword checked the indiscriminate slaughter of the ebon-skinned Yankees on this memorable occasion, thus saving many nappy heads from being scalped. His faithful followers regretfully say that this was the only time that "Col. Sim" ever "went wrong."

At the close of the war Col. Sim refused to give himself up to the authorities, and amidst the turmoil and discontent that immediately followed the surrender he quietly withdrew to private life, from the solitude of which he never again emerged. A widow and several children survive him.

DR. T. J. HARDING.

Dr. T. J. Harding, of Nashville, widely known in Tennessee and in Louisiana, is of the recent deaths reported. Dr. Harding was an extensive practitioner during his younger life in Nashville and on his plantations in Louisiana. He and his family were ever ardently loyal to the South and to her institutions.

MRS. MARY HAMILTON THOMPSON.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, pays tribute:

The death of this lovely woman in Nashville, Tenn., on the 23d of June, 1901, will cause sadness in the hearts of many Confederate soldiers, who had cause to remember her kindness to them in trying times.

Mrs. Thompson belonged to a liberty-loving stock. She was a lineal descendant of Sir William Wallace, the hero of Scotland. In the war for American independence her ancestors were conspicuous. Col. Ephraim Morgan was her grandfather. Gen. Daniel Morgan, the victor at the Cowpens, was a relative. It is no wonder that her sympathies were with the South in our heroic struggle. Her husband, Mr. John Thompson, a man of large wealth and of strong character, ardent convictions, and of prudence as well as firmness, lived on his plantation a few miles south of Nashville. His wife's warm devotion to the cause, and her womanly tact joined to his wisdom, made them very effective friends of the wayfaring soldiers or scouts who served the Confederacy. Often at great personal risk did they give refuge or help to the imperiled soldier on his way.

After the war their kindness was exercised in assisting neighbors and friends who had lost all in the struggle. Mrs. Thompson's tender heart always responded generously to the calls of disabled Confederates. Her daughter by her first marriage was married to Capt. William Ervin, who had lost a limb in the cause of the South. The only child of this daughter,

left motherless in infancy, was brought up by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson with loving care, and became a still stronger bond to hold them to sacred memories. She is now Mrs. E. L. McNeilly, of Nashville.

Two sons survive their mother, Hon. John Thomp-



MRS. MARY H. THOMPSON.

son, a member and once speaker of the Senate of Tennessee, and Mr. Joseph H. Thompson, a banker of Nashville. She impressed on them her own high principles, and her descendants have in her life and example a heritage beyond all price. She was one of the noblest of those grand women who were the glory of the old South.

DR. WILLIAM WALLACE WALKER.

After months of severe suffering, Dr. W. W. Walker died at his home in Schulenberg, Tex., on May 5th. He was a native of Louisiana, and was born in 1844. He was a student at Emory College, Oxford Ga., when the war broke out, but enlisted in the Third Regiment of Louisiana Cavalry, and remained in that command four years and nineteen days. He was wounded at second Manassas. After peace was restored he removed to Texas and there married, but afterwards studied medicine at the University of Louisiana, now Tulane University, from which he graduated with honors in 1871. He practiced law in Fayette County, Tex. He was married the second time, and several sons and daughters survive him. When the war with Spain came on Dr. Walker organized a camp of volunteers, and as their Captain took them to San Antonio, where they were mustered in as Troop G, First Texas Cavalry. Later he was transferred to Santiago de Cuba as an army surgeon, retaining the rank of captain. At the time of his death he was Adjutant of Camp B. Timmons, U. C. V., and

ex-Commander thereof. He was buried by the Ma- of which fraternity he was a prominent member.

DR. W. L. NICHOL.

Dr. Nichol, whose death occurred recently in Nashville, was a remarkable man. Although past his three score and ten and broken down in health for several years, there was an exquisite refinement in his nature that was manifest to his friends. An extended notice of him recently published states:

Dr. W. L. Nichol was born in Nashville, Tenn., October 8, 1828, the son of William and Julia Lytle Nichol. On his father's side he was of Irish descent, his grandfather having come from Ireland and settled in Virginia, whence he removed to Knoxville and later to Nashville. Dr. Nichol's maternal grandfather, William Lytle, was a revolutionary soldier, and lived at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

He was educated at the University of Nashville, graduating in 1845. In that year he began the study of medicine, and in 1846 he went to Philadelphia as a private student. Afterwards he entered the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1849. He remained in Philadelphia a year as an assistant physician in Blockley Hospital.

In 1852 Dr. Nichol entered the United States navy, and was ordered on a North Pacific exploration expedition as assistant surgeon on the flagship Vincennes. During this voyage he visited Australian and Chinese ports, and also visited Japan soon after the opening of the ports of that country by Commodore Perry. He returned to Nashville and practiced medicine.

When the war between the States broke out he enlisted in the Confederate army, and went out as surgeon of the First Tennessee Regiment. Soon afterwards he was promoted in Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army. After the close of the war he resumed the practice of his profession in Nashville.

In 1868 he was elected professor of diseases of the

chest in the Medical Department of the University of Nashville, and he remained in the faculty of that institution until 1896, when he resigned. All that time he was Dean of the faculty. He was also one of the faculty of Vanderbilt University from 1875 to 1895.

Dr. Nichol was considered by the medical profession one of the best diagnosticians in the country, and he attained an eminence as a practitioner of medicine, as a teacher, and a lecturer. He was identified with many societies for the advancement of the science to which his whole life was devoted, and always worked with indomitable energy. He was a hard student of books and of nature, and was a man well rounded in culture and scholarship. He was a sympathetic man in his nature, and was always generous and charitable to the poor. Five years ago he embraced the Christian faith and joined a Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Nichol was married three times: the first time in 1858 to Miss Henrietta Cockrill, who died in 1859, leaving one child, H. L. Nichol, now a resident of Montana. His second wife was Miss Ella Fackler, of Huntsville, Ala., whom he married in 1864. She died in 1868, leaving one child, Miss Bessie Nichol. His last marriage was to Mrs. J. D. B. DeBow (who was Miss Martha E. Johns), widow of the eminent journalist and founder of *DeBow's Review*, New Orleans. She and W. L. Nichol, Jr., of Chicago, survive him.

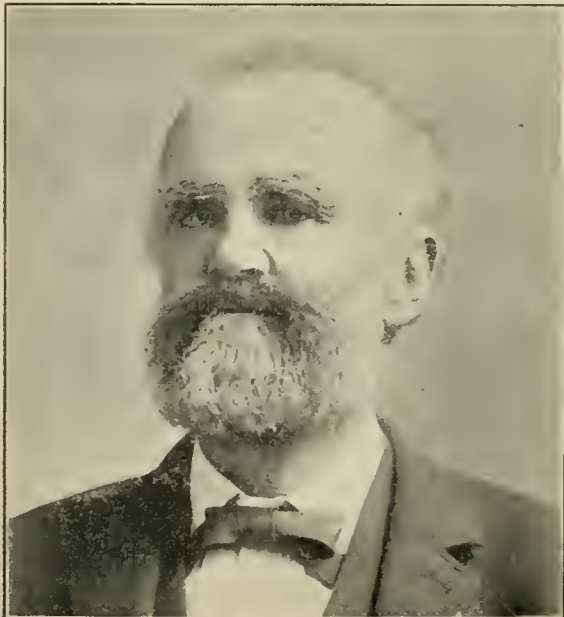
CAPT. W. F. SHIPPEY.

Capt. William Francis Shippey, a noted Confederate soldier, died at his home in Kansas City, Kans., July 24, 1900, aged fifty-nine years. He was reared in Tennessee, but had been a resident of the two Kansas cities for the past twelve years. At the time of his death he was Treasurer of the Kansas City and Northwestern Railway.

Capt. Shippey served in the Confederate army with distinction, having been a member of a cavalry division, and later on a captain in the Confederate navy. He was a particular friend of Jefferson Davis, and the two families were intimately associated, Mrs. Davis acting as sponsor for his youngest daughter. Sorely disappointed over the outcome of the war, Capt. Shippey went to Brazil after the surrender. He returned to this country, but never took any part in municipal, State, or national affairs. A wife and four children mourn their loss.

CAPT. JAMES MERNAUGH.

Capt. James Mernaugh died at his home in Paris, Ky., May 24, 1901. He had been chief of police in that city for twenty-six years, and had the respect and confidence of the entire community. He was born in Galloway County, Ireland, in 1843, and came to this country in 1850. In youthful ardor he enlisted for the South in 1861, joining Capt. Ed F. Spears's company, of Col. Roger Hanson's splendid regiment. Through victory and defeat he exhibited the best qualities of a true soldier, and after the Southern cause went down he acted his part as faithfully in private life. Forty-one of his comrades in the Confederate service attended his funeral services, which were conducted at the cemetery by the Confederate Association of Paris.



DOCTOR NICHOL.

BISHOP CANDLER'S BOOK—A SHORT REVIEW.

The high expectations with which the intelligent and sympathetic reader begins the reading of the book, "High Living and High Lives," are not disappointed when it is gone through with. When such a writer as Bishop Warren Akin Candler talks of such men as Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Alfred Holt Colquitt, and William P. Harrison we expect something beyond commonplace or magniloquence, and deepest love for truth. Dullness and vagueness have never been besetting literary sins of this militant cleric, who in turn has shown that he can wield the goose quill or crayon of the editor, the scepter of pedagogical rule, and the gavel of episcopal authority. He is a live man, and has given us a live book. The address, beginning on page 171, delivered at Atlanta May 13, 1901, on the occasion of the delivery of Crosses of Honor to Confederate veterans by the Daughters of the Confederacy, is worth the price of the book to any sympathetic reader. It rouses like a bugle blast, and melts with a pathos that is nature's own. It states indisputable facts with a skill that turns them into syllogisms. The hearts of the living Confederates will thrill as they read, and thank this gifted Georgian for this tribute to the mighty dead who died for the land they loved.

The educational addresses sparkle brilliantly; they set the reader to thinking along with a deep thinker, who would have all who hear his voice to dig deep and build upon the rock of truth, the truth as it is in Jesus. The book is individualistic, and reveals the author at his best. So at least it seems to his old yokefellow of the sanctum. O. P. FITZGERALD.

SNAKE BITE WITHOUT SERIOUS RESULTS.

A special dispatch from El Paso to the St. Louis *Republic* of June 26 reports that P. D. Cunningham, chief of the United States Boundary Commission, who left here May 21 in charge of the allied boundary fleets of the United States and Mexico to explore the big canyon of the Rio Grande, was bitten by a snake while asleep on the river bank.

Mr Cunningham was awakened by feeling something crawling across his breast. He opened his eyes, and, glancing down, saw that the disturber was a large snake. He kept quiet until the reptile crossed over him, and then he sprang from under his blanket to the camp fire. The snake, which proved to be a vicious water moccasin or copperhead, gave chase, and, before Cunningham realized his danger, the reptile buried his fangs in his left foot. A member of the party sucked the poison from the wound and the injured man was given all the whisky he could drink and sent here for medical treatment. Though the swelling was fearful, after about a week Mr. Cunningham was able to resume his duties, and reports the enterprise as successful. He has had some additional hindrance by trade winds, but expects to reach Eagle Pass by July 15.



What You Need.

The inattention to the book named below illustrates the uncertainty of advertising, yet there is no great business success without it. The failure to utilize this offer at once shows how people miss the best in not accepting any statements in the *VETERAN*. It argues that "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The back page in the April *VETERAN*, as may be seen, was used to set forth the high merit of Rand, McNally & Co.'s "Pocket Atlas of the World," and the offer to send it free for two new subscribers. An outlay of over \$100 has been made for this valuable book, and yet not one dollar has been received in return.

There are 602 pages to the book, and it doubtless contains more valuable information than was ever printed before in the same space. The publication was delayed in order to give the census report of population of the United States for 1900 by States, counties, cities, etc. Every boy and girl in the country should study it. Take the *VETERAN* testimony, send **one new subscription** to it, and this splendid volume will be mailed free. Do this, and if you are not delighted with the "Pocket Atlas of the World," another yearly subscription to the *VETERAN* will be sent free. It is indeed as valuable a premium as ever was offered with the *VETERAN*. It is full of information of historic value, and contains colored maps of every country and civil division upon the face of the globe—in every particular a very valuable book.

If you will be good enough to renew and send a new subscription, this book will be sent to your son, nephew, niece, or any other person you may designate. The *VETERAN* is proud of it as a premium.

RAND, McNALLY & CO.'S

POCKET ATLAS OF THE WORLD.



Ward Seminary FOR YOUNG LADIES Nashville, Tenn.

Educational Aim The policy of the school is to do serious, honest work. It makes no display to deceive, no extravagant promises that it cannot fulfill. Catalogues are published to give definite, trustworthy information, and every announcement is regarded as an agreement. The purpose is by quiet, earnest effort to make of pupils cultured Christian women.

Advantages of Location Nashville excels in climate, healthfulness, and social culture, and is the educational center of the South. It is widely and favorably known for its numerous schools, colleges, and universities, which have developed at home and attracted from abroad teachers of ripe scholarship, fully abreast of the times.

Courses of Study College Preparatory, Seminary, and Special Courses are offered. Certificate admits to Wellesley and to The Woman's College of Baltimore.

Opinion of Patrons "The work done in Ward Seminary is of an unusually high order, the home life of the institution is sweet and considerate, and the religious tone the best. The teachers are more than professional instructors; they are earnest Christian workers, striving to build character. The school is not sectarian, but pronouncedly Christian. Parents sending daughters to Ward Seminary may know that they are under the best influences."—REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D.D., North Reformed Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.

36th Session will open September 19. Full Literary Course, \$250; with Music, Art, Elocution, \$350 to \$450. 125 boarding pupils; 20 States.

For Catalogue Address J. D. Blanton, LL.D., President, Nashville, Tenn.

A TEXAS WONDER.

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women; regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

READ THIS.

Huntsville, Mo., August 1, 1900.—This is to certify that I have been cured of kidney and bladder trouble with one bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, and can recommend it to others suffering in the same manner. J. HORACE MILLER, County Treasurer.

O chieftain, on it take thy stand!
And He who rules the power above
Will lead thee to the promised land.
Another Miriam then shall sing
The triumph of our chosen race.
And honored more than bard or king,
In fame thou'lt take a deathless place.

Soon after Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as President of the newborn government an accomplished lady of Columbus, Miss., who had long been his friend and ardent admirer, presented to him a beautiful Bible, on the back of which were stamped in letters of gold these words: "To the first President of the Confederate States."

By request of this lady, Judge A. B. Meek, then of Mobile, wrote some lines upon the opening fly leaf. A copy of these lines is given above. The Bible was probably lost in the evacuation of Richmond, but it may still be in existence. The lines are quoted from memory.

The President and the poet have both passed to the higher "Promised Land," but their wives now live in honored old age. The lady who presented the Bible became the second wife of the poet.

In an article about the "Homespun Dress," published in the *VETERAN* for May, mention is made of Lieut. Howington, of Alabama, as the author. Miss Mattie Howington, of Nashville, Tenn., is anxious to locate his relatives, and will appreciate any information concerning them. Reply can be addressed to the *VETERAN*.

BUFORD COLLEGE,

"GLENDALE," NASHVILLE, TENN.

	WITHIN twenty minutes of "The Athens of the South." All the advantages of country and city combined. Chalybeate and cistern water. Charming campus of ten acres. Spacious building, splendidly equipped. Gymnasium, croquet, tennis, tennis, archery, basket ball, and golf.	
FOR YOUNG WOMEN.	Faculty of skilled specialists from Europe and America. Graduate, Elective, and Preparatory University Courses. University Bible Course. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music, Expression, and Languages. Twelve schools in one. Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Culture unrivaled. Nonsectarian, nondenominational, but thoroughly Christian. Term opens September 17, 1901. Write for beautiful "Yearbook."	LIMITED AND SELECT.

FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT,

MRS. E. G. BUFORD.

FREE HOMES IN
THE NEW WHITE
MAN'S COUNTRY

The
WICHITA-KIOWA-
COMANGHE
RESERVATIONS

SHORTLY TO BE OPENED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT



IS THE DIRECT LINE VIA MEMPHIS.

Cheap Home-Seekers tickets on sale First and Third Tuesdays each month. Handsome illustrated and descriptive literature mailed upon application.

FRANK M. GRIFFITH, T. P. A.,
Memphis, Tenn.

GEO. H. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Little Rock, Ark.

BLAIR'S THE ONLY FOUNTAIN PEN IN THE WORLD

having a year's supply of the Best Ink FREE, right in the penholder, insuring ink anywhere. Requiring water only to fill. Cartridges (c) to renew supply, 10 cents each.



Colors, Red, Green, Blue, and Black Copying. Price, \$1.75 Upward.

Ordinary ink can also be used. Holders jointless. Non-Leakable. Never smears ink on the part held by the fingers, as pens with large caps do. Gold pens the best. This remarkable pen will be sent as a premium for three *VETERAN* subscriptions.

THE FIRST LOUISIANA.

Gen. H. V. Boynton, President of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park Commission, who was a gallant Union soldier and has endeared himself to the Southern people by his generous tributes to Confederate valor and his ever-courteous regard for the vanquished in that great war, sends to the VETERAN the following note from Alexander Porter Morse, Washington, D. C., 1425 New York Avenue:

"The title of the civil war memoir asked for is: 'A Cavalryman's Reminiscences of the Civil War, 1861-1865,' by Howell Carter, of Jackson, La., 212 pages, and illustrated with twenty-seven photographs of the field officers, company commanders, and other members of the First Louisiana Cavalry, John S. Scott, Colonel. The author of these interesting 'Reminiscences' was a lieutenant of Company E, who had entered the service as a private, and served throughout the period of the war."

Gen. Boynton in his note states: "It strikes me as a book that will greatly interest the veterans of that command. . . . It is full of matters of personal interest."

BUFORD COLLEGE.

Mrs. E. G. Buford, long and favorably known in connection with the Female Academy at Clarksville, Tenn., has now located near Glendale Park, Nashville, and will open a girls' school there next fall. Buford College is within thirty minutes' electric car ride of the central part of the city, and yet has the advantages of country life. The building is spacious and well-equipped, and the faculty comprises the best teachers. Too much cannot be said of Mrs. Buford as an instructor, and no mistake will be made in placing your daughter under her. Write for her *Yearbook*.

THE REAL LINCOLN.

This is the title to a monograph, by Dr. Charles L. C. Minor, a Virginian living in Baltimore. It is mentioned as a carefully prepared presentation of the man as he really was, divested of the legends about him which have been accepted as history.

The pamphlet is to contain a preface by the editor, Miss Kate Mason Rowland, and an article by Lyon G. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, Virginia. The pamphlet is to sell at 25 cents. Address Miss Kate Mason Rowland, 7 E. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

A New Cure for Cancer.



J. NEWTON HATHAWAY, M.D.

Dr. Hathaway's Serum Treatment Removes all Malignant Growth and Drives the Poison from the Blood and Lymphatic Fluids.

Cutting out Cancer does not cure it and cannot cure it. Dr. Hathaway's Serum Treatment does cure it. Cutting out Cancer simply removes the local, outward manifestation; Dr. Hathaway's Treatment kills the malignant germs of the Cancer, removes the poison from the blood and lymphatic fluid, and immunizes the system against future attacks.

Dr. Hathaway has treated Cancer successfully under this method over eight years; his experience, covering a large number of well-defined cases, has proven this terrible affliction to be perfectly curable IN EVERY CASE WHERE IT CAN BE REACHED BY THE SYRINGE. This includes all outward manifestations, such as the nose, face, head, mouth, lips, tongue, and breast, as well as all internal organs that can be reached direct. Besides, many internal Cancers that cannot be reached direct, may be reached and treated successfully through the agency of the lymphatic vessels and the blood.

Dr. Hathaway also treats, with the same guarantee of success, Ulcers, Sores, all manner of Blood Poisoning, and all chronic diseases of men and women.

Dr. Hathaway makes no charge for consultation or advice, either at his office or by mail. He will be glad to send free by mail his new book on Cancer and its cure to any address.

J. NEWTON HATHAWAY, M.D.

(DR. HATHAWAY & CO.)

420 K - Main Street, Cleveland Block, MEMPHIS, TENN.

BUY YOUR BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES FROM
The Tennessee Carriage Co.,

165 and 167 N. Market Street, Nashville, Tenn.,

LARGEST DISTRIBUTORS IN THE SOUTH.



Rife Hydraulic Engine.

Break or muddy water used to pump spring water without mixing, if desired. Water supplied towns, farms, summer hotels, country residences. Send your conditions for absolute guarantee. Your money back if you want it.

Chauncey C. Foster, Special Agent,
329 Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

John Gildart.

A Heroic Poem by
M. E. Henry Ruffin.

The Great American Epic.

There had been only four Epics written—viz., the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, and the English. "John Gildart is the world's fifth Epic. It is the only American Epic, and the only one ever written by a woman. It is a war story, '61-'65, and is more thrilling and fascinating than a novel.

CLOTH. ILLUSTRATED. \$1.50.

Mrs. M. E. Henry Ruffin,
404 Church St., MOBILE, ALA.

AGENTS WANTED.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$1 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 268, Detroit, Mich.

Southern Railway.

7,269 Miles. One Management.

Penetrating Ten Southern States. Reaching Principal Cities of the South with Its Own Lines.

Solid Vestibuled Trains.
Unexcelled Equipment.
Fast Schedules.

DINING CARS are operated on Southern Railway trains.

OBSERVATION CARS on Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, and Washington and Chattanooga Limited via Lynchburg.

ELEGANT PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

of the latest pattern on all through trains.

S. H. HARDWICK,
General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.;
C. A. BENSCHOTER,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., Chattanooga, Tenn.;
J. P. BILLUPS,
Traveling Pass. Agt., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Does Your Roof Leak?

OLD ROOFS MADE GOOD AS NEW.

If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof, paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan. One coat is enough; no skill required; costs little, goes far, and lasts long. **Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs.** Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted. **Allen Anti-Rust Mfg. Co.,** 413 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If afflicted with SORE EYES, USE **Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

MAIL ORDER INVASION OF THE SOUTH.

The *Mail Order Journal* mentions the South as "A rich and wonderful field in which to develop mail order buyers—Dixie is prosperous, and her people are spenders—few department stores and bankrupt sales to be met in competition—a fair field and no favor for the mail order man."

After saying, "invade the South," it continues: "The mail order advertiser who will make that policy his trade slogan can take captive a great part of the business in his line, that lies there ready to surrender itself to the spirit of the North. We say to the spirit of the North, because the South contains few large mail order houses. Its business houses are local in their scope and few of them are equipped for a mail order campaign. Even if the largest of them should issue catalogues, it would be impossible for them to list lines such as are carried in the North or to compete with Northern mail firms in the variety, profusion, and prices of the latter's lists. Of course we speak of the merchandise houses, and of conditions existing in the immediate present.

"The Southern firm exploiting specialties has as good a chance for building a mail business in the South as has the Northern firm. However, the Southern people are not quite up to the mail order idea in the building of trade.

"The reason for the South's being a good field in which to develop mail orders are many. One of the most important of these conditions is that that section is in a state of great prosperity.

"It has received the lion's share. Her people are prosperous, and have money to spend. The 'coon' of the cotton field, the well-to-do farmers, rich planters, mill owners, and bankers all spend money freely.

"In the past few years there have sprung up throughout the South busy cotton factories, cotton mills, mining and oil industries, new, profitable banking institutions, etc. The new industries are all employing local labor and using home product, thus retaining great wealth throughout the section.

"Upon this tidal wave of unexampled prosperity rides king cotton at ten cents. As long as ten-cent cotton lasts, the improvement will continue. 'You see it on the face of the landscape, on the plantations, as well as in the towns. The fences show it; the new machinery and implements; the wagons, with their bright-colored paint, that you see on the highways; as well as the garments of the

people, and other outward manifestations. Last year the value of the cotton crop was \$363,733,836, something unprecedented. It was an advance of \$81,000,000 from the previous year.'

"The mail firm invading the South with an advertising campaign would meet with little competition, a condition quite different from that prevailing in the papers circulating in the Middle and Northwest, and which are filled with column upon column of the advertisements of mail order concerns."

THE VETERAN is the best medium for a general mail order business in the South.

GOOD SHOPPING FREE OF COST.

Mrs. M. B. Morton, of 625 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., has varied experience as Purchasing Agent, and her small commissions are paid by the merchants, so that her services are absolutely free to purchasers.

An efficient purchasing agent is posted in latest styles and "fads" and the most reliable dealers. Mrs. Morton supplies household furnishings, wardrobes in detail, jewelry, etc. She makes a specialty of millinery.

References are cordially given by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the Nashville daily press.

POSITIONS Guaranteed Under Reasonable Conditions.

Our facilities for securing positions and proficiency of our graduates are ten times more strongly indorsed by business men than those of other colleges. Catalogue free. Address Draughon, Dept. VB, either place.

DRAUGHON'S
PRACTICAL
BUSINESS

Colleges,

Nashville, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., St. Louis, Mo.,
Montgomery, Ala., \$ Galveston, Tex.,
Little Rock, Ark., Ft. Worth, Tex.,
Shreveport, La.

Cheap board. Car fare paid. No vacation. Enter any time. Best patronized. Bookkeeping, Short-hand, etc., taught by mail. Write for price list Home Study.



"One Country,
... One Flag."

The . . .

BEST PLACE

to Purchase . . .

Flags, Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps,

and all kinds of MILITARY EQUIPMENT is at

J. A. JOEL & CO.,

88 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

Confederate Flags in Silk, Bunting, and Muslin,

For handsome picture of steamships and hotels, 30x40 inches, for framing, send 8 cents in postage to B. W. Wrenn, Passenger Traffic Manager Plant System, Savannah, Ga.

\$50.00 SYSTEM FREE!



The Up-to-Date Ideal Cloak and Dress Cutting System

Is the most practical, simple and perfect system offered to the public. No draughting is required with this system. It contains a line for every measurement. You can cut and fit as well from this system as though you had taken a \$50.00 course in a cutting school. The Up-to-Date Ideal System is used by many schools under a different name. It gives the best of satisfaction. You can earn a good living by cutting, or by selling their charts in large quantities, which enables us to sell them at a mere song as compared with their value. For a limited time we shall offer a few in your locality **Free**, to advertise the chart. **Every person** answering this advertisement can get this useful Dress Cutting System **absolutely free**—we mean it. A straightforward, honest offer, by a reliable house, to advertise its business, for everybody to accept. Send at once your name and postoffice address, and you will receive it. **No one is barred—** we positively will not go back on our offer, no matter what it costs us.

Coupon

No. 222

CONDITION—Send this NUMBERED COUPON with your name and address, and with it you must send 10c. silver stamps, to help pay advertising expenses, and you will receive a three month's subscription to a beautiful magazine, together with our offer of the UP-TO-DATE IDEAL CUTTING SYSTEM (exactly as illustrated), which we will positively send the same day this coupon is returned. If you comply promptly and accept we will carry out this offer to send THE UP-TO-DATE IDEAL CUTTING SYSTEM. This extraordinary inducement is made because we want a big circulation quick, and if you wish this Cutting System **FREE** (no delay) write to-day. Address: MAIL ORDER PUBLISHING CO., 805 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic

**FOR MAN
or BEAST.**

HEALS Wounds, Burns, Bruises,
Scalds, Sprains, etc.
CURES Colic, Cramps, Cholera
Morbus, and Indigestion.
FOR STOCK—Colic, Bolls, Foot-
Evil, Scratches, Wire Cuts, etc.
Guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Fifty Cents a Bottle.

Write Sherrouse Medicine Co.,
New Orleans, La., for a free sample.

**Enjoy Your Breakfast,
BY USING OUR NEW STANDARD**



IT IS INDEED A RARE TREAT.

It is packed in **ABSOLUTELY AIR-TIGHT TRADE-MARK BAGS**, which will preserve the strength and flavor for any length of time.
WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY don't fail to visit the **HANDSOMEST AND CLEANEST TEA STORE** in America. It has been entirely remodeled—new front, new entrance, new decorations, new stock, etc. It is well worth a visit.
Agents make 25 per cent by selling our celebrated **TEAS and COFFEES**.
All Orders, by Mail or Telephone, 2451 Cortlandt, Will Receive Prompt Attention.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
31 and 33 Vesey St., corner Church St.,
NEW YORK. P. O. Box 289.

Are You Going?

Whenever you visit Florida or Cuba, by whatever route you travel, see that tickets read by **PLANT SYSTEM**.

For information as to Railways, Steamships, and Hotels, address

J. W. Wrenn, Passenger Traffic Manager,
SAVANNAH, GA.

FAIRMONT SEMINARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE SEMINARY BY A VISITOR.

On the corner of Fourteenth and Yale Streets, in our beautiful capital city of Washington, is located a seminary for girls and young ladies which commends itself to the girls of the South for its handsome buildings, the excellence of its instruction, its extensive curriculum, its social atmosphere, and the perfection of the appointments of its home life.

It was my good fortune to visit, last spring, this excellent school. Upon my arrival I was ushered into a beautiful drawing-room to await the entrance of my friends, Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Ramsay, so well and favorably known throughout the South as among our most successful educators.

As Lady Principal I found Miss Judith Leroy Steele, of Tennessee, in charge. Miss Steele has filled this position in the college at Athens, Ala., in Martin College at Pulaski, Tenn., and in Galloway College, at Searcy, Ark. In Dr. Price's School for Young Ladies, at Nashville, Tenn., as head of the Department of Ancient Languages, she won a reputation for thoroughness and efficiency that few teachers enjoy. The success of Fairmont Seminary under such a management is not an accident, but is a fruition of thought, energy, experience, and competency in its principalship.

Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay took pride in escorting me through the entire building and familiarizing me with other members of the faculty, each of whom is superior.

Washington City boasts of no finer musicians than Dr. John Porter Lawrence and Mrs. Ernest Lent, who are at the head of the music faculty. The former is a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory, and the latter a pupil of Moszkowski and Gruenfeld. Some of their pupils displayed talent, some gave evidence of persistent effort, while all exhibited that style of technique characteristic of skillful and exacting teachers.

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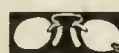
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Vol 9

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1901.

No. 7.

Confederate Veteran

Miss Gertrude Cordes 1900



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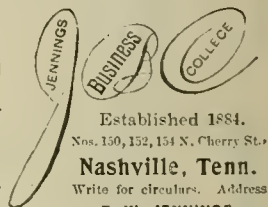
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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1901.

No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.



THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

MISSOURI CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Capt. N. B. Hogan, of Springfield, Mo., writes:

In the fall of 1869, five ex-Confederate soldiers—W. J. Haydon, B. U. Massey, George M. Jones, D. C. Kennedy, and Dr. C. K. Dyer—met together in the city of Springfield, Mo., to consider the advisability of undertaking to organize a Confederate Cemetery Association. They had been prompted to this course because the bones of many of their comrades who had fallen in the shock of battle were exposed and bleaching on the rugged and rocky field of Wilson Creek, and even along the streets of the city. Humanity and the spirit of civilization demanded that the remains of these heroes who fell in a righteous cause should be allowed a better sepulture. It was decided at this initial meeting that a permanent organization should be effected, and so the movement was inaugurated.

In the early spring of 1870, a second meeting was held, and the attendance was much larger than the first. A permanent organization was effected by the election of George M. Jones, President; W. J. Haydon, Secretary; and C. K. Dyer, Treasurer. From that time on the work of establishing a permanent burial place was prosecuted with vigor. In those days prejudice against those who had taken sides with the South ran high, and criticism became so severe and predictions of failure so rife that many who felt kindly were intimidated and remained in the background. But not so with the faithful men and women who had entered heartily and courageously and determinedly into the work. Appeals were sent out over the State, setting forth the facts and necessities in the case. Money was sent in from all quarters of the State, contributed by loyal hearts and liberal hands.

A plat of four acres of ground, three and one-half miles south of the city, was bought and properly laid out. W. J. Haydon was appointed superintendent for the removal and reintering of the dead at Wilson creek and other fields near by, and the work went forward in earnest. Contributions continued to flow in, so that the Association was enabled to prosecute its work with little delay. The cemetery grounds were put in good condition, shade trees planted, and blue grass seed sown.

In the spring of 1871 there had been taken up and reinterred the remains of five hundred and five who had fallen in battle. During that spring those newly made graves were strewn with flowers for the first time since they had been made. The interest in the occasion manifested by people all over the State was gratifying to those who had inaugurated the movement. Patriotic addresses were made which inspired new hope in the hearts of our friends. Wooden slabs had been placed at the head of each grave, and up to 1871 there had been little thought of placing a wall around the sacred spot where lay our sleeping comrades. But money continued to come in from loving hearts, and steps were taken to build a handsome, strong, and durable wall. This wall is said to be the only one of its kind in the United States, and the most beautiful to look upon. It was built at a cost of about \$8,000, contributed mostly by the people of Missouri.

The purchase of the cemetery grounds, taking up and reintering the dead, and building the wall has been done at an outlay of about \$12,000, all of which has been done at an outlay of about \$12,000, all of which has been obtained through individual contributions. This includes the cost of the marble slabs which now stand at each grave. Sometime prior to 1880 a local movement was organized by Confederate women, the Confederate Monument Association, and some money had been accumulated.

Up to 1882 the cemetery had been the property of the local Cemetery Association, but at a meeting of the Confederate State Association, held during that year at Sedalia, the local Association made a tender of the property to the State organization, and it was accepted. That meeting at Sedalia may be regarded as the real beginning of the monument movement.



GROUP OF CONFEDERATE CAMP AT SPRINGFIELD, MO.

From 1882 to 1897 the building of a Home for indigent Confederate soldiers occupied the attention of our friends, and very little progress toward building a monument was made. During this period all efforts to raise money, except locally, were held in abeyance. The building and maintenance of the Home was a heavy tax on the Confederates of the



SIDE VIEW OF THE SPRINGFIELD MONUMENT.

State, who necessarily contributed large sums for that purpose. In 1897 the State Legislature took charge of the Home, thus relieving the Confederate Association of the burden of its maintenance, when immediate steps were taken to revive the monument enterprise.

The present Committee on Monuments and Cemeteries is comprised of L. B. Valiant, Chairman; O. M. Bush, Secretary; George M. Jones, Treasurer; H. W. Salmon, G. N. Ratliff, A. L. Zollinger, A. H. Caldwell, R. J. Williams, F. B. Bronaugh, and they, together with the Daughters of the Confederacy, entered vigorously into the work, which has been prosecuted without ceasing, and now our dream of many years is budding into a complete realization.

The pedestal of the monument is sixteen feet high, in six sections, each section of solid gray Barry granite, except the first, which is one solid piece. The entire work is set on a concrete foundation eight feet below the surface, and brought two feet above the general level. The granite monument is surmounted by a bronze figure of a private Confederate soldier—twelve feet, seven inches high, making total height of monument thirty feet, seven inches. On the front, polished die of the monumentt is a life-sized medallion of Gen. Sterling Price, the hero of all Missouri Confederates. The bronze statute which is to surmount the monument has just arrived from Florence, Italy,

where it was constructed under the supervision of the celebrated sculptor, Chevalier Trentanove. It is a fine work of art, and stands to the credit of Missouri Confederates as the most handsome and durable monument in the State.

On August 10, 1901, this monument will be unveiled with imposing ceremonies. This will be the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Wilson creek, a most appropriate date for the purpose. Extensive and elaborate preparations are being made for the entertainment of those who will attend this unveiling.

The Annual State Reunion will open in Springfield August 8, and continue until the unveiling takes place. Thus at last our hopes are to be realized, our faithfulness to a sacred trust, and loyalty to a righteous cause to be rewarded:

Sleep on, brave heroes of a deathless past;

How sacred is this spot!

Although no granite shaft yet marks the place,

Ye shall not be forgot!

Like germ of flower deep hidden away

Within the heart of earth,

The marble waits the touch of sculptor hand,

To speak it into birth.

The grass has been kept green above your heads

Through all the tardy years,

While loving hearts have garlanded your graves

And watered them with tears;

Soft winds have sighed a lonely requiem,

The bended skies have wept;

Since the brave charge on that long summer day,

Heroes, uncrowned, have slept.

Some day the granite base and marble shaft

In grandeur here will rise,

To tell how fought Missouri's gallant sons

Beneath their native skies.

O stars, ye silent sentinels, shine on!

And dews of heaven descend;

While sunlight gleams, where warriors bravely fell,

Home altars to defend.

It matters not, though stately marble spire

Should never here arise;

Their deeds will live in every patriot heart;

True valor never dies.

Sleep on, brave heroes of a deathless past,

Than that in which defeated valor,

There is no holier ground rests,

And patriots lie uncrowned.

Springfield, Mo., July 9, 1901.

REUNION SUGGESTIONS AND COMMENTS.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe, Springfield, Tenn., writes:

At our recent reunion at Memphis two nights were given to "reunion balls" in Confederate Hall; one the "Sons of Veterans' Ball," and the other the "Grand Ball to Sponsors and Maids of Honor." This dance business along with our reunions is getting more and more tiresome, not to say offensive, to a great many old soldiers, and is keeping not a few from our reunions. I presume that a majority of Confederates are Christians, and it is known that all Churches have laws against dancing, especially such as is practiced at balls.

But aside from the estimate in which the ball is held by many of us from a religious and moral standpoint, we believe that the Confederate Hall should be used for purposes of profit, rather than for fun. Instead of balls, let there be speaking in it every night during the reunion by men selected in advance for that purpose. There is no telling the good that could be done in the education of the people in the affairs of our glorious Confederacy, and in the strengthening of the bonds of brotherhood among the ever-thinning ranks of old soldiers. And it is especially needful that the Sons and Daughters of Veterans hear such speeches, and catch the glowing enthusiasm that they called, be forever a thing of the past.

will inevitably inspire. Let the "reunion ball," so

Again, Christian soldiers would like to have an opportunity of worshiping together during our reunions, and arrangements should be made for religious services and printed on the official programme; invite the pastors of the different Churches where the reunion is held to cooperate with us in this matter, and have the army chaplains, or other Confederate preachers in their absence, to conduct the services. Some suitable time could be selected for such meetings.

A. T. Goodloe

A more pertinent suggestion was never made in the VETERAN. Let our good friends in Dallas inaugurate the reform. Let us adopt new rules for business also, or abandon forever any pretense. One of these days comrades may expect to be shown how they now are technically doing that which they would determinedly repudiate. If any body of men on the earth should be heroic and steadfast, it is the remnant of the Confederate army, who are, whether they would be or not, absolutely responsible for the record being made of their dead comrades.

Comrade James Sims writes as follows:

In our hurry to prepare the article in the June issue about Company F, Morgan's Second Kentucky Cavalry, we omitted to mention the central figure and crowning glory of the group, Mrs. Basil Duke, wife of the loved commander of the old Second Kentucky Regiment, afterwards commander of the brigade; also sister of Gen. Morgan, whose memory stands preëminent amongst us, and it is even to this day a charm to call up his deeds of daring and his dauntless courage. The members of Company F while in Memphis called on Mrs. Duke at the home of Mrs. Latham, and she kindly consented to form one of the group, thus rendering the picture doubly dear to each member of that old company.

Comrade Sims writes also that while in Memphis and before the vote was taken on the place of next meeting some of the States that have not had the pleasure of entertaining the old soldiers had representatives there for the purpose of extending an invitation, but that crowd bluffed them, because their cities are not large enough to entertain such. It occurred to me that we might go into tents, and then any State can entertain them. What old soldier would object to going into camp as he did in the sixties. Each State or Camp could own its own tents. It would bring us in closer touch, and would, in my opinion, be a reunion that every one would enjoy.

Record of a Vigilant and Faithful Career.

**Paul Davis Cunningham, Age Thirty-One Years, Drowned
in the Rio Grande River While Serving His Country.**



P. D. CUNNINGHAM—A. M. 495.

Friends of the VETERAN, of its founder and editor, will read with sympathetic interest the tragic story of Paul Davis Cunningham's death, and of his magnificent earthly career.

He was Consulting Engineer of the International Boundary Commission, and the Chief Engineer in charge of an expedition on the Rio Grande river from San Marcial, N. Mex., to the mouth. He had made good progress when, on the night of June 22, he was awakened by the crawling over him of a large snake—water moccasin or copperhead. He lay still until the reptile had gotten off of him, and then sprang to the camp fire, when the snake buried its fangs in his left foot. Promptly one of the men who had served under him in Cuba sucked from the wound what he could of the poison. Then he was given whisky, and as soon as practicable he took the train at Langtry for El Paso, where he received medical treatment and in a few days had sufficiently recovered to return to his work. See VETERAN for May, page 231; and for June, page 279.

He wrote and telegraphed his father on July 4 that he expected to be at Eagle Pass by the 15th, but the work progressed so well that he reached there on the 12th.

The telegraph of Sunday, July 14, brought intelligence of his tragic death, which called forth widespread expressions of sorrow.

Mr. J. D. Dillard, Assistant Engineer, wrote from El Paso, on July 18, to Mr. S. A. Cunningham:

"Your son Paul's death has cast a shadow over the entire party of which he was chief. It was an accident that could have easily befallen any member of the party. We had more than a thousand miles of river that was considered dangerous.

"Presuming he had advised you from time to time of the progress and general details of the trip from San Marcial, New Mexico, to Eagle Pass, I shall go only into the details of the last twenty-four hours.

"The evening of the 12th we camped at Eagle Pass, and after reading our mail and making reply to some letters we went to the camp ground and spent a very enjoyable evening discussing in general the good luck and progress, wherein we were doing better than we even hoped to do.

"The morning of the 13th our negro cook complained of being sick and unable to proceed further on the trip, so we were delayed in getting away from Eagle Pass some two hours. Finally, not being able to secure a camp cook, Paul arranged with one of the Mexican boatmen to do the cooking.

"We started out, Paul and two Mexican boatmen in one boat. D. Griggs, two Mexican boatmen, and I in the other. During the day's travel we encountered good river until a few minutes to six in the afternoon. Our boats were drifting side by side. Paul and I talked of the progress of the day, he remarking that our day's travel was equally as good as on previous days.



From his last photo. Made in Havana, 1900.

"Soon thereafter we came to a long, wide stretch of rock-strewn channel. His boat entered the swift water first, and for more than one thousand yards we traveled over this dangerous channel. At the lower end of it rock reefs ran out to near mid-stream from either side, thus confining the river in a very narrow, boulder-strewn channel. His boat, on entering the channel, lodged or grounded on a rock reef that was near water surface, and the swift water soon threw the boat broadside to the current, and in going off the reef was carried broadside on to a boulder that caused his boat to cant, throwing the stern under water. Griggs and I ran our boat just below him and in getting broadside to the channel it was lodged against a projecting boulder and capsized. A few seconds before our boat capsized I was looking toward Paul, and the last I saw of him he was out of the boat holding to the side. As soon as we were thrown into the water I lost sight of every one for a few seconds, but lodged myself against a large projecting rock in mid-stream some one hundred feet below where we were capsized. On gaining a hold, I turned to look for the rest of the party, and was horror-stricken to find Paul missing.

"Mr. Griggs and I feel his loss keenly, and extend to you our most heartfelt sympathies in your sad bereavement. My associations for the past ten months as his assistant engineer had endeared him greatly to me."

Later: In an interview with Mr. Dillard by the El Paso Herald he states: "At luncheon that day Mr. Cunningham spent his spare time in getting up his notes. He talked but little, and ate very little. When we struck the rough water we were some fifty yards behind Mr. Cunningham. We got through the rough water about a half mile when we came to a narrow chute where the water was not more than forty feet wide, but some twenty feet deep." He adds that Mr. Cunningham's boat got near the Texas side and struck a boulder. "I steered my boat, and got just below him, where I might render any assistance possible; but as I turned around I saw the boat going down the river and his hat floating by itself."

Mr. Griggs reported to Mrs. Josephine Sparks, at Eagle Pass, that Paul was handicapped in trying to save his papers and instruments. He evidently made a desperate effort to do that.

The body arrived at Nashville Thursday evening, July 18.

FUNERAL OF PAUL DAVIS CUNNINGHAM.

Knowing of the hundreds of letters, telegrams, and messages of loving sympathy that have found their way from many States and other lands to the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, since the heroically tragic death of his universally beloved son, a warm personal friend of the surviving father and the revered dead has sought the privilege of recording the sacred memories of the solemn funeral day in Nashville and Shelbyville, Tenn., when multitudes of Christian knights and ladies—gentle children of all creeds—bowed their heads in submissive, yet none the less genuine, grief over the bodily temple in which had

dwelt for thirty-one beautiful years the spirit of Paul Cunningham.

The funeral services in the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Nashville on the morning of July 19 bespoke many things—intense sympathy for a sorrowing father, the divine brotherhood of grief, the ennobling benefits of friendship, and man's unerring recognition and appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, as expressed in a faithful life.

Just as the artist paints his best pictures with the colors that blend into exquisite harmonies for the eye, Christian souls have power to gather together the details of a well-spent life, which blend themselves into complete and beautiful visions for spiritual contemplation. That the Confederate veterans, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and other friends who were present at the funeral, might carry with them the vision of Paul Davis Cunningham's earthly career as the benediction of a life well lived, six of Nashville's ministers told in brief and tender sentences the story of his years, paying the tribute due him to the last pure tithe—his unflinching, heroic death.

Rev. Ira Landrith directed the service, lending his usual spirit of deep feeling to the solemn occasion.

Dr. W. E. Ellis read appropriate passages from Holy Writ, and offered fervent prayer.

Dr. J. D. Barbee said: This is a melancholy scene. Death is always so. It is peculiarly so when the young die. When an old man dies it is like a shock of corn gathered in its season: but when one is cut down in the morning of his life, it is like a promising harvest nipped by an untimely frost. So it seems, at least; but is it so? That depends upon what the young man has done. This young man had achieved large success and was distinguished. Humanly speaking, he had an assured future, and any father might have been proud of such a son. But what are earthly fortune and fame? An unsubstantial shadow, a mere bubble on the wave.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But our dear young friend had done more than to distinguish himself and win the golden opinions of the world. He had made a man of himself, and that is the greatest possible achievement. His character had been modeled on the ideal of the Man of Galilee and he had walked before God in his integrity. That was true manhood which went through the gates of death to be inspected by the Judge and live while immortality shall last and eternity endure. It is by this he will be remembered, when even the great things which he did in the world of science shall have been forgotten.

And it is noteworthy that he should have acquitted himself so well, when it is remembered that he sustained an irreparable loss at ten years of age in the death of his mother. "The mother molds the man, and those who rock the cradle rule the nation." But here is an example of one who lost the boy's best and truest and most helpful friend at the witching hour of his life and yet became a father's pride and what would have thrilled his mother's heart with inexpressible joy.

And though he died young his life was not a failure. No man's life is a failure who saves his soul alive. Gifted, noble Paul, we will meet thee on the shining shore.

Rev. Dr. E. E. Hoss delivered this clear, historic sketch:

If the end of life be the achievement of character, then surely our young friend whose mortal remains lie before us accom-

plished his mission on the earth, for he did not pass away till he had fully demonstrated that he possessed all the qualities which go to make up a high and noble manhood. The bare and naked facts of his career are full of interest. In three short decades he did enough worthy work to make a record which his sorrowing father and his wide circle of friends may contemplate with feelings of unmingled satisfaction. The touch of his gentle mother, a woman of unusual gifts and graces, who went to heaven when he was only ten years of age, lingered with him to the end of his pilgrimage. He inherited from her not only many physical peculiarities, but also many marked traits of mind. Her religious teaching was a great and permanent force in his life. It held him



When he left College.

like hooks of steel. After her death he made his home till his sixteenth year with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Davis, near Forsythe, Ga., a fine old couple, who represented all that was best in the South of other days. Before finishing his sixteenth year he entered Emory College, Oxford, Ga., expecting to complete the prescribed curriculum and take a degree. But Providence had other plans for him. During his second vacation an opportunity came to him to go into the field with an engineering corps on the Atlanta and Florida railroad. In a few weeks he realized that he had found his vocation, and determined to be a civil engineer. Using all the chances for study that came to him, he made rapid progress in the mastery of his calling, and by his own comparatively unaided efforts soon became competent to do independent work.

One of his first employers was Maj. E. C. Lewis, of this city, who in 1890 gave him a position on the Cumberland Valley branch of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. An attack of pneumonia contracted by wading in Powell's river in discharge of his duty, nearly cost him his life. After a long convalescence, part of which was spent by special invitation at Beauvoir, Miss., with the family of the illustrious ex-President Jefferson Davis, a distant kinsman, he went into the government service under Col. J. W. Barlow, who was surveying the Tennessee river from the French Broad to Chattanooga. So much pleased was Col. Barlow with his young assistant that when he was later sent as head of the International Boundary Commission to more accurately survey the boundary between Mexico and the United States young Cunningham was given a desirable position. In this wider field he made rapid and steady advances. When the work was finished he was transferred to the Rio Grande, in charge of Col. Anson Mills. On this work he was engaged for many months. He left it under appointment by the Secretary of War to be assistant to the division engineer, Barlow, then engaged in river and harbor work. During this time his quarters were in Washington, St. Louis, and Green Bay, Wis.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war Col. William M. Black, who was chief engineer for the government, engaged Mr. Cunningham as his personal assistant, and they traveled extensively over the island of Porto Rico on horseback. At the termination of the war he was ordered to Washington by Col. Black to aid him in adjusting the property accounts of the Engineer's Department of the government.

When the government decided upon a sanitary revolution in Havana Col. Black was placed in charge of the work to be done, and he again chose Mr. Cunningham as his personal assistant. Afterwards when he was placed in charge of the entire island by Gov. Gen. Wood, Mr. Cunningham was made his successor in Havana as chief engineer. This work entailed great responsibility, he having sixty to seventy clerks and superintendents under him, some four thousand workmen, and a monthly pay roll of about \$170,000. In this highly responsible position he acquitted himself so that when he was called back to America Col. Black gave him one of the most complimentary letters ever penned; and when it is considered that it came from a West Pointer, and was given to a man who was not a graduate of that school and was not a soldier, the compliment is all the greater.

Gen. Anson Mills, though a retired officer of engineers, continued to be Commissioner of the International (Water) Boundary Commission. He had reluctantly spared Mr. Cunningham to go on the river and harbor work when a better position was tendered him by the Secretary of War, and now wanting him as consulting engineer, cabled him a splendid proposition from the State Department. Last January Mr. Cunningham was ordered to Washington, and Gen. Mills had him at work for several weeks preparing data concerning an international dam at El Paso, Tex., and other boundary work.

In March last he left Washington for Texas. His father met him in Atlanta, and later traveled from Montgomery, Ala., to New Orleans with him, bidding him good-by at the latter city. They never met afterwards, and this was the last glimpse the devoted father had of his distinguished son. It having been determined to send an expedition the entire border length of the Rio Grande river, the two governments coöperating, Mr. Cunningham was placed in charge of the expedition.

The last work on which he was engaged was the best that he had ever undertaken for the government, and was one from which he could hope to achieve still greater distinction. It had to do with the settling of a boundary line between Mexico and the United States, over which there had been considerable diplomatic discussion.

The question naturally arises as to how so young a man could have won so much distinction and held so very important places. An analysis of his character will give a satisfactory answer to this question.

1. He possessed limitless energy. Whatever he did, he did with all his might. The harder his tasks, the more he seemed to like them. It is not likely that he ever shirked a manifest duty in the whole course of his life. Without hesitation, and almost without question, he took up loads that would have staggered a man of forty, and carried them with apparent ease. Thoroughness was characteristic of him. He despised whatever was slipshod and slovenly, and aspired to reach perfection as nearly as possible.

2. His intellect was of an unusually high and vigorous order. The ease with which, though not a West Pointer, nor even a college graduate, he forged to the very front in the face of a competition that was never less than keen abundantly confirms this statement. He not merely grasped the facts and principles with which he had to deal, but also had a wonderful faculty of expressing his thoughts about them. His reports are models of strong, perspicuous English. One

of them, in regard to a contract involving millions of dollars for paving the streets of Havana, is as good a piece of writing as one can find in many a day.

3. He had absolute integrity. It came natural to him to be upright and honorable. He never thought of doing anything low—it would have been impossible to him. He was a gentleman by instinct as by training and education. Writing to his father from Havana, he said: "Sometime ago you expressed some anxiety about our affairs in connection with the post office scandal. Everything in this department has been conducted in such a manner that we are ready for any number of investigations to come at any time. The post office thefts are outrageous, and it seems to me that any citizen of the United States who is guilty of dishonesty under existing conditions is worse than a traitor."

4. He was endowed with the most engaging manners. One of his most intimate friends speaks of him as an "old-fashioned, courtly gentleman." The epithet is well deserved, for there was about him a certain grave and dignified courtesy, which yet never went to point of stiffness or freezing reserve. The same spontaneous kindness of heart that has made his father one of the best loved men in all the South belonged in full measure to him also. Nobody ever came close to him without becoming his warm personal friend. Even as a little boy he held the secret key that unlocks human hearts. . . . His companions and associates in labor with unanimous voice rise up to declare him one of the noblest and manliest of men. Every one of them felt to him like a brother, while his superiors in position showed the most exalted deference to him at all times. If it were not for the limited time at my disposal, I should like to quote passages from the scores of letters and telegrams that have poured in upon his father since his untimely end. But that may not be.

5. As a son he lacked nothing of meeting the full measure of his father's desires. The stainless purity of his life from his youth up, the magnanimous aspirations that dominated and controlled his mind, the filial tenderness and gentleness of his heart—all these things are a memory as holy as heaven itself.

When the end came it found him at the post of duty. He knew the danger of his work, and seemed to have had a presentiment that he should never get through it. So he made all his arrangements with conscientious thoughtfulness, and then went on with resolution that never quailed.

O brave and true and generous young soul, thou hast gained thy early crown! What more needs to be said!



From photo at thirty years.

Remarks made by Rev. William M. Anderson, D.D.: "My friends, I believe it possible for these beautiful flowers to remain here for a little time, and then be borne away and placed around the swelling mound 'neath which rest the remains of this loved young man, and then a passing stranger entering this room would detect by their lingering fragrance the fact that the flowers had been here. Thus flowers leave their impress upon the locality. I entered the room of this young man's life after he had gone, but by the fragrance of his character I detect his former presence and abiding influence. He seems to have been known and loved throughout this entire nation. From everywhere there come evidences of sorrow and sympathy, and as I sat a moment ago listening to that splendid biographical paper by Dr. Hoss, I thought how truly we make the room in which we live and what a large room this young man made. His decision and perseverance of character, with all his native ability, cut out for him a large place in life. Young men, after all, the question is not how you die, but how you live. I sometimes hear that mistaken question: 'Are you prepared to die?' A far better, more pertinent question is: 'Are you prepared to live?'"

A man who is not living right is not prepared to die. Living is more important than dying. Young men, let us live so that we will be missed when we are gone. Let us carve out as large a room in life as possible and fill it with noble deeds and good influences. May God bind all our hearts closer together by this deep, sympathetic sorrow!

Rev. J. O. Rust, D.D., said: "There is a beautiful propriety in holding this tender service at an early hour of the day. All about us is the glorious symbol of the morning with its fresh, dew-sprinkled beauty and tremulous splendors. At this hour the ruby currents of life flow strong in the veins, the mind is quickened, the soul is brave, and the heart is full of hope.

"This noble boy left us in the morning of his career, before the promises of his young manhood were fulfilled, before he had achieved the purposes of his heart, before he grasped that sure renown which would have been his had he lived. So we are here in this splendid hour to remember this bright child of the morning. He went away from us where the lonesome waters rage in yonder Southern solitude; but he came to a river that flows from the throne of God, whose bright waves, dancing with the joys eternal, upbore him in their shining hands to him who is the Father of us all. This glorious morning hour is a joyous symbol of that better day of bliss which came bursting through our skies with all its glorious radiance upon this noble life which had not yet walked to its meridian. Thus there is a strange, sweet, hopeful sadness in this service to me; it is so full of message of the greetings over there, and the meetings that shall be by and by, above all of the grand perfections that have come to him whom we have loved long since and lost awhile.

There can come to us but one note of sadness beyond the pain of parting, and that is the thought of an uncompleted life. What might he not have done had he lived? And then we think of plans unfinished, hopes unachieved, and loves that never performed their holy mission. Ah, but is there not growth in heaven? Cruel misconception for us to think that thought and hope and love—all the mighty play of this thing we call life—stop when we go there. No; over there the whole of being has rapid growth, and glorious consummations are not retarded by things dull and perverse. "All we have willed and hoped and dreamed of good shall exist." The inner inspirations, the holiest aspirations there will be fulfilled, and life will take on a glorious and speedy completeness we ne'er can know here. The mound in yonder city of the dead tells us of a land that is fairer than this; where all that ought to be is, and where all that is is perfect.

The only real sadness that we have is the thought that we have lost a friend who has gone on ahead, and the father sits here weeping that the son has all too early left him alone. I would not say one word to check that sorrow, which is the honorable tribute love pays to the departed, but I would comfort that weeping heart if heaven will give me one word to heal its pain. I would say to him that there is a mighty, majestic sweetness in the infinite grace of God, a gentle power, a powerful gentleness that will ensnare him and infold him as in the impalpable arms of God's Holy Spirit, and a sweet peace which passeth all understanding will come upon him, and the waiting hours will be full of the joy unspeakable and full of glory. May our merciful Saviour send that peace and glory unto him even now!

Rev. J. B. Erwin, D.D., in the closing address said: "Back in the seventies, when I was on my first circuit as a young

minister, one day I rode into the town of Shelbyville, and, after putting my horse in the livery stable, I took a walk around the town and wandered into a newspaper office. There for the first time I met the father of the boy whose funeral we attend this morning. The friendship begun that day has grown with the years. Brother Cunningham invited me home with him to dinner. In that home I first saw Paul, a bright-eyed, round-faced baby boy. I soon found that I was in a model Christian home. I was a frequent visitor after that day, and became very much attached to the baby boy. Behind this young man was a noble Christian mother, who combined in her character the characteristics of Martha and Mary. She looked well to the ways of her household, and yet found time to sit at the Master's feet and learn the great lesson of life. She taught him in early life to believe all the articles of the Christian faith; she taught him to love the true, the beautiful, and the good. His young heart was as wax to receive, and his maturer years as granite to retain, these noble lessons. He was true in all his after years to her instructions; for he loved truth, had an eye for the beautiful, and recognized that there was no excellence of character without goodness. No one could be in his presence long without recognizing that he was no ordinary young man. He impressed me as one possessing great reserve power. It was by this power that he achieved great success in life. He believed he could do anything he set his hands to do. It is not the man who rushes into danger who is the brave man. It is the man who considers the danger of the undertaking, weighs well the whole matter, sees clearly the danger, fears, yet goes forward at the command of duty. Such was Paul. He was not fearless. I doubt if there is a fearless man on earth. He recognized the great peril of his last undertaking; said he was afraid he would not come out alive. But duty called, and he went forward to meet death in those awful rapids. He was a brave man. I want to say to the father, whom I love as a brother, it is worth the grief, worth the sorrow, and worth the sacrifice to be the father of such a son as Paul Cunningham. May you at last be gathered with him and the loved ones gone before in the eternal sunshine of a heavenly reunion!"



MINISTERS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE FUNERAL.

REV. W. E. ELLIS, REV. J. U. RUST, REV. E. E. HOSS, "Pastor Christian Church, Pastor Baptist Church, Editor *Christian Advocate*.
REV. J. D. BARRETT, REV. W. M. ANDERSON, REV. J. B. ERWIN,
M. E. Church, South, Pastor Presbyterian Ch., Pastor Methodist Ch.

When all was said, and human voices rose rich and clear in the holy appeal, "Take it to the Lord in Prayer," the body was borne from the church, fol-

lowed by the nearest relatives and friends, who were to make the loving pilgrimage to Shelbyville, Tenn., the early home and burial place of Paul Davis Cunningham.

As the vast congregation arose, young men, noble sons of noble ancestry, moved quietly forward, and gathered, as if by unspoken consent, the fragrant tribute flowers. Seldom does one witness such a picture—strong men walking as little children, bearing their floral offerings with gentle simplicity that they might do homage to one who bore the honors and plaudits of life with pompless dignity and childlike grace.

SERVICES AT SHELBYVILLE.

With eyes reverently watching through the blessed tears of friendship and of love, throngs of men, women, and children waited for the funeral car, that they might bear its precious burden to Willow Mount, the sleeping city on the hill overlooking the beautiful town of Shelbyville. Here were people, many of whom had not seen Paul Cunningham since the boyhood days, when he buckled on the armor of a Christian knight, an armor whose breastplate was set with virtues made lustrous in the light of a home where a mother's sweet ideality and a father's noble protection laid its holy hearthstone. In life he wore his mother's legacy that it might be seen of all men, and he returned unto his own in death that they might offer him his last earthly laurels!

As the long funeral line threaded its way through the town and up the quiet hill there was a solemn hush on all things: a hush that grew more intensely harmonious as the body of the hero was borne past the graves of the Confederate dead, above which faith heard the choir invisible singing: "There's glory enough for all."

Strangely appropriate were the beautiful palm branches sent by loving friends, and, as if to carry out the wishes of the brave one who was to rest so near the sleeping heroes, a noble young son of a man who was ever faithful to the cause laid the majestic foliage of victory at the base of the Confederate monument.

Rev. Ira Landrith conducted the solemn burial service, and extracts from his impressive oration are given below:

"As is doubtless well known to all of you the funeral service over the body of our dead friend was held this morning in Nashville, the sorrowing father's present home. But since it seemed fitting that the burial should occur in Shelbyville, where Paul Cunningham was known and loved in his youth, it would have

been hardly fair to deny to you some part in the religious services held in memory of your town's brilliant young son. A representative citizen of Shelbyville has just placed in my hand the following paper, expressing what he believes to be the sentiments of your citizens on this sad occasion."

Here Dr. Landrith read the paper mentioned, prepared by Judge W. S. Bearden, which was made the unanimous expression of the audience by the silent upraising of hands. "I am sure," he added, "that this response is as hearty as it was manifestly unanimous."

"The lamented death of Paul D. Cunningham casts widespread gloom, deepest in Shelbyville, where as a child he caught his first inspirations for the future and where his Christian parents long resided, and wrought notably in every good work that challenged activities of heart and soul.

"The useful life of his father was spared that he might help to make the world about him better; that he might continue enduring contributions to history, that he might cherish and guide his devoted only son; but years ago the noble mother died, not however before she had impressed Paul with lessons which should bear the fruitage of usefulness to mankind.

"To the many who tested the pure gold of her friendship and knew her exalted mental and moral worth, the honorable and brilliant career of this gifted young patriot occasioned no surprise for such were her ideals and teachings and such his filial regard and instinctive loyalty to duty that family and friends confidently foresaw his success in the high aims of life.

"May the divine Master bind up the sore heart of the bereaved father and keep him in his service and holy love until he shall be summoned to the lasting reunion in heaven is the fervent prayer of the people among whom he was reared.

"I wish you could have been in Nashville at eight o'clock this morning, not only that you might have heard the splendid tributes so feelingly paid to the memory of this young man, but that you might have witnessed the presence of so large an audience gathered in the church at that unusual hour, thus testifying to the public's respect for the young man who remains upright, does his best, and dies in the discharge of his duty. If you had heard the words then spoken so much more worthily by others, it would not be necessary here to repeat the sentiments of respect and commendation so cordially and sympathetically uttered.

"To-day mine is the difficult duty merely of selecting from an embarrassment of riches. There are funeral occasions when one would gladly remain silent, when he who would be sincere must decline to speak, lest he say more than the melancholy subject merits. I have no such occasion for hesitancy. Without the benefits and blessings which would have been mine had I enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Paul Cunningham, I have still learned enough about him from those who knew him well to speak confidently and cordially of his virtues. It is no ordinary man who can see success writ large across his life at the early age of thirty-one years, no matter what his avocation or environments; but he must have been a most extraordinary man who thus early achieved national recognition in the government's service, and that too without the prestige of preparation in the government's training schools, and in spite of the handicap of his Southern birth as the son of a Southern soldier, whose service in the interest of all that was worthy in the Confederacy ended not with the war. Only manifest merit could have won in such a contest.

"If I were asked to analyze the elements in this young man's character which contributed to his success, I should say simply, he prepared himself, and when opportunity issued invitations



REV. IRA LANDRITH, D.D.,
Editor Cumberland Presbyterian.

he was ready to accept. That he had the requisite knowledge for the emergencies which in his profession help to make men needs no other proof than that, without political influence, which he never had, he achieved that efficiency which is the price of promotion. But he outstripped other young men who were as cultured as he, technically as well-informed. He won because he was morally, as well as mentally, ready; and this is a compliment not merely to him but also to a government which advances no man for what he knows, but every man mainly for what he is. It is one of the encouraging signs of the times that everywhere integrity of character is the employer's first demand. That he whose body lies here possessed the manliest uprightness has been established by hundreds of volunteered testimonials; but to me none of these witnesses were needed, after I was permitted to read a letter written to the now stricken father from Havana. * * * (In sketch by Dr. Hoss.)

"You have been advised by the press concerning the rapid promotion and almost unprecedented responsibility laid by the nation upon the shoulders of this youthful civil engineer, of his service at the head of an international surveying party to determine boundary questions with Mexico, and of his distressingly sudden summons by the highest Authority of the universe.

"You perhaps do not know that he who braved the dangers of the Porto Rican and Cuban interior after peace was declared, but by no means assured, approached the discharge of every duty without acknowledged anxiety or alarm until he entered upon this last one, the fatal voyage down the Rio Grande river. Then he arranged every detail about his effects and affairs, leaving no doubt about his own feeling of uncertainty as to the results of that journey; and then, with characteristic courage, went unflinchingly on to the faithful performance of the perilous task, which proved a fatal one. Strange foreboding that! Who shall say that the faithful soul cannot hear the whispered warning of an approving God? Answer that question as you may, it is still true that when Paul Cunningham's little craft went on the rocks in the rapids of the Rio Grande he was ready. Although the details of that deplorable accident are yet distressingly meager, we know enough to be certain that through the treacherous dangers of that voyage he was leading the way. They say of him that he would send no subordinate before him into peril. He aspired to lead the way. His was the surveyor's profession, the business of blazing out new routes and of marking new boundaries; and, think you, that his Heavenly Father would have denied to him the privilege of surveying for those who love and will come after him the way to heaven? Mine is not the duty of comforting the broken-hearted father. He has comforted me. * * *

"For ourselves it would be well if we should learn a solitary lesson from this disaster. Be ready! And now let us turn away from this sacred spot, and walk with a firmer tread and a holier purpose back to the workaday world where we must live and labor, and where we will honor most the dead by serving best the living. We have done for our sorrowing brother and friend, the worthy father of this brave boy, all that loving hands and sympathetic hearts could do. We have laid here on this beautiful hilltop, in your lovely city of the dead, the body which you remember as that of a bright-eyed youth. Let him sleep here between his fond grandmother and his little sister. In what holier place could a noble youth lie and slumber?"

As the last shovel of earth fell on the sacred ashes of the dead a beautiful bird uttered a shrill, sweet note, flew from the tree that shaded the new-made grave, and was gone. Nineteen hundred years ago the sweetest Voice that men have ever heard cried, "It is consummated!" and though we are not told

that birds were there, those words from a mount of crucifixion have come singing through the ages. Did this bird, whose Maker marks the course of the sparrow, go forth to tell the story of one who walked in the paths laid by the Master, even to a death from whose shadow his spirit did not shrink?

Tributes by the Press and Individuals.

The press of this entire country, also of Mexico and Cuba, made mention of the tragic death, and from many pulpits ministers have spoken of the brilliant career of one who deserved to become the model for youth and manhood. The Havana (Cuba) Post said: "Mr. Cunningham came to Hava-



P. D. C. Chief Engineer; a mess in Havana. They are at their quarters, and Paul holds the mess dog. The cook is in the background.

na with Col. William Black. On his arrival here, on January 22, 1899, he was immediately appointed assistant engineer. On April 10, 1900, Mr. Cunningham was, on account of his excellent service in the different departments which he had occupied, appointed to the position of Chief Engineer of the city of Havana. This position he held until he resigned in the latter part of July, 1900, to accept a position as Consulting Engineer of the International (Water) Boundary Commission. The news of his death cast a gloom over the entire engineer department yesterday. It is probable that no one who has ever been in the Havana engineer's department was so universally liked as Mr. Cunningham. He was of a sunny and cheerful disposition, with always an encouraging word for the faithful employees, and, in fact, a man with all the lovable qualifications.

The Nashville daily papers chronicled the sad event with unstinted expressions of eulogy. The *American* said editorially: "The news of the deplorable and untimely death by drowning of Paul D. Cunningham in Texas will come as a shock to the thousands of friends of his father, S. A. Cunningham, of this city, and to those who knew the rising young engineer. Mr. Cunningham had a most brilliant and promising future. He was intelligent, energetic, and courageous, and stood deservedly high in his profession and among his associates. His father has had more than his share of trouble recently, but his brave spirit could have withstood it all had his only child been left to comfort him now and in his old age. The *American* but voices the feel-

ings of this community when it expresses its sorrow at the death of young Cunningham and sympathy for his father."

Again the *American* said: "Mr. Cunningham, though yet in his youth, was an engineer of great ability and of the greatest promise. There was hardly a limit to the possibilities of this young man's career had he been able to complete it. He would have made Tennessee proud. Every officer in the Engineer Corps with whom he came in contact was pleased to commend his earnestness, his capacity, and his loyalty. In private life no man stood higher. He was quiet yet courageous, quiet yet firm and determined. His address was most pleasing and his manners full of charm. No young life had more of promise in it for himself, his friends, and for Tennessee. The *American* can but realize that a loss for the present irreparable comes to us all officially and personally in the death of Paul D. Cunningham."

The *Banner* said: "The untimely death of Mr. Paul Davis Cunningham cuts short the promising career of a young Tennessean in whom very many friends in this State were taking great interest. He evinced early in life the manly qualities and noble aspirations which were the earnest of his future success, and his rise in his chosen profession as a civil engineer was notable and rapid. He had already established himself in the confidence of the engineering department of the government, and his efficient and successful labors in important undertakings had brought him into such recognition as assured to him a brilliant future had his life been spared."

Col. William M. Black, Chief Engineer during the Spanish-American war, and with whom Mr. Cunningham was long associated in Cuba, Porto Rico, Washington, and afterwards back in Havana, wrote the father:

"FORT TOTTEN, WILLETS POINT, N. Y., July 16, 1901.

"My Dear Mr. Cunningham: Your cable to Havana, with its sad tidings, was repeated to me here. I have telegraphed to you in the name of Mrs. Black and myself our sorrow and sympathy. Nothing can console you, I know; but I want to tell you again, as I have told you before, how highly I regarded your son.

"I had known him before, personally and by reputation, but not until after he had joined me at Tampa, in July, 1898, and served with me through the strenuous days there, in Porto Rico, and later in Havana, did I appreciate the loyalty, courage, and unselfishness of his character, his willingness to do, and his resourcefulness and ability in the doing. His later success was no surprise, and I had looked for great things for him in the future. His work seems unfinished here; but he goes to continue his usefulness, now 'untrammelled by the limitations of time and space.' Only for a time we shall not see him nor follow his steps.

"You have lost a devoted son. So many of us have lost a true, steadfast friend. We have left to us but the memory of him and his work to incite us to our best."

J. W. Barlow, Brigadier General of Engineers, writes from Vineyard Haven, Mass., July 21, 1901: "I do not know

how to express to you my sorrow and my sympathy in your terrible bereavement. I cannot even realize that the intelligence of your dear son's cruel death, which came to me in a newspaper paragraph, can possibly be true. I knew him as the perfection of manly vigor, so full of life and zeal, always ready for work—the harder, the more attractive to him. He was like one of my own family, and his death is to us all a personal loss. . . . Please accept what I have so inadequately expressed as a tribute to the worth of your son Paul, who was one of the most promising and conscientious young engineers in the United States."

Writing from Gen. Mills's office, July 16, W. W. Kobliner, Secretary of the Commission at Washington, says: "Gen. Mills is traveling in the West, and it was with difficulty that I was able to reach him and advise him of Paul's death. It was a terrible shock to me, as I know it was to Gen. Mills and his family; and if they were here, I know they would join me in extending to you heartfelt sympathy in your great sorrow. By his many lovable ways and manly qualities he had worked his way into all our hearts, and it is with the deepest sorrow that we think of such a bright and noble life so suddenly cut off."

Senator W. B. Bate, who has been associated personally and officially as Chairman of Senate Committee on Military Affairs with Gen. Anson Mills, had much personal knowledge of Engineer Cunningham's capacity and efficiency. He writes from his country home at Castalian Springs, Tenn., July 15, 1901:

"My Dear Mr. Cunningham: I have just read with the profoundest sorrow of the death of your son Paul. . . . Paul Cunningham, when I recently saw him, gave forecast of as bright and useful a future as any young man in our country. The position he held—semi-diplomatic—as Engineer on the International Boundary between Mexico and the United States evidences the confidence reposed in him, and his high character, professional and personal, was a guarantee that the confidence was not misplaced. I knew no young man his superior in his profession, none who bore his honors more modestly or was more faithful in discharge of duty. Indeed, the very circumstance and manner of his death evince his high sense of official duty. He literally died at his post in conscientious performance of a most hazardous duty."

Maj. E. C. Lewis, of Nashville, who seemed to realize his capacity and merit, was one of the first to help him get a start in his profession. He wrote: "I have no words to express my regrets: it's beyond me. I cannot reconcile myself to his loss. . . . Dear boy, what a prospect he had before him! . . . My family would bear some of your sorrow if they knew how."

Col. S. W. Fordyce, St. Louis, one of the most prominent railroad men in the country, telegraphed, and then wrote: "I do not recall in my whole life a sadder event. Intelligent, active, comprehensive, and very able in the line of his chosen profession, it could not have been otherwise, had he lived, than that he would have ranked among the most noted engineers of the country."

Hon. J. E. Washington, who, as member of Congress, secured for him his first commission from the government, and was ever proud of having done it, writes: "What a loss his untimely death will be to you, to his friends, to his profession, and to his country. I fully shared with you in your great and well-justified pride in Paul's success and in his rapid rise in his profession. A nobler, truer man, a more loving, dutiful son, and a more lovable person I have never known."



LAURA DAVIS CUNNINGHAM,
Paul's Mother.

Mrs. E. F. H. writes from Mobile, "in loving remembrance:" "Though a stranger to his home and his people, I want to send a tribute to the memory of Paul Davis Cunningham. . . . Words are so poor when one's heart is sore that I can do but scant justice to this brave and honorable man, so full of power and promise. I have known him for years, and have lived in the same house with him, and the memory of his sweet and cheery disposition will always be a pleasure. Mr. Cunningham was ambitious, and stood high in his profession, that of civil engineer, and has filled very important positions. He was a lover of books, and had good literary tastes, and had an excellent beginning for a library. But his personality was his charm, and it was his noble character which made him so dear to those who knew him best. So brave, so courteous, and so honorable, the world has seldom seen so true a gentleman. To young and old, rich and poor, he was equally ready with a cordial word and smile. He was the most generous man I have ever known, and was never so happy as when spending himself or his money for the pleasure of others. His manners were to be remembered; never for a moment did he fail in the most gracious courtesy to women and to elderly people.

'And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.'

He so endeared himself to Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis that in correspondence between her and his father many exquisite tributes were paid him, all the way along from his boyhood. This extraordinary relation and the eminence of the lady induce her tributes in connection with the men who served with him or contributed to his advancement. In 1892 Mrs. Davis wrote: "I am always glad to have news of Paul, and always sure I shall have tidings creditable to the attractive, modest young fellow. Please remember me to him." In 1894 she says: "I am delighted to hear your good news of Paul. God grant he may be a comfort to your old age when it comes!" Again she wrote: "Your boy 'does us proud,' does he not? What a crown of joy for your old age! May God in his mercy protect him from all harm!" In a recent letter she refers to him as follows: "I am more gratified than I can well express with Paul's eminent success, and he is such a delicate, refined, handsome young fellow, too. I congratulate you sincerely upon him, and myself as one of his nearest friends and wellwishers. Do send me, from time to time, what you hear from him, if it is cheering, for, now that I am old, my life is pretty much 'a weariness and a trouble.'" On July 17, 1901, she wrote from Portland, Me., as follows: "When your telegram came this morning the shock to me was very great, and I wept bitterly for your sorrow and for the loss of your bright boy. I had followed so long his honorable career with such pride and gratification, and felt he was so able and strong in his youth and noble aims, which he had so far reached, that the idea of death as associated with him never suggested itself to me. I cannot comfort you—only God can do that—but I doubt if any one out of your own immediate family feels a deeper personal loss than I, who have had an ardent interest in him since his boyhood. I can but pray for you and hope that Christian submission to the will of our Heavenly Father will enable you to live under His inscrutable dispensation. We know He doth not 'willingly afflict or grieve the children of men,' but cannot see behind this dark cloud to future comfort and resignation. With deepest sympathy, I am united in your grief."

Franklin (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C., members of which knew him, sent a telegram, a floral tribute, and recorded:

"Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from his earthly home in the beginning of a life of usefulness Paul D. Cunningham, who, with his talent and nobility of character, early in his career, left a deep impress on the community in which he lived, and on all those with whom he was ever associated; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That we, the Daughters of the Franklin Chapter, desire to express our appreciation of the great loss sustained in his death, and we feel that those who knew him best can bear a loving witness to his fidelity and zeal in all he undertook.

"2. That we offer to his bereaved father, in his great sorrow, the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of our Chapter, and we pray that God will sustain him in this trying affliction, and may he be comforted with the thought that his son has 'only gone before' to fill a place in a higher sphere!

"3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent the VETERAN."

Committee: Mrs. R. N. Richardson, Mrs. Thomas F. Perkins, and Miss Eliza M. Claybrooke.

HIS FIRST LETTER OF COMMENDATION.

ATLANTA, GA., March 22, 1888.

To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that Mr. Paul Cunningham has been in the employ of the Atlanta and Florida Railroad for the past twelve months as rodman and assistant resident engineer. He has proved himself a thorough gentleman, perfectly sober, and attentive to business. He takes great interest in his work, is both accurate and rapid, and at all times ready and willing. He severs his connection with us at this time by reason of completion of work. I most cheerfully recommend him to any company needing a first-class man for either rodman or assistant resident engineer. I wish him great success, and shall be glad to learn of his advancement, which he will most certainly merit if an opportunity is given.

Very respectfully,

H. L. COLLIER, *Chf. Eng'r.*

LETTER UPON LEAVING HIS SECOND EMPLOYER.

DANVILLE, VA., May 10, 1880.

To Civil Engineers: This will introduce Mr. Paul D. Cunningham, who was engaged with me as levelman for several months on the locating corps of the Tennessee Midland Railway. Mr. Cunningham was accurate and quick with the instrumental work, industrious and conscientious in the discharge of all duties assigned to him. He is cultivated, refined, and gentlemanly in his conduct and habits.

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM A. HANKINS.

Late Locating Engineer of the Tennessee Midland Railway.

MEMORANDUM OF HIS SERVICES.

Undergraduate of Emory College, Oxford, Ga.

Latter half of 1887, Assistant Resident Engineer, construction of the Atlanta and Florida Railway.

1888, Levelman, survey of the Tennessee Midland Railroad.

1889, Levelman on survey and Assistant to Resident Engineer on construction of Cumberland Valley Extension, Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

Latter half of 1890, and January-May, 1891, Resident Engineer, construction of Decatur, Chesapeake, and New Orleans Railroad, and Resident Engineer on construction of Clarksville Mineral Branch, Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

HIS SERVICES FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

May 10, 1891-October 9, 1891, Levelman, survey of Lower Tennessee River; Engineer Department, United States

Army; District Officer, Col. John W. Barlow, Corps of Engineers, Lieut. John Biddle (now Lieut. Col.) in direct charge.

February 1, 1892-February 7, 1894. Topographical transitman and computer, International Boundary Survey, United States and Mexico. Commissioners: Col. John W. Barlow, Corps of Engineers; Col. D. D. Gaillard, Third Regiment Volunteer Engineers; Mr. A. T. Mosman, Assistant United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

August 12, 1894-October 2, 1894. Assistant Engineer, same work.

October 9, 1894. Assistant Engineer, International (Water) Boundary Commission, United States and Mexico; Commissioner, Col. (Brig. Gen.) Anson Mills, United States Army. Resigned March 12, 1896.

March 14, 1896, Division Engineer Clerk with Col. John W. Barlow, Corps of Engineers. Now so engaged.

Record of service from May, 1891, to present is on file in office of Chief of Engineers, United States Army.

The above memoranda is from his papers at hand.

Gen. Jacobo Blanco, who has long represented the republic of Mexico in chief on all border questions between that country and the United States, is reported by an El Paso paper as saying: "I think we will abandon the expedition after this cruel incident. The most important part of the work has been completed, and we think it is unnecessary to endanger the men further. The report of the survey is of material importance to the commission, but I think we can get along with the reports as they now are." Gen. Blanco had become much attached to Mr. Cunningham, and is grieved as if he had lost his own son."

Mrs. Blanco telegraphed to Nashville an order for a floral tribute in behalf of her husband and herself.

Paul Davis Cunningham was born November 27, 1869, on the third anniversary of the wedding day of his parents, S. A. Cunningham and Laura N. Davis.

Paul was the first-born and only son of his parents. A sister, Mary, was born a little more than three years later, and died at the early age of two years and seven months. His mother died in October, 1879, before he was ten years old. His boyhood home thereafter was with her parents, W. B. Davis and wife, near Forsyth, Ga., until he entered college. The home of his father and mother for a long time comprised every earthly wish of the now sole survivor of that little but very happy family.

Rarely, if ever, did there live two more congenial associates than Paul and his mother. They were constant companions while she lived, and to her does the honor of all his early training belong. Those who reared his mother and his other grandmother did well their part afterwards.



In his childhood Paul Cunningham possessed faith in himself. He seemed to feel then and afterwards that he could accomplish anything he desired.

Of much interesting correspondence with his father some characteristic extracts are made. Ardent and increasing devotion is manifest throughout, and the most active desire to aid him in his every need. Recent demands for funds, concerning a matter with which the public is familiar, called forth this significant statement: "While I am not loaded with wealth, I hope you feel all the while that all my strength is ever yours."

Writing from Havana, while absorbed with great responsibility, learning of his father's ill health, he said: "If you think it advisable for me to come, don't hesitate to say so."

PAUL DAVIS CUNNINGHAM, OBIT JULY 13, 1901.

O nobly fallen youth! dauntless, pure, and true!
Among the sons of men, alas! how few
In loftiness of mind and soul like thee!
Gentler spirit nor braver could there be.

Twin qualities of highest manhood these—

Imbibed the one at mother's hallowed shrine,
The other at a patriot father's knees—
A heritage of worth untold, divine.

Gentle! Brave! What wonder, then, as the call
To perils imminent this young knight heard,
That naught could deter him and naught appall:
'Twas Duty's voice that all his ardor stirred.

Adown Rio Grande's flood, darksome and wild,
Mid dangers unseen, his good vessel sped;
With martyr-like mien and faith of a child,
He stood to his charge, though deathward it led.

Ah, fateful hour! not e'en resolve so high
Is strong to turn the mortal shaft aside:
A hidden Scylla 'neath the wave doth lie,
And whelms the life to all a joy and pride.

Now reigns Grief supreme in myriad hearts,
For lo! their idol loved hath ta'en his flight;
Yet mid their tears the star of Hope imparts
A radiant gleam to their darkest night.

O blissful hope! that on yon fairer shore
This loved one lost and all whom he held dear
Shall meet in union blest for evermore,
With Heaven's smile to banish every tear.

Till then will Memory with holy care
Guard the name and fame of this gifted son,
Who recked not of self, but with courage rare
Gave all, that God and Duty's goal be won.

While now upon thy grave, too early made,
Dear hearts their fresh and fragrant garlands lay,
From out thy life—whose beauty ne'er shall fade—
Comes incense sweet that will exhale for aye.

In living and in dying, O how blest!
A hero of heroes in noblest strife—
This thy memorial, and highest test
For all aspiring to the grander life.

—J. L. Kirby, in the Nashville American.

The father's gratitude to the multitude for kindnesses in every conceivable way, though not otherwise acknowledged, will cease only when memory fails him.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

This VETERAN has more lengthy articles than usual. The speech of Col. Bennett Young should all appear in one number, as also should the remarkable achievements of, and tributes to, Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson during Confederate times. The several pages devoted to the career of Paul Davis Cunningham will not be objectionable to the closest friends of the VETERAN; for in him was centered the greatest affection and the hope that he would see to this great work being carried on through another generation. This space is given as a tribute to him and to his mother, whose counsels were imbedded in his character—although she was called away from him in his tenth year—and in the hope that it may animate other aspiring young men to be and to do their very best. He was so averse to publications about himself that these tributes are given with diffidence.

The promised reports in interest of Sons and others, also omissions from Last Roll, are to appear later.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE LIBEL SUIT.

It was stated in the June VETERAN that the Judge in the United States District Court has induced the plaintiff to consent to a reduction of the joint judgment of \$15,000 to \$3,000, but continuing the additional judgment against Cunningham individually of the full amount of \$10,000. The Book Agents of the M. E. Church, South, have appealed the case, as has also Mr. Cunningham, to the Appellate Court, which sits at Cincinnati, Ohio. It is expected that the case will be heard there in October.

CASES OF LIBEL AGAINST JOHN A. PITTS.

Judge Sam Holding, of Columbia, Tenn., sitting by exchange with Judge J. W. Bonner, at Nashville, recently heard argument of counsel on the demurrer of the defendant in the cases of S. A. Cunningham vs. John A. Pitts and of John P. Hickman vs. John A. Pitts, and on July 16 Judge Holding came to Nashville and delivered a long written opinion in the cases, deciding in favor of Cunningham and Hickman against Mr. Pitts.

These suits were brought separately by S. A. Cunningham and John P. Hickman against John A. Pitts, a Nashville lawyer, for \$25,000 damages in each case for libel. The suits are based upon a letter written by Attorney Pitts to Judge Clark concerning the case of Underwood vs. Cunningham during the pendency of that suit, and after the first, but prior to the second trial of said case, and in which he injuriously reflect-

ed upon the character of the defendants, Mr. Cunningham and the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, and Col. Hickman. Mr. Pitts interposed two grounds of demurrer in each case, to wit: that the letter was not libelous *per se*, and that if it were it was privileged as in the nature of a proceeding in court.

Judge Holding, upon an elaborate review of the authorities, held that the letter was libelous on its face, and was not in the nature of a court proceeding, and not entitled to any privilege, and he overruled all the grounds of demurrer.

The court thus decided every question in favor of Cunningham and Hickman. The case will be tried by jury and probably at the next term of court.

Stop reading and meditate concerning the cause for which the VETERAN is published. As a patron recall that in its career of over eight years' reliance has been absolutely upon you, and that all credits for its success have been given you. Consider the crucible through which it is having to pass, and see if you can't render material aid. The friends who feel an interest in the VETERAN could increase it to 100,000 in a week. Could you do a little in that way?

ABOUT THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.

K. M. VanZandt, President of the Fort Worth National Bank, who was Major of the Seventh Texas Infantry, and is the Major General of the Texas Division, U. C. V., writes from Fort Worth:

In your July number an error is made by Comrade H. H. Hockersmith in stating that the Thirty-Seventh Georgia Regiment was a part of Gregg's Brigade. The brigade was composed of the regiments named by him with this exception. There was no Georgia regiment in it. I can bear witness to the character of the battle at Raymond, Miss., on May 12, 1863, as recounted by Comrade Hockersmith, and attested by you. My own regiment, the Seventh Texas, had its full share in that fight. We went into the fight with 306 men and lost 158.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT WOODSIDE, MD.,

To the memory of seventeen "Unknown" who fell in front of Washington, D. C., July 12, 1864. (See page 263 June VETERAN.)

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Sarah Law Chapter, of Memphis, Tenn., held its annual meeting on June 13, and the election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. T. J. Latham; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Carrington Mason, Mrs. James H. Watson, and Mrs. L. B. Starke; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Davis Cox; Assistant Recording Secretary, Mrs. Nicholas Williams; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. C. Huntington; Treasurer, Mrs. M. A. Brooks; Registrar, Mrs. Virginia L. Matthews; Historian, Mrs. L. H. Carlile.

The reports of the officers were gratifying, and the President spoke cordially of the work done and the coöperation given by the members. The membership is two hundred and thirty-eight, an increase of eighty-six for the last year. The report of the Chairman of the Reunion Finance Committee showed that of the \$1,250 allowed the Chapter for expenses only \$741.50 had been used. For faithful and efficient work, Mrs. Drew, the Chairman, was voted the sincere thanks of the Association. A contribution of \$25 was voted the Jefferson Davis Monument at Richmond, after which the President appointed committees for the year.

The Barbour Chapter of Confederate Daughters met at Eufaula, Ala., on the afternoon of June 3, to pay loving tribute to the memory of Jefferson Davis. The meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Theodore Pender, and the handsome parlors were decorated in Confederate colors, crimson drapings graced the white mantels, white clusters of hydrangeas, bright red cannas, and geraniums, with trailing sprays of white clematis lent their charms to the scene. Conspicuously suggestive of the occasion was the picture of our venerated chieftain, and by its side that of the Daughter of the Confederacy, never to be forgotten. An entertaining programme of songs and readings was given.

WORK OF THE VICKSBURG CHAPTER IN 1900-1901.

Mrs. Lucy B. Mitchell, Historian of the Vicksburg Chapter, writes of what the U. D. C. is doing there:

The past year has been a banner one for our Chapter. We have had the great satisfaction of having completed our hospital annex after years of earnest effort, oftentimes of great discouragement. The great necessity of providing for the comfort of our Confederate soldiers, whose disabilities prevented them from supporting themselves, was a quickening spur to our endeavors. Our city hospital received and tended all those who came with the ordinary treatment accorded patients in the charity wards, but the limited means at the command of the physicians in charge deprived them of many needed comforts.

One of our most active members, Mrs. C. E. Wright, frequently visited our veterans who were there. Her deep sympathy and kindly interest was such that she awakened a like feeling in her fellow-workers, and to her is due the foundation of this work. We saw the necessity for a larger building, one especially for our veterans, where they would feel at home under the care of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Hence our efforts to raise funds to build this annex to the city

hospital. After much arduous and discouraging labor we met generous assistance, and raised a thousand dollars. The State Legislature added two thousand dollars, the city of Vicksburg deeded the ground on which the building is placed, and the hospital trustees agreed to supply the maintenance for the patients. An honored veteran, W. W. Stanton, of Camp 32, gave the plans, and work was commenced in August, and the corner stone was laid in September with Masonic ceremonies, Chief Justice Whitfield giving a stirring and impressive address.

The building contains eight rooms, upper and lower halls and galleries. One room is reserved as a reading and smoking room. This room is elegantly fitted up with reading matter, a writing desk and stationery, easy-chairs and lounges—all in affectionate remembrance of her husband by his widow, our excellent ex-President, Mrs. S. E. Collier.

Each of the seven bedrooms is furnished with two single iron enameled beds, a dresser, washstand, table, chairs, rugs, curtains, and each room has a commodious closet. Each room was furnished by individuals in memory of some beloved soldier whose name is upon the door.

The building was finished and furnished and opened on the anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee, January 19, 1901. The public were invited to inspect the building and enjoy the hospitality of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Col. C. E. Hooker addressed the assembly in his most eloquent and impressive manner. Every eye was dimmed with tears as he depicted the heroic suffering of our soldiers in those fateful years of war, and told of our noble chieftain, who, in his own person, became the victim for his people in the prison cells of Fortress Monroe.

Recalling these hallowed memories, we turn again to our veterans with feelings of deeper, tenderer sympathy and renewed zeal to serve them. For the five months our annex has been opened, all those who have been entertained have expressed great satisfaction at the increased comfort they find in their new quarters.

We are indebted to our able and efficient President for the success that has been made. She is a woman of wonderful administrative ability, wise, prudent, and full of the rarest and most graceful tact. She has made the plans for the institution to be governed by the same general rules as the hospital, and additional house rules from those used in the Soldiers' Home in New Orleans, allowing all possible liberty while insisting on sobriety and respectability.

Our veterans have aided us in our work by generous contributions, and our sister Chapters throughout the State have given handsome donations. The following illustrates: Ellen Martin Chapter, \$80; Winnie Davis, \$50; Dixie, \$5; Children of the Confederacy, \$20; R. E. Lee, McComb, \$10; R. E. Lee, Aberdeen, \$16.15; Stephen D. Lee, \$25; Claiborne, \$15; Jefferson Davis, \$50; Okolona, \$5; Walthall, \$15; Columbus, \$10; Corinth, \$5; Crystal Springs, \$20; West Point, \$5; Daughters of Veterans, \$30.

ALABAMA CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The fifth annual convention of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., was held at Eufaula May 14 and 15 in

the hall of the Masons and Knights of Pythias, which was appropriately decorated in red and white, relieved by the green of handsome foliage plants and smilax gracefully festooned about the windows. One side of the hall was adorned with relics of the Confederacy, among which was an unexploded bombshell fired from Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island, in 1861, which fell harmlessly into the Confederate camp near Pensacola. Another interesting relic was a hand-made hat of oat straw, worn by Charles S. McDowell when serving in the Army of Tennessee; and an ingenious combination of knife, fork, and spoon all in one handle, also used by Mr. McDowell when in prison.

Nearly every Chapter in the Division was represented, and the meetings were specially harmonious. Among the important questions settled was the purchasing of the first White House of the Confederacy, at Montgomery. This has been a bone of contention, but at last the opposing faction granted the "White House Committee" the privilege of making this the division work for one year. A close vote resulted in the following officers being elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, of Opelika; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Bryce, of Tuscaloosa, and Mrs. Pruett, of Clayton; Treasurer, Mrs. Sanford, of Montgomery; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Lee, of Greenville, reelected; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ross, of Opelika; Registrar, Miss Clayton, of Enfield, reelected. •The convention will meet again in Greensboro next May.

The delegates were delightfully entertained, and expressed themselves as charmed with the hospitality of the little Bluff City, and especially appreciative of the efforts of Barbour Chapter in their behalf.

CULPEPER (V.A.) CHAPTER.

Mrs. G. C. Legalfant, President U. D. C., Culpeper, Va., writes reminiscences and of her Chapter:

One of the most historic places in Virginia is Culpeper—during the war called Culpeper C. H., now a thriving little city. In this place was the first hospital after the battle of Manassas, and perhaps there are yet living some Confederate soldiers who remember being nursed here. It falls to the lot of Culpeper Chapter, U. D. C., to keep in order the mound, walk, and carriage drive around the Confederate monument in the cemetery here, and each memorial day to have suitable services and strew with flowers the graves of the brave men buried there.

The main object in writing this is to say that there are about five hundred Confederate soldiers buried here, and their names, date of death, regiment, etc., are preserved by this Chapter. Soldiers from North and South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana are among the number.

The most noted battle fought in this county was that of Cedar Mountain, in which Gen. Jackson gained a decided victory over great odds. He reported this battle to Gen. Lee as follows: "On the evening of the 9th inst. God blessed our armies with another victory. The battle was fought at Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpeper C. H. The enemy, as reported by prisoners, consisted of Gen. Banks's, Sigel's, and McDowell's commands. While our loss is less than the enemy's, we have to mourn the death of some

of the best officers and men. Gen. Charles S. Winder was mortally wounded. We have collected about 1,500 small arms and other ordnance." In this battle, fought August 9, 1862, the Confederates numbered 19,000, while the Federals, according to their own returns, had 32,000 men.

CROSSES OF HONOR AT CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. Margaret Branch Sexton, Charlotte, N. C.:

In a recent number of the VETERAN I notice that the children of Charlotte are credited with having presented the Cross of Honor to the Confederate veterans. I think it only fair to state that this was the gift of fifty little girls composing the Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. I think a correction should be made, for this little band has done a beautiful work.

They presented to Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V., a very handsome silk flag, and they offered every member of the Camp—seven hundred in number—the Cross of Honor, and two hundred and nine of the men have filled out the papers and received the Cross; they have sent fifty dollars to the Sons of Confederate Veterans for the monument to women of the Confederacy, and they lack only four dollars of fifty which they are to send to the Jefferson Davis monument. Ten dollars was sent for the monument erected at Winchester to the North Carolina soldiers, who fell on Virginia soil.

All this is the work of fifty little girls in two years' time, every cent of the money having been raised by themselves, and I think we can truly say they are living up to the teaching of the Chapter, which is that they shall learn and preserve the true history of the war between the States, care for the sick and needy of the men who wore the gray, and honor the memory of those who gave their all—who gave more than the women—to the Confederate cause.

FAITHFUL CONFEDERATES AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Memorial day services were held at Alexandria, Va., on May 27. Gathered about the beautiful Confederate monument in the cemetery, loving hands and hearts paid tribute to those who, in the flower of their manhood, went forth to battle for the right. The site of the monument had received many improvements and is now a beautiful spot. Early in the day the graves in the various cemeteries had been strewn with flowers, and the exercises at the monument and at Christ Church ended the day. The oration by E. V. Register was eloquent and full of inspiration. He spoke of the devotion of the Confederate soldier to his cause, country, and leaders, and how, when his flag was furled forever, he stood like the statue Appomattox, facing his native land and with the future a blank before him, but with a stout heart and a firm determination to make the best of what fate had foreordained. He spoke of the cadets who stood at Newmarket as worthy sons of the men who charged at Gettysburg, and with the Confederate soldier in war and defeat as examples, said: "The South should raise generations second to none in history."

W. H. Cummings, Alvord, Tex., desires the address of Sergeant Nat Pharr and Mark Felts, Company B, Third Regiment Engineer Troops, C. S. A.

PRIVATE M'DEARMAN AT MURFREESBORO.

I give you my experience in the battle of Murfreesboro. I belonged to Company H, Twelfth Tennessee Regiment, Preston Smith's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. About dawn on the morning of December 30, 1862, the battle opened with the Alabama Brigade in our front. The Federals were on a hill in the woods. The Alabamians had to go through an open field to attack. The fighting was terrific for some time, and our men had to fall back. They were cut to pieces terribly when we were ordered forward to the edge of the field to lie down by an old hedgerow. The enemy cheered like a lot of little schoolboys. Cheatham gave orders for every man to be ready, and at the command "Attention" for each one to rise on his right knee and shoot under the smoke of the enemy's guns. Then we were to load and fire as we advanced. At the command every man was in his place. The enemy advanced downhill. We fired all at once, and rose yelling. Cheatham's and Pat Cleburne's men could beat the world on a yell. When we got to where they were when we fired on them there was a blue line of dead Yanks across the field. We kept as close to them as possible, firing as we advanced. I saw a large ash tree in the edge of the woods, and made for it. When I reached it I was so nearly exhausted that I could scarcely get my breath. I took a swallow of water, and then reloaded my gun. Soon the Yanks' battery at our front in the woods opened on us with grape and canister, and then their infantry too. That was a squally time. Our officers hallooed: "Charge men! charge! Gen. Cheatham says that battery must be taken if it costs the life of every man." We raised a yell, sent a volley into their lines, started at them, and never stopped until we got the battery of six guns. Then our command turned some of those guns upon them.

The Yankees re-formed promptly, and charged us. Then orders came thick and fast, "Fire! fire! fire, men!" and we did. About that time eighteen guns of the Federal batteries in a cedar brake to our right drove an enfilading fire of canister down our lines, and we began to waver. It seemed that every tree and man there would be torn to pieces. The officers got guns and went to work with us, appealing to us to "Stand firm; retreat means death." About that time I saw an old "Reb" to my right take off his hat and yell: "We have got 'em! we have got 'em!"

Soon afterwards I saw eighteen of our guns coming, touching the ground only in high places. The wheels of the cannon hardly stopped rolling before our boys opened on the Yankee batteries in the cedar brake. The first round silenced about half of them. They gave them another volley and shut them up. Then the artillery bugle sounded: "Limber up." Every man was quickly in place, and with hat in hand went yelling like demons. We raised a yell—those that were left of us—expecting to advance, but we were ordered to give way for Pat Cleburne's men. Those of us who survived unhurt were ordered to take the wounded back to our field hospital. We had suffered fearfully. We built fires that night and slept on the frozen ground.

About midnight another soldier and I got up to

warm. The moon was shining brightly. He proposed that we go to that cedar brake and see why the Yankees stopped firing so quickly. We went, and such a sight I had never seen. The havoc our guns had made was appalling. The next day Bragg ordered Breckinridge to make a charge on the right, the result of which caused us to fall back to Shelbyville.

Trenton, Tenn., June 9, 1901.

GRAVE OF CAPT. J. H. GREEN, THIRTEENTH TEXAS CAVALRY.—While Dr. J. H. Miller, of Paris, Tex., was riding over his ranch in Gaines County recently, he came upon a lonely grave on a high point of the prairie, which had perhaps never been visited since the mound was made. Upon the headstone he found inscribed: "Capt. J. H. Green, Captain of the Thirteenth Texas Cavalry. Died June 4, 1863." A. D. Lewis, manager of the ranch, says he remembers hearing his father speak of Capt. Green dying on the retreat from Fort Smith, when that place fell into the hands of the Federals. Relatives and friends will be gratified to know where he lies buried. Maybe some will wish to put an inclosure about the grave, or erect an enduring monument.

A. A. Rudd, Sergeant Company K, Sixth Virginia Infantry, sends the substance of an article that appeared in the *Richmond Dispatch*:

The annual reunion of the surviving members of Company K, Sixth Virginia Infantry, was held at Lone Oak, the home of Mr. A. A. Rudd. Those present were Capt. E. H. Flournoy, Comrades J. B. Sims, J. H. Bailey, J. C. Condrey, Robert Stratton, Samuel W. Rudd, Richard Stratton, A. G. Forsee, and W. C. Woodfin. The dinner for the occasion was prepared by a faithful servant of the old school, and the hostess was assisted in serving by Mrs. Jones, Misses Rudd, Sims, and White. Enthusiasm ran high with war songs, stories of camp life, and striking incidents, some of which were perfect in detail even after the lapse of thirty-five years. One member of the company mentioned having found a partridge nest just after the formation of the line of battle on one occasion, and his tent mate was ready to state with authority that he had taken the pains to count the eggs at the time, and there were just seventeen in the nest. Four of those present were free from battle scars, and Mr. J. C. Condrey had the honor of being wounded four times, and to still carry Yankee bullets. Company K, Alstad Grays, was a volunteer company, organized at the time of the John Brown raid, and first saw actual service under Col. Mahone, and in Mahone's Brigade after his promotion.

This renewal of comradeship from year to year is a bright spot in the lives of those who fought so well in the cause they deeply loved; but at the end of thirty-five years the roll is pitifully depleted, and there are left only thirty-three answers when the roll is called, the surviving members always dropping a tear when silence reigns after the calling of a name. This volunteer company was at Second Manassas, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, the Crater, Antietam, Pleasant Valley, Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania C. H., at the fighting around Gettysburg, and was with Lee at Appomattox.

EX-CONFEDERATE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

Extracts from the New York *American Art Journal*:

Few native-born New Yorkers are aware of the great number of ex-Confederate soldiers who are now dwellers in the great American metropolis, identified with its professional, official, mercantile, and general business life. I could name artists, sculptors, physicians, surgeons, clergymen, lawyers, and merchants; men of marked distinction as soldiers, and later in civil life, who have made their influence felt here in New York. A number of them came here soon after the close of the war to begin life anew, as it were, in this great cosmopolitan city, and many have won fame and fortune. Some of them are millionaires.

The city of New York gave to all of these men who wore the gray such a generous welcome as its people know how to give, and here they have established homes and have become a part and parcel of the metropolis.

They naturally clung together, and these old soldiers of the Confederacy united in forming a society, or camp, as a haven in the very center of a one-time "enemy's country."

This Confederate Veteran Camp of New York was not only founded to further social intercourse, but for benevolent purposes, to extend a helping hand to unfortunate comrades.

The victors in the long and bitter struggle, the men who wore the blue, received recompense from the government for their valuable services, but the losers, who wore the gray, could expect no reward, and they could appeal only to their comrades in arms who had been more fortunate in the hard fight for fortune.

In part to extend aid in sympathy to those worthy was the organization of Confederate Veterans founded.

At a meeting of the "Southern Auld Lang Syne Society," of New York, February 25, 1890, an article was read from the New York *Sun*, telling how a Grand Army Post had nobly cared for a Confederate soldier in need. At once a sum of money was raised for him, and that was the corner stone of the present large and influential New York Camp of Confederate Veterans.

In April of the same year the Camp became a reality. Article 2 of the Constitution reads:

"The object shall be to perpetuate the memories of our fallen comrades; to minister to the needy and worthy Confederate soldiers and sailors; . . . to preserve the sentiment that was born amid the hardships, dangers, bivouac, and battlefield. . . . Having long since buried the animosities engendered by the war, it is our desire to extend to our late adversaries courtesies which characterize intercourse between soldiers in a common citizenship."

The first Commander was Col. A. G. Dickinson, with Col. Thomas L. Snead, one time a Confederate Congressman, Lieutenant Commander.

May 28, 1890, the Camp, one hundred and twenty strong, attended the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Lee in Richmond.

Upon invitation of the U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., of Brooklyn, the New York Confederate Veteran Camp joined in the memorial services at the tomb of Gen. Grant.

The Camp has steadily increased in numbers since its organization, and there are now some three hundred members, though the last roll call summons its detail to join the "bivouac of the dead."

The list of the dead is a long one, and among them may be mentioned Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, Gen. Thomas Gordon, Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, and others whose names are of world-wide renown.

The officers of the Camp to-day are: Col. Edward Owen, Commander; Clarence Carey, Lieutenant Commander; Col. Thomas L. Moore, Adjutant; Stephen W. Jones, Paymaster; Rev. Dr. George S. Baker, Chaplain; Dr. J. Harvie Dew, Surgeon; Executive Committee: Fred C. Rogers, Samuel B. Paul, J. D. Wilkinson, B. Rush Smith, Peter Mollett.

While many have worked hard in the interests of the Camp, Commander Edward Owen has been conspicuous in his efforts to increase its membership and add to its strength and influence.

Col. Owen was a distinguished soldier as an officer of the famous Washington Light Artillery Battalion of New Orleans. He was promoted on the field at the first battle of Bull Run, and took part in many of the great battlefields in Virginia. He was wounded and captured. He bears honored testimonials from Mr. Jefferson Davis, Gens. Beauregard and Longstreet, and others. He has held the important office of Commissioner of Accounts since 1885.

Charles Broadway Rouss, a member of the Camp, presented a very handsome granite monument, some sixty feet in height, a noble *in memoriam* to those who sleep and those who will sleep in its shadow.

Upon May 26 last the Camp, aided by the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and also the Southern Society and societies of Virginia and North Carolina, held in Mount Hope memorial ceremonies.

Flowers from G. A. R. Posts were sent as a tribute to be placed upon the graves of the Confederate dead.

A most interesting incident of the ceremonies was the presentation to the veterans of the "Confederate Cross of Honor" from the Daughters of the Confederacy.

A very appropriate address was delivered by Mrs. James H. Parker, President of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, when she presented the crosses to the veterans.

Comrade William Seaton, Jonesboro, Ark., inquires:

I was a member of Company D, Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, under Col. Newman, and afterwards under Gov. A. S. Marks. I had my left arm shot off at Hoover's Gap June 25, 1863. I have been drawing a State pension in this State. The recent Legislature changed the law, and I have to make my proof again. My proof was made under the old law by Gov. Marks, who is now dead. I want the address of two of my old comrades to make proof of service and of my disability in service. I should be glad to hear from some of the boys who know I served my country. I need this proof at once.

Maj. John G. Young, of Winston, N. C., asks that some participant write an account of the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., where the gallant Ramseur was wounded and fell into the enemy's hands.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

BY THOMAS J. RUSSELL, THIRD TENNESSEE.

The affair of July 18, 1861, was merely a prelude to the first great battle of Manassas, which was fought on Sunday, the 1st. The Federal army, well-organized and splendidly equipped, invaded the soil of Virginia. "On to Richmond" had sounded and reëchoed. Their generals in regal elegance, their ministers, senators, representatives, and their women came to the heights of Centerville to witness the immolation of the Rebel army and the subjugation of the Southern people.

The Federals were marshaled by Gens. McDowell and Patterson, while the battle was planned by that old veteran and hero, Winfield Scott. The Confederates were commanded by the intrepid Gens. Johnston and Beauregard, aided by such men as Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Smith, Bee, Bartow, Elzy, and others.

At 7 A.M. the battle was opened by a brisk cannonade from the Federal lines, which lasted till noon. Then the Federal legions advanced, anticipating an easy victory. They were, however, met at every step with stubborn resistance by the valiant sons of the South, who sent death and destruction into their dense ranks. For three dreadful hours the battle seemed to hang in almost even scale. Column after column of the enemy was brought to bear in quick succession, and each recurring column was as promptly checked. Nothing could be heard above the fearful din of battle, save the fitful cheering of each column as they met the shock of battle. Sherman's celebrated battery was captured and recaptured three different times. Bee, Bartow, and Fisher had already fallen while leading fearful charges, yet victory still trembled in the balance. Ah! what a fearful suspense! but just then, in the doubtful moment, relief appeared. Elzy's Brigade, composed of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Virginia, Third Tennessee, and First Maryland, came upon the ensanguined field with a shout that seemed to rend the heavens and for a moment to drown the sullen and terrific roar of battle. As the brigade was hastily wheeled into line, terror and dismay seized the embattled host, and they fled, leaving us the proud victors.

After the battle between the hostile armies had ceased, we were ordered from our position on the extreme left, and proceeded along that part of the battlefield which had been held by the Federals during the heat of the struggle. When the brigade arrived at the brow of the hill and emerged from the thick undergrowth that skirted the field, what a scene here opened to the gaze of the young and inexperienced soldier! It would take an experienced writer with rare gifts to picture the slaughtered thousands that lay mangled on the gory field. In my school days I had followed through history the great captains of ancient and modern times in their struggle for power and empire, and under the intoxicating influence of the gifted historian I had wished myself a soldier. Now my boyish dreams were realized. I was now upon the first great battlefiel of Manassas. Nothing could be seen but one vast field of destruction and death. Friend and foe lay dying and dead on every side; men had been torn literally to pieces by the rude shock of the cannon ball as it sped along on its mis-

sion of death. Groups of soldiers might be seen dead in almost every conceivable attitude. Some poor fellows who had received mortal wounds while the fearful struggle was going on for the mastery of Sherman's battery had managed to get away themselves or had been carried by their comrades to the shade of a neighboring tree, and there, while the fury of battle still raged and without a friend to sustain and comfort, made their eternal exit from the shore of time and from the toil and strife of an unfortunate war. The man of fortune and the vagabond soldier lay in one heap of death.

INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

James V. Fleming, of Sumter, Tenn., is anxious to find some of his old comrades of the sixties, and mentions especially John Horton, who was a member of Campbell's Company from Greene County, Mo. Comrade Fleming served for six months in the Missouri State Guards, taking part in the battles of Oak Hill, Lexington, Pea Ridge, etc. He enlisted in the Confederate service under Capt. Dick Campbell in January, 1862, and went through all the battles in which the regiment participated. He was seriously wounded during the siege of Vicksburg and disabled for life, but returned to his command after his furlough expired.

John H. Wall, Morganfield, Ky.: "I notice an error in the December VETERAN, page 527, in the statement that Col. Martin organized and commanded the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. Col. A. R. Johnson and R. M. Martin raised and organized a regiment of cavalry, which was afterwards commanded by Col. Martin, but it was the Tenth. My brother, S. G. Wall, was captain of one of the companies, and was killed at Milton, Tenn. Capt. Hockersmith succeeded him, and I was made first lieutenant, and put in charge of the convalescent corps and wagon train when Morgan left on his Ohio raid. This regiment was raised principally in Obion County.

J. P. Hamilton makes inquiry for Jones Hart, who belonged to Capt. Grayson's (?) Company of the Fifth Texas Regiment. He was born in Davidson County, Tenn., and moved to Texas in the fifties, locating near Washington, Tex. He was reported to have been killed in a charge at Chancellorsville or Sharpsburg. All that his family ever heard of him was that he fell in the charge, and after the charge he was seen propped against a pine tree, pale and ghastly.

A. E. Reese, of Madisonville, Ky., desires the address of Ephraim or Joseph H. Reese, or any of their descendants. Joseph H. Reese was in the Confederate army, and was in prison on Johnson's Island in 1862. Information concerning either of them will be appreciated.

J. T. Rice, Kemp, Tex., inquires for John M. Clark, colonel of the Forty-Sixth Tennessee Infantry, who was captured at Island No. 10. After being exchanged he joined the Thirty-Fourth Texas Cavalry, and served to the end of the war as private.

CONFEDERATE SIRES AND SONS.

This beautiful editorial comment on the "Sires and Sons" of the reunion appeared in *Memphis Scimitar*."

A glance at the two conventions will give the observer a fair conception of the old South and as it is now. In Confederate Hall he will see survivors of the South's army—not grand in name, but in deeds that cannot fade from the world's memory while respect for valor and constancy in grievous straits shall endure. All ages exceeding fifty years are represented among the delegates. There is the patriarch, bowed by the weight of years and perchance enfeebled by wounds, who had reached manhood's prime before he went forth to battle for the South; and side by side with him is the still alert and vigorous comrade who gave his boyhood to its cause, and was a veteran before his face knew the shadowy growth of incipient maturity. Gray hair predominates, and the limbs of most have lost their suppleness, but they still carry themselves like men who know their own worth as having played an honorable part in great events. There, too, are some—too few, alas!—of the leaders who once showed them the way to glory, and it is worth a year of life to hear the old boys cheer them as they appear. It is the "Rebel yell" in the minor key imposed by time, but none who ever heard that sharp, fox-hunting cry on the battlefield could mistake it. It is still the vocal expression of an ardor that made sport with death.

At the Auditorium one may see these men of a former generation reproduced in their offspring. There are the same sinewy forms and clean-cut features, the same quickness of apprehension, and the same earnestness and fiery energy that distinguished the Southern soldier of forty years ago. And there, too, one may mark in the speech of the delegates the same devotion to high ideals that made the aforesaid Southerner a proper leader in the councils of the nation. They are worthy sons of noble sires, and they give assurance that all that was best in the old South will be preserved to future generations.

Bill Arp writes for the *Atlanta Constitution*:

Forty years have passed since these soldier boys first shouldered arms and hurried to the front. No such array of patriots was ever seen, for there was not a Tory among them, nor a foreign hireling, and even the Northern-born citizens of the South volunteered with one accord, and cast their lives and property in the common peril of their adopted State. To that class we owe all the more honor, for it was a great heart struggle to sever the bonds that bound them to their kindred and the place of their birth. Forty years have not effaced nor dimmed the memory of those four long years from the minds of the veterans who gathered at the Memphis reunion. As time rolls on they seem the more eager to congregate and commune together; and, happily, there are none now to molest or make them afraid. The soldiers of the gray and the blue are becoming every year the more considerate of the feelings and principles of each other. The soldiers I say—those who fought against us—for the bravest are the tenderest. It is the politicians who saw the battle from afar who still refuse to give us back our flags, and are still worrying over the Rebel

brigadiers whom we have sent to Congress. But time is a good doctor, and soft words take away wrath.

That was a grand convocation that paraded the streets of Memphis. Hearts beat rapidly and eyes were moist with tears,

"While memory lingered o'er the sad review of joys
That faded like the morning dew."

That was a beautiful prayer sent up to heaven by our beloved grand chaplain, Rev. J. William Jones, the faithful bulwark of Confederate history. I know that the blue and the gray clasped hands and hearts as he invoked a blessing upon Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, and asked for her restoration to health. I tell you, my brethren, there is nothing small or selfish or mean in the hearts of our great leaders. In war and in peace they have been and are gentlemen. There was not a Nero or a Duke of Alva among them, nor a heartless destroyer of the innocent, nor a violator of the laws of kindness to women and children. Our soldiers fought a good fight, on patriotic principles, and it rejoices us that they have kept the faith and are as true now to the nation as they were then to the principles for which they fought. Those principles are not dead; and we believe that if this republican government is preserved from the domination of imperialism, with which it is threatened, it will be the conservative spirit of the South that will do it. The spirit of constitutional liberty is yet alive with us, and will be transmitted to our children. It is high time that the Northern preachers and teachers and editors were learning a salutary lesson from annual reunions of the old Confederates.

If I had been a Federal soldier and lived up there, it seems to me that I would say: "My brethren, those Rebels must have been tremendously in earnest. There is no let-up or abatement in their faith. Forty years have not humbled them one iota. We had better make friends with such a people, and divide honors and pensions, too. They have carried an awful load for all these years. They have to pay a good part of the pensions to our soldiers and all of the pensions to their own and a big tax to educate their negroes; and they had to endure the ravages and stealages of the carpetbaggers for years, but they never complain. They fight back and defend their honor, but, like the sons of Alnomok, they never complain. Surely they are a great people. They suffer, and are strong. When soldiers were wanted for Cuba and the Philippines they came at the first call. Brethren, let us stop all this anti-Southern sentiment, and make our preachers and editors stop it. There is no good in rubbing an old sore. We don't know what may happen, and we may need those boys to save the country. The veterans are dying out, but their sons are the same old stock. The South is fast coming to the front, and is destined to be a great power in the land, and if we keep on aggravating them with abuse, it is possible they may get fighting mad some of these days, and get up another civil war and—and—and—whip us again, or come pretty near it."

J. O. Andrews, of Gainesville, Fla., wants the name of the turreted monitor which lay on blockade duty at the mouth of Vernon or Montgomery river, on the coast of Georgia, Chatham County, during the latter part of 1862 and early in '63. Was it Ottabaw Sound?

THE SOLDIER OF 1861—1898.

BY MRS. CAREY A. FOLK, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The soldier is a necessary and distinct character in every age and every civilization.

In the earliest records we have of any peoples we find among them the soldier; in war to fight, in peace to watch; in war to labor, in peace to wait. He was a product of the natural evolving conditions of the world. He was produced for a distinct purpose, and labored for a definite end.

The soldier was never free from the responsibilities imposed by the nation, the tribe. He was oftentimes an advanced slave, glorified by some deed of valor, strength, or strategy. A knight he may have been, wearing the spur of the king. A laborer we see him in Egypt's great civilization when Khufu (or Cheops), called the "Glorious," began the construction of the great pyramid of Gizeh. We see him in Macedonia; at his home in Sparta bidding farewell to mother and friends; on the Acropolis at Athens, his armor glittering in the sunlight of a Greek day.

What would Nineveh, Palmyra, or Babylon have been without him, and what did he at last do for them?

He wrought cities out of chaos, and made ruins out of cities; he built empires of human suffering and sighs, and then destroyed them with floods of human blood.

In making a world of progress he destroyed nations. In establishing the religion of Christ he cut through dense pagan practices with the sword.

It is at Thermopylæ that we see the Persian and the Greek die like men, one rejoicing at a victory, one sighing over defeat—both heroes.

In Gaul with Cæsar, in the forum of Rome, he proclaims a truth for which he will die.

With Charlemagne he marches through France. With William of Normandy he lands on England's soil, meets the young Saxon, Harold, the soldier-king. With Richard he, a knight, joins the first crusade. And so we might go on and on from one period to another with the men who have taken so conspicuous a part in the making of history for the world.

In war a hero, in peace a statesman; in war a soldier, in peace a citizen. He is everywhere, in every land, in every time, no civilization has a history without him, no legend a romance, nor age a literature without the soldier. So it seems that the soldier is a part, a factor in this great economic plan of creation.

There is very slight difference between the classes of soldiers of the centuries gone by and the soldier of the present.

We might arrange them in three classes: the soldier of fortune, or professional soldier; the soldier of adventure; and the soldier of principle or duty—patriotism.

To the last and best belongs the Southern soldier of 1861. All praise to him, dead or living!

When the clouds gathered, the lightning flash of patriotic brotherhood tingled in the breast of every Southerner—the thunder broke in awful cadences over the lives of these men.

When the call for volunteers came echoing down through the mountain gorges of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, spreading over the lowlands of the coast and middle States; when the day of mus-

tering in came, and our mothers and grandmothers handed to our boys in gray the sword, or the musket that spoke the words "war" and "death;" when with eyes full of tears—those holy crystals of the soul—they prayed God's blessing upon them; when the train moved out of the station amid the shouts of "God-speed," "Good-by," and "God bless you;" when a quiet fell upon the town, a quiet so appalling, so sacred that even the weeping of the women or the moaning of the "old mammy" seemed a profanation—when, I say, this occurred, was it anything but love, duty, or patriotism that bade the star in man's life move on to battle with a foe for a principle?

What was it that took him from home and sweetheart but to save that home and her whom he hoped to wed, to save the honor of a land and preserve untinged the flag of a proud people.

Into the war, into the darkness, into the night, sped the cars bearing our braves. What was it that gave the men to their fate? When on the field of battle, counting the moments by the blood drops from his side, he called to his comrades, "Don't give up, boys," and died.

When man after man—yes, hundreds, thousands—fell in the conflict of might and numbers against right and home; when, after the struggle, a calm fell, peace declared, and, though it was like a dove, her wings made a shadow deep and long upon the face of our fair land—our men, ragged, tired, and hungry, overpowered, not beaten, turned homeward—alas! where were the homes?

When they found a condition deplorable, only a waste of land, a broken constitution, these men, who had fought with patriotic fury, suffered privations unequaled, met the issue, and then put down the musket for the hoe, the saber for the plow, the sword for the pen, and revived a nation unexcelled in social and intellectual prowess.

Who can say these were soldiers of fortune, or soldiers of adventure? Not one. They were glorious, they were grand in their efforts for a noble principle—nurtured in the pure soil of a Southern heart and blossomed under the bullet showers of a battlefield. Let us love and honor the sons of the South, the soldiers of principle, many of whom now sleep.

"Who knows what holy love may fill
The heart that seems so cold and still?"

These were men, the full measure and statue of perfect men, born to meet any situation, contrary to Lincoln's philosophy, "To be controlled by events, rather than controlling them." They arose to the necessity of new duties like the "water bending itself to any channel or the air folding itself to each new figure."

To many this war is still a sad fact, inseparable from the scenes of the present. A turning point it was in many a life. To some it is a memory less bitter by the intervening years. To some only a "tale that is told"—a legend with little that is true. But let us who feel the thrill of Southern patriotism only through a father's and mother's experiences be not indifferent to the truths of history, the facts too often perverted. Rather let us join hands with those who fought, those who suffered, and sing praises to a glorious cause.

The erosions of time, like a river, carry off the jagged edges of the sentiment of hatred between the

two great auxiliary nations. As the years pass on they carry farther away the scenes and schisms of other days.

The development of mutual interests, the commingling of the two peoples, have fraternized the feeling existing. The two flags have been rewoven into one; the Southern boy has gone into the war service of the United States, wearing the blue coat but the gray hat. He belongs to one of the three named classes. He is known as the American soldier, either regular or volunteer.

Patriotism takes him away oftentimes, but not that patriotism which inspired his father or uncles. His is a desire to do his country a service, and gain for himself a name for heroism. Though he wear the blue and march to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," if a Southerner, a true Southerner he will be forever. In Manila he is an American volunteer soldier, but he is more: he is a Southern American volunteer soldier.

No regiments have received greater praise for faithful service and loyal conduct than the Tennessee regiments, sons of their fathers, sons of the South.

The American soldier is the product of a nation which could not wear a yoke. The Anglo-Saxon was born to govern, to be free, to create, to build a social and political structure, mighty and masterful.

This soldier whom we honor to-day has the old-time enthusiasm of his race. He fights as hard; he goes into battle urged by the same zeal; he fires, falls, or dies in the same way. The soldier blood of forefathers flows in the boys of 1898.

At King's Mountain, at Bunker Hill, at Chickamauga, and at Franklin their ancestors fought amid the killed and wounded. The sword scar in the father's breast has its impress upon the hearts of the boys of to-day.

The battle cry is not hushed; the tramp of feet not stilled; the desire to rise, go and meet the enemy, is only sleeping, like the picket at his post. But one rustle among the dry leaves, one motion of a bough, and an army is awake ready to march.

The soldier of fortune seldom reaps his reward. The soldier of adventure tires of the novelty, and alone, far from the scenes of childhood, sickens and dies, and, unattended save by a few, goes to his reward.

The soldier of duty, patriotism, oftentimes returns a victor to wear the honors of a nation's admiration, or else he falls, fighting for a principle taught at the fireside at home. He dies a man, and in the winding sheet of a nation's love is laid to rest under the sky, no flowers but the stars, the "forget-me-nots of the angels;" no monument but the hills, God's sentinels to the plains; no tears but the showers of the sky, no prayers but the sighing of the wind through the pines.

The blending of the old spirit of 1861 with the new of 1898 makes the soldier of the present a manly man, a soldierly soldier. He is a creature of interest everywhere; he wears a halo no other can hope to gain. We weave rose wreaths in our imagination about his personality, investing him with somewhat superhuman charms.

Why do you ask? Because he is linked in our minds with the soldiers of other days, with the ones of ancient times, and in reflecting upon him we weave a subtle charm in which we find the knights of old.

This true Southern American soldier bears our national colors in life, he wears them to his death, and with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, his soul passes into the great beyond, his body laid to sleep beside a kinsman who died as he died—fighting for his country.

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS HOME.

Mrs. R. C. Hardison, wife of the Superintendent, who has been a blessing to the Home in many ways, and who secured the money to build the beautiful chapel which is named in her honor, has left the Home indefinitely on account of ill health. She has written:

To My Dear Old Friends: I believe most of you are my friends. God knows I am a friend to every one of you. I would do for you anything in my power, and my prayers ascend heavenward every day of my life for the salvation of your souls. I feel that my time with you is limited. I know that, unless my health improves, I can't be with you and do this labor of love a great while longer. You see, my strength is giving way, but, thank God! I have an abiding faith, which grows stronger and stronger as my bodily strength gives way, that every one of our men will be safely housed in the fold of God before my labors shall end. O don't let us wait too long, and our talents be buried, so that when the Goodman of the house comes and calls us to give an account of our stewardship we shall prove to be unfaithful servants!

While I am a very, very weak vessel indeed, and have my imperfections, and feel my incapacity on account of my limited education; my heart is in the work, and, by God's help, I am trying to do the best I can, and hope God will yet send his Holy Spirit into your hearts—you who are not Christians—that you may feel its benign influence leading and guiding you in the way of truth and life. While we are so isolated, and lead such monotonous lives, we have much time to read and meditate and talk to each other about our prospects for the future, we have many golden opportunities of doing good and helping our brothers. We ought to "work while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." May God, in his mercy, spare especially you who are not on the Lord's side awhile longer, and may you stop and think and look before you make the awful leap into eternity, where there will be no opportunity to seek mercy and pardon!

I feel that God has blessed me in many ways, and answered my prayers in many specific instances, in my effort to serve him in my feeble, imperfect way, since my childhood. I bless his holy name, and feel more determined to try to live closer to him and serve him better than I have in the past. I feel thankful that my husband is shouldering the cross and trying to live nearer to our blessed Saviour than he has ever done before. We love all of you, and are doing the best we can for you, and ask an interest in your prayers. May God bless and save every one of you! is the prayer of both of us, who hope to meet you "beyond the river."

John H. Scrogin, of Rogers, Ark., seeks information of his father, Sidney A. Scrogin, who was captured at Green river bridge and taken prisoner to Camp Douglas. He was in Company A, Howard Smith's Regiment, under Gen. Morgan.

THE WESTERN ARMY.

Address by Col. Bennett H. Young to the United Confederate Veterans at the Memphis Reunion.

As one of the chosen orators at the Memphis reunion, Col. Young, of Louisville, took as his theme the Western Army, and dealt with it in a way that must be satisfactory to all parties. After pleasant words about the Bluff City, which was the home of "that wonderful man, Nathan Bedford Forrest," Col. Young said:

I yield to no man in admiration of what the Army of Northern Virginia accomplished. It was led by Lee, Jackson, J. E. Johnston, the Hills, Stuart, and by Gordon, and won a renown that is as deserved as it is imperishable. Its operations were confined within narrow limits, no navigable streams pierced its borders, and two hundred miles square witnessed its operations, its magnificent successes, and its unsurpassed gallantry.

He must be a traitor to the glorious memories of the Confederacy who utters a single word in depreciation of its splendid worth and its superb work. The achievements of the Army of Northern Virginia have rendered illustrious its officers and its men, and they met every requirement that purest patriotism, heroic self-denial, and undaunted courage could either demand or accomplish. Gathered in defense of the capital of the Confederacy, the preservation of which was held to be its very life, it suffered losses and evinced a valor which are among the most priceless treasures of the bravest and most chivalrous army which ever battled for human rights or defended the sacredness of native land. The very position it held, the very purpose it was marshaled to accomplish, gave it a prominence which had a tendency to overshadow the other armies of the South and to eclipse by its splendor the performances of other portions of the Confederate hosts.

The conflicts in the West were long delayed. Before lines could be formed, or plans prepared, the Army of Northern Virginia had already won resplendent fame. Although the war began in the summer of 1861, no really great battle was fought in the West until Shiloh came, in April, 1862, and in its terrible loss of life gave augury of the awful holocaust that was demanded of the South and her people in their efforts to be free. The Federal loss in killed, wounded, and missing of over 13,000, and the Confederate loss of nearly 11,000, were the most appalling military figures the American mind had ever contemplated; and on this field, where for the first time in real array the dashing soldier of the South met the hardy warrior of the West in stubborn conflict, both sides measurably apprehended the magnitude of the contest upon which they had entered. The 2,000 losses at Donelson, the record of 1,500 killed and wounded at Bull Run now appeared insignificant when there broke upon American minds the terrible casualties of 25,000 in a single combat. In amazement, this dreadful calamity forced itself into the hearts and homes of the men and women on both sides; and this, the greatest battle up to that time ever fought in America, with its mighty death list and its terrible destruction, painted in strongest colors the horrors of

a civil war, where freemen met freemen in defense of what each esteemed a great principle, backed by convictions in support of which they were willing, if need be, to die.

Missouri so far had borne the brunt of the fiercest storms, Carthage and Wilson's Creek and Springfield had demanded sacrifice, and the gallant men under Price had freely met all the requirements, and had willingly shed their blood to save their State from Federal rule. Alabama had to her record no engagements on land; Arkansas had felt battle's touch only at Elkhorn; Florida had so far been practically immune; no heavy hand had yet been laid on Georgia; Kentucky had seen a few skirmishes and caught a glimpse of conflict at Wildcat; Louisiana's soil was free, but cruisers had sailed along her coast, harbingers of the woes yet to come; Mississippi had within her borders no hostile forces; the battle of Newburn, with its small list, was all North Carolina had experienced of the awful decimation yet to fall upon her sons; South Carolina had heard only a few guns in between pickets; Tennessee had then nothing but Donelson; while Virginia could only place to her score Big Bethel, Bull Run, Dranesville, Kernstown, and Winchester, none of which gave any omen of the immeasurable treasure of blood to be shed on her soil for Southern independence.

The record of one Confederate redounds to the glory of all; the silent grave on the hillside, the lone mound in the forest, the dash over the breastworks, the heroic stand before a heavy cannonade, the long trenches of slain on the battlefield, the lingering death in the hospital, the sudden end on the picket line, the isolated fall of the sharpshooter, the patient marcher in the storm or the weary ride of the grim trooper, all go to make up war; and each in its way is the act of a hero; and these all complete the superb record which stamps the Confederate soldier as the equal of any one who ever fought or died for truth.

Western soldiers make no claim of being better than the men who fought in the East. All these men who marched or died along the Mississippi, the Arkansas, the Red river, the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Black, and the Yazoo ask is to have it known that they exhibited the same heroism, the same gallantry, the same readiness to suffer and die, the same unselfish patriotism, as the men whose blood crimsoned the soil of Virginia or poured out life's tide at Gettysburg or made red the Potomac at Antietam with their heart's offering.

The Army of Tennessee, though often beaten, never despaired; though many times defeated, it never doubted; no misfortune could destroy its courage, and no adversity could quench its spirit. Far removed from the center of operations, its equipment was not the best the Confederate quartermaster had, but this aroused no murmur in the manly breasts of its soldiers. It was too loyal not to sympathize in the mighty effort of the government to beat back the Federal hordes that pushed down upon Richmond, the national capital, and the apparent neglect of its comfort and its actual needs aroused no complaint among the brave men who composed its legions. The enemy in front was its most reliable quartermaster, and Forrest, Wheeler, and Morgan were its most bountiful commissaries.

The commanders placed over them were not always the ones they loved best or trusted most, but neither on the march nor in conflict with their enemy did they allow these opinions to lessen their zeal or abate their courage; pleased or displeased, they fought with unsurpassed courage, declined no service, and hesitated at no sacrifice; one single, earnest thought dominated every soul, and one desire nerved every arm—the defense of the Confederacy and the defeat of their foes was the great absorbing principle which made them such magnificent soldiers and splendid heroes in battles like Shiloh, Chickamauga, Brice's Crossroads, Kennesaw Mountain, Resaca, Jonesboro, Perryville, Stone's River, Baton Rouge, Corinth, Iuka, Harrisburg, and Franklin.

Briefly, comrades, allow me to call your attention, in a comparative way, to some battles in the West which are fearful in mortality, and all of which in a high degree show not only the genius but the courage of the men of the West.

History and song alike magnify Gettysburg as one of the greatest battles of modern times. Its effect on the Confederacy was marked and conspicuous, and from the hour when Pickett and others withdrew their shattered and broken but heroic columns from the heights at Cemetery Ridge, it was apparent that the fortunes of the Confederacy had reached flood tide, and they must ebb and ebb and ebb until they should leave the Army of Northern Virginia stranded amid the gloom, distress, and sorrow of Appomattox.

As the men under the eye of Lee, greatest soldier and man, comrades, the world ever produced, crossed the valley and wrote in their lifeblood on the pitiless rocks of Gettysburg heights the ineffaceable glory of Southern gallantry and daring, the world's heart quickened with admiration and wonder at the splendid display of human heroism and nobility, and mankind gave those illustrious men unstinted praise for their superb conduct in the awful and terrible scenes of that dreadful sacrifice. The coming and going of years will brighten, not dim, the grandeur and sublimity of that spectacle, and no imagination has yet been found glowing enough to describe in fitting terms the courage and intrepidity of those who joined in that fateful but valiant work.

All the blood shed was not poured out on the Potomac. In 1863 two mighty armies met in fiercest conflict on a stream near the Georgia and Tennessee line, called Chickamauga, a name antedating history, and called by the red man "Stream of Death." It may be that prophetic ken revealed to the red man, as he drank of its cooling waters or rested in its grateful shade, that the white men who were to drive him from his home and possess his land would on its banks and amid its waters meet in fiercest array and stain its current with the flow of blood.

On the 19th day of September, 1863, 55,000 Federal troops and 40,000 Confederates were to engage in deadliest encounter. No fiercer fight had ever been witnessed on the American continent. On these two days a dreadful casualty list was to be audited. Reserves were out of the question, and every man was needed. All were to go to the front and face the foe. Some of the men who had achieved distinction on the battlefields of Virginia were to assault side by side with the men who had won renown at Shiloh and Iuka,

Corinth and Stone River, and in friendly and generous rivalry seek glory and victory in this terrible battle. These magnificent veterans soon learned that the Western men were their equals in all that makes soldiers. Their chivalry and superb gallantry lost nothing in comparison with the men who at Antietam, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Kernstown, Port Republic, or Seven Pines had written in the book of fame the story of Southern courage.

As these men of the East and of the West went across the valleys and over the ridges and swept before them the Federal foe, they found all alike ready to do all that men could or dared do in the holy cause of freedom. The 16,000 dead, wounded, and missing on the Federal side and 11,500 on the Confederate side presented war in its most frightful form, and was a new manifestation of the tremendous earnestness of both sides and an omen of the ceaseless onslaught against the South until she should be crushed by sheer destruction of men and resources.

Waiving all questions of Bragg's capacity as a general, he never possessed the implicit confidence of his army. Inwardly the men he commanded mistrusted his ability; but, while without faith in his leadership, their conduct at Perryville, Stone's River, Chickamauga, and many other engagements challenges human admiration, and gives them high rank amongst the world's heroes, for they fought oftentimes without hope, and yet without fear.

Of the seventy regiments in the Confederate service holding the highest percentage of mortality in a single battle, the men of the West have to their credit



MISS WINNIE HOGAN, SPRINGFIELD, MO.,
Sponsor at Memphis reunion.

seventeen of these immortal titles at Chickamauga alone.

Of the eighteen Confederate brigades suffering the greatest losses in single battles, Chickamauga had four and Gettysburg four; and if the records of Franklin could be written out, the West would be entitled to eleven out of the twenty-one thus reported.

On the 16th of September, 1862, one of the bloodiest battles of the war was fought near the Potomac, at Antietam, Md. Lee had 35,000 men, badly clad, ill-fed, to face 87,000 well-fed and well-kept men under McClellan. Sixty thousand of these McClellan carried into conflict, while 27,000 more were held in reserve, ready to enter the contest when called. Antietam was as brave a fight as had ever been witnessed. The terrible loss on both sides told with indisputable proof how sanguinary was the struggle. Of the Southern men, 8,000 were left on the field; brigades and regiments were almost annihilated. Lee had seen, with keenest and deepest emotion, the noblest brigades of his great lieutenants, Longstreet, Hill, and Ewell, melt away under the withering fire. Along the ridges and down through the valleys the unequal struggle was long maintained. It was the fate of the South always to be outnumbered, but it was to its glory that it never succumbed to such numbers. There was never a battle fought during the war, under equal conditions, where the forces were at all evenly divided, that the Confederates were not victorious.

The casualties at Antietam played havoc with the best troops Robert E. Lee ever commanded; and now their pertinacity, courage, and intrepidity find their noblest commentary and their worthiest praise in the dead and wounded which covered the field over which this murderous conflict was carried on. It was long remembered by both Federals and Confederates as one of the most terrible battles of the war. McClellan was an able general, and in this battle was backed by some of the best subordinates that ever followed a Federal leader; while Lee, with Jackson, Hill, Longstreet, and Stuart, with as valiant soldiers as ever aligned, faced the awful war storm that broke in such violence and vehemence along those Maryland ridges. No braver men, no more furious conflict marked the history of any war, and in this the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia showed they were a worthy and fit match for any soldiers that ever made battle; and no soldier, be he from the Army of Northern Virginia, from the Army of Tennessee, or from the Trans-Mississippi Department, does not feel his heart quicken and his cheek glow with pride when he remembers the scenes of that combat.

The men of the West recognize the desperate valor and the inexhaustible courage which distinguished this great struggle. They have only to speak in praise and commendation of all that was done by their comrades of the East on that fearful occasion; but away in the West, on the bloody field of Franklin, there was a more than counterpart of the destruction and horrors of Antietam. In the battle of Franklin it was reserved for the Army of Tennessee to make its last great struggle, and in that struggle to suffer practical annihilation, but in its death to leave a monument of noble manhood and patriotic courage which will stand coterminous with time itself.

Sherman had gone upon his march to the sea;

Hood had commenced his campaign through Tennessee and Alabama, and had reached Franklin, Tenn., on the 30th of November, 1864, where he formed his 20,000 men to assault the Federal soldiers under Gen. Schofield. This small remnant of those hosts who so earnestly and so gallantly had defended Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia for three years past alone remained.

As the Confederate army on the ridge looked down and across the valley at the other side, some two miles away, where the Federals were intrenched, these 20,000 undismayed and gallant patriots presented one of the most imposing and thrilling scenes that had marked the conduct of the great war. One of the assaulting columns was led by the impetuous and chivalrous Cleburne. No troops ever passed through more tremendous discharges of artillery and small arms than these men from Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Kentucky on that terrible day. By their valor they found a resting place in part behind the works of their enemies, but it was only the rest of death.

Of the Confederates engaged in this conflict, the loss reached the enormous figures of thirty-three per cent. Pickett, in his world-renowned charge, lost twenty-one per cent, while the infantry engaged at Franklin lost thirty-three per cent. Thirteen regimental commanders were killed, thirty-two wounded, and nine captured. Of the four brigadier generals in Brown's Division, Carter, Gist, and Strahl were killed and Gordon captured, and the major general was so severely wounded that his division was commanded by a colonel the next day. Maj. Gen. Cleburne, Gen. Granbury, and Gen. John Adams lay dead; while Gen. Cockrell, Gen. Manigault, Gen. Quarles, and Gen. Scott were wounded. In proportion to the number of men engaged, the battle of Franklin was the bloodiest of modern times, and in proportion to the number of officers who entered this conflict no other battle presents more terrible losses. For daring and desperate courage and mortality the battle of Franklin stands out as one of the most memorable conflicts of any war.

Time fails for the details of this awful and wonderful battle. The men of the West answer back to the men of the East that, whatever may have occurred at Antietam, worse occurred at Franklin, and the conduct and the courage of these Southern and Southwestern men at Franklin entitle them to a full share in the enduring record of that immortality which Confederate soldiers purchased with their lifeblood.

The Army of Tennessee had been called upon during its entire existence to endure peculiar and unusual privations, and to meet extraordinary reverses. The topographical conditions, its wide separations from the Confederate capital, its liability to be flanked by forces transported along thousands of miles of navigable streams render its location uncertain, and after all its defeats it was a sad fate in a last noble response to the call of duty to meet practical annihilation.

Malvern Hill was a great test of the pluck and courage of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was at the end of the seven days' fighting so prolific of casualties and exacting a degree of patriotism and bravery and suffering rarely witnessed in the annals of war,

and when the great commander, at the end of weary marching and a week's fearful mortality and mental and physical suffering, made another demand upon his gallant heroes for one last effort to drive McClellan into the James river, his call met with a ready response; and through the thickets, over the meadows, and up the cannon-crowned hill these noble legions moved with fearless hearts to complete the great work now about accomplished, of saving the Confederate capital from assault.

It saddens the heart to read the accounts of that fearful day and its apparently useless sacrifice. No words can aptly tell the story of the splendid heroism of those tired but fearless men as they cheerfully essayed the most hopeless task of forcing the army of McClellan from its last stronghold. Doomed to failure, it again wrote in letters of blood a brilliant chapter in its magnificent history, and illumined its glorious career with another page of brightest hue. Five thousand slain and wounded of the 28,000 who were engaged declare the valor of those who, in this conflict, but renewed the brilliant reputation the Army of Northern Virginia had already won in the great struggle for Southern independence.

A few weeks later, on the soil of Kentucky, the men of the West were to fight the battle of Perryville, which, for numbers engaged and length of time consumed in fighting, takes probably second rank amongst the conflicts of the war. On the 8th day of October, 1862, on the Chaplin Hills, which extend from the valley of Salt river, the Federal forces under Gen. Buell, and the Confederates under Gen. Bragg, met in battle. The conflict came sooner than either party had intended, but was none the less fierce and bitter for that. The long march from Tennessee into Kentucky, the avoidance of a decisive battle, the beauty of Kentucky and its abundant resources, made Gen. Bragg's army anxious to remain in a country so full of all that made soldier life comfortable and tolerable.

The Confederates, hardened by marching and satisfied by full rations and always confident of victory, where at all equally matched, were eager for the fray and anxious to measure strength with those who were seeking to expel them from Kentucky.

In the afternoon 15,000 Confederates assailed 28,000 Federals. The Confederates were the very best troops in the West. Brave and high-spirited, they had now the discipline, experience, and confidence required to make them veterans in every sense of the word, and when the command to assault Sheridan's Corps was promulgated it met with the heartiest response. For a brief while the Confederates drove the Federal left wing before them with resistless force. Men worthy of any steel resisted the advance, and every inch that was gained was purchased at tremendous cost and great sacrifice. The fighting was at close range, and at one time and in one part of the fray only a rail fence divided those who were thus contesting in deadliest combat. Across the valleys and over the hills the struggle was carried on; and when night came the Confederates had won and held the battlefield, but at terrific cost. Of the 15,000 who at two o'clock had gone forth in panoplied array, 3,400 had felt war's harsh touch, and in this brief space a Federal loss of 4,400 told how terribly earnest was

the purpose and unfailing the spirit of the men who opposed the Confederate charges. Those who had fought at Shiloh and afterwards at Chickamauga declared that in many parts Perryville was the most dreadful battlefield they had ever seen. Its list of gallant dead and glorious slain tells how fierce the conflict and how unfaltering the courage of the contestants. So, comrades, when Malvern Hill, with its magnificent memories of intrepid deeds and knightly daring, is held up, the men of the West answer back that on the bloody field of Perryville they exhibited the same heroic virtues and noble sacrifices, and that the roll of dead and wounded there is assurance that they are entitled to a share in the glorious rerod which fame has kept of the deeds of the armies of the Confederacy.

The battle of Trevilian's Station, in Virginia, on the 11th and 12th days of June, 1864, was fought exclusively by cavalry, and is generally conceded to be the most sanguinary conflict in that line of the Army of Northern Virginia. The Federal forces numbered over 9,000 and the Confederates 5,000. In command of the Federals was Sheridan, with such lieutenants as Gregg, Merriitt, and Custer; while Wade Hampton, who is as unpurchasable in peace and poverty as he was patriotic and brave in war, led the Confederates, with lieutenants such as Butler, Rosser, Young, Fitzhugh Lee, and Lomax. It was of the highest importance that a raid which had been inaugurated by Sheridan for the purpose of cutting the Confederate lines should be prevented or obstructed, and to this difficult work Hampton and his cavalry were assigned with absolute confidence by the great leader, Robert E. Lee. The commander in chief had often trusted and tried these cavalymen, and they had never been found wanting. There was no danger which could appall them, and there was no force which could dis-



CONFEDERATE CHAPLAIN,

Who fought in the battles as a volunteer. The name lost. Please give it.

turb their faith in their ability to cope with every foe. Outnumbered, poorly clad, and illy armed, in comparison with the equipment of their enemy, Hampton did not hesitate bravely and courageously to throw himself in advance of the raiding forces, resolved either to check or drive them back. So, near this little railroad station, he measured swords and forces with the Federal cavalry. Neither side seemed to know the exact location or position of the forces of the other, but they soon warmed up to the fiercest work. At the end of the first day the advantage, apparently, was with the Federals; but at the close of the second day, after seven separate, desperate assaults, Sheridan and his men were worsted, their contemplated raid was prevented, and with his flanks imperiled, he was compelled to seek the protection of his infantry to save him from the avenging hand of Hampton and his men. In view of all the circumstances, the result was a victory for the Confederate cavalry. While the losses on either side were not very large, yet, relatively, they were indicative not only of a high order of strategy but of unqualified bravery.

The day before the battle of Trevilian's Station, on the 10th of June, 1864, Forrest, with his Western men behind him, had fought not only the greatest cavalry battle of the war, but the greatest cavalry battle of the world. Forrest and his men were the most formidable enemies with which the Federal armies contended. Gen. Sherman said of him, "Forrest is the very devil, and I think he has got some of our troops under cover;" and he declared that Forrest must be killed if it took ten thousand lives and broke the treasury, adding, "There never will be peace in Tennessee until Forrest is dead." He offered \$10,000 reward for his death or capture, and a major generalship to him who would destroy this foe. But the question most serious of all to the Federal commanders was who should undertake this task. A great many Federal soldiers had gone against Forrest, only to find their plans anticipated and the objects for which they had set out defeated. At last the choice fell on Samuel D. Sturgis, brigadier general, who had achieved recent success in his battles in East Tennessee, and was regarded as a real fighter.

Three thousand four hundred cavalry, formed into two brigades, commanded by two of the best Federal officers in the West, composed the Federal advance, while 4,800 infantry, divided into three brigades, commanded by Gen. Sturgis, made up what Gen. Washburn said was a force "consisting of some of our best troops." After a march of some seventy-five miles from Memphis, on June 9, Gen. Sturgis concentrated his entire command near Brice's Crossroads, in Mississippi, with 8,100 men and twenty-two pieces of artillery. Forrest conceived the design of crushing the cavalry before the infantry, which was some eight miles away, could be brought into action. When he opened the fight he had less than 1,800 available men. At no time during the battle was Forrest able to carry into action more than 3,300 troops. With these he defeated an army composed of 3,400 cavalry and 4,800 infantry of unquestionably the best men of the West. His artillery was fourteen miles away from him when the conflict started. From ten o'clock until four, in the face of a fierce sun, these cavalymen from Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, and Mississippi engaged

in desperate hand-to-hand conflict with the soldiers of Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and New Jersey. Sherman himself was compelled to admit that Forrest whipped Sturgis in a fair fight. He had not only whipped Sturgis, but had routed his forces; he wounded or killed or captured 2,612 men, amounting to about thirty per cent of his entire force; captured two hundred and fifty wagons and ambulances, all but four pieces of Sturgis's artillery, and made the Federal army a fleeing, panic-stricken mob. Sheridan said, "Forrest has only his cavalry. I cannot understand how he could defeat Sturgis with 8,000 men;" and yet he did. His men fought with a gallantry, a desperation, and a chivalry that may have been equaled, but never surpassed in any battle of the war. Sturgis claimed that Forrest had fought him with fifteen or twenty thousand men, and that he had two divisions of infantry behind the cavalry, and thus had been able to accomplish his defeat and inflict such unusual humiliation.

The battle of Brice's Crossroads, thus won by Forrest, is entitled to go down through the ages as one of the most brilliant engagements ever fought. For military genius, for boldness of conception, for intrepidity of action, for reckless courage, and all that inspires men, it can have no superior while men shall live. And while the cavalry of Northern Virginia in a large part won their fame by Trevilian's Station and Hawes's Shop, two of the fiercest battles in which their cavalry participated, no man in the West envies them a single laurel, or would take from them one ray in that luminous glory which gathers round their heads; but the Western Confederate soldier holds up this conflict at Brice's Crossroads to the Army of Northern Virginia and to the world, and says: "We too bear the Confederate name, and we too have risked dangers and won triumphs that render us not unworthy an equal share in that splendid record which illumines the career of the Confederate armies."

With 1,700 of his men, Forrest whipped Grierson's 3,400 cavalry, and when reinforced by as many more, with one-half his force already worn by fierce and protracted battle, led 3,300 cavalry against 4,800 infantry, backed by the defeated Federal cavalry, and in two hours drove them in frenzied fear and confusion from the scene of conflict. The historian will search in vain amongst military archives for a parallel to such magnificent fighting and such splendid results.

The war very soon produced a new type of military procedure. The pent-up army in the field could be fed only by railway transportation. One hundred thousand men camped in any locality quickly destroyed its food supply, and army forages became as destructive as Egypt's locusts. Men and beasts alike demanded constant and enormous commissary stores, and, to secure these, the lines of communication in the rear must be kept well protected. To destroy these provision arteries became a special aim of opposing generals. The Southern forces, as they receded from the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, drew the Federals farther and farther from their base of supplies, and thus rendered a large force always necessary to defend the roads over which food and munitions were carried to the front. Stuart, Ashby, Hampton, Morgan, Forrest, and Wheeler soon taught the Union generals lessons in this great department of military science,

and thousands of men were kept along the lines of transportation to guard bridges, railways, and military depots.

The Confederates gave them no rest. Operating over a wide scope of territory, they came by night and day to torment or capture these men left to defend the rear. They rode like a pestilence in the darkness, and came like the destruction at noonday. They appeared to spring up as if by magic, and to haunt the waking and sleeping dreams of their opposers.

It cannot be justly denied that the Confederate cavalry in the West not only equaled but surpassed all similar operations in the history of war. The raids into Missouri and Kentucky and through Tennessee exhibited a degree of endurance in the men, and a quality of genius in their leaders, which stamped all who engaged in them as soldiers of greatest daring, wonderful endurance, and incalculable resources. The Confederate cavalry early became masters in this new method of war, and it was months before the Federals fully comprehended the effectiveness of such work, or developed the resources and the talent which enabled them to retaliate in kind. As the man in the West, under Forrest, Morgan, and Wheeler, unfolded the enormous possibilities in this system of fighting, they became its most distinguished exponents, and made marches and fought battles, destroyed railroads, steamboats, military stores, captured garrisons, and terrorized their enemies to a degree that gave them splendid renown and world-wide fame. They quickly learned how to anticipate similar movements on the part of their enemies, and were enabled to mete out prompt and ample punishment to the Federals who undertook like enterprises.

In the East the only successful capture of those engaged in this work was that of Dahlgren, who had conceived the plan of capturing, sacking, and burning Richmond. With his life he paid forfeit for failure. He himself being killed, his force, numbering less than 500 men, was scattered and a large part captured.

Gen. Hampton, by his night attack, drove back Dahlgren's colleague, Kilpatrick, and by his gallant conduct and skillful pursuit saved Richmond from the hands of its foes. He could find his enemies only by the light of their camp fires, but in the darkness and gloom of the night, animated by a noble and unfailing courage, fearlessly he and his brave troopers rode down upon the sleeping foe, and with flashing saber and demonlike yell struck terror into the ranks, and drove them in confusion back upon their infantry support. Gen. Hampton's movements, brave in execution and brilliant in plan, won for him the gratitude of the Confederate capital, but his marches were brief and the hardships of the campaign limited to a few hours.

Gen. Streight, with a splendidly equipped force, was sent, in April, 1863, to cut the railway communications of Gen. Bragg's army, and to destroy the arsenal at Rome, Ga. Hardly had the Federal cavalryman emerged from his supports when Gen. Forrest, prepared to destroy or capture him, was close at his heels. The moment Streight felt the first stroke of Forrest's hand, he realized that a tireless, skilled foe was on his track, and for ninety-six hours, never by day or night, was the Federal column at rest. Like some insatiate monster, Forrest followed the Federal column, and

whenever and wherever found there was a vigilant and aggressive attack. In one hundred and sixty-four miles he fought eight battles by day and three by night, and in two of the latter, where artillery was drawn by his men to within one hundred feet of the enemy's line, the only guide or light was the flash of rifles and the blaze of cannon.

Streight was himself a man of nerve and resource. Skillfully arranged ambuscades, fierce charges, and stubborn resistance met Forrest, and in a fair proportion of the conflicts the Federals held their own; but they greatly outnumbered the men of the gray.

The fierce onslaughts of Forrest, his impetuous attacks, his unyielding tenacity and fiery assaults, combined with his rapid movements, were enough to paralyze the stoutest heart and make the bravest soul question the outcome. Like a tireless bloodhound following his prey, this "wizard of the saddle" pursued the swift-marching Federals, and never for a single instant in those days and nights was there other thought or plan but to destroy the invaders.

Streight found friendly guides and helping hands amongst the Union men and women of Northern Alabama; but these could not hide him from the eagle eyes or the smiting arms of those following the trail, or stay the avenging hand that was uplifted in his rear.

With horses dropping dead in the roads, with men falling in the unconsciousness of sleep from their steeds, and with their guns sliding from their paralyzed grasp, Forrest still pressed the foe. One-half of his command on the third day was killed, wounded, or broken down; but still, with only five hundred soldiers, he pursued the Federal raiders, and on May 3, within twenty miles of Rome, the objective point of his expedition, Streight and his 1,500 men laid down their arms and surrendered to the Confederate general, who could then, after his terrible pursuit, muster less than five hundred followers.

Every mile of the one hundred and sixty-four was covered with war's wrecks. Dead soldiers, mutilated animals, wounded men and stricken beasts, broken wagons, abandoned trains, and scattered supplies, told the story of the relentless and pitiless assault. Near the end, in forty-eight hours, four battles and ninety miles' marching and four hours' sleeping. Surely these deeds of the cavalry of the Army of Tennessee are not unworthy of Confederate valor.

No war has a more wonderful example of genius, courage, endurance than this pursuit and capture of Streight. If Forrest had done nothing else, this one exploit would have won for him enduring fame.

On the 7th of December, 1862, Gen. John H. Morgan was given permission to take four regiments of Kentucky cavalry and two regiments of infantry and attack Hartsville, Tenn. It was required for the infantry to march thirty-five miles through the snow and over sloppy roads, and at all times to be subjected to great cold. In seven miles of Hartsville there were encamped 6,000 Federal troops; in the town itself 2,500. It was necessary to cross the Cumberland river without a bridge, and for the cavalry in one place to swim part of the way over. The cavalry and infantry walked and rode by turns. Day and night they kept a record-breaking gait. Cold nor storm had no terrors for these Kentucky Confederates. They were engaged in brilliant and hazardous work. They

knew its perils, but glory and duty called, and that was enough for them. In twenty-two hours this extraordinary march was accomplished, and at break of day, on the 8th of December, the enemy's camp was assailed. An hour's fierce fighting ended the contest; 2,000 Federals surrendered to the 1,200 Confederates, and 400 of the enemy were killed and wounded. The prisoners, with a large amount of stores, were brought off safely and forced to ford the Cumberland river, and when the Confederate guns were planted on the south shore the Federal batteries were shelling them from the opposite side, supported by several thousand Federal cavalry and infantry, three times as strong as that which Morgan commanded.

Gen. Bragg, by appropriate order, complimented the command for this valiant feat, and ordered the name "Hartsville" to be inscribed on the banners of all regiments participating. Gen. Morgan won his commission as a brigadier, and also won for himself and men the credit of one of the most brilliant exploits of the war.

History is valuable only as it is true. Opinions concerning acts are not history; acts themselves alone are historic.

The true story of the conflicts of the Army of Tennessee has never been written. This occasion does not call for a discussion of the reasons producing this omission. The West does appreciate the glorious and heroic work of the Army of Northern Virginia, but it is also true that the East has not been fully informed, and therefore does not mete out justice to the Confederates who maintained the mighty struggle in the vast West. Time must rectify and adjust this condition.

As the East speaks with pride of the glory won by the Southern hosts at Gettysburg, the West answers back, "And here is Chickamauga." As the East catches the echoes of heroism that rise in such splendid notes from the hills at Antietam, the West answers back with consciousness of duty well done and points to the blood-stained field of Shiloh as its contribution to the renown of Confederate armies. As the East lifts to view the gory form of Malvern Hill, the West responds, "We have Perryville;" and when Second Manassas is named, the mention of which touches the deepest emotions of every man who wore the gray, the West answers back with the requiem of its slain and the heroism of its dead who sleep at Franklin.

When the East so justly sings the praises of Stuart and Hampton and their valiant hosts, the West says: "We gave Forrest and Morgan and their knightly riders."

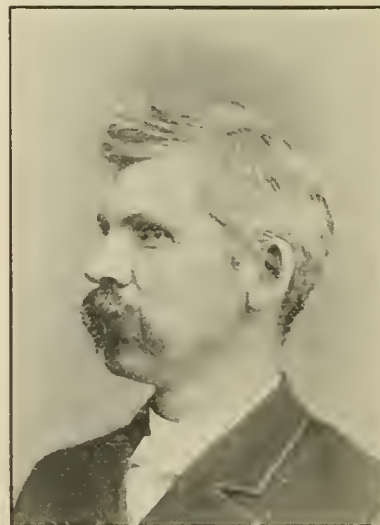
And from the regions beyond the "Father of Waters" comes the refrain of the fearless deeds of our brothers at Wilson's Creek, Elkhorn, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, and Sabine Pass, and the world listens in rapturous wonder and admiration, as from all sections of our Southland comes the same story of illustrious courage and splendid patriotism and unselfish consecration to the cause of liberty. In ages to come there will be no page of human history with brighter or fairer record than was written by the people of the Confederate States in the four years of their struggle for freedom. The courage, patience, and gallantry of its men, the devotion, constancy and sublime sacri-

fices of its women, contributed to the world's history priceless treasure.

As we call from the roll of the world's record the immortal names of our martyrs—Jackson, Stuart, the Garnetts, A. P. Hill, Pegram, Ashby, and Armistead, from Virginia; Strahl, Zollicofer, Adams, Hatton, Carter, Rains, and Smith, from Tennessee; Cleburne, from Arkansas; Walker, Cobb, Semmes, Deshler, and Doles, from Georgia; Rhodes, Garrett, Tracey, Saunders, Kelly, Gracey, from Alabama; Little, Slack, and Green, from Missouri; Bee, Dunovant, Gist, Jenkins, and Gregg, from South Carolina; Pender, Gordon, Ramseur, Branch, and Pettigrew, from North Carolina; McCullough, Randall, Scurry, Granbury, and Gregg, from Texas; Polk, Morton, Stark, and Gladden, from Louisiana; Barksdale, Benton, Griffith, and Posey, from Mississippi; McIntosh, from Florida; Winder, from Maryland; Albert Sidney Johnston, Hanson, Morgan, Helm, and Tilghman, from Kentucky—and say, "These and two hundred thousand others are our offering on the battlefield for freedom; tell us, O Time, thou keeper of all human history, tell us if in the corridors where are kept the records of ages there has been nobler sacrifice or richer offering on liberty's altar?" Time answers back: "Amongst those who have answered the call of duty and stood for all mankind among all nations, kingdoms, and people, I find none who brought more glorious contribution to freedom, or who made greater sacrifice for truth, than these men you have named, who went down to death at their country's call,

"Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand."

The following resolutions offered by Dr. R. G. Rothrock in the Frank Cheatham Camp, Nashville, Tenn., were adopted by hearty unanimous vote:



COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG.

Whereas it has been the custom of orators on public Confederate occasions to begin with Manassas and wind up with Appomattox, devoting the whole of the time and oration in praise of the Army of Virginia to the exclusion of the armies that struggled and endured in other departments of the Confederacy, and whereas Col. B. H. Young, in his address at Memphis, did speak some words of

praise and tell of some of the efforts and achievements of the Army of Tennessee; therefore be it

Resolved: That we, the members of Frank Cheatham Bivouac assembled, do most sincerely thank Col. Young for the earnest presentation of some of

the facts showing the loyalty, suffering, and unexcelled heroism displayed by the Army of Tennessee during the entire war to the surrender of Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

FIRST SHOT FIRED ON ALABAMA SOIL.

Reminiscences of J. R. Harris, Scottsboro, Ala.:

In March, 1861, I enlisted in the first company to leave Jackson County, Ala., for the war. We were sent to Fort Morgan, and remained there several months under Gen. Hardee. While on outpost duty at night at Navy Cove, near Fort Morgan, I was shot at by one of a crew of blockaders who had landed to pick off some of our chain pickets or videttes. He missed me, and I brought my gun to bear on him instantly, but it failed to fire, and he escaped through the lagoon. I think this must have been the first shot fired on Alabama soil. I was mortified at the failure of my gun, but a few days after this the "Wild-er," a small blockade runner, was grounded near this same point. Daylight showed Yankees to be on her, and several of us with the crew of the Wilder got a few shots at her from sandhills till we were shelled out of our position. We could not tell the damage we had done till the second morning, when thirty-nine Yankees were washed ashore and buried by our men.

From Fort Morgan we went to Fort Gaines and on to Fort Pillow, where we were discharged at the end of twelve months, our term of service. Most of the regiment reënlisted at once; but, determined to join the cavalry, I went to Corinth, Miss., where the battle of Shiloh was being fought; made my way to some Alabama troops, secured a musket, and took a hand in the battle. The next night I left on foot for home, and in a few days I was mounted and with Col. Starnes, who soon completed his regiment, the Fourth Tennessee. I became a member of company F, under Capt. F. Rice; the members were about two-thirds Alabamians and one-third Tennesseans. I was soon joined by my brother, Polk Harris, who had served in the Virginia army and had passed through all the battles from First Manassas to the seven days' fighting about Richmond before he was seventeen years old, in the Fourth Alabama, Law's Brigade and Stonewall's Division. We were soon brigaded with the Eighth and Ninth Tennessee, Third Arkansas, Fourth Alabama, and Eighth Texas, forming what was known as Forrest's Old Brigade.

We were on the move all through Middle Tennessee. Col. Starnes, with most of his regiment, went into McMinnville late one evening and found that a major commanding one hundred scouts had just left, headed for Murfreesboro. He called for a hundred volunteers to go with him, and we followed them all night, finding them at daylight at Readyville breakfasting. William Whitworth and I captured the picket at the front gate of the Burton House (I think that was the name). Before our men could reach us we were discovered by a negro boy, who ran around the house giving the alarm. About thirty men were here, and they rushed for the front and began firing before I could get to the end of the house. Whitworth fired from the side into the dining room, from

which came screams: "We surrender." When I looked around I found that the main body of our men were charging the Ready House, a large brick, and several of us made our way through a rye field to the rear of it and were not discovered till we got very near. We captured eighty-seven of the hundred, only losing two horses killed, and no man hurt much.

I was with Bragg's march into Kentucky, and with the advance guard of Kirby Smith's Division, commanding five men in extreme advance. We were being bushwhacked every few hundred yards by citizens, several of whom we captured. One I got out of a hollow log, and Gen. Smith turned him over to his wife, who lived near by and came screaming and begging for his life, followed by ten or a dozen children. Both kissed the Bible that they would be non-combatants in the future. Soon after this we captured fourteen of a party of scouts under a lieutenant, and the next morning we dashed into Barboursville and captured a lot of mules, wagons, and soldiers with government supplies. Tom Hunt and I came upon four surgeons at a spring just outside of town with four young ladies, and we demanded their surrender. One of them requested that I bring forward my colonel for him to surrender to, as that was his rank; but when I replied, "No foolishness," he promptly surrendered. The young ladies were all pretty, and one of them abused us very much, saying if she had a pistol she would shoot me. I handed out one, and she grabbed at it and I believe would have shot me if she had gotten it. We went on to Cumberland Ford and Richmond, thence to Frankfort, Perryville, and in sight of Louisville.

Among the many engagements in Middle Tennessee, the battle of Thompson's Station was one of the hardest fought. Forrest captured 3,000 men and several colonels, among whom was Shafter. He handed his pistol to Col. Gordon, of the Second Mississippi, and in a few days we got his trunk with cartridges for the pistol.

I was in the chase after Streight, and when the surrender was made in front of Rome Forrest had 434 men in line and Streight about 1,680, I think.

I was in Forrest's raid through West Tennessee. We captured Lexington, Humboldt, and Trenton, and at the latter place we got Gen. Fry and Bob Ingersoll. We had won the fight at Parker's Cross Roads and the Yankees were surrendering and stacking their arms when the yell of "Reënforcements" was heard. They then grabbed guns again, and we were forced to retreat.

I was in various fights of the command up to Tullahoma, and was on the skirmish line and just in front of Col. Starnes when he was killed. We had ceased firing and he was hunting position for a battery and just behind the skirmish line. Several spoke to him of the danger, and when he turned to go back he was killed. He was a kind-hearted man, and could lead a band of brave men farther than most men, while Forrest could make a coward fight.

I shared in the fighting of the brigade in East Tennessee, winter of '63-'64, and at the siege of Knoxville was with the small portion of command that tried to cut off Brownlow's retreat from Knoxville, in which we failed, by being a few minutes late. Gen. George

Dibrell, our last commander, was wounded, and his adjutant, Gen. Dick Allison, was killed at Clinch river. I was in the rearguard on retreat to Dalton, and was in all the fighting through Georgia.

At Chickamauga I drew the first shot from the enemy. I had gone forward to the top of the hill and was peeping over a fence to locate the enemy, when I saw a gun glitter from behind a tree and a ball cut through my hat. Then the fight was on, and it continued until Sunday evening. When they gave way at Snodgrass Hill, we got to our horses and the word was passed along the line for every man to prepare to take one of Longstreet's men behind him, that we were going to cut around and flank them near Chattanooga. We were all to dismount and cut the retreating army in two. It seemed that every man was jubilant to undertake it, but the orders were changed. I believe yet that if this plan had been acted upon we would have captured the army. They could never have walked over us or even have rallied.

I then went through the various battles from Mission Ridge to Resaca, Ringgold, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church. At this place was the hardest skirmish fighting I ever witnessed. After Hood's retreat from Nashville I passed back through my home country in North Alabama, and saw how the Tory companies, as we called them, were stationed at almost every railroad station in the country and learned of their daily robberies, murders, and abuses of the old men and good women in the country. I felt sure then of our defeat, but went into the Federal lines, in command of a few picked and tried men in advance of Col. Russell's Fourth Alabama Cavalry. We had several engagements, and I was one of eighteen who fought eighty-seven in Mills Valley, commanded by Hamlin and Springfield, and where we killed two and captured forty-seven horses. I was one of the nine commanded by Lieut. Haveron who captured a small gunboat at Kelly's Ferry, on the Tennessee river, below Chattanooga. We marched the captain, his wife, and crew off and burned the vessel with its contents. The time from then till the close of the war I spent in the Federal lines with a small band of tried men, fighting as we had opportunity to win—never from ambush, but always in the open and mounted. So far as I know, I made about the last fight of the war with five men against sixteen. Of these, there were two Indians, one negro, and thirteen Tories of North Alabama, who had gone afoot from Larkinsville into Paint Rock Valley, sixteen miles, during the night, secured a horse each, two large farm wagons, four yoke of oxen, and the negro driver, and were returning with these loaded with beds and bedding and wearing apparel. We charged upon them in close quarters, killing five and wounding two, and captured the wagons, teams, and drivers and fourteen horses. The horses had sixty-three homemade counterpanes or bed covers tied on them with cords cut from the beds, which were all the kind used in that day there. Out of the six shots I made with my revolver, I think five struck, and am sure that I was shot at twenty-one times in close quarters.

Having learned that our commanders had surrendered and ordered all soldiers to do so, I sent in a

note to Col. Evans, of the Fifteenth Indiana, at Larkinsville, asking to surrender, and his adjutant assured us that we would be paroled as our command had been. We were taken to Huntsville and allowed the liberty of the streets for a while, and were to report at a given hour for parole. As I was passing along the street a finely dressed officer accosted me with: "Yes, you are whipped at last, are you?" I replied: "No, sir; we are more overpowered than whipped." He then said, "We could have slaughtered all of you," to which I replied that I bet he belonged to the "bomb-proof" department, and never fired a gun at the front, and that if I only had a



J. R. HARRIS, WIFE, AND THEIR TEN CHILDREN.

The daughter under star is sponsor for Scottsboro Camp of which the father is Commander.

chance I would whip him. He turned to two sentinels and ordered me taken to jail, but I was released within thirty minutes by a sergeant of the guard, who stated that he had heard all that passed between us and had reported it to the officer of the day, who ordered my release and had the other man under arrest. I am sorry I did not get the sergeant's name, but he told me that night that the man who had me arrested was a Capt. P—, and that he belonged to the ordnance or quartermaster's department.

I am proud now of this united country. My grandfathers were revolutionary soldiers, and I had a son in the Spanish-American war, but I believe the volunteer army of the South was equal to any that ever existed, and will stand so from the creation to the end of the world.

LIEUT. JOSEPH POLLARD'S SWORD.—Thomas J. Howard writes from Kalispell, Mont., July 1, 1901, that he met on the day before B. F. Weed, an ex-member of the Fifth Minnesota Infantry, who was under Gen. A. J. Smith at the battle of Nashville, and that Mr. Weed told him that where the rifle pits crossed the Granny White pike his command was engaged and he captured in a hand-to-hand struggle Lieut. Joseph Pollard, of Marks's Battery, and that he still has Pollard's sword, which he would like to return to him, or to his children if he is dead. The belt is lost, but the sword and scabbard are as when captured. He does not know to what State Capt. Pollard or his battery belonged. Interested persons may write to B. F. Weed, Kalispell, Mont., or to Mr. Howard at same address.

WORK OF A CONFEDERATE WOMAN.

Mrs. Jane Claudia Johnson's Effective Activities for the Cause in Maryland—Wife of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson.

In the war between the States few women had the good fortune to have such opportunities to do good as the subject of this memoir. No one improved them as much. She was of distinguished ancestry. Her father, Romulus M. Saunders, of North Carolina, was a member of Congress from 1819 to 1844, and from 1845 to 1849 he was Minister Plenipotentiary to Madrid.

He had really nominated James K. Polk for the Presidency by devising and securing the adoption of the two-thirds rule at the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore in 1844. A majority of the delegates had come instructed to vote for Van Buren; but in the meantime Van Buren had taken position in opposition to the annexation of Texas, and the Southern Van Buren men wanted him defeated, hence the rule which required two-thirds of all the members to make the nomination. The mission to Spain, then the most important diplomatic position in the government, was a recognition of his service to the party, to the cause of Texas, and to the President elect.

The mother of Mrs. Johnson was Anna Hayes Johnson, daughter of the Hon. William Johnson, of South Carolina, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed by Mr. Jefferson in 1801, and who married the brilliant young member of Congress from North Carolina when she was quite a young woman.



MRS. JANE CLAUDIA JOHNSON.

She was a splendidly handsome, brilliant, and intellectual woman, with great artistic talent, and a painter far beyond mediocre amateur ability. Her grandfather, William Johnson, of Charleston, was a patriot of prominence and force, and was deported by Sir Henry Clinton to St. Augustine with other distinguished patriots of South Carolina.

During the siege of Charleston his wife, Sarah Johnson (née Nightingale), used to quilt her petticoats with cartridges, which she thus conveyed to her hus-

band in the trenches outside. With such traditions, the great-granddaughters of Sarah Nightingale Johnson and William Johnson, soldier and exile, could only be imbued with patriotism, with courage, with sentiment.

She spent the four years of her father's residence in Spain with him and her mother, and entered society there by her presentation at court. There she became intimate with Eugenie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, who afterwards became Empress of the French. The attachment between the young girls was such that, on the marriage of the Countess to the Emperor, she sent her portrait to her American friend, which, though only a print, was, and is, considered the best likeness of her ever made. Mrs. Johnson was a success at the courts of Isabella, the Catholic, and of Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, in Paris, where she and her sister and mother spent the winter. In December, 1849, Gen. Saunders was recalled and came home.

In 1851 Mrs. Johnson was married to Bradley T. Johnson, who had just been admitted to the bar, and to whom she had been engaged for the preceding six years. She was not eighteen, he just twenty-one, and they went to live in Frederick, Md., where he rapidly acquired a good position at the bar.

In 1857, in the great struggle to save the State from the Know-nothing faction, he was placed at the head of the State ticket as the Democratic candidate for Comptroller of the Treasury, but was defeated by the Plug Ugly and Blood Tub Clubs and fraudulent votes and stuffed ballot boxes of the city of Baltimore.

In 1850 he was put at the head of the Democratic organization of the State as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and was a delegate from the State to the Charleston National Convention of 1860. There he acted, spoke, and voted with the extreme Southern wing of the Democratic party, and when the convention adjourned to Baltimore he joined with a majority of the Maryland delegation in withdrawing from the convention there and uniting with the State rights members, North and South, in the Democratic National Convention which nominated Breckinridge and Lane. The members who remained as the National Democratic Convention nominated Douglas and Johnson. The result is history.

In all this exciting time Mrs. Johnson was always actively with her husband, and sustaining his every act with soul-stirring sympathy and chivalric courage.

When it became clear that the issue of arms was to be made and tried, her husband, with her constant support, enlisted a company of boys at Frederick which he armed and clothed—very poorly, but the best that could be done—at his own expense, and prepared to lead them to Virginia. She left her fine house, well furnished with every comfort and convenience, to the care of her guests, S. Teakle Wallis, John Hanson Thomas, Ross Winans, John C. Brune, and the rest of the Baltimore delegation in the Legislature, which was then in session at Frederick.

On May 7, 1861, Mrs. Johnson went to Chestnut Hill, in Virginia, the residence of a friend, Mrs. Mason, and the next day her husband followed her with his company, the Frederick Volunteers, to Point of Rocks. There, in a few days, he was joined by a com-

pany from Baltimore, Capt. Edelin, and other companies were rapidly collected at Harper's Ferry. They were all mustered into the service of the Confederate States on May 21, 22, 1861, the object being to form them as a nucleus for the Maryland Line, which was to be the representative of Maryland in the Southern Confederacy, and to win for their State a place in the new government. But a crisis soon confronted the Marylanders. Of the five hundred men at Point of Rocks and Harper's Ferry, Company A, from Frederick, only, was armed, and that only with Hall's carbines, the original, antiquated, and useless breech-loader—long since discarded by the army of the United States. The men had nothing, no arms, no clothes, no tents, no camp equipage, axes, hatchets, skillets, nor camp kettles. They could draw rations, but did not know how to cook them, even if they had had the utensils. Utter and entire disorganization faced them. On every side were cordial invitations to join Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, or Mississippi companies. But the men all knew that the disappearance of that battalion from the army would mean the death of Maryland's hopes to join the Confederacy, as well as their own justification in taking arms against their native State.

They held and believed that their mother State had been betrayed by treachery, and was then bound and manacled hand and foot by the "Vis Major" of the United States, and they were performing a pious duty in organizing with arms to redeem her. But they had no arms, nor any one to whom to apply, and they faced the horrors of disintegration and extermination. Henceforward let the chronicler Scharf tell the story. In his third volume of the "History of Maryland" he says:

"In this trying exigency Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson volunteered to go through the country to North Carolina, her native State, and there appeal to her countrymen for assistance.

"She, as the daughter of Hon. R. M. Saunders, of that State, formerly Minister to Spain, was amply qualified by graces of person and mind and the force of her will to accomplish an enterprise which required the daring gallantry of a man with the persuasive power and perseverance of a woman.

"Accordingly on the 24th of May she left the camps of Companies A and B at Point of Rocks, escorted by Capt. Wilson C. Nicholas, of Company G, and Lieut. George M. E. Shearer, of Company A, tried to get to Richmond by way of Leesburg and Alexandria. Finding the way barred by Federal troops who had occupied Alexandria that very day, she returned to Point of Rocks, and thence pushed on by way of Harper's Ferry, and reached Raleigh the night of the 27th. The next morning she made her application to Gov. Ellis, and the Council of State, stating to them the necessitous condition of the Marylanders, who were without arms, clothes, blankets, or the common necessities of life.

"The Governor and Council immediately ordered five hundred Mississippi rifles to be turned over to her, with ten thousand cartridges and necessary equipments. The Constitutional Convention of North Carolina being then in session at Raleigh, a public meeting was called at night in the Capitol, under the auspices of the Hon. Weldon N. Edwards, President of the con-

vention, Chief Justice Thomas Ruffin, her father, Judge Saunders, and other distinguished North Carolinians.

"It was presided over by ex-Governor David S. Reid and attended by the members of the convention. Amid great enthusiasm the cause of the Marylanders was espoused with ardor, the meeting making a liberal contribution in money, on the spot. The Hon. Kenneth Rayner, in addressing the meeting, said: "If great events produce great men, so in the scene before us we have proof that great events produce great women. This is one that partakes more of the romance than of the realities of life. One of our own daughters, reared in the lap of luxury, blessed with the enjoyment of all the elements of elegance and ease, has quit her peaceful home, followed her husband to the camp, and, leaving him in that camp, has come to the home of her childhood to seek aid for him and his comrades, not because he is her husband, but because he is fighting the battles of his country against tyrants." He paid a high tribute to the patriotism and love of liberty which characterized the people of Maryland. He said: "They are fighting our battles with halts around their necks."

"On the 29th Mrs. Johnson left Raleigh with her rifles and her escort, and, stopping a day in Richmond, procured from Gov. Letcher a supply of blankets and camp equipage, consisting of camp kettles, hatchets, and axes, etc., and ordered forty-one tents to be made at once.

"On the 31st of May she left Richmond with her supplies, and on June 3, 1861, after an absence from camp of ten days, returned and delivered to her husband the results of her entire trip.

"The following record has no parallel in the history of war:

"Invoice of ordnance and ordnance stores issued to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson by Lieut. Alex W. Lawrence, Ordnance Department, in obedience to order for supplies: 500 rifles (made at Herkimer, N. Y.) without bayonets, 500 wipers, 500 screw drivers, 500 spare cones, 50 spring vices, 50 ball screws, 50 molds, 2,000 percussion caps.

"I certify that the above is a correct invoice of ordnance and ordnance stores, issued by me, this 28th day of May, 1861, to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson.

"ALEX W. LAWRENCE,

"First Lieutenant Artillery and Ordnance."

"JUNE 1, 1861.—Conductor of train from Winchester to Harper's Ferry will detain the train one hour or more for arms which are in charge of the bearer, Mrs. Johnson.

"A. R. CHISOLM,

"Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Beauregard."

"Received of Ordnance Department, Harper's Ferry, Va., June 3, 1861, of Mrs. J. C. Johnson, five hundred Mississippi rifles, Cal. 54, ten thousand cartridges, and forty-five hundred caps.

"G. H. COCHRAN, Master of Ordnance."

"The issue of arms to the Marylanders by a woman was a romantic incident of the day, and Col. Jackson called on her, and thanked her for her services.

"The officers of the battalion held a meeting and passed the following:

"Resolved: 1. That the thanks of the Maryland Line be tendered to Mrs. Capt. B. T. Johnson for her

earnest, patriotic, and successful efforts in arming and equipping the Maryland Line.

"2. That we, the officers, pledge ourselves, and for our men, that the arms she has obtained shall, at the close of the war, be returned to the State of North Carolina without stain or dishonor.

"3. That these resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting, and presented to Mrs. Johnson.

JAMES R. HERBERT, *President*;
J. G. W. MARRIOTT, *Secretary*.

"She forthwith returned to Richmond for clothes and tents, and on June 29 started back with forty-one tents and enough uniforms and underclothes for five hundred men.

"Mrs. Johnson remained at Harper's Ferry, and accompanied the troops when that place was evacuated, June 16, 1861. She stayed in Winchester when Johnson's army awaited Patterson at that place, and stood on the balcony at the Taylor House, waving her handkerchief at the regiment as the column marched down the street on July 18, 1861, on its way to Beauregard and First Manassas.

"Maj. Johnson, riding on the left of his regiment, as was his place, slipped off his horse and ran up to the balcony for a good-by. She provided a pint bottle of champagne, and together they drank success to the young soldier's first battle. As soon as the army passed, she, with her little boy, a lad of five years who had come with her from home, and who never left her during the ensuing four years, were driven by Mr. Herbert, a Marylander, brother of Capt. J. R. Herbert, rapidly down to Strasburg, where she and her boy took the train and reached Manassas Junction on the afternoon of July 18, while the battle at Blackburn's and Mitchell's Fords was raging. The road was covered with trains bringing troops up to Beauregard, so she was detained all night with her young son, sleeping in one of the staff tents of the general commanding.

"The next morning, July 20, she arrived in Richmond. She bore in the bosom of her dress confidential dispatches from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, which he had committed to her, in person, with strict injunctions to deliver them only to President Davis himself. This she did, declining the urgent requests of the Secretary of War to give them to him, but she obeyed orders, and would give them to no one but Mr. Davis.

"During the summer she returned to Fairfax C. H., where the army was lying, and took charge of the sick of the regiment, who were suffering from camp diseases usual to young soldiers. She took possession of a church in the neighborhood, an old wooden structure, and fitted it up as a hospital, where, assisted by Drs. Gaillard and Johnson, the surgeons of the regiment, she tended the sick that whole summer, and without doubt saved some lives.

"When Beauregard moved to the Potomac, and occupied the lines of Mason's and Munson's Hills, within sight of the capitol at Washington, she and her escort, her little boy, were frequent visitors to the picket line, and he attracted the attention and elicited the commendation of the commanding generals, Johnston and Beauregard, for the gallant way in which he rode with his father in front of the Yankee pickets.

"When the army fell back to Centerville, and then to Manassas Junction, Mrs. Johnson accompanied it,

and spent the winter of 1861 and 1862 in cantonments with her husband and the regiment.

"She fell back with the army in March, 1862, and when it moved from Brandy Station, part to the Peninsula, and part to join Jackson in the Valley, she went to her father's house at Raleigh, N. C., so she did not participate in the Valley campaign.

"Directly after the seven days' battles she reported for duty, and took position at Charlottesville, where the regiment had been ordered by Gen. Jackson to recruit.

"The Valley campaign and the seven days' battles had reduced it from seven hundred and twenty men to less than two hundred. In August, 1862, the regiment was mustered out of service, to the great indignation of officers and men. The pretext of the War Department was that it was for the purpose of allowing the Marylanders to reorganize themselves, and thus strengthen the Maryland Line. The truth was that a number of prominent Marylanders had rendezvoused in Richmond, and wanted a new organization and new deal, whereby they might draw the highest prizes—ignoring the services of officers and men who had won distinction on twenty pitched battlefields.

"On being mustered out, the men, by a unanimous vote, amid tears and sobs, presented their little flag to Mrs. Johnson. This Bucktail flag, decorated with a captured Bucktail, and honored by a special order by Gen. Ewell, commander of the division, lay on her bier when she was carried to her grave in Loudon Park by her old soldiers, and she left it in her will, as an heirloom to her son and grandson and their remotest posterity.

"Their letter to Mrs. Johnson is as follows:

"*Dear Madam:* Upon the occasion of the disbandment of the First Maryland Regiment on the 17th of August, we, the undersigned, members of the above named regiment, do unanimously agree and resolve to present to you, as one true and truly worthy to receive it, our flag, which has been gallantly and victoriously borne over many a bloody and hard-fought field, and under whose sacred folds Maryland's exiled sons have fought and bled in a holy cause.

"Our attachment to our flag is undying, and now that circumstances have rendered it necessary that our organization should no longer exist, we place in your hands as a testimonial of our regard and esteem our little flag, which is dear to us all."

"It was signed for the regiment by the following sergeants: Albert Tolson, Company C; George Tyler, Company A; George W. Wentworth, Company B; F. Farr, Company F; W. Joseph Wrenck, Company D; Calvin Myers, Company E; Charles N. Ferciot, Company G; Richard L. Brown; and Edwin Selvage, the color bearer.

"Mrs. Johnson wrote from Charlottesville, Va., August 18, 1862, to Edwin Selvage, color bearer, and the First Maryland Regiment:

"*Gentlemen:* This emblem of your courage and State pride I have received. The truth you have reposed in me shall be sacredly guarded, and only to the same organization and men will I ever yield it. I take this means of assuring you all that as I have been with you in all the trials you have undergone in the South, so will I ever be; and no member of the First Maryland Regiment will ever want a friend while I live."

"When the Maryland Line was assembled at Hanover Junction, under command of Col. Bradley T. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson spent the winter of 1863 to 1864 with them. She called for volunteers from the command, and with them built a commodious and beautiful church. The roof was of tent flies, and there was a big fireplace at each side, but they had gallery and choir loft, and services every Sunday.

"She went to Richmond and procured from Bishop McGill—Roman Catholic bishop of Virginia—the service of a priest, who regularly celebrated holy mass once a month, a large per cent of the command being Roman Catholics from Southern Maryland, and the other Sunday services were held by the chaplain of the Line.

"One night the Glee Club came over to serenade her. Marylanders are a bright and joyous race, and they always had a Glee Club, and she came out among them and said, 'Boys, you are the very men I want. You would make a first-class choir for my church;' and they did, and the choir of the Maryland Line had a great reputation all around Hanover, and as far off as Richmond. People from the country and the city would come to the services in Mrs. Johnson's church.

"After the war Gen. and Mrs. Johnson resided in Richmond, from 1866 to 1879, where she was active and zealous in charitable work. She was President for years of the Hospital for Women, which accomplished good work among unfortunate women.

"In 1879 they returned to Maryland, and took up their residence in Baltimore. There she at once took position in works of benevolence and charity. She became President of the Hospital for Women of Maryland, and was efficient in establishing that institution on a firm and prosperous basis.

"In the course of time she became ill, and decided to go to her own hospital for treatment. While there she was elected an honorary member of the Association of the Maryland Line—a society of which her husband was President.

"On March 9, 1894, the Governors of the Maryland Line presented her with a Maryland badge and an appropriate letter. The badge is a gold Maryland cross set in pearls and rubies, suspended by a ribbon of orange and black. The letter is as follows:

"The survivors of the Maryland Line of the Army of Northern Virginia recall with pride and gratitude the loving, devoted, and important service performed for them by Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson.

"In May, 1861, she armed, clothed, uniformed, and equipped with tents and camp equipage the First Maryland Regiment, and during the trying summer of that year nursed and tended with the devotion of a mother and the affection of a sister our comrades, sick and dying, from typhoid and other diseases of the young soldier.

"In 1863 and 1864, when the Maryland Line was at Hanover Junction, she collected a library of good, instructive books for the use of the command, and encouraged the men to build, under her directions, a chapel, which was used alike by Catholic and Protestant without regard to sect.

"Remembering these benign episodes in her and our lives, our affection for her brightens with advancing years, and now that she is suffering on a bed of sickness, we extend to her our sympathies, we assure

her of our love and esteem, and we pray the good God to restore her to us and to her family for many years of youthfulness and honor.

"As a slight evidence of our esteem and endless gratitude, the Board of Governors have unanimously elected Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson to honorary membership in the Association of the Maryland Line, and desire her acceptance of the accompanying memento of their affection and love."

"Signed by the following: George W. Booth, George R. Gaither, James L. Aubrey, Daniel L. Thomas, James R. Wheeler, John F. Hayden, John W. Torsch, Charles H. Claiborne, Mark O. Shriver, R. James Stinson, William T. Thelin, August Simon.

"The Archbishop of Baltimore celebrated mass in the cathedral for her recovery, and after her death Cardinal Gibbons celebrated one for her happiness. She was a devout, conscientious, and zealous member of the Episcopal Church, and had been all her life. Before that time, however, the Maryland Legislature had given to the Association of the Maryland Line the old arsenal at Pikesville, in Baltimore County, nine miles from Baltimore, with a liberal annual appropriation. The Governors of the Association appointed a Board of Lady Visitors, with Mrs. Johnson as President, and she forthwith organized them for their work. She divided them into committees, and assigned one committee for each month in the year, the Visiting Committee being responsible for the sanitation and food of the inmates.

"Under this management and supervision the Soldiers' Home of Maryland has been conducted since 1888, averaging more than one hundred old soldiers, who are sheltered in its protecting care, who are fed, lodged, clothed, and cared for as no other old soldiers in this country are, North or South. The Home is Mrs. Johnson's monument. But she has left a larger, wider, more imperishable monument in the memory of her heroism, of her dauntless courage, of her great heart, cherished all over the States of the Confederacy."

FLAG OF THE REGIMENT—"THE BUCKTAIL FLAG."

The following correspondence concerns the flag:

Dear Madam: Upon the occasion of the disbandment of the First Maryland Regiment on the 17th of August we, the undersigned members of the above-named regiment do unanimously agree and resolve to present to you, as one true and truly worthy to receive it, our flag, which has been gallantly and victoriously borne over many a bloody and hard-fought field, and under whose sacred folds Maryland's exiled sons have fought and bled in a holy cause.

Our attachment to our flag is undying, and now that circumstances have rendered it necessary that our organization should no longer exist, we place in your hands as a testimonial of our regard and esteem our little flag, which is dear to us all.

It was signed for the regiment by Sergeants Albert Tolson, Company C; Richard L. Brown, Company —; George Tyler, Company A; George W. Wentworth, Company B; F. Farr, Company F; W. Joseph Wranek, Company D; Calvin Myers, Company E; Charles N. Ferriot, Company G; and by Edwin Selva, color bearer.

In her acknowledgment Mrs. Johnson wrote:

Gentlemen: This emblem of your courage and State pride received. The trust you have reposed in me shall be faithfully guarded, and only to the same organization with officers and men will I ever yield it. I take this means of assuring you all that, as I have been with you in the trials you have undergone in the South, so will I ever be, and no member of the first Maryland Regiment will ever want a friend while I live.

The dedication of the monument to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson was the leading feature of Memorial Day at Baltimore, June 6. The *Baltimore Sun* says of it:



JANE CLAUDIA,

MARCH 8, 1832—DECEMBER 31, 1890.

DAUGHTER OF HON. ROMULUS M. and ANNA H. SAUNDERS,
OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Honored Wife of Gen. Bradley Tyler Johnson, of Maryland.
Erected by Confederate Soldiers in Maryland in loving memory of a Noble Woman, A.D. 1901.

The day was also the anniversary of the battle of Harrisonburg, where soldiers of the Maryland Line distinguished themselves. Mrs. Johnson's grave and the monument which now marks the spot were profusely decorated, red roses predominating. Over two thousand people gathered to assist at the exercises. The members of the Maryland Line, including about eighty veterans from the Soldiers' Home, at Pikesville, formed a line at the main entrance of the cemetery, and marched to the lot, headed by the Fifth Regiment Veteran Corps Band, under the leadership of W. H. Pindell. Friends of the dead and members of the Daughters of the Confederacy had previously strewn flowers over all the graves.

Capt. G. W. Booth presided at the exercises, and read this appreciative sketch of Mrs. Johnson's life:

"Again we are assembled in this beautiful city of

the dead to testify our respect and veneration for the brave men whose last resting places fair hands have strewn with flowers, while in tearful contemplation we recall their heroic deeds and unflinching devotion to duty and principle.

"Forty years ago our country was torn with the dissensions incident to civil strife, and from the North went forth its hosts to battle for the Union, while the South gave up the very flower of its manhood, who responded to their conception of patriotic defense of home and fireside. This appeal to arms was followed by a conflict which has passed into history as one of the mightiest in deeds and in result ever chronicled. For four years was illustrated, as only American courage and devotion can illustrate, the valor of our people. The end came only when the material resources of the South were exhausted, its defenders reduced by the casualties of a protracted war, its ports in the hands of its antagonists, its fields devastated and unproductive, while the unlimited supplies of the North, with the markets of the world at command, were comparatively unaffected. The story of Appomattox, when the remnant of the once proud army of Northern Virginia yielded its eight thousand muskets to the encircling hosts of its persistent foe, speaks in no equivocal manner of the straits to which the Confederacy had been reduced.

"The starry cross, the banner of Lee and Jackson, of Johnston and Beauregard, of Stuart, Hampton, and Forrest was laid away. . . . Time is the great physician. The passions of the past have been measurably stilled, and out of a great evil and trial we can appropriate and secure lessons of good.

"While the cause of these dear comrades failed in the purpose for which they and we gave our best efforts and prayers, yet the memories of their valiant struggle, the gallantry and undaunted courage with which they asserted their manhood, the fortitude with which they endured privation and suffering, sanctify and illumine a principle which we then believed, and in the light of after years of sad experiences still believe, to have been the noblest to which man could dedicate his effort and, if needs be, surrender his life. From these silent graves comes forth in terms most eloquent the appeal to the young of our country to revere and cherish its fundamental laws, to respect the liberties of the people, and to maintain its institutions as a refuge for the oppressed and its mission as a protector against the oppressor. But these fallen heroes are not alone in their claim to our affection. The women of the South—whose tender care was lavished upon the sick and wounded; whose Spartan courage bade their sons, husbands, and lovers go forth to battle while they uncomplainingly assumed the stern duty of providing for the household; who unflinchingly preserved under all conditions of adversity and trial, and even when their loved ones had fallen abated not a jot in their steadfastness and loyalty, but whose every word and deed gave emphasis to the sentiment, 'Better an honored grave than a dishonored life'—to these daughters of our fair Southland we yield our grateful homage. To one of these we this day rear in enduring granite a mark of our loving remembrance and place on record our appreciation of her eminent virtues and inestimable services—Jane Claudia Johnson."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY Nanci Lewis Green, Lexington, Ky.

The growth of the organization called the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the Southern States has been marvelous. New chapters are being formed, and new members are being added to those already in existence almost daily; and though the dull season of summer is at hand, devotion to work in a beloved cause never seems to flag. The sweet, tender duty of marking the graves of Confederate dead is past. Out to the silent cemeteries, where nature had robed herself in a garment of green velvet embroidered in wild flowers, to do honor to heroic memories, noble women went, strewing blossoms where Southern soldiers lay asleep; and was there anything to criticize in the loving act? Was there aught of bitterness in this recalling of days that were gone? Certainly not. Even in the hearts of those whose kindred lay far away in unknown graves, graves the location of which only God and the angels knew, there was nothing but love and charity to drop with roses and lilies upon mounds near by. But the Daughters have taken upon themselves other duties—duties to the living which will not be laid aside even in summer. Supplies are being sent to the Soldiers' Home, where aged and helpless Confederate soldiers are sheltered. Individual cases of sickness and poverty are being relieved. True history in regard to the civil war is being written and preserved by the different Chapter historians for the benefit of children who have received erroneous impressions of the struggle for right and principle in which their fathers took part. Too much importance cannot be attached to this preservation of data which grows more and more valuable as the years go by and as a broader American patriotism is coming into existence. The truth is sought and welcomed by patriots of both North and South, and it is but the simple truth that the women of the South wish to uphold. This is known and appreciated by all who are familiar with their noble aims and purposes. Other causes also, too numerous to mention, and equally as commendable, receive support from Chapter funds.

LEXINGTON KENTUCKY CHAPTER.

The Lexington Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, held their last regular monthly meeting in the beautiful Confederate Veteran headquarters at the courthouse June 13. This room, which has been handsomely fitted up and hung with portraits of Southern heroes, was decorated in palms and ferns, and proved an inspiration to patriotic sentiment.

The work of the past winter was reviewed, and plans made to pursue certain lines of it throughout the summer. The placing of Gen. Robert E. Lee's portrait in the public schools, and having the children instructed as to his life and character was one of the most important accomplishments of the year, and was successful only after much earnest insistence and labor and expense in procuring the pictures. It was also proposed that a design of flowers should be sent to New York annually on Lee's birthday, to be placed

in the Temple of Fame beneath his portrait as a remembrance from the Lexington Chapter.

An election of officers took place with Mrs. E. D. Potts acting as Chairman. The retiring President, Mrs. Charlton H. Morgan, was given up with sincerest regret, tempered only by the pleasure of securing Mrs. A. S. Winston in her place. If the characters of these two women could be drawn, they would form two distinctive and true types of the Southern gentlewoman. Mrs. Morgan, wife and sister of gallant Confederate soldiers, closely connected by marriage with the famous John Morgan, idol of Kentucky and of the South, daughter of Charles Howard, of Baltimore, and granddaughter of Col. John Eager Howard of revolutionary fame, and of Peggy Chew, the equally famous beauty and belle of those warlike times, wears her heritage of beauty and good blood with a grace piquant and original, and adds to it a keen Southern loyalty characteristic of those women who so ardently helped to support the Confederacy. Six brave young brothers did Mrs. Morgan see don the Confederate gray, one of them to suffer in prison, as did her gallant husband, Charlton H. Morgan, almost during the whole period of the struggle. Her work as President of the Lexington Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was carried on with the greatest zeal and success.

Mrs. Avery S. Winston, the newly-elected President, is one of the handsomest matrons in the blue grass country, a social leader, and an influential worker. She gave a noble young brother to the Confederate



THE LATE HENRIETTA HUNT MORGAN,

standing in the famous colonial doorway of the Morgan home, up to which her son, Gen. John H. Morgan, rode to tell her good-by when the Yankees were after him, his horse's hoofs resounding on the stone floor of the gallery. Mrs. Morgan assisted Jefferson Davis with his Latin lessons when he went to college at Transylvania University.

service, and her husband, Mr. Avery S. Winston, was a member of the valiant Washington Artillery of New Orleans. This giving of boy soldiers to the Confederacy by our mothers and sisters was one of the most touching and pathetic sacrifices ever made in the history of wars. Upon the walls of Mrs. Morgan's home hangs a painting in a gilded frame. From the canvas a beautiful boyish face looks down—delicate and refined as a girl's in its beauty, yet possessing a seriousness and strength developed prematurely by the gray uniform he wears. This was the fair young brother of Gen. John Morgan, whose early tragic death wrung the heart of that intrepid cavalry leader.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are: Mrs. Avery S. Winston, President; Mrs. Charlton Morgan, First Vice President; Mrs. E. D. Potts, Second Vice President; Mrs. W. W. Estill, Vice President from the country; Mrs. Frank Gentry, Treasurer; Mrs. James Garrard White, Secretary; and Miss Eleanor Chinn, Recording Secretary.

THE OLD TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

BY Nanci Lewis Greene, Lexington, Ky.

When an institution has celebrated the centennial anniversary of its foundation, and a hundred years have stamped a history upon its walls, it is always possible to find much in that history of romantic interest and value, aside from prosaic record of dry facts.

Transylvania University—the very name of which calls up memories that thrill and inspire—was the title borne by the present Kentucky University in the olden time.

Crowning an eminence in the midst of rolling bluegrass meadows where, in summer, great velvety bees circle with drowsy humming, and the red bird flits close to the earth as a seagull dips to the ocean; where dark bordering trees look as if every part of them has put forth leaves in a bursting impulse of adoration to a Creator—stands the massive, picturesque pile of the old college building, with great gray stone pillars supporting a classic style of architecture. Looking up at it, with the mellow sunlight of a late afternoon falling softly upon cornice and column, it seems fraught with interesting memories.

It is with one of these memories that this sketch has particularly to deal: the memory of days when a slender, fair-haired youth, quiet and reticent and studious, labored as a pupil at Transylvania University.

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States attended college here in 1824, and for that reason, if for no other, is the place sacred to Southerners.

He boarded in Lexington, Ky., in a brick house still standing on the southeast corner of Hill and Limestone Streets. Long after Davis lived there the place was used as a boarding house for students, and a well-known educator of Lexington tells this incident which shows with what love and loyalty the southern boys regard him.

A rich planter's son fitted up a room with every luxury, while another boy, poorer in worldly goods but richer in brains, schemed to fare quite as well. The latter occupied a cheaper apartment, very much dilapidated, with the wall paper hanging in torn strips. In a spirit of fun he lifted up one of these bits of paper and wrote the name "Jefferson Davis" beneath. Then he went in to have a chat with the planter's son, during which he said: "Do you know that I occupy the very room which Davis had?"

"Indeed! Say, Tom, what will you take to trade? My people

down in Mississippi would weep tears of joy if I wrote them I had that room."

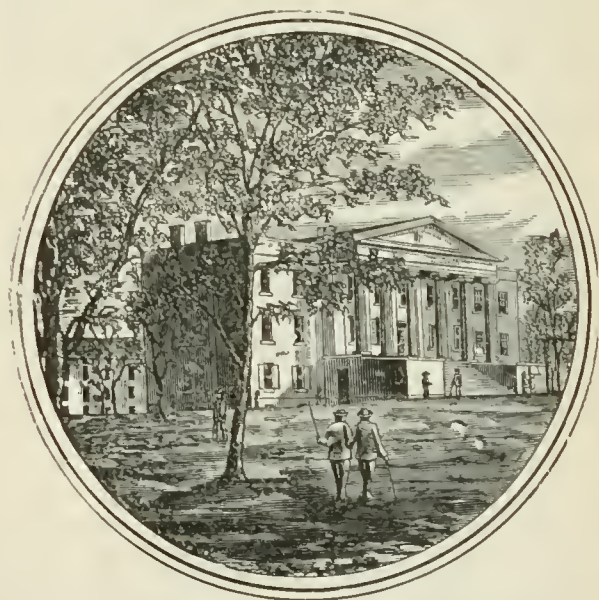
Finally a bargain was struck and the poor boy got the well-furnished room just as it stood, while the other fitted up the dilapidated apartment for his own occupancy, careful not to molest the paper upon which was written "Jefferson Davis."

Upon the occasion of the centennial celebration of Kentucky University, two years ago, a letter from Mrs. Jefferson Davis was received, a paragraph of which ran: "My advanced age and the distance to be traveled will, I regret to say, prevent my accepting your kind invitation to be present at the hundredth anniversary of Transylvania University, which was my husband's beloved *Alma Mater*, and to his connection with which he always reverted with pride and pleasure. The large number of useful citizens and brilliant men graduated from Transylvania University has often been noticed and commented upon."

Mrs. Davis's letter is now preserved with the many valuable documents belonging to the old college.

The Morgans of Kentucky have long been illustrious and distinguished people. When Col. Charlton Morgan, of Lexington, a soldier in two wars, came through the lines at Richmond Va., to deliver dispatches, he met Jefferson Davis who told him of his school days in Lexington, saying that he had been assisted in learning his Latin lessons by Henrietta Hunt Morgan, mother of Col. Charlton, and also of Gen. John Morgan "a woman remarkable for her rare intelligence and education."

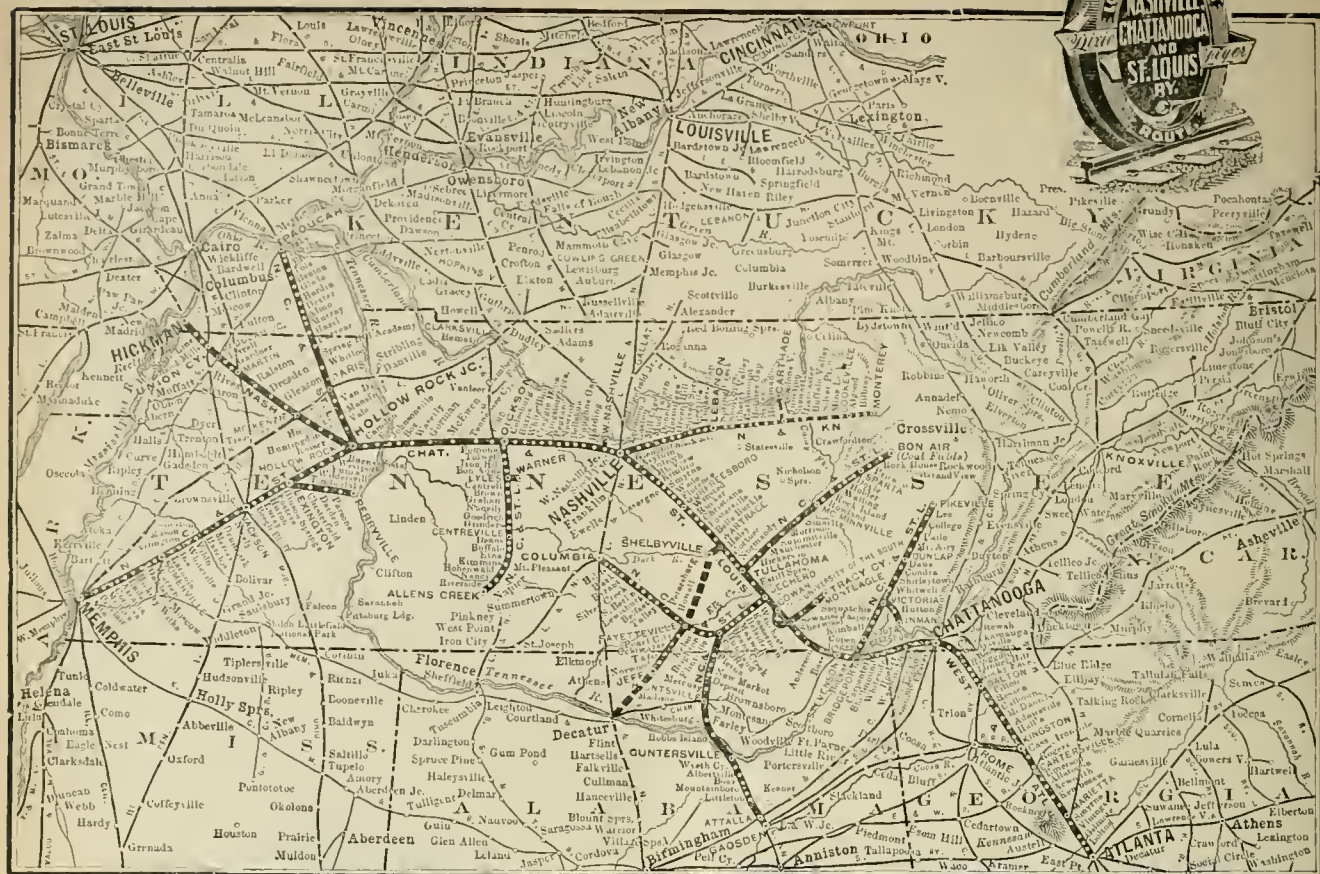
The history of Transylvania University would fill volumes; but this brief sketch, inspired by the quaint and old tradition, will close with an extract from a MSS. prepared by Prof



Alexander R. Milligan who lately resigned the Presidency of Kentucky University to give place to Rev. Burris A. Jenkins. Prof. Milligan's father was the first President of Kentucky University.

"The odd practice prevailed at Transylvania University of electing professors for a specified time "if they should so long behave themselves well," "a provision," says Prof. Milligan, "that seems less strange when we learn that public sentiment at that time permitted the medical department to be aided by a lottery, and required two of its members to fight a duel."

While the old (Transylvania) Kentucky University reaches back to the days of chivalry, it is still foremost among colleges of the present time.



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GROWTH IN TWENTY YEARS.	1880.	1900.
Mileage	453	1,195
Locomotives	77	193
Passenger and baggage cars	47	178
Freight cars	1,187	6,617
Weight of engines, passenger	35 tons	70 tons
Weight of engines, freight	49 tons	76 tons
Rail, weight per yard	52 and 56 lbs.	68 and 80 lbs.
Men in various shops at Nashville ..	220	820
Earnings	\$2,099,155.07	\$7,620,127.75

It will be seen that its mileage and the number of locomotives within the time specified have been increased two and a half times; its passenger and baggage cars, four times; its freight cars, five and a half times; and its earnings, nearly four times. It has no superior, considering the excellence of its roadbed, its admirable equipment, the fertility of the region that it serves.

The road traverses a portion of the country where the bliz-

zards of winter never come, and the simoons of summer are unknown; in which the surface configuration modifies the climate, giving it some of the characteristics of all the climates from Louisiana to Canada, but these characteristics manifest themselves more in the abundant variety of vegetable life than in the excess of cold or heat.

Rarely does the thermometer go below zero or reach an elevation above 100 degrees, and so seldom do these extremes occur that they are looked upon as phenomenal. Indeed there is a most felicitous combination of humidity and sunshine, of heat and cold, and they are so beautifully ordered and so happily blended as to give the highest excellence to the greatest variety of vegetable life, and at the same time the fullest measure of healthfulness to man and beast. The glorious climate of this region, its varied topography, its charming scenery, its great healthfulness, its abundant streams that supply an incalculable amount of unused water power, besides furnishing the most copious quantities of pure water for domestic purposes—all these combined give such attractions to the region as few other localities in the world possess.

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"We live and laugh,
And know not life's deep seeming.
We live and weep,
And yet we weep in vain.
We live and love—
Aye, strange that from life's dreaming
Comes its true pain."

A true lover of nature, he says: "That man but half lives who does not live on a farm."

"The trees are but the brushes of the sky
Dipped deep in green. Above, a canopy
No mortal yet hath painted. From hill below
To where the purpling rivers flow,
From thousand-tinted sky and cloud,
Where light and shadows laugh aloud,
From shifting shade o'er sea and land
O painting from the Master's hand!"

In the thrilling ride from Columbia to Nashville on the "pike of battles," which Ned Ballington takes to save his sweetheart, he recounts to Marjorie, his faithful mare, the bravery of those who contested so stubbornly every inch of the way, even though hope had well-nigh fled and further resistance seemed vain. This tribute to the Confederates will reach every heart that can be stirred by the deeds of those who wore the gray.

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"THE RED, WHITE, AND RED."

During the early part of 1864 a song entitled "The Red, White, and Red," seemed to take the place of all other Confederate songs in the armies of Tennessee, and Georgia, and it was "all the go" until the surrender, but since then it seems to have been retired to oblivion, and I have hunted far and wide for somebody that could recall it. I remember, too, when the hills resounded with its pretty air down in Georgia, and then it seemed to me as if every man in the ranks sung it, while "Dixie," "Maryland," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "We're Tenting To-Night," were considered as in the past tense, too old to sing. "The Red, White, and Red" was written by Private T. B. Aldrich, of the Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry, while lying in the ditches in front of Richmond, he using the bosom of a "starched" shirt he had carried with him for months, to write the original manuscript upon, and this shirt was sent to the first publisher of the song, at Richmond, and the first copies were printed on variegated, colored, common paper. During the Memphis reunion I inquired of every veteran I met to see if there was one that could recall the song; and I looked over all the musical programmes I saw, but never found it. As best I can recall the words of the first verse, they were as follows:

On the banks of the Potomac
There's an army so grand,
Whose object's to subjugate
Fair Dixie's land;
But we'll ne'er let them in
While we unsheath our sword,
Or give up the contest
To the Yankee horde.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah, we're a nation they fear!
Three cheers for our colors, and our country so dear!
Hurrah, hurrah, we're a nation they dread!
Three cheers for Jeff Davis, the red, white, and red!

I am not sure of being absolutely correct in my attempt to produce either the words or chorus as above, but it will be near enough to the correct thing to cause somebody to hunt up a copy and send to the VETERAN for publication.

TOM HALL.

Louisville, 1901.

R. Gilchrist, of 1934 West Jefferson Street, Louisville, Ky., writes that a friend of his has an Episcopal prayer book found on the field after the battle of Perryville, and which he would be glad to return to those entitled to it. The superscription on the fly leaf is: "Lancaster, Ky. From Y. Y. Memberston (or Momberstet) to B. F. Wiggins." Reply can be addressed to Mr. Gilchrist.

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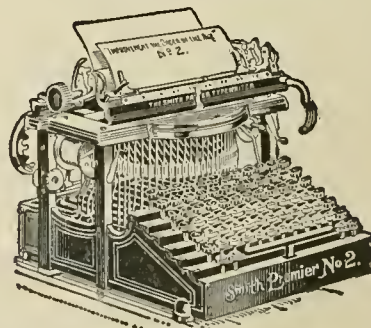
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SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

Extract from the minutes of Confederate reunion, Belton, Tex., July 2, 3, 4.

The committee on school histories from Camp No. 122, Bell County Confederate Association, made its report:

Your committee, referring especially to "Montgomery's History for Beginners" recommend the adoption of the following resolutions and urge that we use every effort in our power to discourage the use of the book in our schools:

"Resolved: 1. That the Montgomery history for beginners is partisan in its composition, in that it lauds Lincoln and throws on the South unjustly the burden of the origin of the war. That to remedy this we recommend that the lawmaking powers expunge this book from the series and substitute a non-partisan book of its kind in its stead.

"2. That in case this is not done, and the Lincoln laudation is retained, a like number of pages be devoted to the history of Jefferson Davis, in which he written the truths of history to the effect that in the early '30s Jefferson Davis, as an officer in the Black Hawk war, administered to Lincoln, as a volunteer, the oath to support the constitution of the United States—his first oath—and that Lincoln was the first to aver that he would not be bound by that oath, but by a higher law, and that he first openly declared he and his party would repudiate that constitution as constructed by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case in 1857, and that this case decided that slaves could be taken in the territories as any other property, and that by Lincoln's repudiation of the law as constructed by the tribunal of last resorts war resulted, and he and his party were in fact the real revolutionists and are morally responsible for all the loss of life and destruction of Southern homes and property that ensued.

"3. If this course, or one similar in effect, is not followed, and a partisan history is to be adopted, we recommend that Mrs. Pendleton Lee's series of the history of the civil war as now in use in Virginia be used, in which the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is narrated in plain, simple language for beginners."

Signed: W. L. Wilson, Chairman; J. Z. Miller, D. N. Hembree, W. T. J. Hartrick, A. J. Chaffin.

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J. HORACE MILLER, *County Treasurer.*

John B. McElroy, of Wied, Tex., would like to hear from comrades of the Fourth Georgia Cavalry (I. W. Avery), especially of Company C, Capt. Jeff Johnson's old company, of which he was first sergeant.

A sword with the name of "D. M. Pierce, of Alabama," stamped on the blade was surrendered to J. Gorsuch on the battlefield of Stone's river, Tenn., in 1863, and is now in possession of the Masonic Lodge at Greenville, Ohio. Mr. Gorsuch was a member of Company C, Fourteenth Ohio Regiment, and now resides in Huntingdon, W. Va. He will take pleasure in restoring this sword to its owner or to his relatives.

F. P. Cogdill, of Lipan, Tex., writes that he enlisted in the first company that was made up on Spring Creek, Madison County, N. C., and was a member of Capt. Allen's company of the Second North Carolina Battalion. They were all captured at Roanoke, N. C., but after being exchanged were transferred to the Sixtieth North Carolina Regiment. He was in the battle of Murfreesboro, Jackson, Miss., Chickamauga, through the Georgia campaign to the fall of Atlanta, then went back to Nashville with Hood, at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., then surrendered at Greensboro. He would be glad to hear from comrades who shared the dangers of war with him.

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# Confederate Veteran

Photo by Albert Kern, of Dayton, O.



SOUTH CAROLINA MONUMENT ON CHICKAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD.

(See page 339.)



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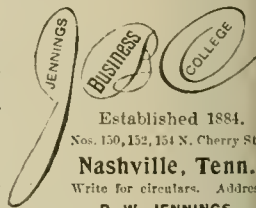
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# Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

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

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

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1901.

No. 8. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## SOUTH CAROLINA MONUMENT IN CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA NATIONAL PARK.

On the great battlefield of Chickamauga the soldiers of the Palmetto State won new laurels of military excellence and renown, and as a fitting memorial of their valor the monument erected by the State is one of the best of the many now in the Park. The monument stands on Strawberry Hill, eastwardly from the center of the Federal line on Snodgrass Hill. The spot commands a wide prospect over the Dyer fields, and beyond to the fringe of woods, masking the Lafayette road and the forest along the banks of Chickamauga River. The base is of neat design and built of granite from the State; the figures are of bronze, an artilleryman and an infantry soldier; the state had no cavalry in the battle. The figures face early east and west, and are effective in pose and de-

sign. The height of the monument is thirty-three feet, of which about ten feet is represented by the finely proportioned bronze palmetto tree surmounting the monument. The effect of the whole is of striking beauty and grandeur. The inscription is as follows:

TO HER FAITHFUL SONS AT CHICKAMAUGA  
SOUTH CAROLINA  
ERECTS THIS MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE  
THE VALOR THEY PROVED AND THE LIVES  
THEY GAVE ON THIS BATTLEFIELD.

On the back are named the following commands:  
Kershaw's Brigade, Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth, and Fifteenth South Carolina Regiments.



FAMILY SCENE OF GEN. PATTON ANDERSON'S WIDOW, CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN.



James's Third South Carolina Regiment, of which there were killed, 65; wounded, 438; and missing, 1.

Manigault's Brigade, the Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina Regiments consolidated, in which there were killed, 26; mortally wounded, 40; wounded, 170.

Gists's Brigade had engaged the Twenty-Fourth South Carolina Regiment, of which there were killed, 43; wounded, 114; missing, 12.

Culpepper's Battery, wounded, 14.

The dedication and unveiling ceremonies were held on Monday, May 27, 1901. There were present Gov. Miles B. McSweeney (of South Carolina), three hundred and fifty members of the State National Guard, South Carolina Division United Sons of Confederate Veterans, U. C. V. Division of South Carolina, the Georgia Association of Chattanooga, visiting Confederate Veterans, Governor of Georgia's staff, and members of the Park Commission. The prayer was offered by Rev. John Kershaw, son of Gen. J. B. Kershaw. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, commander of North Carolina Division, U. C. V., and a survivor of the battle, delivered a historical address. Hon. D. S. Henderson, State Senator from South Carolina, and Col. J. Harvey Wilson, member of South Carolina House of Representatives and a Confederate veteran, and Bishop Ellison Capers delivered fine and appropriate addresses. The Bishop was in the battle as lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-Fourth South Carolina Regiment. Later he was a brigadier general.

The unveiling was by three young ladies: For Kershaw's Brigade, Miss Ethel Bland, granddaughter of Lieut. Col. Ebert Bland, killed in the battle, Seventh South Carolina Regiment; for Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina Regiments, Miss Ada Orie Walker, granddaughter of Gen. C. Irvine Walker; for Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Miss Mary Snyder DuPre, grandniece of Gens. Stevens and Capers.

Gov. McSweeney turned the monument over to the Park Commission, which was received by Gen. H. V. Boynton. The photograph from which the illustration is taken was obtained by the writer in July, from the only point giving a view of the monument clear of foliage.

### GEN. PATTON ANDERSON.

In the wide diversity of its experience the career of Gen. Patton Anderson is worthy in every sense as a model of high achievements and lofty manhood.

Gen. Anderson was born near Winchester, Franklin County, Tenn., February 16, 1822, and was educated at Cannonsburg, Pa. He answered the first call for troops to Mexico, and was elected lieutenant colonel of a Mississippi battalion at twenty-one years of age. Being advised at the close of the Mexican War to seek the Pacific coast for his health, he sought an appointment under Mr. Pierce, in whose campaign he had taken an active part. Through the influence of Jefferson Davis, by whom he was introduced to Mr. Pierce, Gen. Anderson was sent as marshal to the Territory of Washington, which was just then organized, making him the first civil officer appointed to that locality. He arrived at Olympia on July 4, 1853. The adventures and vicissitudes of his life in the far West are thrilling in their interest; and yet, all undaunted by hardships already endured, he was

ready at the earliest call to arms when the South needed such brave men as he.

Gen. Anderson's record, closely summarized, is an almost unprecedented marvel of unflagging activity and heroic love for the cause he so warmly espoused. On January 11, 1861, he enlisted in the State military service of Florida, and was elected captain of a company. He was made colonel of its First Regiment on the 26th of the following March. On February 10, 1862, he was appointed brigadier general in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, his brigade comprising his own regiment, the Seventeenth Alabama (Col. Joseph Wheeler), Fifth Mississippi (Col. A. E. Fant), and Eighth Mississippi (Col. G. G. Flint). Gen. Anderson was ordered to Jackson, Tenn., March 20, 1862; thence to Corinth, Miss., where he assumed command of a brigade composed of the First Florida Battalion and the Seventeenth and Twentieth Louisiana and Ninth Texas Regiments. This brigade he commanded at Shiloh. Afterwards, on reorganization, he was assigned to the brigade composed of the Forty-First, Thirty-Sixth, Thirty-Seventh Mississippi and the Twenty-Fifth Louisiana Regiments. Being assigned in September, 1862, to Maj. Gen. Sam Jones's Division in the Army of Tennessee at Chattanooga, he continued in the same throughout Bragg's Kentucky campaign.

On December 28, 1862, Gen. Anderson was assigned to the command of Trapier's Brigade, composed of two South Carolina and two Alabama regiments. On December 30, 1862, he was assigned to the command of Walthall's Brigade, owing to Gen. Walthall's illness, the battle of Murfreesboro then pending. This brigade was composed of the Twenty-Fourth, Twenty-Seventh, Twenty-Ninth, and Thirtieth Mississippi Regiments and Barrett's Battery.

As senior officer, Gen. Anderson was in command of Wither's and Hindman's Divisions until February 9, 1864, when he was promoted to be Major General of the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and assigned to the command of Breckinridge's Division, Army of Tennessee, by order of the War Department. Soon thereafter he was sent to assume command of the Confederate forces operating in East Florida.

On July 24, 1864, Gen. Anderson was ordered back to the Army of Tennessee, reaching Gen. Hood's headquarters at Atlanta on the evening of July 28. He was that night reassigned to the command of Hindman's old division, composed of Brig. Gen. W. F. Brantley's (Mississippi), Gen. Z. C. Dea's (Alabama), Brig. Gen. A. M. Manigault's (South Carolina and Alabama), and Brig. Gen. Jacob Sharp's (Mississippi) Brigades.

On reorganization of the Army of Tennessee, at Smithville, N. C., Gen. Anderson was assigned, on April 8, 1865, to the command of a South Carolina division composed of the brigades commanded by Cols. Harrison and Rhett. While riding to rejoin his command at Jonesboro, under a hailstorm of bullets, Gen. Anderson was shot through the jaw, the ball almost severing his tongue. He lived several years, but never recovered from the painful wound.

Gen. Anderson was twice married, his first wife being Miss Nancy Belle. There were three children born of this marriage, one of whom, Mrs. Fall, is said to have owned the site where the Capitol of Tennes-

see now stands. His second wife, who was Miss Margaret Adair, survives, and resides at Palatka, Fla.

In closing the too brief sketch of a life so full, it is fitting to quote extracts from the *Memphis Appeal's* tribute to Gen. Anderson at the time of his death. September 20, 1872, the anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga: "Gen. Anderson was the soul of honor and integrity, and few ever lived whose personal qualities attracted so many warm friendships. His generosity was only limited by his means. He united the bravery of a lion with the gentleness of a woman.



GEN. PATTON ANDERSON.

He never evaded a personal or public obligation or responsibility, nor turned his back on a friend. A purer man in thought and action never lived. He would not have accepted the highest station in the world at the cost of his consistency; the wealth of the Indies could not have corrupted him, nor the wheel or rack move him to the betrayal of a cause he honestly espoused. His friendships, not rashly formed, were pure, permanent, and faithful. Being incapable of deceiving by false or hypocritical professions, he gave a beautiful exemplification of a life devoted to fidelity, justice, and truth, which left among the living no resentments. In his home he was an idol, for in its atmosphere the grandeur of his affection shone with increased luster. For deliberate courage and promptness in action he had no superior, and he was idolized by his men and officers."

**WANTS HIS HORN, LOST AT APPOMATTOX.**—Walter N. Glover joined Greensboro (Hale County) Guards in 1861, belonged to the Fifth Alabama, Battle's Brigade. Green's Division was paroled at Appomattox C. H. in 1865. In the fall of 1863 Gen. Rhodes had him detailed to the Commissary Department. On April 9, 1865, at Appomattox C. H. the headquarters wagon was ransacked, after which a horn, given and engraved by — Blount, of a Sumter County company, was missing, and I should be glad to hear from same. The horn was engraved with a pack of hounds after a fox, a hunter on horseback seen in the distance—all this inlaid with colored sealing wax.

## THE CROSS OF HONOR.

At the presentation of crosses of honor to the members of Camp W. J. Hardee, Birmingham, Ala., Mrs. J. A. Rountree, who was Miss Maud McIver, of a well-known Tennessee family, read this poem, which has been much admired:

Here, Veterans, we give a cross to you—  
Not a cross that is hard to bear—  
But a cross for your bravery, tried and true,  
A badge you are proud to wear.

The years have been long and hard and drear  
To many that meet here to-day,  
And we Daughters are adding a bit of cheer  
To your loyal hearts ere you pass away.

Your ranks grow thin as the years go down,  
And your battles are almost won,  
And this cross of bronze will turn to a crown  
When the Master shall say, "Well done."

The four grand years that you fought so well  
Have been followed by grief and strife;  
But you aimed so true, each shot would tell,  
And you've mastered the battle of life.

What if at San Juan our veterans won,  
Has the gray turned any more blue?  
And what if they fought for a Union gun,  
Has the heart grown any less true?

No, comrades, the same old men to-day  
Are as loyal in heart and hand  
As they ever were, and their heartstrings play  
When the band starts "Dixie Land."

And now we have brought this cross to you,  
That is bronzed with our love and faith,  
And we pin it there on your breast so true,  
As an emblem of honored worth.

And we pledge our word that the Daughters all  
Will never let fade your name,  
And when you have answered the reveille call  
We will still keep alive your fame.

H. A. Butler, Malvern, Ark., writes: "In the June number of the *VETERAN*, Col. DeRosset refers to Col. Cooke being complimented for the part he acted in the battle of Sharpsburg. On that day he had charge of his own regiment, the Twenty-Seventh North Carolina, and the Third Arkansas, of Walker's Brigade, Hill's Corps. For his gallantry he was soon afterwards made a Brigadier General and commanded a North Carolina Brigade, Fifteenth, Twenty-Seventh, Forty-Sixth, and Forty-Eighth Regiments, and I was made assistant adjutant general, serving on his staff as such till the 'submission' at Appomattox. Gen. John R. Cooke's father served in the Federal army—Gen. Philip St. George Cooke, a native of Virginia. He was an own cousin of John Esten Cooke, the novelist, and a brother-in-law of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. I was with Gen. Cooke when he was wounded four times. He died in Richmond, Va., some ten years ago, loved and honored by all who knew him."



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

The devotion of patrons to the VETERAN is gratifying. They are patient with its shortcomings and ever gracious in commending it. The best of them are good in these respects, but even this class is negligent about renewing. Impulsively, when their attention is called to it, they respond with two, three, or maybe five dollars. It is herein suggested that every person—yes, *you*—give this subject a moment's attention. See by the label if you are paid in advance; and if not, please procure a post office order or write a check, not only for your own subscription, but procure a subscriber, reminding him or her that the expense of remitting for both will not be any more than for one.

This is the dull part of the subscription year, but expenses are just the same as in flush periods. See the premium offers, that you may commend them to others as well as secure the benefit yourself. The "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Dr. H. M. Field, and his "Old Spain and New Spain" are deeply interesting books. See the terms for them on page 376. Gen. S. G. French's book on "Two Wars," Mexican and Confederate, published for the VETERAN and just out, will create widespread interest. It is two dollars per copy. Send for it at once, and you will be greatly interested.

Some numbers of the VETERAN for years past can be had at half price—fifty cents per dozen—and the engraved plates may be had at the same rate, \$1, the average cost being \$2.

The finest illustration ever given of what may be done in behalf of the VETERAN comes with a list of one hundred and thirty subscriptions from Walter M. Warren, of Amarillo, Tex. Comrade Warren's love for the cause induced him to send for sample copies, and at a reunion in Cañon City he had the announcement made that he would receive subscriptions at the reduction of agent's commission, and secured sixty names that day. He would ask those who could afford it to subscribe for some poor Confederate, and that was done liberally. He did three days' work gratuitously in this way. Do, comrades, let all of us be diligent until "taps" in recording the glorious truths of our history, in making the VETERAN a power for good, thereby making the world better. Those who have the benefit of its service and do not in some way reciprocate are a hindrance to the success of a principle for which all should labor.

### ABOUT P. D. CUNNINGHAM, DECEASED.

So general and profound was the impression made by the publications in the July VETERAN concerning Paul Davis Cunningham, deceased, that at another time additional data will be published in the VETERAN or in a booklet. The July issue of twenty-one thousand copies is insufficient to supply the demands, but the republication of the sketch of this young engineer and tributes paid to his memory will be supplied to all who send addresses for the purpose.

On September 1 R. W. Dowe, the sheriff of Maverick County, wrote that he had talked with all the boatmen, and does not believe it would have been possible for either of them to have rescued Mr. Cunningham, as they were badly bruised from being thrown against the rocks.

Mr. Cunningham drew some money from the bank at Eagle Pass, and, carefully folding one hundred and twenty dollars in a little pocketbook, inclosed it with a rubber band, jocularly saying: "Boys, if I should be drowned, you must fish me up and get this money." This was only a few hours before the fateful end.

The men said it was his rule on striking rough water to put his papers carefully in his pocket and run his arm through the kodak strap to support it. He did that in this instance. The last they saw of him he was securing the kodak, which weighed seven pounds.

"That is the worst place on the entire length of the Rio Grande," wrote Sheriff Dowe, "and I think it would be impossible to take a boat through it. Of course Mr. Cunningham did not know this, as he thought he had passed the worst part."

This sudden death was communicated to Paul's grandfather, Mr. William B. Davis, of Georgia, who was eighty-four years of age and broken down in health; when he said, "Lord God, have mercy upon us;" and he never mentioned the subject afterwards. He grew worse the next day, and died August 21. A closer intimacy could hardly have existed between persons of the same age. Mr. Davis opposed the war until it was on, but then he furnished two young sons, one of whom surrendered his life in Virginia, and he gave lavishly of his fortune to the end. A worthy tribute to his memory should be recorded in the VETERAN. A truer, better, nobler man did not live in his time.

The VETERAN expresses sincerest gratitude to Gen. George Moorman for his great kindness in supplying a revised list complete of the 1,351 Camps of United Confederate Veterans. Copies were distributed at the Memphis Reunion. Taken up in the midst of his Herculean labors before the reunion, its magnitude may be the better conceived in the statement that it comprised over seventy long type-written pages. Every reader interested in this great list will join the VETERAN in the spirit of gratitude.

## THE SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MEMORIAL FUND.

Jefferson Davis dedicated his great work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,"

TO

## THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY,

WHOSE PIOUS MINISTRATIONS TO OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS

SOOTHED THE LAST HOURS OF THOSE

WHO DIED FAR FROM THE OBJECTS OF THEIR TENDEREST LOVE;

WHOSE DOMESTIC LABORS CONTRIBUTED

MUCH TO SUPPLY THE WANTS OF OUR DEFENDERS IN THE FIELD;

WHOSE ZEALOUS FAITH IN OUR CAUSE SHONE

A GUIDING STAR UNDIMMED BY THE DARKEST CLOUDS OF WAR;

WHOSE FORTITUDE SUSTAINED THEM

UNDER ALL THE PRIVATIONS TO WHICH THEY WERE SUBJECTED;

WHOSE FLORAL TRIBUTE

ANNUALLY EXPRESSES THEIR ENDURING LOVE AND REVERENCE

FOR OUR SACRED DEAD

AND

WHOSE PATRIOTISM

WILL TEACH THEIR CHILDREN

TO EMULATE THE DEEDS OF OUR REVOLUTIONARY SIRES;

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED

BY THEIR COUNTRYMAN,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

It is these "women of the Confederacy" whom it is intended to memorialize. This work should be done by the Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Veterans, and the Southern people generally. It is our own glorious women whom we seek to honor, a duty which should not be left to others, but should be most cheerfully performed by ourselves. The idea has been suggested at different times and in different States, in New Orleans, in Virginia, in Tennessee. At the Memphis reunion the veterans resolved to make an effort to raise a fund for the purpose, and the undersigned was appointed Treasurer and custodian of the fund. All moneys received will be deposited in a savings bank, on interest, and there will be *no charge* for receiving and caring for them. N. B. Forrest Camp of Chattanooga takes up a collection at the close of every meeting for this special object. That is a good plan, and might well be adopted by every Camp of Veterans, and of the Sons of Veterans.

ALEX P. STEWART.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander Indian Territory Division, U. C. V., writes from McAlester that while in Memphis he sung a little song and stated that he intended to raise funds for a "monument to our women" at some future time. Instantly the subscriptions were started, and on that day, May 29, he received subscriptions to the amount of sixty-five dollars.

G. E. Smith gave \$25; J. A. Danhurst, S. M. Houston, and E. E. Spinks gave \$5 each; while the following gave one dollar subscriptions: J. L. Fuller, F. M. Anderson, L. M. Smith, J. B. Ashby, J. B. Stranger, W. T. Hennessy, W. Holman, E. S. Ruttan, R. M. Mullen, William T. Gout, D. M. Hughes, J. T. Ryan, J. H. Butler, H. P. Green, N. —, Martinesky, Old Confederate, R. E. Pendergrass, William Rolland, W. J. Fillery. J. V. Sims gave \$1.25.

REUNION OF MOSBY'S MEN.—Mr. W. Ben Palmer, of Richmond, Va., writes that the reunion of Mosby's command will be held at Warrenton, Va., on October 1, 2, and 3.

## SQUAD NUMBER ONE "AT MEMPHIS REUNION."

Lieut. John W. Crunk, Company A, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment; William H. Farmer, Company A, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment; H. Clay Murphey, Company E, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment; John M. Martin, Company A, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment; Lieut. A. T. Goodloe, Company D, Thirty-



JOHN W. CRUNK. WM. H. FARMER. H. CLAY MURPHEY.  
A. T. GOODLOE. JOHN M. MARTIN.

Fifth Alabama Regiment. These five old Rebs constituted "Squad Number One" from Robertson County, Tenn., to the Memphis reunion. They roomed together there at the best place, they say, in the city, and had a jolly good time in every right way. They all take the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and stand flat-footed for it against all adversaries. They stood their ground firmly to the close of the war against invaders of their country, and are as good Confederates now as they were then. They are all members of the Southern Methodist Church except Murphey, who is a Missionary Baptist with a Methodist wife. Goodloe is a minister and member of the Tennessee Conference, his post office at present being Springfield, Tenn. These men are of kindred spirits, and are bound together by the strongest cords of mutual love and confidence.

Mrs. J. D. Holmes, of Bay City, Tex., desires information to prove the death of her former husband, H. K. Lowe, member of Company K, Sixth Texas Cavalry, Whitfield's Legion, who died on the march into Tennessee, February, 1863, after the army had crossed the river. His death occurred at the house of a Mr. Fisher, and he was buried in their private graveyard. Two soldiers had been left to attend him, and it is hoped this inquiry will reach them or some member of Mr. Fisher's family who will recall the circumstance.



## [SUGGESTIONS ABOUT THE DALLAS REUNION.

W. T. Moore, who served in Company A, Wither's Mississippi Artillery, and is Commander of Camp J. W. Throckmorton No. 109, U. C. V., at McKinney, Tex., writes:

I have just received your July number of the *VETERAN*. Reunion suggestions and comments by Rev. A. T. Goodloe and yourself meet my most hearty approval. It is time our leaders should recognize them. As far as the dancing and social features among the Sons and Daughters, maids of honor, etc., are concerned, I have nothing to say. Young people are going to have their pleasure and dress parade, and if they want it that way, let them have it; but let them go off of the reunion grounds, rent a ballroom somewhere, and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. And let as many of the old ex-Confederates as wish to attend do so. But by all means let us keep the reunion hall for speaking or preaching purposes, just as the majority assembled may elect. I would prefer that services should be held in some large central church building for all who wished to attend church services, and use the reunion hall for speaking. We are truly tired of shaping things to the detriment of the old ex-Confederate. I have just read in the *Dallas News* about the election of officers of the Camp of Sons of Veterans, and that they would do everything in their power for the entertainment of the sponsors and maids of honor and visiting young people upon the occasion of our reunion in Dallas next year; and they will do it, too. They are noble young men, and God bless them. I hope they will succeed most grandly. Col. C. C. Slaughter, who is President of the Reunion Committee at Dallas, is, I believe, a deacon of the First Baptist Church of Dallas, also one of our Texas cattle kings; and if this matter is presented to him, I believe he will make it satisfactory to all who may attend. He is an ardent ex-Confederate himself, and it is his desire that our next reunion at Dallas shall be the best of all. He will have the hearty approval and coöperation of all his assistants. I am satisfied that their aim and object is to make the reunion strictly one for the enjoyment of the old ex-Confederates first of all, and whatever is the wish and desire of the old boys it will be their pleasure to carry out. We should all speak our sentiments through the *VETERAN*, in order that our Dallas friends may be guided thereby. Let the Sons, Daughters, maids, and sponsors have their social features if they want them. I, for one, am glad to have them with us, but let us remember that we are daily growing fewer in number, and we don't like to be sidetracked to let others pass in front.

DANCE ON MY FATHER'S GRAVE!—A. D. Betts, Chaplain of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, writes from Bethel, N. C.:

In the July *VETERAN* the editor said that Rev. Dr. Goodloe made a "pertinent suggestion" when he spoke against the reunion ball. So say we all. Thousands of the best people of our Southland have been grieved by these balls. The reunions would be much more helpful to old and young, socially, intellectually, and spiritually, if the foolish dance were left out. What man or woman of any sense can propose a

dance just after hearing the battle described in which their father lost his life?

## WANTS ROTATION OF COMMANDERS IN CHIEF.

M. R. Tunno, Pineora, Effingham County, Ga., sends this "To United Confederate Veterans!":

*Comrades*: We still have with us a great many of our glorious heroes and loved commanders, but in the ordinary course of nature they in a few years will "pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Equal honors should be shown men of equal merit. Let as many of these great soldiers as possible, comrades, enjoy the highest honor now in our power to bestow, that of Commander in Chief. No single one of our splendid leaders now living has greater claims upon our gratitude and love than have the others. Why, then, do we single out one of these great soldiers, and relegate the others to the position to which we could not have forced them during our war—to the rear? By our action we say to them: "Gentlemen, we do feel grateful to you, but your heroism and deeds of valor in our war, the benefits you have conferred upon our country in your public and private lives, in both of which you have shown yourselves to be as clean and useful as you were brilliant in your military lives, do not entitle you to consideration when we come to the selection of a Commander in Chief. Be patient; perhaps after a while, when your ranks are depleted, one or two of you may receive the honor."

I think that the term of office of Commander in Chief should be for one year only, and reelection be barred, so that as many of our glorious leaders as possible can receive this evidence of our gratitude, an evidence too long delayed. It is unjust, when so many are equally eligible, to force some out of consideration by ignoring their claims based on great and noble service, and continue some in on claims no stronger. Our Commander in Chief has recently said that he did not wish to stand in the way of others, and that before the meeting at Memphis he wrote to Camps that he did not wish to serve longer; that he desired to join the ranks of the privates, and that "I was surprised at the unanimous refusal of the Convention to consider my request."

In selecting some one else as our Commander in Chief in 1902 we will not only perform an act of tardy justice in considering the claims of others of our equally great and meritorious soldiers, but conform to the desire Gen. Gordon says he has expressed, and expressed earnestly. I hope, comrades, that you will agree with me.

In a personal note the author writes in regard to it:

Inclosed I send a communication. I shall be glad if you can find space for it in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. In your publication it will reach a far greater number of veterans than it would if sent to newspapers. Gen. Gordon was a magnificent soldier and commander in the field, and he stands for much that is grand and noble in the history of our struggle for our rights under the constitution and for our homes; but there are many, many others equally worthy, and I object to the continuous election of any one as Commander in Chief.

The VETERAN favors rotation in office. The Union veterans elect a new Commander every year, and it would have been well for the Confederates to have done likewise. Gen. Gordon, however, is the only man among us who can so command attention as to be heard in our conventions. He is the most magnetic man living, anyhow, before an assembly of Confederates. He has repeatedly declined to be voted for, but his appeals have been ignored.

Whoever may be the Commander in Chief, every veteran should go to Dallas resolved to *know* what is being done in the convention, or demand that the methods of business which the convention has gone through with for several years be revolutionized. The organization cannot possibly conduct business intelligently with the conditions heretofore existing, and to attempt it again, with this fact so established, would be an inexcusable blunder. There are no better men living on the earth to-day than Confederate Veterans, and as a body they have no motive but to establish the truth of history. While the VETERAN has ever favored rotation in office, it would be a fatal mistake to elect another in place of Gen. Gordon without a radical change in the order of conventions. Certainly no member of the United Confederate Veterans Association from anywhere is satisfied with the prevailing methods of carrying on the business. It should be known beforehand if at Dallas any change in plans will be made. Our patriotic comrades there should make arrangements to secure a hall small enough to compass the human voice, and camps should appeal to Gen. Gordon in advance to see that no business is attempted until rules are made whereby all matters to be considered are intelligently considered by the delegates.

If this matter of rotation in office commends itself to the general body, should it not likewise apply to Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders?

Then the VETERAN would contribute to a bronze statue of the man who will relieve the diligent student of our great war of that mix of titles whereby the difference in the sixties and the nineties will not confuse.

#### OTHER SUGGESTIONS ABOUT REUNIONS.

Mr. R. N. Richardson makes the following suggestions: "The large crowd at the Memphis reunion evidenced the necessity for a change in the management of future occasions. At the last reunion the hall was well constructed and the presiding officer's voice was strong, and yet most of the time not one-fourth of the representatives understood what was being said. Business so conducted amounts to a farce, and smaller representation would obviate such objections. It is a heavy tax on any city to care for such a crowd for one day, and when the programme becomes prolonged the situation necessarily grows

serious. Through the Tennessee delegation at our reunion I will offer a resolution to change our constitution so as to make it read: 'There should be one delegate for every one hundred members, and one for every fractional part of a hundred. No Camp to be without one delegate, and each Commander and Adjutant to be *ex officio* members of the reunion, with power and privileges of delegates.' All business could be transacted in one day, by each State delegation meeting in their separate headquarters, adjusting matters to the satisfaction of delegates and then presenting them before the general reunion for approval or dismissal. By this means there would be no resolution passed without due deliberation. None should be admitted to the hall but the delegates. Several things were adopted at Memphis by the vote of the crowd, not of the delegates, as it was impossible for the presiding officer to do anything but declare the vote carried. Sponsors, too, are becoming too numerous. Two or three of each Commander's division would be sufficient. In this way the first day might be devoted to State and the second to general business, after which would follow such social features as might be designated and appointed by various committees."

WHO WAS THE SOLDIER THAT TALKED WITH HOOD?—Col. John H. Savage, of McMinnville, Tenn., writes an inquiry. Who can answer it?

In the eighth volume, page 149, of a work titled "Confederate Military History," I find a letter addressed by Isham G. Harris to Gov. James D. Porter, from which I copy as follows:

"Late at night we were aroused by a private soldier, who reported to Gen. Hood that on reaching the camp near Spring Hill he found himself within the Federal lines; that the troops were in great confusion, a part of them were marching in the direction of Franklin, others had turned toward Columbia, and that the road was blocked with baggage wagons and gun carriages, rendering it impossible to move in order in either direction. Upon the receipt of this report Gen. Hood directed Maj. Mason to order Gen. Cheatham to move down the road immediately and attack the enemy. Gen. Hood and myself remained in bed. I went to sleep, and I suppose that Gen. Hood did the same. At daylight the following morning we learned that the Federal army had left Spring Hill, and was being concentrated at Franklin."

I very much desire to know the name of that private soldier and the command to which he belonged, and whether he is still living or dead. He deserves to be remembered as an honor to the rank and file of Hood's unfortunate army, and I hope that the discussions resulting from the reunion at Memphis may reveal the name and history of the private soldier.

L. McLendon writes from Rison, Ark., to inquire for comrades of Company G, First Arkansas Cavalry, still living. He knows of only four living. He states: "In 1864, at Fredericktown, Mo., we elected Austin King third lieutenant, and Comrade McKelvey orderly sergeant. Our second lieutenant, name — Dunn, was from Missouri. I last saw him when we left Alton (Ill.) prison in February, 1865. He was left in the prison."



## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Julia Jackson Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in 1897 in Fort Worth, Tex., with Mrs. L. J. Clayton as President, and Miss Mattie K. Melton, Secretary, and at their meeting in January, 1901, these officers were re-elected for life. The Chapter has steadily increased in membership and enthusiasm, and has done much charity work as well as assisted the R. E. Lee Camp in many ways. An entertainment arranged by them last April netted \$478, which was added to the charitable fund of the Camp. They now have in hand the work of marking the graves of all Confederate soldiers buried there.

The picture of the efficient Secretary, Miss Mattie K. Melton, is here given. She is the daughter of



Comrade J. J. Melton, a veteran of the Mexican as well as the Confederate war. Miss Melton was also sponsor for the R. E. Lee Camp at the Memphis Reunion. She is a true daughter of the South, and to her tact and energy is due much of the success of the Chapter.

Mrs. Lucy Norvell Otey is well known and highly esteemed in Lynchburg, Va., in which city she occupies a prominent position socially, and is foremost in those organizations which have for their object the doing of good and the relief of suffering. Mrs. Otey is also a highly valued member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and President of the Memorial Association. Living in an age and in a community where the material side of life has threatened to overwhelm the sentimental, to her efforts are largely due the preservation and continuance of the beautiful and sacred custom of decorating the graves of the Confederate soldiers who sleep in the cemeteries of her home city.

In February, 1862, she was united in marriage to Kirkwood Otey, a gallant Confederate soldier, at that time in command of the Lynchburg Home Guard, Company E, Eleventh Virginia Regiment, and afterwards colonel of that regiment. The wedding illus-

trated the romantic as well as the patriotic and devoted spirit of those days—the young lover hastening from fields of war to claim his bride, the new-made wife surrendering her husband to the call of duty in the service of his country.

This estimable lady has typified in her life those characteristics which created in the noble daughters of the South such a bulwark of strength to 'the boys who wore the gray,' making them at once their inspiration and their comfort, exulting in their deeds of valor which render glorious the pages of Southern history, cheering them on in the dark days of disaster, nursing them when sick and wounded.

In her girlhood Mrs. Otey reigned a belle in Lynchburg, her beauty and her musical talents lending a charm to the social life of the city. When in March, 1860, the ladies of Lynchburg presented to the Home Guard a stand of colors, Mrs. Otey, then Miss Lucy Dabney Norvell, was selected as their sponsor. The presentation was made the occasion for military display, and an outpouring of the patriotic and war spirit aroused in the community by the then recent raid of John Brown and his band of outlaws.

In these later years Mrs. Otey retains the graces and charms of her girlhood. She is a welcome addition to any social affair, and is very popular. With her hand ever extended to the friendless and needy, she is beloved by the poor. She acts upon the principle that "the greatest of these is charity." The fires of patriotism burn with undiminished vigor. She takes a leading part in every work which tends to perpetuate for future generations the glorious memories of the South, and to sift from its history the



MRS. LUCY NORVELL OTEY.

falsehoods with which ignorance and malice have sought to becloud its pages.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT WYTHEVILLE.

Wytheville, Va., has a creditable monument to the Confederate dead, erected through the efforts of the Wythe Gray Chapter, U. D. C., May 26, 1900.

Our Chapter was organized September 28, 1897. The first work undertaken was the removal of the bodies of some twenty-five or more Confederate soldiers interred in an old burying ground on the outskirts of the town. A beautiful knoll commanding a fine view in our more beautiful cemetery was chosen as a suitable spot to rear a memorial shaft, a befitting tribute to those whose lives were given for our just cause. It rises to the height of eighteen feet and is made of granite.

A few notes from the *Dispatch* of that date giving account of the unveiling may not be amiss: "Friday, May 26, 1900, was a red-letter day in Wytheville's history. Despite the gloomy outlook of the early morning hours, as the clouds began to roll by flags were thrown to the breeze, banners fluttered from almost every window. On Main Street bunting was displayed conspicuously; cannon, old army muskets, swords, heaps of shot and shell, 'grim reminders,' together with portraits of our incomparable Lee and Jackson and other 'heroes in the strife,' were conspicuous in the store windows. The trains brought in visitors from the surrounding towns, and vehicles of every description brought in the 'country cousins.' Work was suspended in door and out—shop, store, field, and factory. At 2:30 p.m., the time for formation of the line of march, Main Street for squares was one compact mass of humanity. Never before had such a crowd assembled in Wytheville. At the head of the procession was the brass band of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, next the carriage bearing the orator of the occasion, Hon. J. W. Marshall; following were the veterans of the Wythe Grays and others

bearing wreaths of evergreens to be placed on their comrade's graves. They were following the stars and bars, borne by their color bearer of 1861-65, that dauntless soldier, Frank M. Lindamood. Next in line came the Daughters in carriages. The procession was more than a half mile in length. The exercises were opened with a fervid and touching prayer by Rev. J. S. W. Neel. Then Judge John H. Fulton, who was captain of the Wythe Grays, and is the honored commander of William Terry Camp, the gallant soldier and beloved citizen, spoke, thrilling the audience as he recounted so pathetically some of the scenes of the past. At the conclusion of his speech the inimitable and irresistible 'cyclone,' Jim Marshall, appeared before the cheering assembly, and moved his hearers at his will with 'wit, wisdom, and eloquence.' After his address, to the strains of patriotic music, little Eleanor Terry, granddaughter of the gallant and lamented Gen. William Terry—the first captain of the Wythe Grays, and last commander of the famous Stonewall Brigade—unveiled the imposing monument, amid the plaudits of the large assembly. Wreaths of laurel and evergreen encircled it, and it seemed to rise from a bank of flowers. Every grave of a veteran received a like loving tribute from comrades and fair hands."

## TEXAS VETERANS' REUNION AT GATESVILLE.—

Comrade R. L. Suggs, Adjutant, writes as follows:

Camp No. 135, Confederate Veteran Association of Coryell County, Tex., held their annual encampment here August 6-8. It was the most pleasant reunion and encampment in the history of the Camp. Everything conspired for the success of the occasion. One hundred and seventy of the old soldiers, with their families and friends, attended. It is estimated that twenty-five hundred people were in attendance, and during the three days there was not an intoxicated man on the ground, and a more jolly crowd of well-behaved people could not be found. A beautiful flag, the handiwork of Mrs. C. P. White, was presented the Camp in a beautiful address by D. R. Hall, which was responded to by Dr. W. E. Brown, who in closing read Father Ryan's famous poem, and then recited the following original verses:

'Tis furled and will never be unfurled again,  
Its folds are cemented with the blood of the slain.  
Broken now and decayed with age is its staff  
That was proudly held in a Southern soldier's grasp.

It lives but in history and memory alone;  
The cause for which it stood is faded and gone.  
Its bright golden stars their luster have shed;  
It rests by the side of the valiant dead.

Amid battle's din and cannon's loud roar  
The true Southern sons this battle flag bore;  
But hushed now is all, and peace again reigns,  
Yet we mourn for the loss of our sons that were slain.

Though cherished by all who fought under its folds,  
Its memory can ne'er be purchased by gold;  
But now under the stars and stripes again live,  
Our lives for its protection we'd all freely give.

Comrade J. R. Brown was reelected commander of the Camp.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT WYTHEVILLE, VA.  
(Photographed by Noel.)



## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Reports of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Memphis reunion have been delayed, with explanation. Excellent progress has been made in such organizations. Unhappily, however, the business meetings were subjected to confusion by the large attendance of visitors. The hall was constantly filled during these sessions with sponsors, maids of honor, veterans, and interested visitors. This fact is mentioned as a misfortune rather than a criticism, as business sessions are of great importance.

Bishop Thomas F. Gailor called the convention to order, and Rev. Dr. George Patterson pronounced an invocation. Commander of the State James J. Bean, and of the State Department, George B. Myers, officiated in respective order. Department Commander Myers retired when Commander in Chief Biscoe Hindman assumed charge of the convention. His address was well received. During the past several months he has done a prodigious work, which should be remembered to his credit. His labors and those of his predecessor, Robert A. Smyth, in behalf of this important organization, will hardly ever be fully appreciated, even by the Sons of Veterans. After the address of Commander Hindman came that of Bishop Gailor, already published.

Reports of the Standing Committees made that (Tuesday) afternoon were important and interesting. That of the Woman's Memorial Committee was delightfully sensational, as it was the occasion of raising nearly \$5,000 for that noble work. Chairman James Mann shows such a determination to succeed with this great work as guarantees success. To his honor, he declined promotion in the organization rather than surrender this ideal object, which he has undertaken in patriotic heart.

The worthy spirit of rivalry to succeed Commander in Chief Hindman, who had announced weeks before that he would under no circumstances be a candidate for reelection, was not void in the progress of selection of unhappy bickering, a condition that should be avoided in future if possible. Bishop Gailor, who is eminently fitted for the position of Commander in Chief, withdrew, or rather declined so promptly, that his advocates did not have an opportunity to show his strength.

R. B. Haughton, Esq., of St. Louis, Commander of the Missouri Division, was elected Commander in Chief by acclamation upon motion of Mr. James Mann, who received a large vote on the last call. The work of the convention was not concluded, as was that of the Veterans. Even the report of the Committee on the Revision of the Constitution was "pushed out" by other work before the convention. That committee, comprised of W. T. Colquitt, Chairman, Atlanta, E. P. Cox, Richmond, and W. R. Nicholls, of Helena, was continued to report at next meeting.

The display by the Sons, their sponsors and maids of honor, was a conspicuous and very attractive feature of the general parade. The Memphis Bugle Band and Drum Corps of forty Confederate boys handsomely uniformed moved at the head, followed by the Commander in Chief, Biscoe Hindman, on his own handsome Kentucky saddle horse, and with his

well-equipped staff. Next in line were the Sponsor in Chief with her maids of honor and chaperone, Mrs. Biscoe Hindman. Next were department commanders with sponsors, maids of honor, and then the division commanders with sponsors and their maids, staff officers, etc. Delegates in line then followed the Memphis Camp of Sons, five hundred strong and all on foot. This procession, like that of the Veterans, was reviewed by Gen. J. B. Gordon and staff and thousands of lookers-on.

Department commanders elected were: E. P. Cox, of Richmond, for the Army of Northern Virginia; W. Armistead Collier, of Memphis, for the Army of Tennessee; and W. M. Kavanaugh, Little Rock, for the Trans-Mississippi.

The Memphis Camp of Sons are credited highly for the entertainment of sponsors and their maids of honor, in the grand ball and in a steamboat excursion. Commander in Chief Hindman stated that the growth in membership had been far in excess of former years. He gave hearty praise to the Memphis Sons, who had done so much for the organization.

### UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATES IN MISSOURI.

The Missouri Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, has girt its armor on and bids fair to be one of the strongest divisions. The election, at Memphis, Tenn., of Judge R. B. Haughton to the position of Commander in Chief has aroused the pride of the St. Louis Camp, and the enthusiasm is spreading rapidly through the State. Camps have been organized at Springfield, Boonville, Warrensburg, Poplar Bluffs, Fayette, and West Plains, and camps are in process of organization at several other points. The sons held their annual meeting at Springfield, Mo., in connection with the reunion of the Confederate Veterans, August 8, 9, and 10, 1901. The great feature of the occasion was the unveiling of the monument erected near Springfield to the memory of the Confederate dead, and in commemoration of the battle of Wilson's



THE LATE GEN. W. Y. C. HUME, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Creek, fought near that spot. Many tales were told of the heroic Confederate charge, and men from Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana, who fought in this battle, gathered to join their Missouri comrades in this service of praise.

On the morning of August 9, 1901, there was a parade consisting of the Confederates, Sons of Confederates, and the many beautiful women from all parts of the commonwealth, who came to grace the unveiling ceremony. The beautiful Confederate flags waved in the breeze, and the Southern colors were everywhere. Carriages and equipages of every description, beautifully decorated, formed part of the procession, and finally passed in review before the Veterans.

Friday, August 9, was devoted to the Sons, and they were greeted by a crowd that overflowed the good-sized opera house. In the absence of Division Commander James G. McConkey, the command was assumed by Division Adjutant Chilton Atkinson, of St. Louis. After the opening prayer Mr. Atkinson made a ten minutes' speech, calling the clans together to fight for their country's history, urging the ideal objects of the Society, and declaring the Southern flag an inspiration in peace as it was in war. The Commander in Chief, R. B. Haughton, read the constitution, and explained the objects of the Society and what it had accomplished. The programme was filled with fine material, and interspersed with musical renditions. Commander F. D. Richards, of the Camp at Booneville, Mo., responded handsomely to the address of welcome by Mr. Hamlin, of Springfield. Miss Nickerson delivered a sweet and thoughtful address entitled "The Confederate Soldiers," and Hon. Garland M. Jones, of Kansas City, delivered the address of the evening, which was forceful and eloquent.

On August 10 the unveiling ceremonies were performed at the cemetery, where sleep many unknown Confederate dead who gave up their lives at the battle of Wilson Creek. Around the monument marched scores of beautiful young ladies, dressed in white, carrying furled Confederate flags and singing an anthem. The Sons of Confederates formed in advance and rear. As Miss Laura Virginia Edwards drew aside the Confederate flag that veiled the monument a salute was fired, and the band played Dixie. This was the signal for the flood of oratory which followed, when eloquent Southrons paid tributes to the dead and Veterans wept over "days that are no more." Following Judge Leroy B. Valliant, of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Gantt delivered a grand oration, giving to the assemblage the benefit of profound historical research, and thrilling them with words of inspiration and with memories. Following him, F. L. Bronaugh spoke on behalf of the Sons in an eloquent oration of ten minutes.

The monument is a magnificent creation, suggestive of the ideal characteristics of the Southern soldier. Quoting an orator of the day, "The character portrayed shows intelligence, courage, determination, a shadow of disappointment, a trace of sadness, but on the whole a nobility unmarred by the least trace of ferocity, or of aught that does not become a man made in the image of his God."

The Sons were honored by having Mrs. Gantt, wife of Chief Justice Gantt, as their chaperon; the charin-

ing Miss Mary M. Graves, of Lexington, Mo., as sponsor; and Miss Bettie Haydon, of Springfield, as maid of honor.

A reception in the afternoon and night of Saturday at Dolings Park and a ball at the Elks' Club rounded off the season of festivity.

#### REPORT FROM LOUISIANA DIVISION.

The third annual convention of the Louisiana Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, was held in Baton Rouge, La., August 5 and 6.

The convention was called to order by Commander Hugh Waddill, of Camp H. W. Allen, who then turned the meeting over to the Division Commander, William McL. Fayssoux.

Roll call found the following Camps represented: Allen, Gilbert, Beauregard, Brusele, West Feliciana, Scott, Turgiss, Dreux, Bouanchard, and Lec. Forty-seven delegates out of fifty-three were present, which was a most excellent showing. In the election of a Division Commander Comrade Fayssoux was unanimously reelected, but positively declined the honors offered him. This did not satisfy the convention, and again Comrade Fayssoux was elected. The young commander thanked the convention most kindly, and stated that if a commander was not elected the Division would be without a head. These words, coming as they did, caused quite a stir among the delegates, and Comrade Gill, of New Orleans, was at once nominated. Comrade Wax nominated Hon. W. N. Barrow, of Baton Rouge, La. Comrade Gill withdrew, and Comrade Barrow was elected unanimously.

One hundred and fifty dollars was subscribed by the Camps present, to be turned over to the fund which is being raised for the purpose of building a monument to the women of the South.

One of the notable features of Monday's meeting was the presence of twenty-seven young ladies upon the platform, representing as sponsors and maids of honor the various Camps. The picture was a beautiful and inspiring one. Miss Corinne Tebault, of New Orleans, La., was Division sponsor.

The Sons who attended this reunion carried with them to their homes an appreciation of courtesies and hospitalities received from the people of Baton Rouge, and the pleasant time had will long be remembered.

Through some oversight the name of Maj. P. A. Fusz, of the Montana Brigade, Pacific Division, was omitted from the Committee on Resolutions at the Memphis reunion as published in the VETERAN for June. In view of the important relation he bore to that committee, this omission is somewhat upon the order of negligence. At the time Maj. Fusz made his entrance into that chamber that body was balloting upon a resolution whether persons not affiliating with the organization should be permitted access to its floors and have the right to participate in its deliberations. There being at the time an exact division of the committee upon the question, Maj. Fusz cast the vote which determined that this should not prevail, thus placing upon record for once and all that party politics should be forever eliminated from taking any part in the deliberations of the United Association.



## CONFEDERATE REUNION IN KENTUCKY.

MISS NANCE LEWIS GREENE, LEXINGTON.

On August 15 the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy of Kentucky united in holding a reunion at the Elks' Fair in Lexington, the occasion proving to be one long to be remembered. Out under the trees a basket dinner and old-fashioned burgoo was served at twenty long tables covered with snowy cloths and loaded with substantial fare in the greatest abundance, and pretty girls in white dresses, wearing ribbons of red, white, and red, attended to the wants of the faithful old soldiers who came in on every train by the hundreds. From all over the State—and other States too—they came, and the word "Rebel" was heard with frequency, always with a note of pride and tenderness in it.

The Daughters of the Confederacy had the dinner in charge, and a number of beautiful and gracious women labored to make the occasion a complete success. But to Col. Tobias Gibson, Capt. Oliver Redd, Maj. O. S. Tenny, and others much credit is due for furnishing a happy and profitable day to so many of their old comrades. Men came who had not seen one another since the war, some from the mountains wearing faded garments, but these were received with as much honor and attention as if they were robed in broadcloth. Gen. Joe Wheeler was also a guest. All veterans and their wives were admitted free to the Fair grounds, and all families and friends of the Confederacy to the dinner.

The local camp of veterans was very successful in their undertaking of planning the reunion and completely covering expenses, and furnishing entertainment to over a thousand guests.

The purpose to hold an Annual State Reunion at Lexington was freely discussed and advocated by all. In this way the beauty and tenderness of the old bond, with naught of bitterness, is kept alive.

THE ALEX POSTON CHAPTER, CADIZ, KY.—F. G. Terry, Cadiz, Ky.: "The Alex Poston Chapter, U. D. C., of Cadiz, Ky., Mrs. Emma Major, President, on the 3d of June decorated the graves of the seven Confederate soldiers buried here. The ceremony was an impressive one, and drew together a large concourse of people. They found in the cemetery the grave of Capt. Robert W. Paine, of Company B (?), Twentieth Mississippi Infantry, 'killed while gallantly leading his company at Fort Donelson, February 15, 1862.' His friends brought his remains to Cadiz, where he was buried and a stone is placed at his grave. No one living here now knows anything of his Mississippi home or friends, and they may be in ignorance of the circumstances of his death and place of burial. The Chapter also found the grave of Thomas Horning, Company B, Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Thomas Woodward. Paroled near Athens, Ga., in May, 1865. I understand that his family lived near Shady Grove, in Crittenden County, Ky. The Alex Poston Chapter is doing a noble work, and only needs the support of the local Camps, U. C. V., to encourage them in the work of rescuing from oblivion the names and fate of many who gave their lives for the sacred cause."

Mrs. S. Palmer sends a soulful account of a memorial service at Jasper, Ala., in which she states: "The citizens of Jasper will long remember the second Sunday of August, 1901, when the day was memorialized by a beautiful and impressive service in honor of the departed veterans of Camp Hutto, of Walker County, Ala., four of whom have entered into eternal life during the past year. The citizens assembled on that gloriously bright Sabbath morning; the old soldiers fell into line and followed the grand old flag of the Confederacy with tramping feet that kept time to the beating of hearts throbbing with fond and sad recollections. To the house of God and up the aisle marched these hoary-headed men, many of whom had reached, and some passed, threescore and ten. Some were bent with age and toil, while others were still erect and courtly of mien, showing in the present the chivalry of years gone by, and all wearing the rich cloak of Southern loyalty. Behind these came the youthful military, portraying to the mind's eye the beauty and strength that was once the possession of the loved veterans. God's love filled all hearts, and all denominational lines were erased, the crowd gathering with one accord in the beautiful new Baptist Church, the enlarged capacity of which was taxed by the numbers that thronged its interior. Rev. J. S. Chadwick, the son of a noble soldier, occupied the pulpit and founded his discourse on the words of Paul, the grand old soldier of the cross: 'I have fought a good fight.'"



MISS OLIVE MURPHY,  
Sponsor for Dick Taylor Camp, Marlin, Tex. Daughter of W. B. Murphy,  
Co. A., Second Miss., Vol. Color bearer.

W. K. Poston, of Memphis, Tenn., desires to learn of William E. McAndrew, who was in Company G, Eighth Texas Cavalry, and who enlisted from Goliad County, Tex. They arrived on exchange at Richmond, February 25, 1865, journeying together to Macon, Ga.

## DECORATION DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

The annual decoration services at Camp Chase cemetery on June 8 were largely attended by the people of Columbus, Ohio, as well as by members of the Confederate Veteran Camp and the G. A. R. Post. From every Southern State floral offerings were received, and with the tributes from the generous spirits of Columbus each grave had its remembrance, and at the base of the boulder monument was a heaped-up mass of floral richness. The stars and stripes floated from the flag pole erected at the cemetery through the G. A. R. Post. The school children of Columbus assisted in the exercises, and their singing was an enjoyable feature. Rev. John Hewitt, rector of St. Paul's Church and a Confederate soldier in the sixties, delivered the address after the raising of the flag. He paid glowing tribute to the bravery of the men who had given up their lives for their cause. Other addresses were made by Hon. Emmett Tompkins, Gen. C. H. Grosvenor, Gen. H. A. M. Henderson, Gen. J. A. Arnold, and Dr. J. W. Reed, the last three having been Confederates.

W. T. Rogers went from Chattanooga, accompanied by his young daughter, taking a mass of flowers from the Forrest Camp of that city, but arrived a little too late for the decoration. However, the flowers were used. They were divided, part being sent to Greenlawn Cemetery to decorate the graves of Union soldiers. Over five hundred families in the Southern States have received their first information as to where relatives were buried. The list appeared in the *VETERAN* through Col. Knauss, the inaugurator of this Camp Chase memorial day, and much satisfactory correspondence has been had.

Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, reports:

I have been away from home and sick most of the time during the last month, but I should have made report to you before this of the memorial flower services at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery on June 8.

One of the features of the service was the raising of a seventy-foot flag pole and hoisting of a large American flag on it by Dr. Shield, Commander of the only Confederate Veteran Camp in Ohio, and Capt. Gaines, commander McCoy G. A. R. Post No. 1.

The flower display was splendid, and the distribution of the flowers over the graves was very effective. The strewing of the flowers was done by the children and women; the salute was fired by the drill corps from McCoy Post G. A. R. Appropriate songs were very effectively rendered by about one hundred schoolgirls, all dressed in white. Addresses by the ex-Federals and ex-Confederates were very appropriate, and cordially appreciated; especially were those of Congressman Emmet Tompkins, of Columbus, and ex-Confederates. There were thousands of people present. There was a large contribution of flowers from all parts of the South. Some sent money to pay for flowers, while other remitters asked that it be used for the expenses. All donations of money were acknowledged immediately. I mailed papers and reports to all who contributed flowers.

I thought it probable that your appeal for donations would cause a surplus, which I should have used this fall to plant trees in place of some that have died that were planted a year and two years ago. The

streets of the city are now extending out to the cemetery, and I want to plant a couple of hundred trees around the outside of the walls, but I have quite a deficiency on this account. However, I have hopes of being able to arrange for the trees before fall in some manner.

Remittances of \$102.25 for expenses and flowers were: From Col. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky., \$10; Mesdames Randolph and Boyd, Richmond, Va., \$10; E. G. Williams, Waynesville, Mo., \$1; Robert McCulloch, Clarksfork, Mo., \$10; B. M. Washburn, Montgomery, Ala., \$16.25; S. D. Lee, Columbus, Miss., \$5; J. O. Solomon, Macon, Ga., \$5; J. W. Vickers, Charleston, W. Va., \$5; W. H. Hudson, Macon, S. C., \$3; W. H. Harrison, Atlanta, Ga., \$5; Mrs. K. D. Fritz, Denton, Tex., \$2; Mrs. Frances J. Gordan, Wheeling, W. Va., \$5; Thomas D. Moore, Commerce, Tex., \$1; Mrs. J. R. Dicks, New Orleans, La., \$2; Rev. J. Hewitt, Columbus, Ohio, \$2; J. M. Garnet, Baltimore, Md., \$5; J. McCaskle, Staunton, Va., \$3; Gen. Reeves, Camden, Ark., \$2 and a fine box of flowers and flags; R. M. Rounds, P.M., Columbus, Ohio, \$5; J. A. Chalaron, New Orleans, La., \$5; The Ohio Camp, U. C. V. No. 1181, \$10.

## EXPENSES FOR 1901 DECORATION.

The items in report are more specific than herein.

Postage stamps for 150 letters sent out in April and May, \$3; replacing the board arch that has blown down, cutting the grass, grubbing out the weeds, digging the flower beds, and a load of soil for planting pot flowers, \$15; bought 100 bouquets of flowers and a flower piece, for Union Decoration Services with the compliments of Kentucky Confederates, \$10; newspaper notices and papers to send out through the South, and flags and other decorations for cemetery for June 8, \$14.50; J. T. Davis for hauling lumber and material from the city to cemetery and back, and labor on same in putting them up and taking down, \$12; newspapers, the *Journal*, *Press*, *Post*, and *Dispatch*, together with drum corps, etc., \$15; horse hire at Camp Chase, \$3; and express charges on flowers, \$6.10; paid for ribbon and material for badges for the children and others, \$3.50; incidentals, such as ropes, nails, ice and water hauling, \$1.75; renting and delivering and taking away 100 chairs, \$5.50; printing programmes, \$7.50; Mr. Roth for flower baskets and extra work, \$8; a crew of railroad men for planting flag pole, \$5; painting flag pole, \$2.50; railroad transportation for children, \$7.50; carriages and transfer wagons, \$5; cleaning up grounds and hauling away rubbish after the service, \$4; amount paid for flowers, \$45.25. Total expenses, \$174.10. Cash received for expense account, \$57; for flowers, \$45.25. This leaves our good friend Knauss with an indebtedness of \$71.85. Let us do better next time.

Address of Comrade J. M. Arnold, of Kentucky:

Since the dawn of history deeds of heroism have ever been an inspiration to the world. Patriotic devotion unto principle and loyalty unto the truth and the right have ever found an expression in and forever will receive a generous response from the human heart, prompted by an impulse as pure and as noble as ever emanated from the human soul. These fair ladies and gentle little children have assembled here



to pay a loving tribute to the memory of these American soldiers, strangers to them, and whose fathers during the the great war between the States regarded them as enemies. Mr. Lincoln also paid tribute to their memory; for in April, 1865, just after the surrender at Appomattox, he went to the city of Richmond, Va., which had been the capital of the Confederate States, and when the band came to serenade him he requested it to play for him their tune of Dixie, saying that "we have captured that too." Since that day that tune has been a national air. And that pure gentleman, eminent statesman, and valiant Union soldier, our President, paid tribute to their memory, when he expressed a desire for the government to keep green these mounds. The whole civilized world has paid tribute to their memory. . . . The first American gun fired in the war with Spain was from the deck of the battleship Olympia, and was fired by the son of one of their comrades; the first American life offered up in defense of that flag was that of the son of one of their comrades; the most heroic act performed by any American in that war was by the son of one of their comrades (Hobson); and at the battle of Santiago, when the order came to the American firing line to "fall back," one of their comrades holding a subordinate position gave instead the order to "charge," thus saving the American army from disaster, and crowning it with a glorious victory.

There is not one of their living comrades who did his duty from 1861 to 1865 who has any regrets that he was compelled to forego those hopes and anticipations that had nerved him to battle for his cause. We erect marble monuments to their memory, and inscribe their names upon tablets made of the most enduring substance that man has been able to extract from nature—bronze; but those in time will crumble to dust and be forgotten, but not so the names that they commemorate; they will be transmitted as a heritage to future generations of American heroes as long as written words shall continue to be a vehicle of thought from man to man.

A movement has been started by Mrs. Thomas M. Worcester, of Cincinnati, who went to Columbus to take part in the Camp Chase services, to organize a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy at Columbus, and no doubt she will succeed. There are a number of ladies in that city eligible to membership.

Judge William L. Dulaney, of Bowling Green, Ky., sends this anecdote: "Recently Col. John M. Wilkins, who was a gallant Union soldier, was trying the case in court there of Johnson vs. Freeland as counsel for plaintiff. The defendant was a preacher, formerly of the Confederate army, and used to doing the talking himself. After a very earnest argument Wilkins won his case, and when the court adjourned the defendant approached him and, emphasizing his declaration with his forefinger, said: 'I'll have you to understand, Col. Wilkins, that I followed Stonewall Jackson for a whole year.' 'That's nothing,' responded Wilkins promptly, 'Stonewall Jackson followed me for two years, and I had trouble to keep out of his way.'"

The most impressive feature of the exercises on Memorial Day at Alvin, Tex., April 26, 1901, was the

presentation of a battle flag to Camp John A. Wharton, by the Lamar Fontaine Chapter, U. D. C. The presentation was made by the sponsor of the Camp,



MISS KERR.

Miss Annie Kerr, in the most graceful and impressive manner.

Miss Annie is the daughter of W. J. Kerr, of the Sixth North Carolina Infantry. He enlisted for the war, and was on duty the whole time from the battle of Manassas to the last fight at Chapel Hill. His company numbered, from first to last, 2,000 men, being recruited from time to time. Only 143 of the original enlistment survived the war, and very few of them are living now. This company participated in forty-three engagements, though it is not supposed that any one member of it took part in all of them.

#### ABOUT ANOTHER "YOUNGEST SOLDIER."

Charles Carter Hay, of Jacksonville, Fla., writes:

In the April number of the VETERAN it is given that Father Pat F. Brannan, of Weatherford, Tex., was the youngest soldier in the Confederate army. He, like myself, is one of them, and as yet not determined as to the youngest. He joined the Fifteenth Alabama June 2, 1861, at Fort Mitchell, Ala., when thirteen years old. I helped to raise, drill, and organize the Glennville Guards of the same regiment at the age of eleven, and at Fort Mitchell voted for James Cantey, its first colonel, Lieut. Col. J. F. Treutlen, and for Maj. Cook. The same year, with Rev. J. B. Cottrell, I was the first to drill the Carter Guards at Enon, Ala., and in that year Rev. Cottrell, being commandant at Glennville, appointed me first lieutenant, subsequently a captain. I afterwards joined the Carter Guards, Company C—color company of the Forty-Fifth Alabama, Cleburne's Division—with which I surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., lacking just one month of being fifteen years old, and in service from 1861 to 1865. I walked up to the ambulance, drew one Mexican dollar for my services, and never sought a furlough.

## A TENNESSEE STORIETTE.

Capt. B. L. Ridley gives a "Civil War Story" as 'twas told to him, but unvouched for.

Living all of her young life in one of the numerous coves of the Cumberland Mountains, Lena Paxton was a true child of nature where its moods are fullest, strangest, and strongest. She was like the mountain flora, wild and fair, and in the blue deeps and liquid softness of her eyes were mirrored the cloudless mountain sky and the leaping light of the mountain stream. She was unfamiliar with the outside world; she was as remote from the wiles of men and the arts of women as the rhododendrons of the steep about her cabin home.

Many a time she had stood on Storm King Rock and gazed upon the vast and varied panorama and its hazy limits, wondering what sort of people lived away down in the green valleys and by the streams whose shimmer streaked with silver the living map of earth that from the top of the rock was ever open to her study. She wondered if the people down there had such hopes and such fears as she. But little indeed did this child-woman know from what she had seen of the outside world. Almost as alien and strange to her understanding as the fancied inhabitants of the skies were to her the denizens of the seemingly limitless lower earth. She apprehended as little of the motives and interests of the real as she did of the ideal creatures. But just now she was beginning to add to the undefined figments of her knowledge, and the acquisition affected her more seriously than all the rest of her experience with the stranger world. The ingenuous annals of the cove never until now had suffered a hint of it. It was coming in a stupendous drama, whose fell genius brooded over a dreadful widening domain of hideous shapes, piteous scenes, and infernal confusion; coming to her as it came to many thousands of the simple people of the United States. The girl recoiled from what was ominous of ruin to her one great joy.

It was an evening of May, 1862, that Lena Paxton stood on the big rock, looking long and wistfully toward the wide westward sweeps of land and sky, which met in the lurid glow of the setting sun.

The girl's face was like the changeful gloaming sky—an arena for the contending forces of light and darkness. The waning day was ominous of something somberer than the dusk. It was the world-old, world-wide pathos of a young girl's love.

She was thinking of John Gueron, her little mountain kingdom's crown prince; thinking of him with a vague, pained premonition that some dreadful harm was to come to him and her out of the blackening curse of the war. For now the mutterings of the American civil strife grated upon the long peace-embowered nooks of the cove, and its reverberations quivered among the very rocks of Eagle Pass.

Lena had ceased to wonder what it was all about; its portents alone concerned her. The men of her family—her father and two older brothers—wore the gray, and were far away from their home somewhere with the armies of Lee and Bragg. She knew that their enemies were those who wore the blue or who gave sympathy to the Unionists—enemies of her father and

brothers—and the great trouble was, as everybody said, that John was one of those enemies. And as she thought of him a tender witchery played in the red of her lips and the light of her eyes, while her fancy caressed the memory of the fierce clasp of his strong arms when, at their last meeting down by the creek, they had discussed the cruel danger of separation because of the war; and he had sworn that nothing should part them. Vexatious and incomprehensible to her were politics and war. She knew there was nothing under heaven more glorious than to be loved by him, nothing sweeter than to love him. And now these meddling people, grown crazy over politics and war, meant to part him and her because John stuck to his opinion that it was "wrong to try to break up the Union." "The Union," he had said to her, "that your great-grandfather and mine together at Cowpens and King's Mountain helped to make."

What must she do? What could she do? Only today she had heard his name reviled by the gossips of the cove. They had called him "a homemade Yankee." She knew better; he was a native-born; he was as much a Southerner and Tennessean as her father and brothers, and she knew that they at least liked and respected the manly, athletic young fellow who brought trophies of the chase and hunt to the girl-pet of their home. And she recalled that, before they went off to the war, they had never any contention with him, as others did, on account of his views. O that they were here somehow to take his part!

In the cove and on the mountain were young men who envied and hated John Gueron for the distinct favor he had from the young girl. It had been ever since when, a strapping lad, he had borne her home, senseless and bleeding, from a fall she had received by climbing after a rhododendron at Storm King Rock. The little girl had said: "The wee flower looked so lonesome away up there by itself." And she had said, too, long afterwards, when they were debating the more serious problems of life, and he had kissed on her brow a scar left by that fall, saying it was "a white blossom of courage" that he kissed—she had looked at him with frank, wide, trusting eyes and said: "If I'd risk so much for a little wild flower, what wouldn't I do for John?"

John's jealous fellows, although none of them had ever donned a uniform, or ventured other manful avowal of partisanship, omitted no opportunity to magnify his political perverseness. It was clear to Lena that they meant to undermine him, to drive him away, or worse. The mischief was growing. Some even said that he was engaged in secret missions for the Yankees; that he advised those he thought hesitating as to their course to take the oath or join the enemy; they actually said that when he got through with his devilment in the neighborhood he would himself go to join the bluecoats.

And in Lena's mind kept running the silly jingle with which a pretended friend had sought to plague her with the bruited about of the stories on John:

"First somebody told it;  
Then the room could n't hold it,  
And busy tongues rolled it  
Till they got it outside."

All this and more had been brought strenuously to bear upon Lena, even her mother, whose heart



was with her husband and sons, helping to add to the pressure. But it served only to impel her closer to him—to link her very fate with that of John Gueron. Frequently now perforce listening to what the snuff-dipping mountain harpies had to say of the character of her hero, she lapsed in an inundation of tenderness for him, and then, thinking of his traducers, the arched mouth straightened, and she shook with a fiery tempest of hate.

She had much cause for worry and sadness to-day. John was gone somewhere the other side of the mountain. He was frequently away of late, and his departures now more than ever depressed her, for they gave fresh license to the malicious tongues of his foes. He had promised to return on the morrow, but Lena knew that he must come back to encounter new perils all around.

At last the girl turned from the rock, and, as she made her way homeward in the gathering darkness, she looked over her shoulder at the rising new moon and made a wish, and her bosom shook with sobs. It was that she and John might live together and die together.

John Gueron came back the next day, grave and silent. Tenaciously he kept at his simple occupations, reserved and forbearing, although he could not help hearing and seeing how surely his former popularity was giving place to suspicion and ill-concealed enmity. It was to the young man a bitter thing to see the passing, soon to be gone, of the time when his prowess, his cleverness, his good looks, and his generous nature held him in that general esteem which was most grateful because it was the pride of the girl he loved. Yet nobody could get from him a word of approval of the Confederate cause. The common answer to the common question, Why, if he was so opposed to the attitude of the community, he did not go North, or join the enemy, was plain enough to most people in his infatuation for that incorrigible, impulsive Lena Paxton. His enemies said he was a fool as well as a would-be spy. His friends told him he was indeed a fool to risk his life just because of a sentimental mountain girl, who, on other occasions, had created much trouble among the boys—just because she didn't want him to leave her.

In less than a week a squadron of troopers in gray halted John Gueron in the road that wound into the cove, and sternly warned him, on pain of death, to leave the country.

On horseback, within the limit of the time they had set, he rode away, supposedly for the Union lines. But, whatever affected his discretion, he came back in three days. Fortunately the departure of the Confederates for other fields of action made his return less hazardous. The conspirators against him lacked assurance when the soldiers or the bushwhackers were not around.

He had been gone long enough for Lena to have grown well-nigh distracted with dread and grief; but now that John was in reach, how she laughed at the lightest thing, and how clear and true rang her voice as she lifted it to try if the echo-sprites of the cove were at home!

Among their acquaintances up the mountain were a few partial to their suit, and who helped it along when-

ever chance offered. With the connivance of these loyal friends many a secret meeting was arranged for them. It was even contrived to have John and Lena together at a dancing party of young people up the mountain. It was at the Widow Martin's, where John had formerly boarded when he came back from school in the valley and went into the business of buying and selling cattle.

Uncle Billy, the dusky "laughing fiddler of the cove," was on hand, with scores of rosy girls and ruddy boys to "chase the flying hours with flying feet." There among them, when Uncle Billy called "Pod-nuh fo' de comtilyom," was John Gueron, straight and lusty, and with black eyes gleaming amid the conscious clumsiness of the throng, and there at his side, laughing and beautiful with happiness, was Lena Poxton.

Uncle Billy's "inst'ument" was "chuned up en put in circ'mstance," as he expressed it, and, because he was especially fond of Miss Lena and Marse John, who, for his faithful carrying of their notes, had contributed liberally of his slender revenues, gave exceptional zest to his performance of the favorite airs of the place and time, such as "Old Zip Coon," "Billy in de Low Groun'," "The Devil's Dream," and "Chicken in de Bread Tray." The jocund fiddler chuckled over the bubbling bliss of the twain, and he lent a livelier crescendo than usual to his customary vocal interjections.

The talk of the cove was the Widow Martin's party, and people soon learned all about the dance and the supper, what was said, what was done, etc.

The story was that John Gueron had brought that Rio coffee from the Yankee camp, and brought with it "white sugar" to sweeten it.

The bushwhackers were advised anew as to John Gueron. They were told that he had the assurance to stay at the pass for the purpose of furnishing important information to the Yankees.

Guided by Tom Sharpe, the boldest and most persistent of John's rivals, they set out to hunt him, and to kill him on sight.

One early morning, through the narrow gorges, up Eagle Creek, came the man hunters looking for John Gueron.

Lena was one of the first to descry the band of armed horsemen moving cautiously along the road down by the creek. Stricken with terror, she sped homeward. A group of neighbors were on the porch with her mother exchanging conjectures as to the purpose of the "calvary" in the cove. Springing to the door, she snatched from its accustomed peg the old dinner horn, ran to the end of the porch, heaved a long breath, and, facing toward the pass, she blew a blast that turned all the cove into a pandemonium of echoes, to which was added the howling of startled dogs.

John Gueron heard that wild blast. He was just emerging from Widow Martin's front door, prepared



for the worst, but he was too late. Many Confederates were entering the front gate, and some were running around the house. He turned, hoping to escape by the rear, where his horse was, but a dozen Confederates were in the path, and demanded his surrender.

His answer was a cry of defiance: "Take me, if you can."

The clash was short and bloody. The leader of the party was killed and another wounded by two shots—all that came from his navy pistol. John Gueron was riddled by the pistols and carbines of the soldiers. Other troopers ran to the spot. The smoke of the guns had scarcely cleared away from where they bent above their stricken comrades when a wild cry, mingling with the hoof beats of a galloping horse, smote the air. It was a woman's voice.

Straight to the group, with flying, disheveled hair, she dashed. She jerked the foaming horse to his haunches, and, leaping to the ground, flung herself upon the prostrate form of her lover. And there, dabbling her white hands in his body's blood and uttering strange, heart-curdling cries, Lena Paxton became for a time a maniac.

The hardened troopers looked on in wonder and pity. Suddenly, with an unearthly shriek and with John Gueron's pistol in her hand, she sprang to her feet among the startled men, and, before they could recover from the effect of her piercing cry, fired upon them point-blank again and again. Ere the frenzied woman could be disarmed, three more men lay bleeding on the ground. One was fatally and the others badly wounded. The man mortally hit was the first she shot, John Gueron's relentless rival, Tom Sharpe.

The soldiers bound the crazed woman, who begged piteously only to be allowed to kill herself. But the commander of the Confederates would permit no one to molest her, nor that she should harm herself. Delivering the now fainting girl to the care of Mrs. Martin, into whose house the dead and wounded had been removed, the troopers mounted their horses and rode away. When the awe-stricken neighbors, who had been summoned to the scene, had recovered as well as they could from its horrors, they found in John Gueron's pockets a little love note addressed to Lena, a new jeweler's box containing a diamond ring, and another quaint ring of gutta-percha, within its circle, in letters of silver, being just the name "Lena." They gave the things to the poor girl, but she seemed to care for neither of them so much as the little black ring with its crude carving. It had been a token of John's boyhood fancy.

One balmy springtide evening, ere the worn spirit of the girl had quit its wasted frame, she lay looking from her window that overlooked the great valley, now flooded with moonlight. Her younger brother stood watching her with sad, wistful eyes. Seeing that she wished to speak, he bent near, asking: "What is it, little sister?"

"I've seen the new moon, and I've made a wish." Then she whispered to him as she bent near. It was a simple wish which the brothers faithfully kept, by which she and John Gueron were buried side by side down by the creek.

## EIGHTH TENNESSEE AT MURFREESBORO.

Capt. W. W. Carnes writes from Tampa, Fla.:

In the June VETERAN I find an answer from J. D. McLane, of Patterson, Ill., to inquiry of John R. Windham, of Stone, Ala., for information from some member of the Eighth Tennessee Regiment concerning the part that regiment took in the battle of Murfreesboro. When I read Comrade Windham's inquiry in the May VETERAN I hoped that there would be a fuller response from some of the living members of that gallant regiment of Tennesseans, especially with reference to its record of mortality as an evidence of the service it rendered at Murfreesboro. That regiment was one of those composing the brigade commanded by Gen. Daniel S. Donelson, to which my battery was attached. The regiment entered that fight with 425 rank and file, out of which it sustained a loss, in killed and wounded, of 306 or 310. (I have seen two reports.) Of this loss, it is my recollection that out of 37 commissioned officers it lost 30 killed or wounded, including the colonel and 7 captains out of 10. One of the captains, being under arrest at the time, sought and obtained permission to take a gun and go into the fight in the ranks, and he was killed while so fighting as a private soldier. I think there were but 26 men in that regiment who escaped in their person and clothes some bullet marks.

It will not be easy to find any command with a mortality equaling the above, being about three-fourths of the rank and file, and five-sixths of the officers, and that their work was in proportion to the mortality is shown by the official reports.

Early in the battle Col. Moore's horse was shot under him, and he received his death wound a few minutes later while commanding his regiment on foot. So the battle was fought mainly under com-



THE LATE REV. M. B. DE WITT, D.D.

Who was the efficient and beloved chaplain of the Eighth Tennessee.



mand of Lieut. Col. J. H. Anderson, a most gallant officer, who became its colonel, and under whom the regiment always sustained the reputation made at Murfreesboro. Col. Anderson is a citizen of Nashville now; but as he is as modest as he is brave, his merits as a soldier must be learned from others.

Referring to Comrade McLane's communication, I note that he, like many of our old soldiers after the long lapse of years, seems to get "mixed up" as to dates and commanders. He says that "the Eighth and Sixteenth Tennessee Regiments composed Carter's Brigade" when writing of Murfreesboro. At that time Carter was colonel of the Thirty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment, which was, with the Eighth, Sixteenth, Twenty-Eighth, and Fifty-First Tennessee Regiments, and Carter's Light Battery, in Donelson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. I remember well every gallant command in that brigade, which so often supported my battery, and which always showed such appreciation of the help I tried to give them with the "big guns" that always drew from them most hearty cheers. The same brigade was commanded by Gen. M. J. Wright, succeeding Gen. Donelson, and later by the gallant Gen. John C. Carter, killed at Franklin.

The Sixteenth Tennessee was also a regiment of splendid fighters, who made themselves notable in a brigade composed of good soldiers. I hope Col. Anderson or some living member of the Eighth Tennessee will write of its experience at Murfreesboro in the cedar wood southwest of the Cowan house.

Capt. W. P. Tolley, of Winchester, Tenn., writes:

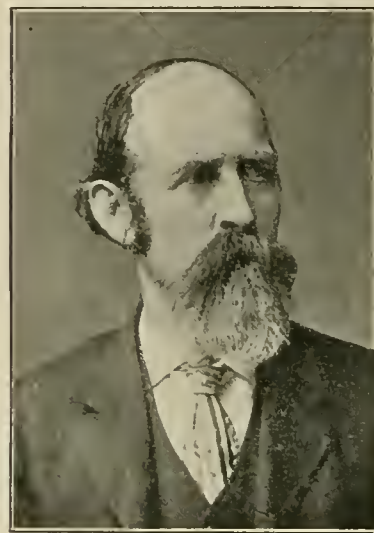
I propose to tell you about Capt. John D. McLure, of Patterson, Ill., who writes in the June number about the Eighth Tennessee Regiment in the battle of Murfreesboro. There were none braver or more faithful in any command, nor in the whole Confederate army. . . . He was among the one hundred or more young men who constituted Company K of the Eighth Tennessee Infantry, which organized at Mulberry, Lincoln County, Tenn., very early in the action. They were the flower of the young manhood of that splendid section prolific of a superb manhood. The gallant Col. William Lawson Moore, whose fall McLure so tersely and yet so aptly describes in the battle of Murfreesboro, was the first captain of this company. When he was made the lieutenant colonel of the regiment in its first organization William Thrash became the captain. Both were killed at Murfreesboro. In that fearful conflict no regiment or company suffered more than these.

With the roster of this company before me the state of society in that famous valley is aptly mirrored as it was when the rude blast of war disturbed its serenity in that memorable period of 1861. . . . These included the Whitakers, the Waggoners, the Shofners, the Logans, the Parks, the Culls, the Thomisons, the Sebastians, the Gattises, the Baileys, Holmans, Boones, Carrigans, and other families that were represented in this company.

The command of this company in the last half of the war could not have fallen upon one more worthy than John D. McLure. He had proved himself equal to its most inexorable demands, whether on the field of battle or the march or in camp. Desperate and conspicuous deeds of valor are told to his credit. No man has a better record, and no Confederate veteran

cherishes the memory of the days and scenes that tried men's souls more fondly than he does, nor a livelier interest in the proceedings of Confederate organizations. And yet he is esteemed as one of the foremost citizens of the Illinois community in which he has lived now some twenty years. He illustrates the stuff of which the Confederate armies were composed.

Col. John H. Anderson, colonel of the Eighth Tennessee Regiment, was born in Lebanon, Tenn., in 1831. He enlisted in the Tenth Tennessee Regiment



COL. J. H. ANDERSON.

May 11, 1861, and served until the battle of Fort Donelson, February, 1862. He surrendered with his company, but made his escape two days afterwards. He was in the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862, on the staff of Gen. Bushrod Johnson. He was promoted for gallantry on the Shiloh field from captain to lieutenant-colonel, and assigned to

duty in the Eighth Tennessee Regiment. He took his regiment with Bragg's army to Kentucky. He participated in the battle of Perryville with Bragg's army; then retired to Tennessee and fought in the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. He was there wounded. After the battle of Murfreesboro he was promoted to colonel. The part his regiment took in that battle is well known. He continued with the Eighth Tennessee, fought the battle of Chickamauga, and was wounded there. Then he fought the battle of Missionary Ridge, and was in the campaign between Joseph E. Johnston and Sherman through Georgia. After the battle of July 22, east of Atlanta, he was placed in command of three consolidated Tennessee regiments—the Eighth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-Eighth.

He came with Hood's army into Tennessee, fought the battle of Franklin, and was then placed in command of Gen. Gist's Brigade, comprised of South Carolina and Georgia troops, and fought the battle of Nashville in command of the brigade.

Col. Anderson returned with Hood's army from Tennessee to North Carolina, and surrendered with the army at Greensboro, N. C., in May, 1865.

Col. Anderson is now in his seventieth year, lives in Nashville, and is engaged in active business.

VALUABLE SOUVENIR FOR THE OWNER.—J. W. Hardin, Terrell, Tex., has a silver star that he found in Mississippi during the war, on which is engraved: "W. W. F. Pain, Willis Battery, Ross's Brigade, Forrest Cavalry." This relic may be had by his nearest of kin upon satisfactory identification.

# CAMP LIST.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

### Complete List of General Officers and Camps.

Gen. John B. Gordon, General Commanding, Atlanta, Ga.  
Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff,  
New Orleans, La.

#### Army of Northern Virginia Department.

Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Commander, Columbia, S. C.

#### VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, Commander, Norfolk, Va.  
Col. J. V. Bldgood, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Richmond.  
Brig. Gen. J. F. Crocker, Com. First Brigade, Portsmouth.  
Brig. Gen. Jas. Macgill, Com. Second Brigade, Pulaski, Va.  
Brig. Gen. H. C. Michle, Com. Third Brigade, Charlottesville.

#### MARYLAND DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Commander, Baltimore, Md.  
Col. J. S. Saunders, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Baltimore.  
Brig. Gen. O. Tilghman, Commanding First Brigade, Easton.  
Brig. Gen. J. F. Zacharias, Com. Second Brigade, Cumberland.

#### NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander, Durham, N. C.  
Col. H. A. London, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Pittsboro, N. C.  
Brig. Gen. J. G. Hall, Com. First Brigade, Hickory, N. C.  
Brig. Gen. W. L. London, Com. Second Brigade, Pittsboro.  
Brig. Gen. F. M. Parker, Com. Third Brigade, Enfield.  
Brig. Gen. J. M. Ray, Com. Fourth Brigade, Asheville.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Charleston, S. C.  
Col. J. G. Holmes, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Charleston.  
Brig. Gen. A. Coward, Com. First Brigade, care of The Citadel,  
Charleston, S. C.  
Brig. Gen. T. W. Carwile, Com. Second Brigade, Edgefield.

#### KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. M. Poyntz, Commander, Richmond, Ky.  
Col. B. H. Young, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Louisville.  
Brig. Gen. J. M. Arnold, Com. First Brigade, Newport.  
Brig. Gen. J. B. Briggs, Com. Second Brigade, Russellville.  
Brig. J. H. Lenthers, Com. Third Brigade, Louisville.  
Brig. Gen. A. H. Sinclair, Com. Fourth Brigade, Georgetown.

#### WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Robert White, Commander, Wheeling, W. Va.  
Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Linwood.  
Brig. Gen. D. E. Johnston, Com. First Brigade, Bluefield.  
Brig. Gen. S. S. Greene, Com. Second Brigade, Charleston.

#### Army of Tennessee Department.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander, Columbus, Miss.  
Brig. Gen. Henry C. Myers, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.

#### GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. A. Evans, Commander, 442 Peach Tree St., Atlanta.  
Col. J. A. Miller, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Atlanta.  
Brig. Gen. P. A. S. McGlashan, Com. S. Ga. Brigade, Savannah.  
Brig. Gen. C. M. Wiley, Com. Eastern Ga. Brig., Macon.  
Brig. Gen. A. J. West, Com. N. Ga. Brigade, 18 Pryor St., Atlanta.  
Brig. Gen. Chas. McWheatley, Commanding Western Georgia  
Brigade, Americus, Ga.

#### ALABAMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. G. P. Harrison, Commander, Opelika.  
Col. H. E. Jones, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Spring Hill.  
Brig. Gen. J. W. A. Sanford, Com. First Brigade, Montgomery.  
Brig. Gen. E. B. Vaughan, Com. Second Brigade, Mobile.  
Brig. Gen. J. N. Thompson, Com. Third Brigade, Tusculumbia.  
Brig. Gen. J. H. Savage, Com. Fourth Brigade, Anniston.

#### TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. G. W. Gordon, Commander, Memphis, Tenn.  
Col. J. P. Hickman, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Nashville.  
Brig. Gen. J. E. Carter, Com. First Brigade, Knoxville.  
Brig. Gen. J. M. Taylor, Com. Second Brigade, Lexington.  
Brig. Gen. S. F. Wilson, Com. Third Brigade, Gallatin.

#### MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. D. Cameron, Commander, Meridian.  
Col. DeB. Waddell, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Meridian.  
Brig. Gen. B. V. White, Com. First Brigade, Meridian.  
Brig. Gen. W. G. Ford, Com. Second Brigade, Holly Springs.

#### LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Packwood, Commander, Clinton.  
Col. A. B. Boothe, Adj. Gen., Chief of Staff, New Orleans.

#### FLORIDA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. E. M. Law, Commander, Bartow.  
Col. F. L. Robertson, Adjutant Gen., Chief of Staff, Brooksville.  
Brig. Gen. F. C. Brent, Commanding First Brigade, Pensacola.  
Brig. Gen. N. A. Hull, Com. Second Brigade, Jacksonville.  
Brig. Gen. W. H. Jewell, Com. Third Brigade, Orlando.

#### Trans-Mississippi Department.

Lieut. Gen. W. S. Cabell, Commander, Dallas.  
Brig. Gen. A. T. Watts, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Dallas.

#### MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. McCulloch, Commander, Booneville, Mo.  
Col. H. A. Newman, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Huntsville.  
Brig. Gen. S. M. Kennard, Com. Eastern Brigade, St. Louis.  
Brig. Gen. G. W. Thompson, Com. Western Brigade, Barry.

#### TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Commander, Fort Worth.  
Col. S. P. Green, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Fort Worth.

#### NORTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. Chas. D. Grace, Commander, Bonham.

#### NORTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. R. Cobb, Commander, Wichita Falls.

#### SOUTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. M. F. Mott, Commander, Galveston.

#### SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. F. A. Hess, Commander, San Antonio.

#### WESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. W. M. McGregor, Commander, Cameron.

#### ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. V. Y. Cook, Commander, St. Elmo.  
Col. J. P. Caldwell, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Newport.  
Brig. Gen. B. W. Green, Com. First Brigade, Little Rock.  
Brig. Gen. R. M. Knox, Com. Second Brigade, Pine Bluff.  
Brig. Gen. J. Polk Fancher, Com. Third Brigade, Berryville.  
Brig. Gen. J. F. Smith, Com. Fourth Brigade, Nashville, Ark.

#### INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander, McAlester, Ind. Ter.  
Col. J. H. Reed, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, McAlester.  
Brig. Gen. D. M. Hailey, Com. Choctaw Brigade, Krebs.  
Brig. Gen. J. L. Galt, Com. Chickasaw Brigade, Ardmore.  
Brig. Gen. J. W. Watts, Com. Cherokee Brigade, Wagoner.  
Brig. Gen. Geo. W. Grayson, Com. Creek Brigade, Eufaula.

#### OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. O. Casler, Commander, Oklahoma City.  
Col. W. R. Reagan, Adj. Gen., Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City.  
Brig. Gen. C. R. Buckner, Com. First Brigade, Guthrie.  
Brig. Gen. J. P. Saunders, Com. Second Brigade, Shawnee.  
Brig. Gen. T. A. Putnam, Com. Third Brigade, Mangum.

#### PACIFIC DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Spencer R. Thorpe, Commander, Los Angeles.  
Col. A. M. Fulkerson, Adj. Gen., Chief of Staff, Los Angeles.  
Brig. Gen. H. T. Sale, Com. Colorado Brigade, Denver.  
Brig. Gen. T. H. Bell, Com. California Brigade, Fresno.  
Brig. Gen. F. D. Brown, Com. Montana Brigade, Phillipsburg.



## List of Camps, Commanders, and Adjutants.

## ALABAMA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Abbeville—Confederate Veteran—1145—Jas. W. Stokes.

Abner—Handley—351—M. V. Mullins, H. A. Brown.

Albertville—Camp Miller—385—L. S. Emmett, J. L. Chambers.

Alexander City—Lee—401—R. M. Thomas, G. B. Archer.

Alexandria—Alexandria—395—C. Martin, E. T. Clark.

Andalusia—Harper—256—J. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.

Anniston—Pelham—258—J. T. DeArman, William Bell.

Ashland—Clayton—327—A. S. Stockdale, D. L. Campbell.

Ashville—St. Clair—308—John W. Inger, James D. Triess.

Athens—T. L. Hobbs—400—W. N. Richardson, B. M. Sowell.

Auburn—Auburn—236—H. C. Armstrong, R. W. Burton.

Bangor—Wheeler—492—R. H. L. Wharton, W. L. Redman.

Bessemer—Bessemer—157—T. W. Huffman, T. P. Waller.

Birmingham—Hardee—39—S. L. Robertson, J. Lawler Darby.

Birmingham—Jeff Davis—475—H. C. Vaughan, A. C. Oxford.

Birmingham—R. E. Lee—1140—C. M. Shelley, W. H. Worthington.

Blocton—Pratt—966—R. H. Pratt, John S. Gardner.

Blountville—Sam Davis—1177—S. T. Burnett, J. M. Doyle.

Brewton—Clanton—1072—W. S. Neal, J. M. Davison.

Bridgeport—J. Wheeler—260—W. C. Glover, L. B. Burnett.

Brookwood—Force—459—R. D. Jackson, J. H. Nelson.

Calera—Emanuel Finley—498—John P. West, W. H. Jones.

Camden—Franklin K. Beck—224—J. Y. Kirkpatrick, J. F. Foster.

Carrollton—Pickens—323—M. L. Stansel, W. G. Robertson.

Carthage—Woodruff—339—John S. Powers, J. A. Elliott.

Cedar Springs—Pelham—855.

Center—Stonewall Jackson—658—J. F. Hoge, J. A. Law.

Clanton—Jno. W. A. Sanford—1298—E. Y. McMorries, J. M. Stanfield.

Clayton—Barbour Co.—493—W. H. Pruett, E. R. Quillin.

Coalburg—F. Cheatham—434—F. P. Lewis, J. W. Barnhart.

Cullman—T. H. Watts—489—E. J. Owen, J. T. Lancaster.

Dadeville—Crawf—Kimbals—343—J. P. Shaffer, Wm. L. Rowe.

Daphne—Faulkner—1274—T. A. Davis, C. E. Wilkins.

Decatur—Horace King—476—W. H. Long, W. R. Francis.

Demopolis—A. Gracie—508—John C. Webb, C. B. Cleveland.

Dundee—Confed. Vet.—1334—G. W. Brooks.

East Lake—Bob McKinley—1347—J. M. Huey, T. L. Moore.

Edwardsville—Wigginton—359—T. J. Burton, J. H. Johnson.

Elba—Costello—1279—N. O. Hutchinson, A. S. Head.

Eufaula—Eufaula—958—Hiram Hawkins, R. Q. Edmondson.

Eutaw—Sanders—64—George N. Cole, W. P. Brugh.

Evergreen—Capt. Wm. 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 Sansom—275—Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes.

Gaylesville—John Pelham—411—B. F. Wood, G. W. R. Bell.

Geneva—W. C. Oats—1165—H. H. Foster, W. C. McLaughlin.

Greensboro—A. C. Jones—266—W. N. Knight, W. C. Christian.

Greensboro—Woodruff—339—John S. Powers, J. A. Elliott.

Greenville—Samuel L. Adams—349—E. Crenshaw, F. E. Dey.

Guin—Ex-Confederate—415—N. W. Hulsey.

Guntersville—M. Glibreath—333—J. A. McKinstry, J. L. Burke.

Hamilton—Marion Co.—346—A. J. Hamilton, J. F. Hamilton.

Hartselle—Friendship—353—D. Walden, W. M. McClanahan.

Holly Pond—Holly Pond—567—G. W. Watts, S. M. Foust.

Huntsville—E. J. Jones—357—Daniel Coleman, Ben Patteson.

Jackson—Calhoun—497—E. P. Chapman, S. T. Woodard.

Jackson—Clarke County—475.

Jacksonville—Martin—292—J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant.

Jasper—Hutto—1202—John T. Hughes, T. P. Lamkin.

Lafayette—A. A. Greene—310—J. J. Robinson, G. H. Black.

Linden—A. Gracie—508—John C. Webb, C. B. Cleveland.

Livingston—Camp Sumter—332—R. Chapman, J. Lawhon.

Lower Peach Tree—R. H. G. Gaines—370—B. D. Portis, N. J. McConnell.

Lowndesboro—Bullock—331—J. W. Rast, C. D. Whitman.

Luverne—Gracy—472—D. A. Rutledge, B. R. Bricken.

Madison Sta.—Russell—408—W. T. Garner, R. E. Wiggins.

Marion—I. W. Garrett—277—I. Cal Moore, R. H. Evans.

Mobile—R. Semmes—11—Wm. H. Johnston, Wm. E. Mickie.

Mobile—J. M. Withers—675—S. Franklin Preston, F. Kiernan.

Monroeville—Foster—407—W. W. McMillan, D. L. Neville.

Montevallo—Montevallo—496—H. C. Reynolds, B. Nabors.

Montgomery—Lomax—151—J. B. Fuller, Paul Sanguyueti.

Morris—Confederate Veteran—1120—G. W. Ellis.

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.

Pearce's Mill—R. E. Lee—372—Jim Pearce, F. M. Clark.

Piedmont—Camp Stewart—378—J. N. Hood, E. D. McClelen.

Phenix City—Confederate Veteran—1112—W. D. Welkins.

Pratt City—F. S. Furguson—1167—P. J. Powell, S. C. Perkins.

Prattville—Wadsworth—491—W. F. Mims, Y. Abney.

Roanoke—Aiken-Smith—293—W. A. Handley, D. D. McConnaghy.

Robinson Springs—Robinson Springs—396—John E. Jones, W. D. Whetstone.

Rockford—H. W. Cox—276—F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson.

Scottsboro—N. B. Forrest—430—J. H. Young, J. M. Thompson.

Seale—James F. Waddell—268—C. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene.

Selma—C. R. Jones—317—E. P. Galt, E. L. McKee.

Sprague Junction—Watts—480—P. B. Masten, J. T. Robertson.

Springville—Springville—223—A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruiell.

Stroud—McLeroy—356—A. J. Thompson, J. L. Strickland.

St. Stephens—John James—350—A. F. Hooks, J. W. Gordy.

Summerfield—Col. Carrett—381—E. Morrow, R. B. Cater.

Talladega—C. M. Shelley—246—G. K. Miller, D. R. Van Pelt.

Thomasville—L. McFarland—373—M. W. Couch, W. R. Greer.

Town Creek—Ashford—632—W. A. Lee, J. L. Lyndon.

Troy—Camp Ruffin—320—S. A. Williams, J. E. Groves.

Tuscaloosa—Rodes—262—Gen. G. D. Johnston, W. Guild.

Tuscumbia—James Deshler—313.

Tuscumbia—W. A. Johnson—898—J. R. Crow, E. C. Downs.

Tuskegee—Sam Johnson—139—W. H. Hurt, L. W. Mizell.

Union Springs—Powell—499—I. F. Culver, A. H. Pickett.

Union Town—Coleman—429—Junie Harwood, B. F. Harwood.

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. Reaves.

Wedowee—Randolph—316—C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate.

Wetumpka—Elmore Co.—255—H. H. Robison, C. K. McMorris.

Winfield—Winfield—1291—W. R. H. Loden, W. J. Trull.

## ARIZONA DIVISION.

Safford—Winnie Davis—1244—T. T. Hunter, Wm. C. Neese.

## ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Alma—Cabell—202—James E. Smith, J. T. Jones.

Altus—Stonewall Jackson—H. J. Scriber, P. R. Stanfield.

Amity—J. H. Berry—828—D. T. Brunson, D. M. Doughty.

Arkadelphia—Monroe—574—H. W. McMillan, C. C. Scott.

Augusta—Jeff Davis—843—John Shearer, Ed S. Carl-Lee.

Austin—James Adams—1036—James G. Adams, T. J. Young.

Barren Fork—J. F. P. Fagan—903—L. F. Johnston, J. M. Hill.

Batesville—Sidney Johnston—863—J. P. Coffin, R. P. Weaver.

Benton—Dodd—325—D. M. Cloud, Fred W. Bush.

Bentonville—Cabell—89—W. F. Patton, N. S. Henry.

Berryville—Fletcher—638—J. P. Fancher, Isaac A. Clarke.

Black Rock—Confed. Vet.—870—Col. T. L. Thompson.

Black Rock—Sterling Price—1305—W. S. Nowlin, N. E. Juddins.

Booneville—Evans—355—D. B. Castleberry, C. B. Florence.

Brinkley—Clebune—537—W. F. Forbess, J. S. Cox.

Cauden—Hugh McCollum—778—J. A. Reeves, W. F. Avera.

Center Point—Haller—192—John M. Somervell, J. G. Ansley.

Charleston—Pat Cleburne—191—A. S. Cabell, T. N. Goodwin.

Clarksburg—John F. Hill—1031—John C. Hill, E. T. McConnell.

Coal Hill—J. E. Cravens—1153—E. H. Walker, J. D. Hunt.

Conway—Jeff Davis—213—James Haskrider, W. D. Cole.

Darlanelle—McIntosh—531—G. L. Wirt, Robert H. Dacus.

DeQueen—John H. Morgan—448—W. S. Ray, John P. Hallman.

Dumas—P. Cleburne—776—M. W. Quilling, H. N. Austin.

El Dorado—James Newton—1290—W. E. Lacy, J. F. Marrable.

England—Eagle Camp—1004—W. P. West, J. K. Budie.

Evansville—McIntosh—861—N. B. Littlejohn, John C. Fletcher.

Fayetteville—Brooks—216—T. M. Gunter, I. M. Patridge.

Forrest City—Forrest—623—J. B. Sanders, E. Landvoight.

Fort Smith—B. T. Duval—146—Charles A. Birme, R. M. Fry.

Galnesville—Confederate Survivors—506—F. S. White.

Greenway—Clay Co. V. A.—375—E. M. Allen, J. R. Hodges.

Greenwood—B. McCulloch—194—Dudley Milam, M. Stroup.

Hackett City—Stonewall—193—L. B. Lake, A. H. Gordon.

Hamburg—James Norris—1309—W. A. Roby, W. H. Gladney.

Harrisburg—Pat Cleburne—1027—J. L. Smith, H. E. McGee.

Harrison—J. Crump—713—J. H. Williams, J. P. Clendenin.

Hazen-Reinhardt-988-J. R. Johnson, R. H. Morehead.  
 Helena-S. Corley-841-J. C. Rembert, R. Gordon.  
 Hope-Gratlot-203-C. A. Bridewell, John F. Sauer.  
 Hot Springs-A. Pike-340-Gen. J. M. Harrell, A. Curl.  
 Huntsville-Stonewall Jackson-1269-J. L. Crain, A. A. Broad.  
 Lake Village-Daniel H. Reynolds-1285-J. Bagby, R. London.  
 Jonesboro-Joe Johnston-567-M. A. Adair, D. L. Thompson.  
 Kingsland-Pres. Jefferson Davis-1293-J. F. Johnson, G. S. Dickinson.

Little Rock-Weaver-354-W. F. Wright, George Thornburgh.  
 Lockesburg-Hankins-1047-Shad W. McCown, Alex. Luther.  
 Lockesburg-Hankins-1231-T. W. McCown, F. C. Floyd.  
 Lonoke-J. McIntosh-862-P. H. Wheat, Sr., B. T. Stokes.  
 Mabel Vale-Confederate Veteran-809-W. B. McKnight.  
 Magazine-Forrest-1281-John Carr, C. H. Gates.  
 Malvern-Van H. Manning-991-J. H. Alexander, W. P. Johnson.  
 Marlanna-P. Anderson-916-De Witt Anderson, A. S. Rodgers.  
 Melbourne-John H. Kelly-1039-F. M. Hanley, H. B. Landers.  
 Mena-Shiloh-1297-Gen. R. G. Shaver, W. J. Davis.  
 Monticello-James A. Jackson-1308-Gen. W. F. Siemmons, E. C. Faulkner.  
 Moorefield-Joe Johnston-865-Y. M. Mack, Jesse A. Moore.  
 Morrilton-R. W. Harper-207-Carrol Armstrong, H. V. Crozier.  
 Mulberry-McIntosh-1328-Joe M. Scott, S. M. Dyer.  
 Nashville-Joe Neal-208-Francis W. Lee, F. T. Shepard.  
 New Louisville-Sam Dill-44-B. R. Harrell, B. P. Wheat.  
 Newport-Tom Hindman-318-L. Minor, W. A. Joyce.  
 Oxford-Oxford-455-F. M. Gibson, Ransom Guley.  
 Ozark-F. Lee-1141-B. L. Jones, H. H. Turner.  
 Osceola-Osceola-1303-Chas. Bowen, Leon Roussan.  
 Paragould-Confed. Survivors-449-W. W. Steuart, P. W. Moss.  
 Paris-B. McCulloch-388-J. O. Sadler, William Snoddy.  
 Piggott-J. E. Hood-1343-J. R. Hollis, W. Jinkins.  
 Pine Bluff-Murray-510-P. M. Bridges, W. D. Vance.  
 Pocahontas-E. Hufstедler-447-W. F. Bishop, J. P. Dunklin.  
 Powhatan-Robert Jones-869-C. A. Stuart, L. D. Woodson.  
 Prairie Grove-Prairie Grove-384-H. P. Greene, C. McCulloch.  
 Prescott-Walter Bragg-428-W. J. Blake, George W. Terry.  
 Raymond-Confederate Veteran-1147-J. W. Clay.  
 Rector-Rector-504-E. M. Allen, W. S. Liddell.  
 Rocky Comfort-Stuart-632-F. B. Arnett, R. E. Phelps.  
 Russellville-Ben T. Embry-977-R. B. Higgins, J. F. Munday.  
 Salem-R. G. Shaver-1060-D. P. Tunstall, C. A. Phillips.  
 Searcy-Gen. Marsh Walker-687-R. B. Sangster, B. C. Black.  
 Sheridan-G. W. Murphy-1059-J. V. Lybrand, J. S. Williams.  
 Star City-B. McCulloch-542-M. Cook, J. L. Hunter.  
 Stephens-Bob Jordan-686-J. M. Walker, C. T. Boggs.  
 Springdale-Jas. H. Berry-1266-N. C. Howard, G. A. Graves.  
 Ultima Thule-Confed. Sur.-443-J. P. Hallman.  
 Van Buren-J. T. Stuart-1294-A. R. Witt, T. W. Davis.  
 Van Buren-John Wallace-209-John Allen, J. E. Clegg.  
 Walcott-Confed. Sur.-505-Benjamin A. Johnson.  
 Waldron-Sterling Price-414-L. P. Fuller, A. M. Fuller.  
 Walnut Ridge-C. Childers-901-D. M. Ponder, C. Coffin.  
 Warren-Denson-677-J. B. Watson, W. D. Trotter.  
 Wilton-Confed. Vet.-674-J. A. Miller.  
 Wooster-J. E. Johnston-431-W. A. Milam, W. J. Sloan.  
 Wynne-Marion Cogbill-1316-Jno. Graham, W. H. Cogbill.

## CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

Fresno-Sterling Price-1030-Dr. J. D. Wagner.  
 Los Angeles-C. V. A. of Cal.-770-J. E. Wilson, C. H. Hance.  
 Los Angeles-Sam Davis-1280-T. W. T. Richards, R. Stewart.  
 J. E. Wilson, C. H. Hance.  
 San Diego-J. H. Morgan-1198-J. C. Moore, W. R. Gunns.  
 Santa Ana-Hi Bledsoe-1201-J. A. Willson, J. C. Joplin.

## COLORADO DIVISION.

Aspen-Fitzhugh Lee-1023-T. A. Rucker, V. Johnson.  
 Denver-Beauregard-1205-E. J. Stirman, Ben Honnett.

## FLORIDA DIVISION.

Apalachicola-Tom Moore-656-Amos R. Shunt, A. J. Murat.  
 Bartow-Bartow-284-W. H. Johnson, J. L. Albritton.  
 Bronson-Union-1157-E. A. Pinnell, Ben Friedman.  
 Brooksville-Loring-13-D. Sheldon Stringer, John C. Davant.  
 Chipley-McMillan-217-A. M. McMillan, R. B. Bellamy.  
 Dade City-Pasco C. V. A.-57-J. E. Lee, A. H. Ravestles.  
 Daytona-Stonewall-503-M. Huston, J. C. Keller.  
 De Funiak Springs-Kirby-Smith-282-J. Stubbs, A. B. McLeod.

Fernandina-Nassau-104-W. D. Ballentine, T. A. Hall.  
 Inverness-George T. Ward-148-C. J. Thomas.  
 Jacksonville-Lee-58-James K. Munnerlyn, Robert J. Magill.  
 Jacksonville-Jeff Davis-230- —, C. J. Colcock.  
 Jasper-Stewart-155-J. E. Hanna, O. W. Bailey.  
 Juno-P. Anderson-244- —, J. F. Highsmith.  
 Key West-Franklin Buchanan-1214-Dr. J. V. Harris.  
 Lake Butler-Barney-474-J. R. Richard, M. L. McKinney.  
 Lake City-E. A. Perry-150-W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.  
 Marianna-Milton-132-George A. Baltzell, F. Phillips.  
 Mayo-Paul Hatch-1116-Isaac Barker, J. H. Polk.  
 Miami-Tige Anderson-1203-J. R. Anthony, Sr.  
 Milton-Camp Cobb-538-C. R. Johnston, A. R. Seabrook.  
 Monticello-P. Anderson-59-W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.  
 Ocala-Marion Co. C. V. A.-56-W. L. Ditt, J. H. Livingston.  
 Orlando-Orange Co.-54-J. C. Anderson, B. M. Robinson.  
 Palatka-J. J. Kinley-1117-J. D. Points, Joseph Price.  
 Palmetto-George T. Ward-53-J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.  
 Pensacola-Ward C. V. A.-10-N. B. Cook, W. F. Lee.  
 Quincy-Kenan-140-R. H. M. Davidson.  
 Sanford-Pinnegan-149-Harry Cassel, D. B. Mawley.  
 St. Augustine-Kirby-Smith-175-J. J. Darling, D. L. Dunham.  
 St. Petersburg-Colquitt-303-W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick.  
 Tallahassee-Lamar-161-D. Long, R. A. Whitfield.  
 Tampa-Hillsboro-36-F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.  
 Tampa-Loring-1126-J. B. Walton, J. C. White.  
 Tavares-L. C. C. V. A.-279-H. H. Duncan, J. C. Terry.  
 Titusville-Indian River-47-A. A. Stewart, M. Goldsmith.  
 Umatilla-Lake Co. C. V. A.-279-H. H. Duncan, J. C. Terry.  
 Williston-George T. Ward-1090-D. F. Newson, J. J. Johnson.

## GEORGIA DIVISION.

Adairsville-Adairsville-962-J. W. Gray, R. D. Combs.  
 Alamo-C. W. McArthur-1078-A. C. McClellan, M. D. Hughes.  
 Albany-Wm. M. Slaughter-971-Richard Hobbs, J. G. LaRoque.  
 Americus-Sumter-642-J. B. Pillsbury, T. J. Black.  
 Athens-Cobb-Deloney-148-J. J. C. McMahon, R. C. Latimer.  
 Atlanta-Atlanta-159-W. D. Ellis, Capt. W. H. Harrison.  
 Atlanta-Co. "A," Wheeler's Confed. Cav.-1270-Col. John S. Prather, Nathan Lyons.  
 Atlanta-W. H. T. Walker-925-R. S. Osborn, J. S. Alford.  
 Augusta-Confederate Soldiers' Association-1044-J. C. McDermon, J. A. Johnson.  
 Augusta-Confederate Survivors' Association-435-G. W. McLaughlin, Walter A. Clark.  
 Austell-Reed-1123-W. H. Winters, J. H. McKenney.  
 Avera-Avera-913-E. M. Walden, J. M. Vawse.  
 Bainbridge-Decatur Co.-1043-J. D. Harrell, W. G. D. Tonge.  
 Ball Ground-Pat Lyon-1079-P. H. Lyon, D. B. Lyon.  
 Baxley-O. A. Lee-918-Henry H. Becher, L. W. Baxley.  
 Big Sandy-Col. E. S. Griffin-1233-W. J. Harrison, J. H. Jessup.  
 Blairsville-Capt. T. J. Butt-1127-J. A. Butt, T. C. Hughes.  
 Brunswick-Jackson-806-Horace Dart, W. B. Burroughs.  
 Buchanan-Buchanan-1151-F. M. Dunkin, S. P. Shephard.  
 Buford-W. T. Smith-1300-J. E. Cloud, Col. Henry D. Capers.  
 Calhoun-Gordon Co.-1101-H. C. Hunt, M. E. Ellis.  
 Canton-Skid Harris-595-H. W. Newman, W. N. Wilson.  
 Carnersville-Millican-419-J. McCarter, J. Phillips.  
 Carrollton-Camp McDaniel-487-Jesse R. Griffin, W. O. Perry.  
 Cartersville-P. M. B. Young-820-T. J. Lyon, George S. Cobb.  
 Cedartown-Polk Co. C. V. A.-403-J. Arrington, J. S. Stubbs.  
 Clayton-Rabun Co. C. V. A.-420-S. M. Beck, W. H. Price.  
 Cleveland-Sumter-1137-R. R. Ashbury, W. B. Bell.  
 Clinton-Edward Willis-1133-J. A. Walker, J. R. Chiles.  
 Clyde-Bryan Co.-1229-W. H. Strickland, John Lane.  
 Columbus-Benning-611-Col. W. S. Shepherd, Wm. Redd, Jr.  
 Columbus-Muscogee Council No. 1, U. C. V. Relief Association-1193-J. B. Hobbs, R. R. Smith.  
 Covington-J. Lamar-305-C. Dickson, J. W. Anderson.  
 Crawfordville-Alex Stephens-1050-S. J. Flynt, J. A. Woodall.  
 Cumming-Forsyth-736-H. P. Bell, R. P. Lester.  
 Cusseta-Chattahoochee Co.-417-C. N. Howard.  
 Cuthbert-Randolph Co.-465-T. J. Ball, B. W. Ellis.  
 Dallas-New Hope-899-W. C. Connally, W. J. Fain.  
 Dalton-J. E. Johnston-34-S. B. Felker, J. H. Stanford.  
 Daniel-John M. Kell-1032-W. H. Atwood, W. McW. Young.  
 Dawson-Terrell Co. C. V. A.-404-T. A. McWilliams, W. B. Quarles.  
 Dawsonville-W. Boyd-1092-G. K. Porter, J. B. Thomas.  
 Decatur-C. A. Evans-665-H. C. Jones, W. G. Whidby.  
 Douglasville-T. C. Glover-957-C. P. Bowen, W. A. James.



Dublin-Smith-891-Hardy Smith, T. D. Smith.  
 DuPont-Augustus DuPont-1225-R. B. Johnson, T. L. Wyche.  
 Eatonton-R. T. Davis-759-R. B. Nisbet, Robert Young.  
 Elberton-W. M. McIntosh-1085-E. B. Tate, J. H. Stillwell.  
 Ellaville-Col. W. T. Black-1095-J. N. Cheney, E. S. Baldwin.  
 Ellijay-G. W. Phillips-969-T. L. Green, Mm. De Journette.  
 Fayetteville-Paul J. Semmes-832-Elias Adams, J. M. Dorsey.  
 Fitzgerald-Irwin Co.-1130-D. B. Mull, James T. Saunders.  
 Flowery Branch-Stonewall-1105-G. H. Siddham, J. L. Hutchin-  
 son.  
 Forsyth-Quitman-1122-Thos. B. Cabaniss, J. T. McGinty.  
 Franklin-Heard Co.-1159-Isaac J. Stephens, Frank S. Loftin.  
 Gainesville-Longstreet-973-J. B. Estes, H. B. Smith.  
 Georgetown-Quitman Co.-1108-F. M. Bledsoe, Wm. Harrison.  
 Gibson-Fons Rogers-847-W. W. Kitchens, J. W. P. Whiteley.  
 Glenville-Tatnall Co.-1028-J. D. DeLoach, H. S. Williams.  
 Greensboro-G. O. Dawson-1013-C. Heard, W. A. Kimbrough.  
 Griffin-Spaulding Co.-519-W. R. Hanlelter, John O. Treanor.  
 Gundee-Gordon-829-W. B. McDaniel.  
 Hamilton-Harris Co.-1129-L. L. Stanford, A. F. Truett.  
 Harmony Grove-Jno. H. Morgan-1330-W. B. Power, W. S.  
 Edwards.  
 Harrisburg-Chattooga Vet.-422- —, L. R. Williams.  
 Hartwell-Auk Masters-1104-W. M. Clark, M. M. Richardson.  
 Hawkinsville-Manning-816-R. W. Anderson, T. J. Holder.  
 Hinesville-C. C. Jones, Jr.-1150-A. B. Daniel, G. M. Mills.  
 Homer-D. G. Candler-1118-W. M. Ash, J. C. Allan.  
 Homerville-Clinch Co.-1292-F. M. Jackson, M. S. Corbett.  
 Irwinton-Wilkinson Co.-1342-J. W. Lindsey, W. F. Cannon.  
 Jackson-J. L. Barnett-1114-L. D. Watson, C. S. Maddox.  
 Jasper-Pickens-1173-J. A. Rhyne, E. Wofford.  
 Jefferson-Jackson Co.-440-H. W. Bell, W. J. Pike.  
 Jesup-Harrison-1125-Ben Milikin, James E. Black.  
 Kingsland-C. V. A.-1207-D. R. Proctor.  
 Knoxville-Crawford Co.-868-J. N. Smith, W. J. Dent.  
 La Fayette-Chickamauga-473-N. C. Napier, B. F. Thurman.  
 Lagrange-Troup Co. C. V.-405-J. L. Schaub, J. B. Strong.  
 Lawrenceville-Gwinnett Co.-982-T. M. Peeples, D. T. Cain.  
 Lincolnton-Lamar Gibson-814-W. C. Ward, J. E. Strother.  
 Louisville-Jefferson-826-S. M. Clark, M. H. Hopkins.  
 Lumpkin-Stewart Co.-983-M. Corbett, J. T. Harrison.  
 Macon-Col. R. A. Smith-484-A. B. Small, R. W. Bonner.  
 Madison-Morgan Co.-617-C. W. Baldwin, W. A. Wiley.  
 Marietta-Marietta-763-W. J. Hudson, A. J. Harrison.  
 McRae-Telfair-815-W. J. Williams, William McLean.  
 Milledgeville-Geo. Doles-730-A. J. Miller, Walter Paine.  
 Monticello-Camp Key-483-Maj. J. C. Key, A. S. Florence.  
 Monroe-R. E. Lee-1055-J. E. Nunnally, J. M. Turner.  
 Morgan-Calhoun Co. C. V.-406-J. L. Boynton, A. J. Munroe.  
 Mt. Vernon-Confed. Vet.-802-D. C. Sutton.  
 Newnan-Coweta-1161-J. W. Anderson, T. W. Powell.  
 Newton-A. H. Colquitt-1115-T. H. Caskie, John O. Perry.  
 Oglethorpe-Macon Co.-655-J. D. Frederick, R. D. McLeod.  
 Palmetto-Campbell Co.-1136-J. T. Beckman, R. Cummings.  
 Perry-Houston Co.-880-C. C. Duncan, M. A. Edwards.  
 Regnant-Battle Ground-1073-Chess Flanders, J. B. Howard.  
 Planter-G. Montgomery-1054-J. A. Williford, D. Williams.  
 Poulan-Bill Harris-1149-W. L. Story, J. W. Price.  
 Purcell-R. E. Lee-771-Benjamin Weiler, A. M. Fulkerson.  
 Quitman-J. C. Mounser-1221-W. L. LeConte, Allen Beaslee.  
 Regnant-Battle Ground-1073-Chess Flanders, J. B. Howard.  
 Reynolds-Reynolds-1096-Thos. J. Marshall, R. C. Paris.  
 Ringgold-Ringold-206-W. J. Whitsett, R. B. Trimmer.  
 Rochelle-Wilcox Co.-1131-S. F. Laidler, A. B. Cain.  
 Rome-Floyd Co.-368-A. B. Montgomery, F. W. Quarles, Sr.  
 Sandersville-Warthen-748-M. Newman, William Gallagher.  
 Savannah-C. V. A. of S. Ga.-756-R. Palligant, H. S. Dreese.  
 Savannah-L. McLaws-596-C. L. Chesnut, A. K. Wilson.  
 Senoia-Senoia-1038-Capt. R. H. Wood.  
 Sparks-Sparks-1152-J. E. Williams, John F. Parrish.  
 Sparta-H. A. Clinch-470-W. L. Bowen, S. D. Rogers.  
 Spring Place-Gordon-50-R. E. Wilson, T. J. Ramsey.  
 Springfield-Col. Edward Bird-1226-J. B. Walton, J. C. White.  
 Statesboro-J. S. Cone-1227-Solomon Akins, A. W. Stewart.  
 Summerville-Chattooga-422-J. S. Cleghorn, B. L. Knox.  
 Swainsboro-Swainsboro-1223-J. P. Pughley, John Bell.  
 Sylvania-Screven Co.-1083-J. C. Overstreet, T. E. Lee.  
 Talbotton-L. B. Smith-402-Roderick Leonard, T. N. Beall.  
 Thomson-Gen. Semmes-823-J. L. Wilkerson, W. S. Stovall.  
 Thomasville-Mitchell-523-C. P. Hansell, W. P. Coyle.

Trenton-Dade Co.-959-T. J. Lumpkin, James A. Case.  
 Valdosta-Valdosta-1076-S. T. Kingsbery, J. A. Doshier.  
 Vance-Confed. Vet.-978- —, J. C. Tatom.  
 Vienna-Dooly Co.-1109-Jas. S. Lasseter, D. A. R. Crum.  
 Warrenton-W. J. Hardee-1087-J. Thompson, C. E. McGregor.  
 Washington-J. T. Wingfield-391-J. T. Wingfield, W. S. Lane.  
 Watkinsville-Wright-1124-Geo. E. Griffith, R. M. Jackson.  
 Waycross-S. Ga. C. V.-819-T. S. Paine, R. P. Bird.  
 Waynesboro-Gordon-369-S. J. Bell, Sol Neatherhan.  
 West Point-W. P. V.-571-J. C. Davidson, T. B. Johnston.  
 Woodstock-Skid Harris-1083-Wm. C. Deal, M. S. Paden.  
 Wrightsville-Johnson Co.-964-J. L. Martin, R. J. Hightower.  
 Zebulon-Pike Co. C. V.-421-G. W. Strickland, W. O. Gwyn.

## ILLINOIS DIVISION.

Chicago-Ex-Con. Ass'n-8-W. J. Johnston, G. S. Bradley.  
 Jerseyville-Benev. Ex-Con.-304-J. S. Carr, M. R. Locke.  
 Antlers-Douglas Cooper-576-W. H. Davis, Eugene Easton.  
 Ardmore-J. H. Morgan-107-Jno. R. Pulliam, I. N. Worthy.  
 Berwyn-Standwaite-1007-R. Hardy, J. W. Tinnon.  
 Brooken-Confed. Vet.-979-W. H. Maphis.  
 Chickasha-Confed. Vet.-975-G. G. Buchanan.  
 Chelsea-Cherokee Nation-Stand Watie-573-John P. Drake,  
 George W. Morrison.  
 Davis-Jo Shelby-844-H. H. Allen, White W. Hyden.  
 Durant-N. B. Forrest-1166-Robert Walker, J. Q. Cabler.  
 Graham-Joe Wheeler-1242-R. F. Rickett, J. H. Ewing.  
 Hartshorne-Stonewall Jackson-1235-W. H. Holland, W. B.  
 Enloe.  
 Lumberton-R. F. Hoke-1241-Gen. T. F. Toon, J. H. Morrison.  
 Mannsville-Loring-1041-W. A. Coe, L. J. Bailey.  
 McAlester-Jeff Lee-68-James H. Reed, R. B. Coleman.  
 McGee-Stonewall Jackson-1217-W. W. Hyden, A. H. Shi, Jr.  
 Muldrow-Standwaite-514-J. W. Raley, W. H. Beller.  
 Muskogee-San Checote-897-D. M. Wisdom, John C. Banks.  
 Oakland-J. C. Breckinridge-1034-T. D. Taliaferro, R. C. Wiggs.  
 Paul's Valley-F. Lee-1001-R. A. Sneed, James A. Tippet.  
 Pontotoc-Stonewall Jackson-1288-W. H. Norman, P. W. Kim-  
 brough.  
 Purcell-R. E. Lee-771-J. M. Jarboe, W. H. Owsley.  
 Ryan-A. S. Johnson-644-R. G. Goodloe, J. F. Pendleton.  
 South Canadian-Hood-482-E. R. Johnson, J. M. Bond.  
 Talihna-J. McCurtin-850-J. T. Elliott, G. T. Edmonds.  
 Vinita-Vinita-800.  
 Wagoner-Confed. Vet.-948-J. G. Schrimpher.  
 Wagoner-W. L. Cabell-1318-Theodore Potts, S. Barbee.  
 Woodford-Tom Green-1146-W. M. Reed, E. C. Moody.

## INDIANA DIVISION.

Evansville-A. R. Johnson-481-Frank Owen, J. Cave Morris.

## KANSAS DIVISION.

Wichita-Wichita Confed. Ass'n-1350-R. T. Bean, J. H. Shields.

## KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Arlington-J. W. Moss-1287-J. R. Owen, M.D., C. Adair.  
 Augusta-J. B. Hood-233-J. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson.  
 Bardstown-T. H. Hunt-253-A. B. Baldwin, J. F. Briggs.  
 Bardwell-Lee Giral-1256-J. T. Davis, H. L. Shanklin.  
 Bedford-Bedford Confed. Ass'n-J. M. McCain, J. W. Lee.  
 Benton-A. Johnston-376-J. P. Brien, W. J. Wilson.  
 Benton-Johnson-Edwards-1351-C. M. Green, H. M. Wade.  
 Bethel-P. R. Cleburne-252-A. W. Bascom, T. J. Peters.  
 Bowling Green-Bowling Green-143-W. F. Perry, J. A. Du Bose.  
 Cadiz-Lloyd Tilghman-965-Robert H. Roach, J. H. Caldwell.  
 Campton-G. W. Cox-433-J. C. Lykins, C. C. Hanks.  
 Carrollton-Barrett-1049-H. H. Adcock, J. G. Glnn.  
 Carlisle-P. Bramlett-344-Thomas Owens, H. M. Taylor.  
 Clinton-Col. Ed Crossland-1238-R. I. Bazzett, J. R. Kemp.  
 Cynthia-Ben Desha-99-R. M. Collier, J. W. Boyd.  
 Cynthia-Thomas H. Hunt-1262-O. Kennard, J. H. Taylor.  
 Danville-R. J. Breckinridge-1246-J. M. Van Meter, J. A. Yeager.  
 Danville-Grigsby-214-E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman.  
 Elizabethtown-Cofer-543-J. Montgomery, James W. Smith.  
 Elkton-Jefferson Davis-1267-R. B. Kendall, J. C. Malone.  
 Eminence-E. Kirby-Smith-251-W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner.  
 Falmouth-W. H. Ratcliffe-682-A. J. McKinney, Jr., C. H. Lee.  
 Flemingsburg-Johnston-232-J. W. Heflin, M. M. Teagor.  
 Frankfort-T. B. Monroe-188-A. W. Macklin, J. E. Scott.  
 Franklin-Walker-640-P. V. Mayes, William Swan.

Fulton—Jim Purtle—990—J. G. Parker, R. A. Browder.  
Georgetown—G. W. Johnson—98—A. H. Sinclair, E. Blackburn.  
Glasgow—Gen. J. H. Lewis—874—T. G. Page, William Wood.  
Grayson—Gen. J. S. Williams—1263—W. D. Malone, H. C. Horton.  
Harrodsburg—W. Preston—96—E. W. Lyen, J. D. Bryant.  
Hickman—J. B. Ward—981—Thos. Dillon, Sr., A. M. De Bow.  
Henderson—Rankin—558—M. M. Klmmel, R. H. Cunningham.  
Hopkinsville—Merriwether—241—C. F. Jarrett, Hunter Wood.  
Lagrange—F. Smith—769—W. C. Pryor, John Holmes.  
Lancaster—Capt. D. M. Logan—1336—J. H. Arnold, J. A. Doty.  
Lawrenceburg—Confed. Vet.—1260—Dr. J. W. Speer, J. H. Cram.  
Lawrenceburg—Helm—101—P. H. Thomas, J. A. McGuire.  
Lebanon—J. M. Cecil—1258—B. J. Lancaster, B. F. Bowman.  
Lexington—J. C. Breckinridge—100—O. S. Tenney, S. S. Rosell.  
Louisville—G. B. Eastin—803—J. H. Leathers, T. D. Osborne.  
Madisonville—Hopkins Co. Ex-Confed. Assoc'n—528—Alonzo Tindler, Thomas H. Smith.  
Marion—Sam Davis—940—A. M. Hearin, R. E. Pickens.  
Mayfield—Mayfield—1249—W. T. Sims, Stephen Elmore.  
Maysville—J. E. Johnston—442—Dr. A. H. Wall, J. W. Boulden.  
Middlesboro—H. N. Ashby—1003—J. A. Sommer, J. W. Campbell.  
Mt. Sterling—R. S. Cluke—201—T. Johnson, W. T. Havens.  
Murray—H. B. Lyon—1259—T. A. Miller, M. Atkinson.  
Newport—Corbin—683—M. R. Lockhart, James Caldwell.  
Nicholasville—Marshall—187—G. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard.  
Owensboro—R. E. Graves—1121—Dr. C. H. Todd, J. F. Hite.  
Paducah—L. Tilghman—463—T. E. Moss, J. V. Grief.  
Paducah—Thompson—174—W. G. Bullitt, T. M. Browne.  
Paris—J. H. Morgan—95—A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.  
Princeton—Jim Pearce—527—W. J. Stone, W. R. McChesney.  
Richmond—D. W. Chenault—919—D. Chenault, O. McKee.  
Richmond—T. B. Collins—215—N. B. Deatherage, L. J. Frazier.  
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—G. S. Carpenter, T. M. Goodknight.  
Uniontown—Adam Johnson—1008—E. H. Wathen, J. H. Wall.  
Versailles—Abe Buford—97—J. C. Bailey, A. B. Scott.  
Wickliffe—Chas. Wickliffe—1080—S. R. Culver, Geo. B. Wilds.  
Winchester—Hanson—186—B. F. Curtis, J. H. Croxton.  
Winchester—Gen. J. S. Williams—1295—Col. Leeland Hathaway, R. P. Scobee.  
Wingo—A. Buford—1335—B. P. Willingham, J. T. George.

## LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Abbeville—Vermilion—607—W. D. Gooch, J. T. Labit.  
Alexandria—Jeff Davis—6—F. Seip, W. W. Whittington.  
Amite City—Amite City—78—E. C. Cooley, Geo. F. Stars.  
Arcadia—Arcadia—229—Will Miller, John A. Oden.  
Bastrop—R. M. Hinson—578—J. M. Sharp, W. A. Harrington.  
Baton Rouge—Baton Rouge—17—J. J. Wax, F. W. Heroman.  
Benton—Lowden Butler—409—E. S. Dortch, B. R. Nash.  
Berwick—Winchester Hall—178—A. G. Frere, F. O'Brien.  
Campti—Cap Perot—397—T. H. Hamilton.  
Clinton—S. E. Hunter—1185—G. H. Packwood, J. A. White.  
Columbia—J. McEnery—749—S. B. Fluit, S. D. S. Walker.  
Coushatta—Henry Gray—490—O. T. Webb, O. S. Penny.  
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—V. T. Bondreau, Martin Carron.  
Evergreen—R. L. Gibson—33—I. C. Johnson, W. H. Oliver.  
Farmerville—C. V. A. Union Pr.—378—J. K. Ramsay.  
Franklin—F. Cornay—345—C. M. Smith, T. J. Shaffer.  
Gonzales—Ogden—247—J. Gonzales, Sr., H. T. Brown.  
Hammond—Hammond—1093—W. W. Bankston, J. W. Skinner.  
Harrisonburg—F. T. Nichols—909—W. F. Miller, J. C. Boyd.  
Homer—Claiborne—548—R. P. Webb, G. G. Gill.  
Hope Villa—Ogden—247—J. Gonzales, Sr., H. T. Brown.  
Jackson—Feliciana—364—Zach. Lea, W. Wallace Matthews.  
Jeanerette—Alciabade De Blanc—631—A. L. Monnot.  
Kentwood—Confed. Vet.—1160—J. R. Kent.  
Lafayette—Gardner—580—D. A. Cochran, A. Monton.  
Lake Charles—Calcasieu C. Vets.—62—W. A. Knapp, P. Jacobs.  
Lake Providence—Lake Providence—193—J. C. Bass, C. R. Egely.  
Lee's Creek—Confed. Vet.—1238—Mort Williams.  
Logansport—Camp Hood—589—G. W. Sample, E. Price.  
Magnolia—Hays—451—J. B. Dunn, F. E. Hill.  
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.

Monroe—H. W. Allen—182—W. P. Rennick, W. A. O'Kelley.  
Montgomery—C. V. A.—631—H. V. McCain, J. M. McCain.  
Napoleonville—Gen. F. T. Nicholls—1142—T. Loftus, E. L. Monnot.  
Natchitoches—Natchitoches—40—L. Caspari, C. H. Levy.  
New Iberia—Confed. Vet.—670—Gen. E. A. Perry, A. Thorpe.  
New Orleans—Army of N. Va.—1—W. P. Brewer, L. A. Adam.  
New Orleans—Army of Tenn.—2—I. S. Richard, Nicholas Curry.  
New Orleans—Henry St. Paul—16—F. L. Place, J. Demouruelle.  
New Orleans—V. C. S. C.—9—J. A. Harrel, H. W. Spear.  
New Orleans—Wash. Artill.—15—E. P. Cottreaux, John Holmes.  
New Roads—New Roads—1232—L. B. Claiborne, A. Pourcien.  
Oakley—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell.  
Opelousas—R. E. Lee—14—Samuel Haas, Leonce Sandoz.  
Plaquemine—Iberville—18—L. E. Wood, J. Achille Dupuy.  
Pleasant Hill—Dick Taylor—546—J. Graham.  
Ponchatoula—Ponchatoula—1074—G. M. Penn, T. J. Butler.  
Rayville—Richland—152—J. S. Summerlin, D. T. Chapman.  
Ruston—Ruston—7—A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.  
Shreveport—LeR. Stafford—3—V. Grosjean, Jas. M. Martin.  
Sicily Island—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck.  
Smithland—Chas. J. Batchelor—1272—Rev. R. H. Prosser, Dr. S. W. Turpin.  
Stay—Confed. Vet.—937—William H. Hodnett.  
St. Francisville—W. Feliciana—798—F. H. Mumford, W. B. Smith.  
Tangipahoa—Moore—60—R. L. Draughon, T. J. Thompson.  
Thibodaux—B. Bragg—196—Capt. J. J. Shaffer, H. N. Coulon.  
Timothea—Henry Gray—551—J. L. Cochran, Timothy Oakley.  
Winnsboro—Franklin Parish Sharpshooters—1111—W. P. Powers, John M. King.  
Zachary—Croft—530—O. M. Lee, W. E. Atkinson.

## MARYLAND DIVISION.

Annapolis—G. H. Steuart—775—J. W. Owens, Louis Green.  
Baltimore—Arnold-Elzey—1015—J. H. Thompson, A. J. Wickliffe.  
Baltimore—F. Buchanan—747—D. S. Brisco, Jas. M. Garnett.  
Baltimore—J. R. Herbert—657—B. S. Johnston, D. A. Fenton.  
Baltimore—Murray Association—1026.  
Baltimore—I. R. Trimble—1025—A. C. Trippe, W. L. Ritter.  
Cumberland—J. Breathed—1046—J. F. Zacharius, R. Lichtenstein.  
Easton—C. S. Winder—989—Oswald Tilgman, Louis W. Trail.  
Frederick—A. Young—500—S. F. Thomas, A. Obenderfer.  
Gaithersburg—Ridgeley Brown—518—S. C. Jones, E. L. Amliss.  
Leonardtown—B. T. Johnson—1110—J. T. Parsons, F. V. King.  
Towson—Harry Gilmer—673—Col. D. G. McIntosh, S. C. Tomay.

## MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

Boston—Ex-Confed. Vet.—1190—C. G. Monroe, H. C. Field.

## MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Abbeville—Walthall—136—J. J. Wilkinson, F. T. Leak.  
Aberdeen—Samuel J. Cholson—1255—R. Houston, B. C. Sims.  
Amory—Jackson—427—T. J. Rowan, J. P. Johnston.  
Batesville—Marshall B. Jones—1322—C. B. Vance, A. T. Bobo.  
Belen—Quitman—1276—J. T. Davis, W. B. Clarke.  
Belmont—James P. Gresham—883—C. C. Shook, W. C. Denson.  
Benton—Confed. Vet.—1173—C. B. Adams.  
Booneville—W. H. H. Tison—179—D. L. Beall, G. W. Collins.  
Brandon—Rankin—265—Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey.  
Brookhaven—S. Gwin—235—R. R. Applewhite, J. B. Daughtry.  
Byhalia—Sam Benton—562— —, H. H. Stevens.  
Canton—E. G. Henry—312—J. W. Downs, F. D. Coleman.  
Carrollton—Liddell—561—J. T. Stanford, W. F. Hamilton.  
Carthage—J. Z. George—1310—L. M. Garrett, N. S. Roberts.  
Cedar Bluff—N. B. Forrest—943—W. R. Paramore, R. W. Tribble.  
Centerville—Centerville—461—H. C. Capell, J. R. Johns.  
Charleston—Tallahatchie Co.—1099—W. M. Steele, J. T. Neely.  
Chester—R. G. Prewitt—429—R. R. Prewitt, J. W. Meece.  
Clarksdale—Sam Cammack—550—N. L. Leavell, L. C. Allen.  
Coffeeville—E. C. Walthall—1301—J. L. Collins, J. W. Brown.  
Columbus—Harrison—27—F. A. Gunter, Thomas Harrison.  
Corinth—A. S. Johnston—1164—J. K. Herman, J. C. McNulty.  
Crystal Springs—Humphreys—19—G. W. Copley, E. M. Stackhouse.  
Decatur—Hunter—1158—M. W. Stamper, J. A. Mapp.  
De Kalb—Thos. H. Wood—1180—Redden McCoy, J. W. Smith.  
Edwards—Montgomery—26—W. M. Montgomery, T. Barrett.  
Fayette—Whitney—22—R. M. Arnette, T. B. Hammett.  
Greenville—W. A. Percy—238—W. W. Stone, Chas. M. Currell.  
Greenwood—Reynolds—218—L. P. Yerger, W. A. Gillespie.  
Grenada—W. R. Barksdale—189—Geo. W. Jones, J. S. King.  
Glenville—Glenville—799—Maj. R. A. Dean.



Hattiesburg—Hattiesburg—21—J. P. Carter.  
 Hazlehurst—D. J. Brown—544—W. J. Rea, Tom S. Haynie.  
 Heidelberg—Jasper Co.—1319—M. G. Turner, E. A. White.  
 Heidelberg—Jasper Co.—1172—E. A. White.  
 Herbert—Yates—336—F. M. Ross, J. M. Smith.  
 Hernando—De Soto—220—T. C. Dockery, W. F. Wesson.  
 Hickory Flat—Hickory Flat—219—J. D. Lokey, J. J. Hicks.  
 Holly Springs—Kit Mott—23—R. A. McWilliams, J. B. Mattison.  
 Indianola—A. S. Johnston—549—N. B. Clarke, W. H. Leach.  
 Iuka—Lamar—425—G. P. Hammerly, W. W. Harvey.  
 Jackson—R. A. Smith—24—A. G. Moore.  
 Kosciusko—Barksdale—445—C. H. Campbell, V. H. Wallace.  
 Lake—Patrons' Union—272—M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston.  
 Leaksville—H. Roberts—866—W. W. Thompson, J. West.  
 Lexington—Holmes Co.—338—R. H. Baker, F. A. Howell.  
 Liberty—Amite Co.—226—C. H. Frith, G. A. McGehee.  
 Louisville—Bradley—352—J. H. Cornwell, T. P. Metts.  
 Lyon—Lamar Fontaine—1331—Lamar Fontaine, T. S. Shuford.  
 Maben—S. D. Lee—271—O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman.  
 Macon—J. Longstreet—180—J. S. Griggs, B. J. Allen.  
 Macon—Noxubee Co.—1326—H. A. Minor, W. H. Scales.  
 Magnolia—Stockdale—324—J. J. White, W. T. White.  
 Meadville—Meadville—911—John L. Calcote, E. C. Adams.  
 Meridian—Walthall—25—E. E. Spinks, E. V. White.  
 Mississippi City—Beauvoir—120—M. G. May, J. B. Cable.  
 Mt. Olive—Bob Lowry—1325—G. C. Buchanan, Jas. G. Cherry.  
 Natchez—Natchez—20—F. J. V. LeCand, Jas. M. Kern.  
 Nettleton—Simonton—602—R. S. Thomas, W. S. Johnson.  
 New Albany—Lowry—342—C. S. Robertson, M. F. Rogers.  
 Newton—Dabney H. Maury—1312—Maj. S. G. Spann, J. Blakely.  
 Okolona—W. F. Tucker—452—B. J. Abbott, W. D. Frazier.  
 Oxford—Lafayette Co.—752—R. W. Jones, John F. Brown.  
 Pittsboro—J. Gordon—553—R. N. Provine, T. M. Murphree.  
 Pontotoc—Hugh R. Miller—1321—T. F. Herron, O. C. Carr.  
 Poplar Creek—Mike Farrell—1197—J. B. Simpson, J. E. Flowers.  
 Poplarville—Pearl River—540—J. M. Shivers, W. D. Woulard.  
 Port Gibson—Claiborne—167—R. A. Owen, G. H. Fulkerson.  
 Rienzi—D. T. Beall—1327—W. G. Lorricks, C. B. Curlee.  
 Ripley—Tippah Co.—452—T. D. Spight, W. G. Rutledge.  
 Rolling Fork—P. R. Cleburne—190—J. C. Hall, J. S. Joor.  
 Rosedale—Montgomery—52—F. A. Montgomery, C. C. Farrar.  
 Sardis—J. R. Dickens—341—R. H. Taylor, J. B. Boothe.  
 Scranton—W. R. Scurry—1170—Joseph H. Krebs.  
 Senatobia—Bill Feeny—353—T. P. Hill, Sam J. House.  
 Starkville—Oktibbeha—1311—J. E. Love, J. G. Carroll.  
 Steenston—E. C. Leech—942—E. C. Leech, Thomas A. Stinson.  
 Tupelo—J. M. Stone—131—P. M. Savery.  
 Utica—Confed. Vet.—1204—D. X. Brown.  
 Utica—J. C. Davis—1234—D. X. Brown, J. B. Collins.  
 Vaiden—W. H. Jackson—221—T. B. Kennedy, J. S. Cain.  
 Vicksburg—Vicksburg—32—Gen. D. A. Campbell, R. E. Walne.  
 Walthall—A. K. Blythe—494—T. M. Gore, Sam Cooke.  
 Water Valley—Ft. Stone—517—M. D. L. Stephens, S. D. Brown.  
 Waynesboro—S. H. Powe—1144—M. L. McRae, W. S. Davis.  
 Wesson—C. Posey—441—S. J. McBride, J. T. Bridewell.  
 West Point—Ben Robertson—796—T. M. Mosely, C. S. Jordan.  
 Winona—M. Farrell—311—J. R. Blford, C. H. Campbell.  
 Woodville—Woodville—49—J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.  
 Yazoo City—Yazoo—176—Theo Schmitt, C. J. DuBulsson.

## MISSOURI DIVISION.

Alton—Col. J. R. Woodside—751—M. G. Norman, S. B. Sproule.  
 Belton—Col. D. 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—517—W. H. Long, O. F. Arnold.  
 Butler—Marmaduke—615—Pierce Hackett, P. K. Wilson.  
 Cabool—R. E. Lee—788—J. M. Cunningham, E. A. Milliard.  
 Carrollton—J. L. Mirick—684—H. M. Pettit, J. A. Turner.  
 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—J. H. H. Maxwell, 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—I. N. Hedgepeth—793—T. N. Malvey, A. J. McCollum.  
 Eldorado Springs—Eldorado—859—T. B. Dry, J. L. Wilcoxon.  
 Eminence—N. B. Forrest—762—R. B. Parker, W. S. Chilton.  
 Exeter—S. Price—456—Sid Autle, F. M. James.  
 Farmington—Crow—712—S. P. Fleming, T. D. Fisher.  
 Fayette—J. B. Clark—660—S. B. Cunningham, A. J. Furr.

Flournoy—Linneus—836—Edward Barton, J. P. Bradley.  
 Fredericktown—Col. Lowe—805—D. L. Gleaves, L. E. Jenkins.  
 Fulton—Gen. D. M. Frost—737—I. N. Sifton, John M. Bryan.  
 Gallatin—Surgeon John Cravens—912—I. Mann, J. W. Miller.  
 Greenfield—J. M. Stemmons—1044—L. Renfro, O. S. Ragland.  
 Greenville—Ben Holmes—761—J. B. McGehee, J. K. Lowrence.  
 Hannibal—R. Ruffner—676—S. J. Harrison, G. W. League.  
 Higginsville—Edwards—733—R. Todhunter, J. J. Fulkerson.  
 Houston—J. H. McBride—787—W. L. Lyle, Jacob Farley.  
 Huntsville—Lowry—636—G. M. 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 Harding.  
 Kansas City—Kansas City—80—W. T. Mills, E. R. Tomlinson.  
 Kearney—Winnie Davis—1174—R. J. M. Laffoon, J. L. Jennett.  
 Kennett—J. P. Taylor—792—C. O. Hoffman, Collin Morgan.  
 Keytesville—Gen. S. Price—710—J. G. Martin, J. A. Egan.  
 Lamar—Capt. Ed Ward—760—R. J. Tucker, W. L. Mack.  
 Lebanon—F. Cockerill—1220—Geo. Freeze, G. T. Aycock.  
 Lee's Summit—Lee's Summit—740—J. A. Carr, J. L. Lacy.  
 Lexington—Lexington—648—J. Q. Platenburg, G. P. Venables.  
 Liberty—McCarty—729—Jno. W. Hall, Wm. Courtney.  
 Linneus—Flournoy—836—Edward Barton, J. P. Bradley.  
 Madison—Bledsoe—679—J. R. Chowning, J. S. Demoway.  
 Marble Hill—Col. W. Jeffers—789—J. J. Long, J. S. Hill.  
 Marshall—Marmaduke—554—James A. Gordon, D. F. Bell.  
 Memphis—Shacklett—723—W. C. Ladd, C. F. Sanders.  
 Mexico—Mexico—650—James Bradley, Ben C. Johnson.  
 Monerly—Marmaduke—685—J. A. Taggart, W. S. Boulvare.  
 Mooresville—Mooresville—541—J. M. Barrow, Nat Fiske.  
 Morley—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.  
 New Madrid—Col. A. C. Riley—791—J. Hunter, A. Lee.  
 Oak Grove—Up Hayes—831—H. V. P. Kalbrick, C. T. Duncan.  
 Odessa—S. Price—547—Sterling Powers, W. H. Edwards.  
 Paris—Monroe Co.—689—J. M. McGee, B. F. White.  
 Pineville—E. McDonald—754—J. C. Hooper, J. P. Caldwell.  
 Platte City—Platte Co.—728—T. B. George, J. L. Carmack.  
 Plattsburg—J. T. Hughes—696—J. B. Baker, E. T. Smith.  
 Pleasant Hill—Pleasant Hill—691—J. T. Boswell, T. H. Cloud.  
 Poplar Bluff—Stonewall Jackson—780—T. H. Mauldin, B. C. Jones.  
 Richmond—S. R. Crispin—727—J. L. Farris, J. C. Morris.  
 Rolla—Col. E. A. Stein—742—H. S. Headley, J. L. Buskett.  
 Salem—Col. E. T. Wingo—745—W. Barksdale, J. E. Organ.  
 Salisbury—Stonewall—1071—C. H. Woodson, F. M. Clements.  
 Sedalia—Sedalia—985—J. A. Collins, T. C. Holand.  
 Springfield—Campbell—488—J. E. Elliott, 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—Wm. Bull, F. Gaennie.  
 Sweet Springs—Sweet Springs—635—V. Marmaduke, W. C. Hall.  
 Taneyville—Joe Shelby—1077—A. P. Garret.  
 Vienna—J. G. Shockley—744—J. A. Love, A. S. Henderson.  
 Waddill—Freeman—690—S. D. Ellis, Jno. Edmonson.  
 Warrensburg—Parsons—735—W. P. Gibson, D. C. Woodruff.  
 Waverly—J. Perclval—711—H. J. Galbraith, A. Corder.  
 Waynesville—Howard—688—C. H. Howard, E. G. Williams.  
 West Plains—J. O. Shelby—630—O. H. Catron, N. C. Berry.  
 Windsor—Windsor Guards—715—R. F. Taylor, A. C. Clark.

## MONTANA DIVISION.

Helena—Confed. Vet.—523—Col. William De Lacy.  
 Phillipsburg—J. E. B. Stuart—716—J. H. Williams, G. E. Berle.

## NEW MEXICO DIVISION.

Deming—Pap Price—773—S. S. Birchfield, A. H. Thompson.  
 Largo—Confed. Vet.—525—J. H. Thichoff.  
 Socorro—Confed. Surv. Asso'n—524—J. J. Leeson.

## NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Asheville—Z. Vance—681—F. M. Miller, Jas. W. Albright.  
 Bayboro—H. L. Wyatt—1248—G. S. Attmore, W. T. Cabo.  
 Beaufort—J. W. Cooke—1057—W. S. Robertson, W. S. Chadwick.  
 Boone—Nimrod Triplett—1273—E. F. Lovill, D. C. Dugger.  
 Brevard—Transylvania Co.—953—J. A. Miller, J. J. Shippman.  
 Bryson City—A. Coleman—301—E. Everett, M. T. Battle.  
 Burlington—Ruffin—486—J. A. Turrentine, J. R. Inland.  
 Burnsville—Gen. Pender—1154—N. M. Wilson, W. A. McLelland.  
 Charlotte—Mecklenburg—382—W. B. Taylor, H. D. Duckworth.

Charm—Confed. Vet.—1237.

Cherokee F. O.—Sou-Noo-Kee (Cherokee Indians)—1268—Sou Ate  
Cherokee P. O.—Sou-Noo-Kee (Cherokee Indians)—1268—Sou Ate  
Clinton—Sampson—137—R. H. Holliday, J. A. Beaman.  
Concord—Cabarrus Co. C. V. A.—212—H. B. Parks, M. M. Gillon.  
Currituck—Henry M. Shaw—1304—W. D. Barnard, J. B. Lee.  
Durham—R. F. Webb—818—W. A. Ballard, N. A. Ramsey.  
Edenton—Pettigrew—1315—W. B. Shepard, T. M. Small.  
Elrod—Confed. Vet.—1155—Rev. W. Thompson.  
Enfield—Cary Whitaker—1053—W. F. Parker, F. C. Pittman.  
Fair Bluff—Fair Bluff—1199—A. C. Oliver, Rev. J. A. Smith.  
Fayetteville—Fayetteville—852—Jas. B. Smith, John N. Prior.  
Franklin—Confed. Vet.—955—Maj. Rankin.  
Franklin—C. L. Robinson—947—N. P. Rankin, W. A. Curtis.  
Gastonia—William Gamble—1184—G. A. Patrick, J. Q. Holland.  
Goldsboro—T. Ruffin—794—W. H. Smith, A. B. Hollowell.  
Greensboro—Gullford Co.—795—J. W. Scott, T. J. Sloan.  
Henderson—H. L. Wyatt—984—W. H. Cheek, W. B. Shaw.  
Hendersonville—Wat Bryson—1021—A. Cannon, J. M. Shepard.  
Hickory—Catawba—162—M. S. Deal, L. R. Whitener.  
Holly Springs—Oscar R. Rand—1278—Col. G. B. Alford, B. S. Utley.

Independence—E. B. Holloway—533—E. W. Strode, S. Lowe.  
Littleton—Junius Daniel—326—John P. Leech.  
Lenoir—Col. John T. Jones—952—P. J. Johnson, John M. Houck.  
Lumberton—R. F. Hoke—1241—Gen. T. F. Toon, J. H. Morrison.  
Marion—Confed. Vet.—914—J. P. Sinclair, W. M. Blanton.  
Mexico—Mexico—650—James Bradley, B. C. Johnson.  
Monroe—Walkup—781—Robert V. Houston, Vachel T. Cheers.  
Mt. Airy—Surrey Co.—797—W. E. Patterson, J. R. Paddison.  
Murphy—Confed. Vet.—956—J. W. Cooper.  
New Berne—New Berne—1162—K. R. Jones, Jas. F. Clark.  
Oxford—Maurice T. Smith—1277—B. P. Thorp, N. B. Daniel.  
Pittsboro—L. J. Merritt—387—Oran S. Johnson, H. A. London.  
Raleigh—L. O. Branch—515—A. B. Stronach, J. C. Birdsong.  
Red Springs—Ryan—417—T. M. McBryde, J. L. McLean.  
Rockingham—Richmond Co.—830—W. J. Everett, T. S. Wright.  
Rowland—Alfred Rowland—1309—N. T. McLean, W. J. Smith.  
Roxboro—Jones—1206—J. A. Long, A. R. Foushee.  
Rutherfordton—Davis—Lee—Dickinson—1156—J. Y. McEntyre, W. T. Wilkins.

Ryan—Confederate—417— —, T. McBryde.  
Salisbury—Fisher—309—J. A. Ramsay, J. C. Bernhardt.  
Salisbury—C. F. Fisher—319—J. R. Crawford, W. L. Kluttz.  
Shelby—Cleveland—1045—Capt. B. F. Dixon, John K. Wells.  
Smithfield—W. R. Moore—833—A. Home, E. H. Holb.  
Snow Hill—Drysdale—849—H. H. Best, W. H. Dall.  
Southern Pines—W. P. Martin—1320— —, C. W. Shaw.  
Statesville—R. Campbell—394—P. C. Carlton, T. M. C. Davidson.  
Troy—Zebulon Vance—1257—J. C. Cornellison, D. S. Pool.  
Tryon—Confed. Vet.—924—W. E. Mills.  
Wadesboro—Anson—846—F. Bennett, J. M. Little.  
Warrenton—John White—1084—W. J. White, R. C. Twitty.  
Washington—B. Grimes—424—Macon Bonner, Alston Grimes.  
Waynesville—P. Welch—848—G. S. Ferguson, D. H. Felmet.  
Webster—James R. Love—954—T. J. Love, E. R. Hampton.  
Weldon—Bill Johnston—1275—T. L. Emry, A. S. Zollcofer.  
Willeyton—Gates Co.—1245—Riddick Hoffer, H. C. Williams.  
Williamston—J. C. Lamb—845—W. J. Hardison, W. Robertson.  
Wilmington—Cape Fear—254—James T. Metts, H. Savage.  
Wilson—Jesse S. Barnes—1264—L. D. Killette, J. R. Moore.  
Winston—Norfleet—436—T. J. Brown, Z. T. Bynum.

## OHIO DIVISION.

Columbus—Confed. Vet.—1181—Thomas P. Shields, J. H. Levy.

## OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Arapaho—Confed. Vet.—1132—A. H. Lathner.  
Avoca—Stonewall—1134—B. F. Phillips, W. A. Duncan.  
Chandler—Confed. Vet.—1012.  
Cheyenne—Joe Wheeler—1286—C. P. Bingham, R. K. Houston.  
Cloud Chief—Cloud—1009—G. W. Hunt, B. F. Canterbury.  
Dale—Dale—706—W. H. Bean, M. Ginn.  
Earlshoro—Confed. Vet.—1133—H. C. DeVault.  
El Reno—El Reno—548—W. J. Montrief, W. H. Grigsby.  
Geary—Geary—1230—J. W. Cunningham, J. M. Scott.  
Guthrie—Jamison—347—Col. J. C. Jamison, J. D. Maurice.  
Mangum—Mangum—1135—W. P. Johnson.  
Navajoe—Navajoe—1119—S. M. Casteel, N. V. White.

Newkirk—Confed. Vet.—1033—George S. Fenton.  
Norman—J. B. Gordon—200—S. J. Wilkins, B. F. Wolf.  
Oklahoma—Hammons—177—G. W. R. Chinn, J. G. Street.  
Perry—Confed. Vet.—1011.  
Shawnee—Gen. M. Parsons—976—J. P. Saunders, F. L. Machen.  
Stillwater—Confed. Vet.—1010—Frank Cook, W. W. Abercromble.  
Tucumsch—Pat Cleburne—867—B. T. Phillips, A. J. Johnson.  
Weatherford—Bedford Forrest—1345—A. L. Woodliff, M. D. Davis.  
Weatherford—Confed. Vet.—1239.

## SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Abbeville—Secession—416—J. F. Gilbert, A. Parker.  
Aiken—B. E. Bee—84—B. H. Teague, W. M. Hutson.  
Allendale—Jim Hagood—755—W. R. Branham, A. B. Connor.  
Anderson—Camp Benson—337—M. P. Tribble, W. T. McGill.  
Anderson—S. D. Lea—753—M. P. Tribble, L. P. Smith.  
Antreville—Robert Boyd—1069—J. J. Gray, R. O. McAdams.  
Bamberg—Jenkins—627—J. J. Dickenson, L. C. Inglis.  
Barnwell—E. W. Bellingers—834.  
Batesburg—Gen. James Connor—939—A. P. West, W. B. Plunkett.  
Bayboro—Bayboro—1222—H. M. Goff, George Grainger.  
Beaufort—Beaufort—366—H. M. Stuart, J. O. H. Sanders.  
Belton—Anderson—782—George W. Cox, W. F. Smith.  
Bennettsville—Henegan—766—J. H. Hudson, C. M. Weatherly.  
Bethel—R. H. Glenn—1236—D. J. Glenn, N. D. Glenn.  
Blacksburg—Hart—783—J. G. Black, B. J. Gold.  
Blackville—J. Hagood—827—P. W. Farrell, C. C. Rush.  
Blythewood—Private H. E. Hood—1168—W. W. Smlth, J. A. Hathcock.  
Bradley—E. Bland—536—W. E. Cothran, E. W. Watson.  
Branchville—Jeff Davis—1188—J. R. Hamilton, E. Minus.  
Bucksville—Confed. Surv. Ass'n—529—Capt. B. L. Beaty.  
Bucksville—Horry—418—B. L. Beaty, John R. Cooper.  
Camden—R. Kirkland—704—C. C. Halle, E. E. Sill.  
Cameron—Elloree—1192—A. F. Browning, Charles L. Rast.  
Chapin—J. E. Johnston—1000—T. M. Lippard, G. W. Williams.  
Charleston—Sumter—250—Rev. Robt. Wilson, J. W. Ward.  
Charleston—Pal'to Guard—315—G. L. Bulst, G. H. Manson.  
Charleston—Wash. Artill.—1102—R. I. Morris, C. McClenahan.  
Charleston—A. B. Rhett—767—S. C. Gilbert, A. H. Prince.  
Cheraw—J. B. Karshaw—413—P. T. Malloy, C. A. Malloy.  
Chester—Walker Gaston—821—J. W. Reed, W. D. Knox.  
Chesterfield—Winnie Davis—950—W. J. Hanna, W. D. Craig.  
Clinton—R. S. Owens—932—W. A. Shand, S. F. Vance.  
Clouds Creek—A. S. Bouknight—1005—E. J. Goggans, T. E. Harris.  
Columbia—Hampton—389—W. D. Starling, D. R. Flennikin.  
Crosbyville—Bratton—1058—W. J. Keller, W. W. Crosby.  
Cross Hill—Pulsey Williams—1070—W. S. Pitts, J. G. Williams.  
Darlington—Darlington—785—J. E. Bass, Wm. E. James.  
Delmars Roads—M. Gregg—1195—J. W. Meggett, D. B. Platt.  
Dillon—Harlee—840—A. T. Harlee, A. K. Parham.  
Donalds—S. McGowan—813—J. W. Mattison, W. B. Acker.  
Due West—Confed. Vet.—813—W. T. Cowan.  
Duncans—Dean—437—Paton Ballenger, E. J. Zimmerman.  
Early Branch—Stephens—1062—J. H. Steinmeyer, R. Pinckney.  
Easley—J. Hawthorne—285—D. F. Bradley, J. H. Martin.  
Edgefield C. H.—A. Perrin—367—C. H. R. S. Anderson, W. D. Ramey.  
Edisto Island—Maj. J. Jenkins—784—John Jenkins, T. Mikell.  
Ellenton—Wick McCreary—842—T. L. Bush, Sr., P. W. Bowers.  
Enoree—Chichester—905—F. G. Speerman, Thomas W. Colley.  
Estill—S. Elliott—1143—B. H. Theus, A. R. Rushing.  
Florence—Pee Dee—390—R. B. Hepburn, J. W. Brunson.  
Fort Mill—Fort Mill—920—Thomas B. Meacham, J. W. Andrey.  
Gaffney—Jake Carpenter—810—H. P. Griffith, D. A. Thomas.  
Georgetown—Arthur Manigault—768—J. Harleston Read, G. F. S. Wright.  
Glymphville—Glymphville—399—L. P. Miller.  
Greenville—Pullam—297—W. L. Mauldin, P. T. Hayne.  
Greenwood—Aiken—432—C. A. C. Waller, L. M. Moore.  
Greer Depot—J. Walker—1296—H. V. Westmoreland, W. J. McCain.  
Guyton—Ledbetter—923—Joshua Jamison, A. M. Guyton.  
Hagood—J. D. Graham—822—J. J. Neason, J. W. Young.  
Hampton—Harrison—1103—James W. Moore, S. J. Flitts.  
Hanging Rock—Kershaw—733—J. V. Welsh, B. N. Jones.  
Harrelson—Jackson—801— —, J. M. Harrelson.  
Holly Hill—Eutaw—1189—Capt. J. V. Brelard, F. W. Dantzier.  
Hyman—Hampton—450—M. L. Munn, R. F. Coleman.



Inman—Gibbs—875—J. M. Rudisail, H. M. Bishop.  
Iva—Maj. Frank Hill—1113—D. J. Shearard, W. A. Hanks.  
Jennys—Rivers Bridge—839—J. W. Jenny, J. F. Breland, Sr.  
Johnston—Capt. E. W. Horne—945—J. H. Edwards, S. L. Ready.  
Johnston—McHenry—765—William Lott, P. B. Waters.  
Jonesville—G. W. Boyd—921—W. H. S. Harris, W. T. Ward.  
Killians—A. C. Haskell—1063—D. Rabon, W. W. Entzminger.  
Kingstree—Presley—757—D. E. Gordon, E. P. Montgomery.  
Lancaster—Dixie—1175—W. G. A. Porter, George M. Jones.  
Lancaster—Lancaster—1186—B. J. Witherspoon, J. E. Stewman.  
Landsford—John Jackson—1219—J. M. Hough, W. H. Edwards.  
Latimer—H. H. Harper—1038—C. G. McAllister, Geo. C. Graves.  
Laurens—Garlington—501—B. W. Ball, B. W. Lanford.  
Layton—Jackson—838—E. S. Smith, J. M. Harrelson.  
Lebanon—M. T. Owen—1086—J. S. Gilbert, Arthur Parker.  
Level Land—A. J. Lythgoe—1065—R. W. Crawford, J. A. Robinson.  
Lexington—Steadman—668—Jno. H. Counts, H. A. Spann.  
Lowndesville—W. R. White—1282—J. B. Moseley, J. W. Huckabee.  
Manning—H. Benbow—471—D. W. Brallsford, S. P. Holladay.  
Marion—Camp Marion—641—G. A. McIntyre, E. H. Gasque.  
Martin—Morral—896—J. A. Meyer, G. R. Dunbar.  
McClellanville—E. Hanigault—1002—H. Leland, R. T. Morrison.  
McCormick—Wade Hampton—1064—R. J. Robinson, W. A. Smith.  
McKay—J. Hendricks—535—J. M. Hough, J. E. Sowell.  
Messers—M. C. Butler—1066—De Bruhl Cobb, S. N. Martin.  
Monck's Corner—E. J. Dennis—1211—E. J. Dennis, Sr., E. O. Hall.  
Monck's Corner—Gen. Ellison Capers—1212—T. L. Riggs, A. J. Syfrett.  
Mt. Carmel—W. T. Tatom—1067—J. P. Clement, B. A. Boyd.  
Mt. Pleasant—Wagner—410—S. P. Smith, J. O. Freeman.  
Newberry—J. D. Nance—336—J. W. Gary, C. F. Boyd.  
North—North—701—G. W. Dannelly, S. A. Livingston.  
Ninety-Six—J. F. Marshall—577—Jas. Rogers, J. R. Wright.  
Ora—Maj. F. Hill—1113—D. J. Shearard, W. A. Hanks.  
Orangeburg—T. J. Glover—457—J. F. Izlar, F. A. Schifley.  
Parksville—J. Tillman—741—R. Harling, S. E. Freeland.  
Pelzer—Kershaw—743—W. C. Meredith, T. A. McElroy.  
Pendleton—Tally Simpson—1006—J. C. Stribling, R. E. Sloan.  
Pickens—Wolf Creek—412—J. A. Griffin, H. B. Hendricks.  
Piedmont—Crittenden—707—W. H. Penny, W. H. H. Hughes.  
Pleasant P. O.—E. T. Bookter—1082—T. C. Whitworth, J. T. McGrady.  
Poverty Hill—M. C. Butler—968—J. J. Bunch, H. H. Townes.  
Rapley—R. Robertson—1040—J. R. Culbertson, R. J. Stoddard.  
Ridgeway—Camp Rion—534—John D. Harrison, G. W. Moore.  
Riverview—S. Jackson—1029—J. P. Scruggs, J. H. Hagood.  
Rock Hill—Catawba—278—T. C. Beckham, I. Jones.  
Salley—Hart—697—D. H. Salley, A. L. Sawyer.  
Saluda—Mitchell—764—James M. Forrest, J. C. H. Rauch.  
Seneca—Whit Kilpatrick—893—J. W. Todd, O. F. Bacon.  
Simpsonville—Austin—454—W. P. Gresham, T. B. Goldsmith.  
Spartanburg—Walker—335—H. D. Floyd, B. B. Chapman.  
Springfield—L. M. Keitt—786—J. W. Jumper, N. Porter.  
St. George's—Stephen Elliott—51—R. M. Minus, J. Otey Reed.  
St. Matthew's—O. M. Dantzler—1107—F. J. Buyck, W. S. Murray.  
St. Stephen's—Walker—732—A. W. Weatherly, R. V. Mathews.  
Summerville—Gen. J. Connor—374—J. J. Wescoat, H. P. Foster.  
Sumter—Dick Anderson—334—J. D. Graham, H. C. Moses.  
Sunnyside—Jeffries—589—G. W. McKown, J. Rufus Poole.  
Swansea—Kaigler—1215—J. C. W. Wannamaker, W. W. Jefcoat.  
Sycamore—C. J. Colcock—928—B. R. Lewis, V. W. Manuel.  
Timmons ville—Confed. Vet.—774—D. H. Traxler.  
Traveler's Rest—T. W. West—824—M. L. West, J. J. Watson.  
Troy—John W. Hearst—1068—J. H. Drennan, J. W. Mullinax.  
Union—J. R. Giles—708—A. H. Foster, F. M. Farr.  
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. Denny, M. A. Terrill.  
West Union—Confed. Vet.—1061—W. A. Strother.  
Williamston—John C. Bruce—1183—R. V. Acker, H. M. Prince.  
Winnsboro—Rains—698—Robert H. Jennings, John J. Neil.  
Woodruff—Wallace—1196—A. B. Woodruff.  
Yorkville—Micah Jenkins—702—Maj. J. F. Hart, J. F. Wallace.

## TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Alamo—Joseph E. Johnston—915—F. J. Wood, D. B. Dodson.  
Alexandria—W. C. Preston—1243—J. F. McNabb, F. L. Foutch.  
Arlington—J. C. Carter—899—J. B. Thompson, W. B. Stewart.  
Athens—Confed. Vet.—1097—W. T. Lane.  
Auburn—W. C. Hancock—944—J. R. Daugherty, R. R. Hancock.

Bristol—Fulkerson—705—A. S. McNeil, Geo. R. Dove.  
Brownsville—Bradford—426—A. H. Bradford, H. J. Livingston.  
Camden—Denton Co.—1014—J. M. Lashlee, A. C. McRae.  
Capleville—Confed. Vet.—1016—A. B. Ellis.  
Chattanooga—Forrest—4—M. H. Clift, L. T. Dickinson.  
Chewalla—O. F. Strahl—1329—W. R. Ramer, T. J. Hurley, Sr.  
Clarksville—Forbes—77—Clay Stacker, J. B. Allen.  
Cleveland—J. D. Traynor—590—C. Apperson, J. E. C. Easterly.  
Collierville—Collierville—1017—T. T. McDonald, C. T. Smith.  
Columbia—W. H. Trousdale—495—C. S. Williamson, W. A. Smith.  
Cookeville—Pat Cleburne—967—Walter Smith, J. H. Curtis.  
Covington—J. Brown—1148—C. B. Simonton, J. A. Crofford.  
Darkey Sp'gs—G. G. Dibrell—1171—J. M. Knowles, W. L. Dibrell.  
Dayton—J. W. Gillespie—923—C. V. Allen, W. G. Allen.  
Decatur—Confed. Vet.—934—G. W. McKenzie, R. Spradling.  
Decaturville—McMillan—994—John McMillan, J. J. Austin.  
Dickson—Bill Green—933—W. J. Mathis, W. M. Hugin.  
Dresden—J. A. Jenkins—998—Col. E. E. Tansil, A. L. Christian.  
Dyersburg—W. Dawson—552—W. C. Nixon, L. C. McClerkin.  
Eagleville—S. B. Wilson—970—W. A. Bailey, W. J. White.  
Fayetteville—Shackelford—Fulton—114—J. H. Holman, John T. Goodrich.  
Fox Springs—Fox Springs—935—J. R. Donaldson, J. C. Chowning.  
Franklin—Gen. Starnes—134—J. P. Hanner, G. L. Cowan.  
Gainesboro—S. S. Stanton—900—Sam A. Smith, N. B. Young.  
Gallatin—Donelson—539—John T. Branham, Geo. G. Bryson.  
Graham—Joe Wheeler—1242—R. T. Ricketts, A. R. Clubb.  
Greenfield—Greenfield—972—Thomas Campbell.  
Henderson—Private Ike Stone—1283—J. W. Ozier, H. C. Ashcraft.  
Henryville—Henryville—992—W. H. Skillman, B. S. Shields.  
Humboldt—Humboldt—974—W. N. L. Dunlap, H. G. Rowland.  
Jackson—John Ingram—37—E. B. McNeil, J. F. Snyder.  
Jasper—Henry Havron—931—J. A. Walker, P. G. Pryor.  
Knoxville—Fred Ault—5—H. O. Nelson, J. Y. Johnston.  
Knoxville—F. K. Zollicoffer—16—John F. Horne, Chas. DuCloux.  
Lebanon—S. G. Shepard—941—A. K. Miller, R. P. McClain.  
Lenoir City—Ashby and McGhee—1163—G. W. Burdett, W. P. Luhrman.  
Lewisburg—Dibrell—55—B. F. Chapman, W. G. Loyd.  
Linden—Perry Co.—1035—James L. Sloan, W. H. Lancaster.  
Lynchburg—W. B. Taylor—1020—H. B. Morgan, J. N. Taylor.  
Manchester—F. Ragsdale—917—J. H. L. Duncan, T. M. Emerson.  
Martin—A. S. Johnston—892—W. T. Lawler, J. I. Wilkes.  
Maynardville—Johnston—722—B. L. Donehew, Alex. Monroe.  
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—Gen. G. W. Gordon, J. P. Young.  
Morristown—W. B. Tate—725—T. J. Speck, W. H. Parker.  
Murfreesboro—Palmer—81—M. E. Neely, H. H. Norman.  
Nashville—Cheatham—35—J. J. Howlett, J. P. Hickman.  
Nashville—J. C. Brown—520—W. C. Smith.  
Paris—Fitzgerald—1284—Gov. J. D. Porter, Capt. J. T. Irion.  
Petersburg—Confed. Vet.—993—G. C. Gillespie.  
Pikeville—H. M. Ashby—458—W. R. Pope, H. C. Greer.  
Pulaski—Woodruff—586—A. W. Moore, George T. Riddle.  
Rattlesnake—Confed. Vet.—926—Joe T. Fletcher.  
Ripley—John Sutherland—890—J. Burr Carson, A. J. Meadows.  
Rockwood—John R. Neal—1024—J. L. Waller, W. E. McElwee.  
Rogersville—Kyle Blevins—777—F. D. Miller, F. A. Shotwell.  
Selmer—J. E. Johnston—1254—J. R. Stovall, R. D. Anderson.  
Sharon—Jeff Thompson—987—W. E. Thomas, G. M. Terry.  
Shelbyville—W. Frierson—83—W. J. Muse, J. M. Hastings.  
Shiloh—A. S. Johnston—1100—Jas. W. Irwin, Jas. W. Bell.  
Smithville—L. N. Savage—1018—W. C. Potter, T. M. Hooper.  
Somerville—T. W. Armstrong—910—T. B. Yancey, Rob. Locke.  
South Pittsburg—Confed. Vet.—672—J. Bright.  
Springfield—Boyd Hutchinson—1019—J. E. Ruffen, S. S. Gause.  
Summerville—Armstrong—910—T. B. Yancey, Robert Locke.  
Sweetwater—Confed. Vet.—693—J. M. Jones, J. C. Warren.  
Tazewell—J. W. Fulkerson—1340—B. F. Schultz, A. G. Johnson.  
Tiptonville—Wm. B. Isler—1339—L. Donaldson, P. Davis.  
Tracy City—S. L. Freeman—884—A. D. Hargas, J. M. Johnson.  
Trenton—Col. R. M. Russell—906—Wm. Gay, W. W. Harrison.  
Tullahoma—Anderson—173—W. H. McLeomore, W. J. Travis.  
Tulu—Confed. Vet.—1250—Maj. J. S. Atkins.  
Union City—W. McDonald—936—E. N. Moore, Henry Moffett.  
Union City—W. McDonald—997—P. N. Matlock, F. B. Taylor.  
Waverly—Alonzo Napier—1349—T. L. Lanier, D. H. Goodrich.  
West Point—Confed. Vet.—927—J. W. Welch.  
Winchester—Turney—12—A. J. Skidmore, N. R. Martin.

## TEXAS DIVISION.

- Abilene—Abilene—72—C. W. Leake, T. W. Daugherty.  
 Abilene—Taylor Co.—69—H. L. Bentley, Theo Heyck.  
 Alpine—Guthrie—888—H. O'Neal, H. L. Lackey.  
 Alvarado—Alvarado—160—J. M. Hill, J. R. Posey.  
 Alvin—John A. Wharton—286—Y. M. Edwards, A. Edwards.  
 Alvord—Stonewall—362—J. M. Jones, W. P. Wright.  
 Angleton—A. P. Hill—1313—J. K. Glasscock, R. Falkney.  
 Anson—Jones Co.—612—J. D. Pickens, Ed Kennedy.  
 Antelope—Christian—703—H. B. Bowen, J. B. Wilkes.  
 Archer City—S. Jackson—249—A. H. Palmer, T. M. Coulson.  
 Arlington—Forrest—1251—T. B. Collins, J. C. Herndon.  
 Athens—H. Martin—65—D. M. Morgan, T. J. Foster.  
 Atlanta—S. Jackson—91—W. P. Edsley, J. N. Simmons.  
 Aurora—R. Q. Mills—360—P. F. Lewis, B. S. Ellis.  
 Austin—J. B. Hood—103—Fred Carleton, D. P. Wright.  
 Baird—A. S. Johnston—654—John Trent, J. E. W. Lane.  
 Ballinger—McCulloch—557—J. M. Crasson, H. D. Pearce.  
 Bandera—Bandera—643—V. T. Sanders, A. L. Scott.  
 Bartlett—Dock Belk—645—D. B. F. Belk, W. J. Cagle.  
 Bastrop—Bastrop—569—F. K. Gray, J. C. Buchanan.  
 Beaumont—A. S. Johnston—75—W. E. Rogers, W. S. Davis.  
 Beeville—Walton—575—W. S. Duggat, R. W. Archer.  
 Bells—J. Wheeler—692—P. F. Ellis, George Goding.  
 Bellville—Austin Co.—606—W. L. Springfield, K. W. Reese.  
 Belton—Bell Co. C. A.—122—Ed T. Rucker.  
 Bend—Hardee—653—Tom Hollis, J. A. Skipper.  
 Bertram—Bertram—961—A. M. Wither, W. L. Stewart.  
 Big Springs—J. Wheeler—330—J. V. Barnett, R. B. Zinn.  
 Blossom—J. Pelham—629—W. E. Moore, A. W. Black.  
 Blum—Polignac—509—David Pierce, R. H. Sawyer.  
 Bonham—Sul Ross—164—J. A. Duncan, M. A. Bridges.  
 Bosqueville—G. B. Gerald—598— —, J. B. Waddell.  
 Bowie—Bowie Pelhams—572—J. M. Stallings, J. W. Slaughter.  
 Brady—B. McCulloch—563—L. M. Cravens, L. Ballou.  
 Breckinridge—Frank Cheatham—314—T. H. Fowler, J. L. Daves.  
 Bronham—Washington—239—J. G. Rankin, R. S. Booker.  
 Bridgeport—Bridgeport—568—R. T. Raines, P. W. Tunnell.  
 Brownwood—Jackson—118—W. T. Milton, W. A. McIntosh.  
 Bryan—J. B. Robertson—124—H. B. Stoddard, W. G. Mitchell.  
 Buffalo Gap—L. F. Moody—123—Ben T. Jones, R. M. Hooker.  
 Burnet—D. G. Burnet—960—J. B. Sherrard, J. T. Chamberlain.  
 Burnet—Mt. Remnants C. V.—526—J. D. Harrison, J. M. Smith.  
 Caddo Mills—Caddo Mills—502—W. L. Cooper, J. T. Hulsey.  
 Caldwell—Rogers—142—M. L. Wommack, J. F. Matthews.  
 Calvert—Townsend—111—A. G. Davis, C. H. Higginbotham.  
 Cameron—B. McCulloch—29—Jas. J. Irwin, J. B. Moore.  
 Campbell—Ross—185—J. J. James, E. H. McElreath.  
 Canton—J. L. Hogg—133—T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.  
 Carthage—Randall—163—J. P. Forsyth, J. M. Woolworth.  
 Center—Confed. Vet.—1314—A. G. Shelton.  
 Chico—McIntosh—361—Thos. Merriman, S. H. Poteet.  
 Chicota—Texas—667—T. B. Johnson, N. L. Griffin.  
 Childress—Johnston—259—W. H. Crawford, George R. Allen.  
 Cisco—Preveaux—273—T. W. Neal, J. S. McDonough.  
 Clarksville—J. C. Burks—656—M. L. Sims, W. W. Walker.  
 Cleburne—Pat Cleburne—88—F. B. Ballio, W. B. Crawford.  
 Colorado—Johnston—113—L. H. Weatherby, T. Q. Mullin.  
 Columbia—C. Terry—243—J. W. Hanks, J. P. Taylor.  
 Columbus—S'shire-Upton—112—G. 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, T. O. Moore.  
 Commerce—R. E. Lee—231—G. G. Lindsey, W. E. Mangum.  
 Cooper—Ector—231—J. M. Boyd, J. H. King.  
 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.  
 Cuddiff—J. A. Hudson—1213—W. P. Johnson, G. P. Whitaker.  
 Dahlgrenfield—Brooks—307—J. N. Zachary, J. A. McGregor.  
 Dallas—S. Price—31—C. L. Martin, Oliver Steele.  
 Decatur—B. McCulloch—30—L. F. Ford, M. D. Sellars.  
 De Kalb—Tom Wallace—289—L. H. Hall, J. D. Stewart.  
 DeLeon—J. E. Johnston—566—William and James Tery.  
 Del Rio—John S. Ford—616—T. M. Pafford, J. L. F. Garner.  
 Denison—Denison—885—J. B. Poston, E. Spencer.  
 Denton—Sul Ross—129—W. J. Lacey, R. B. Anderson.  
 Deport—W. N. Pendleton—579—A. G. Rudder, J. R. Pride.  
 Devine—J. W. Whitfield—560—R. C. Gossett, Leslie Thompson.  
 Dodd City—Camp Maxey—281—A. L. Dickey, Jno. W. Love.  
 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. W. McCarty, J. K. Davidson.  
 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—W. N. Sneed, A. G. Anderson.  
 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—E. W. Taylor, W. M. McConnell.  
 Frost—R. Q. Mills—106—A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield.  
 Gainesville—J. E. Johnston—119—J. M. Wright, A. J. Merriwether.  
 Galveston—Magruder—105—J. C. Borden, Thomas H. Edgar.  
 Gatesville—C. A.—135—J. M. Brown, R. L. Suggs.  
 Georgetown—Lessor—668—S. K. Brown, F. T. Roche.  
 Gilmer—Confed. Vet.—622—J. E. Rawlins.  
 Gilmer—Upshur Co.—646—A. B. Boven, J. E. Rawlins.  
 Gilmer—Upshur Co.—1240—T. H. Chandler, J. D. Leland.  
 Glen Rose—Private R. Wood—584—S. Miam, G. L. Booker.  
 Goldthwaite—Jeff Davis—117—W. L. Martin, J. T. Prater.  
 Goliad—H. H. Boone—597—J. B. Kibbe, J. G. Patton.  
 Gonzales—Key—156—Jno. S. Conway, M. M. Fitzgerald.  
 Gordonville—Hodges—392—W. Hodges, W. Bassingame.  
 Graham—Young Co.—127—T. C. Jarregan, A. O. Norris.  
 Granbury—Granbury—67—M. Chadwick, J. R. Norris.  
 Grand View—Johnston—377—S. N. Honea, J. W. Meador.  
 Grapevine—Stonewall Jackson—1253—J. P. Lipscomb, J. E. Brock.  
 Greenville—J. E. Johnston—267—A. H. Hefner, S. R. Etter.  
 Greenwood—A. S. Johnston—1106—E. J. Brown, T. A. Vandiver.  
 Groveton—Gould—652—G. B. Frazier, P. J. Holley.  
 Hallettsville—Col. J. Walker—248—B. F. Burk, J. W. Carson.  
 Hamilton—A. S. Johnston—116—J. C. Baskin, S. A. Feeler.  
 Haskell—A. S. Johnston—633—W. W. Fields, S. L. Robertson.  
 Hearne—Geo. Moorman—1299—W. H. Kirksey, R. H. Martin.  
 Hempstead—Tom Green—136—Lite Johnson, G. W. Ellington.  
 Henderson—Ras Redwine—295—J. M. Mays, C. C. Doyle.  
 Henrietta—Sul Ross—172—J. C. Skipworth, J. E. Freet.  
 Hico—Pat Cleburne—1337—R. F. McPage, A. L. Maxwell.  
 Hillsboro—Hill Co.—166—G. W. McNeese, Dr. N. B. Kennedy.  
 Honey Grove—Davidson—294—J. H. Lynn, J. L. Ballinger.  
 Houston—Dick Dowling—197—O. C. Drew, Maj. P. H. Fall.  
 Huntsville—J. C. Upton—43—J. T. Hunter, E. K. Goree.  
 Jacksboro—Morgan—364—S. W. Eastin, W. T. Denning.  
 Jacksboro—Hughes—365—J. A. Hudson, W. R. Waller.  
 Jacksboro—Joe Shelby—1314—J. W. Dodson, W. C. Groner.  
 Jefferson—Gen. Dick Taylor—1265—G. W. L. Dawson, G. T. Todd.  
 Jewett—R. S. Gould—611—J. E. Anderson, J. W. Waltmon.  
 Johnson City—Mountain Remnant—W. H. Withers, J. R. Brown.  
 Junction City—Confed. Vet.—996—W. J. Cloud.  
 Karnes City—Karnes Co.—1307—L. C. Tobin, A. J. Prichard.  
 Kaufman—G. D. Manion—145—M. Haynie, D. Coffman.  
 Keller—Albert Pike—1317—T. A. Neace, H. Cook.  
 Kerrville—Kerrville—699—R. H. Calvin, D. G. Horn.  
 Kilgore—Buck Kilgore—283—D. H. Laird, R. W. Wynn.  
 Kingston—A. S. Johnston—71—T. R. Spalding, P. G. Carter.  
 Ladonia—R. E. Lee—126—W. B. Merrill, E. W. Cummins.  
 Lagrange—B. Timmons—61—W. H. Thompson, N. Holman.  
 Lampasas—R. E. Lee—66—D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie.  
 Lancaster—Col. George Wilson—1324—R. A. Rawlins, A. H. Rawlins.  
 Laredo—S. Brunavides—637—S. T. Foster, E. R. Farrer.  
 Lewisville—Joe Sayers—1187—J. M. Fox, W. C. Smith.  
 Lexington—T. Douglas—555—T. S. Douglas, W. A. Sikes.  
 Liberty—E. B. Pickett—626—R. F. Cameron, —.  
 Livingston—Ike Turner—321—L. DeWalt, A. B. Green.  
 Llano—Johnston—647—J. S. Atchison, E. H. Alexander.  
 Lockhart—Pickett—570—J. H. Jolly, W. M. Steele.  
 Lone Oak—Confed. Vet.—695—T. Pollard, C. A. Kessler.  
 Longview—J. B. Gregg—587—S. T. Nelson, Ras Young.  
 Longview—Confed. Vet.—1216—B. F. Lewis.  
 Lubbock—Lubbock—138—W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.



Lufkin—Camp Lane—614—A. W. Ellis, J. W. Davis.  
 Madisonville—Walker—123—J. C. Webb, G. H. Hubbard.  
 Manor—Manor—664—J. J. Parsley, B. J. Kopperl.  
 Mansfield—Dick Gano—1247—T. B. Huett, J. H. Gibson.  
 Marble Falls—Marble Falls—1037—H. J. Dawson, A. F. Hicks.  
 Marlin—Willis L. Lang—299—G. A. King, John M. Jolly.  
 Marshall—W. P. Lane—621—J. S. Wagner, W. G. Rudd.  
 Mason—Fort Mason—618—J. W. Collier, Wilson Hey.  
 Matador—S. B. Maxey—560—Jno. A. Green, M. Campbell.  
 Mathis—Buchel—808—N. C. Howard, A. W. Horton.  
 Matthews—Lane Diggs—750—J. B. Donovan, Sands Smith.  
 McGregor—McGregor—274—W. H. Harris, J. C. Alexander.  
 McKinney—Throckmorton—109—Dr. W. T. Moore, C. H. Lake.  
 Memphis—Hall Co.—245—F. M. Murray, G. W. Tipton.  
 Menardville—Menardville—323—L. P. Sicker, H. Wilson.  
 Meridian—Johnston—115—H. M. Dillard, J. W. Adams.  
 Merkel—Merkel—79—J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.  
 Mexia—J. Johnston—94—T. J. Gibson, H. W. Williams.  
 Milford—Sam Davis—1089—J. M. Webb, Z. T. Bundy.  
 Mineola—Wood Co.—153—J. H. Huffmaster, B. F. Read.  
 Montague—Bob Stone—93—J. T. Garvin, R. F. Crim.  
 Mt. Enterprise—Rosser—82—T. Turner.  
 Mt. Pleasant—D. Jones—121—C. L. Dillahunty, J. D. Turner.  
 Mt. Vernon—B. McCulloch—300—W. T. Gass, J. J. Morris.  
 Murfreesboro—Palmer—81—R. Ransom, H. H. Norman.  
 Myrtle Sp'gs—J. Johnston—1176—M. M. Norman, H. I. Brooks.  
 Nacogdoches—Ragnet—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.  
 Neches—Confed. Vet.—1128—J. G. McReynolds.  
 New Boston—Sul Ross—287—G. H. Rea, T. J. Watlington.  
 Oakville—J. Donaldson—195—J. C. Wright, T. M. Church.  
 Orange—W. P. Love—633—B. H. Nosworthy, P. B. Curry.  
 Paint Rock—Jeff Davis—168—W. T. Melton, J. A. Steen.  
 Palestine—Palestine—44—G. H. Gould, James Phillips.  
 Palo Pinto—Stonewall Jackson—772—J. M. Bly, T. S. Bailey.  
 Paradise—P. Cleburne—363—A. J. Jones, L. T. Mason.  
 Paris—A. S. Johnston—70—O. C. Connor, Gen. J. W. Webb.  
 Pearsall—Hardeman—290—R. M. Harkness, H. Maney.  
 Pilot Point—Winnie Davis—479—E. E. McGee, O. A. Hearn.  
 Pleasanton—Val Verde—594—A. J. Rowe, J. R. Cook.  
 Portsmouth—Stonewall—758—L. P. Slater, J. Thomas Dunn.  
 Purcell—R. E. Lee—771—F. M. Fox, W. H. Owsley.  
 Quanah—R. E. Rodes—661—H. W. Martin.  
 Quinlan—J. E. Johnston—1252—B. F. Ivey, R. S. Shepard.  
 Rayner—Stonewall—1048—M. V. Guest, G. W. Barr.  
 Richmond—F. Terry—227—R. P. Briscoe, James P. Jones.  
 Ringgold—J. C. Wood—719—A. P. Cagle, J. W. Long.  
 Rio Vista—Earl Van Dorn—1318—E. C. Town, H. F. Menefee.  
 Ripley—Gen. Hood—280—W. R. M. Slaughter, J. H. Hood.  
 Rising Star—J. McClure—559—H. E. Head, J. T. Armstrong.  
 Robert Lee—R. Coke—600—J. L. Robinson, H. H. Hayley.  
 Roby—W. W. Loring—154—J. P. Henry, A. M. Davidson.  
 Rockdale—Sam Davis—1169—A. J. Worley, H. C. Grayson.  
 Rockport—Rockport—610—P. H. Terry, G. F. Perrenot, Sr.  
 Rockwall—Rockwall—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.  
 Rogers Prairie—Sam Davis—1056—W. B. Hollis, A. M. Hill.  
 Rosebud—Jno. Pelham—1332—J. R. Howard, Jno. C. Griffiths.  
 Ross—R. M. Gano—1075—J. S. Moore, S. L. Makeig.  
 Rusk—Ross Ector—313—M. J. Whitman, J. F. Taham.  
 San Antonio—A. S. Johnston—144—R. F. Alexander, G. Peterson.  
 San Augustine—J. Davis—336—J. T. Caldwell, G. E. Gatling.  
 San Saba—W. P. Rogers—322—G. Harris, J. N. Pool.  
 San Angelo—S. Sutton—605—M. Mays, J. R. Norsworthy.  
 San Marcos—Woods—609—Sterling Fisher, T. J. Peel.  
 Santa Anna—Lamar—371—G. W. Lappington, Will Hubert.  
 Seguin—H. E. McCulloch—649—Jesse Le Gette, Joseph Lorn.  
 Sealy—San Felipe—624—Sam Stone, N. P. Ward.  
 Seymour—N. B. Forrest—86—T. H. C. Peery, S. B. Lowry.  
 Sherman—Mildred Lee—90—J. D. Woods, Capt. J. F. Le Teiller.  
 Smithville—J. D. Sayers—825—J. T. Pierce, W. Plummer.  
 South Prairie—South Prairie—393—W. L. Hefner.  
 Stephenville—J. M. Stephen—1241—McD. Rell, J. M. Vincent.  
 Strawn—J. N. Boren—601—William Graham, J. C. Mills.  
 Sulphur Springs—Ashcroft—170—W. F. Henderson, I. H. Harrison.  
 Sweet Water—E. C. Walthall—92—J. H. Freeman, W. T. High-tower.  
 Taylor—A. S. Johnston—165—J. R. Hargis, Perry Hawkins.  
 Temple—Granberry—1323—G. C. Pendleton, W. D. Shaw.  
 Terrell—J. E. B. Stuart—45—J. A. Anthony, V. Reinhardt.

Texarkana—A. P. Hill—269—J. M. Benefield, J. D. Gaines.  
 Trinity—J. E. B. Stuart—603—W. W. Dawson, I. N. Parker.  
 Tyler—A. S. Johnston—48—J. P. Douglas, B. W. Roberts.  
 Uvalde—John R. Baylor—585—O. Ellis, J. F. Robinson.  
 Van Alstyne—W. Davis—625—C. C. McCorkle, J. S. Haynes.  
 Velasco—Velasco—592—T. T. Shanke, Frank E. Jones.  
 Vernon—Cabell—125—John S. Napier, J. B. Crawford.  
 Victoria—Scurry—516—G. W. L. Fly, W. C. Carroll.  
 Vineyard—Anderson—1179—T. M. Anderson, J. W. Childers.  
 Waco—Pat Cleburne—222—Stephen Turner, W. T. Coleman.  
 Waxahachie—W. Davis—108—W. H. Kidd, H. M. Rhodus.  
 Waxahachie—Parson's Tex. Cav.—296—A. M. Deacham.  
 Weatherford—Green—169—B. C. Tarkington, M. V. Kinnison.  
 Wellington—C. Co.—257—J. D. McDowell, J. M. Yates.  
 Wharton—Buchell—228—I. N. Dennis, R. M. Brown.  
 Whitesboro—Reeves—288—J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright.  
 Wichita Falls—Hardee—73—W. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.  
 Will's Point—Will's Point—302—J. A. Harris, A. W. Meredith.  
 Wolf City—Ben McCollough—851—J. W. Rymer, A. A. Stephens.  
 Woodville—Magnolia—588—J. B. F. Kincaid, J. D. Collier.  
 Yoakum—Camp Hardeman—604—F. M. Tatum, T. M. Dodd.

## VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Abingdon—W. E. Jones—709—Thos. W. Colley, Maj. D. A. Jones.  
 Appomattox—Appomattox—700.  
 Ashland—W. B. Newton—854—Richard Irby.  
 Baywood—A. M. Davis—871—H. W. Fields, T. J. McCamant.  
 Berkley—N'yer-Shaw—720—G. N. Halstead, E. E. Hathaway.  
 Berryville—J. E. B. Stewart—1001—J. E. Barnett, W. T. Milton.  
 Blacksburg—Jonathan B. Evans—1333—Byrd Anderson, J. C. Grissom.  
 Buchanan—Peachy-Gilmer-Breckinridge—1210—Wm. Vines, T. J. West.  
 Charlottesville—J. B. Strange—464—Gen. Thos. L. Rosser, W. N. Wood.  
 Christiansburg—J. F. Preston—1346—H. D. Wade.  
 Culpeper—A. P. Hill—951—W. P. Hill.  
 Danville—Cabell-Graves—1218—Harry Wooding, R. A. Walters.  
 Freshade—Healy Claybrook—812—W. S. Christian, J. H. Fleet.  
 Front Royal—Wm. Richardson—804—Giles Cook, Jr., C. Grimes.  
 Gloucester C. H.—Page Fuller—512—Maryus Jones, W. E. Wlatt.  
 Gordonsville—Grimes—724—R. H. Ricketts, R. H. Stratton.  
 Hague—Westmoreland—980—Jas. 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—P. N. Hale—663—K. C. Cornett, J. E. Collins.  
 Jenkins Bridge—H. West—651—F. Fletcher.  
 Lancaster—Lawson Ball—894—J. E. Ewell, T. A. Pinckard.  
 Lebanon—McElhanney—835—H. H. Dickenson, J. D. Bausell.  
 Lexington—Lee Jackson—1200—J. P. Moore, W. C. Stuart.  
 Marion—Gibson-McCready—1333—G. H. Fudge, J. H. Gollehon.  
 Mathews—Lane Diggs—750—J. B. Donovan, Sands Smith.  
 Newmarket—Neff-Rice—1194—Christian Shirley, J. L. Schaeffer.  
 Newport News—Magruder—1209—J. S. Jones, J. J. Wilkinson.  
 Norfolk—Pickett-Buchanan—1182—W. C. Whittle, T. B. Jackson.  
 Nottoway—Pickett-Stewart—1261—W. H. Mann, W. S. Guy.  
 Petersburg—A. P. Hill—837—Jno. R. Turner, C. R. Bishop.  
 Portsmouth—Stonewall—758—Jos. L. Bilisoly, J. T. Dunn.  
 Pulaski City—James Breathed—881—J. B. Caddall, J. R. Miller.  
 Pulaski City—J. A. Walker—721—C. L. Teany, R. B. Roane.  
 Radford—Wharton—443—G. C. Wharton, E. M. Ingles.  
 Reams Station—Stuart—211—M. A. and A. B. Moncure.  
 Richmond—Lee—181—Jos. C. Dickerson, J. T. Stratton.  
 Richmond—Pickett—204—W. N. Bass, M. W. Hazlewood.  
 Richmond—The Grand Camp C. V. Va.—Richard L. Maury, Col. Thomas Ellett.  
 Roanoke—G. Camp C. V. Dept. Va.—521—W. C. Smith, T. Ellett.  
 Roanoke—W. Watts—205—T. W. Spindle, E. T. Beall.  
 Somersville—Thornton—1271—T. B. Smith, John Sweeney.  
 South Boston—Halifax—1208—R. H. Beasley.  
 Staunton—Jackson—469—J. Baumgardener, Jr., J. S. McCorkle.  
 Tazewell—Frown-Harmon—726—R. R. Henry, Jas. O'Keefe.  
 West Point—Cooke—184—A. W. Eastwood, W. W. Green.  
 White Top—L. J. Perkins—872—William M. Baldwin.  
 Williamsburg—McGruder-Ewell—210—J. H. Moncure, H. T. Jones.  
 Winchester—T. Ashby—240—R. T. Barton, P. W. Boyd.  
 Woodstock—Shenandoah—680—N. M. Rhodes, G. W. Miley.  
 Wytheville—Wm. Terry—1022—J. H. Fulton, R. N. Pendleton.

## WASHINGTON, D. C., DIVISION.

Washington—Confed. Vet. Ass'n of the Dist. of Columbia—171—  
Col. William A. Gordon, Col. James M. Caperton.  
Washington, D. C.—Charles Broadway Rouss—1191—Dr. S. E.  
Lewis, William Brown.

## WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Academy—Burgess—929—M. J. McNeel, Wm. H. Aldridge.  
Addison—R. S. Ewell—1061—B. C. Conrad, H. P. Cutlip.  
Beverly—S. Jackson—879—W. H. Wilson, S. N. Bosworth.  
Bluefield—B. Christian—858—Col. E. Gibson, Dr. J. H. Robinson.  
Charleston—R. E. Lee—887—J. Z. McChesney, M. W. Venable.  
Charleston—Stonewall Jackson—878—J. W. Vickers.  
Charlestown—J. W. Rowan—908—J. C. Holmes, C. F. Gallagher.  
Franklin—Pendleton—857—Geo. W. Hammer, S. P. Priest.  
Grantsville—Gibson—1081—H. A. Ferrell, G. G. Stump.  
Green Bank—John Hoffman—1042—J. R. Warwick, W. H. Hull.  
Hacker Valley—B'gard—1052—P. W. Bruffey, F. M. Malcomb.  
Huntington—Garnett—902—Col. C. L. Thompson, H. D. Stewart.  
Hurricane—M. J. Furgerson—1289—J. O. Morris, E. A. Bronaugh.  
Lewisburg—David S. Creigh—856—B. F. Eakle, James Knight.  
Marlington—Pocahontas—873—A. C. L. Gatewood.  
Marlington—Moffett—Poage—949—H. A. Yeager, G. M. Kee.  
Martinsburg—C. V.—963—J. W. McSherry, W. B. Colston.  
Moorefield—Hardy Co.—877—J. V. Williams, Benjamin Dalley.  
Parkersburg—Jenkins—876—G. H. Moffatt, W. H. Mayberry.  
Romney—Hampshire—446—C. S. White, J. S. Pancake.  
Union—Mike Foster—853—C. S. Peyton, J. H. Nickell.  
Wheeling—Shriver Gray's—907—R. White, M. Thornton.

## OLD SETTLERS AND CONFEDERATES IN TEXAS.

A letter from President Jefferson Davis to the reunion of Confederate Veterans at Dallas, Tex., August 6, 1884, addressed to Maj. John F. Elliott, dated Beauvoir, Miss., July 29, 1884, reads as follows:

*My Dear Sir:* I have received yours of the 28th inst., and the renewed invitation to attend the reunion in Texas of the old settlers and ex-Confederates intensifies the regret heretofore expressed at my inability to be present on that occasion. The very gratifying terms of your letter revive the grateful recollection of the many manifestations of the kind regard of your people. From the date of your revolution and admission as an independent State of the Union I have watched your progress and development with the hope and expectation that Texas would be in the fulfillment of her destiny the empire State of the American Union. Her vast territory, with a corresponding variety of climate, soil, mineral and agricultural products, forms a solid basis for such an anticipation, should her territory remain undivided. It was such hopes for her future that, in an official capacity, I resisted the transfer of the northern portion of the State to the public domain of the United States. But shorn of that portion of her territory which was north of the parallel of 36° 30', there yet remains enough to justify the expectation alluded to. The expansion of cultivation has no doubt changed the appearance of the country, substituting the useful of agricultural man for the beautiful of nature. Years ago, in its wilder state, I went over wide-spreading plains, carpeted with primroses, while here and there arose isolated groves of sturdy oaks, and felt the charm of a scene where nature had, on a scale too grand for man's imitation, laid out parks replete with beauty; but the most cherished memory is that of the cordial, unconventional welcome of the gallant, free-hearted sons of Texas. Thereafter, I have said a Texan instead of a "Highland welcome," the wide world o'er.

The approaching reunion is to bring together the men whose friendships were formed in camp, and which have the sure, enduring foundation of having been cemented under the severe tests of toil, privation, suffering, and danger by which all that is weak or meanly selfish is exposed. Happy indeed must such reunion be, and from afar, I send you my warmest congratulations. Of the hardy "old settlers" who, against desperate odds, won the battles of the war for independence; of the veterans who served in the war with Mexico, "how few, all weak and withered, of their force wait on the verge of dark eternity!"

During the progress of the Texas revolution a distinguished officer left the United States army and went, unheralded, to join the struggling Texans, and entered their service as a private. His ability, as well as his reputation, attracted notice, and step by step he rose to the command of one of her armies. Baptized in her service, he became her adopted son. When the war occurred between the United States and Mexico he led a regiment of Texans to join the army of the Rio Grande. Thus he was an "old settler" and a "veteran of the war with Mexico." He subsequently reentered the army of the United States, of which he was a brevet brigadier general when Texas seceded from the Union and war was inaugurated between the States. True to his allegiance to his adopted mother and sovereign, he left the army of the United States and offered his sword to the Confederacy. When commanding a Confederate army in one of the great battles of the war, and victory was within his immediate grasp, he fell, mortally wounded, and died upon the field. Great in council as in action, faithful in every relation of life, he died as he had lived, the devotee to duty, and left behind him the good name which gives grace and perpetuity to glory. Need it be said to Texans that I refer to Albert Sidney Johnston? All that was mortal of that hero reposes in the soil of the land he loved. Generous, patriotic Louisiana is constructing an equestrian statue to his memory—a tribute twice blessed.

Rocked in the cradle of revolution, the history of Texas is full of heroic deeds, from the self-sacrificing band of the Alamo, who gave to their State the example of how men should dare and die to protect the helpless, to the defense of Sabine Pass, which for intrepidity and extraordinary success must, I think, be admitted to have no parallel in the annals of ancient or modern warfare. Texas is now boldly striding onward in the conquests of peace, and I cannot wish for her a brighter future than that in agricultural, mining, manufacturing, educational, social, religious efforts she may gather wreaths of oak worthy to mingle with the fadeless laurel that decks her brow.

Deprived of the happiness of meeting, probably for the last time, the "old settlers" and ex-Confederates in their reunion, of receiving the friendly welcome and feeling the warm grasp of their hands, I send to them my earnest prayer that every "good and perfect gift" may be vouchsafed to them, and remain faithfully.

The Grand Division of Virginia, U. D. C., will meet in annual convention on Wednesday, October 16, at Staunton, Va. The Credential Committee will meet Tuesday night, the 15th. Delegates or proxies will be guests of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter.



### CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Miss Sue H. Walker, Secretary, Fayetteville, Ark.:

At the second annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Associations, held at Memphis, Tenn., during the U. C. V. reunion, the following distinguished Southern women were elected honorary members of the body: Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Mrs. D. H. Hill, Misses Mary and Mildred Lee, Mrs. Frances Kirby-Smith Wade. Miss Mary Abarr, of New Orleans was elected press correspondent for the Confederation; and Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, poet of the Confederated Associations.

The President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, suggests that the different Associations comprising the Confederation be informed of the cordial acknowledgments of these ladies through the columns of the VETERAN, as our Association meets but annually, and these letters from the wives and daughters of the South's heroic leaders cannot but be of interest to all your readers.

First in response is from Mrs. Davis, as follows. She writes from Portland, Me.:

*"My Dear Miss Walker:* Many thanks for the cordial manner in which you have communicated the honor conferred upon me by the Southern Memorial Associations. I am only too happy to be associated with your distinguished society of patriotic, tender Confederate women, and beg them to accept through you my affectionate acknowledgment of the distinction conferred upon me for the sake of the love they bear my husband's honored memory. Very sincerely yours,

VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The next in order is from Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, written from Atlantic Hotel, Morehead City, N. C.:

"Your esteemed letter has been forwarded to me at this place. For the great honor you have conferred upon me by my election as an honorary member of the Confederated Southern Memorial Associations, I return my sincere thanks, and I assure you of my warmest appreciation of it. Of course I accept it with unfeigned pleasure, for I surely go hand in hand with every true woman of the South whose aim is to honor and perpetuate the memories and noble deeds of the brave soldiers who fought and died for us. Yours very sincerely,

MARY ANNA JACKSON."

Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, wrote from White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., July 11:

"I write on behalf of my sister and myself to thank you for your very kind note, as well as to acknowledge the distinction conferred upon us by the Confederated Southern Memorial Associations. We regretted exceedingly that we were unable to accept the invitation to attend the annual reunion of the U. C. V. Veterans at Memphis. They commanded all the enthusiasm of our Southern hearts, and I need scarcely say how much we are gratified at being elected honorary members of your distinguished society. Hoping that some day we may have the great pleasure of attending one of your reunions, believe me, dear Miss Walker, very sincerely and gratefully yours,

MARY CUSTIS LEE."

Extract from the letter of Mrs. Erwin M. Wade, (née Frances Kirby-Smith), written from Los Angeles, Cal., July 13, 1901:

"I deeply appreciate the great honor that the Confederated Southern Memorial Associations have conferred upon me in electing me an honorary member amongst such a distinguished list of other members, and I cordially acknowledge the honor and compliment paid to me, as a tribute to my distinguished father, Gen. E. Kirby-Smith. Please present my appreciation of such a courtesy to the Association."

Mrs. D. H. Hill, in a long personal letter, expresses her warm appreciation of the honor conferred, and accepts with pleasure this compliment to herself and her illustrious husband.

Miss Mary Abarr, of New Orleans, was present at the time of her election, and as press correspondent will doubtless prepare a detailed account of the convention's proceedings for the VETERAN.

The Association was charmed by the hospitality shown it at Memphis, and that meeting will always be remembered with gratitude.

#### MISS MARY ABARR'S REPORT.

The second annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, which met in Memphis in conjunction with the U. C. V., was a delightful success, and remains only as a happy memory of a most satisfactory gathering.

The delegates attended the Jefferson Davis Memorial exercises in large numbers. The services were held at Calvary Church, which was a fitting tribute to the dead chieftain. He was a member of a little Episcopal Church when he resided in Memphis, which long ago ceased to exist, and the congregation was merged into Calvary. The memorial exercises were beautiful, and were conducted by Bishop Gailor. The singing by a voluntary vested choir was especially fine and the Bishop's address, though brief, was full of patriotic love. He said: "The Confederate Southern Memorial Association is the oldest and most sacred society of women that has been organized since the civil war. To it we owe the institution of Memorial Day, which is now recognized throughout this country. It was a Southern woman, Miss Sue Adams, who, in the city of Jackson, Miss., on April 26, 1865, almost immediately after the surrender of Gen. Lee, first decorated the graves of the fallen soldiers, and to her eternal honor be it said she placed the wreaths upon the graves of friend and foe alike, and this was the first time that a Federal grave in a Southern State received a floral offering, and that offering of tender sympathy came from a Southern woman. Three years after that, May 30, 1868, Gen. Logan's order made the day perpetual, but the earlier and more beautiful incident should never be forgotten. I regard it as a great privilege this morning to be permitted to speak on behalf of this Association, to conduct by request this brief service in memory of Mt. Jefferson Davis. There is no time for me to deliver a eulogy, if one were needed or were appropriate, upon that name.

#### THE CHARACTER OF MR. DAVIS.

As a man, as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a President he has passed into history, and our children will be better able than we are rightly to estimate his place in the records of our country. To say that he was a knightly and chivalrous Christian gentleman, brave,

true, consistent, without a stain upon his honor, without a moral blot upon his fame, is simple justice—that some day the world will recognize. That he deserves and should receive the unstinted and uninterrupted honor of those to whom the Southern Confederacy is a sacred memory, no reasonable man can question. "The fierce light that beats against the throne threw into bold relief the outlines of his character, and he became the shining mark for criticism. But whatever else may be said, he alone embodied and represented with consistent and patient heroism to the day of his death the cause for which he had sacrificed all that men hold dear. He alone, of all Southern men, for twenty years bore the obloquy of treason at the hands of those who were afraid to permit him to be tried in a court of justice. He alone for twenty years was disfranchised and denied the rights of citizenship. He never sued for pardon. He asked no favor. Lonely he may have been, crushed oftentimes, with broken heart and life desolated in its prime; but God gave him through it all the courage of finest manhood and the purest purpose, and as he had lived he died, praying as a Christian man, with a sincere and honest heart, for the welfare and happiness of his people. God, I believe, judges men by their motives. Jefferson Davis, in his heart, was an honest patriot; and no Southern man should refuse or hesitate to do justice to his memory and service."

The convention proper met Thursday morning, May 30, and was attended by large and most enthusiastic delegations from almost every Southern State. All brought tributes of love and loyalty to the memory of the cause they had worked for and that their brothers had died for. The convention was held in the Woman's Building, where everything was done that hospitality and cordiality could suggest for the comfort and convenience of the visitors.

Memphis has several strong organizations of women, two of which are Ladies' Confederate Memorial Associations, which is the outgrowth of the Southern Mothers, which was organized during the war, and did such valiant work. Only a few of the "Mothers" now remain, but their work was taken up soon after the war by their daughters and the younger women, and it is carried on yet. Later, in fact only a few years ago, the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose work is more historical than memorial, was organized. On the occasion of the reunion both worked hand in hand. In truth the members of the one association are largely members of the other, and they work for the separate aims hand in hand all the time.

Luncheons had been prepared for the ladies, and delicious ones they were, too, of many good things which Memphis women know how to prepare. The viands were served by the young girls, daughters of the mothers, delegates in attendance.

The convention was called to order by Mrs. M. Louise Graham, the Vice President for Louisiana. The President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, had been called, with Mrs. M. V. Randolph, of Virginia, the Chairman for the removal of the Confederate dead, to meet the Resolution Committee of the U. C. V. Mrs. Letitia Frazer, of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis, welcomed the delegates in her sweet, womanly fashion, and presented the convention with a gavel made from a red cedar tree that had

grown at Beauvoir, the seaside home of President Davis. The gavel had been used by the U. C. V. to open their convention.

Upon the return of Mrs. Behan she took the chair and reported the result of their conference with the Resolution Committee, which was very satisfactory, and was adopted after careful discussion: "*Resolved*, That we hereby extend our thanks to the Congress and the President of the United States for the act of Congress approved June 6, 1900, making appropriation for the reinterment of the Confederate dead in the national cemetery at Washington; and that whenever any State in the South or any organized memorial association from any Southern State shall ask for the dead of such State we ask that such request be granted."

When Mrs. Behan and Mrs. Randolph returned to the convention, and reported what had been done, there was a universal expression of satisfaction, for that was just what the ladies wanted. A similar resolution was adopted by the Confederation. A rising vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Behan and Mrs. Randolph for the good work before the U. C. V. committee. Although not so stated officially, it is evident that the U. C. V. would not have passed so strong a resolution had not the ladies been present to press the matter.

Miss Hodgson, the Secretary of the Confederation, presented to the President, in behalf of Mrs. J. R. Davis, of New Orleans, a gavel made from one of the Beauvoir oaks, and inclosed with the silver napkin ring of Winnie Davis, the lamented Daughter of the Confederacy.

The address of the President was listened to with great interest. In it she set forth that the work of the Confederation would not be done until every man who fought and died for the Southern cause was laid to rest in his own native State or in the South, where his memory is enshrined in the hearts of a loyal people. She also urged greater activity in the work of the Associations in raising funds for the Davis monument, that it might be erected while yet there are veterans who followed this gallant leader.

The report from the various Memorial Associations represented in the Confederation showed that active work is being done in all directions. Each report seemed better than the other, and hard indeed would it be to determine which one had done the best work. All had worked under excessive difficulties, but had gone forward so cheerfully and with such marked success that to each might be said: "Well done."

Many pathetic accounts were given of the manner in which the Confederate dead had been secured from the graves in which they had been buried when they fell, and removed to their own States or into localities where loving hands would care for their graves. All reported the annual observances of Memorial Day, and then came the monumental work. All are interested in the Jefferson Davis monument, and will work zealously until it is completed. Mrs. W. J. Behan, the President, of White Castle, La., has given \$100. The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans has raised \$306.50. Roy Stafford Camp, of Shreveport, La., has \$671.48. Mrs. Victor Grosjeon, the President of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Shreveport, raised the amount shortly



after the death of President Davis, and turned it over to the Koy Stafford Camp. This makes a total of \$1,077.98 raised by Louisiana, and the work is yet going actively on. The Louisiana women are hard to beat in anything they undertake, and if other States aspire to doing as well, the Associations in those States will have to be up and doing.

A pretty break in the proceedings of the convention was the presentation to Mrs. Behan of a beautiful bouquet of roses by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri. The presentation was made by Mrs. Theodocia Valliant in a charming manner.

Among the Associations represented in the convention, either by person or proxy, were these: Southern Memorial Association and Hollywood Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark.; Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, Oakwood Memorial Association, Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va.; L. M. A., Petersburg, Va.; Wannen Memorial Association, Front Royal, Va.; L. C. M. A., Memphis, Tenn.; L. C. M. A., Fort Mill, S. C.; L. C. M. A., Knoxville, Tenn.; S. M. A., Gainesville, Ala.; Confederate M. A., Springfield, Mo.; L. C. M. A., New Orleans, La.; Confederate Cemetery Association, Vicksburg, Miss.; L. M. A., Montgomery, Ala.; Jefferson Davis Monument Association, New Orleans, La.; L. M. A., Raleigh, N. C.; L. M. A., Augusta, Ga.; L. M. A., Atlanta, Ga.; the Wilcox County M. A., Camden, Ala.; Junior Oakwood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Confederate Ladies' Memorial Association Junior, New Orleans, La.; L. M. A., Albany, Ga.; State Monument Association, Springfield, Mo.; the Baton Rouge Memorial Association, Baton Rouge, La.; the L. M. A., Charleston, S. C.; the Sterling Price Monument Association, Jefferson City, Mo.; L. C. M. A., Pensacola, Fla.

Many pleasant events were prepared especially for the visiting ladies, among which were a concert in Beethoven Hall, a reception by the Daughters of the Confederacy, a reception by Mrs. Bayliss B. Beecher at her elegant home, and many others, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors and much appreciated. The Committee on Resolutions did not forget the many courtesies extended, and in the resolution of thanks mentioned especially the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis for "the gracious hospitality extended;" to Misses Page and Gray, who gave up their studio for headquarters; to Miss Higbee for her many courtesies extended to the delegates quartered at the Higbee School building; to Mrs. Napoleon Hill for the delightful concert; to the United Daughters of the Confederacy for countless kind attentions; to Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes and Mrs. A. D. Langstaff personally; also to Mrs. B. B. Beecher for the elegant reception; and to Mrs. S. A. Surprise, the custodian of the building, for many courtesies extended.

Mr. W. C. Willey, of Spring Hill, Ky., wants to locate two young ladies who stood watch while he and "Bill" Moore ate their breakfast at a farmhouse between Franklin and Hillsboro in November of 1863. The girls mounted their horses and rode up and down the road in front of the house while they satisfied their hunger.

## A GOOD CAPTURE BY SEVEN CONFEDERATES.

J. S. Curtis, of Sherman, Tex., writes:

At the age of nineteen years I became a scout for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and at the end of one year was promoted to army headquarters, where I served Gen. Lee in the same capacity until the surrender.

On the 28th of June, 1863, Gen. Stuart, seeing a force of the enemy at a distance from our advance between Rockville and Georgetown, Md., requested a demonstration, at which I called for volunteers, and William Campbell and five others, whom I never knew, came forward. We, the seven of us, captured Gen. Meade's wagon train, consisting of 900 mules, 175 wagons, a number of ambulances and private conveyances under a guard of 50 or 75 men. On account of this demonstration I was promoted and publicly complimented by Gen. Lee.

BOY'S COMPOSITION THAT CAUSED HIS EXPULSION FROM SCHOOL.—Z. F. Barnum, Washington, D. C., has preserved a composition that got him into trouble. He writes that when quite a small schoolboy he was very fond of writing compositions; that he never got a prize for any, but certainly deserved one. One day his teacher told him to write a composition on the civil war, so he set to work and wrote the following:

The civil war was declared in the year of 1861, and ended in the year of 1865. Abraham Lincoln started the row by sending men down South to steal niggers. These nigger thieves were called abolitionists, and they became such a nuisance that the Southern people seceded. That made the Yanks mad, and they declared war against the South. A Maj. Anderson had charge of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor. Well, on the night of April 12 five Confederate batteries began barking at the fort, and Anderson, fearing that he would get hurt if he stayed there any longer, gave the fort to the Rebs, and went North for his health. That made Lincoln as mad as a hornet. He called for 75,000 volunteers, and started the cry, "Off to Richmond!" but they never got any farther than Bull Run, because Beauregard and Johnston were there, and objected in such a way that the Yanks cleared out, and did not leave any address. Lincoln was mad at the first defeat, and he was a "hot box" after the battle of Bull Run. He cursed out Congress, and then called for more volunteers. After this event came the battle of the Wilderness. Gen. Grant was now commander in chief of the Union army, and was a pretty slick chap, but there were others. Grant marched his army to the Wilderness with the object of making a flank march on Richmond, but got his own flank spanked in the attempt. He tried again at Cold Harbor, but there was nothing done, for whenever his men stuck their heads above their trenches they had part of them taken off. Well, by and by hunger began to visit the camp of the Southern soldiers, and many died from it. So seeing it useless to fight against such a combination as hunger and Yanks, especially hunger, Gen. Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox C. H. in the year of 1865, and now we are all one, a grand and glorious republic.

Comrade Barnum adds: "It is needless to say that I was expelled from school the next day, for my teacher was from New Jersey."



J. E. CHILES, MACON, GA.

In the death of James E. Chiles, of Madison, Ga., in November, 1900, the Confederate Association of that community lost one of its most active and devoted members. He had been Secretary since his first election, twenty-three years ago. In his young manhood, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served faithfully and well. He was born at Abbeville, S. C., in 1842. He belonged to Company B, Orr's Rifles, which was attached to Maxey Gregg's command. At Second Manassas he was seriously wounded, and lay where he fell for twenty-four hours without help. This wound disabled him for life, but he was given an honorable and responsible position on light duty for the remainder of the war. After the war, although a cripple and with shattered health, he cheerfully accepted his fate and acted well his part without a murmur at the hardship of his lot. The Association passed resolutions in his honor, extolling his virtues and extending sympathy to his family. He will be sadly missed.

CAPT. WILLIAM D. DEUPREE.

On April 17, 1901, this gallant soldier and Christian gentleman died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Mohr, in Mobile, Ala. He was born in Noxubee County, Miss., May 22, 1834; and married Miss Emma E. Bush, November 8, 1860.

In the early spring of 1861 he left his lovely young bride, and was one of the first to offer his services to the Confederate cause. He enlisted in the first cavalry company organized in his native county, which became a part of the First Mississippi Cavalry Regiment, commanded by Col. Pinson, and participated in the battle of Shiloh and many other engagements while a member of that regiment. From the beginning of the great war to the last campaign he did his whole duty as private soldier and officer.

In 1863 Capt. Deupree raised a company and equipped and mounted many of the men at his own expense. He became its captain. Shortly after this the writer was commander of the Sixteenth Confederate Cavalry Regiment, in which this company (D) was one of the best. He was ever a true friend. He was always cheerful, and bore any service imposed upon him, however perilous. His company, well mounted and equipped, always obeyed his orders implicitly, through affection and respect. He was beloved by his men and highly respected by his commander. During the last campaign of the war, in front of Gen. Canby's army at the siege of Mobile, March, 1865, while on a scout with twenty of his company, he was surrounded by a large force of Federals. After firing his last charge, he threw his pistol at the foremost Yankee. He carried to his grave scars of saber cuts received on this occasion. He was

made a prisoner, but was treated well, and was paroled in June, 1865.

With the lovely, devoted Christian father and mother Capt. Deupree could not have been other than a noble, honorable man. After the writer was paroled,



CAPT. W. D. DEUPREE.

at Gainesville, Ala., May, 1865, he spent several weeks at the home of these lovely old people. The suit of clothes that he wore to his Tennessee home was cut and made by this lovely mother, she having also spun the yarn, woven and dyed the cloth. Family prayers were said morning and night, and the four sons, Confederate veterans who had returned to their home bowed with the depression of defeat and the loss of all they had struggled for through the four years, were taught by these lovely Christian parents to face the future as bravely as they had contended for principle in the past.

From 1874 Capt. Deupree was one of the most public-spirited and progressive citizens of Jackson, Tenn. His firm (Deupree & Gates) handled largely the cotton of that section. He was a Knight Templar, a devoted Baptist, and loved by all who knew him.

DR. J. G. RAMSEY.

John W. Ramsey, of Trenton, Tenn., reports:

Dr. J. G. Ramsey died at his home in Kenton, Tenn., on July 9. He served in Company C, under Capt. J. N. Wyatt, of the Twelfth Tennessee Infantry Regiment, commanded by Col. R. M. Russell, of Trenton. Dr. Ramsey was severely wounded in the hand at the battle of Shiloh, and was so badly crippled that he was discharged and returned home. He studied medicine, and was a practitioner for thirty-five years. Three of his four brothers served in the Confederate army.

P. K. EWELL.

At his home in Dyer, Tenn., P. K. Ewell passed away on July 9, in his seventy-eighth year, loved, honored, and respected by all who knew him. He was



first lieutenant of Company I, Forty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. R. M. Hill, of Trenton.

COMRADE FRANK HOGE.

Comrade Frank Hoge, of the Shriver Gray Camp, died suddenly of heart disease at Wheeling on March 16, 1901, and was laid to rest two days later by many friends who mourn his loss, among whom are the faithful members of the Shriver Gray Camp 907.

A. P. GILLIAM AND S. P. TRUPS.

Within the last year Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, of Stanton's Depot, Tenn., has lost two members. Alonzo P. Gilliam, a gallant Confederate, passed over on the 6th of October, 1900; and on the 7th of March, 1901, Comrade S. P. Trups answered the call. He enlisted in Alabama, and was a prisoner for several months at Fort Delaware.

FRANK PORTERFIELD.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

I ask the privilege of recording in the VETERAN a tribute to one whom I knew as a friend for nearly forty years—one who cheerfully endured sacrifices, bravely met dangers, and conscientiously did his duty in the service of the South through all the weary years of war, and who, with enthusiastic devotion, kept alive the memory of that great struggle.

At the beginning of the war Frank Porterfield enlisted in Company B, of the Rock City Guards, in Maney's First Tennessee Regiment. After the campaign of 1861 in West Virginia, under Gen. Lee, he was transferred to the staff of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, where he served with distinguished gallantry, and won the love and approval of that grand old soldier—of great heart and notable courage.

Frank's genial disposition and kind heart secured him friends everywhere, for he never failed to help a fellow-soldier when it was in his power to do so. To the day of his death, a true Confederate soldier never appealed to him in vain.

After the war his home was in Nashville, and he was a member of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac. He was enthusiastic in his efforts to preserve the true history of the splendid struggle made by the South for constitutional liberty, and he was earnest in his desire to secure a monument to the dead and provision for the disabled soldiers of the Confederacy.

For several months past his health had been failing, and suddenly, on the 11th day of April, 1901, the summons came for him to join the host of comrades who have passed into the silent land. Let me testify as one who loved him to his kindness, his sincerity, his courage, his devotion to the cause we all hold so dear.

CAPT. JOHN F. RICE.

Rev. William D. Matthews, Chaplain, sends the following tribute:

On March 22, 1901, Capt. John F. Rice died at his home, Norman, Okla. He was born in Franklin County, Ga., in 1833. His father was Edward Rice, of Mecklenburg County, N. C., and his mother was a daughter of James Vessels, a native of France, who

came to America with Gen. Lafayette, and was a commissioned officer under Gen. Washington.

Capt. Rice was reared on the banks of the Chattahoochee River. At the age of twenty-five he went to Macon, Ga., and entered the machine shops of the Southwestern Railroad Company at twelve dollars per month. He attended the night school of the Macon Military Institute, from which he was graduated in 1857, and in 1860 he was examined and received a diploma from the Military Institute at Marietta.

He entered the Confederate army in June, 1861. He had raised and was commissioned captain of Company F, First Georgia Regiment. At the expiration of his enlistment he raised a new company, which became Company E, Sixty-Fourth Georgia Regiment, of Wright's Brigade, participating in the battles of the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and other important engagements about Richmond and Petersburg. He was captured at Deep Bottom on the 16th of August, 1864, and sent to Fort Delaware, from which he was released April 29, 1865. He was superior in skirmish service, and was nearly always sent in charge of a brigade skirmish line.

In 1871 Capt. Rice went to Houston, Tex., as master car builder in the Central Texas car shops, and afterwards filled the same position in the Western and Atlantic railroad shops at Chattanooga. He returned to Texas in 1883, and in 1891 went to Norman, Okla., where he bought property and engaged in contracting and building. He was appointed supervising architect in the erection of the Oklahoma University. Capt. Rice was a member of the Odd Fellows and Masonic Lodges and of John B. Gordon Camp, No. 200, U. C. V.

CAPT. CHARLES T. HARDMAN.

Capt. Charles T. Hardman died at his residence in Birmingham, Ala., on February 21, in his seventy-second year. He was one of the oldest residents of the city, having removed there in 1871, shortly after the site of the city had been surveyed. He was a native of Morgan County, Ga., but in his childhood his parents removed to Pike County, Ala.

At the outset of the war he organized a company, of which he was chosen lieutenant, and which became Company B, of the First Regiment Alabama Infantry. He served with this regiment at the battle of Shiloh and in various minor engagements. Owing to severe physical disability, he was compelled to return home in June, 1862. In the autumn of that year he organized Company B, of the Sixth Alabama Cavalry, and was elected captain. In this rank he served with James H. Clanton's Brigade till the end, frequently being in command of the regiment and occasionally of the brigade. His military service was mainly in Alabama and Georgia. In 1865 the regiment fought with Steel's advance against Mobile, and with Wilson's raiders through central Alabama. Prior to this the regiment had been active between Dalton and Atlanta. After the surrender of the forces under Forrest, Capt. Hardman went to Montgomery and was paroled. Capt. Hardman was widely known for his daring, gallantry, and skill in leading troops.

Old in years and virtues, but young to the last in human love and sympathy; old in war, old in peace,

but young in love and death—this old soldier of the young heart was laid away by battle-scarred comrades to sleep on death's eternal camping ground, where no sound of battle shall be heard, where there shall be no more strife.

## LIEUT. AQUILA D. HUTTON.

Aquila D. Hutton was born in Greene County, Ala., November 20, 1843, his parents being natives of South Carolina. He enlisted in the Confederate



A. D. HUTTON.

army in March, 1862, as a member of Company A, Thirty - Sixth Alabama Regiment. They were stationed at Mobile for some weeks, and then came to Tennessee, where they participated in several battles, and in one of which he was wounded. He did not return to his regiment, but joined a cavalry company of which his brother-in-law, Dr. D. H. Williams, was captain. The company was afterwards divided, and he was elected lieutenant of Company C under Capt. James Isbel, Armistead's

Brigade of Cavalry. Lieut. Hutton was a brave and efficient officer and soldier, always at his post of duty and greatly beloved by his comrades.

After the war he engaged in the mercantile business with a commission house in New Orleans. While here he was attacked by pneumonia the second time, and having never fully recovered from an attack while in service, he succumbed to the dread disease, dying at his home in Gainesville, Miss., August 29, 1870.

## JOHN B. TAYLOR.

John B. Taylor, an honored citizen of Kosciusko, Miss., has answered the last call. At the organization of Company D, Capt. W. V. Davis's Company, Thirtieth Mississippi Regiment, he was made orderly sergeant, and was afterwards elected first lieutenant. In all the vicissitudes of war he proved true to his trust, and when peace was restored the different obligations of life received from him the same devotion. He served his people as justice of the peace for several terms, and was universally honored and respected by those with whom he had spent the years of a long and useful life.

## GEORGE M. MOSTELLER.

The J. T. Stuart Camp at Van Buren, Ark., send resolutions passed in honor of a comrade, George M. Mosteller, who departed this life on June 29, 1901. He was born at Adairsville, Ga., in 1842, and entered the Confederate service as a member of Company K, Eighteenth Georgia Infantry, one of the regiments of Hood's famous brigade, Stonewall Jackson's corps, and served till the surrender by Gen. Johnston.

## J. W. S. FRIERSON AND DR. E. C. THOMPSON.

Leonidas Polk Bivouac and William Henry Trousdale Camp, of Columbia, Tenn., on May 6 passed resolutions in honor of Comrades Frierson, who recently died at his home in Knoxville, Tenn., and Dr. E. C. Thompson, of Bigbyville, Tenn., who were honorary members.

James White Stephenson Frierson, son of the late Dr. J. W. S. Frierson, was born in Columbia, Tenn., July, 1838. He graduated at Jackson College in 1856. He was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, having volunteered as a private in the Second Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry, and was made adjutant of the First Tennessee Cavalry Regiment. After the war he was a cotton broker in New Orleans, whence he removed to Knoxville, where he resided afterwards. While reading the burial service over a deceased comrade recently he was stricken with paralysis. After lingering several weeks, he died on April 7, and was buried at Rose Hill Cemetery, Columbia. A wife and four children survive him.

Dr. E. C. Thompson was born in August, 1842, in Logan County, Ky. He enlisted in the Confederate army August 22, 1862, as a private of Company G, Third Kentucky Cavalry. He was captured in Ohio, and released from prison in March, 1865. His death occurred April 20.

Adjutant Smith writes that another member of this Camp, Samuel Climer, died in November last at an advanced age. He was a valued member of the Camp, and devoted to the Confederate cause—one worthy in every way of praise as a good soldier and citizen.

## CAPT. H. A. WILEY.

Members of his old company in the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., paid tribute to his memory at Woodbury, Tenn. James A. Jones was made Chairman and J. H. Wharton Secretary. The consensus of opinion in the addresses of several comrades was that he was indeed "a true Confederate soldier" as well as a worthy citizen. Among the speakers who paid faithful tribute were H. L. Preston, Robert Stanley, M. C. Markum, W. L. Sullivan, and James A. Jones.

## MAJ. ALLEN C. DICKINSON.

Listed on the last roll is the name of Maj. Allen C. Dickinson, a native of Caroline County, Va., who had attained his majority in 1861, and who promptly volunteered in the army of defense. He was living in New Orleans, joined the Louisiana Tigers under Col. Bob Wheat, and was made adjutant of the regiment.

Maj. Dickinson was severely wounded in the first battle of Manassas. As soon as he recovered he returned to the service and was assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. L. L. Lomax, with whom he served the remaining years of the war. He was a gallant soldier.

After the war Gen. Lomax located in San Francisco, Cal., and did a lucrative insurance business until failing health forced him to abandon an active business life. He returned to Virginia, that his last days might be spent among the people he knew and loved the best, and so that when death should claim him he



might be laid to rest in the soil of his native State. He was buried at Berea Church, of which he was a



MAJ. ALLEN C. DICKINSON.

member, at Spottsylvania Courthouse. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. P. H. Crismond. The pallbearers were as follows: Active, J. P. Gayle, T. P. Payne, L. J. Graves, I. D. Harris, T. A. Frazer, and A. H. Crismond; honorary, Robert H. Jerrell, W. G. Dillard, Oliver Eastburn, Dr. C. R. Massey, H. A. Carner, T. McCracken, M. B. Rowe, A. T. Embrey, S. I. Baggett, Jr., T. J. Haydon, C. C. Rowlett, and A. B. Botts.

Maj. Dickinson's death occurred while his brother, Col. A. G. Dickinson, also a Virginian, but now a resident of New York City, was traveling in Italy. He was shot in the battle of Galveston while serving on the staff of his cousin, Gen. J. B. Magruder.

#### SIMEON W. FIZER.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe writes of a Tennessee comrade:

Lieut. Simeon W. Fizer died at his home in Robertson County, Tenn., August 24, 1901. No braver Confederate fought in the Southern army. Though a Tennessean, he enlisted in Missouri, where he was when the war broke out. A spent grape-shot struck his left arm in the battle of Carthage, Mo. He was shot through the chest at Corinth, Miss., and left for dead on the field, and at Baker's Creek he was shot through the right arm and right hip. He was a modest, devout member of the Southern Methodist Church, and died a triumphant Christian death.

#### COL. JOSEPH ARMSTRONG.

Died, at Gainesville, Ga., July 28. Col. Joseph Armstrong, aged sixty-five years.

Col. Armstrong came of patriotic stock. His remote ancestor was another Col. Joseph Armstrong, one of the earliest Scotch-Irish settlers of the Cumberland Valley in what is now the State of Pennsylvania, who achieved distinction in the old French and

Indian wars, particularly at the destruction of Fort became officers of the revolutionary army, and the Kittanning, under the command of his kinsman, Gen. John Armstrong, and in the civil employment of the province. He was the father of five sons, all of whom became officers of the revolutionary army, and the youngest of whom was Capt. William Armstrong, of the North Carolina line, great grandfather of the subject of this notice, who had settled in the South before the war began.

Col. Armstrong was the second son of the late Gen. James Watson Armstrong, long a prominent citizen of Georgia, and was one of seven brothers who served the Confederacy in various ranks in the army and navy. He was born in 1836, and after graduating at Emory and Henry College, in Virginia, had just established himself in the practice of law in Dooly County, Ga., when the outbreak of the civil war called him to other employment. Proceeding to the front at the head of a company of volunteers known as the Dooly Rifles, he became a captain in the Eighteenth Georgia, which had been raised in the northern part of the State, and was then commanded by the gallant Gen. W. T. Wofford. This regiment was at first brigaded with Hood's Texans, with whom it achieved fine reputation, but later on, upon a readjustment of the army, was joined to the Sixteenth and Twenty-Fourth Georgia, to form what was known as Wofford's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps. Col. Armstrong participated with his regiment in almost all the important engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia, becoming its colonel after the battle of Fredericksburg, and served also with the Western army in the Chickamauga campaign, when Longstreet's Corps was detached by Gen. Lee after Gettysburg.

The last days of the war found him acting brigadier in command of Wofford's Brigade, but his capture with the remnant of his troops at the engagement of Sailor's Creek, and the speedy collapse of the Confederacy, prevented his being formally commissioned to that rank.

Escaping from confinement and returning to his native State at the close of hostilities, he resumed the practice of his profession, and later bore some part in the redemption of Georgia from the horrors of reconstruction. He served several terms as a member of the Legislature, and was an occasional contributor to the press; but, being of a retiring disposition, was averse to seeking public notice of any sort, which led to his latterly filling only the station of a conscientious and public-spirited private citizen. Col. Armstrong was never married, but is survived by several brothers and sisters.

#### W. C. DOWNEY.

Comrade W. C. Downey, of A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 644, U. C. V., at Rvan, Ind. T., died December 16, 1900. He was born in Walker County, Ala., December 20, 1832; joined the Forty-Third Alabama in 1862. At Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1862, he lost a leg. He was a true Confederate, never happier than when with his old comrades, and was a good citizen, loved and honored by all who knew him. A large number of his friends and comrades followed him to his last resting place in Ryan cemetery.

DR. K. A. M'INTOSH.

Dr. Kenneth Alexander McIntosh died in Beebe, Ark., September 23, 1900, aged fifty-eight years. His ancestors were Scotch Presbyterians, and settled in Moore County, N. C., before the revolutionary war. They took an active part in gaining civil and religious freedom. His parents, Daniel Finnelson McIntosh and Margaret Shaw, moved to Haywood County, Tenn., at an early day, and helped to build up the Union Presbyterian Church, of which he was an honored member and ruling elder for many years.

In 1861 K. A. McIntosh enlisted in the Confederate army in his nineteenth year, Capt. John Ingram's Company, Ninth Tennessee Regiment (Col. Henry Douglas), Cheatham's Division. He was severely wounded twice in the battle of Shiloh, having his hip dislocated and concussion of the spine between the shoulders, from which he was a great but submissive sufferer through life. He was a true, faithful, gallant Christian soldier; and the same characteristics made him a very successful, beloved physician, combined with fine natural talent and ardent love for this his chosen profession from early boyhood. Dr. McIntosh leaves a widow, one son, and two daughters. He had two brothers in the Confederate service, John W., who left college to enlist. Having measles while in camp at Union City, he took a severe cold, which terminated in consumption, and caused his death in about a year. A younger brother, Thomas S., was with Col. Duckworth, Gen. Forrest's cavalry. He is married, and lives in Beebe, Ark.

W. L. WORSHAM.

Comrade W. L. Worsham, a good and true Confederate, has joined the hosts of his compatriots on the other side of the river of time. A faithful soldier, he fought under the stars and bars as a member of the Third Arkansas Infantry at Alleghany and Capon Bridge, W. Va., and as a captain by election in the Twentieth Arkansas Infantry at Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, Hatcher's Bridge, Vicksburg, and Champion Hill, being wounded at Champion Hill. After the siege at Vicksburg he was appointed inspector general on the staff of Gen. Thomas J. Dockery. In that capacity he participated in the battles of Prairie de Ann, Saline, and Mark's Mill, Ark. Moving to Texas in the early seventies, he finally settled in Wilson County. His character and abilities were immediately recognized, and he was elected county judge, an office he held for several terms. The accompanying portrait will be recognized by his many old friends about Washington, Ark. A gallant soldier, a good citizen, and "a gentleman of the old school" in manner and habits. "J. B. P."



A. S. MORTON.

The many readers of the VETERAN will be grieved to learn of the death of Mr. A. S. Morton, which occurred May 13, 1900, at his home in St. Paul, Minn. Mr. Morton had never been strong after the loss of his leg, by accidental shooting, almost five years before his death. The shock to his nervous system was



more than he could stand. During the summer of 1899 his health failed rapidly, and the doctors advised complete rest and change. He therefore, with his wife, spent the winter in Los Angeles, Cal.; but he did not improve, and they returned to St. Paul, Minn., reaching home only two weeks before Mr. Morton died. He was thirty-eight years of age, and was auditor of disbursements of the

Northern Pacific Railroad, also secretary of the St. Paul Union Depot Co. Mr. Morton was educated in the Richmond (Va.) public schools and he was an inveterate reader. He had written and published several short stories and a book entitled "The Legend of Halfjord; or, Beyond the Paleocretic Sea." Many of his poems and sketches have appeared in the VETERAN. Those who knew Mr. Morton recognized his business ability, and his advice was often sought. He was a warm and true friend, always a tender, loving husband, and a devoted father, an ardent Confederate, and devoted to his native state, Virginia. His poem on "The Women of the South" is one of the finest contributions ever penned for the VETERAN.

Two young Confederate soldiers were killed at Davidson's, on the Charlotte turnpike about seven miles from Nashville, during Hood's "raid" or retreat, December, 1864. I think it was on Thursday before the last day's battle at Nashville. Wesley Henderson and William Banks were the names of the two brave young men. They were brought to James Ezell's farmhouse about dark on the day they were killed. Henderson was dead, and Banks wounded and died in a few hours. They were buried by Mr. Ezell. The farm is now owned by W. H. Ezell, son of James Ezell. The two graves were first on the outside of the fence, but shortly afterwards were inclosed, and ever since have been well cared for. Each grave is marked by a plain headstone. The soldiers were between twenty-five and twenty-eight years of age, belonged to Forrest's Cavalry, the division which was located in front of Nashville on the Charlotte pike during the siege of Nashville, Tenn.



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Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., one of the most eminent travelers and authors of his time, has made many delightful journeys through the South, and he has written much about the Southern people; but his last and best books bear the title "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows." Its concluding chapters are about Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. He ends the book with this tribute to Gen. Lee:

"Only a name! As I took a last look at the recumbent statue, I observed that its marble base bore no epitaph; no words of praise were carved upon the stone; only above it on the wall was the name with two dates:

ROBERT EDWARD LEE,

BORN JANUARY 19, 1807;

DIED OCTOBER 12, 1870.

That is all; but that is enough; any eulogy would but detract from the spell of that single name.

"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

"OLD SPAIN AND NEW SPAIN."

No more opportune period has ever occurred than the present to study the history of Spain, and no more interesting story of that ancient government can be found than "Old Spain and New Spain," by Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., the only surviving member of the four eminent brothers.

The above elegant books comprise over three hundred pages each, and are sold at \$1.50. Either will be sent postpaid for three new subscribers, or both for five subscriptions. Either will be sent to any subscriber free who remits three dollars on account. This offer good through September and October.

Remember that our gold watch and all other standard premiums are offered continually for subscribers.

**TWO WARS.**

A Thrilling History by Gen. S. G. French.

We take much pleasure in announcing that the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tenn., will shortly offer to the public an illustrated volume of nearly four hundred pages entitled "Two Wars," an autobiography of Gen. S. G. French. The author of this volume graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1843.

Transcribing from his notes and diaries, for preservation for his children, without any view of publication, he commences his memoir from boyhood on to his academic life; then his services in the United States army on various duties until 1845, when he sails from Baltimore, Md., a brevet second lieutenant in Maj. S. Ringgold's battery of horse artillery, to join Gen. Taylor's army of occupation in Texas. Thence on we have his diary and notes of the marches and battles of Palo Alto, Resaca, Monterey, and Buena Vista, the whole being a narrative of the Mexican war written in an unpretentious manner by a participant. The war over, the next eight years describe a residence in Washington City in the War Department on incidental duties as an officer of the general staff, including two expeditions over the unknown plains and mountains from San

Antonio, Tex., to El Paso, Mex. In 1856 he resigned from the army and retired to his plantation near Greenville, Miss.

When the State of Mississippi seceded Gen. French was made chief of ordnance and artillery, wherein he describes the destination of arms and military stores in the State. He was appointed a general in the Confederate army in 1861. The autobiography covers his services in the Army of Northern Virginia until June, 1863, when he was ordered to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Jackson, Miss. From that period on the diary covers the campaigns in Mississippi, and then on through the Atlanta campaign with the army under Johnston and Hood to Nashville. The work is not a history, but a record of what he saw and what occurred during that eventful period.

When the war ended, then came the infamous reconstruction period, and this biography is perhaps the most complete account of actual occurrences to be found recorded. It reveals scenes that seem past belief, and which will be regarded as persecution of the white people. South, almost unparalleled in a Christian land. And still the diary goes on until the light of dawn came and the hegira of the carpetbaggers commenced and the white people got control of the State governments.

The sale of this book, soon to be from the press, will be under the direction of S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

"UNCLE DAN," THE AUTHOR OF DIXIE.—"Uncle Dan" Emmett, the venerable author of "Dixie," grows more feeble day by day in his home near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and it is painful that prosperity does not abide beneath his humble roof. He who has had the power to thrill millions of hearts should catch some notes of gratitude from the outside world as the shadows lengthen and he stands so close to the threshold where all is harmony and peace. The VETERAN is glad to announce that the monthly five dollars contributed by the Actors' Fund does not fail him in these hours of need; but that is not enough, and should those who care to add to his comfort in these last days desire to do so, the VETERAN will deliver any gifts, however small, that may be contributed for his support.

**A NEW MAP OF TENNESSEE.**

Col. John Allison, of Nashville, with engravings by E. M. Gardner, has recently issued a most complete map of Tennessee. By this the history of the State can be gathered, as there is given in connection data showing the part it has taken in war and political life, and the resources in mineral and agricultural wealth. A chronological and alphabetical list is given of battles and other engagements in Tennessee during the civil war, and those who campaigned in this State can take the map and retrace their marches and movements. In the list of battles a number is given to correspond with a number on the map showing where an engagement occurred. A surprisingly large number of battles, engagements, and "affairs" occurred in Tennessee during the years 1861-65. They are noted with the dates at four hundred and forty-five places, and it often occurred that two and three engagements were had at the same place during the four years. A Tennessean, no matter where he resides, will find the map a source of interest, information, and pleasure, and others who wish to become informed about the State can find no more reliable guide. For other particulars address Col. John Allison, Nashville, Tenn.

J. O. Foster, of Murray, Ky., wishes to learn something of C. A. Foster, who belonged to an Arkansas battalion which was in camp at Corinth, Miss., in 1862. D. M. Patterson, who belonged to Company C, Second Battalion, First Brigade of Missouri Infantry, was also in camp there at the time, and through him the inquiry comes.

# "THE OLD PLANTATION."

BY REV. JAMES BATTLE AVERITT.

Among the many critiques of "The Old Plantation," coming from prominent journals from all over the country, all strong in their praises of Dr. Averitt's book, none will be read with more pleasure than the following from Senator Morgan, the Nestor of the United States Senate. Among other very strong and attractive features of the book is the fine Introduction, by the late Dr. Hunter McGuire, who was chief surgeon on the staff of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, A. N. V., C. S. A. Senator Morgan wrote from Washington, June 1, 1901:

*My Dear Dr. Averitt:* I am afraid that "The Old Plantation" will not be read by this generation with the interest it will incite among those who are familiar with the events, scenes, characters, and sentiments the book so faithfully records. In reading it I found little that was new to me, little that did not impress me as a mere refreshing of memory, so true and graphic are the pictures that "The Old Plantation" records.

It is like listening to the stories of truthful friends about past events and the causes that gave them birth and the motives that led to their creation, when there is neither a purpose to convince the listener nor any other wish than to present the truth without gloss or embellishment.

The great historians who are to write true accounts of the events that have so deeply impressed mankind, in connection with the experiences of "The Old Plantation," will study your book with the same confidence in its veracity that a painter would study the photograph of a landscape, changed by the ravages of war, which he desires to reproduce in its former features. I give you great credit for the faithfulness of your reproduction of "The Old Plantation." It has passed away, and its like will never be seen again. You have brought all its features into your picture, its tender and its harsher memories, and posterity can form a true judgment on the facts.

We must not shrink from their just criticism, and, as your comrade in arms, associated in your sacrifices and sufferings, I beg to thank you for the facts, the minor lights and shadows which you have so truthfully employed in giving to "The Old Plantation" its true aspect in history.

Dr. Averitt was chaplain on the staff of Gen. Turner Ashby, Chief of Cavalry under Stonewall Jackson, and upon him

devolved the sad duty of burying his chief at the University of Virginia in June, 1862, and after the war he also assisted in reinterring the General with his noble brother, killed before the first battle of Manassas, in the same grave in Stonewall Cemetery, Winchester, Va. This introduction of Dr. Averitt will bring him close to the readers of the VETERAN, and to many the "vistas of long years" will be opened by his book. It is published by the F. Tennyson Neely Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## A TRUE STORY.

An ex-Confederate with a dislike for moving, whose business compelled him to change his place of residence, remarked at the breakfast table one morning in the presence of his youngest child, a small girl, that he would as soon face a Yankee battery as the moving. Later in the day the child was heard telling a friend that "papa said he would as soon face a Yankee backwards as to move."

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JOSCELYN CHESHIRE.

BY SARAH BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

This is a dashing but real tale of the revolution in the Carolinas that keeps a tight grip on the reader's interest, yet is always convincing in its actuality. Mistress Joscelyn herself is an altogether unusual heroine, charming, but keen as a sword blade, and so ardent a Tory as to drive Master Richard Clevering, torn between love and patriotism, well-nigh to despair. The pictures of life in the prison hulks of Wallabout Bay, always more dreaded by the Continentals than death itself, are intensely dramatic. Mrs. Kennedy is a Tennessee woman, and for many years held a high position on a Memphis journal. This State can well be proud of her addition to its list of authors. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City. Price, \$1.50.

In this number will be found an advertisement of Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, a fraternal, benevolent order recently organized at Little Rock, Ark. Its objects are to create a more perfect union among the ex-Confederate soldiers, their wives and descendants; to teach coming generations that those who fought for secession were patriots, and not traitors, etc.; while the plan is to establish a number of subordinate lodges, whose members are assessed according to ages and the amount of their benefit certificates. Some of the most representative men of Arkansas are at the head of this order. Write for full particulars.

Mrs. S. L. Hays, of Arkadelphia, Ark., wishes to establish the record of her husband, Robert M. Hays, who, she says, belonged to Company D, Thirty-First Tennessee Regiment, under — Brantly; but whether captain or colonel is not known. He enlisted at or near Nashville, Tenn., and at the close of the war was in Walthall's Brigade. Such information will be of material help to her.

E. J. Crutchfield, who served in Company K, Forty-Fifth Tennessee Infantry, being anxious to prove his service for the Confederacy, asks that any surviving comrades who can help him in this respect will address him at Fulton, Ky. He is in feeble health and needy circumstances.

Dr. James R. Edwards, of Denton, Tex., would like to know who is represented by Mohun in John Esten Cooke's novel by that name.

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**Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,**  
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.

NEW YORK, January 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

*Gentlemen:* Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform, or ether.

Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., February 1, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

*Gentlemen:* I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic Asthma for the past twelve years. Having exhausted my own skill, as well as that of many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th Street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared, and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

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DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

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### READ THIS.

Huntsville, Mo., August 1, 1900.—This is to certify that I have been cured of kidney and bladder trouble with one bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, and can recommend it to others suffering in the same manner. J. HORACE MILLER, County Treasurer.

### BATTLEFIELD LIES.

The following little anecdote of Stonewall Jackson may be of interest to some of your readers:

When I entered what afterwards became the Stonewall Brigade, in April, 1861, one of my closest college friends was Stonewall Jackson's aid-de-camp. He rose through successive ranks to be lieutenant colonel and chief of staff of the Second Corps, and our earthly friendship ended when the ambulance drove away from Fisher's Hill in the dusk of the evening, carrying him mortally wounded off the field in September, 1864. In the first year of the war, when we met on the march, he often entertained me with accounts of what took place at headquarters and of Gen. Jackson's sayings and doings. On one occasion he told me how, in crossing a creek, when the horses stopped to drink the bridle rein fell from the General's hand and his chin went down on his breast as if in deep thought. Remaining in that attitude a few seconds, he suddenly raised his head and said: "Did you ever think, sir, what an opportunity a battlefield affords liars?" and at once resumed his thoughtful attitude. A good many people who hadn't thought of it then know it now and how hard it is to kill a lie once born on a battlefield.

W. A. L. Jett, Murray Hill, N. J., would like to know if Capt. Frank Moore, who commanded Company D, Eighth Ohio Cavalry, is still living.

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AND

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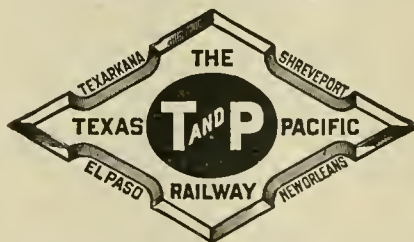
By taking the Cotton Belt for the night's run from Memphis to Texas, you can enjoy an undisturbed night's rest in the Sleeper. This is because the Cotton Belt runs a through Sleeper, while no other line does.

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Capt. A. C. Tippin, Delta, Fla. (Company H, First Florida Regiment), inquires the whereabouts of Richard (generally known as Dick) Turner, who was connected with Libby Prison (he thinks as warden) during a part of the war. He was a Virginian. If Comrade Turner is dead, he would like to hear from some of his relatives.

The Chicago Record-Herald of May 2 gave the following: "Attorney-General Knox gave his first official opinion to the cabinet last Friday in connection with the return of the Washington relics to the heirs of Gen. Lee. He had made a thorough investigation of the circumstances under which these family heirlooms came into the possession of the government, and his report to the President and his colleagues was that 'Washington did so much for this country that we ought not to steal his silver.' . . . The most important and valuable of the relics are a set of china presented to Gen. Washington by the Society of the Cincinnati, his walking stick, and his watch."

T. J. Childress, Erlanger, Ky.: "I was with Gen. John H. Morgan at the time he was killed, at Greeneville, Tenn. D. Howard Smith then took command of our forces and ordered a retreat. We fell back to the forks of the Greeneville and Bab's Mill roads, and were reinforced by Col. Henry Giltner's Brigade. He took command of all the forces and ordered Capt. John McAfee to go back with a flag of truce after Gen. Morgan's body. On our way back we came across Capt. Tom Quirk and Capt. Geter, who had been cut off. They went back to Greeneville with us. We had to wait a long time for a coffin to be made, but when we had started down the street with the body a lady called to me and gave me a nice robe to put over the coffin. I should like to find out who this lady was."

#### GOOD SHOPPING FREE OF COST.

Mrs. M. B. Morton, of 625 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., has varied experience as Purchasing Agent, and her small commissions are paid by the merchants, so that her services are absolutely free to purchasers.

An efficient purchasing agent is posted in latest styles and "fads" and the most reliable dealers. Mrs. Morton supplies household furnishings, wardrobes in detail, jewelry, etc. She makes a specialty of millinery.

References are cordially given by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the Nashville daily press.

## THE MISSING WORD.



In the article below there is a word missing. The first one finding it, and sending it to us with the name of this publication, will receive FREE a \$2 Fountain Pen.

First Writer: "There, my pen is out of ink again, and it is now useless, as I have no ink in the house, and the stores are closed."

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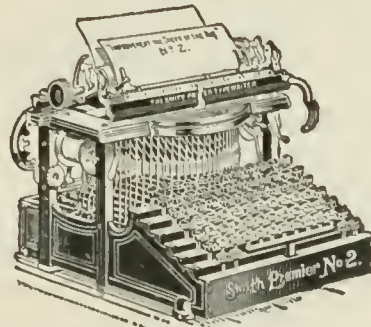
This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and losses, which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card. In answer to this, address

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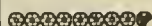
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St. Louis, Mo.



L. M. Graham, of Conner, Fla., would like to correspond with any member of Gen. W. B. Bate's Division, Pioneer Company.

The VETERAN wants the following copies to complete a file for a Texas comrade: First six numbers of 1893; May and October of 1895; July, November, and December of 1897; April and July of 1898; August of 1899.

Louis G. Wright, Barnesville, Ohio, asks for the address of William D. Edwards, who was a cadet at the West Military Institute, Nashville, Tenn., 1859-60. Thinks he was captain in a Louisiana regiment during the Confederate war.

Mrs. A. H. Dennis, 100 Echo Street, Atlanta, Ga., would like to hear from any comrades of her husband, William Dennis, who served in Company G, Fifty-Ninth Georgia Regiment. He volunteered in Milledgeville, and was mustered in at Macon, Ga.

Carter Berkeley, of Lynchburg, Va., seeks information concerning the death of Col. I. B. Thompson, of the First Arkansas Regiment, killed at Shiloh. He was a Virginian, and his comrades and college mates would like to learn something of his fate.

G. A. Morton, of Forney, Tex., is anxious to correspond with any survivors of Company C, Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment, of which he was a member. His company was organized at Wadesboro, Anson County, N. C. R. T. Bennett was colonel of the regiment.

H. B. Baylor, of Cumberland, Md. (Hotel Windsor), wants the following copies of the VETERAN to complete his file: Vol. I., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9; Vol. II., Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 10; Vol. III., Nos. 7, 8, 10; Vol. IV., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 8, 11; Vol. V., Nos. 7, 11, 12. Any one who can supply these copies in good condition will kindly communicate with him.

Attention is called to the advertisement of "An Old Soldier's Songs," advertised in this and the preceding number of the VETERAN. The composer is an old Confederate, and the songs were written not only for reunions but for the home and family and any occasions where patriotic songs may be sung, suitable as well for Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy.

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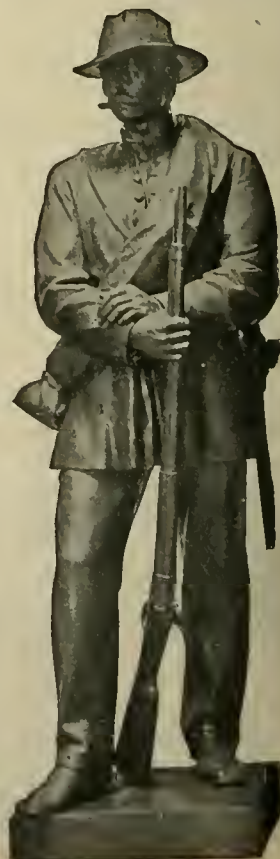
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CORYELL COUNTY CAMP, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, GATESVILLE, TEX.

(See page 387.)



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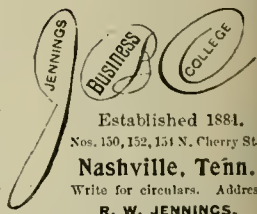
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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

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

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

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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.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 9. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## MEMBERS U. C. V. CAMP AT GATESVILLE, TEX.

Coryell County Camp of Confederate soldiers held their annual reunion at Gatesville, Tex., August 6 to 8, with fine attendance. The veterans were welcomed by the mayor of the city, to which response was made by Dr. W. E. Brown for the Camp. A beautiful flag was presented to the Camp by the ladies of the city, the handiwork of Mrs. C. P. White. A memorial meeting was held on the second day in honor of the comrades who had passed away within the year, and it was a very impressive service. The picture on the front page gives the numbers whereby many of the comrades may be traced: 1, J. S. Nettles; 2, M. A. Bland; 3, B. F. Miller; 4, W. T. Worthington; 5, —; 6, B. T. Blacklock; 7, T. G. Ross; 8, J. S. Holt; 9, — White; 10, Master Park White; 11, T. C. Moore; 12, W. H. Morgan; 13, John P. Kendrick; 14, J. R. Brown; 15, Dr. W. E. Brown; 16, J. C. Jones; 17, John H. Wigington; 18, G. M. Sargent; 19, W. T. Priddy; 20, W. N. Dates; 21, —; 22, Charles Hodges; 23, J. W. Lewis; 24, J. C. Chambers; 25, O. J. Wollard; 26, Master Wollard; 27, —; 28, — McCorkle; 29, W. F. Roper; 30, S. W. Fletcher; 31, J. E. Gober; 32, Frank Martin; 33, J. C. Newsome; 34, J. W. Gideon; 35, J. M. Robinson; 36, B. R. Loflin; 37, H. L. Stevenson; 38, S. A. Peeler; 39, John T. Grant; 40, — McMinn; 41, J. K. P. Yeary; 42, F. M. Jones; 43, R. L. Suggs; 44, E. L. Lawrence; 45, —; 46, J. M. Brown; 47, A. F. Smith; 48, J. C. Harper; 49, — Moore; 50, J. M. Shults; 51, John Lane; 52, S. J. Park; 53, A. D. Dickson; 54, H. C. McDaniels; 55, Joe Cox; 56, — Jackson; 57, Tom Scott; 58, J. W. Sherrill; 59, A. J. Bone; 60, D. R. Franks; 61, — Osborne; 62, B. F. Wolf; 63, — Herrington; 64, James Dickey; 65, —; 66, John D. Morgan; 67, R. E. Gaston; 68, E. F. Courtney; 69, B. W. Honeycutt; 70, John Schley; 71, —; 72, U. Everetts; 73, —; 74, Henry Mayberry; 75, J. H. Jones; 76, N. Beaver; 77, —; 78, S. J. Pearson; 79, E. N. Newton; 80, W. A. Barefoot; 81, —; 82, A. B. George; 83, J. E. Stockburger; 84, W. F. Routh; 85, Curtis Green; 86, W. H. Hawkins; 87, W. A. McBeth; 88, James Scott; 89, A. H. Gregory; 90, N. R. Altum; 91, E. R. Biddy; 92, R. J. Glass; 93, J. H. Kim-

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## MONUMENT AT UNION, WEST VA.

The unveiling of the Confederate monument at Union, W. Va., on August 29 was the consummation of a movement inaugurated in 1894 by the lamented Gen. John Echols. A magnificent assemblage, estimated at about 12,000, composed of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters, and distinguished visitors from various States, gathered to witness the ceremonies. There was a brilliant parade led by the Confederate veterans with Col. Charles S. Peyton, Commander of Camp Mike Foster, formerly of Garnett's Brigade, Pickett's Division, at their head. Beautiful girls on horseback, escorted by the Sons of Veterans, appeared as sponsors for the Confederate companies from Monroe County, representing the following: Monroe Guards, Twenty-Seventh Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade; Berne's Sharpshooters, Sixtieth Virginia Infantry; Rocky Point Grays; Twenty-Second Virginia Infantry; Reed's, Swan's, and Morton's Companies of Edgar's Battalion of Infantry; Lewis and Charles Vawter's Companies of Clark's Battalion, Wharton's Brigade; Bryan's, Chapman's, and Lowry's Batteries of King's Battalion of Artillery; Thurmond's Company of Rangers, and Osborne's Company of Reserves. Each Confederate State was represented by a handsomely decorated float, drawn by four horses and carrying a sponsor and maids of honor. The address of welcome was by Col. Peyton, and after the prayer the veil was drawn aside by a committee of young ladies. The monument is nineteen feet six inches in height, the pedestal of Barre granite, and is surmounted by the figure of a Confederate infantryman exquisitely carved of Italian marble and standing at parade rest. Upon opposite sides of the plinth are cut the crossed cannon and crossed sabers, symbolic of the artillery and cavalry branches of the service respectively, and in front this inscription: "Confederate Soldiers of Monroe County." Above is chiseled this

quotation: "There is a true glory and a true honor—the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principle."—R. E. Lee."

Addresses were made by Lieut. Gov. Echols, of Virginia, a native of Monroe County, and Hon. W. W. Arnette, of Wheeling, who was Colonel of the Twentieth Virginia Cavalry. A great dinner was spread, and the multitude feasted. One of the heart-stirring incidents was the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the thousands assembled about the monument just after the veil was drawn. The old soldiers clasped hands and joined in the singing, with faces bedewed with tears.

## MISSIONARY RIDGE REMINISCENCES.

W. K. Poston, Memphis, Tenn., writes of the battle:

I was in that battle, November 25, 1863, as a private in the Fourth Tennessee Infantry. My regiment was consolidated with the Fifth Tennessee. During the time of which I shall speak the consolidated regiment was under the immediate command of Lieut. Col. Luke W. Finlay. At the time of the battle of Missionary Ridge we were stationed on the extreme left of Bragg's army, which had been greatly weakened by sending reinforcements to his right to resist the fierce assault of Sherman with massed columns. The battle commenced in the early morning and continued through the whole day. Our regiment had been marched the entire



FRONT VIEW OF MONUMENT AT UNION, WEST VA.

morning and early afternoon up and down and lengthwise the ridge to create the impression of strength on that part of the line. When the attack began on our front, about 3 to 4 P.M., our regiment was stationed behind a fairly good rifle pit about one-third the way up the ridge from its bottom. Just preceding the Federal charge signal guns were fired from their position on Orchard Knob, a mile or more to our right, and very soon thereafter I saw three heavy lines of battle extending across our front and continuous to the right as far as I could see, advancing upon our position.

These lines looked to me to be about 100 yards apart. It was a glorious sight to behold.

Having done much ditching and fortification-making before, at Randolph, Fort Pillow, Island Ten, and Columbus, with no previous opportunity of fighting behind them, a feeling of satisfaction glowed within me of how neatly and completely we were going to "do up" those foolhardy fellows. But on they came, apparently unaware of what direful fate awaited them—"in my mind's eye.

There was a line of Confederate skirmishers at the foot of the ridge in our front. When the first Federal line got within 200 yards of the bottom of the ridge our skirmishers there opened fire on them, as also did our artillery on top of Missionary Ridge slightly to the right of our position. The first Federal line halted, wavered, and began to break and run. Just then the second line came up and mingled with them, and very quickly the third line also reached and intermingled with them, and the entire mass then moved forward to the foot of the ridge. Our skirmishers then retreated up the ridge. When they got into and behind our line, Col. Finlay gave us the order, "Ready, aim, fire!" and we opened on the foe.

Those in our front quickly shifted, under the stress of our fire, their position farther to the right of our front. Col. Finlay then gave the command, "Oblique, fire!" which was promptly obeyed. We maintained our position against great odds—probably ten to one—for about half an hour, when the Confederates to our right gave way, and the Federals were on our flank about as high up the ridge as we were. Col. Finlay then gave the order, "Men, fall back to the top of the ridge, but face the Yankees and fire as you fall back," which order those seasoned veterans of the Fourth and Fifth Tennessee, with some few exceptions, forthwith proceeded to disregard, and ran up that steep ridge as fast as their legs could carry them, under a tempest of balls, which conduct could be commended by any one knowing how rough, rocky, and steep the ridge was there.

Our Lieutenant Colonel hovered in the rear of our rabbit-footed boys, trying his level best to get them to face the Yankees and fire as they fell back, but without avail. About midway up the ridge this deponent, flying as nearly as he could, was winged by a Yankee bullet through the left shoulder and knocked down. Seeing the impossibility of attempting to reach the top of the ridge in the hailstorm of bullets coming from above and below, he sought cover, found a friendly log behind which he took shelter, and lay there, between the lines, which were firing heavily for about twenty-five or thirty minutes. The firing ceased on top of the ridge, and very soon panting, perspiring Yankees came streaming up the ridge. The first one who hove in sight peeped at him in his snug cover behind the log and saluted: "Johnnie Reb, have you anything to eat?" On getting a negative reply, he pursued his way up the ridge. Shortly afterwards the writer was taken a prisoner to Chattanooga, thence to Rock Island, Ill., where he resided fifteen months."

#### GALLANTRY OF COL. LUKE FINLAY.

Before ending this short narrative I must give one feature of that affair which is, and always will be, im-

pressed on my memory—viz., when we opened fire on the Yankees they were at the foot of the ridge, just below us, about 75 or 100 yards.

As stated, their three lines were intermingled. We kept up a heavy fire on them and they on us for quite a while—probably half an hour. Our regiment was fairly protected by a good rifle pit. When the firing began Col. Finlay went in the rear of the center of our line, several steps higher up the ridge, mounted a stump or log, and for that long half hour stood there giving orders and encouragement to his troops, within point-blank range of 5,000 to 6,000 Yankees—the only rebel they could see—amid a hailstorm of bullets. I verily believe it is not exaggeration to say that no such act of conspicuous gallantry was done by any one on either side in the greatest of all the wars of all time. For thirty-eight years this man has gone about his daily work, modest, gentle, scrupulously respectful of the rights and feelings of others. Truly "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

FIRST VICTIM FROM NASHVILLE FOR THE CONFEDERACY.—Lieut. Robert S. Brightwell was a native of Farmville, Va., and at the commencement of the Confederate war he was a resident of Nashville, Tenn., and



LIEUT. BRIGHTWELL.

was employed as salesman in the dry goods house of A. B. and A. C. Beech. He was then a member of Company A., Rock City Guards, a member of the First Baptist Church, and Corresponding Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. A Nashville paper, published at the time of Lieut. Brightwell's death, contained the following statement: "Appropriate resolutions have been adopted by the First Baptist Church, in relation to the late Lieut. R. S. Brightwell which we will publish in a day or two. The Rev. Dr.

Howell will preach a funeral discourse this morning at 10:30 o'clock. The friends of the deceased and the public are invited to attend. The deceased was the first victim from this city upon the altar of Southern independence."

T. N. Mohon writes from De Leon, Tex.: "Let the VETERAN continue to come to me, for I can't do without it. When it arrives I never lay it down until I have read it through, and I should like it better if it were twice as large. I should like to write a worthy article for the VETERAN, as I was in nearly every battle fought by the Army of Tennessee. I hope to send something to the Sam Davis fund, for I look on him as one of the grandest men who ever lived."

James P. Hamilton, Franklin, Ky., corrects an error on page 308 of the August VETERAN, where the name should have been James Hurt instead of Jones Hart. He is interested to know if any old survivor of the Fifth Texas, Capt. Grayson's Company, can recall the history of James Hurt.



## BATTLE NEAR CEDAR CREEK, VA.

E. Ruffin Harris, Reidville, N. C.:

Maj. John G. Young, of Winston, N. C., asks for an account of the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., when the gallant Ramseur was wounded and captured. Some one who was mounted and able to see more of the field than it was possible for a private on foot to see should comply. I, a member of Company G, Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina troops of Ramseur's Division, participated in the memorable engagement and saw Gen. Ramseur just before he was wounded. We left camp at New Market about twilight of October 18, 1864, marched all night, and routed the enemy about daylight. They were in camp just across the creek, which we waded to get to them. I thought it was a river, as it took me about the chin. We completely surprised the Yankees, and we enjoyed running them so much that we did not realize that we were wet while in pursuit. Quite a number of the poor fellows never left their camps, and those who did were so demoralized that they offered no resistance, and left their entire camp outfit, which we expected the benefit of. I was then in my teens, but captured three Yankees who were scared nearly to death. They had proposed to give up all they had, but I demanded only their guns and cartridge boxes. After emptying their guns at another squad of them near by and filling my cartridge box with cartridges, I ordered them to the rear, keeping one of their new guns, which was returned at Appomattox. (It was one of the two muskets of a company numbering from first to last about one hundred and thirty-six men. Seven of us had our guns in that last engagement that any part of Lee's army was engaged in, but five of the seven were wounded in the first charge.)

We drove the enemy, clearing our front, back to Cedar Creek. As stated, there was never a more complete victory. We captured a number of prisoners, and it seemed to me about all of their supplies; running them until we were completely broken down, when we were halted and a line of battle formed. This was about nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Everything in line was soon asleep and had slept several hours when on our left we heard musketry and we were ordered up. Ramseur's Division (later Rhodes's) was on the right of the pike. News came down the line that the enemy had been reinforced by the Sixth Corps and were forcing our lines back on the north side of the pike. We, on the right, held our lines under a heavy fire until the left had given way so that the enemy was almost in our rear. As well as I remember, it was about this time that Gen. Ramseur was wounded, after ordering his command to fall back.

Well, we did not retire in very good order. The stampede at Fisher's Hill that Gen. Early referred to several times, when we were calling for rations, was not much worse. I waded the same Cedar Creek three times that night that I waded in the morning, feeling much less buoyant, and came very near losing my new gun.

The army of the Valley of Virginia never recovered from that defeat. Gen. Early was a brave leader, but his men, especially Rhodes's old division, lost confidence in his judgment after losing two commanders within thirty days who were as brave and as good as

ever led a charge. His men criticised him for allowing so much plundering, also for not knowing the movements of the enemy in time to have had his lines in readiness. Although we had a mere skirmish line, if we had been warned in time, with that wild and horrifying "Rebel yell" we could have repulsed them though they may have had five to one. There was but little more fighting in the valley, and we were ordered to the ditches south of Petersburg and remained there until Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated.

[ED. NOTE.—In using Comrade Ruffin's criticism of Gen. Early it is suggested that private soldiers and line officers could not possibly judge fully of the merits or demerits of the commander of an army. Gen. Early may have been guilty of permitting "too much plundering," but he certainly did not let his men sleep near Cedar Creek, tired as they were, without the belief that they were secure. Let us never criticise our commanders except for extreme negligence.]

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY AT CONCORD, N. C.—On June 3, 1900, the John Phifer Young Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, was organized with the following officers: Mary Young, President; Jennie Gibson, Vice President; Cassie Watson, Recording Secretary; Ellen Gibson, Corresponding Secretary; Mary Ella Cannon, Treasurer. The organization comprises forty enthusiastic members. Although only one year old, they have sent \$41.50 to the Soldiers' Home at Raleigh, purchased eighty-seven crosses of honor, and have in reserve \$10 to purchase one hundred additional crosses, besides five dollars for the Jefferson Davis monument. All this has been done by their own exertions. They meet once a month, and their leader, Mrs. John P. Allison, gives them a lesson in Confederate history, after which appropriate papers and selections are read, thus teaching their youthful minds the truths they should all know. The Chapter is named in honor of Capt. John Phifer Young, of Cabarrus County, N. C., who was killed at Chancellorsville, at the age of seventeen, and said to be the youngest officer of his rank in the Confederate service.

SOUTH CAROLINA MONUMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK.—C. K. Henderson, of Gen. C. I. Walker's staff, writes: "I find a slight inaccuracy and omission in your report of the unveiling of the South Carolina monument at Chickamauga. To keep history straight will you please say: The unveiling was by four young ladies. For Kershaw's Brigade, Miss Elberta Bland, granddaughter of Lieut. Col. Elbert Bland, killed in the battle of Chickamauga, Seventh South Carolina Regiment. For Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina Regiments, Miss Orie Walker, granddaughter of Gen. C. Irvine Walker. For Twenty-Fourth South Carolina Regiment, Miss Mary Snyder DuPre, grandniece of both Gen. Stevens and Gen. Capers. For Culpeper's South Carolina Battery of Artillery, Miss Elizabeth C. Teague, daughter of Col. B. H. Teague."

J. M. Stanyan, Milford, N. H.: "I should like to hear from some one of the detachment of the Forty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, which very kindly 'took me in' at Port Hudson, La., on June 14, 1863. Maj. Tom Street, I think, was the Commander. The surgeon, too, I remember was very kind."

## SEVERE PRISON EXPERIENCES.

P. H. Benson writes from Brice, Tex., July 23:

In the June VETERAN some corrections should be made in my article. It states that I write from Three Creeks, Ark., when it should be from Brice, Tex. I am made to say by the types that Capt. Shaw was sent from Pulaski to Nashville. It should read, he was sent to Columbia jail, where the spy was placed in jail with him, and from there he was sent to Nashville. I was taken from Johnson's Island in February, 1864, and not as late as July.

An account of my career from the time I left Johnson's Island to the end of the war, 1865, might be interesting to some of your many readers. I should like to learn how many of the squad to which I belonged are yet this side of eternity. Of the party removed from the island with me, numbering about six hundred, we were taken to Point Lookout, Md., for the ostensible purpose of exchange, as there was a great clamor at that time in the North to exchange the prisoners, and a small batch were sent through on exchange. About one-third of our party got through on exchange. The other two-thirds, on our arrival at the Point, were placed in the hospital building, and had very comfortable quarters. We were fed at mess hall on convalescents' rations, though but few of us were or had been sick. However, we did very well on the food. We were kept in the building until hostilities between Lee and Grant began, when we were moved out and placed in tents to make room for the wounded.

We remained in tents until warm weather, and were sent to Fort Delaware, and there I remained until about August 20, 1864, when about six hundred of us were taken on a steamer to Morris Island, S. C., off the bar of Charleston Harbor. After being on the vessel twenty-seven days, we were landed on the island and put in a stockade of about an acre in extent, on a direct line between our Fort Moultrie and Fort Anderson, occupied by the Federals, so the shells fired from one at the other passed directly over our heads unless they fell short, and seventeen of them fell short, but none of us were hurt by them. We were kept in this place for forty days. Our rations were prepared by the Yankees, and given in tin cups. We received twice a day one-half pint of mush well seasoned with worms, and about two ounces of bacon. One of our party, being of an inquiring turn of mind, counted the worms in his half pint of mush. He said he got seventy-two, and seeing

that he was losing too much of his grub, quit and ate the balance. I never doubted his figures. After forty days, we were loaded on two schooners, and towed to Fort Pulaski, Ga., and placed in the casements of the fort, and were kept there until a few days after the presidential election in 1864. Then were sent to Hiltonhead, S. C. I was of this party.

Upon arrival there we were put in two buildings arranged after the manner of a livery stable, with stalls on either side of the building, dignified as "cells." In each were two bunks, one above the other, accommodating four occupants. There was a table running the entire length of the building in the center, with benches on either side. We were told by our captors that the Confederates were starving the prisoners at Andersonville, and that we were to receive the same treatment in retaliation. Our rations were then issued, each man drawing ten days' rations at one time. When divided into ten parts it consisted of about ten ounces of corn meal, fully one-half of which could crawl, four ounces of flour, three cucumber pickles, and a tablespoonful of salt. Those who were able to live on this diet were kept on it forty days. About twenty-five per cent died, and another twenty-five per cent were crippled from black scurvy, and after the forty days were out they added to our rations four ounces of pork and four ounces of Irish potatoes, and we lived on this twenty-seven days. It was then decided to exchange us, and we were sent to Charleston.

On boarding the vessel we found our Fort Pulaski comrades, whom we learned had gone through just what we had. Before leaving Hiltonhead news came that Charleston had been captured. We were then ordered to City Point for exchange, and when we arrived at Fortress Monroe it was learned that Richmond was also captured, so we were sent to Fort Delaware, where we remained until the end. I left prison June 15, 1865, got transportation home, and in six days was with my family, from whom I had heard nothing for twelve months.

SCOTT STATHAM CAMP.—The outing given under the auspices of the Scott Statham Camp during the past summer at Stafford's Wells was attended by eight hundred guests, the feature of the day being the presentation of a beautiful banner to the Camp, the gift of Mrs. P. S. Dudley, of Grenada, Miss., the sister of Col. Scott Statham, the beloved hero who died during the siege of Vicksburg in 1862. Mrs. Judge Roane, of Grenada, made the presentation address, filling it with stirring and sacred reminiscences, which were rendered additionally beautiful by her gentle, womanly reverence and grace.

P. H. Hoyle writes of his experience at Point Lookout and Elmira, and asks for information concerning the uses to which the government has put the old Federal prisons. He recalls the various substantial buildings erected for prisoners at Elmira, and suggests that he has often thought of the old prison as an ideal industrial school or reformatory, though his personal memories of the place are always associated with hunger and suffering. Comrade Hoyle wishes to know if there was a man by the name of Richmond in the Eighth or Ninth Alabama Regiment; and if so, did he desert the Confederate for the Union army? Mr. Hoyle pays tribute to the VETERAN, and wishes that every old soldier could receive it.



MISS DAISY POLK, DAUGHTER  
OF CAPT. W. A. POLK,  
CORSICANA, TEX.



## THE ORPHAN BRIGADE AT LOUISVILLE.

BY NANCY LEWIS GREENE.

Thursday, September 19, was as calm and peaceful a day as ever dawned upon Kentucky. In the cities and throughout the country people were mourning a President's death, and because of that rigid form which lay in state at Canton a great sorrow and hush was upon the world; yet from far and near, at small wayside stations and in larger towns, groups of old soldiers boarded incoming trains that brought them to mobilization at Louisville.

Such soldiers! Not raw recruits nor young volunteers were they, but bronzed and brown and toil-worn; soldiers who had fought so fiercely and so well that they had made the name of the Orphan Brigade famous throughout America.

A most peaceful gathering of troops it was, a happy reunion of old comrades to talk of other days, yet when one marked the character of the men therein, and looked into eyes where the unkindled fires of battle still slumbered, the thought came: There are courage and hardihood and danger here yet"—enough to win any battle that principle may demand. Many wore gray uniforms—the lovely, soft Confederate gray, which is so beautiful to Southern eyes—and some wore coats that were tattered and stained; but the hearts beneath were brave, and what mattered if the cloth was old? In sharp contrast there were men well-dressed, who had fought the battle of life more successfully, men whose brains had lifted them high in the world's thought and action, and whose names are now public property. One had just returned from the Philippines, where he had proved with honor a Rebel soldier's allegiance to the government; and some made speeches which were heard with enthusiasm.

Brigadier General Joseph H. Lewis, the gallant old commander of the Orphan Brigade, was master of ceremonies, as well as an honored guest, giving place in the day's laurels only to that gracious and beautiful Southern woman about whom so much has already been written, Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, mother of the brigade. She won that title by hard work in the Confederate service, and was as truly a soldier as any who carried arms. Always by the side of her beloved husband, she cared for the sick and wounded, meeting hardships with fortitude and emergencies with practical good sense. Mrs. Helm and Mrs. E. M. Bruce, who were both present at the picnic, bore striking proof of the far-famed beauty of Southern belles, for both can still vie with the youngest in point of personal attraction. To E. M. Bruce, who so generously aided the Confederate cause, a glowing tribute was paid by Gen. Robert J. Breckinridge.

The brigade was called to order on Thursday, and the meeting began by the adoption of fitting resolutions on the death of President McKinley. Gen. Lewis in eloquent words revealed how true a patriot a Confederate soldier can be. Upon reassembling, after adjournment, Capt. Gaines delivered an address of welcome, to which response was made by the Commander. The bivouac and camp fire in the evening gave the soldiers a chance to recite reminiscences that stirred the blood and set the heart to beating with renewed affection; while the basket picnic under the

trees at beautiful Fountain Ferry Park furnished a finale about which pleasant memories will cling.

Speeches were made at the bivouac by Judge T. E. Burnett and Judge H. W. Bruce, while short talks, some humorous, some pathetic, were told by George A. Murray, Judge Jackman, J. W. Green, and others. At the picnic those who spoke were: Attorney-General Robert J. Breckinridge, Gen. Basil Duke, Judge J. S. Jackman, Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, and Maj. John H. Leathers, who took the place of Maj. D. W. Sanders. Maj. Sanders's theme was to be upon Confederates who have come to Kentucky since the war, but he was compelled to forego that pleasing service on account of professional engagements with clients.

## REUNION OF MEXICAN WAR VETERANS.

The National Association of the Mexican War Veterans met in Cleveland, Ohio, September 12 at the same time that the Grand Army of the Republic filled that city to overflowing. Speeches were made and a social programme was arranged for the entertainment of guests, while the mere pleasure of seeing each other once more, although it may be for the last time, gave the old soldiers a period of unalloyed delight.

At the end of the meeting, however, all pleasure was lost in grief felt over the death of the faithful leader and President of the Association, Gen. E. H. Hobson. His sudden demise at Cleveland, after greeting for the last time his old comrades, was touching in the extreme. It served as another warning to the few remaining, that each year lessens their number. Out of the 110,000 brave men who fought in the Mexican war, only five thousand are now left, the average age of survivors being seventy-nine years, and the death rate among these is very large. When a man reaches the age of seventy there is little left to him in the world's work and little in its thought save memory, hence to let these particular aged soldiers die in want would be a cruelty of which one cannot think this government will be guilty. North and South are both interested in the organization, for Grant fought in all the battles except Buena Vista, where Jefferson Davis and Gen. S. G. French were wounded, so the widows of Grant and Davis are sisters in this bond. The war which gave to the United States so much of its rich territory bound together as soldiers men who were afterwards violently torn apart in civil strife; but in late years war again gathered up the tangled and broken cords, retying them in the Spanish struggle, where North and South again bled in a common cause. And so it has been made possible for the National Association of Mexican War Veterans to be strengthened afresh, and its heroes reclass hands across the gulf of years.

Into this organization, upholding and vitalizing it, has come the energy and influence of younger men. Of them its Secretary, Prof. Wilbur R. Smith, of Lexington, Ky., has insured much of the success of its undertakings. He was made honorary member through his great-grandfather, William Smith, and is enthusiastic in their behalf. In the Mexican War Record there are many names of men who were closely and prominently identified with the history of the South.

## CAMP IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

E. H. Lively, Adjutant, writes from Seattle:

On July 31 I published a call in one of the local papers for the old veterans in the city and vicinity to meet me at a given time, which they did, and we arranged to organize August 15. Gen. Alford, of Gen. Cabell's staff, Trans-Mississippi Department, was here, and aided us. We named the camp for Gen. Robert McCulloch, of Boonville, Mo., now eighty-one years old and quite feeble. I have applied to Gen. Moorman for a charter, and think we shall be able to enlist about seventy-five old Confederates. Already twenty-four names have been handed in, which have been approved for membership, making a total of forty members. I had secured sixteen members beforehand. The officers are: James Z. Moore, Commander; J. H. Chandler and J. E. Hume, Lieutenant Commanders; E. H. Lively, Adjutant and Treasurer. We shall elect other officials later on. Our Camp is the first organized in this State, and its number is 1363 U. C. V. Adjutant Lively belonged to B. S. Ewell's Thirty-Second Virginia Infantry.

## MONUMENT AT FARMVILLE, VA.

On the 11th day of October, 1900, in the presence of a large multitude, an impressive monument, dedicated to Confederate valor, was unveiled in Farmville, Va. Capt. S. W. Paulett presided, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Harding, of the Presbyterian Church. After an enthusiastic and soul-stirring tribute to his dead comrades, the Captain introduced Judge J. M. Crute, who in well-chosen words introduced the speakers. Rev. S. H. Thompson, of the Baptist Church, read an appropriate poem; Hon. W. H. Mann, of Nottingham, delivered an interesting and able address. Prof. W. M. Thornton, of the University of Virginia, followed with a classic gem, and "Bob" Miller closed with a Rebel outburst, which stirred the old soldiers to profoundest depths. As the veil was removed the crowd made the heavens ring with mighty shouts. The monument, the work of C. M. Walsh, of Petersburg, Va., is a masterpiece, and worthy the valor it commemorates and will perpetuate. It rises thirty-seven feet in the air, and there stands upon it a bronze fig-



ure measuring seven feet in height and weighing one thousand seven hundred pounds. It represents the typical Confederate soldier, gun in hand, ready for action. The granite foundations strikingly tell of the strength of his loyalty to the flag he followed and his devotion to duty. The completed monument is the result of years of concentrated and unselfish effort on the part of Messrs. S. W. Paulett, R. D. Miller, and A. W. Drumeller, lovingly and loyally aided by Mrs. J. L. White, Mrs. R. S. Paulett, Mrs. A. W. Drumeller, Mrs. R. D. Miller, and Mrs. W. R. Berkeley. It will soon be inclosed with a substantial and ornamental fence, with a grass plat surrounding it, to be kept green by an ever-flowing fountain of water. It stands on a graceful eminence of the town, in the immediate presence of homes, schools, and churches, silently but eloquently saying to the listening world that the boys who "wore the gray" were soldiers worthy of any age and of any cause in the defense of which men have been willing to dare or die.

## HEROISM OF DAVID O. DODD.

Mrs. J. S. Kersh, member of David O. Dodd Chapter, U. D. C., Pine Bluff, Ark., writes of this hero:

In the January VETERAN, 1901, page 23, there is a beautiful tribute to the memory of Sam Davis by Mr. J. H. Brunner, Hiwassee College, Tenn. Mr. Brunner also inquired if an equal to Sam Davis was known. An Arkansas boy hero was similar, if not superior to, and compares equally with the character of Sam Davis.

David O. Dodd, an only son, whose parents had refugeeed to Texas, was sent to Pine Bluff, Ark., to attend to some unfinished business for his old father. He was captured and taken to Little Rock and hanged as a spy by order of Gen. Steele, commanding the Federal army. David was offered his liberty if he would tell who furnished him important information found on his person; but, with unfeigned courage, he refused to betray the confidence, and suffered death. He could not be influenced to accept their corrupt offers, and his letter to his parents is truly affecting. The citizens of Little Rock have erected a neat monument to his memory.

Without detracting any honor from the brave Sam Davis, our Chapter of U. D. C. thinks that David O. Dodd was the greater hero because he was the younger, only seventeen years of age, too young to be a soldier, and he was also equally a martyr to honor, even without being accustomed and hardened to the terrors of war or the agonizing scenes of death.

All honor and glory to the lasting name of our youthful hero! The July VETERAN, 1897, contains his picture with more satisfactory particulars.

A statement on file in the VETERAN office, dated September 30, 1901, gives the weight each month for two years ending with that date as 115,150 pounds, which, at one cent per pound, cost \$1,151.50. This does not include copies mailed with postage stamps, which amounts to about \$200 in addition. A verified statement is on file in this office for the same two years of the number printed, and it aggregates 486,500 copies—an average of 20,271 copies per month. These statements will be itemized to advertisers who may desire it.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

The editorial appeal in the August VETERAN for subscribers to examine the dates by their names on the list and see if they had paid, was carefully prepared and sent out in the faith that a multitude would give attention. It was courteous, earnestly practical, and was intended as a direct personal chat with friends whose loyalty was without question, and yet *one* person in this great South of ours reports having acted upon it—thousands of whose loyalty there can be no doubt. That friend and patriot was our most worthy Chaplain General, Rev. J. William Jones, who wrote from Chapel Hill, N. C. “. . . and reading your editorial, it occurred to me to look at *my* figures, and to my utter amazement I find that I am behind on my subscription. I had no idea of allowing this to be so, but simply overlooked it in my press of work. Please find inclosed two dollars, and put my figures up.”

Is Dr. Jones more considerate than you? Will you be so indifferent as to wait until a “dun” is sent or a paid agent incurs the expense of going to your very door and reminding you of what you wish to do? Why not respond to this, and induce some one or two or three to join you in giving strength to this most important of all publications—in making record, while we may, of what the world should know? Ere long it will be too late, for the participants who *know* our wonderful story will have “crossed over.” In this connection do you ever realize the responsibility of the command to “work while it is day” in vindicating the motives of your comrades who went down to death in the struggle, and of the pride you have in establishing the motives to posterity that induced you to suffer? If you never have written to the VETERAN, won’t you do so now to commend what it may possess of merit and testify your interest in these memories?

The foregoing comment is meant earnestly for all, but to you, comrades, with an emphasis that deserves action. This publication has become a grave responsibility. It is not as a mercenary enterprise, but for the faithful record of deeds of dead and dying men and women that this appeal is made. The writer, the founder and owner of the VETERAN, has faith that he will be spared life and health for his utter vindication as your official representative, through the litigation for libel with which you are familiar, and to add other volumes to the VETERAN. He has faith that you are, as a body of patriots, in thorough sympathy with him, and yet it is a fact that every Camp in the great organization is in the attitude not of “hands off,” but actual-

ly indorsing the prosecution. The action of the Board of Trustees, Confederate Memorial Association, in submitting the report of the Executive Committee, and its “acceptance without discussion,” puts your Camp and you as a member of it before the world as approving the prosecution, which has been waged more than two years. Have you realized this truth, and are you willing that it shall so stand? Should you not as a body consider this and make record of your protest against it?

The list of Camps, United Confederate Veterans, published in the August issue was supplied, as stated, by Gen. George Moorman. There are inaccuracies in it, caused evidently by the negligence of Camps. Will not comrades everywhere examine the record and report to the VETERAN and to Gen. Moorman all errors and omissions? Send here anyhow, and the corrections will be supplied to the Adjutant General. Report every omission of Camp and error in names of the officers.

## MILITARY SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

It will be interesting herein to reprint in the VETERAN a paragraph from the “Life of Thomas Benton,” by Theodore Roosevelt, now President of the United States:

“No man who is not willing to bear arms and to fight for his rights can give a good reason why he should be entitled to the privilege of living in a free community. The decline of the militant spirit in the Northeast during the first half of this century was much to be regretted. To it is due more than to any other cause the undoubted average individual inferiority of the Northern compared with the Southern troops—at any rate, at the beginning of the great war of the rebellion. The Southerners, by their whole mode of living, their habits, and their love of outdoor sports, kept up their warlike spirit, while in the North the so-called upper classes developed along the lines of a wealthy and timid bourgeois type, measuring everything by a mercantile standard (a peculiarly debasing one, if taken purely by itself), and submitting to be ruled in local affairs by low, foreign mobs, and in national matters by their arrogant Southern kinsmen. The militant spirit of these last certainly stood them in good stead in the civil war.”

In illustrating the foregoing Mr. Roosevelt states: “The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank, without any exception, as the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth; and this although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough or Wellington.”

## LATE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

The action of Confederate organizations concerning the late President McKinley could hardly be printed in an entire issue of the VETERAN. Extracts from these reports were prepared for the printer; but they kept coming in until it was found impracticable to use them all, and hence the omission of some which comrades had cause to expect. It appears that there was more general action by Confederate organizations than any others. In the South there has been as much sorrow doubtless in the deaths of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley as at the North.

Mr. Lincoln was so kind-hearted and was manifestly so anxious for real peace that his death at the time was regarded as the greatest possible calamity to the South, and the consequences of that disaster are well known.

President Garfield's assassination occurred at a popular period in his career. His administrative deeds had not caused enthusiasm at the South, but the horrible crime which caused him weeks and weeks of physical agony created widespread sympathy and sorrow. All classes at the South were intensely concerned, anxiously hoping for his recovery.

The career of President McKinley was such as to gratify every patriot and every Christian. He was regarded in the beginning of his administration as much a partisan as any of his predecessors; and his appointments to office, especially of negroes in North Carolina, so caused bloodshed that the stability of a government of peace was seriously threatened. He soon realized that the white people of that State were determined that their race should govern. Then when he paused in that course the negroes turned against him. At a mass meeting of blacks soon thereafter one of the speakers said he would like to concentrate all of the issues into one McKinley neck, and that he could "hold the razor to cut the jugular vein." Thenceforward the American people were at peace. The negroes manifested no further enthusiasm for the President. The writer, attending his funeral, saw but one negro in Canton.

In calling for troops to fight Spain the South amazed the world in her response, and her men proved to be the same heroes that their fathers were in the sixties, while many a Confederate veteran enlisted. What they had ever professed in loyalty for the government, founded by their fathers, was verified by their deeds. The President found himself as much at home in the South as in New England, and in the goodness of his heart said, during a public address in Atlanta: "I feel that the time has come when we should share with you in caring for the graves of the Confederate dead."

That noble expression the VETERAN believed was from purest motive, and it so honored him at the time. It is fitting that it be embazoned along with his closing words as a Christian, which were: "Good-by, all, good-by. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours." This was not only resignation, but embodied universal affection for his fellow-man. Then later, as if beginning his exit to where anarchy is not known, he repeated lines of the song, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." A blessing to him and his devoted wife was their association at the last.



The accompanying engraving is from a photograph presented by President McKinley to his personal friend, Sir Knight George F. Au, of the Canton, Ohio, Commandery, No. 38, Knights Templar, at the meeting of the Grand Encampment in Pittsburg, Pa. Sir Au, to show his appreciation of the visit of DeMolay Commandery of Louisville, in attending the funeral of President McKinley, presented the photograph to their Commandery.

Copies of the engraving are sent complimentary by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to each member of the Commandery. Its editor was of a party of Tennesseans which included the United States Senators, the Governor, the Mayor, and business men of Nashville, who went in a private car, together with the Gate City Guards, of Atlanta, Ga., and the DeMolay Commandery, of Louisville, on a special train from Louisville to Canton.



## SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MEMORIAL FUND.

Gen. A. P. Stewart, Treasurer, Chattanooga:

Responses to appeals in behalf of this fund, both by individuals and camps, should be prompt, voluntary, and liberal. It should not be necessary to go to the expense of sending around agents to solicit contributions. The very mention of the subject, it would seem, should be sufficient to cause every veteran, every son of a veteran, every true Southern man, to empty his pocketbook. Camp No. 2, of New Orleans, sets an example, as shown by the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ASSOCIATION OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE, LOUISIANA DIVISION, CAMP NO. 2, U. C. V., NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 22, 1901.—Gen. A. P. Stewart, Chattanooga, Tenn. My Dear General: At the last meeting of this Association I brought to their notice your plea for subscriptions to the fund for a monument to the women of the South, of which you were made Treasurer at the Memphis reunion, where the movement was so enthusiastically indorsed and its accomplishment was made a duty on the part of the United Confederate Veterans. In response, the Association voted the sum of \$100 to the fund for a monument to the women of the South, of which you are Treasurer, and I now have the pleasure of handing you, herewith inclosed, State National Bank check on New York, to your order for the sum of \$100.

Fraternally yours, J. A. CHALARON, *Cor. Sec.*

The following most just and eloquent tribute to the women of the South is from the pen of Maj. J. J. Hood, of Meridian, Miss., whose trenchant pen has wielded a potent influence in everything pertaining to patriotic impulses and true devotion to the Southern cause, and is particularly facile in his tribute to the women of the South, writes of "those who cannot speak for themselves, those whose modesty and silence is and has ever been their crowning glory; those true, patriotic, noble, self-sacrificing heroines who, though they faced not the enemy, most keenly felt the shock of battle—for every ball that struck their defenders went crushing into their hearts!"

Other extracts from his paper are as follows:

"Practically shut out from the world—at home without protection, subjected to want and privation, the loneliness and suffering of fearful suspense that was cruel in the extreme, they never murmured, never ceased in their devotion to the cause and never failed in duty. In many a country home women endured day after day, 'crucifixion of the soul,' yet heroically, patiently toiled, hoped, and prayed on. Startled by flying rumors, tortured by suspense, weary with unwonted labor, they never dreamed of leaving the post of duty or of neglecting the interests confided to their care. Many of them superintended all farm work, and aided materially in furnishing supplies to our army. They were the sentinels at our homes, and no human interest was more faithfully guarded; no comforter had they save their God, no resource but unwearied prayer and hope. Unyielding, thus they stood behind our glorious armies, and were their inspiration from Fort Sumter, with its brilliant flame of hope, to the cruel, humiliating Appomattox, where all was shadow and darkness."

"The women of the South, under the watchful care and tender training, and through the stimulus of the chivalrous sentiment peculiar to the warm, generous Southern heart, were fair, delicate, cultivated, and refined; yet in times of great mental and soul-strain these women had strength in self-abnegation, deprivation, and the numberless terrible sacrifices incident to civil war. Their patriotism was more enthusiastic than that of the men."

"A distinguished officer read a letter from a lady to his men before going into battle, as more inspiring than any words of his. Its eloquent, thrilling, patriotic words moved his men to most heroic action. . . . Nothing but their superior moral worth, their exalted spiritual power, and strength of patriotic womanhood could have sustained them in those trying, crushing emergencies."

"When Stuart made his celebrated raid around McClellan's army, he lost but one man killed—Captain Latané, of Louisiana. The enemy refused him burial service. Mrs. Page (all honor to her name!), with an old servant and some young ladies visiting her, read the service over his grave and gave him burial. The artist Washington, of Virginia, made this scene the subject of a fine painting, representing an open grave, the heroic dead soldier upon his bier, and standing on one side the sad and attentive darkies; on the other side the young ladies, with bowed heads, sad faces, and tearful eyes, whilst at the head of the grave stands Mrs. Page, with prayer book in hand, and eyes raised heavenward, in the holy and touching act of performing the last sad rites. It is a scene so full of pathos, so full of eloquent impress, that we cannot look upon it and contemplate it in all its suggestiveness without being moved to tears."

"I have seen her annually on our memorial occasions, at the tomb of valor, Confederate alone in her mourning and memories, with tears and floral offerings doing womanly homage to knightly chivalry! I have seen her glorified in heroism and immortalized through devotion to cause and duty. I have seen her with proud head erect midst the ruins of her home, and the débris of wrecked, prostrate States—still unflinching and unbending."

"As I behold her erect form, tried in the hot and seething crucible of war, purified and illuminated with moral and heroic splendor, the only beautiful thing midst this Southern waste and ruin, reverently I thank God that he spared us at least, as a glorious, sustaining compensation for our great sacrifices, our 'divine gallery' of noble womanhood."

"We are building monuments continually to the illustrious men who wrote history with their swords. We are doing all in our power to perpetuate their names and fame, but who has raised, or will raise, a monument sometime, somewhere, to commemorate the virtues, the self-abnegation, the noble sacrifice, the virtues, self-abnegation, noble sacrifice, and sublime patriotism of the noblest women of the earth?"

The VETERAN espouses the cause of Veterans and Sons enthusiastically in this Woman's Monument Movement and will rejoice to see a large sum secured for this purpose. It does not see, however, any hope of adjusting the matter of location except upon the plan of each State erecting its own monument. But that may be; every Southern State can so honor itself.

## UNITED DAUGHTERS FOR WILMINGTON.

Miss Mary F. Meares, Corresponding Secretary:

The United Daughters of the Confederacy will hold its Eighth Annual Convention in Wilmington, N. C., on Wednesday, November 13, 1901. It is earnestly desired that every chapter shall be represented, and all are therefore urged to send delegates, or, if this be impossible, to appoint proxies from some chapter within same State. The railroads have given the usual convention rates of one and one-third fares. Delegates must pay full fare coming, and upon presentation of proper certificates will be entitled to one-third rates returning. These certificates must be obtained at time of purchase of ticket at initial point from railroad agent selling ticket. Without them full fare must be paid. Notify agents in advance, so that receipts can be in hand. The Orton Hotel has been selected as headquarters, and a special rate of two dollars per day, two or more in one room, has been made. Private board can be had at one dollar to one dollar and a half per day. Mrs. R. W. Hicks, Chairman of Bureau of Information, 418 South Third Street, Wilmington, N. C., will cheerfully furnish information. Delegates desiring to reserve accommodations should write promptly. The Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary F. Meares, 408 Market Street, will also be glad to render any assistance to any of the delegates or visitors.

## GALLANT SURVIVORS.

Col. C. C. McKinney was born near Fayetteville, Tenn., in 1825. At the completion of his education he located near Petersburg, Tenn., where in 1849 he



COL. M'KINNEY.

married Miss Mary Luna. In 1873 he became a resident of Lewisburg, Tenn., at which place he still lives, commanding at the age of seventy-four a similar respect to that which he inspired in the earlier days of activity, when he urged his men to deeds of heroism. He enlisted on May 1, 1861, and served faithfully during the entire war. During the first year he was appointed first lieutenant and adjutant of the Eighth Tennessee Volunteer Infantry at Corinth, Miss., and in May, 1862, he

became Major of the regiment. He was in Gen. Bragg's command, and participated in the battles of Perryville and Murfreesboro, being promoted at the latter place to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Col. McKinney was engaged with his regiment at the two days' struggle at Chickamauga and at Missionary Ridge; also in various skirmishes of the North Georgia campaign. He was with the army during Hood's raid into Tennessee, and fought in the battle of Franklin, going later to Corinth, Miss., and thence across the States to Bentonville, N. C., where the last infantry battle was fought.

## HENRY C. THRUSTON.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that few men have risen to the height attained by Col. H. C. Thruston. Col. Thruston is seventy-one years of



HENRY C. THRUSTON.

age, and stands seven feet, seven and a half inches. The flag that he holds in the interesting illustration is a valued relic of the Confederate war, being the battle flag of the Eleventh Texas Battery, a company raised at Bonham, Tex., in December, 1861, and mustered into the Confederate service in April, 1862. This battery served without a flag until the summer of 1864, when Mrs. C. C. Alexander and Mrs. S. Howell procured material from Eagle Pass, Mexico, made the flag, and presented it to the Eleventh Texas Battery. The flag was never surrendered, and has since the war been in possession of its original ensign, W. T. Gass, Captain commanding Camp Ben McCulloch, 300, U.

C. V., of which Col. Thruston is a member. Col. H. C. Thruston enlisted in Company I, Fourth Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A., in 1862. He served for a time on Gen. Pearson's bodyguard; was severely wounded at Posen Springs, Ark., in 1864. At the close of the war he settled in Franklin County, Tex., where he still resides. At the Memphis reunion, Col. Thruston was appointed flag bearer for Texas camps by Gen. Vanzandt, and his friends will urge his appointment for the same position for the entire South at the next annual reunion.

WANTS TO KNOW OF AN ALABAMA BOY.—B. F. Johns, Corporal, Company A, Forty-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, 547 South Second Street, Chambersburg, Pa., makes inquiry for "a young rebel" who became prisoner among others and was being guarded by him. He writes: "The roads were very bad, and the prisoners so weak for want of food that it took us all



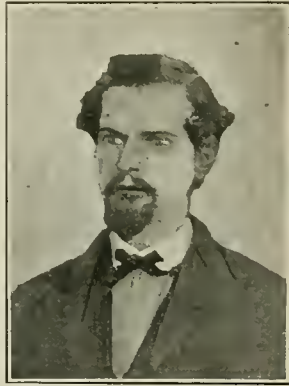
day to get to the Junction. We too were out of rations, and when we got to our destination all we could find there was some corn in the ear. We gave each prisoner an ear of corn for supper. A boy fifteen years old, who belonged to an Alabama regiment, told all about his family; there were twelve children; he was sick and very weak. It was raining, and I gave him my rubber blanket. When we parted, at Burksville, I gave him also the last money I had, a \$2 greenback. Now I should like to know if that little boy is living yet. I should like to hear from him and have him come to see me.

#### WHAT NERVE DID IN AN EMERGENCY.

Comrade William B. Megginson writes of his experience in capturing a dozen prisoners by himself near the Chickahominy Swamp. He was a member of Company H, Second Virginia Cavalry.

On the morning of June 26, 1862, Stonewall Jackson sent me as a scout with strict injunctions to see what was in front of his army. After going a short distance straight forward, I took a road to the left, and traveled that a short distance, then turned abruptly to the right and rode on, being on the alert all the while. Suddenly I discovered two mounted men, and still farther could see the top of a tent, so concluded that I was near the Federal army.

After taking in the situation, I started back to Gen. Jackson's headquarters. When I had gone a few yards I discovered in front of me twelve men, well armed, seemingly holding a consultation. Taking in the situation at once, I of course realized my peril, and that some strategy must be used if I would save my life, so in a loud, commanding voice I shouted: "Here they are, men, charge them!" They immediately threw their arms up, and I then gave the command: "Arms down! Right about, wheel! double-quick, march!" By that time I was close to them, and "double-quickened" them a quarter of a mile, then allowed them to move at a more leisurely pace until I was in sight of Gen. Jackson's headquarters. I delivered them up in Gen. Jackson's presence, who seemed astonished, and said to me: "Scout, had those men any arms?" I replied that they were armed, and had thrown them down at my bidding. The prisoners remarked that they thought I had a battalion at my command and, not looking around, hearing the command to surrender, they immediately obeyed. So the result of that morning's ride alone was the bringing into Gen. Jackson's headquarters of one dozen Federal prisoners.



W. B. MEGGINSON.

ABOUT THE BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.—George W. Tabor writes from Hico, Tex., concerning what Comrade Campbell wrote in the April VETERAN in regard to the battle of New Hope Church: "I am convinced that Mr. Campbell has his dates or

his position on the field wrong, for I carry a couple of reminders of the 27th day of May, 1864, which are sometimes very aggressive in bringing to mind when and where I got them. I was a private of Company G, Tenth Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, and received two wounds just before sundown on the 27th of May, 1864, while engaged in as near a "hand-to-hand" fight as I ever participated in during the war, at New Hope Church, Ga. Our brigade was engaged hotly for two hours, and when I was carried wounded from the field, about sundown, I had seen my comrades fall one after another until our company was almost annihilated. It lost as many men on that day as Comrade Campbell says his entire brigade lost, which he puts at twenty-five. Now, I do not wish to detract from the honor or glory of any to whom it belongs, but I do want to see it distributed impartially. Gen. Cleburne's official report of this battle settles this question. It would be read with a great deal of pleasure by all the survivors who take the VETERAN. It may be found in Part Three, Series One, Volume 38, of 'The War of the Rebellion,' page 724."

#### NOTES FROM THE NEW YORK CHAPTER.

Miss Mary Fairfax Childs, Corresponding Secretary, writes of an entertainment given by Mrs. John S. Wise at her home in New York City:

The reception was given to our retiring President, Mrs. W. W. Read, who, during her term of three years, has endeared herself very much to the society, and to the newly elected President, Mrs. James Henry Parker. The gathering was a brilliant one, for our Chapter can boast of New York's finest Southern representatives. Mrs. Jefferson Davis, our "Queen Victoria," was with us, leaning upon her cane, and when seated she received affectionate attention from the groups who crowded around her.

The collation in the dining room, hung with old-time portraits, was sumptuous, and the old negro servants in waiting recalled vividly the ease and elegance of long ago. Mrs. Wise is a charming hostess, and did everything for the pleasure of her guests. When the plaintive notes of "Dixie" rang from the grand piano, appreciation resounded from all sides. Our U. D. C. receptions are indeed pleasant and successful.

The New York Chapter held a progressive euchre party on the evening of April 13 at the Hotel Majestic, Central Park, which was liberally patronized by the members and our Northern friends. The gentlemen were there in force, and won their prizes and relished their supper as they had apparently enjoyed the society of the charming women present. Our new President, Mrs. Parker, proved a delightful hostess. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be divided between the Jefferson Davis Memorial Fund and the charity work we carry on among our own needy ones in this great, lonely city.

Among the honorary members elected by the Confederation were: Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Mrs. D. H. Hill, Misses Mary and Mildred Lee, Mrs. Frances Kirby-Smith Wade, and Miss Mary Abarr. Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle was elected poet of the Confederated Memorial Associations, and Miss Abarr press correspondent.

# THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

A curious circumstance has recently occurred in the world of letters that unearths an incident of the Confederate war, which is followed by a sequel no less interesting.

How often a pearl of price is cast upon the shores of time, and only the fine spirit that detects its purity can gather it from the driftwood of mediocrity and preserve it for the pleasure of the children of men! When Gen. Kirby Smith invaded Northern Ken-

tucky, a group of Morgan's cavalymen one day awaited orders in front of a Kentucky grocery store, and employed the moments of delay in singing that stirring old song, "The Homespun Dress." Mr. John Uri Lloyd, one of the party of those who heard the song that day, gathered it into his beautiful storehouse of fair thoughts, and the reading world is now indebted to him for giving the song and its authorship back in the very heart of the child of his own brain, the splendid novel, "Stringtown on the Pike." Wishing to incorporate the ballad in his book, and being uncertain of its authorship, Mr. Lloyd advertised a reward of \$100 for the person who could supply conclusive evidence as to the author's name, and the correctness of the full poem. An inundation of correspondence was the result, there being no less than forty-eight names suggested. In this dilemma, a second offer of \$50 was made for the indisputable establishment of the name, to the satisfaction of a committee composed of judges of the Cincinnati court. The complete ballad and correct name of author were first given by Mr. W. J. Bryan, of Cincinnati, who receive the award of \$100. The first person giving uncontrovertible proof of the authorship was Mr. Charles W. Hubner, Carnegie Library, Atlanta, Ga., to whom was delivered the \$50 award. The author, Miss Carrie Bell Sinclair, was born on May 22, 1839, at Milledgeville, Ga. Her father was a Methodist preacher of great note, and she was the great-niece of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. In 1860 Miss Sinclair issued her first volume of poems, which she dedicated to her friend and adviser, Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States. Miss Sinclair wrote a number of inspiring Southern poems commemorative of incidents of the war, many of which were set to music. So great was her interest in the affairs of war that she fashioned with her own hands thirteen flags of silk, which she presented to different Confederate regiments. At the time of her writing the poem which is so gracefully set in Mr. Lloyd's story Miss Sinclair was in Augusta, Ga., and the rivalry of the girls of that day as to who



MISS SINCLAIR.

should possess the neatest homespun dress furnished inspiration for the poem. The later life of the talented author seems to have been clouded by disappointment. She died in Philadelphia in 1883.

## THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

O yes, I am a Southern girl, and glory in the name,  
And boast it with far greater pride than glitt'ring wealth or fame.

I envy not the Northern girl her robes of beauty rare,  
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck and pearls bedeck her hair.

## Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear!  
Three cheers for the homespun dress our Southern ladies wear!

My homespun dress is plain, I know; my hat's palmetto, too;  
But then it shows what Southern girls for Southern rights will do.

We scorn to wear a bit of silk, a bit of Northern lace,  
But make our homespun dresses up, and wear them with such grace.

Now Northern goods are out of date; and since Old Abe's blockade

We Southern girls can be content with goods that're Southern made.

The Southland is a glorious land, and hers a glorious cause;  
Then here're three cheers for Southern rights and for the Southern boys!

We send the bravest of our land to battle with the foe,  
And we would lend a helping hand—we love the South, you know.

We send our sweethearts to the war; but, dear girls, never mind:

Your soldier love will not forget the girl he left behind.

A soldier is the lad for me—a brave heart I adore;  
And when the sunny South is free, and fighting is no more,  
I'll choose me then a lover brave from out that gallant band;  
The soldier lad I love the best shall have my heart and hand.

And now, young men, a word to you: If you would win the fair,

Go to the field where honor calls, and win your lady there.  
Remember that our brightest smiles are for the true and brave,  
And that our tears fall for the one who fills a soldier's grave.

## LIEUT. GEN. LEONIDAS POLK, C. S. A.

In saintly Polk's grand, patriot soul a twofold service shone;  
As bishop loved, or general true, he said, "Thy will be done."  
And so his conscience fought a fight which proved to be his last;

And when at Pine Mount he succumbed, a gloom was straightway cast

O'er all the Southern army, for a royal chief was ta'en,  
Whose lustrous claims as soldier-priest were honored in the slain.

—Charles Edgeworth Jones.

Augusta, Ga., August 21, 1901.

John C. Hickey, Church Grove, Knox County, Tenn., writes: "On or about May 22, 1861, I enlisted in Company B, Rock City Artillery, under Capt. Jesse Taylor. I want to find some of the old comrades who will make affidavit of my Confederate service, in order that I may secure the pension fixed by the State Legislature."



**CAMP DICK DOWLING'S NEW OFFICERS.**

Camp Dick Dowling, of Houston, Tex., held a meeting on September 8 and elected officers for the year. This was the anniversary of the battle of Sabine Pass where Dick Dowling, with forty-two Irishmen, drove back to sea an army of 1,500 Federals who were endeavoring to effect a landing and invade Texas, and which was designated by President Jefferson Davis in his "Memoirs" as "the greatest victory recorded in ancient or modern history." The officers elected are: Capt. John Farmer, Commander; George Hermann, E. E. George, Lieutenants; Maj. Philip H. Fall, Adjutant, (his fourth term in this office); August Schilling, Quartermaster; W. V. R. Watson, Chaplain; Dr. R. G. Turner, reelected Surgeon; William Hunter, reelected Flag Bearer; J. J. Kelley, Officer of the Day.

**SABINE PASS.**

Mrs. Ellen R. Croom, of Wharton, Tex., dedicated the following to Maj. Philip H. Fall, Adjutant of Dick Dowling Camp, Houston, Tex.:

At Sabine Pass, in sixty-three,  
In a little mud fort near by the sea,  
Stood a noble band of high degree,  
And with them brave Dick Dowling.

Of the Davis Guards there doth remain  
But few who bear the honored name;  
But the dead live on in the Temple of Fame,  
With their leader, brave Dick Dowling.

To those still left our hearts beat true,  
And Houston's sons now call to you  
To join them and once more renew  
The memory of Dick Dowling.

Come, though many years have rolled,  
Your locks are gray, you're growing old.  
Come, with your great heroic souls,  
To honor brave Dick Dowling.

Remember that September day  
You held that Yankee fleet at bay!  
Just forty-one men, all wearing the gray,  
Led on by brave Dick Dowling.

Just forty-one men, with the Texas yell;  
But they scattered those Yankee ships pell-mell.  
O, but they fought right nobly and well!  
Those heroes with brave Dick Dowling.

They were sons of Erin, and never were found  
Grander knights of "The Table Round."  
And their names through ages shall resound  
With their leader, brave Dick Dowling.

"Wave, Texas, all thy banners wave!"  
And with bright laurels crown the grave  
Of him, the bravest of the brave,  
Immortal young Dick Dowling.

The author, Mrs. Croom, was born in Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 28, 1830, a daughter of Elisha and Mary S. Davis and granddaughter of Frederick Davis, who was a soldier of the revolution; she was also a cousin of Gen. B. F. Cheatham. She was educated at Nashville. She went to Texas in 1846, and on the 5th of November, at Matagordo, was married to John L.

Croom, who was originally from Greensboro, Ala. She is historian of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, Wharton, Tex. After nearly fifty-five years of happy married life, Mr. and Mrs. Croom are still surrounded by their children and grandchildren.

**FLAG OF THE GRENADA RIFLES.**

When the Grenada Rifles marched away from home and friends in April, 1861, the flag so proudly waving them on to victory represented the love and patriotism animating the women they left behind to watch and pray for their return. It was made by the ladies of Grenada and presented by Miss Mollie Granberry, and accepted by Capt. Walter Scott Statham for his company (G) of the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment. Capt. Statham was afterwards made Colonel of the regiment, and on his deathbed, soon after the battle of Shiloh, was promoted to Brigadier General. At the battle of Mill Springs, Ky., January 19, 1862, the flag was captured by the Tenth Indiana Regiment, and has since been in the possession of Maj. B. M. Gregory, of that regiment. Through the patriotic efforts of Mrs. P. S. Dudley, sister of Col. Statham, and surviving members of Company G., the flag was returned by the family of Maj. Gregory in October, 1899. The event was fittingly celebrated, the Dixie Chapter of Daughters having assembled to receive the time-worn standard, accompanied by about fifty veterans representing William Barksdale Camp, of Grenada. With tear-dimmed eyes they viewed this sacred relic, under whose folds so many gallant comrades had gone to death, and which now recalled the hopes that had inspired them to follow where it led. Resolutions were passed in returning thanks to Mrs. Gregory for her assistance in having the flag returned to the survivors of the company.

A. H. Rawlins, of Lancaster, Tex., writes: "Col. George Wilson, of the Confederate Camp No. 1,324, Lancaster, Tex., wants evidence that will admit Ben F. Johnson to the Confederate Home at Austin; that he is indigent and no doubt was a Confederate soldier. Johnson says he enlisted at Memphis, Tenn., in Company F., Forney's Battalion, Joe Davis's Brigade, Heath's Division, and that Mike Haughey was his Orderly Sergeant."

On page 356 of the August number an error appears in the name of Col. John D. McLane, whose faithfulness and gallantry were so forcibly set forth by Capt. W. P. Tolley in his account of the Eighth Tennessee Regiment in the battle of Murfreesboro. The merciless type made the name "McLure" in each instance. This correction should be remembered in connection with this faithful comrade, now residing at Patterson, Ill.

E. C. Cook, Sr., Buffalo City, Ark., would enjoy receiving information from any old comrade. His name during the war was "Edward Thompson." At the close of the struggle he was Orderly Sergeant Company A, Fifty-Ninth Virginia Infantry, in Henry A. Wise Brigade, having been in service over four years. When released from Point Lookout prison, he went North and has never met or heard from an old comrade.

## PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY JOHN C. MACCABE, FORREST'S CAVALRY.

Among all the public men of the South who took an active part in the secession movement of 1861, none has been so much the target for criticism by his enemies, unstinted and almost always unjust, as President Davis. In his letter of reply to Capt. Ritter, October, 1889, published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for August, 1900, Mr. Davis feelingly refers to the dark "day of his disaster," and to the calumny and "false allegations" that followed him in the bitterness of that day, and of those who sought to hold him responsible for the overthrow of the Confederacy.

The name and fame of Jefferson Davis will ever remain sacred in the estimation of the people of the South. Nothing directly or indirectly connected with either can ever be without interest to them, especially to those of them and their descendants who wore the uniform and followed the flag of the Confederate States. While the military, civil, or political reputation of Mr. Davis needs no defender, and the ablest writers of the day having before now abundantly and triumphantly vindicated every phase of his character, still the letter just mentioned may perhaps justify a brief notice of one or two historic incidents which, though well known to many readers of the VETERAN, cannot be without interest, especially because he was the distinguished President of the Confederacy. Capt. Ritter, it will be recalled, states in his letter to Mr. Davis (October, 1889) that at Dimmock, near Richmond, Va., November, 1861, he heard Mr. Davis say to Capt. Henry B. Latrobe (Third Battery of Maryland Artillery) that "he [Latrobe] need not fear that the war would terminate before he could get his battery to the front, that he would see all the service in actual conflict the most enthusiastic could desire; that the war would be a long and fierce one."

Upon reading this interesting statement I was at once reminded of the fact that several months before that date, in April, 1861, Mr. Davis expressed himself to me to the same effect, that the then impending war would be long and fiercely contended.

Being *en route* from my home in Mississippi to join the Confederate forces mustering at Union City, Tenn., I passed through Montgomery, Ala., and called at the executive mansion to pay my respects to the loved and honored President of the Confederacy. Mr. Davis received me with characteristic hospitality, inviting me to take tea and spend the evening with the family, and, calling for his little son, who was playing on the veranda when I arrived, introduced him, saying: "My son, you must love Col. Maccabe [I had been commissioned colonel of the Fifty-Seventh Mississippi State Troops] and all other Mississippians, for your father loves the people of Mississippi." I had reluctantly to decline the kind invitation, for the reason, as I told Mr. Davis, that I had made arrangements to leave Montgomery that night for "the front," half humorously suggesting the importance



of getting there before the curtain was rung down on the first and last act of the war drama. It was then that Mr. Davis expressed himself in words almost identical with those quoted by Capt. Ritter to Capt. Latrobe, as stated six or seven months after my interview with the President. Doubtless Mr. Davis had stated this opinion to others, for in his letter to Capt. Ritter he says: "There must be many who, like yourself, were aware of my opinion as to the duration and magnitude of the war between the States." But, singularly enough, the fact never reached the general public, and ignorance of the fact gave color to the calumnies of which Mr. Davis complains—"the false allegations that he had precipitated the war from the belief that it would be a small matter, if indeed there should be any war at all," and so have sought to hold him responsible for that "want of preparation which was our greatest obstacle to success." To those who knew the high character of Mr. Davis such charges needed no refutation. They are now, by cumulative evidence, stamped as figments of a diseased, not to say malicious, imagination. By the way, if there were in 1861 lack of preparation, which Mr. Davis seems to have believed, since he regarded that as "our greatest obstacle to success," it is hardly fair to lay the responsibility at his door. Looking back, we can see that the whole South in 1861 was ablaze with enthusiasm. Notwithstanding Mr. Davis's personal opinion, as just stated, there was among the masses of the people, and among the rank and file of the Confederate army, then in camps of instruction, a general belief that there would be no war of any great importance. The general public of the South was so impressed with the righteousness of the Southern cause, so thoroughly imbued and indoctrinated with the political dogma, then of general acceptance, that each State in the Union was "sovereign," and that the right to secede from the Union was an inherent attribute of a sovereign State; and aware of the fact that this doctrine was also recognized generally in the Northern States, it was confidently assumed that the act of secession was not a *casus belli*, and that the people of the North would not allow their government to wage war against the Confederacy. We all recall how Horace Greeley advocated in his then great journal, the New York Tribune, to "let the erring sisters depart in peace," and it must be admitted that there were other indications more or less potential that Northern public sentiment was opposed, or seemed to be opposed, to armed coercion of the seceding States. It may be that the Confederate Congress, lulled by these siren songs, these weird prophecies,

That kept the word of promise to the ear  
But broke it to the hope,

into fancied security, failed to make preparation for the war commensurate with even the scanty materials on hand. But this inaction was no fault of Mr. Davis's; and besides, it is now conceded by everybody, that while greater preparation might have prolonged the struggle, it would not have materially changed the final result. So that, touching this point, criticism of Mr. Davis would be ridiculous and inane.

But the main count in the indictment against Mr. Davis is that he was responsible for secession, that the people of the South, as "dumb, driven cattle," were



mainly by his influence and insistence, compelled to secede from the Union! Now every Southern man at least knows that the part played by Jefferson Davis in the revolution of 1861—for it amounted for the time being to a revolution—exceeded that played by other public men only in so far as his ability, standing, and character exceeded theirs. Only this and nothing more. It is nearly time to place on record the fact that the secession movement of 1861 was not the work of politicians, was not the denouement and eclaireissement of a plot or scheme, hatched by a few ambitious, venal men, who were willing to pull down the pillars of the temple of the Union in the hope of finding in the debris material out of which to make or advance their personal fortune. Some such view of the case as this has heretofore obtained in a certain part of the country. It is not true. It is, as regards the leaders of the movement, a misconception, and it necessarily implies a moral and intellectual status among the people of the South of that day that is a caricature of their manhood, patriotism, and intelligence. The abolition of the institution of negro servitude would involve the loss of several billions of dollars. It affected every phase of Southern economic life. The owner of one or two negroes was proportionately as much interested in the stability of the institution as the large cotton planter who counted his servants by the hundred. This industrial system—miscalled “slavery”—was seriously menaced. Its abolition was, in fact, decreed. The most conservative thought of the South was aroused to the imminence of the danger, and as a *dernier ressort*, in defense of constitutional and property rights, as well as in vindication of the ancient doctrine of “State rights,” a vast majority of the Southern people favored secession from the Union. In this sense the revolutionary movement of 1861 was largely a spontaneous uprising of the people, and not the *coup d'état* of a band of politicians inspired and controlled by Jefferson Davis. When in due time the several ordinances of secession were passed, and the seceded States were ready to organize a government, they, with one voice, sought out and elected Mr. Davis President, simply by reason of his recognized ability and fitness for the office. In 1861 the political atmosphere was so charged with the electricity of secession that, if there never had been a Jefferson Davis, the public opinion of the South upon the election to the presidency of the United States of a man known to be, or supposed to be, in sympathy with the abolitionists, would have coerced the withdrawal of every Southern State from the Union. In view of these historic truths, how ridiculous in his enemies to essay to hold Mr. Davis responsible for Southern secession!

#### JEFFERSON DAVIS AS A UNION MAN.

But the political dogma of secession now sleeps in the tomb of the Capulets. The “paramount issue” of 1861 has been settled forever by the court of last resort, by the inevitable decree of victory won where embattled nations strove for mastery. The flag and the nation which the South loved, and for which her people made such fearful sacrifices, live now only in song and story; and a restored Union, in bonds of fellowship stronger than ever before, over which waves one national flag, claims their allegiance. It is

thirty-five years since the peace of 1865. Surely thirty-five years of American life should be “as a cycle in Cathay,” and ought to have had virtue enough to throw the mantle of charity over every bitter memory of our civil strife.

Let us for a moment recall the man Jefferson Davis as he was long years before the theory of secession took form in action, and see what manner of man he was and whether he, while all other “Rebels” are brought within the fold of a national brotherhood, should be conspicuous by his absence. First, then, the late President of the Southern Confederacy sprang from good old revolutionary stock. His father, Samuel Davis, a native of Georgia, was one of George Washington’s officers, having been captain of an infantry company in the war of 1776. Mr. Davis was born in Kentucky, but became a citizen of Mississippi at an early age, and so lived in that great commonwealth as to win and retain the love and esteem of her people. Appointed by President Monroe in 1824 to a cadetship at West Point—where, singularly enough, he was a classmate of Robert E. Lee, whose subsequent fame as an illustrious soldier was so linked with the fortunes of the President of the Confederacy—after graduating from that military school Mr. Davis commenced his public life as a United States lieutenant by seven years’ duty in the Indian service on the frontier. It is not at all my purpose to recount seriatim all the facts in the personal history of Mr. Davis, already known to the general public. I simply desire to remind those good people who are fond of denouncing him as a “traitor” of the stuff of which he was made, and his claims by reason of his public services before 1861 to the respect and gratitude of all American citizens, North or South.

Who has not heard of the famous “Mississippi Rifles,” that band of heroes who, under the gallant leadership of their colonel, Jefferson Davis, at Buena Vista, Monterey, and other battlefields, during our war with Mexico in 1846, turned defeat into victory, saved the honor of our flag, and added new and imperishable luster to the fame of the army of the United States? Mr. Davis returned on crutches from that war! His splendid military record in Mexico should silence criticism and confound his critics.

From 1846 to the breaking out of the civil war Mr. Davis was more or less in the civil service of the United States. He was twice a member of the United States Senate, serving from 1847 to 1851, and from 1857 to 1861. In the interim between 1851 and 1857, after the election to the presidency of Gen. Franklin Pierce, Mr. Davis accepted the portfolio of Secretary of War in the cabinet of that gentleman—an office which he filled with marked distinction. Our Northern fellow-citizens who may have forgotten the fact will thus be once again reminded that Jefferson Davis, many years before the war between the States, was a distinguished American soldier and statesman.

In the United States Senate he was Chairman of the Military Committee, and also took part, as he himself tells us in the debates on the “Compromise Measure” of 1850. Here, as on the tented field, he proved his loyalty to the “Union, the constitution, and the laws.” He frequently opposed the “squatter sovereignty” theory of Senator Douglas, of Illinois, and in

the interest of peace advocated "the extension of the Missouri compromise line to the Pacific." Not much hatching of "treason" in this senatorial record!

His speech in the Senate on the compromise measure of 1850 is worthy of all acceptance. It should be placed as a political classic in the hands of all American youth. It breathes the spirit of true Americanism. It is as apposite to-day as it was in 1850. It proves Mr. Davis's devotion to a constitutional union of the States—and none other is thinkable—and at the same time points clearly to the means by which such a union may be perpetuated. In it he says in part: "Give to each section of the Union justice; give to every citizen of the United States his rights as guaranteed by the constitution; have this Union to rest upon that basis from which arose the fraternal feeling of the people, and I, for one, have no fear of its perpetuity; none that it will survive beyond the limits of human speculation, expanding and hardening with the lapse of time, to extend its blessings to ages unnumbered and a people innumerable; to include within its empire all the useful products of the earth, and exemplify the capacity of a confederacy with general, well-defined powers, to extend illimitably without impairing its harmony or its strength."

#### HIS FAREWELL TO THE SENATE.

The ordinance of secession was passed in the State of Mississippi on the 9th of January, 1861. Having been formally notified of that event, Mr. Davis, on the 21st of the same month, withdrew from the Senate of the United States. His farewell address to the Senate is now of special interest. The mental strain and excitement of the situation were intense, and, while there was no outward visible sign of emotion, every Senator must have felt by intuition that an epoch in the history of the Senate and the country had been touched. At heart Jefferson Davis was a Unionist. The bloom and flower of his youth, the strength and wisdom of his maturer manhood had been sacrificed upon the altar of the Union. All the graces of mind and person,

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,"

all the energies of a gifted and earnest manhood had been heretofore freely and generously dedicated to the prosperity and glory of the Union. It must have been, it was, a bitter experience in the life of the sensitive, accomplished Senator to bid his fellows of the United States Senate a final adieu. What Mr. Davis said on this momentous occasion is of historic value and unfailing interest to his countrymen. His words show that he was, or had so far controlled himself as to be, calm and dignified and, as was natural to him, most courteous to the Senate, but, read between the lines, one discerns an undercurrent of regret that was all but pathetic. He said, among other things: "I find myself perhaps a type of the general feeling of my constituents toward you. I am sure I feel no hostility toward you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say in the presence of my God, I wish you well, and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people I represent toward those you represent. I therefore feel that I but express their desire when I

say that I hope and they hope for peaceable relations with you, though we must part. I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision, but whatever offense there has been to me I leave here; I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offense I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which in the heat of discussion I have inflicted. I go hence unincumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making any reparation in my power for any injury offered."

This is the language of a Christian gentleman. It has been said that during its delivery Mr. Davis was moved to tears. However this may be, his address was received by the Senate with marked attention and respect, evidencing the high estimation ever entertained of him by that body.

Is not the time ripe for doing justice to the memory of Jefferson Davis? The Hon. John W. Daniel, United States Senator from Virginia, writing a few years ago of our great leader, thus expressed himself: "Intense as have been the passions of the past, they will subside. Violent as have been the struggles of great interests, their wounds will be healed. Terrible as are the memories of strife, truth and justice will soften their harsh lines. The character of Jefferson Davis will grow in the general estimate. Scholars will ponder it and will bring to the light the facts which have been neglected or ignored, and statesmen who have been under the spur of interest to paint him darkly will find that impulse to do him justice which springs up from a sense of injustice done."

Yes, as already stated, the nation and the flag with which the name of Jefferson Davis is linked and associated for all time live now only in song and story. Yet the Southern States, and indeed the whole country, are richer and better that such a flag once waved, that such a nation once gallantly struggled for recognition and civic life. To the South this is especially true. The Southern Confederacy gave her a new and glorious history which, like pure wine, will grow in richness of flavor with the years; gave her material for a new literature and romance,

"The consecration and the poet's dream,"

crowned her with the wreath of unselfish patriotism; imbued her with new moral strength, teaching her to endure trials and suffering in obedience to a high



sense of duty and right; bequeathed to her the rich legacy of great deeds in the lives of noble men and women. This is an inheritance "that fadeth not away;" one that the South can proudly transmit to her children, and to which they can as proudly point as illustrating types of Southern manhood and Southern civilization in

the days when "Knighthood was in Flower" in the Confederate States.

Los Angeles, Cal.



## THE OLD SWORD ON THE WALL.

Where the warm spring sunlight, streaming  
Through the window, sets it gleaming  
With a softened silver sparkle in the dim and dusky hall,  
With its tassel torn and tattered,  
And its blade deep-bruised and battered,  
Like a veteran, scarred and weary, hangs the old sword on the  
wall.

None can tell its stirring story,  
None can sing its deeds of glory,  
None can say which cause it struck for, or from what limp  
hand it fell.  
On the battlefield they found it,  
Where the dead lay thick around it,  
Friend and foe—a gory tangle—tossed and torn by shot and  
shell.

Who, I wonder, was its wearer,  
Was its stricken soldier bearer?  
Was he some proud Southern stripling, tall and straight and  
brave and true?  
Dusky locks and lashes had he?  
Or was he some Northern laddie,  
Fresh and fair, with cheeks of roses, and with eyes and coat of  
blue?

From New England's fields of daisies,  
Or from Dixie's bowered mazes,  
Rode he proudly forth to conflict? What, I wonder, was his  
name?  
Did some sister, wife, or mother  
Mourn a husband, son, or brother?  
Did some sweetheart look with longing for a love who never  
came?

Fruitless question! Fate forever  
Keeps its secret, answering never.  
But the grim old blade shall blossom on this mild Memorial  
Day;  
I will wreath its hilt with roses  
For the soldier who reposes  
Somewhere 'neath the Southern grasses in his garb of blue or  
gray.  
May the flowers be fair above him,  
May the bright buds bend and love him,  
May his sleep be deep and dreamless till the last great bugle  
call;  
And may North and South be nearer  
To each other's heart, and dearer,  
For the memory of their heroes and the old swords on the wall!

—Joe Lincoln, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

FIRST GUN OF CONFEDERATE WAR.—James Thurston writes from Baltimore: "Answering Mrs. E. S. Brown's inquiry in the February VETERAN, I would state that beyond doubt on January 9, 1861, Cadet George E. Haynesworth fired the first gun of the war. The gun was aimed a few feet in front of the steamer Star of the West when she was attempting to reënforce Fort Sumter, at that time in possession of the United States forces under Maj. Robert Anderson. This notwithstanding Mr. Seward's dispatch a few days before to Judge Campbell, Confederate Commissioner, 'Faith as to Sumter fully kept,' meaning Sum-

ter would be evacuated by United States forces. The Cadet Battery (State cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy) consisted of the old-fashioned twenty-four pounders mounted on barbettes, stationed on Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, opposite the channel by which the Star of the West approached. The cadets were commanded by the gallant Maj. P. F. Stevens, afterwards brigadier general in the Confederate army. The second gun, aimed directly at the steamer, which struck her, but being nearly spent had not sufficient force to penetrate, was sighted by Maj. Stevens and fired by Cadet Moultrie Horlbeck. At the third shot the steamer wheeled and put back to sea. I have seen it claimed in the war articles of the Century Magazine that, on January 8, the day before the Star of the West affair, a United States sentry at Fort Barancas, Pensacola (Fla.) Harbor, fired on a party of Confederates, attempting to surprise the fort, but no such claim was made or heard of until after the war, and I shall always believe Haynesworth fired the first gun. The first gun fired by our forces at Fort Sumter was by Capt. George S. James, from Fort Johnson, an inner fort in Charleston Harbor, April 12, 1861, 4 A.M. Ex-Gov. Moses was certainly not a cadet at the cadet battery, nor did he fire the first gun at Sumter."

Mrs. J. C. Roberts, of Pulaski, writes of a brief sketch of her husband in the April VETERAN, correcting the name, and adding: "Dr. (J. C.) Roberts was assistant medical director with Dr. Ford in Bragg's army, and, not wishing to go on the Kentucky campaign, secured a transfer to the same position with Dr. Wooten, of Gen. Price's command, and remained with him to the close of the war. He was taken prisoner at Iuka, Miss., when Gen. Price retreated South, and was left with his thirty-seven surgeons in charge of nearly three thousand wounded. He went to Corinth under a flag of truce, and brought up a large number of wounded on both sides, and then formed a cartel with Gen. Grant, by which he was to keep all Southern soldiers out of Iuka, and Gen. Grant to keep out the Union soldiers and furnish him with a Federal surgeon (Dr. Stewart) to approve his requisitions and assist him in keeping order. Dr. Roberts remained there until all the wounded were either dead or discharged, then went South, reported to Dr. Wooten, and remained with him to the end. He entered the service in February, 1862." Dr. Roberts died March 24, 1898.

BATTLE FLAG OF SIXTH AND NINTH TENNESSEE.—W. B. Stewart, Adjutant Camp at Arlington, Tenn.:

In answer to the inquiry of R. J. D., of the Ninth Tennessee Infantry, concerning the battle flag of the Sixth and Ninth Tennessee Regiments, consolidated, I will state that this flag was on exhibition at the Nashville Centennial Exposition, having been sent there with other war relics by me as Adjutant of Camp No. 899. It was borrowed from J. B. Harrell, the last color bearer who bore it. On surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., he concealed it in his bosom and brought it home with him. It was at the reunion in Memphis, and is now in the post office at Arlington, not having been returned to Mr. Harrell.

## GEORGIANS AND "TAR HEELS" AT SHARPSBURG.

Capt. J. C. Key, who commanded the Forty-Fourth Georgia in Virginia, writes:

The Ripley-Doler Brigade was composed of the Fourth and Forty-Fourth Georgia and First and Third North Carolina. In the battle at Sharpsburg, September 14, 1862, the Fourth Georgia, under Col. George Doler, stood guard at Hamburg Pass in South Mountain, near Boonsboro, and the Forty-Fourth Georgia, First and Third North Carolina, in line of battle on the right of the road leading from Boonsboro to Frederick City, under fire most of the day. About midnight we were relieved and ordered back to Boonsboro and took up the line of march early on September 15 to Sharpsburg. Crossed the Antietam on Stone Bridge, and to the top of a hill in sight of Sharpsburg, filed to the right—Fourth Georgia in the lead—the length of the brigade, halted, formed line of battle, and faced toward the Antietam. The Fourth Georgia was on the left, Forty-Fourth Georgia left center, First North Carolina right center, Third North Carolina on the right, the right of the Third North Carolina resting on the left of the road from Sharpsburg to Boonsboro. This order of the formation of the Brigade was not changed until after the battle on the 17th.

It was about 10 A.M. when this line was formed and was on the extreme right of D. H. Hill's Division. We remained in this line of battle until late in the night of the 16th, and most of the time under a heavy shelling, and especially during the evening of the 16th. A battery of our artillery was located on top of the hill in our front. About midnight, or a little later, the brigade was moved to the extreme left of D. H. Hill's Division and near to a road called Smoketown road, halted and remained on our arms the rest of the night.

About day the morning of the 17th the Federal batteries opened on us. We were ordered to lay on the ground, and were subjected to a most awful shelling for more than an hour. But finally we were ordered to rise and left wheel. Our line, before we were ordered up, pointed from west to east, Fourth Georgia still in front; when the line was completed our portion pointed south to north. The left of the Fourth Georgia being the pivot, it was soon in line. The Forty-Fourth Georgia at a double-quick soon formed on the right of the Fourth. On account of the heat from some burning buildings on our right, the First and Third North Carolina Regiments had to form on the right north of the buildings, and, having some distance to go, did not get into line until the two Georgia regiments had been fired into and several killed and wounded, Gen. Ripley among the wounded. Col. Doler, realizing the situation, ordered the Fourth and the Forty-Fourth Georgia to charge; and I do not believe there was ever a set of men on this earth, under the same environments—feet sore, no sleep or rest for nearly three nights, forty hours without rations, suddenly fired into and from a direction they were not expecting—that could have exhibited more courage and heroism than did the men of these two Georgia regiments. The order to charge was hardly passed from Col. Doler's lips before the charge was made, and with a volley and a

whoop the Federal column attacking us was repulsed and scattered. The charge was continued, and a second line of Federals was repulsed and scattered, and on the men charged to a third, and that too was repulsed and scattered. The Federals fled out of our sight. Our men still advanced to the top of the hill, where we came in sight of the Federals in a cornfield, several hundred yards from us, and it looked like there was a bluecoat for every stalk of corn. Our men having exhausted their cartridges, Col. Doler ordered a halt. We were then ordered to our left to a skirt of woods, halted, re-formed our lines, fixed bayonets, and awaited the advance of the Federals, but they did not advance, and after a time we were relieved about ten o'clock in the morning, and ordered to our ordnance train for rations, the first we had had in about forty hours. On account of the heat from the burning buildings already mentioned, the First and Third North Carolina had to go some distance to the right of the buildings, and besides they had greater distance to wheel, and when they got into line they advanced to the right oblique and the charge of the Fourth and the Forty-Fourth Georgia was to the left oblique, which caused quite a gap between the two Georgia regiments and the North Carolina regiments, and just as they were about to connect with us they came in contact with, it is understood, three times their number of Federal troops, and had to change front in ten companies and in which change part of them had to wheel over a considerable distance; but they did it at double-quick, and with a volley of "buck and ball," so repulsed and scattered the Federals that some of them were so demoralized they could not be re-formed any more that day. This was especially so with the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Pennsylvania.

I have read in the May VETERAN Comrade R. N. Daniel's (Company K, Fourth Georgia) narration of this battle, and I am sure he is in error on two points. He says that in our last charge the First and Third North Carolina had to give way and caused the Forty-Fourth to break. I am certain there was no break in the Forty-Fourth in this battle. There was not only no break but no repulse of the Forty-Fourth or Fourth in this battle, and the First and Third North Carolina did not give way. In this change of front some may have thought that they gave way, but it was a mistake. And then they did not connect with the Georgia regiments until our charge was over. It was just as these two Georgia regiments started to the skirt of woods that the North Carolinians made their attack, repulsed the Ramsey forces, and then re-formed with our Georgia regiment in the skirt of woods referred to, and were retired with the Georgians. Then again, I think, Comrade Daniel is in error as to Gen. Jackson's ordering the buildings to be set on fire, and I refer him to Col. W. L. DeRoset, of the Third North Carolina, at Wilmington, N. C., and three volunteers of his regiment as to who ordered and fired the buildings. I have no idea that any order was ever given by Gen. Jackson or Gen. Lee to fire a private residence.

In the beginning of this battle and our wheeling to the left we turned away from our division and fought with the comrades under Gen. Hood, and I feel safe in saying that, had it not been for the courageous,



heroic, and reckless fighting and whooping up of these Georgians, Gen. Hood's line would have been broken through and Gen. Lee's army cut in two on the morning of September 17, 1862, at Sharpsburg.

The watchword of the Forty-Fourth Georgia was "Our Homes and Our Friends," and they never forgot it. On the 17th of September that regiment had been in the service just six months, and in that time had four hundred and sixty-six killed and wounded. In its first battle, at Ellerson's Mill, June 26, 1862, there were three hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded out of four hundred and sixty-four men engaged. In the battle of Sharpsburg it lost seventeen killed and sixty-five wounded. The Fourth Georgia had twenty-two killed and one hundred and nineteen wounded; the First North Carolina, eighteen killed and one hundred and forty-two wounded; and the Third North Carolina, forty-six killed and two hundred and forty-eight wounded out of five hundred and twenty carried in. The Forty-Fourth carried into this battle one hundred and sixty-two men, and over half of them were killed or wounded. In the afternoon of the 17th the brigade, in command of Col. Doler, was placed in line of battle again, and remained until the night of the 18th of September, when the Fourth Georgia and the First and Third North Carolina were relieved, and the Forty-Fourth Georgia and two companies of the First and Third North Carolina in the forenoon of the 19th retired to Shepherdstown.

### SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us 'mid our darkest night,  
As stars shine out in deepest tints of blue,  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And what most seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we fret and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,  
Because his wisdom to the end could see;  
And 'e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweets to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend;  
But that, sometime, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery find there a key.

But not to-day! So be content, poor heart;  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal their calyxes of gold!  
And if through patient toil we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
Where we may clearly know and understand,  
I think that we shall say: "God knew the best."

### THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND, MISS.

Mrs. Emma Gray Cobbs, of Alvin, Tex., writes:

In the June VETERAN I read an account of the battle of Raymond, the first account of any note I have yet seen of that hard-fought battle. I was in Raymond at that time, it being my home; therefore I do know something of that battle and of "the horrors of war." I shall never forget the looks of those poor, tired, dusty, hungry soldiers who marched into Raymond on that memorable 12th of May, 1863, who had "double-quickened" from Jackson to try to check the advance of Grant's army.

Those dear Confederate soldiers swept into our front gallery and under the shade of the oaks and cedars in front of our house, asking for a place to rest and water to drink. My sainted mother gave them to eat all she could spare from her scanty store, and all the water they wanted from our never-failing well.

I shall never forget a Maj. Boone, of the Tennessee troops, who sat on our front steps and spoke of his willingness and eagerness to go into the battle, and of the uncertainty of his ever coming out of it alive. When the call to march was made he bade my mother farewell by a hearty handshake. It was his last good-by, for in a few hours he was killed. He was buried where he fell. I visited his grave, and plucked a leaf from a tree near by, and have it in my album now.

Yes, that was a "hard-fought" battle, judging from the incessant roar of guns and rattle of musketry for hours and from the number of killed and the wounded and helpless I saw brought into the town and placed in the improvised hospitals. Nor will I ever forget how I helped my mother gather up all the pillows and mattresses we could spare, to send to the hospital, and the bandages we made by tearing up sheets, and the lint we scraped out of old linen tablecloths, and the heroic and self-sacrificing work of my dear, departed sister, Zilpah Imogene Gray, how she cooked delicacies every day, and carried them to the soldiers, and nursed them for days and weeks. Yes, that was indeed a hard-fought and long-remembered battle!

### GEN. J. R. COOKE AT BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

D. H. Meares, Brownwood, Tex., who was orderly sergeant of Company A, Forty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, Walker's Brigade, writes:

Walker's Brigade was composed of the Twenty-Seventh, Forty-Sixth, and Forty-Eighth North Carolina Regiments and the Third Arkansas, Thirtieth Virginia, and Second Georgia Battalions. We went into the fight with Col. Manning, of the Third Arkansas, in command of the brigade. Col. Manning was shot from his horse early in the fight, and Col. Ed Hall, of the Forty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, mounted Manning's horse and carried the brigade through the fight. He reports that the brigade under severe pressure fell back for a short distance, except the Twenty-Seventh Regiment, which was commanded by Col. J. R. Cooke. This regiment was complimented by Gen. R. E. Lee, and Col. Cooke was soon promoted to brigadier general and commanded the brigade till the surrender.

# WOONG IN THE SIXTIES.

BY INA M. PORTER, GREENVILLE, ALA.

When the scarlet lips of summer  
Touched the roses as they grew,  
When the katydids were telling  
What poor Katy didn't do,  
Came the languid month of August,  
Moving waist deep in the corn,  
Filled the cup of morning-glories  
With the dews of sunny morn.  
Woong, woong, till October,  
In a pretty cap and gown,  
To the doors of sad November  
Spread her russet carpets down.

When the sun had left the berries,  
And had turned the peach's cheek  
From its green leaf to be bitten,  
Then my love began to speak,  
And call me ladies of the books  
That we had read together,  
And kept me fanning blushes down  
Throughout the balmy weather.  
Thus he wooed me till October,  
In her petticoats so bright,  
Tracked with little golden slippers,  
Here and there a path of light.

He named me Walhelm's true Lenore  
Nina, proud and strong and sweet;  
From Goethe's winsome girls of song  
To Zschokke's Marguerite.  
He called me all things sweet he knew,  
Inanimate or human;  
But I was proudest when he said:  
"O, little Southern woman."  
Woong, woong, till October  
Spread her russet carpets down;  
When he wore a Dixie jacket  
And I wore a homespun gown.

Once I heard him humming softly,  
In low measured bits of tune:  
"Ah! I have sighed to rest me!"  
Then a silver-fingered moon  
Looked that way and threw my image  
Penciled lightly on his breast,  
As a shadow of the substance  
Where his sighs would find a rest.  
Woong, woong, till October,  
In a hazy mantle bright,  
Here and there through fading forest  
Trailed a shining thread of light.

It was under sweet gum shadows  
Leaning on a knotted vine,  
Just beyond a woodchuck's hammer  
Tapped a hollow-hearted pine;  
Then again when lilies panted,  
And the fireflies darted low;  
When the sweet magnolia blossoms  
Swing their incense to and fro.  
Woong, woong, till October  
Spread her russet carpets down;  
When he wore a Dixie jacket,  
And I wore a homespun gown.

Ah, we saw the cloud fleet sailing  
With white pennons idly free,  
Westward ho! to silver islands  
Drifting in a rosy sea;  
Heard the whistling birds of forest  
Rouse September from her nap;  
Watched the cunning, bright-eyed squirrels  
Dropping chestnuts in her lap.  
Woong, woong, till October,  
In a petticoat so bright,  
Tracked with little golden slippers  
Here and there a ray of light.

'Twas an honest Southron's woong,  
Like a simple tale of old,  
And I gave my simple answer  
In a broken bit of gold.  
I was queen, and my possessions  
Were the roses on my breast,  
And the goldenrods were twisted  
O'er my forehead for a crest.  
Woong, woong, till October,  
In a petticoat so bright,  
Here and there with dainty slippers  
Tracked a shining path of light.

Morning-glories found me blushing  
In the shine of autumn sun;  
And the young moon of November  
Told the stars that I was won;  
Then the lovely Indian summer,  
Shaking down her yellow hair,  
Veiled her face and died in beauty,  
But the world seemed wondrous fair.  
Thus he won me, when October  
Laid her shining scepter down,  
While he wore an old gray jacket,  
And I wore a homespun gown.

Then he called me "Little Pauper,"  
And I answered "Prison Bird!"  
Though I could not laugh for weeping  
At the meaning of each word.  
Ah! the good God makes the poorest  
With his holy presence bright,  
And that old Confederate jacket  
Is a treasure in my sight.  
Woong, woong till October  
Spread her russet carpets down;  
When he wore a Dixie jacket,  
And I wore a homespun gown.

The author of the foregoing, under a new name, now Mrs. Ina Porter Ockenden, Montgomery, Ala., contributes the following to "the Daughters of the Confederacy:"

Daughters are we of a nation grand,  
Daughters of knights who wore the gray,  
Daughters of heroines tried and true,  
Daughters who failed not in that day;  
Women who fought as women fight,  
Maidens brave in their own sweet way;  
True to the trust they placed in us,  
True to the men who wore the gray.  
Daughters are we of noblemen,  
The peers of the bravest in all the world;  
And the dearest land is the land we love,  
And the fairest flag is the flag that's furled.



## DIARY OF MAJ. KINLOCH FALCONER.

Frederick W. Moore, Professor of History and Economics in the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., writes the VETERAN:

The Vanderbilt Southern History Society has among its collections (on deposit in the University library) a pocket blank book, with pasteboard covers and cloth back, which once belonged to Kinloch Falconer, major and assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. It contains (1) copies of twenty-two special orders, serially numbered, and several circulars, ranging in date from March 9 to April 24, 1865, issued by Gen. Johnston and countersigned by Maj. Falconer or Lieut. Col. Anderson; (2) twenty-three General Orders, serially numbered, and several circulars, ranging in date from February 25 to May 2, from the time when Gen. Johnston assumed command of the Army of Tennessee in North Carolina until the paroled troops were on the point of taking up their homeward march after the surrender to Gen. Sherman; (3) the diary kept by Maj. Falconer on his march home from Greensboro, N. C., which was left on May 4, to a point beyond Bridgeville, Miss., which was reached on June 3.

The diary has almost certainly never been published; neither have the orders ever been published with the exception of one or two including Gen. Johnston's "Farewell to His Army," though in his own story of the war and in other places the history of the period has been written at length.

The book is open to the inspection of all proper parties at the University library, where it is deposited. But thinking that some portions of it would be interesting to the readers of the VETERAN, I send you several pages of selected extracts from it for your consideration.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY.

The diary of Maj. Kinloch Falconer, assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. J. E. Johnston, contains the following concerning the journey homeward from near Greensboro, N. C., to near Bridgeville, Miss., after the surrender, from May 4 to June 3, 1865:

Thursday, May 4. Left camp near Greensboro. Encamped twenty-one and a half miles from Greensboro. Two trains loaded with provisions for our army, and Federal soldiers, passed us going to Salisbury, where we will draw.

Friday, May 5. Marched twenty-six miles and bivouacked on banks of Yadkin River, six miles from Salisbury. Our party at present consists of Maj. Govan's, Capt. Reid's, and my own. A nice set of gentlemen I have found all to be. We stand guard at night over our animals. Capt. Bridewell and Maj. Young and their parties, Mississippians, are expected to overtake us in the morning and march with us to Mississippi.

Saturday, May 6. Yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting and becoming acquainted with Mrs. Henry, of Tennessee, wife of Gus A. Henry, C. S. Senator from that State, an elegant and gifted man. Mrs. Henry is an entertaining lady, very select in her conversation, and evidently of superior education. She has seen a great deal of fashionable society. It was a

treat to talk with her. I passed two hours very pleasantly. Bivouacked to-night sixteen miles from Salisbury and twenty-four from Charlotte. Passed through the former place about ten to-day. Everything in confusion there. Yankee sentinels were walking the streets. Drew rations for five days. Gave three poor women an order on commissary for ten days' provisions. At first station from Salisbury gave an order to a crowd of poor women for four hundred bacon. I think there must be a great deal of suffering on the line of our march. Women walk five and six miles to collect from the ground the scattered corn where our horses have been fed. I could not have fallen in with cleverer men than are in our party. It seems to be the object of each to do all he can for the comfort of the others. Apparently not a vein of selfishness exists in the party. Traveled twenty-three miles.

Sunday, May 7. Traveled twenty-nine miles to-day. Passed through Charlotte. We take the middle road to-morrow, and pass through Yorkville, S. C., thence to Washington, Ga. Capt. Reid's party (Capt. Reid, Capt. Cooper, and Capt. Harden), bound for Savannah, leave us for Augusta. In North Carolina I have found the land generally poor; to-day it has been better than before, but barely respectable; the country houses are small and badly planned; the roadside is thickly inhabited; house every few hundred yards, filled often with three and four women with nine times that number of children. North Carolina beats Georgia for its white-headed urchins. I never saw as many in Georgia as I have seen here. The women are ill-favored, sallow-complexioned, and very ignorant. All dip snuff; many of them chew. The men are not better-looking nor more refined. We have been well treated. The country is hilly to-day; immense rocks (boulders) have lined the road and loomed up in the cultivated fields. In the towns of Greensboro, Salisbury, and Charlotte everything was in confusion; both Confederate and Yankee officers were in full blast. Citizens were quite clever. There were many very handsome residences, and the people generally, unlike those in the country, seemed to be refined and fond of good living.

Monday, May 8. Intended passing through Yorkville, but the fords being impassable and the bridges destroyed, were forced to cross at railroad pontoon bridge, and go thirteen miles out of our way. Too much when homeward bound. Made twenty-three miles. At Rev. Alexander's, eleven miles from Charlotte, met Mr. Carothers, an old clerk of mine, sick and confined to his bed. It rained incessantly until late at night. While I write there is not a dry thread on me. I think of home and its loved ones, though, and am cheerful. This thought has kept me in good spirits during this long war. God grant it may still be in my power to do something for them and my suffering country! I do not yet give up all for lost. God will do what is right. I feel we are right. If so, we will yet triumph; if not right, we ought to fail.

Tuesday, May 9. Marched twenty-four miles to-day, but had to go in a circle to get to a ford on Broad River, so only got about eleven miles toward Mississippi. We find no difficulty in procuring forage; cotton thread, salt, tobacco, etc., will tempt any of the South Carolinians to part with corn, no matter how

scarce it may be. At night gave some bacon, rice, and meal to the wife of a wounded soldier of our army.

Wednesday, May 10. Two miles from Broad River; met Heber L., an old college mate and friend, and rode with him as far as camp. He is assistant surgeon of Eighth Confederate Cavalry. A very hospitable lady sent us butter and buttermilk for supper and breakfast. On account of the bad roads and jaded condition of our mules traveled only eighteen miles to-day.

Thursday, May 11. Unionville is quite a pretty country village. The suburbs are extensive, the streets well shaded, and the houses handsome. As the town is entered from the west, rows of shade trees line both sides of the street, and the taste displayed in the flower gardens, etc., marks the ladies as cultivated and refined. Stayed here in Unionville to draw rations. Met in that short time three or four very kind citizens. Five miles out I met a remarkable man. Although he has given two sons and all his property to the cause, he has begged the citizens on the public roads to send weary and hungry soldiers to his house (two miles on a byroad), where they are fed cheerfully without price. Last night 127 cavalry stayed with him, and themselves and horses fed. Something more remarkable, I was informed he has never, with but one exception, yet been mistreated or found a soldier who acted unlike a gentleman. At a humble log cabin on the roadside saw a blind boy, fifteen years old, remarkably intelligent. He worked several sums for me with raised figures. Read a chapter in the New Testament. He reads as well and as rapidly as a majority of our country people. Stopped for the night at New Hope (Baptist) Church, having made twenty-two miles.

Friday, May 12. Laurens Courthouse is a pretty country town, and contains several superb-looking residences. Considerable taste is displayed in the flower gardens, etc. After drawing two days' rations, we left for Abbeville Courthouse, thirty-three miles by old stage road, but thirty-eight on account of sinking of ferryboat. We made twenty-four miles. Between the Catawba and Saluda Rivers the land is generally good and the corn and wheat crops promising. The former is late, though the stand is good. There has never before been a better prospect of fruits of all kinds. The trees are literally breaking with their burdens. The country is thickly settled, and the houses generally neat white frame buildings. The people are kind and hospitable, and when able give to the soldiers; when not able they evince a disposition to give while regretting their inability. I have met no croakers since I entered South Carolina. While acknowledging themselves whipped, they are not yet hopeless of a better day.

Saturday, May 13. Bivouacked six miles from Abbeville, having made 27 miles. South of the Saluda the country is not as good as between the Broad and Saluda. It is thickly settled, but the houses are by no means as handsome, being principally log houses. The people are clever and patriotic.

Sunday, May 14. Went on guard this morning at 3. At 3:30 aroused the cooks; at 4 the teamsters; at 4:30 the camp; breakfasted at 5; and started at 6. Drew 4 days' rations in Abbeville and started at

once for the Savannah River, 21 miles off. Abbeville is a pretty country town. The Episcopal Church is very handsome, one of the handsomest I have seen in my travels during the war. The people appeared very kind and polite. Nine and one-fourth miles from Abbeville is the birthplace of John C. Calhoun. I stood under the roof where he first saw the light, and felt that I was standing upon hallowed ground. Twelve miles from Abbeville we were invited to dinner by a hospitable citizen. We accepted. We ate. We felt better. At night we bivouacked within 1 mile of the Savannah River, having made 27½ miles. A Yankee guard is at the bridge. The depredations of our soldiers made their presence necessary. To-morrow we leave South Carolina and start on our trip through Georgia. I regret to part with the chivalrous, hospitable Palmetto State. From the moment we touched her soil we have been well treated and have met only kind people. From Abbeville to the Savannah River the road is magnificent, as fine as I ever traveled. South Carolina has one feature that I should be glad to see adopted by every Southern State: on all the roads milestones are placed as guides to travelers, and at all cross or byroads are signposts to direct them. It is almost impossible to lose one's way.

Monday, May 15. The Yankee guard at the pontoon bridge consists of 1 company of Stoneman's Cavalry (Kentuckians). The men seem ignorant and, in their blue uniforms, mean and contemptible. I don't think I'll ever get over my dislike for blue. Drew 1 day's rations from the Yankee garrison at Waterloo. They treated me politely. Waterloo is a small town and contains several very handsome residences. The first thing that attracted my attention was a placard on the houses, headed in large letters: "\$300,000" (sic). The President of the Yankees offers a reward of \$100,000 for the arrest of Davis, Clary, and I. Thompson each; \$50,000 for Sanders and B. Tucker each; and \$10,000 for Cleary. This posting of a handbill for the arrest of the Southern President upon the streets of a Southern town surpasses in insolence the meanest act of a mean race. My faith in the justice of an overruling Providence is so great that I believe the day of punishment for our oppressors is not far distant. May God speed the day! We are right, and the Yankees cannot always oppress us. Encamped one mile south of Washington, where we will remain until nine or ten to-morrow, when Maj. Rayburn and Mr. Walt Dion will join us *en route* to Mississippi. Made twenty-two miles.

Tuesday, May 16. Intending to rest in Greensboro a couple of days, made a short journey to-day (fourteen miles).

Wednesday, May 17. The remark about Abbeville applies to Greensboro. It is a neat town with some two thousand population, and contains quite a number of handsome residences. Col. Miller, the Yankee Post Commander, has quartered himself in one of the handsomest, as Yankee officials always do. Just before reaching Greensboro we passed by a cavalry regiment (Yankee), Eighth Tennessee. They were an ignorant-looking set of villains, who should be ashamed to look an honest man in the eyes. The Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry (Yankee) garrisoned the town of Greensboro, and are worse-looking, if possible, than those we met. Though they outnumbered



us, and we are whipped, we are gentlemen; they are not, and never will be. After remaining a halt hour in Greensboro, in a vain endeavor to see his majesty, the abolition commander, to draw rations, we started for Griffin via Monticello. Traveled eight miles to Oconee River, where we overtook Gen. Loring and party. The ferry (Parks's) is very miserable. Had to unload the wagons and take the mules out. Only two mules can be crossed at a time. We succeeded in getting over by dark. Made twenty-four and one-half miles. Failed to get corn fodder to-day, and our stock will have to go to bed supperless, and pull heavy loads to-morrow on empty stomachs. This is the first time since leaving Greensboro, N. C., that we have met any difficulty in obtaining forage. While we thought all supplies had been drawn from North and South Carolina, the people were generous enough to let us have a little. It is reserved for the people of J. B.'s K., whose cribs are filled with corn, to refuse to sell a bushel to soldiers on their way home. I have not yet met a truly unselfish patriot on Georgia soil. Milestones have disappeared; signposts have no existence in this part of the State. Twenty-four and one-half miles.

Thursday, May 18. After traveling two miles, stopped at house of Rev. Mr. Pierce, where we learned corn could be obtained. Mr. Pierce is a Methodist minister, and President of the Madisonville College. He received us very kindly, and invited us to breakfast. We declined, having breakfasted before we left camp. He threw open to us his corn cribs, and told us to help ourselves; not only to feed our stock there, but to put in our wagons as much as we could carry. He introduced us to his wife and daughters, through whose kindness we received as much delightful fresh buttermilk as we could drink, not being cavalry. Mr. Pierce is an intelligent, entertaining gentleman, and an honor to the State in which he resides. I wish it contained a dozen such on our route. It is refreshing to meet such unselfishness and such a gentleman in the midst of so much stinginess and speculation. Marched only eighteen miles.

Friday, May 19. At four crossed the Oconee River at Pitman's Ferry. Obtained chickens, butter, and eggs in abundance to-day. Passed several school-houses to-day; saw the merry, mischievous faces of the children peeping from over their books as we rode by. Kissed our hands at several pretty girls, who kissed theirs at us in return. At one schoolhouse the teacher was a big, awkward, country fellow, who, when we passed, was in his shirt sleeves, his collar opened, and his sleeves rolled up, standing in the middle of the floor hearing a spelling lesson. Twenty-five and one-half miles to-day.

Saturday, May 20. We passed through the town of Jackson, the county site of Butts County. Jackson is an old, dilapidated place, and bears the marks of Yankee meanness. The courthouse and many of the nicer houses were burned by Sherman's vandals in his march through Georgia last fall. Marched twenty-five miles.

Sunday, May 21. After starting the wagons at eight o'clock I called on Mrs. Witherby and family, with whom I boarded at Tullahoma, and who are good friends of mine, and whom I love very much.

They were very glad to see me. Attended with — and son the Episcopal Church. Heard a very plain, practical sermon by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Thomas, from the text (St. Matthew): "Take no thought of to-morrow." The prayer for the President of the United States was offered up. The pastor apologized to his congregation before doing so. His action was premature and his reason frivolous. The Grifflinites say he has always been regarded a Union man. Took dinner with my friends, and started at three to overtake the wagons, which I did on the west bank of Flint River, twenty-two miles from Griffin. Marched twenty-two and one-half miles. Road excellent from Griffin to Flint River.

[To Be Concluded In Next Number with Sketch of Maj. Falconer.]

### THE BALL'S BLUFF DISASTER.

Col. E. R. Burt, State Auditor of Mississippi, raised the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment from among the wealthiest and most cultured young men of Jackson and vicinity. He was a prominent Baptist, and the fathers of that faith wanted their sons to be with him. His regiment was in the battle of Bull Run, the First Manassas, and soon afterwards was sent to Leesburg or Ball's Bluff, on the Potomac, and there had a terrific fight with the regiment under Senator Baker, of Oregon. He and Col. Burt had a hand-to-hand conflict on the field of battle, and Col. Burt killed him. Baker's regiment fired on Col. Burt, and wounded him in several places, one ball severing the spinal cord. After his fall the Eighteenth Mississippi, like infuriated tigers, rushed on Baker's regiment and others, and killed, captured, and drove into the Potomac 2,700 men. It was termed in the Federal Congress the Ball's Bluff disaster, or the battle of Leesburg. They had an investigation in Washington as to the cause of the disaster.

Col. Burt was breveted general on the battlefield, but died the next day. Two companies were detailed from Richmond, also companies from Memphis, Holly Springs, and Humboldt, to escort the remains to Jackson. A catafalque was made and the coffin put on that, and six white horses draped with crape drew it. Military companies, citizens, friends, and relatives formed a two-mile procession, the largest ever seen in Jackson. This was the beginning of the war, but there was soon too many distinguished dead to observe such obsequies as were shown him.

HARDWICK HOUSE HOSPITAL, SOMERVILLE, TENN.  
—John C. Grinnell, of Company A, Fourth Missouri Regiment, writes from Tuskahoma, Ind. T.:

After the battle of Shiloh the many wounded Confederate soldiers were placed wherever any hospital accommodations were provided. With thirteen Missourians I was sent to Somerville, Tenn. The old favorite hotel, known in the palmy days of West Tennessee as the Hardwick House, had been hurriedly converted into a hospital, and here some sixty wounded soldiers found a delightful asylum. The hospital was presided over by a local committee of Southern women, and among these are two names indelibly fixed in my memory—Miss Lucy Dillard and Mrs. Lizzie Dillard. Both were women of the highest cul-

ture, and everything about them betokened the refinements of the highest social standing. Things occur about hospitals which not only tax the patience but the diffidence of womanhood; but here were women, the one a single woman and the other a young wife, who did not hesitate to do any service or meet any contingency developed among sick and dying soldiers. I recall with grateful pleasure the watchful care and sympathetic tenderness displayed by Mrs. Lizzie Dillard, who had charge of my ward, where I lay for seven weeks with a shattered hip. Day after day she drove to the hospital and spent the hours in nursing, in writing letters for the bedridden soldiers, or reading aloud to a dozen or more listeners. Hardly had daylight fairly dawned before anxious eyes were turned to the entrance way to our ward, looking for this angel of comfort, with her bright, kind face and cheering words. O how her presence brought a balm to the weary sufferer, and how her voice calmed the wild ravings of men hanging over the abyss, and yet struggling to hold on! None who survived that hospital experience will ever forget the beautiful Christian character, the modest but intelligent refinement of this young wife, giving the blossom of her young womanhood to the needs of distress. If living, how I should like to know her address that I might tell her what a benediction she was at the old Hardwick Hospital, and how sacred has been her memory through all these years!

#### NEGLECTED GRAVES OF CONFEDERATES.

P. E. Hockersmith writes from South Union, Ky.:

There are three Texas rangers—Terry, of the Eighth Texas Regiment, buried near Woodbury, Ky., and two of the same regiment are buried at Pleasant Hill, Ky. I do not know the names of the former, but might find out. The two buried at Pleasant Hill—names were on the headboard—are: J. E. Mooney, of Gonzales, Tex., and ——— Turner. There are also two Alabamians buried in the woods near Vance's Mill, on Drake's Creek. I understand they were killed by their own men, having been mistaken for the enemy. These were all buried in Warren County, and as there are but few Confederates in this vicinity, their graves are somewhat neglected. The VETERAN is a happy medium by which old soldiers who were killed and lost to relatives and friends can be located. Hence its value is beyond calculation, and should be liberally sustained, though it require a sacrifice in order to do so. It was through this medium that the writer learned that his nephew, Hervey Perin, was wounded at Fort Donelson, and died at Clarksville, Tenn.; and also the resting place of Calvin Crozier, the noble, brave, and martyred soldier. He was a messmate of the writer in Douglass's Texas Battery. The Confederacy never lost a purer man nor a greater patriot. And for such a noble spirit to be butchered in the manner that he was is a lasting disgrace to our country.

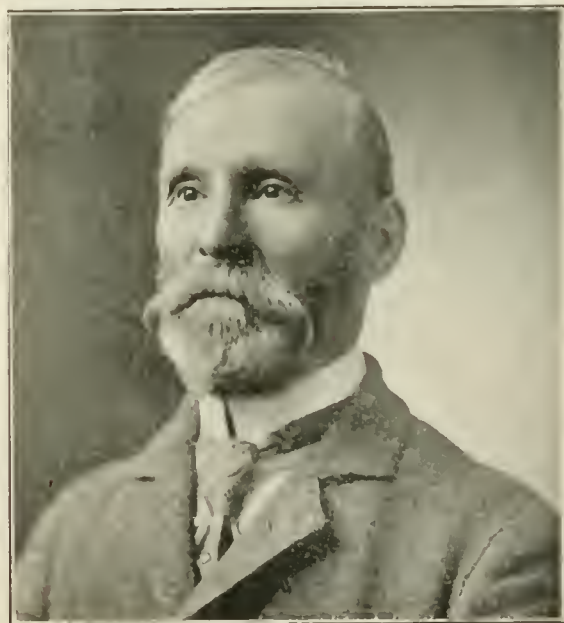
The Mayfield (Ky.) Camp appointed John L. Dis-mukes and James D. Waters a committee to inquire for any members of Gen. Bowen's Missouri Brigade, who were stationed at Camp Beauregard in 1861—their regiments and States. Clay King's Battalion

they know of. They want to locate the friends of soldiers buried there, so they can get the names of dead comrades. The temporary headboards have rotted and disappeared, and the burying ground is in bad condition.

#### REMINISCENCES OF J. R. WINDER.

Comrade J. R. Winder, of Fort Smith, Ark., submits account of his services from April 12, 1861, to April 28, 1865. He enlisted at Columbia, S. C., and was sent to Morris Island in Col. J. B. Kershaw's Second South Carolina Regiment:

The regiment was soon ordered to Richmond, and thence to Fairfax C. H., where it held the advanced post in that vicinity till July 16, 1861, when our troops fell back to Centerville, and later to Mitchell's Ford on Bull Run, pending the advance of McDowell's army from Washington, 35,000 strong. On July 18 they attempted to force a passage of Bull Run at McLane's and Blackburn's fords, but they were compelled to retire, after having lost heavily. This signal repulse delayed the general engagement until Sunday, July 21. Then the Federals commenced to flank our left, and that forced us out of our breastworks, and we moved in the direction of the "stone bridge." By this time the fighting had become general, and continued so until about 3 P.M. without any apparent advantage on either side. Reinforcements came to our relief from the Valley. We could see clouds of dust rising as they approached in double-quick. This proved too much for the Federals, and they began to waver, and it soon produced a panic. They became so utterly demoralized that we could have marched into Washington. The next day we advanced to that vicinity near Arlington Heights, and saw no sign of troops save a few straggling Federals who had lost their bearings in the stampede. There was nothing more done practically in that vicinity until the next spring. In March, 1862, we were sent



J. R. WINDER.



to Yorktown, Va., to Gen. B. Magruder, and remained on the Peninsula until we were forced back to Richmond, which occurred about the end of April.

About that time I was transferred to a company from my own State, the Tenth Virginia Artillery Battalion, and I remained with it to the close of the war.

On April 2, 1865, began the evacuation of the line extending from Petersburg to Richmond. We left Richmond April 3. While the Federals were in the lower part of the city our rear guard was crossing Mayo's bridge. The city was then on fire, and the bridge we crossed was burning. Our forces reached Appomattox C. H. April 8. During this period there was continuous fighting. At Sailor's Creek, April 6, we lost heavily, and at Amelia C. H., and also at Farmville, there was heavy fighting and much burning of artillery and stores we could not move.

On reaching Appomattox C. H., Saturday, 4 P.M., April 8, we expected to get some rations, as none had been issued since we left the lines around Richmond; but we were disappointed, for the Federals captured our train of supplies and were now shelling our camp, so we had to go hungry again. The parched-corn supply, upon which we had been subsisting, was exhausted. Many of the troops were scattered and mixed up that night, as it was understood that Gen. Lee would surrender the next morning. About 1,200 or 1,500 soldiers from different commands banded together, and they ran the blockade to reach Joe Johnston's army, and made their way through before the Federals had formed the cordon. These men started about 2 A.M., April 9, for Lynchburg, and arrived there about noon, when they spiked the artillery there. They proceeded on to Greensboro, N. C., arriving on the 18th. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was arranging to capitulate. So the end came with us. The department commander told us to take all the clothing and supplies we needed, and to return to our respective homes and "remain till further orders." President Davis and his cabinet were in Greensboro. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of supplies for the army was destroyed. The remainder fell into the hands of the enemy. Our little force soon began to separate. In a short time but a small nucleus was left, and these made a retrograde move for Danville, Va., reaching there about April 25, and finding it unoccupied. We continued east, reaching Burkville Junction April 28, and were taken by the guard to Gen. Sedgwick's headquarters and given our paroles. So ended my service in the Confederate States army. I proceeded to Richmond, my home, and found it desolate. I went to Philadelphia and found employment till I was in shape to find a more congenial clime.

#### GEN. TURNER ASHBY.

Comrade T. J. Young writes from Austin, Ark.:

In the June number of the VETERAN for 1900 there appears an article from a paper by Mrs. Dangerfield, of Lexington, Ky., which I wish to correct.

Gen. Turner Ashby was killed about four miles south of Harrisonburg on June 6, 1862, instead of January 6. The noble-looking officer spoken of in Mrs. Dangerfield's letter, who stopped in front of—Douglas's house, could not have been Gen. Turner Ashby, because he did not ride a white horse that

day, as his noted white horse was killed at Rude's Hill three or four weeks before Gen. Ashby was killed. My recollection is that he was riding a black horse the day he was killed. I remember well the last order I heard Gen. Ashby give. The cavalry which he commanded was guarding the rear of Jackson's army, then on its way to Cross Keys and Port Republic. Ashby's command had, after passing through an old field into a woods, halted, and were feeding their horses and eating their dinners, when it was reported that the Federal cavalry were advancing into the old field through which we had just passed. Gen. Ashby came riding by, ordering the different squadrons of his command to the different parts they were to take in the fight which was about to take place. Some squadrons were ordered to the right and some to the left of the old field, and the remainder were to stand where they were. As soon as those on the right and left had advanced far enough to become engaged with the enemy Gen. Ashby ordered a charge which he led in person, which resulted in the capture of Sir Percy Wyndham, commanding the Federal cavalry, with sixty or seventy of his men, and the rest of his cavalry fled back to their infantry which were advancing. The Forty-Eighth Virginia Infantry and the First Maryland Regiment of Infantry were ordered back to assist Gen. Ashby in checking the advance of the Federals. It was while leading a charge made by these infantry regiments that this noble and gallant soldier lost his life. As well as I remember, it was drizzling rain and foggy. Gen. Ashby had on a black rubber coat and slicker when he was killed.

Gen. Turner Ashby was born and reared on a farm in Fauquier County, Va., near Markham Station, on the Manassas Gap railroad. He was always fond of fine horses, and was a splendid horseman. At tournaments, which were fashionable in his early days, he was more than once the successful knight, and had the honor of "crowning the queen of love and beauty."

When the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry occurred, in 1859, Turner Ashby organized a company of cavalry which did service at Charlestown during the Brown trial. I saw them frequently pass my father's house on their way to Charlestown and back, as my father lived on the Shenandoale Springs road, at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountain, where the road crossed the mountain leading to Shenandoale Springs and Charlestown.

When the civil war broke out Capt. Turner Ashby was one of the first to go to Harper's Ferry when the Federals attempted to burn the United States Armory and Arsenal. His company did picket duty from Harper's Ferry along up the Potomac River, and scouted as far up as Philippi. Capt. Turner Ashby was soon promoted for his vigilance and bravery along this line; he was first promoted to colonel, and put in command of all the cavalry under Stonewall Jackson, then in command in the Shenandoah Valley. When Turner was promoted to colonel, his brother, Dick Ashby, was elected captain of his brother's old company, and in a short time he was killed in a fight at New Creek.

Col. Turner Ashby was promoted to brigadier general in a short time after he was made colonel. He arose to distinction and honor faster than any other

officer in the Confederate service, which he justly merited; and had he not been killed so early in the war, he would have risen to greater distinction. Stonewall Jackson said of this gallant soldier: "As a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

He was to Stonewall Jackson's army what Jeb Stuart was to Lee and Bedford Forrest was to the Tennessee army. As has been said, he was the "eyes and ears of Jackson's army."

### TO GEORGIA HEROES AT RESACA.

Help the good women build this monument:

A movement has been started by Mrs. E. J. Simmons, of Calhoun, Ga., and other ladies of the Memorial Association, to erect a monument in the Georgia section of the Resaca Confederate cemetery. The following Georgia regiments are represented in that section, and it is requested that surviving members of these regiments take especial interest in the work: Nineteenth, Twenty-Second, Thirty-Fourth, Thirty-Sixth, Forty-First, Forty-Second, Forty-Third, and Forty-Fifth Infantry, and the Fourth Cavalry. All others who are interested in Georgia's dead at Resaca are requested to coöperate. It is desired to grade the grounds and erect a monument in every way suitable to the memory of these fallen heroes. Contributions should be sent to Mrs. Simmons as President of the Association.

### SURVIVORS OF WALTHALL'S BRIGADE.

During the reunion at Memphis an organization was effected of the survivors of Walthall's old brigade, through the efforts of H. C. Latham, who was a member of Company K., Thirtieth Mississippi Regiment. A list of the officers and men present is given below, and if any reader can supply the missing addresses or names of companies a service will be rendered by mailing the same to H. C. Latham, Dallas, Tex. The commands are all of Mississippi and the letter is for the company, while the figures represent the regiment. The post offices are Mississippi, except where State is named.

Commander, Capt. J. W. Buchanan, H. 24, Memphis, Tenn.; Adjt. H. C. Latham, K, 30, Dallas, Tex.; Lieut. J. E. Reynolds, K, 30, Cameron, Ind. T.; Capt. J. D. Smith, C, 24, Houston; Lieut. J. Chalmers, E, 34, Byhalia; Capt. — Tom, D, 34, Ripley; First Lieut. J. T. Gwin, I, 24, De Kalb; Capt. William Ray, K, 30, Carrollton; Capt. W. H. Wilkins, A, 29, Oxford; Capt. J. M. Glenn, E, 34, —, Surgeon F. Terrell, —, 34, —.

A. F. Rush, I, 24, Macon; Theodore Clark, I, 24, Meridian; S. T. Harvin, I, 24, Meridian; F. M. Ross, I, 24, Cushtusha; E. W. Isibell, I, 29, Whitehaven; H. W. Pate, H, 24, Sparta; S. T. Hall, H, 24, Houston; G. W. Bean, H, 24, Okolona; J. Brand, H, 24, McClun-  
dy; J. R. Tomlinson, B, 30, Oxford; J. Malone, I, 29, Memphis, Tenn.; W. D. Cranch, H, 24, Macedonia;

E. H. Laurence, D, 30, McCool; J. C. Towns, A, 30, Greenwood; D. Stoker, C, 30, Winona; William Ellison, C, 24, Ennis, Tex.; M. Morrison, I, 24, De Kalb; T. W. Whee, I, 29, Loving; J. W. Oldham, I, 29, Nesbit; R. M. Stewart, E, 34, Idaville, Tenn.; D. H. Haraway, E, 34, Overpark; J. B. Doty, K, 29, Richland; J. W. Simmons, E, 27, Mexia, Tex.; A. Lott, K, 30, Carrollton; T. L. Coggin, C, 34, Brownwood, Tex.; J. C. Herrin, H, 29, Anding; S. H. Pepper, C, 29, Memphis, Tenn.; R. H. Vance, I, 29, Memphis, Tenn.; J. V. Johnston, I, 29, Memphis, Tenn.; Dave Bramer, C, 29, Memphis, Tenn.; T. E. Marshall, K, 30, Carrollton; S. A. Long, K, 30, Carrollton; N. Newell, K, 30, Carrollton; Green Carpenter, K, 30, Winona; J. H. Costel, McClun-  
dy, C. H. Watkins, Mt. Nebo.

*Regiment Not Known.*—J. H. Smith, J. B. Honeycutt, J. P. McKelvain, and J. W. McKelvain, Oak Grove; William Oldham, R. H. Sharp, W. D. Russell, and I. W. Parker, Porterville; D. D. Brigg, Meridian; J. W. Watkins, N. Bend, Neshova.

*Post Office Not Known.*—H. H. Dogan, J. A. Dogan, T. McKinney, and James Price, D, 27; T. McDowell, E, 27; W. H. Spence, G, 29; J. W. Winbarn, K, 34; Jack Rogers, D, 34; J. D. Lovelady, A, 29; J. E. Neal, D, 27; J. J. Flinn, I, 29; C. O. Murff, I, 24; D. H. Morrow and Andy Hayes, E, 34; J. C. Terrell, K, 34; The color bearer, Ed Hope, of Oxford, Miss., was as gallant a man as ever carried a Confederate flag.

INCIDENTS OF GEN. LYTLE'S BURIAL.—B. L. Archer, Gadsen, Ala.: "Noticing the communication in the VETERAN from J. H. Dent, of Montgomery, Ala., in regard to Brig. Gen. Lytle, I will say that Gen. Lytle fell in front of Deas's Brigade mortally wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, and was carried back to Gen. Deas's field hospital, where he died at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, September 20, 1863. I obtained permission from Gen. Hindman to visit Gen. Deas's hospital on Monday morning, the 21st, to be with a wounded brother, and while there I met Dr. Thomas, senior surgeon of Deas's Brigade, who requested me to detail some men and bury Gen. Lytle, who was an old friend of the Doctor's, and, he said, "as good a man as ever lived, if he did have on Yankee clothes." I did as he requested, and buried Gen. Lytle some forty yards from the tent. Gen. Lytle weighed about 140 pounds, was light-complexioned, and I noticed that one of his boot legs had been pierced by a Minie ball. If any of his wearing apparel had been molested, I never noticed it; and if any of his pockets had been disturbed, it was done before I saw him. We wrapped him in a United States blanket and laid him in the grave near Chickamauga Creek. I learned a few days later that the Federals, under a flag of truce, brought Gen. Adams across to our lines and took Gen. Lytle up and carried his remains to Chattanooga.

As to Gen. Lytle's side arms, I never saw them, and upon the honor of an old soldier I will say that none of his clothing was disturbed by any of the men who helped to bury him. I am sure that my statement would be corroborated by Dr. Thomas, of New Orleans, or by either of the Drs. Troxley, of Mobile, if alive. At that time I was First Lieutenant of Company D, Nineteenth Alabama Regiment.



## ISSUES OF THE WAR.

BY A SON OF A VETERAN.

Address by Hon. W. W. Farabaugh, of Paris, Tenn., to the Stonewall Jackson Bivouac:

I thank you for the opportunity to speak upon this occasion of a Confederate reunion.

In that wonderful production of "Lochiel's Warning," Thomas Campbell wrote these words: "'Tis the sunset of life that gives me mystical lore." And after twenty years he finished the verse when he added: "Coming events cast their shadows before."

The great conflict of 1861, that shook a continent and made a nation to tremble as the aspen leaf, cast its lengthening shadow almost a century before—back to the very hall in which our Federal Constitution was framed. There the conflicting ideas clashed which continued to grow and be intensified until hostile cannons boomed and gleaming sabers flashed and fraternal blood ran like water. The conflict was over the reserved rights of the States and as to what rights and powers were ceded to the general government upon a State becoming a member of the Federal compact. There was one man in particular in a convention in Virginia, called to ratify the constitution, Patrick Henry, who saw that shadow almost as distinctly as did Stonewall Jackson see the substance when he said at the first Manassas: "Sirs, we will give them the bayonet." Mr. Henry wanted it placed in the constitution of his country in black and white, so that there could be no controversy about it, that all the rights, powers, and prerogatives not expressly ceded to the general government were reserved by the respective States. His argument and contention were met with the statements that of course the powers and prerogatives not expressly granted were reserved. Then it was that the old orator and statesman, the very father of our independence, whose eloquence had electrified the colonies and made liberty certain and the constitution a possibility, stood there upon the floor of the hall with the shadow of inevitable conflict falling full upon his mind and heart, tears coursing down his wrinkled cheeks, his prophetic vision sweeping the span of a coming century, when he said: "I see it, I feel it. I see the beings of a higher order anxious concerning our decision. When I see beyond the horizon that bounds human eyes and look at the final consummation of all human things, and see those intelligent beings, which inhabit ethereal mansions, reviewing the political decisions and revolutions, which in the progress of time will happen in America, and the consequent happiness or misery of mankind, I am led to believe that much of the account on one side or the other will happen on what we now decide. Our own happiness alone is not affected by the event; all nations are interested in it."

While Mr. Henry was thus speaking the heavens suddenly blackened with a gathering tempest, which burst with such terrible fury that he could proceed no further, and it was the last speech that he made in the convention.

What a prophecy were those words! How significant was the bursting storm, typical of the storm of the great civil war, which gathered for almost a century and burst in its terrible fury on the 12th of April, 1861! Here this statesman and orator seemed to have something of the spirit of the ancient prophets,

enabling him to see far into the distant future and to predict with certainty a conflict fiercer than any of modern times, a conflict that drenched the country in its best blood. And thus the question was left unsettled by the constitution. It was left unsettled by the fierce debates in Congress, by the Mason and Dixon line, by the nullification act of South Carolina, by Mr. Clay's omnibus bill. It was left unsettled by the Dred Scott decision by the Supreme Court, and it was left unsettled until at Appomattox Courthouse Gen. Robert E. Lee, that grand old leader, grander in defeat than most men in victory, said to Gen. Grant: "My brave army is destroyed, the remnant is exhausted, I surrender."

Thus it became the unwritten law of our constitution that the rights and prerogatives not expressly reserved by the States are granted upon the State becoming a member of the Federal compact, yet at what a fearful cost in human blood and in human woe did this become an unwritten part of our constitution! In contemplating this cost in human blood and treasure, my mind goes back to the bloody fields of Bull Run, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Antietam, Cold Harbor, Brice's Cross Roads, Kennesaw Mountain, Franklin, and Bentonville, where men fell like leaves in autumn, where the pride and chivalry of the nation rushed willingly into the very jaws of death, yielding up their lives for what each thought to be right; and I thought of how many happy homes were made desolate, how many mothers' hearts were broken, and how many aged fathers trembled as the wind-shaken reed when the reports came from these bloody fields, and then that this and all of this death and human desolation might and doubtless would have been averted had thirteen words contended for by Mr. Henry been added to the Federal Constitution, only one word for each of the thirteen original colonies—viz.: "Rights not expressly ceded to the general government are reserved by the States."

But the war is long since over. Every man that fought in that fearful conflict is now getting somewhat gray. His hair is to the silver turning, the evening shades are creeping upon him, and you sometimes hear the questions asked: "Why do you have Confederate Camps, build and unveil Confederate monuments, and have published the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and hold Confederate reunions, which but cherish and keep alive the bitterness, prejudices, and feeling engendered by the war?" Ah, a man that asks this question mistakes the objects and purposes of these things; he mistakes the character of the Confederate soldier and his children. These things commemorate the glories that are the common heritage, not only of our Southland, but of all mankind, wherever liberty is loved, where virtue and patriotism are revered. Without cherishing one ignoble prejudice, without one spark of sectional hate, these organizations are kept up, monuments built, that splendid periodical, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is maintained, and Confederate reunions are held. There is a social feature in these things, when you meet and talk over or when you write of the stirring scenes of other days, when privations and common dangers made you kindred indeed. You talk and write of the camp fire incident of fun, the weary march, the especial feat of daring of some brave soul,

of where this man fell and that one lost a limb; but above and beyond this social feature they have a deeper and more significant meaning. They do and will see to it that the history of that great struggle which is to be taught to the youth of our country shall be fair and impartial. They will see to it that the history of that conflict, while giving due meed of praise to the Federal armies, will not and must not class the Confederate soldier as a conspirator or traitor, or the cause that he fought for as treasonable, unholy, and wrong. Some histories, written in some parts of the country, have intimated that this was so, but even a casual glance at certain well-known historical facts shows this to be both malicious and untrue. At the close of the war, after a long confinement in prison, Mr. President Davis, of the Confederacy, was put under bond to appear and answer the government on a charge of treason. He did appear according to the tenor and effect of that bond, but the prosecution was abandoned and the case was never tried. Was it because they feared hostile armies? It could not have been, for every Confederate flag had been furled. Was it because they feared political revolution? No; the Confederate soldiers had been handcuffed with ignominious shackles of disfranchisement. Was it magnanimity? They did not claim that. I am constrained to the opinion that the thoughtful student of history will readily conclude that it was because the prosecution knew full well the charge could not be legally, truthfully, and constitutionally sustained; and that an investigation and trial, bringing out all the facts under the law and constitution, would have placed the prosecution in an unfavorable light before the gaze of the civilized world. Then again, in less than a third of a century from the termination of the war, one of the conspicuous actors on the Confederate side, Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, was placed by the President of these United States in charge of all her navies upon all her seas, a strange place for a conspirator guilty of treason. Incident after incident and many facts might be mentioned to show that the men on the other side—the men who fought you—did not believe you were traitors, did not believe you were guilty of treason to your government; and does any man among you feel so, or believe the cause you fought for as unholy and wrong? Is any man among you sorry or ashamed that he was a Confederate soldier? Have you ever seen or heard tell of a Confederate soldier that was ashamed of the fact that he had worn the gray? No, you have not and never will. This teaches a lesson; this points a fact—the fact that you were sustained at the time by a consciousness of right, and that consciousness has been your consolation in all the years that have followed; and no soldier in the world ever went to do battle for his country with more patriotic heart, with more unselfish devotion to his country, with loftier or purer aims and purposes, with less promise or prospect of reward save and except the reward of duty done, than did the Confederate soldier from 1861 to 1865. There was no promise or prospect of conquest or empire; there was no promise or prospect that at the end of the struggle he would revel in the abundance of his enemy's country or be indemnified for losses sustained. None of these questions passed through the mind of the men who put on the gray in answer to

the bugle call to arms in 1861. And no soldier ever set about a more hopeless task with such alacrity and cheerfulness. His government had but recently sprung into existence without a ship, a soldier, or a gun; without financial credit at home or commercial standing abroad. Yet with a full knowledge of all these disadvantages and difficulties the Confederate soldier left his wife or mother, brushing the tear of love from his manly cheek, and stepped from his home of comfort into the firing line of death, with the sunlight of a high-born courage falling full in his face, humming the words of that now world-renowned song: "In Dixie's land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie." And thus, not counting the cost nor the consequences, but putting his trust in his God, he marched and fought like a hero by day, and watched and slept out in the storms by night. Can you find his parallel in all the history of all the ages? Every six men in the Confederacy fighting twenty-eight men of the enemy, much better armed and equipped, gaining practically every battle until completely exhausted and worn out, not conquered, for that word is not in the lexicon of chivalric Southern manhood.

He returned to his desolate home, his former slaves free, his plantations laid waste, with the very sky hungry above him, and the earth, as it were, parched beneath his feet. He did not give up in despair, but took up his new task, making the most orderly and law-abiding of citizens—for four years of battle, strife, and bloodshed could not corrupt his incorruptible heart, could not make a ruffian out of the Southern gentleman—taking his rightful place at the head of the civic procession, encouraging every enterprise for the upbuilding of his blackened and ruined country, and how well he has succeeded is a matter of common knowledge known to all. "Thus from the crosses of war came heroes to wear the civic crowns."

Confederate soldier, I take off my hat and stand with uncovered head in your presence, for I recognize your worth and acknowledge your merit; but, having been reared in the old Southland, I do not wonder at your being heroes and patriots, for the old South was a land of story and song, a land of soul and of sentiment, a land of right and religion, a land of mirth and magnolias, of precious memories and purest patriotism, a land of homes and hospitality, of fairest sweethearts and best and tenderest mothers, a land whose music like her history has thrilled the world. These characteristics of sentiment, soul, and song belong to the South as to no other part of the republic. "O carry me back to my old Virginia home" strikes a responsive chord in the human heart; but do you think you would ever sing, Carry me back to my home in Saginaw, Mich., or Chicago, Ill.? I am sure you would never sing, "Let me live and die in Rock Island or Camp Douglas." This, to you, is not especially euphonious or sentimental, and has not the same melody to you as "Way down on the Suwanee River, far, far away."

But, Confederate soldiers, while you played well your part and acted nobly the rôle of the hero, the uncrowned heroines of that great struggle were the pure and noble women of the old South, whose devotion and self-sacrifice have had no equals in the annals of all the ages.



Now I have detained you too long already, but permit me to say that the imperishable glory that you achieved and the undying fame that you won, I in some small way by inheritance share, for I am the son of a Confederate soldier, and this, next after my father's good name and Christian character, I cherish with especial pride; and had I to write his epitaph, I would put upon the marble slab: "Here sleeps a Christian gentleman and a Confederate soldier."

**LIEUT. POLLARD'S SWORD.**—Charles T. Pollard, Montgomery, Ala., writes: "I note on page 320 of your July issue an article headed 'Lieut. Joseph Pollard's Sword.' My brother, Joseph Pollard, was a second lieutenant in Semple's Battery, Breckinridge's Division, and commanded a section of the battery at the battle of Murfreesboro. Although wounded both in the leg and arm, he saved his section of artillery. His leg was amputated at the thigh and his arm resected on the night of the battle. He died that night in the hospital, which, on evacuation, fell into the hands of the Federal army. Through the kindness of Mrs. Wood, in Nashville, his body was carried to that city and there buried. The generous advertisement of B. F. Weed and Mr. Howard, of Kalispell, Mont., to return the sword, shows that there is a genuine reconciliation of the soldiers of the two armies, and their act is warmly appreciated by myself and members of my family. From the foregoing facts you will see that my brother was killed two years before the battle of Franklin, near Nashville, which was in 1864. I have no doubt that the sword mentioned in your July issue belonged to him, for I know of no other family of Pollards in the South. If we can show that such is the case, it will give us great pleasure to have the sword returned. However, we do not wish to claim it unless conclusive proof can be shown that it belonged to my brother. My family have lived in Montgomery for the past seventy-five years, and the sword would be greatly prized by them. My brother enlisted in the Third Alabama Regiment and was mustered into service at Montgomery, Ala., in April, 1861, and served out the twelve months' enlistment. In 1862 he assisted in organizing Semple's Battery in Montgomery, and was made a second lieutenant at its organization. In all the battles of the Western army Semple's Battery took a prominent part, and it is needless to refer to its reputation."

#### SIX BROTHERS GRISSETT, FROM MISSISSIPPI.

A. J. Grissett, Meridian, Miss., writes:

I find in the July VETERAN, page 315, the picture of Dr. J. J. Grace, of Whistler, Ala. He is an uncle of my wife. Dr. Grace was chaplain of the Seventeenth Alabama Regiment, and was wounded in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. He finally died from the wound received at that place about thirteen years ago. His widow, Mrs. Ann Grace, resides at Whistler, Ala.

The writer of this joined the army of Tennessee in February, 1864, served in Company C, Thirty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment. He was in a portion of the Georgia campaign and also in the Tennessee campaign to the finish.

Some one writing from Virginia concerning the fight at Murfreesboro, under Gen. Forrest, stated that Gen. Forrest shot and killed one of our color bearers. This is not correct. Gen. Forrest did take the flag from him, cursed him, and told him if he did not stop he would kill him. My captain and I were near Gen. Forrest when this occurred. My regiment suffered on this occasion worse than any portion of the line. We were sent out to bring on the engagement. A part of Gen. Bate's Division was expected to support our right, but for some cause failed to do so. Otherwise we would have won a victory. After this we were returned to Nashville, where we were mutilated, after two days of hard fighting against great odds.

I had besides myself five brothers in the army. Lieut. A. A. Grissett, Company D, Third Mississippi, died at Snyder's Bluff, near Vicksburg, Miss.; Lieut. J. Grissett, Company D, Third Mississippi, was killed on July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Ga., and was buried by the Federals, his body being left on the battlefield. He had his own commission and that of Lieut. T. J. Reynolds in his pocket. I was told by some of the boys who passed over the battlefield afterwards that they saw a grave marked "Lieut. T. J. Reynolds," which must have been my brother's grave, as Lieut. Reynolds still lives at Chunkey's Station, Miss. On the same day another brother, Charles G. Grissett, orderly sergeant of Company D, Twelfth Mississippi, was killed on the Decatur road near Atlanta, and I think was buried in the city graveyard. My other two brothers are still living.



HON. GEORGE DAVIS, N. C., LAST ATTORNEY-GENERAL C. S. A.



WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS.

Fred L. Robertson, Adjutant General of the Florida Division, U. C. V., writes of William H. Reynolds, of Tallahassee, Fla., a Confederate veteran, prominent in political affairs and in the State government, who was born at Macon, Ga., April 21, 1843, reared and educated in Thomas County of that State, and died in Tallahassee July 19, 1901, aged fifty-eight years, two months, and twenty-nine days:

Comrade Reynolds entered the Confederate service in the spring of 1861, enlisting as a private soldier in Company E, Twenty-Ninth Georgia Infantry, at Thomasville. He was made a corporal at the organization, and later orderly sergeant. During the last year and a half of the war he served as adjutant of the regiment. The Twenty-Ninth was on duty along the coast until the spring of 1863, when it was part of the brigade of Gen. C. C. Wilson, which was sent to the support of Gen. J. E. Johnston in Mississippi. This brigade, later under the command of Gen. Clement H. Stephens, was part of the Georgia Division commanded by Maj. Gen. W. H. T. Walker, the distinguished veteran, who fell at the battle of Atlanta.

Mr. Reynolds shared the service of his regiment from the beginning, and participated in Johnston's summer campaign for the relief of Vicksburg, the fighting at Jackson, Miss., the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge under Bragg, and the great Georgia campaign of 1864, from Dalton to Atlanta and Jonesboro. In August, 1864, while on the picket line before Atlanta, he was captured, but soon made his escape. After the fall of Atlanta he marched with Hood through North Georgia and Alabama, and fought at Decatur, Ala., and Franklin, Tenn. In this last engagement he was the only man in his company who escaped being killed or wounded. He was at Murfreesboro and later at Nashville in Hood's campaign, and finally participated in the campaign in the Carolinas in the spring of 1865, surrendering at Greensboro.

In recent years Mr. Reynolds has been a citizen of Florida and prominent in public affairs. He was Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of the State in 1885, and Chief Clerk of the Florida Legislature during the sessions of 1885, 1887, and 1889. In 1892 he was elected to the State Senate for four years, and in 1893 he was made President of the Senate. At the time of his death he held the office of Comptroller of the State, to which he was unanimously nominated in 1896 and again in 1900.

He was a member of Francis S. Bartow Camp, No. 284, Bartow, Fla., Lieutenant Colonel and Paymaster General on the staff of Maj. Gen. E. M. Law, commanding the Florida Division, and was always earnest and enthusiastic in the cause of the Confederate vet-

erans, never failing to attend the reunions when it was possible for him to be present. He was a good soldier, a good citizen, a model husband and father, and a genial Christian gentleman, loved and honored by all who knew him, and loved best by those who knew him best.

COL. T. M. GORDON.

Thomas Martin Gordon was the second son of Col. Thomas Kennedy Gordon and Elizabeth Lane, and from his patriotic ancestors inherited that spirit of valor which made him a veteran of both the Mexican and civil wars. An exchange reads as follows:

When but twenty years of age Thomas Kennedy Gordon was made captain of the first company of infantry raised under a call of the State for the Creek war. He served with distinction throughout, and at the close was elected colonel of his regiment, a deserved recognition, since to him was due the success of the Creek war, he being the one man who volunteered to die with Jackson in the wilderness, and whose company to a man pledged themselves to die with their captain. On the afternoon of this occurrence two wagons of provisions, sent by his father, reached the starving army and relieved their suffering until government supplies arrived, the next day.

The Gordon and Lane families settled in Giles County, Tenn., about 1807, Robert Gordon coming from Kentucky with his wife, Mary Kennedy, sister of Gen. Thomas Kennedy of revolutionary fame, and Martin Lane, a veteran of the revolution, removing



COL. GORDON IN THE SIXTIES.



from North Carolina with his family, his youngest child being Elizabeth.

In his childhood Thomas Martin Gordon spent his happiest hours with the Grandmother Lane, who related to the eager little listener many stirring tales of revolutionary times; so, with his father's example and so much talk of war, it was not strange that at nineteen years of age the boy left college walls and enlisted in the Mexican war, serving as first lieutenant under Capt. Chambliss. He served to the close faithfully, and was with Gen. Cheatham in the battle of Mexico City.

When the call to arms came to the South, he organized a company (B) at Lynnville, Tenn., and was made its captain. The companies of the neighboring towns met on his lawn to organize the Third Tennessee Regiment, and he was made its lieutenant colonel. He was wounded at Fort Donelson February 15, 1862, and under great difficulty was brought by his body servant to the home of Gen. Pillow, at Columbia, and from there was sent to his home at Lynnville. While recovering from his wounds he was arrested by the Federals, and, although lame and suffering, was marched on foot to Columbia and imprisoned. Through the influence of Col. Arch Hughes and other Union friends he was released on \$15,000 bond and returned home, but shortly thereafter was again arrested by the Federals and imprisoned in the stockade at Pulaski. He never sufficiently recovered for active service, even had his imprisonment not prevented his fighting for the cause he loved.

Col. Gordon was quiet and reserved in manner and gentle in disposition, though he ever carried himself with a martial air. He was a close observer, a broad reader, and kept in close touch with the world's happenings. The trials of life he met with fortitude. Generous to a fault, tender in his sympathies, and loving peace, he peacefully passed to his rest on July 27, 1901, aged seventy-four years. On the 28th he was given a soldier's burial by the Harvey Walker Bivouac in Lynnwood Cemetery, at Lynnville, Tenn.

#### R. E. GRIZZARD.

R. E. Grizzard, of Camp R. M. Russell at Trenton, Tenn., died on August 8. He was born in Nashville in 1839, and was partially educated at Andrew College, Trenton. He was a member of Company A of the Rock City Guards, Maney's First Tennessee Regiment, and was with the Virginia army until honorably discharged. He then came to Tennessee and joined the Bluff City Grays of Memphis and Forrest's Cavalry, where he served until the war ended.

Of Comrade Grizzard, who recently died at his home at Trenton, the Strahl Bivouac gave the following report: He was born at Nashville in December, 1839, and at an early age removed to Tullahoma, where his childhood was passed. He was a student at Andrew College, Trenton, and then returned to Nashville to live. When the war broke out he enlisted in Company A, Rock City Guards, Maney's Regiment, First Tennessee Volunteers. He served through the first year of the war in West Virginia in the Cheat Mountain campaign. He was then discharged, and, returning to Tennessee, enlisted in Company A, Bluff City Grays, part of Forrest's command. He served

with this company till the close of the war, making a true and faithful soldier, always ready to discharge any duty assigned him.

#### GEN. GEORGE T. ANDERSON.

A tribute by Camp Pelham, No. 258, U. C. V., Anniston, Ala., states:

Brig. Gen. George T. Anderson was born in Georgia March 3, 1824; and died in the city of Anniston, Ala., April 4, 1901, at the age of seventy-seven years. He distinguished himself by gallantry and heroism in two wars. In early manhood he was engaged in the conflict with Mexico, and achieved fame as captain by heroism upon many hotly contested battlefields. In the war between the States he espoused the cause of the South. He organized the Eleventh Georgia Regiment, and was elected colonel. He soon won distinction by his intrepid daring and gallant leadership, and was promoted to the position of brigadier general. In the many desperate battles in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged Gen. Anderson and his brigade were important participants, ever being found at the forefront. During a perilous charge upon the enemy he was severely wounded, but remained away from his command only a short time. When the stars and bars were furled forever, with a sad heart he returned to his native State, after which he was called to positions of honor and trust, discharging his official duties faithfully and efficiently. Gen. Anderson removed to Alabama some twenty years ago, and had resided in Anniston about thirteen years. He was honored as a public official ever since he has lived among us. After the death of the lamented Commander F. M. Hight, Gen. Anderson was unanimously elected Commander of Camp Pelham, but resigned after a short time on account of ill health. With him life's sun has set, and the burdens of his days have passed, but he has left a worthy heritage to his loved ones.

#### COL. THOMAS C. LIPSCOMB.

Col. Thomas C. Lipscomb, of Denison, Tex., died April 3, 1901, after a short illness. He had nearly reached his seventieth year, and had long been a resident of that section, having settled there before the town was thought of. He served in the Fourteenth Mississippi with rank of corporal, and was stationed at Pensacola, Fla., for twelve months. He then re-enlisted for the war in the Second Mississippi Battalion, serving two years in Virginia. After the battle of Antietam he was commissioned lieutenant colonel, and returned to Columbus, Miss., where he raised a company of cavalry and joined Gen. Forrest's command. At the battle of Harrodsburg both colonel and major were killed, and he was promoted to colonel, and served with Gen. Forrest to the end of the war. He removed to Grayson County, Tex., in 1868.

During the month of August two gallant Confederate veterans, Thomas Pleasants and Philip H. Wallace, were laid to rest in the cemetery at Paducah, Ky., both being members of A. P. Thompson Camp, No. 174, U. C. V. Comrade Pleasants was a member of a Powhat-

an, Va., battery. He was a good and faithful soldier to the end of the struggle. Philip Wallace enlisted in Scott's Infantry, and served in many a hard battle. Both were respected citizens of Paducah, and leave wide circles of friends to mourn their loss.

DANIEL R. RICHARDS.

A. M. Clark, Koreb, Okla.: "It is not my purpose to testify as to the qualities of Daniel R. Richards as a Confederate soldier, for his comrades need not be told of that, but it is to tell them of his life and character after that great struggle that I write. In October, 1862, he left his pleasant home, devoted wife, and prattling children to become a target for the leaden hail of an army which was being organized to take from him his property. He enlisted in Capt. James McRunnell's Company of the Eighth Tennessee Cavalry, commanded at first by Col. G. G. Dibrell, and which was afterwards under Gen. N. B. Forrest. When the stern decree of fate as to the war was settled, he returned to his family in White County, Tenn., and began civil life anew on the farm. Brave and true as a soldier in the army, he became a citizen faithful in all of life's duties. Born in June, 1832, he was married to Miss Mary J. Taylor in April, 1855, entered the Christian army in 1857, and died May 22, 1901. He was gentle, kind, and good. It is said of him that 'he was one of God's great men.' The relentless messenger came as gently as a springtime zephyr, and without a sigh this grand old veteran 'passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees.' There are no words too strong, too tender, or too delicate to be modeled by some master into a beautiful epitaph to perpetuate the memory of this noble man who delighted to serve and honor God."

REV. JOSEPH E. MARTIN.

Among the venerated heroes who passed into eternity with the close of 1900 was Joseph E. Martin, LL.D., who had been rector of St. Luke's Church, Jackson, Tenn., since 1892. He was a veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia. Dr. Martin was born in Cumberland County, Pa., in 1840. At the organization of the First Regiment of Virginia Infantry he was elected chaplain, and with his regiment in Longstreet's Brigade he went into the battle of Manassas, and continued on duty until he was taken prisoner during the seven days' struggle before Richmond. He was a great admirer of Stonewall Jackson, and his thrilling address upon his character is historic.

When Dr. Martin entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, after the return of peace, he carried with him the spirit of the soldier, fighting always for what he believed to be true, and teaching by genial gentleness the great lessons of faith, hope, and charity. He was admired always for his scholarly attainments as well as for the beauty and strength of his character. Dr. Martin leaves two sons, who may ever cherish the memory of their noble father.

SAMUEL RUSH WATKINS.

Samuel R. Watkins, member of Leonidas Polk Bivouac, No. 3, and W. H. Trousdale Camp, No. 495,

died in the old parsonage near Zion Church, Maury County, Tenn., on July 20, 1901. He was devoted to the association of Confederate soldiers and to his comrades. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., in 1839, and in April, 1861, enlisted as private in Company H., First Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. He was three times wounded, and was paroled April 26, 1865.

In 1882 he published "Company Aytch" (H), of the First Tennessee Regiment, which he dedicated to the living and departed members of the Maury County Grays of that regiment.

MAJ. DANIEL F. BOOTON.

Maj. Daniel F. Booton was born in Madison County, Va., September, 1834. He removed to Georgia in 1857, and resided for several years in Floyd County.



D. F. BOOTON.

Early in 1861 he made up a cavalry company from Floyd Springs and Calhoun, and as Captain of the company was assigned to duty in the Third Georgia Regiment of Cavalry. He did active and valiant service in the Army of the West, and was for some time on the staff of Gen. N. B. Forrest, following his forces in the hard-fought battles of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. For gallantry in action at the latter battle he was promoted to the rank of Major. He followed

Bragg's army in the memorable campaign in Kentucky, participated in the battle of Perryville and other engagements, and shared in the hardships and dangers of the retreat from that State. About the close of 1863 he was captured near McMinnville, Tenn., and for eighteen months was held as prisoner of war at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware. Soon after the war he settled in Marshallville, Ga., where he resided till his death, in July, 1900. Maj. Booton was a gallant soldier, and nobly illustrated Georgia on many hard-fought battlefields. In civil life he was a courteous, generous, and affable gentleman.

BRIG. GEN. G. M. SORREL.

The *Baltimore Sun* of August 23, 1901, announces the death of Brig. Gen. G. M. Sorrel, C. S. A., who was Adjutant General of the First Corps, A. N. V.: "Commencing his army life in Virginia as Lieutenant and Aid-de-Camp on the staff of Gen. Longstreet, on July 18, 1861, he successively won the grades of Captain, Major, and Lieutenant Colonel on the staff. The remarkable services he rendered on the battlefield of the Wilderness on May 6, 1864, caused his promotion to Brigadier General, and he was assigned to a Georgia brigade in another corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. His services there during the closing scenes of the war were as brilliant as they had ever been, and in the course of which he was desperately wounded while leading his brigade in action. He was a soldier without fear, a man without reproach, and a comrade to love."



JAMES E. DUVALL.

G. M. Weedon writes from Bellfair Mills, Va.: James E. Duvall died at Bellfair Mills, Stafford County, Va., January 21, 1901, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was a true Confederate soldier and was well known in several of the Southern States. He enlisted in Company E., Seventeenth Virginia Regiment (Captain, S. Vaughn; Colonel, M. D. Corse). Mr. Duvall was transferred to Capt. Page's battery. The wound he received at Chancellorsville the night Gen. Jackson was killed was supposed to be mortal. He was sent to the hospital at Macon, Ga., and recovered. He participated in the First Manassas, Drewry's Bluff, Mechanicsville, First Cold Harbor, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and other battles. In the latter engagement he was wounded five times. He leaves two sons and one daughter, all devoted to the cause for which their father fought. Mr. Duvall was a noble Christian man, generous with the plenty of this world's goods. The writer knew him well and fought with him.

LEUT. R. M. DAVIS.

J. W. Ramsey writes from Trenton, Tenn., that Lieut. Robert N. Davis passed away peacefully September 25, 1901, at his home in Trenton, Tenn., at the age of seventy-one years. Bob Davis, as he was familiarly called, was at his place of business until after nine o'clock Tuesday night in his usual health and cheerful spirits, but before five o'clock Wednesday morning he had gone from among us into the great beyond. Comrade Davis was born near Trenton, in June, 1830, and has lived in Gibson County all of his life. He was a prosperous merchant in Trenton for forty years. In 1859 he was married to Miss Belle McClelland. His wife, three sons, and three daughters feel their great loss keenly. He was a faithful member and a deacon of the Baptist Church and was a Knight of Honor. He was a member of the O. F. Strahl Bivouac and R. M. Russell Camp, of Trenton. He volunteered in Hill's Company, Forty-Seventh Tennessee Infantry, and was elected Lieutenant at the reorganization. He was afterwards transferred to the cavalry service, becoming a member of Capt. Shane's Company, of Russell's Cavalry Regiment. When on the raid with Forrest into Memphis, he was surrounded by the Federals, but fought his way out, and was with his command until the final surrender, in Alabama, in 1865.

MAJ. THOMAS P. ADAMS.

Capt Thomas Gibson gives this sketch:

He was born in Pulaski, Tenn., February 10, 1836: died at his home near Arlington, Shelby County, Tenn., September 2, 1901. When quite a young man he went to Memphis, Tenn., and engaged in business: was later a member of the cotton commission firm of Fowlkes & Adams, and was so engaged for several years. After his marriage, December 3, 1867, to Miss Mary E. Bragg, a beautiful and cultured woman, who survives him, he retired from mercantile business, and afterwards engaged in farming. There are eight children living—five sons and three daughters.

Maj. Adams was a true and faithful soldier from the

beginning to the end. He was commissary of subsistence, and served on the staff of his brother, Brig. Gen. John Adams, until the latter's gallant ride and heroic death in the sanguinary battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. Afterwards he served on the staff of that splendid officer, Brig. Gen. Robert Lowry, who was afterwards Governor of Mississippi.

Maj. Adams was a genial and approachable officer, and was greatly esteemed by his men. He participated in the several great campaigns of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, serving under Lieut. Gens. Pemberton and Polk in Mississippi, and was constantly on duty during the "one hundred days' fighting" from Resaca to Atlanta, Ga., and under Gen. J. B. Hood in his ever-memorable march through Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. He surrendered with the brigade in the Army of Tennessee, again commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, at Bentonville, N. C. The brigade in which he so long served was in Maj. Gen. W. W. Loring's Division, Polk's Corps, afterwards commanded by Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stuart.

Maj. Adams attended the last United Confederate Veterans' reunion at Memphis, and said to the writer that it was a great pleasure to meet again so many of his old comrades. He met Gen. Robert Lowry, Col. James Binford, of the Fifteenth Mississippi, also Maj. Pat Henry, now a member of Congress, and Capt. John L. Collins, of Coffeeville, Miss., who had served on the staff with him.

This imperfect notice is written by one who knew his kind heart and generous impulses and loved him as a brother.

THE FOLLOWING  
**PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS**  
were unanimously adopted at a regular monthly meeting of  
THE **CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP** OF New York  
HELD AUGUST 27th 1901  
**WHEREAS,**  
The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York have learned with feelings of profound regret, of the irreparable loss sustained by comrade **S. A. CUNNINGHAM**, (the devoted advocate of the South and the able proprietor of the "Confederate Veteran") in the tragic death of his noble and gifted son **PAUL DAVIS CUNNINGHAM**, while on duty in the service of his country; a young man universally beloved and honored, as all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's and his and who, though dying in the morning of vigorous manhood, yet rounded out a patriarchal age in exemplification of the truth, that, "WE LIVE IN DEEDS, NOT YEARS, IN THOUGHTS, NOT BREATHS, IN FEELINGS, NOT IN FIGURES ON A DIAL."  
"WE SHOULD COUNT TIME BY HEART-THROBS."  
"HE MOST LIVES, WHO THINKS MOST."  
"FEELS THE NOBLEST, ACTS THE BEST."  
NOW THEREFORE BE IT  
**RESOLVED**, that the heart-felt sympathy of this Camp be tendered to comrade, S. A. Cunningham, together with the assurance that his sorrow is also ours.  
**RESOLVED**, THAT THE ADJUTANT BE INSTRUCTED TO SEND A COPY OF THESE RESOLUTIONS TO OUR AFFLICTED COMRADE.  
Thos. Lellorn  
ADJUTANT  
Amos Egan  
COMMANDER.

The action of many Camps of Veterans and Chapters of Daughters in sympathy with the father in Mr. Cunningham's death has been reported. The foregoing is selected because of

the artistic care in its preparation. General acknowledgment will appear in a booklet to be published in December. Two letters are given below. Reference has been made heretofore to the first, which would have been sent the father except for "fear that it would get into the newspapers."

DIVISION OF CUBA, OFFICE OF CHIEF ENGINEER,  
HAVANA, August 1, 1900.

P. D. Cunningham, C. E., Havana, Cuba.

*My Dear Mr. Cunningham:* Before severing your connection with this office to accept the more advantageous position offered you as Consulting Engineer of the Mexican Boundary Commission, it is my desire to state to you my appreciation of your character and services. You have now served directly under my orders since July, 1898; first as Assistant Engineer to the Chief Engineer on duty at headquarters of the army in Tampa, Porto Rico, and Washington; and since February, 1899, as principal Assistant Engineer to the Chief Engineer, Department of Havana, and as Chief Engineer, City of Havana. During this time you assisted me in duties more arduous than had ever before fallen on me since my graduation in 1877—in selecting, buying, and assembling and shipping the engineer supplies for the army in the field; in caring for accounts and property at a time when skilled clerical help was unattainable and office conveniences did not exist; in reconnaissance and other work in the field; in settling the field accounts in Washington; and, finally, in organizing an Engineer Department, and at the same time executing work under the conditions prevailing in Havana during the first year and a half of the American occupation.

Your work here has embraced municipal engineering in all of its branches; organization, legal investigations, and the framing of new legislation. In all of this time I have securely relied on your judgment, ability, integrity, and industry, and have had to check you for overworking rather than for any other one thing. In parting from you I feel that I am parting with a tried friend, as well as an assistant, in the fullest sense of that word.

With best wishes for your future success, I am very sincerely yours.

W. M. BLACK,

Major, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Chief Engineer, Division of Cuba.

FROM COL. D. D. GAILLARD.

DULUTH, MINN., September 9, 1901.

*My Dear Mr. Cunningham:* Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind thoughtfulness in sending me the July CONFEDERATE VETERAN with its many testimonials to the character of your dear son.

I realize how utterly inadequate words are to convey to you my sincere sympathy in your terrible bereavement, yet I cannot let this opportunity pass without testifying in some measure to my admiration of him as a man and as an engineer. You know that during the entire Mexican Boundary (Land) Survey, 1892-94, he was in a party under my immediate supervision, and I came to know him and his work well, and I knew naught but good of either. Paul stood in a marked degree for loyalty, interest in work, untiring energy, good judgment, manliness, sunniness of disposition, and thoroughness in execution of every detail of work intrusted to him for execution. I personally recommended him to Col. W. M. Black, U. S. Corps of Engineers, for assistant in Porto Rico and Cuba. How completely I was justified in my opinion of him, his work in both those places shows. Both Mrs. Gaillard and myself feel that we have lost a true friend, and yet

we can scarce realize that he is gone. We had seen him frequently in Washington last winter, and on March 5 last, the day before I left Washington, he called to bid me good-by. Little did either of us dream that it was to be our last earthly parting.

How proud you must be to have been the father of such a son, one over whom so fittingly could be placed the inscription: "Faithful unto death!"

Again extending the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Gaillard and myself, I am sincerely,

D. D. GAILLARD.

#### A REVIEW OF "BRIGHT SKIES AND DARK SHADOWS."

"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Henry M. Field, D.D., is a kaleidoscopic account of a winter passed by him under Southern skies when, in company with loyal Confederate survivors, he visited the places where they had fought their battles, and heard from their own lips the great, sad story.

There is a perennial element of large-heartedness that abides with some men, and their brains become the homes of generous thought. This unity of feeling and thought quickens the sympathetic and perceptive faculties, investing a man with power to see and feel a situation from a point of view other than his own. Dr. Field's book evidences such an attitude, and is rich in suggestion; for, though a Northern man by birth and traditions, he is possessed of the spiritual qualities which enable him to make human life, in the larger range of vision and in the philosophy of history, a "battle above the clouds." He devotes several chapters of his delightful book to the "negro problem," which he handles with an incisive virulence and clear-sightedness that is convincing to the reader in its generous directness and honesty. The genial atmosphere of reminiscence that pervades the entire work reaches a climax that is at once dramatically thrilling and tender in the closing chapters, "The Battle of Franklin," "Stonewall Jackson and the Valley Campaign," and "Last Days of Gen. Lee."

It would seem that Confederate and Federal alike agree as to Dr. Field's faithful accuracy of the "Battle of Franklin;" for Gen. A. P. Stewart, in writing to him of the work, mentions its general correctness. Gen. Schofield has said again and again that it is one of the best accounts of the great battle; and Gen. Cox, of Ohio, who was in the heat of the struggle, wrote to Dr. Field: "You have given by far the fullest, the most adequate, and most thrillingly interesting account of the battle which has yet appeared, and you need have no fear that successful criticism can be made upon it."

See elsewhere the extraordinary club rates for this book.

This unprecedented offer is made: With the price of the book, \$1.50, a year's subscription to the VETERAN will be given. Renewals as well as new subscriptions will be given with every order for the book at one dollar and fifty cents, postpaid.

#### THE REAL LINCOLN: AN INTERESTING PAMPHLET.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, the able editress of the splendid pamphlet, "The Real Lincoln," writes that the Everett Waddey Company, of Richmond, Va., are sole agents for the work, which is being sold at the simple price of thirty-five cents. The book is a compilation of the critical essays of Dr. Charles L. C. Minor, who advocates good will between the sections, but who is not content with the universal deification of President Lincoln. Dr. Minor attempts to show what he considers were the real characteristics of this extraordinary man, and he is assisted in the work by Hon. Lyon G. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, who furnishes a brief study of Lincoln's character.



## MISTRESS JOY

A TALE OF NATCHEZ IN 1798



story "Mistress Joy: A Tale of Natchez in 1798," which comes from the Century press in October. The scene of this tale is first Natchez and then New Orleans. It not only does not leave America, but it does not leave the South. And what a glorious, romantic, stately, stirring story the two authors have made from the single year of Southern history with which they deal!

Most Southerners, and all Methodists, know that Methodism began in America in the Southern part of the country. "Mistress Joy" presents to us one of these pioneer bands of Methodists in the wilderness near Natchez. The heroine, Joyce Valentine, is ambitious to herself become a preacher of the Word. This was before the Methodist Church had silenced its women preachers. She is one of the most delightful creations which have been given to recent fiction.

The always romantic figure of Aaron Burr appears in these pages. Students of Southern history are aware that he at one time owned a plantation near Natchez. In reading up for this work the authors found in one of the old State histories of Mississippi the story of many of his love affairs, in which figured a beautiful young girl at "Halfway Cottage," on the road between Washington and Natchez. Burr's character is treated with rare skill. He is not made a martyr nor a fiend, but a many-sided character, winning, generous, faulty, with a vein of something sinister, which only added to its charm for those who fell under his fascinations.

Of the authors of "Mistress Joy," Mrs. Cook is the daughter of a veteran editor and sister to Alice McGowan, well known to the reading public through her Texas work, so that she may be said to belong to a writing family. Mrs. Cooke has been a writer of short stories for more than ten years, and her work has appeared in the best magazines. Negro work, the Southern mountaineer, and Texas cattle country stories have been her specialties, and the historical line is therefore for her a new departure.

Mrs. Annie Booth McKinney, a native Mississippian,

brought to this work a wonderful enthusiasm for her native State. Belonging to one of its most prominent families, she was filled with its spirit and traditions, as "Mistress Joy" will show. To her is due the wonderful local color of this story, the scene-setting of which must captivate every soul which loves the Southland.

Mrs. McKinney is at present a resident of Knoxville, Tenn. She has been so prominent in the Daughters of the Confederacy and Southern club work as to need no introduction to the women of the South. Her beauty, social graces, and charming hospitality are famed throughout her entire section. Now that she has entered a new field of activity, her friends will look to see her rule in this, as in all of her other undertakings, like a queen.

"Mistress Joy" is a remarkably pure, high piece of work. It is a story to uplift, to make one better and not worse, happier and not sadder. This, when so much doubtful problem fiction is being turned out in the East, is a thing for the South to be proud of. A book, it seems, need not be objectionable in any way in order to be strong and brave and true.

At the time of this story, 1798, cotton was struggling through the troubles which beset infant industries and new products. One of the main characters of the story, David Batchelor, is represented as a cotton planter. The things which he did to further cotton-growing in the Natchez district are historically correct, though the name of the man is fictitious.

Notably excellent are the Indians in the story, the French Creoles in the New Orleans portion. The book has had nothing



MRS. GRACE M'GOWAN COOKE.

ing but praise from any critic who has seen it. It is to have the very best presentation which the Century Company can give it. The illustrations are by Relyea, the cover design (made from a suggestion of Mrs. McKinney) a river motif, since the Mississippi River figures largely in the tale.



MRS. ANNIE BOOTH M'KINLEY.

This is a book all Southern people can welcome to their homes, of which they can be proud.

"Mistress Joy" is peculiarly a woman's novel. Not because it lacks in the practical details which would please men, but because the soul life of its main character, Joyce Valentine, is calculated to appeal to the heart of every woman who has thought and suffered.

Daughters of the Confederacy will be particularly interested in this work of one of the best-known and best-loved of their number.

Mistress Joy, fair, ruddy-haired, impulsive, brave, and loyal, will win hearts everywhere; but it is in the South that this ideal portrait of a Southern woman of one hundred years ago must still be best appreciated.

The critics and its publishers are predicting for "Mistress Joy" such an overwhelming popular success as waited upon "To Have and to Hold." Be that as it may, it is certain that the South will give it a warm welcome.

#### GEN. FRENCH'S HISTORY OF TWO WARS.

Maj. D. W. Sanders, of Louisville, sends the first comment: "I have read the General's book. It is the most delightfully written autobiography I have ever read. The style is graceful and most captivating. There is not a turgid sentence in it. The narration of events is written, and without effort, in the most interesting manner, and his sketches of notable men, covering a long period, will command the attention of all who delight in high literary work. His comments on events in Mexico, and especially his observations on the military characteristics of Gen. Taylor, are valuable, affording the best standard yet given of judging of his faculties and the beautiful simplicity of his character. His sketch of his last night in the casement at Fort Macon is as handsome, glowing, and descriptive writing as can be found in the writings of any one I have ever read. The book is written just as the dear old General talks—bright, attractive, full of sense and philosophical observations and reflections, and always without egotism, vanity, or selfishness. It is a great contribution to history, by a soldier who participated in great events, and who always did his duty to his country and his soldiers nobly and fully. All honor to the grand old man who, in the late hours of the afternoon of life, tells the story of the events of two wars in which he bore himself throughout with great honor and distinction."

#### STONEWALL JACKSON'S GUARD; OR, WAR HISTORY.

The comments of prominent men who have read the manuscript of "War History Lincoln Suppressed," will certainly do much, in addition to the value of the work itself, to secure the success of its early sale, through many editions. The able author of the book, Judge John N. Lyle, is a prominent member at the Waco (Tex.) bar, a man well equipped to handle such a subject as he has undertaken.

From various letters that have been sent to Judge Lyle relative to the value of his work the VETERAN quotes from Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, Commander of the Maryland Line: "Maryland will be greatly indebted to you for the record you have collected for her, and I tender you my thanks for the glowing tribute to the Maryland Line. Your pictures (pen) of camp life and of the Confederate soldier on the march and by the camp fire have never been equaled by any writer on either side that I have read, and I have read many of them. You have done justice to us and a service to posterity and to the cause of truth and justice for all time."

The book is to be published on subscription, and orders can be sent to Judge J. N. Lyle, Waco, Tex.

REUNION OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.—George A. Branard writes of the reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade in June, 1901, and graphically describes an oyster roast given during the reunion, where a medal of pine wood was given to Capt. J. T. Hunter, President of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, for eating the greatest number of oysters—1,189. In apologizing for his phenomenal appetite, Capt. Hunter explained that he had been reading the VETERAN as a tonic, and that he could recommend it as an appetizer. The reunion was a great success, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: A. C. Brietz, Bryan, President; L. P. Hughes, Floresville, Vice President; J. C. Jones, Gonzales, Surgeon; W. R. Hanby, Austin, Treasurer; Rev. — Beasley, Chaplain; and George Branard, Secretary, having been given a life position at the Palestine meeting last year. Bryan, Tex., was chosen as the next place of meeting, June, 1902.





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Out of the shadows of sadness  
Into the sunshine of gladness,  
Into the light of the blest;  
Out of a land very dreary,  
Out of the world very weary,  
Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow  
Into a blissful to-morrow,  
Into a day without gloom;  
Out of a land filled with sighing,  
Land of the dead and the dying,  
Into a land without tomb.

Out of the world of the wailing,  
Thronged with the anguished and ailing.  
Out of the world of the sad  
Into the world that rejoices—  
World of bright visions and voices—  
Into the world of the glad.

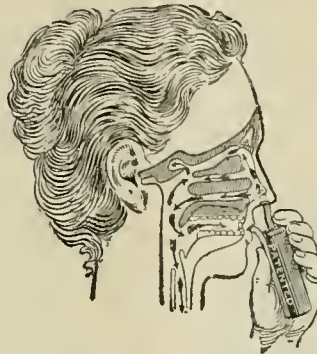
Out of a land in whose bowers  
Perish and fade all the flowers,  
Out of the land of decay  
Into the Eden where fairest  
Of flowerets, and sweetest and rarest,  
Never shall wither away.

Out of a life ever mournful,  
Out of a land very lornful,  
Where in bleak exile we roam,  
Into a joy land above us,  
Where there's a Saviour to love us—  
Into our "Home, Sweet Home."

O how sweet to feel, when closing  
Here on earth our weary eyes,  
We shall see those who wait for us  
On the hills of Paradise;  
To know that, when at last our feet  
Shall touch that unknown strand,  
We shall find the reassuring clasp  
Of some dear outstretched hand.

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advantages.

Among other well-known educators  
is Prof. B. B. Jones, of the Lexington,  
(Ky.) Business College, who is a man  
of the highest ideals, and is ambitious for  
the advancement of standards in business  
education in the South. Two strong  
points which Prof. Jones makes in his  
work are: First, the character of teach-  
ers employed, who are all graduates of  
high record; and, secondly, the advoca-  
ting of a lengthy course of study. He  
thinks that, if more practical knowledge  
is taught, the student of a Business Col-  
lege on leaving the class room may be  
able to take up at once the work of the  
world without having to learn all over  
again in the practice. This, he believes,  
may be best attained by a four years'  
course of study in which business ethics,  
etc., is taught. It is better for a young  
man to devote enough time to this foun-  
dation than to try, with only a few  
months' preparation, to procure and hold  
a responsible position without it. Also  
it is best for the reputation of the col-  
lege which equips him.

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The Manix Store, Nashville, Tenn.,  
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This remarkable pen will be sent as a premium for three VETERAN subscriptions.

## THE TENNESSEE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

In its meeting and outing of 1901 the Tennessee Press Association was the recipient of innumerable courtesies, and desires to return thanks to those most prominent in their efforts to make this outing one long to be remembered.

President LaRue and associate officers of the Association so managed as to give one continual round of pleasure and profit, and left nothing undone for the comfort and convenience of the party. The business meetings were held at the rooms of the Retail Merchants' Association in Nashville, which were generously placed at our disposal.

To those genial and courteous officials, President J. W. Thomas and W. L. Danley, G. P. A. of the N., C., & St. L. Railway; also to the management of the Tennessee Central, the committee returns thanks for the courtesies of free transportation over their lines to Nashville and return. Thanks are also extended to A. B. Andrews, First Vice President, and C. A. Benscoter, D. P. A., of the Southern Railway; A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., of the Illinois Central; W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A. of the Queen and Crescent; and C. M. Shepard, G. P. A. of the Mobile and Ohio—all of whom aided the Association in every possible way.

To Col. Robert Gates, of the Louisville and Nashville Railway, are we indebted for the pleasure of our trip between Nashville and Cincinnati, that railway furnishing a magnificent special train for the party. The Pullman Car Company is credited for the unusual courtesies extended the Association and the care taken by its employees to supply every need. Messrs. A. W. Rippey, Division Agent, and E. A. Leer, Assistant of the Pullman Company, have our thanks also for their extreme watchfulness and devotion to our welfare in procuring cars for the Association, and a personal compliment is paid Conductor L. E. Smith, in charge of our train to Cincinnati.

Especially are we indebted to Col. H. C. Holabird, G. P. A. of the great Erie Railway, for his unceasing devotion during the trip from Cincinnati to Buffalo. His innumerable acts of kindness, unreserved yet gentlemanly bearing together with the ready fund of information he displayed in pointing out the many charming scenic and historical points of interest along this magnificent railway, showed him to be a good man in the right place. Joining our party at Cincinnati, he formed the individual acquaintance of every member, and aided

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in every way possible the enjoyment of all.

Our stay in Cincinnati was made doubly pleasant by the courtesies extended by Mr. J. B. Church, President of the Business Men's Club, and Mr. J. Stacy Hill, of the Fall Festival Association, and their associate committeemen, through whom we enjoyed an elegant luncheon at the club rooms, a reception at the establishment of the American Type Foundry Company by invitation of F. B. Berry, Manager, and a delightful trolley ride through the suburbs of the city, tendered by Capt. Howard Porter and Mr. Fred A. Geier, of the Cincinnati Traction Company. A visit was made to the Art Museum on invitation of President Taylor and Secretary Gest, and also to the famous Rookwood Pottery and the Zoölogical Gardens.

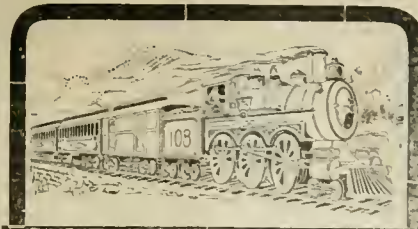
Special thanks are due to Col. Rider, proprietor of the justly famous Hotel Rider at Cambridge Springs, Pa., for the complimentary breakfast tendered the Association and the pleasant hours spent in viewing the spacious grounds about the hotel. A golf course is maintained for guests of the hotel, and there are other attractions in the way of driving, boating, and fishing that can be enjoyed during a stay here, and, best of all, "they say" that the worst case of dyspepsia can be cured within a week by partaking of these waters.

The Association is under great obligations to Superintendent Mark Bennett, of the Pan-American Press Bureau, for courtesies to the entire party during our stay at the Exposition; also to the managers of the various Midway attractions. To Mr. Fred Cummings, of the "Indian Congress," are we especially indebted for efforts in our behalf. Also to the genial proprietor of Statler's Hotel do we return thanks for kind treatment while his guests.

We desire especially to thank the Passenger Departments of both the Erie and L. and N. Railways for the final courtesy in providing extra sleepers for our return, another evidence of the ceaseless vigil of these lines to leave nothing undone that would add to our comfort and convenience from first to last.

W. R. LYON,  
JOHN WADE,  
S. B. ROBINSON,  
*Committee on Courtesies.*

W. A. Warwick, of Demorest, Ga., would like to hear from any or all of the three Warwicks who belonged to the Third Arkansas, Longstreet's Corps.



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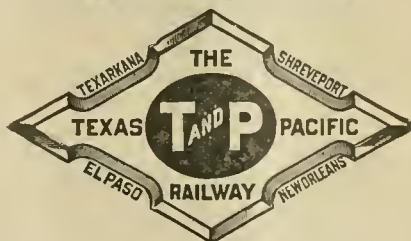
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AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT.

An entire preliminary sample number of *Country Life in America*, a new magazine yet to be regularly published, is an unusual experiment, and an expensive one as well. Yet Doubleday, Page & Co. have prepared an advance sample issue to make sure that nothing will be left undone to make the magazine attractive when it finally is sent forth. They believe the beauty and scope of a magazine founded on such new lines cannot be realized until it is seen.

The opening article, "A Sniff at Old Gardens," treating of vestiges of a past home life on the old Hudson River manors, is by J. P. Mobray, the author of "A Journey to Nature." John Burroughs contributes a poem entitled "The Cuckoo." "Ellerslie," Levi P. Morton's country estate, is elaborately treated as representative of the best ideals in country living. Many are the subjects from practical horticulture, farming, and gardening to wild nature and nature literature. The editor, L. H. Bailey, is himself one of the best known of those who make real literature of practical country subjects. But the illustrations, which form a superb display throughout the large magazine, are what more than anything else make it a distinct achievement in periodical publication.

O. W. Blackwall, Kittrell, N. C., wants first four volumes of the *VETERAN*, 1893-96. Any one having these volumes to dispose of will kindly address him.

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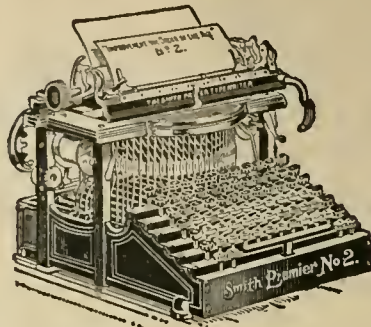
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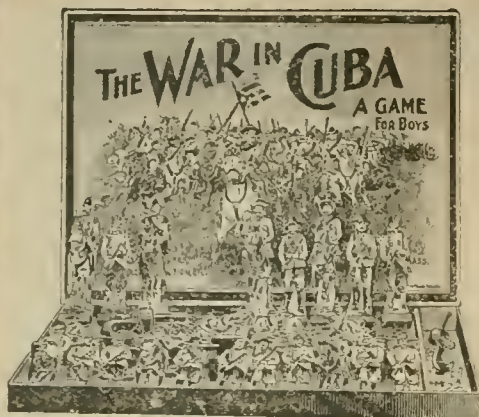
Cynthiana, Ky.  
Lexington, Ky.  
Louisville, Ky.  
Raleigh, N. C.  
J. C. Calhoun Sarcophagus,  
Charleston, S. C.  
Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne,  
Helena, Ark.  
Helena, Ark.  
Macon, Ga.  
Columbus, Ga.  
Thomasville, Ga.  
Sparta, Ga.

Dalton, Ga.  
Nashville, Tenn.  
Columbia Tenn.  
Shelbyville, Tenn.  
Franklin, Tenn.  
Kentucky State Monument,  
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DELEGATES TO FIRST CONVENTION KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. C. V., LOUISVILLE, OCTOBER, 1901.

From steps of Galt House. Left wing at top in the grouping.



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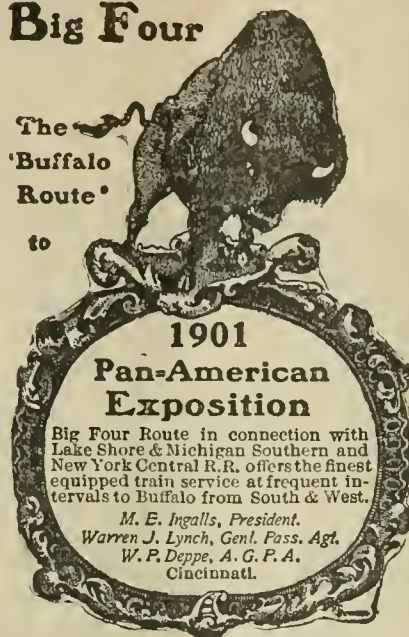
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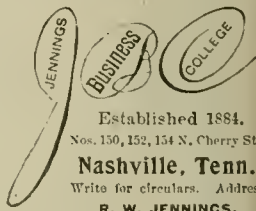
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# Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN 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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Though men deserve, they may not win success,  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 10. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## THE CONFEDERATE ORCHESTRA OF TENNESSEE LADIES OF LEBANON.



MRS. LILLARD THOMPSON, GERTRUDE FAKES. EDNA BEARD. EMMA BEARD. COL. W. M. HARKREADER,  
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OLIVE MACE. ANNIE HEARNE. MARY BARBEE. MARY PREWITT. MARTHA MARTIN.  
ANNA MAY THOMPSON. JOHNNIE LESTER. IRENE NEIL.  
MRS. HARRY FREEMAN, MRS. A. S. M'DOWELL, and MISS MARY LEA SAUNDERS are members not present.

The Confederate Orchestra, Lebanon, Tenn., was organized there some three years ago. It is composed of young ladies of the best families there. They have attended every State reunion since organization, and with their stringed instruments have charmed the veterans and guests. That they are al-

ways made to have a "good time" goes without saying. If they should go to Dallas next year they would have a royal reception and add to the glory of our Southern womanhood. Miss Edna Beard, the first violinist, charms her audience with the strains of the "Mocking Bird." Sambo says, "Dey's all good!"



## REUNION KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. C. V.

Responding to the published request by Gen. J. B. Gordon, commanding United Confederate Veterans, the Kentucky Camps held their first annual convention at Louisville October 22 and 23.

The attendance was not large, but highly representative, and the proceedings were harmonious.

Gen. J. M. Poyntz, Commander, on calling the convention to order, said:

Comrades, you have been called together at this time to renew old ties that should bind us to each other by a bond of love which was formed amidst common perils and hardships. Your physical system is not adequate to be a soldier again, but your memories of events in camp, upon the march, amidst the fires of battle, can never be erased, nor can the love of comradeship be blotted out. In the days when you were gay, with the blood of boyhood in your veins, you formed friendships which will be as lasting as life itself.

In looking over the faces before us we see that Morgan's men are here—men of the Orphan Brigade who blazed their way with musket and bayonet through the carnage of nearly one hundred battlefields; men who fought with the matchless Breckinridge, with Forrest, with Wheeler, with Hood, with that Christian soldier, Stonewall Jackson; others who tramped and fought with that illustrious soldier, the immortal Robert E. Lee; men of all arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery—are here to meet and enjoy social and fraternal relations with each other.

Comrades, when General Order No. 1 was issued September 11, 1899, assuming command of the Kentucky Division, United Confederate Veterans, there were on the list forty-eight Camps. No designated brigades had been formed, and to form them was no easy task. The hearty and generous concurrence of the brigade commanders made the burden seemingly light, and the organization became perfected. New life was manifested in many sections, and seventeen new camps have been formed.

With an increase in camps a new formation of brigades became necessary, and General Order No. 16 makes some changes. Should there be any dissatisfaction, it can be easily adjusted while we are in session. I recommend that each Camp make out a roll of members, have the same printed so that each member can have a copy, and one copy each can be furnished brigade and division headquarters. I recommend that a Historical Committee be selected in each county of the State to enroll the names of each man who enlisted in the Confederate service, where and when he entered the service, and what became of him, and that the same be filed in the library of the Confederate Home or in the County Clerk's office for the information of the descendants of these same men and any other person who may feel an interest in the matter.

I further suggest that you plan to hold annual reunions, that we meet together to increase our knowledge of each other and make our social ties more pleasant and more profitable. . . . In the ranks of this division there are many destitute comrades. Age,

like the silent night, progresses; it brings with it physical infirmity, mental distress, in many instances poverty. Strength is declining, mind weakening, and, compelled by this decline, the aged soldier must have help to make his last days comfortable. I suggest that a committee of active business men be selected to form plans to secure a home and provide for its maintenance.

Associated with me in the command of this division were Brig. Gens. Arnold, Briggs, Leathers, Clay, and Sinclair, and of their fidelity and faith too much cannot be said. James B. Clay retired in 1900. Of his record we can say that he was all which can be said of a soldier.

In returning to you the authority which you gave me as your Commander I can say that I have received from you loyal support, kindly treatment, and a generous criticism of faults and mistakes. Of my staff I am justly proud. My chief has at all times been untiring, and has left nothing undone.

At the conclusion of Gen. Poyntz's address Col. Young read a roll call of the Camp. A resolution that a Committee on Credentials, consisting of four members, one from each brigade, be appointed was carried. Commander Poyntz named J. P. Rogers, W. L. Stone, L. H. Hardin, and W. S. Gaines committee. A Committee on Organization was appointed. The Veterans adjourned at one o'clock to the Galt House, where they were entertained a lunch as the guests of the George B. Eastin Camp.

A partial list of the delegates present is as follows:

Second Brigade: J. H. Bogarth, T. Higdon, C. L. Daugherty, W. A. Obenchain, John E. Du Bose, C. F. Jarnett, Dr. C. H. Todd, T. M. Dyer, F. B. Brown, R. W. Crabb, T. J. Johnson, J. C. Bryan, G. B. Overton.

Fourth Brigade: Duncan Goodloe, J. P. Rippey, Col. Hart Gibson, L. P. Young, Capt. O. F. Redd, T. M. Cardwell, L. J. Frazee, Charles Mann, N. M. Marks, James Blackburn, Ellery Blackburn, Will A. Gaines.

Third Brigade: E. M. Roney, T. L. Cardwell, George Prunty, I. P. Barnard, R. H. Cunningham, W. S. Grady, W. Wood, S. T. Barlow.

First Brigade: Senator W. O. Coleman, C. H. Lee, Jr., Dan Cox, John J. Ashby, J. R. Rogers, A. W. Bascom.

George B. Eastin Camp: J. W. Bowles, C. C. Cantrill, John W. Green, L. S. Hardin, John C. Lewis, H. P. McDonald, G. D. Vaughan, W. P. White, L. S. Miller, Elijah Basye, John Hancock, J. S. Carpenter, D. Thornton, Andrew M. Sea, W. J. Davis.

The principal business of the meeting was to elect officers and take suitable action toward procuring a Confederate Home for the State. It was decided to petition the Legislature for an appropriation of a certain sum for worthy indigent comrades who deserve its benefits. A pension for those who cannot leave their families was considered, and it is expected will have attention later.

J. B. Briggs, a member of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association, expressed a desire to make a report of what was being done, and proceeded to explain verbally when he was interrupted by a delegate who said that was so very important a matter that a report should be written,

and he moved that a written report be printed for distribution in the various Camps, which motion prevailed, and it is expected that said report will be furnished Maj. Gen. Poyntz within a few weeks.

There was manifested in the social features all of that liberal hospitality for which Kentucky has long been noted. The George B. Eastin Camp made guests of the entire convention at a luncheon in the Galt House. The Daughters of the Confederacy gave a reception at the Louisville Hotel in the evening, at which there were refreshments, and the street railway company entertained delegates to a trolley party about the city.

#### ADDRESS BY JUDGE CUNNINGHAM.

Maj. R. H. Cunningham, of Ed Rankin Camp, Henderson, who had been selected to make the speech of the session in favor of the establishment of a Confederate Home, was introduced by Commander Poyntz, and spoke in part as follows:

I have been honored by a request from Gen. Poyntz to speak in behalf of those of our indigent comrades for whom a liberal provision has been made by one of the well-known and generous citizens of this city, with the ultimate object of securing from the Legislature a yearly appropriation for the maintenance of a home for them, our brethren in as noble a cause as any for which men ever laid down their lives. To this end, I am asked to make appeal to the manhood and womanhood of Kentucky. That manhood and womanhood I know too well to appeal to on any but the loftiest grounds of true chivalry and patriotism. Who, then, are those for whose comfort we are concerned? Who are these old men, with tottering steps, nearing the last tattoo? Who are these grizzled want-pinchd sentinels, awaiting the last "relief" before "taps" sound for eternity? Let the question be answered in a few words of history.

From the War of the Roses we trace to this Western world two thoughts in many respects alike, in many irreconcilable. At Jamestown, with hands unused to toil, but strengthened by hearts full of a passion for freedom the cavaliers plant the standard of the king, and by it the standard of the cross. There, through storm and tempest, against treacherous and truculent savages, by their stainless swords and dauntless courage they maintained them, and taught their sons and daughters that the noblest death to die is that for right and country. By liberty alone can they be served. And when in the lapse of years their rights were invaded, and of their country, their home, tribute was demanded and its rights denied; when the king, their guardian, became the tyrant and oppressor, that passion for freedom refused the tribute, maintained the right, and defied the throne. Time fails me so much as to remind you of the lofty principles bred into and taught the children of these men, but chief among them was that liberty was worthy of achievement at all cost and by eternal vigilance. On bleak Plymouth Rock had landed the embodiment of the other thought—kindred, yet so unlike—where rugged hands and sturdy hearts hewed out a home wherein God might be served according to their own consciences. So far alike. Puritans

also prized freedom for themselves, as did the Cavaliers. But alas! not content to serve God as they chose, they wished to force others to accept their ideas. How, then, could their liberty, so prized, be preserved for themselves and transmitted as the best heritage to their children? While the Puritan, it seems, could never comprehend the Cavalier's idea of liberty, the two formed a union, the object of which was to secure the rights and liberties of all.

We have become in great measure like the Chinese, worshipers of our ancestors, and through the halo of more than a century they seem to us beyond the tongue of criticism. But many as were their virtues, and marvelous as were their sagacity and statesmanship, they left unsettled a question even then threatening, and which grew apace until there was no arbiter to decide it but the sword. The Jeffersonian idea of a Confederacy of sovereign States, wherein all powers not expressly delegated to the Federal government were reserved to the States was inherited by us of the South, while the Hamiltonian idea of a centralized power, with the States mere particles of a nation, was bequeathed to the people of the North.

As all know, these variant creeds were most often brought into conflict as applied to the negro; but he was merely the fuse that constantly ignited the magazine of difference, fast ripening into discord and developing into hate between the sections. At last there came what to the South seemed organized warfare on its rights and institutions, and then secession of the several States, and then the deluge of war.

The Union had its well-organized and equipped army and navy as a nucleus, with every branch of government in perfect order and system, with unlimited material resources, and the wide world to draw from. We were denounced to all that world as rebels and traitors, seeking to destroy the government which boasted that it was an asylum for the oppressed of all nations. Call followed call, and from Maine to California the tramp of soldiers responded. Why did they come? Can we not after all these years accord to them, with few exceptions, the honesty of purpose which actuated us? It was to preserve the Union, which they believed we intended to wreck or destroy. It was for this that the *American* manhood of the North took up arms, but in a short time "every kindred, every tongue on this terrestrial ball" had its representatives in the ranks of the Union, many with no thought nor comprehension of the principles at stake. To beat back this horde, to defend our homes and firesides, and to preserve the rights for which our fathers had devoted their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, the manhood of the South sprang to arms. Here at the beginning, and prolonged from Sumter to Appomattox, was the disparity that would have appalled all hearts and quenched all ardor not born of principle.

With no army nor navy, with no credit in the world's markets, with no resource except the voluntary personal sacrifice of the men and women of the South, God's very best creation in all the cycles of time, misunderstood by all the world, and without sympathy from any foreign powers, but fully realizing the fearful odds against them, these men hastened to offer themselves, their lives, and their fortunes.



What had they to gain and what to lose? Did any dream of conquest or of empire enter their minds? Did any hope of personal fortune or acquisition prompt them? Did an ambition to win the world's applause, or to gratify hate, impel them? Did the money value of every slave in all the Southland weigh as the dust in the balance against the life of one young stripling who kissed his mother a fond farewell, then waved adieu and walked beyond the stars? No, in God's great name, a thousand times no. With naught to gain, with all to lose, they bared their breast to the storm for four long years; they exchanged ease and luxury for toil and starvation. Ragged, unshod, and weak from hunger, they marched and watched and fought with no repining and no weakening of purpose, but with dauntless souls they went into the jaws of death, their only inspiration the sense of duty and devotion to right. What but this nerved the hearts of Pickett's Division to immolation on the heights of Gettysburg, where my old schoolmate, Col. Harry Burgwin, fell with six hundred and sixty men of his one regiment, the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina?

What was it, ye men of Kentucky's glorious Orphan Brigade, that made heroes of you all at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Murfreesboro, Nashville, and Franklin? Why did ye bear the hardships and privations of all those tedious marches and the peril of all those conflicts as you resisted the tidal wave of Sherman's march to the sea?

And you who followed the plumes of Morgan and Duke and rode with the wizard of the saddle, Bedford Forrest, in those countless glories you achieved: What was it that gave you power to set at naught the laws of nature and without sleep or food to gallop over counties and States like young Lochinvar?

And you who are on the eastern slope of the mountains, first kissed by the god of day, followed Stonewall Jackson in the meteoric glory of the Valley campaign, or charged with Stuart and Hampton, or with hearts of oak under Longstreet, Hill, and Gordon, pressed back the mongrel hordes with your bayonets at Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, the Wilderness, and Petersburg, what God did ye then serve? And you, ruddy striplings of the Cadet Corps, the "seed corn" battalion, who, led by Kentucky's prince among men, the magnificent Breckinridge, at New Market, fulfilled the grim old veteran's prediction that when ordered to hell you would go straight ahead till the last one of you was strangled by the fumes of sulphur—what was it then that made you, fresh from the drill ground of the Virginia Military Institute, bear yourselves at the first smell of powder like Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo? But why recall the matchless deeds of valor and the nobler sufferings in silence which ye bore? For one and all the answer is the same. It was your stern sense of duty and your devotion to right.

Painters have pictured, and poets have sung the fame and the glory of our leaders; of Lee, that demigod, so pure in life and soul, so self-poised and calm, so lion-hearted, "a blended image of Cæsar and Paul, a model of glory and grace;" of Sidney Johnston and Joseph Johnston, of Beauregard and Breckinridge, of Jackson and Stuart, of Longstreet and Hill, of

Hampton and Forrest, of Morgan and Wheeler, of Kirby Smith and Price, of Polk and Hardee, of Buckner and Helm and Lewis, and all that galaxy of glory wherein Kentucky shines resplendent. So splendid their story, so many their names that memory wearies in recalling them. But splendid and glorious as all most truly are, they owe it to him who sleeps perchance in a nameless grave, whose very name is remembered only by the few surviving comrades and the widow, who through all these weary years has waited to join him in a better land, the *private soldier, the man behind the gun*.

It is a blot on national legislation, but the pension system of the government has been prostituted by politicians for their own self-seeking, aided and prompted by the swarm of bidders and frauds, until thousands of those who were soldiers of the Union, and should in their age and incapacity be provided for are ashamed to ask it, lest they be catalogued with the frauds. To be pensioned by the government for distinguished or faithful service should be an honor more prized than the coin which is a token, but for the reason just named it is rare to find a pensioner who with no blush upon his face will look you in the eye and declare himself a pensioner. Under the pension system of the country, while we feel the burden, we do not realize its weight. But there are to-day, more than a lifetime since the last gun was fired, more men living on pensions than were on the muster rolls of the Confederacy from first to last. This takes no account of widows and children, but it means that to pay these pensions every voter in the land pays upon an average about twelve dollars every year. Should this be raised by direct taxation, how long do you think the system would continue without reform?

All the States of the South, or nearly all, have already made provision for their old soldiers, either by a pension or the building and maintenance of homes, which are supported by annual appropriations from the State revenues. In them our comrades, left otherwise desolate, find a refuge and rest. Why should not Kentucky do likewise? Is she not rich enough? Glance at her fertile fields of grass and grain, hemp and tobacco, her cattle upon a thousand hills, her mills and factories, and her inexhaustible mines, and let them answer.

Whence come the State's revenue? Our soldiers and their children pay a very large proportion of it. What will be the cost? I venture that the cost of a ten-day session of her Legislature would provide most liberally. The only question then remains: Does the suggestion meet the sympathy and moral sense of Kentuckians? For one, with all confidence, I believe it does. No man, I think, can be found who will stand in her legislative halls and declare his belief that it does not.

I believe I know enough of sentiment among Kentucky Federal soldiers to say they would approve it and gladly bear any part of the small burden which may fall to them. They are no longer enemies, and in many instances have made generous gifts to the Confederate homes. The first \$1,500 for the one in Virginia was given by one who is known as "Corporal Tanner," who being told that a Yankee soldier was not safe anywhere in Dixie replied that he would car-

ry the stars and stripes throughout its borders and meet no violence, insult, or affront, and added that half of him, both legs, lay buried at Malvern Hill, and it would be a hard case if a man could not visit his own graveyard.

There will be no obstacle in any real Union soldier, and I here pledge myself to do what I ask of each of you: to use your utmost influence with your Senators and Representatives to secure such provision by the State, and for such time as circumstances require.

Shall we, men of Kentucky, wait till the hands that once wielded swords in the defense of our homes and rights, are folded forever on manly breasts in death's cold clasp, and then from year to year go deck their graves with garlands and strew them with the flowers of spring. That is a tribute of love to courage, and I hope will be perpetuated while time shall last. But let us show that love while they live by doing all that in us lies to mellow the rays of their setting sun, and give them a home where ease and comfort will be theirs. If we do our part in this, the noble women, the Daughters of the Confederacy, will see that they do not lack for ministering angels.

It will not be for long, for our heads are all fast showing the frosts of winter, and ere many years have passed we shall all be marshaled on the plains of paradise for the last and grand review by the God

of hosts, the God of Lee and Sidney Johnston, and as the roll is called, and our names follow theirs, may all of us answer "Here," and receive the sentence of "Well done!"

And Time shall yet decide.

In Truth's clear, far-off light.

That the men who wore the gray and died

With Lee were in the right.

And men, by time made wise,

Shall in the future see

No name hath risen or ever shall rise

Like the name of Robert Lee.

From his men, with scarce a word,

Silence: when great hearts part;

But we know he sheathed his stainless sword

In the wound of a broken heart.

He fled from Fame, but Fame

Sought him in his retreat,

Demanding for the world one name

Made deathless by defeat.

He needs not the cannon's boom,

Nor the drum, nor the funeral bell;

The world's great heart is this hero's tomb,

And Fame is the sentinel.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway is an excellent route from Atlanta to Wilmington. See notice on page 476



GROUP OF AMERICAN SOUTHERN METHODISTS AT JOHN WESLEY'S GRAVE.

The above engraving furnishes an excellent picture of the delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the recent Ecumenical Methodist Conference, held in the city of London, by the grave of John Wesley. Several of the delegates, including

such men as Bishop Granbery and Rev. John R. Deering (of Kentucky) are Confederate Veterans, while they all as Americans represent the Christian body most distinctively Southern in existence. This Church ever honors the memory of John Wesley.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

The VETERAN carries special greeting to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who meet at Wilmington, N. C., on the second Wednesday in November. The growth of this great organization is amazing to those who were at its humble beginning. The editor is gratified to feel that the VETERAN has been somewhat helpful in the success of the organization, especially in sending hundreds and hundreds of thousands of copies—conveying the spirit of the body—ever patriotic and conservative, but absolutely faithful to the sacred interests so ardently espoused by Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere.

On October 31 Judge C. D. Clark, of the United States District Court, sitting at Nashville, dismissed the proceedings for contempt instituted by Underwood's attorneys against officers of the Frank Cheatham Camp and S. A. Cunningham for publishing and sending to the other Camps of United Confederate Veterans copies of the contract made by the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association with Underwood—supplemental to that understood by the public, of a salary of \$4,500, and not known even by other members of the Board of Trustees—whereby the said Underwood was to have twenty-five per cent of collections and additional compensation. His Honor decided that there was no proof that the purpose was to affect the trial of the suit for libel, and that there was no evidence of contempt of court.

The effect of appeal to friends on page 394 of the September VETERAN has been most gratifying. The proof is, as was anticipated, that negligence was the reason rather than indifference to the proper request.

There are so many important ways to serve its cause that the list could be doubled easily. A comrade said recently that his Camp never has a meeting without the VETERAN being mentioned with proper solicitude. If all Camps should do this, the result would tend to interest in the cause of the organization many who are lukewarm. The VETERAN ought to be discussed, either praised or condemned, at every meeting of Camp or Chapter, and at Division or State reunions. Its work is so potent for good, or the reverse, that true patriotism demands the attention suggested. When a representative of the VETERAN is present at a Confederate gathering he or she should be given prominence by announcement.

If in any Camp the membership be lukewarm, the policy of arousing the greater interest of members and their families in worthy Confederate literature will be more effective than any other means of inducing active influences for needy comrades and the maintenance of principles in which they and their children will take suitable pride. The true Confederate Veteran who is manly in his conversations, even in most ultra localities at the North is popular, and especially with those who were at the front in the war. Let us "work while it is day, for the night cometh."

In this connection mention is made, with gratitude and with pride, of a testimonial from Gen. V. Y. Cook, the retiring Commander of the Arkansas Division, in his appreciation of the work of the VETERAN. It is too complimentary to the editor to be copied herein, but a copy may be seen in the Arkansas room at the Davis Mansion in Richmond—the White House of the Confederacy. Comrade Cook blends the sacred past with the living present patriotically. Although very young, as a Confederate he prizes those memories with profound reverence. Then, he commanded the Second Arkansas Regiment in the Spanish war, with ninety-six per cent of his men allied to the Confederate cause by action or inheritance.

There are unfortunate comrades all through the South who want the VETERAN and who need the benefits of a commission. To all such the agency is proposed from this office. Won't you, comrades who are in the habit of helping such, propose a plan whereby these worthy men may make some money, and in doing so extend this worthy literature?

If such a comrade be indorsed by an officer of his Camp, the special offer of \$5 for fifteen subscriptions, if sent in by January 1, 1902, will be allowed. The agent may begin at once, and remit for the ten subscriptions, and then retain the \$5 additional.

For three valuable books, agents are wanted. One is Gen. French's history of "Two Wars." Price, \$2. Two other books, "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows" (in which the editor of the VETERAN has much prominence) and "Old Spain and New Spain," are offered by the VETERAN with a year's subscription for the price of the books alone, \$1.50. Send for either or both books, and if not pleased, the money will be refunded. The author is Rev. H. M. Field, D.D.

The Alabama Division of Sons of Confederate Veterans will meet in annual convention at Montgomery November 13 and 14. The call is issued by the Commander, Warwick H. Payne. The railroad fare is the price one way. Commander Payne has appointed the following staff officers: Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, T. Sydney Frazier, Union Springs; Division Inspector, B. B. Choen, Sheffield; Division Judge Advocate, Tennent Lomax, Montgomery; Division Quartermaster, Leon McCord, Scottsboro; Division Chaplain, Rev. Eugene Crawford, Eutaw; Division Surgeon, Dr. R. Paul Jones, Scottsboro.

## TENNESSEE CONFEDERATES AT LEWISBURG.

## Annual Reunion of the State Association.

One of the largest gatherings ever held of the Tennessee Division of Confederate soldiers occurred at Lewisburg, October 9 and 10.

A report of the general proceedings is not given herein. That of President Robert D. Smith is used for its historic interest and as suggestion for comrades in other States.

The oration of Hon. J. B. Frazier is suited as well to one section of Dixie as another. It is in no sense local. He was followed by Tennessee United States Senators Bate and Carmack.

Tennessee has two separate organizations, as has Kentucky, and President Smith's idea of amalgamation would promise much good for the Confederate cause.

## PRESIDENT SMITH'S REPORT.

The following is, in substance, the report of Capt. R. D. Smith, President of the Association. It will be interesting to Tennessee comrades everywhere.

*Fellow-Comrades:* When confined to my room in Milwaukee, Wis., with an illness which many of my friends and comrades thought would be fatal, a message was received that at the McMinnville convention you had done me the distinguished honor of electing me President of this State Association of Confederate soldiers. My physician reported that your kind remembrance of me then did more to restore me to health than all of his physic. For that honor I desire to express my thanks.

## THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

My first official visit was to the Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, last January. I again had the pleasure of visiting the Home on September 17, with the Trustees and a good delegation of the Daughters of the Confederacy, when the new hospital was formally received. On this occasion a bountiful dinner was furnished by the two Chapters of the Nashville Daughters. During both visits I made a thorough inspection of this institution, and found it under good management, in very fair condition, although in need of some minor repairs, and some new furnishings. I talked privately with many of the inmates, and heard only words of praise for Maj. R. C. Hardison, the Commandant, and for his excellent wife, for their thoughtful care of the property and their kindness to the veterans.

At the time of my first visit the greatest need of the Home was better hospital accommodations, but I am glad to report that now the hospital is provided for, and I ask a special vote of thanks to the Daughters of the Confederacy, through whose efforts largely this has been accomplished. The Trustees of the Home succeeded only in getting the last Legislature to appropriate \$1,500 to build and furnish a hospital that would give sufficient accommodation, but the Daughters made a proposition that this entire amount be used for the building, and that they would supply all necessary furniture, beds, bedding, etc. This they have done, to an amount almost equal to the building, and the hospital is an ornament to the Home. In

addition to furnishing the hospital, the Daughters have employed a competent man and his wife to stay at the hospital to nurse and care for the sick. Heretofore the sick at the Home have been nursed by their comrades, who are old, decrepit, and are scarcely able to care for themselves.

I have mentioned this subject at some length, so that the Sons may be informed what the Daughters have done and are doing, and to suggest that there is much more that might be done toward enlarging the accommodations of the Home, and for the general welfare of the inmates. The Trustees deserve the thanks of our association for duty well performed, without the hope of fee or reward.

I would suggest that the Secretary be directed to supply each Bivouac of the State with copies of the burial ritual, and that it be used. I am surprised that many of our comrades do not know of the ritual to be used in the burial of our dead.

## PENSIONS.

Some members of Bivouacs have complained that certain persons are drawing pensions who, according to the law, are not entitled to this benefit. I think that the Board of Pension Examiners has endeavored to do its full duty, and deserves the thanks of our Association. The pension roll is published, and it is the duty of every veteran to examine this list carefully, and if a name is found thereon of a man who did not serve faithfully during the war, or is now able to support himself, the facts should be made known direct to the Pension Examiners. I caution all veterans and their friends to exercise care in signing applications for pensions, for instead of assisting a friend, you may do him and yourself a positive injury if a pension is granted and afterwards withdrawn. I say this for the reason that, by the advice of the Attorney-General of the State, the Board of Pension Examiners now have the authority to publish every case in full, giving all of the recommendations and the evidence why a pension was granted and then stopped. It would be well, when application is made for a pension, to direct the Secretary of the Pension Board to notify the Bivouac in whose jurisdiction the claimant resides, who should seek full information before granting the pension.

## CROSSES OF HONOR.

During the past year several Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy have awarded the "Southern Cross of Honor" to many of our veterans. This is a distinction that I am sure each recipient is proud of, as evidence of duty well performed.

It is well that the Daughters do not give these crosses except to members of a regularly organized Bivouac or Camp. Naturally the Bivouacs or Camps are the custodians of all records of Confederate soldiers, and while there may be a few honorable exceptions, as a rule it will be found that when a veteran fails to join, or is unwilling to present his name for membership in a Bivouac or Camp, the probabilities are that his record is not good.

## MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

At the general reunion held at Memphis last May a resolution was passed favoring the erection of a monument to the memory of the women of the



South. The hardships endured by those noble women during the four years of war were often as great as those experienced by the soldiers at the front, hence I believe I voice the sentiment of all of my comrades in saying that it is eminently right and proper for the Veterans and Sons to do this work, in suitable recognition of their heroic devotion to our cause. It will take time to arrange all of the details; but if justice is done, the grandest monument ever built by man will be started at least before we answer "the last roll call."

Nothing definite has yet been decided upon, no design or location; it is only settled that one should and must be erected, and all details are left to the future conventions of the United Confederate Veterans. In the meantime, Gen. Alex P. Stewart has been appointed custodian of this fund, and all contributions should be sent to him at Chattanooga, Tenn.

#### BIVOUACS AND CAMPS.

We now have two separate and distinct organizations of Confederate Veterans in the State, though in many instances the two are actually one, as we find the same officers and members in the Camp as in our Bivouacs. This necessitates two sets of books, double dues, etc. It seems to me that it would be an improvement if these Camps and Bivouacs could be consolidated. The only objection I have heard to this proposition is that by the acts of our State Legislature the Soldiers' Home and the pensioners are under the immediate charge of our State organization, or in other words the Bivouacs. But those acts could be so amended or changed as to do away with that objection. . . . If this suggestion is favored, it may be well to discuss the matter at this meeting, and begin to formulate plans.

#### SONS OF VETERANS.

Thirty-six years have passed since the civil war ended. We are now all growing the gray instead of wearing it, and our Bivouacs will not have so many members at future meetings. It is important that our organization be kept intact, especially if we expect justice at the hands of the future historian. Hence I suggest that steps be taken to bring the Bivouacs or Camps of Confederate soldiers in closer touch with the Sons, and that Bivouacs not only invite, but insist, that the Sons attend their regular meetings. Wherever there is a Bivouac of Veterans, there should be an active working organization of the Sons. I hope soon to see a closer union between the two organizations.

#### PUBLICATION OF REPORTS.

The Secretary informs me that the annual reports had not been printed for ten years or more, and distributed to the various Bivouacs. Those reports contain much valuable information, and I suggest that arrangements be made at this meeting to have their publication resumed.

#### HON. J. B. FRAZIER'S ADDRESS.

It is not my purpose, upon this occasion, to speak of the origin of the great civil war or of the causes which led up to its terrible consummation. It will not profit us now to stop to inquire whether the war

was fought by the North to free the slaves or by the South to uphold the principle of independent Statehood, nor whether the North fought to save the Union or the South to repel invasion of sacred rights. It is enough for us to know and to proclaim it to all the world, and to teach it to our children, that the rank and file of the men who fought on either side were honest and conscientious and believed that they were right, and, thus believing, freely sacrificed their fortunes, their hopes, and their lives for what was to them a high and patriotic cause. No honest and fair-minded man now questions the sincerity and honesty of purpose of the men who wore the gray any more than he does that of the men who wore the blue. Both were American citizens, fighting with unparalleled heroism and devotion for the right, as in the sight of their consciences and their God they saw it, and their courage and deeds of valor are the common heritage of the nation.

The Southern army was remarkable in its personnel. It was composed of the flower of the youth and manhood of the South. They were the descendants of those English-speaking people who had along the stream of history fought many notable battles for human liberty. Many of the ancestors of the men who composed that army had suffered and bled at Valley Forge with Washington, the first great rebel in American history, and had with him won independence and the right to self-government at Yorktown. They had followed John Sevier to King's Mountain, and with another great Tennessean, Sam Houston, had gone to the far-distant Southwest and there rebelled against Mexican tyranny and achieved the independence of Texas. Their blood was of as pure American strain as any which coursed through the veins of men anywhere within the boundaries of the nation.

The South had up to that time played a conspicuous part in the history of the republic. Its influence had for seventy years largely dominated its counsels and shaped its policies. Blot from our history the pages written by Southern hands and erase the record of deeds performed by her sons, and the brightest chapters and the grandest events in our national life would be eradicated. Coming from such a stock and with such a history, those men could not recklessly subvert the interest of their country nor maliciously plan its destruction. They were impelled by no sinister nor selfish motives, for they risked all and lost all for a cause which they believed was constitutionally and eternally right. Some may say that they were mistaken, but all unprejudiced men must now admit that their motives were pure and patriotic.

When their decision was finally made, and when, "more in sorrow than in anger," the fatal step was taken, it was expected that they would play well their part, and they did not disappoint that expectation. History records no greater endurance, no higher courage, or more splendid valor than was displayed by Southern armies during those four years of hardship, of suffering, and of death. They were not professional soldiers, fighting for hire; but, poorly clad, poorly fed, poorly armed, and without pay, they fought with masterful courage for what they believed were their constitutional rights. With no navy, blockaded and shut off from the outside world, with imperfect equipments and meager resources, they still main-

tained for over four years the greatest war in all history. With a self-denial and a courage that was sublime, they stood their ground and battled against the resources and the recruits coming from all the world; and yielded, at last, only when their strength was exhausted by the unequal struggle.

No war in history ever produced greater or more accomplished generals than did the civil war, but in my judgment the real hero of the civil war, was not the man who wore the epaulets, but the plain, private soldier who marched in the ranks; the man who, without office or command or enrollment, left his business and his home, kissed his wife and baby good-by, and shouldered his musket and marched forth to fight for what he believed were his country's rights. The records of no country show better soldiers.

Alexander never led such men at the battle of Issus. Cæsar never crossed the Alps with men of sterner will. Bonaparte's Old Guard never faced a foe with calmer mien, nor stood with more undaunted courage amid the storm of battle. Leonidas, when he defended the Pass against the invading hosts of Persia; Horatius, when he stood on the banks of the Tiber and defended the bridge against the overwhelming enemies of Rome; Wallace, when he battled for Scottish independence; Sevier and his riflemen from the banks of the Watauga, as they climbed the steps of King's Mountain, and turned back the tide of war in our own revolution—these and all these displayed a splendid valor, but it was left for the American soldier of the civil war, when he charged with Pickett up the death-laden heights of Gettysburg, and when in gray and in blue he struggled for the mastery around Snodgrass Hill, on the bloody field of Chickamauga, to reach the sublimest height of moral and physical courage to which mankind has yet ascended. It is no wonder that the "boys in blue" felt proud of their feat of arms when the South finally yielded, for they alone, of all the armies in the world, could have wrested victory from such a foe.

Standing here to-day, and speaking for these ex-Confederates, I come to proclaim for them no new loyalty to the republic. They have been loyal every year, day, and hour since they laid down their arms, in 1865. When Gen. Lee, who was the pillar of the South's hopes, and whose arm was clothed with its strength, signed the treaty of peace at Appomattox, and renewed his allegiance to the nation, he spoke with a heart too pure to harbor deceit, and he spoke for every brave and honest Confederate from Maryland and Kentucky to farthest sections South

and West. From that day to this, no Southern mother has sworn her son to bitterness and strife, but rather she has schooled him in loyalty and love. From that day to this, those brave and devoted soldiers, who were in the thick of the fight and in the front of battle, have accepted as final every fair and legitimate result of the war, and have addressed themselves with patriotic devotion to the solution of those stupendous problems which came as its natural consequence. They have said with Grant, whose broad and manly liberality in the terms of capitulation at Appomattox won for him the respect, if not the admiration, of every Southern heart, "Let there be peace;" and they said, "Let the dead past bury its dead;" and let us, looking to the future, with loyal and fraternal hands build here a freer and greater republic as one than could have lived upon this continent if divided into two.

That peace which came after Appomattox brought rest to a sorely taxed and bleeding land, but with it came problems appalling in their magnitude. Around the Southern soldier lay the once rich and beautiful blooming South, a wide waste of desolation and ashes, homes destroyed, farms deserted, industries paralyzed. The labor system upon which the South's wealth had depended was not only disorganized, but as a system utterly destroyed. The slave had been freed, but the black man remained, and with him a problem unparalleled in its difficulties.

The Southern soldiers returned to their homes poor—yea, tens of thousands of them absolutely penniless—many shot and maimed and limping, to face these difficulties and meet and solve these problems. To rehabilitate their section, to bring it back to its old place into harmony with the rest of the Union; to build up the waste places, to revive old industries and construct new ones; to reorganize labor and harmonize racial difficulties and adjust them to new conditions of citizenship unwisely forced upon the negro—these were problems which demanded the highest patriotism, the broadest statesmanship, and the most patient conservatism.

The men of the South met them with the same coolness and fearless courage which had characterized them in the shock of battle; and within thirty-five years, with no help from any source but from a fertile and gracious land and their own self-confident manhood and energy, they have achieved political and financial independence for themselves, and industrial prosperity for the South. They have reorganized labor, and with wisdom and justice guided it, till the South produces many times more cotton and cereals under free than it ever did under slave labor. They have opened the mines, that the South may pour forth her hidden treasures of coal and iron, copper and lead, gold and silver, zinc and phosphate and oil. They have built furnaces and factories, till to-day Tennessee and Alabama are rivaling Pennsylvania in the production of iron. They have started the spindles and looms, till the South is about to snatch from New England her hitherto unchallenged supremacy in the manufacture of cotton goods. They have built cities and churches and schoolhouses. They have taxed themselves and spent millions of dollars in trying to educate the negro and fit him for citizenship. All these things have the men of the South accomplished, with a conservatism so broad, with a fidelity to the decision of war so sin-



J. B. FRAZIER.



cere, and with a patriotism so true, that it ought to have challenged the confidence and respect of every true and patriotic American within the limits of the republic. But notwithstanding all this, for more than a quarter of a century, the South waited, often under the sting of sectional prejudice and partisan injustice—but always with fortitude and patience—for the opportunity to prove to the world that it accepted in truth and sincerity every fair and legitimate result of the war; and when at last war was declared against Spain for the liberation of the struggling patriots of Cuba, the hour had come, and the South, true to her great history and hallowed by the memory of her heroes and regenerated by the blessings of peace, gave her sons freely to uphold the honor and defend the flag of a reunited country.

When the North sent her Dewey into the Bay of Manila, the South sent her Hobson into the harbor of Santiago. When the North gave her Roosevelt with his rough riders, the South gave her fighting Joe Wheeler with his Rebel record and his dauntless courage. When the North gave her Admiral Sampson—ten miles away when the first gun was fired—the South gave her Admiral Schley, in the thick of the fight, winning the great battle of Santiago. For the strains of their Yankee Doodle, we gave the inspiration of our Dixie, and side by side and hand in hand the sons of the men who fought under Lee and Grant, with equal courage and equal glory, marched on to a national victory. For one I say thank God that we are to-day one people, and I rejoice that the valor of our heroes in gray and in blue is the common heritage of a reunited country.

As we look back over the history of the world, we see that England was for many years torn and rent in twain by the War of the Roses, but who now stops to inquire whether the ancestors of a patriotic Englishman of this day wore the red or the white rose in that great civil strife. Again England was rocked and shaken to its foundation stones by the shock of Cromwell's Ironclads and King Charles's Cavaliers, in the great civil war of that time; but who now cares whether the Englishman of the twentieth century sprang from a Roundhead or a Cavalier? So it will be with us—if not now, certainly in the coming years—no man will ask whether the ancestor of an American citizen wore the gray or the blue, but the genius and valor of Lee and Jackson, of Grant and Sheridan, and the splendid armies which followed them, will be alike cherished and preserved by this nation as a part of its historic glory.

I honor the old Confederate soldier for the courage with which he fought and suffered for four long years for what he thought was right during the war, but I doubly honor him for the brave and manly fight he made for home rule and free government after the war. When bitterness and strife prevailed, when reconstruction hung like a pall over the fair but prostrate South, and when the Southern people were disfranchised and denied the right of citizenship in their own land, the old Confederate soldier, with a patience, a conservatism, and a moral courage that was sublime, fought for home rule and the right of the Southern people to vote and control their own affairs, and he won a victory no less splendid in peace than those which he had achieved in war. For this we young

men owe him a lasting debt of gratitude. Let us treat him fairly, yes, liberally. A few more years, and he will be gone, and there remain only the memory of his splendid courage and devotion to duty. The national government cannot pension him, but I know of no reason why the brave and generous people of Tennessee cannot care for her sons with liberal hand in their old age and helplessness.

I cannot conclude without one word in honor of the mothers and daughters of the South. No history of the great civil war which I have read does full and adequate justice to those noble and devoted women. With fathers, husbands, and brothers gone to war, the women of the South remained behind and guarded the home with pure and loving faith. They sewed and knitted and toiled to feed and clothe the old and helpless and the young and tender children. Though unused to toil, they made clothes with their own hands and sent to the ragged and shivering soldiers at the front. They made and sent delicacies to the hospitals to relieve the suffering of the brave boys who lay there, drifting day by day down the silent river out into the unknown sea of death without a murmur. Silently and patiently these noble women toiled and watched. No bugle sound called them to duty—no martial music stirred them to deeds of valor, but bravely and uncomplainingly they waited—waited for news from their loved ones away upon the distant battlefields. Would the message when it came bring tidings of victory and health and life? or would it tell of defeat, or wounds, and of death? And when at last the word came telling perchance of a father, a husband, or a brother who lay dying in a distant hospital, she could not fly to his bedside to woo him back with loving care and tenderness to life and health, or, if he must die, to wipe the death dews from his brow and soothe with gentle caresses his dying pillow. She could only carry her burden to the solitude of her closet, and there on bended knee and with uplifted hands, pour out the anguish of her breaking heart to a gracious and merciful God.

All hail the noble women of the South! You men surrendered; they never did! They were uncrowned queens then; their daughters are uncrowned queens to-day. When the true history of the South shall be written, its sublimest chapters and brightest pages will be those which tell of the faith, the loyalty, and the heroic devotion of the women of the South.

My old Confederate friends, your ranks are growing thin, your faces are furrowed by the scars of time, your locks are whitening with the snows of many winters, your eyes are growing dim and your footsteps unsteady. One by one you are crossing over the river and resting beneath the shade of the trees. May your declining years be brightened by the sunshine of peace and contentment, and be sweetened by the hope of a brighter day beyond!

The occasion will be remembered by the thousands of visitors to the credit of Marshall County people. There was not only an abundance, but much to spare.

The Confederate orchestra, named by Capt. Harris, ex-President of Frank Cheatham Camp of Nashville, who was reared near Lebanon, contributed richly, as its members have done heretofore, on such occasions, to the entertainment.

## OF INTEREST TO THE U. D. C.

CONDUCTED BY NANCY LEWIS GREENE.

It is my desire to have a personal chat with the Daughters of the Confederacy through the VETERAN each month. You are loyal to the VETERAN and want it to succeed in its noble efforts to preserve and publish a just representation of Southern history. You are proud that the Confederacy supports such a magazine, and to help improve and further its work is our object. You can aid it by a word of recommendation or approval spoken whenever opportunity is given. You can make it attractive by sending your best contributions for this department.

A white-haired woman said recently: "I took the VETERAN for years, but could not read it. The records there, all true, wrung my heart, and the tears came whenever I thought of those past days." It is not intended that all the literature found upon these pages shall be sad reminiscences. Live issues of today are to be discussed, and we shall deal with the present as well as with the past. News of national and individual importance, as well as bits of unwritten history, will be recorded. Reports by different Chapters will be published. The writer expects to visit Chapters in different States and give them especial description and attention. Kentucky has prominence in this number.

A distinguished Confederate general who attended the basket picnic at reunion of the Orphan Brigade, in Louisville, made this remark: "I have never seen so many beautiful elderly women." Near him stood Mrs. Emily Todd Helm, and on the other side Mrs. E. M. Bruce, both handsome widows of noted Confederates. Mrs. Helm, when with her husband, Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, at Chattanooga, was moved with pity for the large number of sick and wounded men who were in the city in charge of Gen. Anderson. For the poor, weary, heartsick fellows there was no food, no beds, and no medicine. They lay upon the bare floors of public buildings, in stores, or wherever they could find shelter. There was opportunity for a woman to act the part of a general, and she did. Mrs. Helm, then in the height of her youth and beauty, quickly organized a band of Southern women, bought bolts of cotton, thread, and a load of fresh, clean hay. The little office where her husband was quartered swarmed with beautiful, laughing girls, and the needles flew for five days, in which time twelve thousand coats were made for the sick to lie upon.

Around them surged the mire and confusion of conflict, the narrow room was a highway for soldiers who came to get orders, the baggage of the dead lay there unclaimed or awaiting return to broken homes, the tread of many feet came ceaselessly; but the women worked on oblivious to all save a tender purpose. In that group were many who are well known today. Among them Miss Henrietta Johnston, daughter of Gen. A. S. Johnston and Mrs. William Preston Johnston, who were in Chattanooga at that time.

Of course we are all interested just now in Wilmington, N. C., where the next National Convention of the Daughters is to be held. Wilmington is a quaint, historic, old city. As early as 1739 the little town

standing on its present site was named Wilmington in honor of Baron Wilmington, an influential English friend of the Governor of North Carolina. It is now a city of commercial importance, yet full of romantic interest. "Its old market dock is worthy of notice," says James Sprunt, in his admirable little book on Wilmington, and the following story shows how a woman "opened the gates of the city."

During our great war, when the Federal troops reached the Brunswick side of Market Dock ferry on their way to Wilmington, they confronted the last stand of the Confederates. A detachment of light artillery, having fired at this point upon the advancing Federals, checked their progress. By overwhelming numbers, however, the Confederates were forced to retreat. They had removed all boats and other means of transportation to the Wilmington side in order to delay the Federal advance. Just then a poor, demented woman secretly obtained a small boat, and paddling it across to the enemy, offered it as a means by which another craft could be floated, and the town was thus invaded by a hostile army.

Mention of all points of historical interest both in Revolutionary and civil wars would be impossible. Daughters who go to the Wilmington Convention will enjoy discovering them.

An amusing incident happened in Lexington, Ky., at the last decoration of Confederate graves in June. A certain vivacious and ardent Daughter of the Confederacy went into a store to purchase some small Confederate flags for decorative purposes, and the woman behind the counter undertook to administer a rebuke. "Confederate flags?" she asked, scornfully: "I do not suppose there are any on sale. I have never even seen one. There is but one flag now." "Indeed!" responded the little Rebel. "Then look well at this one," pointing to the jeweled badge upon her breast. "You are apt to know more of it."

In a spirit of fun she went straight to a meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and requested them to go to that particular store and ask for Confederate flags, which they did, entering at once into the joke. Before nightfall the woman had had some fifty or sixty customers, all demanding Confederate flags.

## THE ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Kentucky claims in this the third largest chapter in the entire organization. Located at Louisville, with three hundred names enrolled upon its list of members, and a woman of rare tact, ability, and family prestige as President, its new season of work began under the most flattering circumstances. Personal interviews with women closely connected with its organization and present management will interest readers of the VETERAN.

AS TO THE NAME.—In a little room at St. Joseph's Hospital in Louisville, a gentle, sweet-faced woman is passing what is left of an eventful life. Miss Henrietta Preston Johnston, daughter of Gen. A. S. Johnston, the Confederate leader, who at one time commanded all the forces in the Western department, has known much of pain and heartache, but its ministry has stamped upon her face and in her soft eyes the beauty of a deep sympathy and charity toward others.



The Confederate Memorial Association of Louisville, after erecting a monument to the Southern dead, concluded to form a permanent organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and proposed, as was most appropriate, to make Miss Johnston its first President. On account of deafness, however, she declined to serve, and when her name was proposed for the Chapter, she objected, suggesting that her father's be substituted. Thus the name of Albert Sidney Johnston was given the organization.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce, whose husband gave material aid to the Southern cause during the war, was then chosen President. Mrs. Reginald Thompson succeeded her, and Mrs. Basil Duke was recently elected President. To Mrs. Duke the writer is indebted for valuable information concerning the methods of work employed in the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter.

As we sat in the library of her home in Louisville, memories of fearless John Morgan came to mind, while his handsome sister smiled, and talked entertainingly of her work. With all her inherited luxuriousness of Southern blood, Mrs. Duke has wonderful concentration of power, and a direct business energy, together with a queenly graciousness and deep social culture, form a combination which goes to make up a strikingly individual character. She gives the impression of a woman who is capable of accomplishing whatever she undertakes, and as State President, which office she held for four years, proved the truth of this impression in the large number of new Chapters organized and the enthusiasm inspired.

With the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter Mrs. Duke has reduced work to an admirable system, being supplemented and assisted by a corps of efficient officers and coworkers. The formation of various committees, with a competent chairman at the head of each, was formed; chairmen reporting monthly to the President as to work accomplished, and appointing her own committee to meet at her own home whenever necessary. Thus, the Committee on Entertainment attends to the planning and carrying out of means to raise funds; the Historical Committee; through which each new member enters the Chapter, provides papers of historical interest to be read at monthly meetings; and the Educational Committee attends to placing children of worthy and needy Confederate soldiers at good schools; the chairman of each being responsible for work done in her division.

"The matter of distribution of charities was one upon which this Chapter made some important investigations and decisions," said Mrs. Duke. "A Confederate home was at first established where widows and orphans of penniless soldiers and soldiers themselves were sheltered. Upon visiting this institution regularly, however, I found that by such an arrangement a certain self-respect was lost among the inmates, and that idleness was engendered to a deplorable extent. We decided to substitute a charity which would be more judicious and yet as potent for good as the former; to find employment for all who were able to work, to clothe and send children to school, and to place the sick and infirm in hospitals. Mothers are encouraged to support and clothe their own children, but when failure is inevitable, the Chapter provides what is necessary, and thus the work of aiding wives and children of Confederate soldiers goes

on. The children are given an education which enables them to make a living."

"What means do you employ for raising funds?"

"During the Knight Templars' Conclave which met in Louisville recently, we leased a house and took in boarders," replied Mrs. Duke. "This proved to be very profitable, and with the money obtained another plan was carried out. One dollar was given for investment to different members of the Chapter for a period of three months, at the end of which time it is to be returned with whatever profit the financier can show. This teaches business ingenuity among us, as well as doubles the fund on hand. Then we give entertainments, teas, receptions, etc., and once chaperoned a football game for which we received the proceeds."

"Is your Chapter growing?"

"Very rapidly. I am ambitious for at least six hundred members."

"Do the committees work well?"

"Admirably. This point brought out by the Historical Committee is worth recording: The first organized body for decorating Confederate graves formed in the South was at Louisville, in 1862. At that time Confederate soldiers were not allowed Christian burial, but twelve determined women assembled in the spring, carrying quantities of flowers, which they insisted upon placing on graves of the Southern dead. Since that time, Decoration Day has always been observed in this city."

The writer also had an interesting chat with Mrs. H. W. Bruce, wife of Judge Bruce, who was the only member of the Confederate Congress from Kentucky, and whose career at the bar has been full of distinction and honor. Mrs. Bruce is warm-hearted, kindly, and original, with a piquancy which is her chief charm. She is an enthusiastic member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter.

"I do not know much about parliamentary law," she said, smiling, "but it seems to me that the principal points to observe at our Chapter meetings are, to talk one at a time, and to be polite to one another." And the little woman hit upon the things most needful at all conventions, whether among men or women.

Mrs. Bruce was present with her husband at Richmond during the convening of the Confederate Congress which nominated Jefferson Davis for President of the Confederate States, and told many interesting experiences of that day, as well as of later times during the war.

Once she was in Nashville, and, wishing to join her husband at Murfreesboro, Tenn., gained permission from the Federal commander, who provided for her a carriage and driver, the latter proving to be a spy who sought to enter the Confederate lines. The carriage was the property of Mrs. James K. Polk, which had been confiscated, and Mrs. Bruce afterwards saw it on exhibition at the Philadelphia Exposition.

"Were you a soldier in this war?" was asked, as the tall, stately Judge entered the library, the topic of conversation being understood by him.

"Only once," he replied. "When Kilpatrick threatened Richmond, Va., members of Congress armed themselves and marched out to the defense."

#### FRANKFORT CHAPTER.

Frankfort, Ky., is as picturesque a little town as the

sun ever shone upon, in spite of the dark cloud of dissension which hung over it so long and threatened at one time to wreck the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at that place. The tie which binds hearts together in the Southern cause, however, is strong and enduring, and the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter at the Kentucky capital now numbers seventy-five members and is doing splendid work. It was named in honor of that great old soldier, Gen. Joseph H. Lewis, who won distinction in the civil war. In his home at Frankfort the first meetings of the Chapter were held, and Mrs. Lewis, who accompanied her husband on many perilous journeys, gave instructive and entertaining talks upon them.

One of the latest and noblest good deeds that this Chapter has done was in caring for the unfortunate family of the author of the "History of the Orphan Brigade." Mr. Ed Porter Thomson expresses gratitude for the help given him in his deepest need and grief. A runaway accident injured his entire family, consisting of wife and three grandchildren, and the Daughters of the Confederacy placed them in a hospital to be cared for, employing two trained nurses for their especial service. All poor Confederate soldiers and their families in Frankfort and vicinity are provided for and helped in different ways.

Crosses of honor are being distributed and other lines of work pursued with earnestness and success. Short talks were given in regard to this Chapter by Mrs. Joe Duvall Stuart, whose father was a surgeon, ranking as major, on Morgan's staff, and by its efficient President, Mrs. Lulu Longmoor.

Mrs. Henrietta Hunt Morgan, whose picture appeared in the July VETERAN, is well remembered by Mrs. Longmoor, and she tells of having gone with her sister when a little girl to deliver contraband letters to be sent by Mrs. Morgan to her brother-in-law, who was in Morgan's command. They carried a little basket in which papers were concealed beneath some trifles, handkerchiefs, etc., which they asked to present to the mother of John Morgan. Entering her home at Lexington, they were taken upstairs into Mrs. Morgan's bedroom, where she sat upon a great "teester-bed" like a queen upon her throne. Quickly divining their mission, she took the basket, thanked them for their little homemade gifts, kissed them, and they returned to their home with happy remembrances.

Notice of the United Daughters of the Confederacy work in Kentucky would not be complete without mention of Mrs. R. G. Stoner, of Paris, the State President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who has most acceptably filled her position.

Next Convention at Elizabethtown in November.

The Y. M. C. A. of Tennessee will hold its first convention in Nashville November 9-12. The opening session will be on Saturday night. The designated speakers are as follows: Hon. Selden P. Spencer and F. H. Burt, of St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. James I. Vance, D.D., of Newark, N. J.; C. L. Gates and Don. O. Shelton, of New York; D. A. Sinclair, of Dayton, Ohio; W. I. McNair, H. E. Rosevear, and Rev. William Hogue Marquess, of Louisville, Ky.; H. F. Williams, of Birmingham, Ala.; H. O. Williams, of Richmond, Va.; J. F. Oates, of Chicago, Ill.; D. E. Luther, Atlanta; and Ira Landrith, Nashville.

## FOR DAVIS MONUMENT, \$37,000.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Division of Virginia U. D. C. at Staunton, October 16 and 17, much important business was transacted, and the sessions were characterized by the spirit that should prevail in such bodies on such occasions. Mrs. R. T. Meade, President, presided.

Mrs. N. H. McCullough, Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, read her report and said that there would be a meeting of this committee and Advisory Boards in Richmond the first week in November to consult about plans for the monument.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman of the Central Committee, read her report and said that the monument must be one that the South will be proud of.

The report of the Treasurer, Mrs. E. D. Taylor, of Richmond, was read by Mrs. Randolph, showing \$37,000 now in bank for the monument. Mrs. Randolph showed the Davis button and explained its object.

The question of making a contrilution to a memorial window in Blandford Church, in Petersburg, was warmly discussed, some being of the opinion that Blandford Church is more colonial than Confederate.

The report of Mrs. E. C. Minor, Secretary of the Hollywood Association, was read by Mrs. Bolling, presenting a resolution asking the Legislature to give sums to various memorial associations according to their needs, the amount being \$945.

A vote was taken on a motto for the Daughters, and that suggested by Miss Weisman, of Danville, "Love Makes Memory Eternal," was adopted. The laurel was chosen as their flower. The meeting closed with a banquet.

## VETERANS APPEALED TO FOR OUR MONUMENT.

General order No. 263, issued by Gen. George Moorman, of New Orleans, commends general action for the Jefferson Davis Monument:

With pride the General commanding again calls the attention of the Veterans to the patriotic and successful efforts of the Ladies' Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association directed by the great ability and untiring energy of their splendid Chairman, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., supplemented by the ceaseless work and most valuable assistance of the noble Daughters of the Confederacy in each U. C. V. Division, all united and bending their energies toward the accomplishment of this glorious work.

Reports made by Mrs. N. V. Randolph and the Treasurer of the Association at the Memphis Reunion show that the bonded Treasurer of the Association had then on hand \$32,672.06, including interest, with a large number of subscriptions unpaid.

While they make this splendid showing they state that much more money is needed, and they ask the Veterans to assist and sustain them; and the General commanding hopes that their appeal will meet with a hearty response. The General commanding calls the attention of the Veterans to their bounden duty to assist these noble women in their patriotic endeavors; he requests and urges each U. C. V. Camp to contribute one dollar for each member of the Camp,



to be collected of those who are able to give individually, and where this cannot be done, for the Camp to forward the amount collectively for all the members.

Of course under the Constitution no assessment can be levied upon any member or Camp for any purpose. This is therefore only an urgent request for voluntary contributions from the members of U. C. V. Camps, which the General commanding hopes and prays will meet with an immediate and generous response.

The General commanding suggests that all moneys raised in response to this request be sent direct to Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, Richmond, Va., or forwarded to her through the Daughters of the Confederacy in each U. C. V. Division. He commands that the Daughters of the Confederacy put themselves in communication with the Camps, so that they may assist in this laudable work.

By order of Gen. J. B. Gordon, commanding.

### HISTORY OF THE TERM "NATION."

A letter received from Hot Springs, Ark., states:

In the VETERAN of March, 1901, I note an article headed "The Term 'Nation.'" On the 15th of November, 1777, certain articles of confederation were agreed to establishing "perpetual union" between the States. Edmund Rudolph was chairman of the committee reporting the same. Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of Connecticut, and one of the committee, objected to the word "national," and for peace it was struck out.

Chief Justice Marshall declares the United States The "Great American Empire." When Washington was made President there was not a constitution, only acts of Confederation and perpetual union.

Washington, in his farewell address, says: "In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations."

John Adams, in his inaugural, speaks of the United States as a nation, and says: "If national pride is ever justifiable or excusable, it is when it springs not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of national innocence, information, and benevolence."

Thomas Jefferson called us a nation, and we are known as a nation by all people.

If the Confederate States of America had not been recognized as a nation, President Davis and the ex-Vice President of the United States of America, John C. Breckinridge, would have been executed as traitors, had not the Confederate States been a nation, having power to declare war and make peace. President Davis and members of the Confederate government were thought to be privy to the assassination, and large rewards were offered for their apprehension. President Davis was captured in Georgia and placed in Fortress Monroe; was released without trial in

May, 1867, and had not the Confederacy been a government and treaties made by Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston, President Davis would have paid with his life as the great Irish leader did, and who found no one to defend him.

President Davis and Gen. John C. Breckinridge died without a country, without a home.

The Batesville (Ark.) Camp reëlects officers: Commander, James P. Coffin; Lieutenant Commanders, John W. Miller and J. B. Nesbit; Adjutant, R. P. Weaver; Commissary, W. J. Erwin; Treasurer, J. F. Green; Surgeon, H. G. Logan; Sergeant Major, J. P. Montgomery; Chaplain, D. A. Allen.

The Adjutant of Jeff Lee Camp, McAlester, Ind. T., writes that E. C. Cooper, who was of Company I, Forty-First Alabama Infantry, died at his home at Canadian, Ind. T., May 12, 1901. He was a charter member of Jeff Lee Camp, No. 68, U. C. V., and was a good citizen.



ZOLLICOFFER BARRACKS—NOW MAXWELL HOUSE—NASHVILLE.

The above is from a snapshot of President McKinley when at Nashville, leaning forward and with both hands greeting those who pressed to the carriage to show friendship.

## AN INCIDENT OF RESACA.

Memorial Day was observed at Resaca on May 14, the anniversary of that battle. Addresses were made by Rev. W. R. L. Smith, of Richmond, Va., Rev. W. M. Dyer, of Kingston, Ga. (referred to below), and Capt. John M. Davidson, also of Kingston. The following incident of the battle of Resaca was embodied in an address by the latter:

I was the First Lieutenant of Company C, Thirty-Ninth North Carolina Regiment, Reynolds's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Polk's Corps. The brigade was made up of Arkansas troops with the exception of my regiment of "Tar Heels." Our position was on the left, our regiment resting on the bluff of the Oostenaula River, the right of the brigade just above the James Hill residence. Heavy skirmishing was kept up on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of May, 1864. The battle was opened along the entire line at 4 P.M., just thirty-seven years ago to-day. Capt. W. M. Dyer was seen running down the line, hat in hand. As he passed each regiment was ordered to charge. When he came to us he called out, "Will North Carolina follow Arkansas?" to which we shouted back, "We will! we will! Charge, Tarheels, charge!"

We had to climb over a brush fence on the bank of our trenches. Ensign Bryson, Serg. Corbin, and I were the first over. Bryson called on the regiment to rally on his colors, and just as he spoke a cannon ball cut off his arm above the elbow. He dropped the colors, Corbin was knocked down by the concussion, and I only was left standing. Serg. Shelton picked up the flag, and we went at a double-quick across the field, and just before entering the woodland were ordered to halt and lie down to get our breath, and then go forward. In a short time we were in the fight. From the heavy cannonading and constant firing of musketry the smoke was soon so dense that we could trace the Federal lines only by the flash of the guns. We were pitted against Hooker's Corps, and were doing our best to keep him from crossing a creek between us.

After night we were ordered back to the ditches. I lingered to see if the bluecoats would try in the darkness to get possession of the hill, and as the regiment was moving away they tried to see how many Minie balls they could send where we were last seen by them. I never heard such singing of Minie balls. There was a large white oak stump near me, and, as most soldiers would do at such a time, I dropped behind the friendly stump and made myself as small as possible until the firing ceased, but here they came and began cutting down trees not far from me and making breastworks. During the crash of a falling tree I decided that was my time to escape, so I made a bee line with all the power my heels would give me. Arriving at the breastworks, I found a number of our men huddled together recounting what each had done. Col. Coleman had asked them if they could tell him anything about Lieut. Davidson, and when he was expressing the opinion that I must have been lost in that last heavy volley I sprang into their midst. As the Colonel wished to know where I had been, I told him all except about getting behind the stump, and I received public praise.

11.\*\*

## MAJ. MILTON STEWART ALCORN, C. S. A.

When the war broke out, Milton S. Alcorn, a youth of not quite eighteen years, was at school in Lexington, Va., under the immediate instruction of the afterwards famous Stonewall Jackson. Volunteering in Virginia with other cadets of the military institute, his father, James Lusk Alcorn (afterwards Governor of Mississippi and United States Senator), had him transferred at the request of Bedford Forrest, and the youthful Milton was made Sergeant in Capt. Forrest's company, and gave to them their first lessons in the manual of arms.

The education of Milton had been largely military. He had spent two years at Frankfort, Ky., where his military taste had been cultivated, and when transferred to Lexington, Va., he found a school no less adapted to his chivalrous nature, so when brought to Forrest's company at Memphis, he, naturally polite, with the breeding of a Southern gentleman, won the admiration of Forrest and his men as well. With Forrest's command he remained until December, 1861, when he was elected and commissioned a captain in the First Regiment of Mississippi Infantry under Col. J. M. Simonton, which regiment was then stationed at Hopkinsville, Ky. The young captain lost no time in joining the company that had honored him so unexpectedly. These boys had never seen him, but had heard well of him. He found the company composed of a propertyless class, and he used his father's purse to equip them, and soon the drill made his Itawamba boys the crack company of that brave regiment.

In the battle at Fort Donelson this regiment won the admiration of the army, and no man did more to achieve the result than did Milton S. Alcorn. He was then the youngest captain in the Confederate service. Before the surrender was consummated he escaped with as many of his men as would follow him out of the fortifications and safely into Nashville. The gallant Captain was soon again before the enemy in the battle of Corinth. When the Fort Donelson prisoners were released, in the fall of 1862, their rendezvous on their return was at Vicksburg, where the troops were reorganized for the war. Capt. Alcorn was reelected to the command of his old company, which was selected as the color company of the regiment. Now began the thunderstorms of war. The Federal army had now been disciplined to the work of regular troops; by the hundred thousand they came, with banners flying and bayonets fixed, as if sent to break the proud heart of a master race. Whether in the bivouac or on the march or in the charge of battle, Capt. Alcorn was at the front, not once complaining, nor did he ever falter in that terrific campaign from Baker's Creek or Champion Hill to the surrender at Port Hudson. Of his old company, numbering over a hundred men, more than sixty had been killed or wounded, and the company never had a fight in his absence. In prison at Johnson's Island, his strength succumbed to the rations of a Federal contractor, and the cold climate with scanty fare brought on disease from which he never recovered. Notwithstanding this, after being exchanged he returned to the army, and with his decimated command was soon at Chattanooga, thence with Joseph E. Johnston on his retreat to Atlanta,



thence under Hood over the hills of Georgia to Nashville, then again under Johnston. In the meantime he had been promoted to the rank of Major, and in every fight that he was engaged he moved in the front ranks of the deadly assault. At the close of the war he surrendered his sword in Georgia and returned home a broken fragment of a cruel war.

The foregoing data is furnished by Mrs. Walter N. Glover, Portland, Ala., who requests information as to which his company was before he was made Major of the regiment, and any known particulars concerning his surrender.

#### ANCESTRY OF MAJ. ALCORN.

Mrs. Glover writes of the family as follows:

My father, Gov. James Lusk Alcorn, came of an old and prominent family. His greatgrandfather came from the North of Ireland in 1721, and settled in Philadelphia, Pa. Gov. Alcorn's grandfather, William Alcorn, moved to Kentucky in 1810. He built a mill on Dix River which bears his name to this day. He married Miss Sarah McLean, of South Carolina, and their son James, father of Gov. Alcorn, moved to Kentucky with his parents and wife, who was Louisa Lusk, of South Carolina. He was the first sheriff of Pope County, Ill., and afterwards filled some position in Livingstone County, Ky., and was subsequently captain of a barge on the Mississippi River for a good part of his life. This was before steamboats were invented, and he was one of the first to ply its waters by steam. He moved to Mississippi in 1846, and was for years a member of the Board of Supervisors of Coahoma County. He had been a lieutenant in the war of 1812, and at the battle of New Orleans commanded a company sent to guard a pass of Lake Pontchartrain, this move being made to prevent the British from flanking Gen. Jackson. The maternal grandparents of Gov. Alcorn were James Lusk and Sarah McElwain, natives of Scotland, the former being in Sumter's command

during the revolutionary war times, and said to be the bravest man in the company. His wife was a daughter of Gen. McElwain, an officer of repute in the war for independence. Both families were prominent in South Carolina. My brother, Milton S. Alcorn, was born in Kentucky in 1843, and died in 1879. He was brought up in Coahoma County, Miss., and was well known as a genial companion, but a self-willed, bold, brave, and fearless man, whose path when in anger the bravest would hesitate to cross. I never heard to whom he surrendered his sword.

In 1861 we were forced to leave Friar's Point for our plantation home, ten miles from Helena, Ark.; and when, in 1862, the Federals took that town, we packed up, and with wagons, tents, and provisions started for Alabama, over three hundred miles, camping out at night, and after ten days we reached the parental home of my stepmother.

Gov. Alcorn was a conspicuous character. He was born in Illinois. His parents, natives of South Carolina, had removed to the Territory of Illinois prior to his birth, 1816. In 1844 he moved to Mississippi and began the practice of law. He soon entered politics, and was for three terms State Senator. His service extended into the sixties, when he was made a prisoner. Later he was appointed colonel of a detached command. After the war he reentered political life, and in October, 1865, was elected to the United States Senate, but was not permitted the seat. Being an old-time Whig, he was prejudiced against the Democratic organization, and, drifting into the Republican party, he was elected Governor over Judge Dent (brother-in-law of Gen. Grant), who had the Democratic indorsement. Later Gov. Alcorn served in the United States Senate a full term. He was succeeded by Col. L. Q. C. Lamar when he retired to private life. He is said never to have respected the "carpet bag" element of his party.

#### END OF MAJ. KINLOCH FALCONER'S DIARY.

Monday, May 22. Twelve miles to Greenville. Will remain there to-day to have my mules shod and wagon geared. Our route to-day has been along the line of march of Wilson's raid of last month. All of the stock was stolen, and most of the corn and fodder consumed. I am fearful we shall suffer for forage between Greenville and Montgomery. Out of bartering trucks, and will be forced to beg the rest of the way. Just before reaching Greenville one-half mile my wagon got stuck in an ugly mudhole, which detained us one and one-half hours. At one time was fearful one of the mules would drown and the wagon be broken. But at last got out. Worst place have come across on trip. A little public spirit could fix the place in a day. Reached Greenville at 1:30. Nice country site, though badly treated by Wilson's raiders. Took dinner with Capt. Abrams, of our army, once Inspector of Field Transportation, Lee's Corps. Peas, lettuce, potatoes, asparagus, greens, strawberries, etc. I did justice to them. Encamped in a grove one-fourth mile from town. Had shoeing, etc., done, for which I paid in tobacco. Fourteen miles.

Tuesday, May 23. Owing to the delay of the smiths in fixing Maj. Govan's wagon, we did not leave Greenville until 4:30. Traveled eleven miles by dark. The road is as hilly as it can be.



THE LATE GOV. JAS. L. ALCORN, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Wednesday, May 24. Teams greatly benefited by rest of yesterday and day before; moved off this morning with elastic step. Crossed Chattahoochee River at West Point in ferryboat; the two bridges burned by Wilson's raiders in April. There are fifteen or twenty Yankees in West Point engaged in sending the cotton stored there to Atlanta. Made twenty-seven miles. Roads better. Greenville and West Point very hilly. Water scarce.

Thursday, May 25. Before leaving camp obtained forage enough to take us to Montgomery. Feel relieved, as the forage question had become serious. Think no further difficulty will arise between this and Pickens, Miss. Slept last night, for first time since February 13, on the soil of Alabama. I rejoice to be able to write this sentence. I have wiped the dust of Georgia off my feet, and I hope never to have it on them again. A considerable experience in this State enables me to speak, in some respects, understandingly of its people. As a general rule, the people are wanting in hospitality, and consider travelers a nuisance, exhibiting little desire to aid them. With the exception of Mr. Pierce, whom we met on the 18th, no man has opened his cribs and heart to us. Forage has been difficult to obtain, although on all occasions we have offered the fairest prices for it. This failure has arisen from a dislike on the part of citizens to be troubled by travelers, united to a general distrust of the honesty of other men. Georgia is a large State, and contains a great many towns and houses, and doubtlessly some clever, hospitable people; but I have been singularly unfortunate in having failed to be thrown among them. All in all it is a humbug. I breathe better in Alabama. Lost two miles this morning between our camp and Cusseta, in passing around a plantation to cross a creek, the bridge over which on the main road had been burned by Wilson's raiders in April. Traveled twenty-nine miles, but made only twenty-two.

Friday, May 26. Instead of passing through Loachapoka we took the road to Tuskegee, to which place we will have to go in order to avoid the creeks toward Montgomery, over which the Yankees destroyed the bridges last month. Tuskegee is the county site of Macon; it is a delightful, beautiful town, somewhat larger than Holly Springs, and contains many very beautiful residences. More taste seems to be displayed by its people in their houses, flower gardens, etc., than in any place in the South that I have visited. It is a luxury to ride down their streets, lined with shade trees, and fragrant with the perfume of jasmynes, honeysuckles, etc. The female seminary is a handsome edifice, and contains extensive shades for exercise. Marched twenty-eight miles. Irregular appearance of milestones to-day; and one signpost seen.

Saturday, May 27. Just before starting out a Yankee wagon train of some twenty-five wagons passed us on the way to Montgomery for rations. The wagons were new, light, and springy, United States manufacture; mules in excellent order. Many of the wagons contained white women (their character for virtue I don't know). A still larger number contained mulatto girls, who seemed to be contented with their Yankee equals. They think they are going to heaven, but they will find themselves in error as to their

destination when it is too late. I passed, during the day, some forty or fifty plantation hands trudging along in the dust, the men with heavy bundles upon their backs and the women often with their children, on their way to Montgomery, to report to the Yankees. I also met large numbers returning from Montgomery, who had been sent back by the Yankees. Poor, deluded people, they do not know who their real friends are. The country between Tuskegee and Montgomery is the finest I have ever seen. The land is level, and immense fields of corn meet the eye on both sides of the road. The wheat crop was very good; was cut a day or two ago. The corn crop is excellent, stand good, and nearly knee-high. The road is lined with beautiful residences, in the building of which and in the care and attention given to the cultivation of flowers great taste is displayed. The citizens generally are wealthy and seem to enjoy life. Twenty-eight miles.

Sunday, May 28. Reached picket post of Yankees, three and one-half miles from Montgomery, at nine, and was escorted to two or three headquarters, where we had to register our names. The Second Division of the Eighteenth Alabama Cavalry (Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith) garrisons Montgomery. Before reaching the city passed the encampments. The Yankees are very neat in their camps; streets properly laid off and kept clean. The Yankees were all well uniformed, and seemed to be in good state of discipline. On reaching Montgomery I went to the commissary to draw rations, but found he had closed his office, and would not open until next morning. I went to Col. Geddes, Post Commander, who informed me he had nothing to do with the commissary. I then went to the capitol to see Maj. Gen. Smith, and from him received an order on the commissary to issue rations at once, and to keep his office open at all hours. Drew three days, and started by the lower route (river road) to Selma, fifty-one miles. At four reached an ugly creek that runs between Montgomery and Lowndes Counties. The bridge had been burned by our troops in retreating from Wilson's raiders. After trying to improve the crossing (which was as bad as any I have ever seen), Maj. Govan's wagon was started over, and stuck in the mud. We tried two hours to get it out. At last had to take the mules out, unload, and pull it up the hill, through the deep, thick prairie mud, by hand. Knowing it was impossible to cross my wagon, I turned round to attempt crossing at another ford, two miles above, but nine miles out of the way. Went as far as Mr. Contelom's (?), where I was pressed to stay all night, and was informed it was impossible to reach the ford by night, and impossible to cross in the dark. I accepted the invitation, and passed a very pleasant night, slept upon a spring bed, and slept like a log. Marched only nineteen and one-half miles.

Monday, May 29. Started at sunrise from Mr. Contelom's. Reached Scott's bridge (burned) on the Haynesville road at 8:30. Had no difficulty in crossing the ford, although it was a very ugly place. Entered the main Selma and Montgomery road fourteen miles from Montgomery at 11:45. Saw by notice on tree that Maj. Govan had passed at 8. The entire route from Montgomery to Selma bears evidence of the meanness of Wilson's Yankees. The ruins of burned houses are seen almost every mile. I saw



many large cornfields to-day "turned out," all the negroes having gone to the Yankees. Passed through Benton, Lowndes County, at sundown. Benton used to be a beautiful county town, but has been desolated and burned by the Yankees (Wilson's raiders). None of the business houses were spared. Benton was a firm, constant, Southern town, and for that reason suffered so severely. I overtook Maj. Govan's party. Marched thirty-four miles to make twenty-five.

Tuesday, May 30. Reached the Alabama River, opposite Selma, at eleven. Boat good, but slow crossing. The old negro at the ferry was very impertinent. Charged \$2 for wagon, 50 cents for buggy, and 25 cents for horse in silver. Endeavored to draw forage and rations. After waiting an hour on the provost marshal for the order, went to the commissary, where I waited an hour to be attended to. Had to stand one-half hour at the door, with the Yankee sentinel denying me admittance. Negroes and Yankees were passed in as fast as they reached the door. At last got in to the commissary, and handed toward him several times my order from the provost marshal. He did not notice me, but waited on every negro that spoke to him, no matter whether he had come in before or after me. Thoroughly disgusted, I left, resolving to beg from citizens on the roadside, rather than put up longer with Yankee arrogance. At Selma four of my party left me. Made twenty miles.

Wednesday, May 31. To-day Maj. Govan's party leaves me. He is going by Fawnsdale, to remain a couple of days. I am going straight to Greensboro, thence by Eutaw to Roseland, one hundred and fifteen miles from here. . . . Crossed the Marion Branch Railroad at two, leaving Marion three miles to the right. Marion is garrisoned by two hundred and fifty Yankees. Not desiring to see anything more of the Yankees, after my experience of yesterday, I have resolved to keep out of their way if possible. At half past eight to-day I crossed the Cahawba River at Craig's Ferry. . . . The ferry and crossing are good. . . . Marched 26 miles. The road to-day has been very sandy. The mules have had a heavy pull, and are very much jaded. . . . Feasted on a supper of cold bread, bacon, and buttermilk, and am willing to endure any privations when I think I'm in three days of Pickensville and eight of Holly Springs.

Thursday, June 1. The sun rose beautifully. The singing of birds is heard all around me. All nature looks lovely. Were it not for the condition of my country, my near approach home would cause me to be very happy. As it is, I feel no interest in the South while under Yankee rule, and while the people are so willing to bow the neck and be slaves to their once slaves. From what I saw in Selma, I do not see how a gentleman can live honorably in the country. . . . Greensboro, which I passed through at twelve o'clock, is a neat country town in the western portion of Greene County. Next to Tuskegee, I consider it the neatest town I have seen on the trip of twenty-six miles.

Friday, June 2. Crossed Black Warrior River at Jennings's Ferry. Passed through Eutaw at 11:30. Eutaw is a pretty country town, but greatly neglected during the war. The houses need renovating inside and out, and the pavements need repairing. Now that the war is closed, there will be no excuse for per-

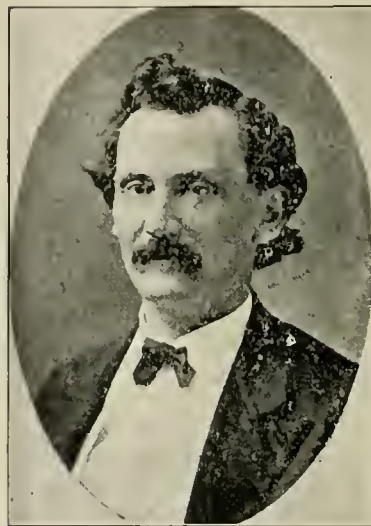
mitting our houses and towns to fall to pieces and our roads and streets to remain in the condition to which this war has brought them. Marched twenty-three and one-half miles.

Saturday, June 3. I am on the last page of my book and the last day of my trip. Started at seven thirty, crossed the Sipsey River at Carpenter's Ferry at nine thirty, passed through Bridgeville at eleven thirty, and rested and ied an hour near the Garden church; reached Judge Smith's at half past four. In closing the diary of my return from the army I will add only this astonishing fact: When I first volunteered, four and one-half years ago, people were enthusiastic, and swore they would never, so help them God, live under Yankee rule again. Along the entire road from North Carolina home, with scarcely an honorable exception, I find them to-day dejected, whipped, and more than willing to return to the United States government.

#### SKETCH OF MAJ. KINLOCH FALCONER.

J. B. Mattison, Esq., of Holly Springs, writes:

Maj. Kinloch Falconer, Assistant Adjutant General



MAJ. KINLOCH FALCONER.

at the headquarters of the Army of Tennessee, was reared in Holly Springs, Miss. He received his education at the University of Mississippi, and had entered upon the practice of law when the civil war broke out. He was at the time also associated with his father, Col. Thomas A. Falconer, in editing and publishing the *Holly Springs Herald*.

When the first call for troops was made by the governor of Mississippi, March 27, 1861, he

and his father and elder brother, Howard, were mustered into the State service as privates. Proceeding with their command to Pensacola, Fla., they were shortly transferred to the Confederate service as members of Company B., Ninth Mississippi Regiment, but what was in fact the first regiment to offer and be accepted for service from Mississippi.

Kinloch was soon detailed as a clerk at Gen. Bragg's headquarters in the Adjutant General's department, and from that time until the General's removal was a member of his military family, and was promoted to the rank of Major and Assistant Adjutant General. He retained his position on the Army of Tennessee staff under its subsequent commanders, Johnston and Hood. Maj. Falconer was without doubt the most popular officer attached to army headquarters, and was the idol of the Mississippi troops. His namesakes can be found in every nook and corner of the State.

At the close of the war he returned to his home and resumed the practice of law. Later he was elected



JAS. PEGUZZ, KINLOCH FALCONER, JOHN FENNEL, JAS. CUNNINGHAM, THOS. W. FALCONER, JAS. SIMS, JNO. T. SMITH.

A CAMP SCENE IN CO. B, NINTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT, MADE AT PENSACOLA, FLA., 1861.

(Photographed by J. D. Edwards, New Orleans, La.)

Secretary of State. While he held that office, in 1878, the terrible yellow fever scourge visited Holly Springs, and his father and brother were among the first smitten. With a devotion to duty, characteristic of his noble nature, he left his place of safety at Jackson, and hastened to the bedside of his loved ones, who were soon taken to their last resting place. Then he devoted himself to the work of relief, taking up the work laid down by the noble martyr, Col. Harvy Walter, who had been his comrade at headquarters during the trying times of war. I can best close this imperfect sketch of as true a friend, as brave a soldier, as incomparable a citizen and public officer as God ever made, by quoting a paragraph taken from the *Reporter*, a 7x9 sheet issued daily during the prevalence of the fever. In a few days he was numbered among the dead. "Maj. Kinloch Falconer, Secretary of State, who has been here nursing his father and brother, was yesterday stricken down and obliged to be taken home, much against his will. When Col. Walters's position on the Relief Committee was made vacant by reason of his illness, Kinloch Falconer stepped forward when called upon, and accepted the place and its arduous duties. He remained at this perilous post of duty, working early and late for the relief of our suffering community. Brave, fearless, generous Falconer; the noblest place for man to die is when he dies for his fellow-man!"

#### A FEDERAL'S TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATES.

The Salt Sulphur Springs, Monroe County, W. Va., was a Confederate post for most of the great war, the passes in the Alleghanies in its neighborhood being a series of back doors to Lynchburg, Va., and covering that important place. Gen. "Cerro Gor-

do" Williams, Gen. Loring, and Gen. Harry Heth successively commanded the post at Salt Sulphur. Gen. Heth moved his forces over to Lewisburg, some twenty-five miles away, in 1862, and attacked Gen. George Crook there, but was defeated and obliged to return to the "Salt." After his return some of his badly wounded men died, and they were buried on one of the benches of the Peach Orchard hill. Gen. Appleton, the present proprietor of the springs, finding that these graves were uninclosed in a pasture, in 1882 placed a fence about them and put up a tablet inscribed: "To the Memory of the Unknown Confederate Dead Whose Mortal Part Sleeps Here."

Thus it was given to a whilom enemy to mark the resting place of these brave men who gave all they had to the cause they believed in. Gen. Appleton was first a private soldier during the war of the sixties, and later an officer in the Union army, serving with Massachusetts troops. He rose from second lieutenant to major of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts Infantry in about four months, and later, after recovery from severe wounds, commanded six batteries of artillery. In the service of his State, West Virginia, he has held various positions, from captain of a company of infantry to brigadier general, adjutant general, and is still connected with the national guard.

Officers of the Missouri U. D. C. elected at the recent annual convention of the State Division at St. Joseph, Mo., are: Mrs. A. E. Asburry, of Higginsville, President; Mrs. John Donihhan, of St. Joseph, and Mrs. Frank Gaennie, St. Louis, Vice Presidents; Mrs. D. H. Groves, Fayette, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Ryland Todhunter, Higginsville, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. R. E. Wilson, Kansas City, Treasurer.



## REUNION ARKANSAS DIVISION.

## Election of Officers and Report of Maj. Gen. V. Y. Cook.

The tenth annual State Convention was held in Little Rock October 8, and the veterans spent a day in conference for the good of their organizations and over the bloody days of the long ago. A noteworthy incident occurred at the door of the House of Representatives just after the convention had adjourned. Ex-Gov. James P. Eagle, resplendent in his suit of Confederate gray, had stopped to shake hands with friends when a gray-haired veteran, dressed in citizens' clothes, pushed to the front and stretched out his hand. Gov. Eagle took his hand, and with a hearty clasp said that he did not remember to whom he was speaking. "Why, Governor, I served in the same company you did and fought side by side with you," was the reply, and he told his name. Instantly there came to mind the remembrance of his fellow-soldier, and he spent several minutes in reminiscences.

Maj. Gen. Virgil Y. Cook presided over the convention, Brig. Gen. B. W. Green and Adjutant Gen. J. E. Wood serving as Secretaries. The meeting was most interesting, and the most important action was the defeat of a resolution fixing the Confederate cemetery as the place for the Confederate monument, the whole matter being finally again referred to the Monument Committee, which had already selected the City Park as the location. The monument fund now amounts to nearly \$4,800.

Judge L. C. Balch, of this city, was elected Major General commanding to succeed Gen. V. Y. Cook; J. E. Wood, Brigadier General commanding First Brigade, Marianna; J. E. Roberts, Brigadier General commanding Second Brigade, Pine Bluff; A. V. Rieff, Brigadier General commanding Third Brigade, Little Rock; W. K. Ramsey, Brigadier General commanding Fourth Brigade, Camden.

The hall was beautifully decorated with Confederate and national flags, entwined with each other.

At the morning session Maj. Gen. Cook called the meeting to order in the Statehouse. The historic old hall was decorated with American flags and the stars and bars. Rev. J. M. Lucey, of Pine Bluff, delivered an eloquent and touching prayer.

There were 73 delegates present, representing 25 camps, as follows: Little Rock, Omer R. Weaver Camp, 20; Booneville, Camp Evans, 2; Paragould, Paragould Camp, 7; Rector, Rector Camp, 1; Pine Bluff, J. Ed Murray Camp, 4; Dardanelle, Camp McIntosh, 2; Brinkley, Pat Cleburne Camp, 2; Searcy, General Walker Camp, 2; Camden, Hugh McCulloch Camp, 1; Helena, Sam Carley Camp, 1; Lonoke, James McIntosh Camp, 6; Walnut Ridge, Crockett-Childers Camp, 1; Marianna, Paul Anderson Camp, 4; Hazen, Reinhart Camp, 2; Austin, James Adams Camp, 3; Coal Hill, Jordan Cravens Camp, 2; Mena, Shiloh Camp, 1; Monticello, James A. Jackson Camp, 1; Nashville, Joseph H. Neal and Tom Hindman Camps, 3 each; Benton, David O. Dodd Camp, 1; Hot Springs, Albert Pike Camp, 3; Wynne, Marion Coghill Camp, 1; Booneville, Camp No. 355, 2.

The address of welcome was delivered by Hon. Joseph W. House, of Little Rock, whose tribute to

the valor of the Confederate soldier was eloquent and impressive. He denounced anarchy, and declared that there can be no anarchy in the South while the Confederate veteran lives. He referred in terms of praise to the noble Daughters of the Confederacy.

Hon. Charles Coffin, of Walnut Ridge, responded to the address of welcome with his well-known grace.

## MAJ. GEN. COOK'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.

Comrades, another year has rolled around, another milepost has been reached; thirty-six years have elapsed since that gallant band of Confederate soldiers laid down their arms to accept in the fullest sense the terms of surrender, and to again become leading citizens in their native land. How faithfully you have complied with the terms, the government at Washington well knows.

This is an annual gathering of old men, once stalwart soldiers, to commemorate their service by the perpetuation of the United Confederate Veteran Association. Your valor and your achievements are not only respected and admired by the young generation and your former enemies, but also by the armies of the nations of the world. You were soldiers in the fullest sense, and inscribed your names upon the pantheon of fame.

Arkansas' part in that war was in no mean proportion. We find that in 1860 her military population was 65,231, and that on April, 15, 1861, her Governor declined to furnish 780 men, the State's quota of the first call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers. The State seceded May 6, 1861, and furnished the Confederacy sixty-five infantry regiments and fourteen infantry battalions, eleven cavalry regiments and eighteen cavalry battalions, one regiment and two battalions of sharpshooters, two regiments of mounted rifles, five regiments of State militia and one battalion of artillery. Of these commands, there were 104 officers and 2,061 enlisted men killed in battle, 2,165 enlisted men and 27 officers died of wounds, and 74 officers and 3,708 enlisted men died of disease.

The State had eighteen brigadier generals in the Confederate army, of whom four were promoted.

One hundred and twenty-six different engagements, some of which were hotly contested battles, were fought upon Arkansas' soil, and the State was represented by organized commands in every army of the Confederacy, and each arm of the service thereof, and troops from Arkansas were present and participated in all the great battles of the war.

Of the 8,289 soldiers furnished the Federal government by Arkansas during the latter months of the war, 5,526 were foreigners and negroes.

The Arkansas Division is in a flourishing condition, and has ninety-three Camps, all of which were represented at the Memphis reunion, and I am proud to say that the division was second to none in attendance at that great reunion. Comments of your gentlemanly deportment and soldierly bearing have been lavished upon the division from all sections, editorially and otherwise. And I assure you, my comrades, that no honor ever accorded me has been appreciated more highly than to be your Commander on that occasion, and for the last two years, and my heart is filled with gratitude for that great honor conferred upon me. Our sponsor, Miss Mittie Knox,

the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Gen. R. M. Knox, of Pine Bluff, and her maid of honor, Miss Katherine Howell, of Russellville, chaperoned by Mrs. William B. Lawrence, of Batesville, together with the chaperones, sponsors, and maids for the several brigades, represented the State in a dignified and queenly manner, and elicited many admiring comments upon their graceful deportment.

Comrades, while the cause for which you fought and to which Jefferson Davis, with manly grace and stately pride dedicated his noble labors, was lost in that prodigious arbitration ending at Appomattox, it is an everlasting cause, the rectitude of which retrospection fails to gainsay or to admonish those who upheld its principles and fought for its consummation violated a lineament of the constitution the fathers formulated. Neither are we implacable nor disgruntled at the result of that unequal though momentous struggle, a struggle in which Southern valor equaled Southern manhood, and we cherish with vestal fidelity our gigantic defense of the birthright principles involved, and nurture with fostering care the sacred memory and heroic deeds of our gallant comrades who gave their lives for their country's sake, and fell in defense of that banner known to the civilized world as the stars and bars, which, like the proud young nation it so illustriously symbolized, came and lived a short but exceedingly brilliant life, a life over which hovers no dark clouds, and gathered new effulgence upon the very last battlefields of the war in which it went down and forever ceased to be a national emblem or a signum of war.

The assassination of President McKinley was a tragical event deplored by every true Confederate, and which brought genuine sorrow to the South. Anarchy should not be allowed a footing upon this continent, and I hope that we will here asseverate our unyielding support toward its utter annihilation.

Gen. Cook appointed as Credentials Committee W. L. Dewoody, Pine Bluff, T. A. Futrall, Marianna, and Charles F. Martin, Little Rock.

As the afternoon session convened Comrades J. D. Kimball, B. W. Crowley, and Greenfield Quarles were appointed as a committee to send a memorial to Mrs. McKinley on the death of President McKinley.

The following resolution, introduced by Comrade Ben W. Green, was adopted:

"That the adjutant general be and is hereby directed to purchase a well-bound and suitable record book in which he shall record the minutes of this convention and all previous conventions, so that a perfect record shall be made of the minutes of all State conventions from the first to this if possible; and that he consult the files of the city papers in getting the data of the minutes of former conventions."

Through its Chairman, L. C. Balch, the committee appointed to memorialize the Legislature to enact a law levying a one-mill tax to pay pensions made a report, which was adopted.

## PENSION COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

To Maj. Gen. V. J. Cook, Commanding Arkansas Division, U. C. V.: Under a resolution adopted at the last annual encampment you appointed the following committee to memorialize the Legislature for a law levying a one-mill tax to pay pensions to ex-Confed-

erate soldiers and their widows—viz., L. C. Balch, Richard Jackson, J. M. Levesque, Rees B. Hogins, and T. M. Sims.

As Chairman of that committee the undersigned called a meeting thereof, and notified each member, but failed to get a quorum present at any one time. In this situation he called to sit on the committee with him and Comrade Richard Jackson Comrades B. W. Green and J. G. Leigh, of Little Rock.

This committee presented to the general assembly a memorial asking the enactment of a law levying a one-mill tax for the purposes set forth in said resolution, and have to report that the general assembly saw proper to cut down the amount to three-fourths of one mill, which act was passed in the House without a dissenting vote, and your committee is informed passed the Senate by the same vote.

Your committee acknowledged with thanks assistance rendered in this direction by the Camp at Hot Springs. This levy will produce, with the increased valuation throughout the State, about \$140,000 annually. But this is not sufficient to pay the pensions in full as provided in the pension act passed at the last general assembly.

## REPORT CAUSED CONSIDERABLE DISCUSSION.

Hon. J. E. Wood stated that it was the offspring of Confederate soldiers who defeated the measure. Dr. J. M. Keller said the trouble was with the medical boards of counties which, he knew personally, in many cases, gave certificates of total disability to persons who were physically sound and could show no sign of a wound. Auditor T. C. Monroe, a member of the Pension Board, said that the only remedy was with the county boards, that they should comply with the strict letter of the law. Capt. McCullough said that the county boards should be paid. Col. L. Minor said that he was a member of his county board, and that the fault was with the Confederate soldier himself. His board had allowed but twenty-two of sixty applications. Eleven of the number were actually deserters, whose applications were sworn to by Confederate soldiers. "You are pensioning more deserters to-day," he said, "than you are actual soldiers. You are pensioning more widows who were the wives of Confederate soldiers than you are honest soldiers. The remedy is not with the Legislature, but with the Confederate soldier himself, who is sometimes only too anxious to stultify himself rather than say a man deserted when he knows it to be true."

Comrade L. C. Balch defended the Confederate soldier from the charge that he was in any way responsible.

Gen. Robt. G. Shaver says his board passed a resolution to prosecute for perjury any Confederate soldier or other person who swore falsely. He found a collusion between deserters to swear to each other's affidavits.

Judge J. D. Kimbell told of a number of incidents which came within his knowledge as a county board member. The new law, in the main, was all right, though with some slight defects. The trouble was to keep out impostors. The perjury clause should be made well understood to doubtful applicants.

Col. Asa Morgan was glad to hear the different expressions, and echoed them.



Col. Balch moved that a committee of five be appointed to look into the pension matter and represent it before the next Legislature.

Comrade Charles Coffin said he knew of one incident when a county judge appointed a deserter on a board. Much could be done before the Legislature met in 1903.

The motion prevailed and the chair announced that the committee would be appointed by his successor.

Comrade Charles F. Martin offered a resolution:

"That the Confederate Monument Committee be, and they are hereby, requested and instructed to see to it that the monument to the Confederate dead be constructed of Arkansas granite."

Dr. J. M. Keller offered the following substitute, which was laid over until the arrival of the delegation from the Daughters of the Confederacy:

"Whereas there seems to be some difference of opinion as to the proper location of the monument to be erected in the city of Little Rock, in memory of the Confederate dead of the State, and also a difference as to the character and style of monument; and whereas the monument is to be erected solely in honor of the Confederate soldiers, and not for the purpose of beautifying or adorning any part of the city of Little Rock;

*"Resolved,* That it is the feeling of the Confederate Veterans, in reunion assembled, that the proper place for said monument is over the dead in the Confederate cemetery, and that it should be constructed entirely of Arkansas stone."

Judge J. D. Kimbell, Chairman of the McKinley Resolution Committee, offered the following resolution, which was adopted by a rising vote:

"That we, the ex-Confederates of Arkansas, in State reunion assembled, do hereby extend our deepest sympathy to the widow of our late beloved President, William McKinley, in the great bereavement brought upon her and our entire country by the tragic and untimely event of his death, and that this expression of our sympathy be communicated to Mrs. McKinley by the Adjutant of this organization."

The same committee submitted this also:

*"Resolved,* That we, the surviving ex-Confederates of Arkansas, in annual reunion assembled, embrace this, the first opportunity afforded us, of expressing our utter abhorrence and detestation of the crime which resulted in the deplorable death of President William McKinley, and we join hands with the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic and all law-abiding people in their aim and purpose to extirpate anarchy and the seeds of this crime of crimes from American soil."

#### CONFERENCE ABOUT LOCATING THE MONUMENT.

In the afternoon the Daughters of the Confederacy arrived and the Keller resolution was taken up. Dr. Keller objected to the use of the words "Arkansas granite" in the Martin resolution, and said that he wanted it "Arkansas stone," to let all parts of Arkansas give up her resources for that purpose.

Mrs. R. W. Lindsey, Chairman of the Daughters of the Confederacy, submitted the following report, in which they said: "As a committee from the State convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy, now in session, we were instructed to make an ap-

peal to this body in behalf of the Confederate cemetery as the proper place for the Confederate monument. The very first suggestion of a monument was made in connection with the cemetery; the first moneys were raised with this location only in view. This cemetery, we hold, is the one place in Arkansas that will remain throughout the ages sacred to the memory of our Confederate dead. In other States monuments have been placed in public places, representing money enough to cause State pride, whereas the amount so far collected for our purpose is not sufficiently large for a monument to "show." . . . We would submit a plea for the cemetery as the spot most fitting for a modest State monument. This would continue to call attention to the cemetery and its needs, while another location would tend to detract attention from it."

Speaking of a motion to adopt the Keller resolution, Col. John G. Fletcher said that it seemed to be a bombshell thrown into the Camp. The Camp, by its own vote, had decided to put the monument in the City Park. He wanted a monument to the Confederate dead, no matter where. It had been found that it could be built much cheaper of Vermont marble than of Arkansas granite, because of the increased cost of mining a shaft here of sufficient height. If every Confederate soldier had put his hand in his pocket and paid his share, the monument would have been built long ago.

Dr. Keller asked if the State Camp had voted to put the monument in the City Park.

Gen. Green stated that there had been such a resolution before the Camp, but it was left with a committee and not passed.

The part relating to the location of the monument at the Confederate cemetery was then discussed.

Mrs. Lindsey stated that the Daughters of the Confederacy had decided to change the location from the City Park to the Confederate cemetery.

Senator Quarles stated that his city of Helena had made the same mistake the Camp seemed about to do, put a monument in the cemetery, far removed from the city, and out of the way of those to whom it was wished to hold up the example. He wanted the monument in the most public place in the State of Arkansas. The cost should not be counted in such a monument; make it of Arkansas granite.

Father J. M. Lucey thought the monument should be where the dead are buried.

Judge Frank T. Vaughan said that if the monument was put in the cemetery it would be purely local, but if in the City Park, or some other place, it would be a State monument.

Mrs. L. C. Hall, of Dardanelle, said that if it was a fine monument, it should be put in a prominent place, but a "\$7,000 tombstone" should be put in the cemetery. This would soon be hidden by the trees in the City Park.

Col. Fletcher wanted no monument that people would criticise, and he wanted it in the most conspicuous place. He wanted it far removed from the Confederate graveyard in the grandest park on the globe. The committee had selected the City Park, and such had been reported through the city papers.

Dr. L. Minor did not want the public gaze to stare on the monument; it was too sacred.

Senator Quarles said that it had been announced that this was a local matter. If so, why should a State Camp be called upon to settle its location.

The vote was then taken by Camps, and the resolution was lost by a vote of 61½ to 44½, and the monument will be in the City Park.

A committee was appointed to confer with the ladies.

Comrade Collins offered the following substitute for the remainder of the Keller resolution, which was referred to the Monument Committee:

"That it is hereby recommended that, in so far as practical, the Monument Committee be requested to use only Arkansas material in the erection of the proposed monument, but that in this and all things we leave the matter to their sound and patriotic discretion."

Nominations for Division Commander being in order, Judge L. C. Balch was nominated by Dr. J. M. Keller, and was unanimously elected.

Commander Balch said that he prized the honor more than to be elected Governor of the State. He said regarding the monument that he wished the bickerings were stopped and the monument erected somewhere.

On motion of Judge Balch, a vote of thanks was extended to the retiring Commander, Virgil Y. Cook, and the brigade Commanders for their work during the year.

Gen. Cook, the retiring Commander, was called for, and thanked his comrades for the kindness and confidence manifested in him by twice electing him Commander.

Col. Fletcher spoke concerning the Confederate Home, and said that the last Legislature did many nice things for the Home. The Home now has all the conveniences to be found in a first-class hotel. Dr. R. B. Christian, the Home physician, fulfilled the mission of a Christian gentleman.

Col. Cook presented the Arkansas Division with two handsome flags, and thanks were tendered him.

### ARKANSAS DAUGHTERS IN CONVENTION.

The Arkansas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy met in sixth annual convention at Little Rock, October, 1901, the President, Mrs. J. M. Keller, of Hot Springs, presiding. The rooms were beautifully decorated. Rev. W. E. Thompson opened the meeting with a beautiful invocation. Mrs. Sam Wassell was appointed Recording Secretary *pro tem*, in the absence of Mrs. F. B. Coolidge. Forty-six accredited votes were announced, including the following Chapters: Clarksville, Mrs. Cravens, Mrs. Jett, and Mrs. Hurley; Hot Springs, Mrs. Mallory, Mrs. Leatherman, and Mrs. James; Pine Bluff, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Atkinson; Van Buren, Mrs. Boles, proxy; Little Rock, Mrs. Kinsworthy, Mrs. Ottenheimer, Mrs. Jabine, Mrs. Halliburton, Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Peay, and Mrs. Johnson; Dardanelle, Misses Cole and McCray; Lockesburg, Miss Mauldin; Fayetteville, Mrs. Boles; Augusta, Mrs. Wassell, proxy; Fort Smith, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Robinson; Lonoke, Mrs. Jamar and Miss Gatewood; Nashville, Mrs. Carter; Mammoth Spring, Mrs. Beauchamp, proxy. All credentials were accepted.

The Memorial Chapter, through its Vice President, Mrs. U. M. Rose, extended an invitation to all delegates and friends to attend a reception at the Senate Chamber last night, and Gen. V. Y. Cook, Commander U. C. V., also invited the Daughters. Both invitations were accepted.

Mrs. James P. Eagle welcomed the Daughters in behalf of the Memorial Chapter saying:

#### MRS. EAGLE'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

On behalf of our Memorial Chapter of the city of Little Rock, the pleasure has been assigned to me of extending to you, proud Daughters of the Confederacy, our most cordial welcome. We hail you as the flower queens of womanhood. An honor has been conferred upon you which is unsurpassed by that borne by any women of any land. Your names have been worn in the hearts of the truest and most loyal soldiers that ever buckled on the sword or answered the bugle call to battle.

The Southern home and the queen that reigned there was the glittering breastplate, inviting attack, worn on the bravest bosoms that ever swelled with patriotic courage. In no clime have women received such reverence, such deferential attention, such adoration, and such praise as has been freely and graciously bestowed upon the women of the South by the men of the South. In this presence I am inspired to add that in no clime could such honors be worn with more becoming grace. You have been the happy recipients of the best gifts from the best men that ever blessed the earth. The confidence and trust that were imposed in your untried skill, untried energy, and untried courage in times of great peril and want proved that they were not unmerited; they proved that the soldiers of double worth that could face two, three, and even five times their number on the field of battle had a most worthy incentive to action. They fought for the fairest land, fragrant with the flowers of the fairest homes in the world.

The most laudable interests that now engage your attention in these various organizations as Daughters of the Confederacy do but reaffirm the fact that you are true-hearted still to the soldier who sleeps, because he fought our battles for us, and to his brother who lives to fight the unfinished part. Your loyal gift in this last engagement may be even more effective than was your wise, courageous, and tender service in times of greater suffering and affliction. You will honor the living while honoring the dead. You will erect to their memory monuments of praise that shall stop the mouths of praters. The pages of history you will help to purge of falsehood till the famous deeds of our famous soldiers shall be fairly set forth before the minds of coming generations. Yours is a glorious task, in the light of which we greet you with outstretched hands and proffered aid. We offer you our all. Your presence in our midst is our benediction; so, with gladdened hearts, we bid you a cordial welcome. We welcome you to our city as highly honored guests. We open wide the gates of our beautiful park and swing back the doors of our well-appointed club rooms, and bid you possess them all. Our homes and our hearts are yours; our services are at your command.





LAST PICTURE MADE OF UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY—HOT SPRINGS, ARK., NOVEMBER, 1898.

Again, in the name of the Memorial Chapter, I bid you all a most sincere and most cordial welcome.

Mrs. Dr. J. M. Keller, on behalf of Mrs. Frances Barlow Coolidge, who was detained at home by illness, responded. Mrs. Louis Stainback sung in her sweet voice, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," which brought tears to the eyes of many.

Mrs. R. W. Lindsey, of Little Rock, offered a resolution that the President appoint a committee from the convention to confer with the veterans in regard to the location of the monument. The resolution was adopted, and the following ladies were appointed: Mrs. Lindsey, Chairman; Mrs. Hall, of Dardanelle; Mrs. Boles, of Fayetteville; Mrs. Sparks, of Fort Smith; and Mrs. Leatherman, of Hot Springs. After much debate it was agreed, by a vote of 25 to 16, to send the committee instructed to favor a change of the monument site from the park to the cemetery.

The convention then adjourned until two o'clock.

The afternoon session opened with a most touching address by the President, Mrs. J. M. Keller.

#### MRS. KELLER'S ADDRESS.

*United Daughters of the Confederacy:* Since our last convention a new century has dawned with much of good and evil. It came with the clash of arms and rumors of wars. Victoria, England's queen and Empress of India, on whose domain the sun never ceases to shine, has said farewell. Anarchy has turned loose its maddened steed, whose iron hoof goes clanging through the land, filling men's hearts with fear and

shapeless dread. It has given Italy a new king, and snatched the life of Germany's beautiful empress, and bathed our nation in sorrow from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the Gulf.

Our organization, whilst it has had four new Chapters added, has felt the hand of the master, death. Our first Second Vice President, Miss Fanny Scott, of Van Buren, has crossed the river and entered the home eternal in the heavens. She was honored by the State, was a member of the press, and loved by us all. Let us pray God that, while our loss is her gain, he will bless those left who are dear to her with peace and happiness.

Yesterday we were to have united with the veterans in laying the corner stone of the monument to the Arkansas Confederate dead. To all the United Daughters of the Confederacy I return thanks for their efforts, and beg that they will continue in the good work until we have finished this token of love to those who gave their lives for wives, children, home, and country. . . . Our heroes furnish immortality to history. They are our glories, and the time will never come when the American heart will not throb more quickly at the name of Lee, Jackson, Forrest, Polk, Cleburne, Pike, and Hindman, glorious men of a country filled with legends, poems, and histories of the proudest and mightiest nation of the world. They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle; no sound can awake them to glory again. History repeats itself; man proposes, and God directs.

You will hear the report of each Chapter of the work they have accomplished. Our State officers have been faithful to duty and the interests of the division. I hope that each Chapter will see that every member has a certificate, and that they will confer on every veteran of the Camps the cross of honor which the United Daughters of the Confederate nation give them in token of love and admiration of their loyalty, devotion, and heroism to their cause.

The Monument Committee did much good work. We did all we could to get the Legislature to pass a bill of \$10,000 to honor themselves by honoring the State Confederate dead. The bill, through the influence of Helena's leader in the House, Hon. John I. Moore, was passed by that body for \$5,000; the Senate refused to take it up. However, it leaves us a hope that when they again meet they will cheerfully appropriate the amount missing.

It is a pleasure to note that the Southern school books are meeting with general favor in the various districts of the State, and it is to be hoped that each and every United Daughter of the Confederacy will feel it her duty and pleasure to have them introduced into every school in the State, our chief object and aim being to see that those who come after us are taught the truth of history and not the garbled misrepresentations of rich and unscrupulous book publishers over the country.

In conclusion, I desire to call your attention to a matter that now may be corrected. The Washington aqueduct, one of the greatest engineering triumphs of the world, was begun in 1853, when Franklin Pierce was President and Jefferson Davis Secretary of War, and was finished when Abraham Lincoln was President and Simon Cameron Secretary of War. The war broke out a year later. President Davis's name was cut out in June, 1862, at the request of the Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. Caleb Smith, to whose department the aqueduct had just been transferred, and a number of Congressmen went on a tour of inspection by way of canal. Opposite Cabin John Bridge several of the party disembarked and walked nearer for a view of the bridge. Returning, Hon. Galusha Grow said to the Secretary: "Do you know that that d— Rebel, Meigs, has put Jeff Davis's name on the bridge?" The Secretary, turning to me, said: "The first order I give you is, get Jeff Davis's name off." William H. Hutton in a few days was appointed chief engineer of the aqueduct. A week later Robt. McIntyre, the contractor, arrived to renew his work, and called to pay his respects to the Secretary. The Secretary said to him that they had put Jeff Davis's name on the bridge, and he wished he would cut it off. "With great pleasure," was the reply, and the first work of the contractor was to remove Mr. Davis's name. There is no record of any written order for this, and the act was unofficial. This bridge is the largest single stone arch in the world. The first was built in 1380 across the Adda tributary to the Po at Tezzo, in the North of Italy, arch of granite with span of 251 feet, and was destroyed by the Italian general, Carmagnola in 1427. The Cabin John Bridge span is 220 feet. A splendid monument to its builders, Hon. John Barrett, of Vermont, ex-Minister to Siam and a delegate to the Pan-American Congress, which meets in Mexico this fall, visited Cabin

John Bridge with some friends, and for the first time they learned of the erasure. The bridge was planned and nearly completed before the civil war broke out, and President Davis was Secretary of the North as well as of the South. For the truth of history his name should be replaced. We have no North, no South, no East, no West, but an undivided nation, and the Arkansas Division of the Daughters might with perfect propriety ask our new President to have this act of vandalism corrected by having the name replaced. They may ruin, they may destroy the bridge if they will; the name of Jefferson Davis will cling to it still.

And now I beg to thank you all for the kindness and courtesies shown me as your President for the past two years, with the earnest wish that we may grow in numbers until every woman in the State who is eligible will belong to a Chapter.

Mrs. Meyers added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion by the beautiful musical programme. Especial mention must be made of the singing of Mrs. Sam Reyburn. "The Bonnie Blue Flag" was never sung by a sweeter voice, and the whole convention united with her in the chorus.

After a musical treat from Armellini's orchestra, the convention adjourned until ten o'clock the next day.

At night the Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy were guests in the Senate chamber of Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., at a reception. There were several hundred in attendance, Gov. Jeff Davis and his wife being among the guests. Commander Charles S. Collins, of Omer Weaver Camp, presided, and the programme was as follows: Invocation, Comrade James P. Eagle, Chaplain of the Camp; piano solo, Miss Martha Cline; vocal solo, Miss Effie Maud Cline; address, Comrade Henry G. Bunn. This was followed by an informal reception and banquet in the Senate chamber by Little Rock Memorial Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy.

Report of the second day's proceedings of the convention have not reached the VETERAN, except the following list of officers: Mrs. B. E. Benton, Pine Bluff, President; Mrs. Clementine Botes, Fayetteville, and Mrs. J. L. Cravans, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Frances B. Coolidge, Helena, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Mary H. Hall, Dardanelle, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Sam S. Wassell, Little Rock, Treasurer; Mrs. Sparks, Registrar; and Miss J. G. Woodruff, Little Rock, Historian.

## REPORT DIRECT FROM THE DAUGHTERS.

Since the above was typed the following has been received from Mrs. Sam Wassell, Secretary pro tem.:

The sixth annual convention of Arkansas State Division was held in Little Rock, Ark., on the 8th and 9th of October. It had been expected to lay the corner stone of the State monument, and for that reason the Division convened a day earlier, but owing to a series of unavoidable circumstances, it was postponed until another time in the near future.

Mrs. Dr. Keller, of Hot Springs, the enthusiastic President of the Division, assisted by earnest workers, showed a fine year's work. Several new Chap-



ters have been added, and more are to be organized soon.

This was by far the largest and busiest meeting ever held by the Arkansas Division. The club rooms in the City Park were decorated especially for the occasion. Confederate flags waved as proudly as in the days of 1863 and 64.

A most delightful musical was added to the many attractions of the convention, under the able management of Mrs. G. L. Meyers.

After reports telling of the work in various Chapters a recitation by Miss Maud Hayes, the "Jacket of Gray," fitted in very appropriately, and a sincere vote of thanks was given to the reader.

In the convention were Northern friends, and they were gladly welcomed.

The reunion of the veterans on the 8th and 9th made it a very delightful occasion for both the veterans and Daughters. There were appropriate exchanges between the organizations.

The U. D. C. Convention had the pleasure of meeting a sister of David O. Dodd, the Arkansas boy martyr, who was in our midst.

A resolution offered by Mrs. Judge Leatherman, of Hot Springs, was as follows:

"That the State Division of Arkansas make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN our State organ; also that we adopt the second Sunday in May as decoration day all over the State."

Mrs. R. C. Benton, of Pine Bluff, was elected President of the Division, although several Chapters came instructed to offer Mrs. Keller for a third term, which of course could not be in this good Democratic State. Mrs. Clementine Boles, of Fayetteville, was advanced to first Vice President. The same officers were re-elected, with the exception of Registrar, Mrs. Sparks of Fort Smith, taking the place of Miss Thompson, of Helena.

A telegram sent from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was delayed, so that it was not received until after adjournment.

In compliance with a request over the State, Mrs. Keller, the ex-President, desires to have the pictures of the officers of her administration placed in the VETERAN very shortly.

Arkansas is very proud of her State Division, and sincerely hopes to see our ex-President, Mrs. Keller, placed on the board as President of the National at Wilmington.

A delightful ride to Fort Logan wound up the social feature of the meeting.

### BATTLE ABBEY FOR THE SOUTH.

An old magazine article by Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis indicates the prevalent sentiment of its promoters at that time. The following are extracts from it:

The idea of a great Confederate museum was first embodied in a letter written by Mr. Rouss in 1894, where, after stating the reasons for its advisability, he sketches a general plan of procedure, in which he suggests that the institution be carried on after the manner of a joint stock company, with shares of the value of ten dollars each, so all could participate, and the administration to be vested in seven or nine of the surviving Confederate officers of highest rank.

So many enthusiastic responses came from the Confederate camps that in December he, Mr. Rouss, supplemented his first by a longer and fuller explanation of his plans. The dominant idea throughout was to make the memorial building essentially a donation of the Southern people, and not the result of the generosity of a few rich men. In pursuance of this view the subscription price, which was to place the name of the donor upon the roll of Battle Abbey, was reduced from ten dollars to one dollar. However, it was not until the reunion in Houston, in May, 1895, that Mr. Rouss's own intention was made clear. He pledged himself to give a hundred thousand dollars (half the sum estimated as necessary for the building and maintaining of the hall) if the other half could be raised by subscription from ex-Confederates and their friends.

It was estimated that \$50,000 would be collected from the 50,000 members of Confederate camps, that \$25,000 could be expected from the veterans unattached to any organization, and that the remaining sum would either be subscribed by the larger cities in the South, or that the filling up of the deficit might be intrusted to the ladies' auxiliary, upon whose energy and self-abnegation no patriotic enterprise ever called in vain.

The plans of the organization were confided to the hands of a committee composed of members chosen to represent every Southern State and division of the Confederate veterans' organizations.

A system of receipts for subscription, resembling very much the ordinary bank book, was decided upon, and it was provided that in future there should be certificates of membership in Battle Abbey given to every holder of such a voucher.

As has been said, the committee which sat in Atlanta came to no decision as to the location of Battle Abbey, but they did make an appeal to the women of the South to put forth their utmost efforts to assist the board in filling the gap between the subscription as it was and as it should be. Nobly have the Southern women responded to this call. In every town and hamlet they have been organizing all sorts of entertainments, writing to the press, denying themselves indulgences, and offering up again, as they did for the Confederate government in its need, their trinkets to increase the fund.

The following is taken from Judah P. Benjamin's farewell address on leaving the United States Senate:

"And now to you, Mr. President, and to my brother Senators on all sides of this chamber, I bid a respectful farewell. To you, noble and generous friends, who, born beneath other skies, possess hearts that beat in sympathy with ours; to you, who, solicited and assailed by motives the most powerful that could appeal to selfish motives, have nobly spurned them all; to you, who, in our behalf, have bared your breasts to the fierce beatings of the storm, and made willing sacrifice of life's most glittering prizes in your devotion to constitutional liberty; to you, who have made our cause your cause, and from many of whom I feel I part forever, what shall I say, what can I say? Naught, I know and feel, is needed for myself; but this I will say for the people in whose name I speak: "Whether prosperous or adverse fortunes await you,

one priceless treasure is yours: the assurance that an entire people honor your names and hold them in grateful and affectionate memory. But with still sweeter and more touching return shall your unselfish devotion be regarded. When, in after days, the story of the present shall be written, when history shall have passed her stern sentence on the erring men who have driven their unoffending brethren from the shelter of their common home, your names shall derive fresh luster from the contrast; and when your children shall hear repeated the familiar tale, it will be with glowing cheek and kindling eye; their very souls will stand a-tiptoe as their sires are named, and they will glory in their lineage from men of spirit as generous and of patriotism as high-hearted as ever illustrated or adorned the American Senate."

The Mike Farrell Camp U. C. V., No. 1197, at Poplar Creek, Miss., held its first annual encampment on September 5 and 6, 1901, according to the by-laws. Each member was provided with camp equipments, and although the weather was pleasant the old-time camp fire was built and the "boys" gathered about it as in days of yore, and the talk was of long-ago evenings in Confederate army camps. These comrades enjoyed it so much that they commend such method of reunion to all comrades, even to the general gathering, saying: "We hope Dallas will try it."

While the entertainment was largely informal and social, Mr. Vernon Rowe, and Hon. T. W. Sisson—whose pictures appear in background of the group—made appropriate and most interesting addresses, and Capt. (now Rev.) Harry Estes made the "old boys" and the crowd laugh and cry in turn. The public dinner was fit for royalty. The election of officers resulted as follows: J. B. Simpson, Commander; M. H. Allen, J. B. Greenlee, and W. R. Love, Lieu-

tenant Commanders; J. E. Flowers, Adjutant; T. T. Hamilton, Treasurer; W. H. Holmes, Chaplain; Dr. W. H. Frizell, Surgeon.

## THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.

At a recent meeting, on October 16, in Staunton, Va., the surviving veterans of the Stonewall Brigade elected Col. H. J. Williams, of Augusta County, the oldest field officer of the brigade now living, President. At the beginning of the war Col. Williams was captain, and for bravery and efficiency was promoted to colonel. Mr. W. W. B. Gallagher, of Charleston, W. Va., was chosen Vice President, and Thomas B. Woodward, of Staunton, Secretary. A beautiful poem was read by Augusta County's poet and author, Hon. A. C. Gordon.

Resolutions of sympathy for Gen. James A. Walker, who is now in very poor health, were adopted. Gen. Walker was the commander in the latter part of the war of the Stonewall Brigade. He is much revered by the old veterans.

A resolution was passed making permanent the Stonewall Brigade as an organization, and fixing Staunton as its permanent meeting place, and provision was made for annual meetings.

After the meeting adjourned there was another meeting of the surviving veterans in general, in which meeting Col. William T. Poague, formerly commander of the Rockbridge Battery, delivered into the custody of D. W. Drake, sergeant major of the first regiment of cavalry, the regimental flag of that regiment which was carried by that regiment through the war, and which was brought home by James Poague, from Appomattox. Since his death it had been in the custody of his mother. Appropriate addresses were made by Colonel Poague, and on behalf of Mr. Drake in accepting the custody of the flag.



MIKE FARRELL CAMP, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, NO. 1197, POPLAR CREEK, MISS.



## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

### STAFF OFFICERS AND DIVISION COMMANDERS.

The following constitute the staff of the Commander in Chief, R. B. Haughton, St. Louis: Adjutant General, William Horner Cocks, 421 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.; Inspector General, Hon. L. H. Mar-rero, Jr., of New Orleans, La.; Quartermaster General, Stanley D. Pearce, Esq., of St. Louis, Mo.; Commissary General, J. Elliott Riddell, of Louisville, Ky.; Judge Advocate General, Hon. G. T. Fitzhugh, of Memphis, Tenn.; Surgeon General, Dr. Walton S. Greene, of Aberdeen, Miss.; Chaplain General, Rev. Carter Helm Jones, of Louisville, Ky.; Assistant Adjutant Generals, A Thruston Burgevin, of Louisville, Ky., George S. Norfleet, of Winston-Salem, N. C., Hon. Andrew A. Kincannon, of Columbus, Miss., Thomas C. Hindman, of Louisville, Ky., Homer L. Higgs, of Greenfield, Tenn., Franklin Heiss, of Meridian, Miss., W. Scott Hancock, Esq., of St. Louis, Mo., William H. Clark, Esq., of Dallas, Tex., Jesse N. Gathright, of Louisville, Ky., Edmund Maurin, Esq., of Donaldsonville, La.; Assistant Inspector Generals, R. W. Meriwether, of Paragould, Ark., Capt. John Baxter McFarland, of Aberdeen, Miss., John N. Edwards, of St. Louis, Mo., Robert K. Gaston, of Dallas, Tex., Lawson Sykes, of Courtland, Ala.; Assistant Quartermaster Generals, Hon. Ben E. Cabell, of Dallas, Tex., John Lyford Horner, of Helena, Ark., Hon. Dudley M. Featherstone, of Holly Springs, Miss., R. E. L. Gano, Esq., of Dallas, Tex., Hamilton E. Reynolds, of Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Assistant Commissary Generals, Hon. John A. Collinsworth, of Humboldt, Tenn., Charles E. Hamilton, of Aberdeen, Miss., W. R. Percy, of St. Francisville, La., John W. Donelson, of Knoxville, Tenn., Thomas R. Shipp, of Hartsell's, Ala.; Assistant Judge Advocate Generals, Hon. John Ike Moore, of Helena, Ark., Hon. Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis, Mo., Hon. T. C. Gordon, of Dyersburg, Tenn., Robert M. Beattie, Esq., of Memphis, Tenn., E. O. Sykes, Jr., Esq., of Aberdeen, Miss.; Assistant Surgeon Generals, Dr. David Humphreys, of Greenwood, Miss., Dr. Henry H. Duke, of Louisville, Ky., Dr. E. Michel Holder, of Memphis, Tenn.; Assistant Chaplain Generals, Rev. W. T. Allan, D.D., of Springfield, Mo.; Aids, Thomas E. Powe, of St. Louis, Mo., N. B. Forrest, of Memphis, Tenn., P. S. George, of Greenwood, Miss., John McIntosh, of Richmond, Va.

Appointments as Division Commander are hereby made: Division of Missouri, James G. McConkey, of St. Louis, vice R. B. Haughton, elected Commander in Chief; Division of Mississippi, W. E. Daniel, of Yazoo City; Division of West Virginia, W. H. Kearfott, of Kearneysville; Division of Arkansas, R. G. Pillow, of Little Rock, vice Hon. W. M. Kavanaugh, elected Department Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department; Division of Alabama, Warwick H. Payne, of Scottsboro; Division of North Carolina, Dr. John C. Rodman, of Washington.

Elected Division Commanders since the last general order appointing Division Commanders: Division of Tennessee, J. J. Bean, of Lynchburg; Division of Texas, Thomas P. Stone, of Waco; Division of South Carolina, Butler Hagood, of Barnwell; Division of Louisiana, W. M. Barrow, of Baton Rouge.

### FROM COMMANDER OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

W. A. Collier, Jr., commanding Army of Tennessee Department, is active in his responsible duties. Some account of his views and labors is here given:

Memphis is headquarters, until the reunion at Dallas next year, for the Department of "The Army of Tennessee," United Sons of Confederate Veterans, which is composed of the six States of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida. William Armistead Collier, Jr., was elected Commander of this Department by the Convention of Sons of Veterans at the last Confederate Reunion in Memphis. He is the son of a prominent lawyer of Memphis who fought in Company B, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, under the invincible Gen. N. B. Forrest.

Mr. Collier is a young man of marked energy, as well as culture and refinement. He is a descendant of the best old Southern families, among them the famous Nelson family of Virginia, which was prominent and influential in colonial and revolutionary times. He attended college at the University of Virginia, and after several years of travel and study returned to Memphis to engage in business. He has always felt a deep interest in the Sons of Veterans' movement, and he has done excellent service already, and will make an excellent officer. It was largely due to his self-sacrificing labor as Adjutant, with the assistance of that magnetic orator and man, Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, as Commandant, that the N. B. Forrest Camp of Memphis came into existence and was made the largest and most powerful Camp that has ever been formed in the Confederation, numbering over five hundred members; and most of the success of the Sons of Veterans' Reunion at Memphis can be attributed to Mr. Collier's foresight and interest. The affairs of the Department will doubtless prosper under his administration.

Commander Collier is now engaged in organizing



W. ARMISTEAD COLLIER.

the work of his department and putting it on a business basis; and he hopes to interest the best young men throughout the Tennessee Department, as he has already interested the best young men of Memphis, in the movement.

He has given out the following statement: "The Confederation of Sons of Veterans has a high and patriotic object, and no young man whose father fought for the righteous cause of constitutional liberty should feel ashamed to join the ranks of an organization designed to do honor to the bravest men that ever lived.

"Our patriotic fathers struggled side by side for four long years in the most tremendous conflict recorded in all history, and willingly gave up property and life in the noble defense of the liberty of self-government; that liberty which was bought by the blood of our revolutionary sires, and bequeathed to their posterity as a priceless heritage; that liberty which was guaranteed to future generations by the immortal founders of the republic. They passed through four years of terrible hardship and suffering, four years of bloodshed, and then when defeat stared them in the face—shattered fortunes, ruined homes, lost loved ones, our beautiful Southland devastated and in

the hearts of men than such misfortune and such fortitude as this? Every man who is the son of a Confederate soldier is proud of it, and it seems to me that we ought all to join ourselves together, and thus erect a living monument to the memory of the fallen heroes of the South, and give all honor and praise to the grand old army of veterans, whose ranks are growing thinner every year.

"It is said that we are keeping alive a sentiment which ought to be allowed to die out and be forgotten. Are we, then, ashamed of the blood that gave us birth? Are we the sons of traitors, and afraid to face the truth of history? Or is it that the chivalry and patriotism of the South went down with the fall of the Confederacy; and we, ignoble offspring, are deterred from the expression of the sentiments that we cherish, or ought to cherish, by contemptible and petty considerations of self-interest? This objection is more forcibly answered by the following words, taken from a letter which I had the good fortune to receive from Jefferson Davis a short while before his death. That great statesman wrote: 'The deeds of your ancestors will bear the test of critical examination. The institutions they established bore a rich harvest of prosperity, and thereby taught the great blessings of community independence. If the future shall produce men wiser in council or more efficient in the field than those the old South gave to the earlier service of the common country, then let the murmuring lamentations over the change be hushed; but until then let honor be paid where honor is due.'

"The practical and leading objects of our organization, being historical and benevolent, are mainly to preserve to posterity a true and complete record of the civil war and to render material aid and comfort to ex-Confederate soldiers in need. One important undertaking of the Sons of Veterans is to build a fitting monument to those unrecognized heroes, the women of the Confederacy, to whose devoted memory no monument of consequence has ever been erected in all this broad land. About \$5,000 toward this object was subscribed at our last reunion in Memphis.

"The formation of Camps is being much encouraged through the division and brigade commanders of this department, and a strict adherence to the constitution enforced. Unfortunately the revision of our general constitution, which was to have been accomplished at the Memphis reunion, must go over another year. I think that there will be proposed in the next convention at Dallas a change in the rule for admission to membership, which many regard as too limited in its present form. Some uniformity of rule for admission to Camps will be established, and maintained if possible, so that this important matter will not be left entirely to the varying interpretations of the different 'committees on application.'

"I mention another matter of importance: The growing use of military titles and rank by Sons of Veterans is, in my opinion, ridiculous, and I will not sanction such use by the officers of the Army of Tennessee Department. We have no constitutional provision for that sort of thing, and understand from Mr. Colquitt, of Georgia, the Chairman of the Committee on Revision of the Constitution, that such provision will not be recommended. To give a beardless boy a rank and title that his father risked his life a



MISS MARGARET PALMER BALLENTINE,  
Sponsor for Second Brigade Tennessee Sons of Veterans.

ashes, our liberties trampled in the dust—with sublime submission to the inevitable these armies of defeated and worn-out men returned to their homes, to make their native land the most magnificent on earth.

"What stronger bond of sympathy to hold together



thousand times to win is a gross absurdity and wrong, and tends to bring undeserved ridicule upon a worthy movement. In this time of prostitution of titles there is no honor to an old soldier who won a glorious promotion on the field of battle to be called 'colonel.' Generals and lieutenant generals are becoming as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, as numerous as sponsors and maids of honor, and soon it will be a distinction to be 'Mister.' I do not believe in the wisdom of the custom, even among the veterans, of having so many after-the-war majors and generals. Those titles should be sacredly reserved to the dear old souls who won them on the battlefield. It is all that many of them have left in the world."

### THE VALLEY BRASS BAND.

J. W. Blaker, Davis, W. Va., tells how the Valley Brass Band of the Forty-Eighth Virginia Regiment, Second Brigade, obtained a furlough, flanked the pickets, and went twenty miles in disputed territory to visit their homes:

In January, 1864, we were in winter quarters ten miles from Orange C. H. Our homes were in the Shenandoah Valley at Newtown, Frederick County, Va. Gen. Early was at Harrisonburg with a small force, his cavalry extending down the valley to Woodstock. Thirty miles farther on the enemy was in camp around Winchester, with their pickets extended in all directions. This territory was subject to cavalry raids and scouting parties of both sides, therefore we could not get furloughs to our homes, so we applied for one to a county within our lines. Before we sent in the application we serenaded Gen. Lee and each commanding general in our corps down to our colonel. We now feel that to have serenaded those great commanders was an honor; then it was not for honor, love, glory, or the compliments we received, but for the one object in view, and in a few days we are sure that our music had the desired effect, as our furloughs came back approved.

The next morning we left camp for Orange C. H., and took the first train for Staunton. We were in full command of the car we occupied, and gave music at every station. We arrived at Staunton late that evening, and as we entered the place our music opened up again, as we desired to have some one take care of us for the night. Col. Nadenbush had that day opened to the public one of the largest hotels in the place, and he too, having an eye to business, invited us to the hotel. We accepted the invitation and received royal treatment, and in return we gave the music outside, inside, and even on top of the hotel. The next morning we boarded the old-time stagecoach for Woodstock, sixty miles down the valley. While the horses were being changed at Harrisonburg we were requested to play a tune, which almost gave us away, as an officer came up and demanded to know our destination, and stated that Gen. Early's orders were to allow no soldiers to go farther down the valley. We laughed at the idea, and told him of a furlough we had with Gen. Lee's signature and permission to go to the county below, and if Gen. Early had superseded Gen. Lee we had not heard of it. This argument settled the matter,

and we were allowed to proceed. We arrived at Woodstock about ten o'clock that night, and went direct to a hotel. We now had to be very careful both in word and action; for if our intentions were known, we should be arrested and sent back. We learned that the pickets were at a run that crossed the pike less than a mile from town, and our only way was to flank them to the right, and wade the run, coming up again on the pike. Orders were given to each member to leave the hotel one at a time, and follow at a distance so as to keep the one in front in view. John Shryock, our chief director on this expedition, had captured a gun while on the train, but failed to find any ammunition. However, he said the gun would answer our purpose, as we did not want to kill anybody. When he left the hotel, with his gun at "trail arms" all the others followed as directed. The moon was very bright and everything quiet, so we made the movement, waded the run, and all came up on the pike except two—our rear guard reported that they had gone back, and if we ever returned would meet us at a place up the valley. This was unexpected, and caused some delay and confusion in our ranks, as one of them was our band leader. We had now to look for both Federals and Confederates, with no desire to see either. Two members were directed to take the gun and march two hundred yards in advance. We made good time until we reached Fisher's Hill, when our advance guard returned and reported a camp fire near the pike. This caused us to make another flank movement to the left. We came to the pike again near Strasburg, and passed through without seeing any one. When we reached Cedar Creek we found the bridge had been burned, and no way to cross except to wade, so in we plunged, and the fun we had made up for loss of time. The next town we passed through was Middletown, only five miles from our destination, which we reached at break of day, and passed up the street in single file to our homes in the old town, then called "Newtown." It is now Stephens City. That "town" furnished the Confederate States one company of cavalry, one of artillery, and the Valley Brass band; and all the survivors of war had the honor to be included in the surrender at Appomattox C. H.

Each member quietly side tracked when near his home. I reached my home in time for an early breakfast, which was appreciated very much, as I had traveled about ninety miles since taking breakfast at Staunton. Our stay at home was somewhat disturbed by a visit of a lot of Federals, who charged through the town, but failed to capture any of our party, as we were on the lookout. After being some little time at home, we decided to return within our lines and spend the rest of our furlough there. We employed a boy to take our boxes of rations to Edinburg, and from there we would send them to Staunton, and then ship them to camp. We left home in the night, and after a few experiences, some amusing and others exciting, and taking up the two comrades dropped on the way, we reached our camp at Orange C. H. Our comrades were glad to have the band in camp again, and our boxes brought a rich feast.

The Valley Brass Band was a musical organization before the war; it enlisted as one, and was permitted to retain its instruments at the surrender.



CAPT. WILLIAM STRANGE.

While waiting for the train to bear him to the Memphis reunion, whither he was to go as delegate of Standwatie Camp, U. C. V., No. 573, Capt. William Strange received the summons calling him on his last great journey. It found the veteran hero ready, and he breathed his last at Chelsea, Ind. T., on Tuesday, May 20, 1901. Capt. Strange was a member of the Third Confederate Cavalry, Wharton's Brigade, Gen. Joseph Wheeler's command. For two terms he served as sheriff in Walker County, Ga., and removed to the Indian Territory twelve years ago, where he became an esteemed citizen. A wife and four children survive him.

CAPT. JOHN KARNER.

Capt. John Karner, one of the few survivors of San Jacinto, and who barely escaped the Alamo, and who was a veteran Confederate, yielded up his well-spent life in the Lone Star State August 18, 1901. This venerable American patriot was born in Bavaria,



Germany, in 1816. He came to this country at the age of thirteen years, and settled in Texas in 1835. He was in severe battles with Mexicans, and for nine years afterwards was at war with the Indians. He was a Christian as well as a warrior and a prominent official in Cumberland Presbyterianism.

Comrade L. E. Camp, of Mexia, Tex., writes of him as "the most remarkable man in the great State of Texas." He says that Capt. Karner left Texas just before the battle of Chickamauga to look specially after the welfare of three companies in Granbery's

brigade, Cleburne's Division. He carried to them mail, clothing, etc., crossing the Mississippi River in great peril. Gen. Bragg gave him a pass to go "anywhere in the Confederacy."

Returning later to Texas, he served in the army on Galveston Island about eight months. Joe Johnston Camp, of Mexia, were proud of Capt. Karner as an honorary member.

ALONZO G. COLEMAN.

Alonzo Gregory Coleman was born in Hale County, Ala., in 1837; and died at his home in Marengo County, Ala., in March, 1899. His parents were Virginians. Comrade Coleman enlisted in the Confederate service in May, 1861, as a private in Capt. Allen Jones's company, Fifth Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. Robert E. Rodes, in which command he served in the Virginia campaign until the battle of Seven Pines, where he was severely wounded and afterwards discharged. Immediately after his recovery he reenlisted in a cavalry regiment then being organized by Gen. John T. Morgan, and attached to Gen. Wheeler's command. He was captured at the battle of Murfreesboro and taken to prison at Camp Chase, from which he was sent to Camp Douglas. From there he made his escape by bribing his guard. He then, with many adventures, made his way to Canada, where he remained long enough to communicate with an old friend of his family in Washington, D. C., who furnished him with money. He then worked his way to Nassau, from where he embarked on a blockade runner and attempted to run into Wilmington, N. C., but was captured by a vessel of the United States navy, and, along with the crew, taken to New York and placed in Ludlow Street jail. Not having confided to any one who he was, and claiming to be a British subject, he immediately applied to the British Minister (Lord Lyons) to be released. Having worked this ruse and again supplying himself with money from the same source, he went to Nassau, and was successful in getting into Wilmington in the latter days of 1864. He at once reported for duty, and was wounded again just before the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro. After the war he returned to his home, where up to the time of his death he was engaged in cotton planting. In all the relations of life he bore his part nobly and bravely.

CAPT. J. K. WRIGHT.

Capt. James Kelser Wright passed away at his home in Godfrey, Ga., in June, 1899. He was born in Greene County, Ga., in 1828; and in 1852 he was among those who sought wealth in the gold mines of California. He returned to Georgia in April, 1861; and immediately proceeded to Portsmouth, Va., where he enlisted in the Madison Home Guards, or Company D., of the Third Georgia Regiment. At the reorganization of this regiment he was made lieutenant of Company D., and from time to time he was promoted for bravery and meritorious conduct, and later was made captain of the company. This was in 1862, when the regiment, with other commands, was ordered to the defense of Richmond, and then began the career of the Third Georgia under the beloved R. E. Lee.



On June 25, 1862, Ransè Wright's Brigade, of which the Third was a part, met and repulsed forces under McClellan on the Williamsburg road. This was their first engagement under Lee, and from that time until the surrender, in 1865, Capt. Wright participated in nearly every engagement of the Army of Northern Virginia. After the war he returned to Georgia and engaged in farming and merchandising, and was a prominent business man of Madison for a long time.

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CYRUS A. JOHNSON AND REV. W. S. JOHNSON.

Cyrus A. Johnson and Rev. W. S. Johnson, brothers, were of Company C, Ninth Mississippi Regiment, as Home Guards of Holly Springs. Their first honor was that of escorting our President to Grand Junction. They were called to Pensacola, Fla., and followed Gens. Bragg, J. E. Johnston, and Hood to the death at Atlanta.

Cyrus Johnson was a Mason and a Christian. He was assistant superintendent of the Sabbath school in Holly Springs, and an officer in the Church. He was killed on the battlefield near Atlanta July 28, 1864. His remains were removed to Memphis and rest in Elmwood.

After the war Rev. W. S. Johnson attended the University of Mississippi at Oxford. He spent one year at the Washington and Lee University, in Virginia, and three years at Union Theological Seminary, in New York. He preached for seven years in Texas Central Presbytery, and one year in Alabama Street Presbyterian Church, Memphis, where he died, leaving a wife and five children. He also was buried in Elmwood Cemetery.

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MRS. ELLEN R. CROOM.

Mrs. Ellen R. Croom, the author of the poem, "Brave Dick Dowling," dedicated to Maj. Phillip H. Fall, of Dick Dowling Camp, Houston, Tex., and which appeared in last month's VETERAN, departed this life for "God's Garden of Rest" on October 13. Her daughter, Rosa F. McCamby, writes from Wharton, Tex.: "My most vivid recollection of the war was of seeing my mother retire to her closet morning by morning to pray for her country, her dear Southland. She devoted the closing years of her life to this sacred memory with voice and pen; she sang its old songs and recounted its deeds of valor, and wove fresh garlands of poesy to twine around its 'Deathless Dead.'"

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B. M. TEMPLE.

Comrade B. M. Temple died, October 5, 1901, at Galveston, Tex., after an illness of many weeks. He was a civil engineer of note, and was at one time Chief Engineer of the Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fe railway. He superintended the construction of a great portion of it through Texas. The town of Temple was named in his honor. He was also chief engineer in the construction of the Pecos River bridge on the Southern Pacific railroad, the highest bridge in the United States. Comrade Temple was born near Fredericksburg, Va., and of old Virginia stock. He was fifty-six years old. When the civil

war broke out he left college and enlisted in Purcell's Battery, Pegram's Battalion of Artillery. He was twice wounded, but served with fidelity and distinguished ability throughout the war. After the war he returned to his home in Virginia, and later came to Texas. About eighteen years ago he married Miss Ida Shipman, who, with two children and two brothers, is left to mourn. B. M. Temple was always true to the cause for which he fought, and a consistent member of Magruder Camp.

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CAPT. WILLIAM M. PEYTON.

The Stonewall Camp of Charleston, W. Va., held a meeting on September 26, and appointed a committee to act as pallbearers at the funeral of Capt. William M. Peyton, and also appointed a committee to prepare a memorial. From this the following extracts are given:

Capt. William M. Peyton, aged sixty-two years, died September 25, 1901, at his residence, near the city of Charleston, W. Va. He was the son of Col. William M. Peyton, of Virginia, who more than a half century ago was the pioneer of the cannel coal developments on Coal River. He was a typical Virginia gentleman of the old school, dignified, polished, and of strict integrity. Our deceased comrade inherited these noble qualities, and wherever known he made friends, who ever respected his integrity and purity of character. As a soldier he was as brave as the bravest, yet gentle as a woman. Though quite young, he was an honored member of Gen. "Cerro Gordo" Williams's staff, and was conspicuous for his gallantry on many occasions. As a man he was honorable and pure, as a friend ever loyal and steadfast, as a soldier faithful and brave, as a husband tender and loving, and as a father affectionate and kind, and he leaves as a heritage to his children a memory and a name that all men will honor and revere.

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CAPT. J. M. HOLMES.

Capt. J. M. Holmes answered the "last roll" at his home in Darien, Ga., on July 4, 1901. He was born at Charleston, S. C., in April, 1827, and had been an active man up to December, 1900, when he was stricken with paralysis. His father was James T. Holmes, of James Island, S. C., a wealthy planter and slaveholder of that time, and one of the first families of old South Carolina. Capt. Holmes served throughout the war in Company A, Third Georgia, and was wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill, from which he suffered severely. A brother, James Campbell Holmes, was killed in one of the battles near Richmond, and a stepbrother, Rawlin Rivers, was killed at Kennesaw. Capt. Holmes numbered his friends by the hundreds in several States, and was a favorite with all who knew him. In business he was faithful and energetic, and thoroughly to be relied on in all his transactions. He was a member of Lafayette McLaws Camp of Savannah, and the John Kell Camp of Darien, Ga. Capt. Holmes leaves a wife who is one among those noble women whose loyalty to the "cause" is as strong now as it was during the four years' struggle.

## GRAND CAMP OF VIRGINIA AT PETERSBURG.

The Richmond *Times* gives an interesting report of the reunion of Virginia Veterans at Petersburg on October 23-25. It was the fourteenth annual gathering of the Grand Camp. Ex-Gov. W. E. Cameron delivered a grand welcome on behalf of the A. P. Hill Camp, and a fitting response was made by Capt. T. D. Ransom. Those addresses ought to be in the *VETERAN*, but were received too late for this number. The Sons of Veterans were on hand, and contributed to the success of the meeting, while the sponsors and maids of honor added to the joy of the occasion. The attendance from Richmond was large, the R. E. Lee and George B. Pickett Camps attending in bodies, and the sixty-three veteran beneficiaries of the Soldiers' Home at Richmond were also present. The Richmond companies of the Seventieth Regiment, some two hundred and fifty strong, made a fine appearance.

The main feature of the second day was the great parade, and it was practically a holiday. Nearly all the business houses were closed, and almost every building in the central portion of the city was richly decorated with Confederate and national flags, some of the decorations representing great cost. It is estimated that there were about twenty-five thousand people along the line of march. Col. William H. Stewart, the eloquent orator, made an address upon Matthew Fontaine Maury.

The history report was by Judge George L. Christian. That by the late Dr. Hunter McGuire at Pulaski City published in the *VETERAN*.

The Sons of Veterans held an important meeting, E. Leslie Spence, Division Commander, presiding. The report of the Committee on Constitution was adopted. Resolutions were then offered protesting against the merging of the Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans into the Camp of Confederate Veterans. Strong speeches were made in favor of keeping the two organizations separate and distinct. A resolution was also unanimously adopted in support of the work of the Ladies' Memorial Committee. E. Leslie Spence was unanimously reelected for the ensuing year.

A grand concert at night was given in honor of the Grand Camp. It consisted mainly in the singing of old, familiar songs. The chorus was made up of Frank Cunningham and Polk Miller, of Richmond, and a picked choir from Petersburg. Among the songs were "Bonnie Blue Flag," "My Maryland," "How Can I Leave Thee?" "My Old Kentucky Home," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Dixie." Several solos were also sung. An entertainment was given by Mrs. Preston L. Roper in honor of Miss Lucy Lee Hill and Mrs. H. P. Bailey, of Newport News.

Jefferson Shields, of Lexington, an old-fashioned negro, who was the cook for Stonewall Jackson during the war, received much attention.

Miss Mary Lee, daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, was the recipient of many honors.

Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, one of the most popular men at the reunion, viewed the parade from Mr. Hamilton's residence, where Miss Mary Lee was a guest.

Wytheville was chosen as the next meeting place.

A committee was appointed to consider and report a plan to abolish military titles, with Judge George L. Christian as Chairman. Upon his motion, however, Col. Ransom was made Chairman.

Officers for the next year are as follows: Thomas W. Smith, Suffolk, Grand Commander; James McGill, Pulaski, Thomas D. Ransom, Staunton, Dr. J. E. Harwood, Petersburg, Lieutenant Commanders. The following were reelected: Thomas C. Morton, Staunton, Inspector General; Washington Taylor, Norfolk, Quartermaster General; Rev. John P. Hyde, Winchester, Chaplain General; Dr. John S. Powell, Occoquan, Surgeon General; Thomas Ellett, Richmond, Adjutant General; William W. Bentley, Pulaski, Aid-de-Camp; L. M. Blackford, Alexandria, Aid-de-Camp.

## REPORTS OF STATE DIVISIONS, U. D. C.

The *VETERAN* would highly appreciate copies of the reports made by all Divisions and Chapters in the great organization, and would as far as practicable have them bound in volumes.

### GRAND DIVISION OF VIRGINIA.

The Grand Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia sends out an elaborate report, comprising fifty pages, of its session in Danville, October 23-25, 1900. A feature of interest in this pamphlet is a historical sketch of the Grand Division by Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, Honorary President.

The minutes of the seventh annual meeting of the United Daughters at Montgomery are recorded in a handsome volume by Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary. One hundred and forty pages are occupied by reports and the general proceedings, eight pages contain the Constitution and By-Laws and Rules of Order, while forty pages, as an appendix, are required for lists of the officers—Presidents, Vice Presidents, and other officers of the Chapters.

### REPORT OF TEXAS DIVISION.

The *VETERAN* thanks Miss Katie L. Daffan, Secretary of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, for proceedings of the fifth annual convention, held at Corsicana December 4-6, 1900. There was published a report in the succeeding issue of the *VETERAN*, but this print is to mention Miss Daffan's report, covering 192 pages. An exquisite engraving is given on the first page, after the title, of the beautiful and beloved Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin, who was reelected to the presidency at that meeting, and died April 4, 1901. The next page contains excellent pictures of the four Vice Presidents, Mrs. Cone Johnson, Mrs. Melissa F. Hardy, Mrs. Stella Putnam Dinsmore, and Mrs. J. C. Hutcheson, while following it another page presents Miss Daffan, Secretary; Mrs. Kate Alma Orgain, Treasurer; Mrs. W. P. Lane, Registrar; and Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, Historian.

The report contains a succinct account, verified by the Auditing Committee, of the receipts and disbursements of the former Treasurer, Mrs. A. V. Winkler, with a balance in the treasury of \$39.62 paid to her successor. The Registrar's report shows a verified



membership of 1,582 in 51 Chapters. The largest in membership is the Barnard E. Bee Chapter of San Antonio with 161 members, while the next largest are at Corsicana and Houston, with 85 and 83 respectively. Victoria has 74 members, and the following cities have membership in the sixties: Galveston, Austin, Comanche, Tyler, and Greenville. The page "In Memoriam" shows deaths in fourteen Chapters during the year, of which there were eight in Galveston and four in Houston. Four pages are devoted to memorial tributes to Mrs. Tobin.

Miss Daffan wrote in her tribute: "I fondly believe she was equal to any test of character. She was capable of siding with the weak against the strong. She was glad of life because it gave her a chance to love and work for others. . . . When her health began to fail she never thought of giving up her duties, her work, her sacred trust, saying that she hoped to die in the harness. . . . There are three words I would etch upon the tomb of Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin: 'She was faithful.'"

#### MISS DUNOVANT'S TRIBUTE.

Attend, O daughters of the South, and lift  
Your thoughts unto the Great Beyond, where borne  
On radiant plume is she, who erstwhile filled  
Chief place within our ranks. Tear-smothered tones  
Cast off th' impending weight, and soar aloft,  
Awakening echoes from the earth and sky,  
At name of Benedette B. Tobin. Ah!  
How well she loved her native land!  
How sweetly on her lips its praises sat!  
How loyal to its every precept she!  
And when, ah when, the shadows longer grew.  
She clasped the cross; and where its nails had been  
She found the stars imbedded in their place.  
And thus the South's loved emblem (Starry Cross)  
Did in her life reflection find. Ah, frail  
My tenure on the heaven-ascending thought!



THE BELOVED MRS. BENEDETTE B. TOBIN.

Faith folds its wings; yet nestles close within  
The inmost recess of my heart. I ask,  
Why sorrow is of life the greater part?  
Why she, who was beloved, should taken be  
Ere yet her mission was complete? We know  
But this: "God giveth his beloved sleep."

#### THE RED, WHITE, AND RED.

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of last July, Comrade Tom Hall, of Louisville, recalled a war song with the above title, and published what he thought he remembered to be the first verse and chorus, asking any comrade or Daughter to send the full wording of the song for the VETERAN. The following response is received from Mrs. E. S. Lynn, Buffalo, Ill.:

"From an old scrap book, where they have been stored for over thirty years ago, I copy the words. I never had the music."

On the banks of the Potomac, an army so grand  
Had gathered to subjugate Dixie's fair land.  
They said, We had split their great union in two  
And changed their old colors from red, white, and blue.

#### Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah, for a nation who said  
They would all die defending the red, white, and red.

On the plains of Manassas the Yankees we met;  
We gave them a threshing they ne'er can forget,  
When they started for Richmond, but back they all flew,  
With their old union's banner all twisted in two.

If you want to hear Greeley in Yankeedom rare,  
Just glance through the Mason and Slidell affair.  
It's when that they got them they thought that would do,  
But now they curse England and her red, white, and blue.

We had a nice little fight on the tenth of last June,  
Magruder at Bethel whipped old Picayune,  
It commenced in the morning and lasted it's said,  
And victory waved o'er the red, white, and red.

They ne'er shall subjugate us, and that you shall see,  
Whilst we have Bragg, Beauregard, Johnston, and Lee,  
Magruder, McCullough, and others who said  
They would all die defending the red, white, and red.

The dearest, they happiest spot upon earth  
Is Dixie, sweet Dixie, the land of my birth.  
I love, I adore her, and I've always said  
That we'll all die defending the red, white, and red.

Hurrah, hurrah for a nation who said,  
They would fight for Jeff Davis and the red, white, and red.

William A. Roby, Company H., Muldrow's Regiment, Eleventh Mississippi Calvary, writes from Hamburg, Ark.:

"In the July (1901) VETERAN, page 33, Comrade Tom Hall, of Louisville, asks for words of the song, "Red, White, and Red," often sung in the Army of Tennessee.

On the banks of the Potomac  
There is an army so grand,  
Whose object's to subjugate  
Dixie's fair land.  
They say they will split  
This fair union in two,  
And alter our colors  
Of red, white, and blue.

#### Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah, we're a nation so true  
We'll stand by our colors, red, white, and blue.

## TWO WARS.

## Mexican and Confederate, by S. G. French.

Gen. French has not only written a charming narrative, in his autobiography, but his book is a powerful vindication of the course pursued by the Confederate people in defending their homes. "The reader will be convinced that secession was thoroughly justifiable, and that Southern men were neither rebels nor traitors. Parents who desire that their children be instructed on this line could hardly do better than to supply them with this fascinating grouping of facts.

Henry E. Shepherd, Baltimore, Md., writes of "Two Wars:—"

This book is characterized by a complexity of interests, personal, reminiscential, as well as purely abstract and historical. First of all, I was, when a mere lad in my teens, engaged in some of the military operations it describes, and recall them with the vividness and graphic coloring which marks the susceptible and assimilative memory of expanding youth. I can at least say of them without conscious egotism: "*Pars parva fui.*" There is another feature of the work, apart from its stimulating power as a historical narrative, which appeals to the student with no feeble or uncertain voice. This is the essential and inspiring fact that the author has not failed to take into account the power of literary form as a determining element, and has not ignored the fundamental truth that the charm of style is indispensable to the perpetuity of any narrative, whether it relate to the ghastly realism of grim-visaged war, or to the subtle and far-reaching issues involved in its evolution and development. The principle asserts its unabating force, whether applied to Macaulay, Kingslake, Napier, or Gen. French.

The author's estimates of character, as well as events, impress me as just, accurate, and discriminating. Especially does this comment apply to that Saturnalian era of infamy, that carnival of crime, the years of reconstruction. Even writers and historians whose passionate and unreasoning sympathy with the Northern cause has almost eclipsed their moral intuitions cannot quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, as they contemplate in the retrospect its abysmal depths. Let the recent articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* bear testimony; they are confirmation doubly strong. The crowning iniquity of this unique epoch will forever hold oblivion at bay. . . . Gen. French's narrative is enlivened by varied reminiscences, and by a contact with men and all the streams of the world, that is Ulyssean in its increasing range. Like the Homeric hero, he is "a part of all that he has met."

"Much has he seen and known—clities of men;  
And manners; climates, councils, governments,  
Himself not least, but honored of them all."

I am inclined to think that the most inspiring as well as the most attractive characteristic of the work is the absence of that apologetic and obsequious tone which is discernible in no slight phase of the literature of the civil war emanating from accredited Confederate sources. Notably is this true of some of the fallen Lancelots of our cause:

"So call them now,  
Their former name is heard no more in heaven."

There is no touch of self-abasement in Gen. French's story. The entire evolution of the national history since the climax at Appomattox has constituted the most extraordinary vindication of the truth and righteousness of the Southern cause. Rarely has historic retribution followed so speedily, and with such power of invincible and irrefutable logic. The mills of

God have not only "ground exceeding small," but with phenomenal celerity.

The volume under review deserves and demands an assured and far-reaching support. I trust that its success will be in proportion to its rare and versatile excellence.

Gen. Archer Anderson, Richmond, Va.:

Gen. French might have begun this autobiography in the words of old Montaigne: "This is a book of good faith." It is a story of transparent honesty, reciting with great simplicity the vicissitudes of a long and adventurous life.

Born in New Jersey in 1818, a graduate of West Point in 1843, French won distinction in the Mexican war as a lieutenant of light artillery. At Palo Alto, Resaca, Monterey, and Buena Vista he was actively engaged. Two brevets for gallantry in action and a serious wound at Buena Vista were the substantial evidences of his service, and the Legislature of New Jersey, his native State, bestowed upon him a sword of honor.

Gen. French's sketch of Taylor's campaign has the graphic touch of an eyewitness.

His account of service in Texas after the Mexican war is full of interest. One duty in particular, successfully performed, was that of organizing a colossal wagon train with one thousand eight hundred oxen and two thousand mules, to carry supplies between San Antonio and El Paso—a journey through an unknown region beset with savages, requiring then many weeks, but now accomplished by railway in twenty-four hours—gives a vivid idea of the transformation effected in that wonderful country in half a century. But it was not all work. There was abundant game, and French was a keen sportsman in that paradise of sportsmen. He was, besides, a careful observer of the habits and numbers of the Indian tribes. Indeed, if the book had no military interest, the picture his varied journeys enable him to draw of the conditions of life and travel in this country in the thirty years preceding the war between the States would have a distinct historical value. His sketch of the abounding plenty and comfort of a New Jersey farmer's life in his boyhood, when everybody had enough and nobody too much, is a beautiful idyl in itself.

His story of high-pressure steamers racing on the Mississippi, and the adventures of a trip by river from Fort Smith, Ark., to Natchez recall a condition of things hardly imaginable at the present day.

Marrying a young lady of Mississippi and resigning his commission in the army in 1853, Capt. French settled down to the quiet life of a prosperous cotton planter.

But the secession of Mississippi and the great war soon broke up this peaceful scene. And now the narrative takes on a sterner interest. Gen. French was of Northern birth, but it is plain that the South had not a more devoted adherent. This peculiar relation to the struggle gives the book a special value for the historian.

Commissioned a brigadier general in the provisional army of the Confederate States in October, 1861, French served in various capacities with zeal and efficiency till his appointment as major general to command a division of the army under Gen. J. E. Johnston in Mississippi. The strongest military interest of the book will be found in his narrative—mainly from contemporary notes—of the part played by his brave division, gallantly led, in J. E. Johnston's famous Georgia campaign and in the battles of Peachtree Creek, Allatoona, and Franklin, under Hood.

In the painful period of reconstruction, we see Gen. French struggling with indomitable courage to restore his ruined Mississippi plantation to something like profitable production.



Here the story is full of distressing interest, and as rich in material for the historian as the records on which Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is said to have laid the impregnable foundation of "Red Rock."

We hope the Southern people will buy and read this book. It is a genuine human document, telling modestly of a long life of faithful and honorable service. We rejoice that the brave old soldier is still living, hale and vigorous at the age of eighty-three.

Gen. George Moorman, New Orleans, La., October 22, 1901:

*To Whom It May Concern:* Maj. Gen. Samuel G. French has published in book form, under the title of "Two Wars: Mexican and Confederate," the diary which he kept during the Mexican and Confederate wars, in each of which he was an active and distinguished participant; supplemented by a narrative from his own pen of personal and historical facts and events in which he was a prominent actor and observer, and such others as occurred to him would be interesting and add charm to his book—making it, in fact, both his autobiography and at the same time a history of those periods of the Mexican war and Confederate struggle to which it refers.

There is no form of history which is more interesting or more truthful than that which is taken down from day to day, and at the moment events occur. It is certain that against such no fault of memory can be charged. At this time, when the greatest effort is being made to garner up facts, to gather correct testimony for, and to secure a true and impartial history of, the part the South bore in the great struggle in the sixties, this publication by Gen. French of the events in which he bore such a conspicuous part, and which were written by him at the moment they transpired, gives a reliable, instructive, and an attractive fund of information for the reader of history, and wholesome food, also, for the historian, who is seeking the naked truth, stripped of bias and prejudice.

If any should disagree with the distinguished author in his criticisms and opinions of any of our great Southern soldiers, or as to their intentions or actions, they can rest assured that on account of his freedom from prejudice and clear judgment they can unhesitatingly accept all his positive statements of facts regarding the war as having come under his observation.

His high character, unblemished life, keen sense of honor, modesty, candor, long, continuous, and splendid service in the cause of the South entitle him to the confidence and good will of all survivors of the Confederate army and by them his book will be read with deep and increasing interest.

The writer has read Gen. French's charming book, and as he had the honor and pleasure of the acquaintance and friendship of this noble soldier and peerless citizen from the day he assumed command of his division in Mississippi up to the present moment, served with him as a soldier, and had large business transactions with him as a private citizen, and also participated with him in the same command in the Confederate army in many of the engagements and scenes related in his interesting book, he can therefore personally testify to the absolute correctness of many of the details, incidents, and occurrences related about our great war; and also to the graceful and captivating style of the book. Therefore with entire confidence he recommends Gen. French's book to the attention of all of his countrymen with the full knowledge that it can be relied upon as a valuable addition to the truthful history of the periods to which it refers, and especially of our great Confederate war.

Col. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.:

An autobiography, frankly and freely written, has been, and

always will be, the most attractive and charming style of history. Gen. S. G. French, of Pensacola, has just issued from the press of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a volume entitled "Two Wars."

It rarely falls to the lot of any one man to have experiences such as those which came to Gen. French: prominent in the war with Mexico, still more prominent in the great Civil War, educated at West Point, a man of bright intellect and highest culture, with acute observation, no living Confederate was better prepared to write an autobiography or tell more that would be helpful to students of history or entertaining to his fellow-countrymen.

Gen. French's military operations covered Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, and Georgia. He was a great organizer, a superb fighter, and withal a modest, brave faithful soldier. The military, social, and political experiences of Gen. French are most charmingly told. They cover the most important period of American history. The General is a gentleman of the old school, and it is a great pleasure to read what such a man saw and did in the Mexican and Civil Wars, and in the dreary days of reconstruction. Every Confederate soldier should secure a copy of this most delightful book, the perusal of which will revive sweetest memories of the South, and give higher appreciation of the service and achievement of the men who fought for her independence.

In a personal note Col. Young writes:

The truth is, it is a book about which nothing too nice can be said.



FROM RECENT PICTURE OF GEN. FRENCH.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, Dallas, Tex.:

I am under many obligations for the book, "Two Wars," being the autobiography of that gallant old soldier, Maj. Gen. S. G. French. I have read it with great pleasure, and was delighted with the style of the book, the plain, modest, and truthful manner in which he presents to his readers the truthful events of a long and eventful life. There are many things stated by the General that I know personally to be true. The parts he took in the Mexican war, in the Indian wars, and in the great war between the States, as recorded by the author in his exquisite way, make this book as interesting as one of the brightest novels of the day. The book is not only good reading, but its accuracy of description, of time and dates, makes it a valuable book for reference. I shall reread it and refer to it often in my leisure hours.

## THE "ILLUSTRATED SOUTH" AND THE "VETERAN."

Mr. Logan Hunter Sea, son of Capt. Sea and Mrs. Sophia Fox Sea, proprietor of the *Illustrated South*, Louisville, is giving new life to that handsome periodical, which was formerly the *Illustrated Kentuckian*. The field embraces the people, the events, and the industries of the South.

Arrangements have been made to club the *Illustrated South* with the *VETERAN* for \$1.50. The price of each singly is \$1.

ACCESSIBILITY OF GEN. R. E. LEE.—A. C. Jones, of Three Creeks, Miss., writes of the life and character of Gen. R. E. Lee: "I relate an incident of my own personal experience, serving to illustrate his kindness of heart as shown in his sympathy for the troubles of the humblest soldier. I was an officer of the Third Arkansas Regiment (Hood's Division) Longstreet's Corps, Army of Virginia. Shortly after our return from the Maryland campaign we were camped in the vicinity of Culpeper C. H., enjoying a brief rest. One Sunday morning a near relative of mine, a young man belonging to the Washington Artillery from New Orleans, called upon me in great distress, stating that he had just received a telegram from Richmond that his father was dying, and pleaded that he be allowed to go to him at once. Gen. Lee's headquarters were not more than two hundred yards distant. Being greatly concerned over the young man's distress, I immediately resolved to make a direct, personal appeal to Gen. Lee, confident that an application for leave through the regular channel would be fruitless. On arriving in front of Gen. Lee's tent I saw that he was alone and writing at a small camp table, while a sentinel paced before the entrance. I was halted by the sentinel, but a word from within directed him to permit me to enter. As I stepped into the tent and saluted I for the first time realized the somewhat presumptuous position in which I had placed myself, and that I was plainly violating military rule. I stood for a moment somewhat confused and agitated, but Gen. Lee's kind and reassuring manner put me at my ease at once, and I stated my mission briefly. 'Why does not the young man apply to Col. Walton?' asked the General. 'He has already done so,' I replied, 'and he had strict orders from yourself not to grant leaves on any pretext whatever.' 'That is true,' the General remarked; and after a moment added, 'Give me the young man's name, and I will see what can be done.' As I left the tent I heard him direct the sentinel to call an orderly, and within an hour the young man was en route to Richmond.

## SPECIAL OFFERS IN MAGAZINES.

Always alert to promote the pleasure and profit of its patrons, the *VETERAN* has made arrangements by which it can furnish subscriptions to several choice magazines at greatly reduced prices. The list includes the best in this class of literature, both in fact and fiction, and the special rate made will secure them at a much lower figure than has ever been offered before.

The special combination with the *Arcata*, the world's leading liberal review, secures that magazine with the *VETERAN* a year for \$2.50, the price of the *Arcata* alone.

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From the above, very desirable selections can be made.

The *VETERAN*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, and the *Sunny South* will all be sent for \$2.

In addition to the above, special attention is called to many good books offered by the *VETERAN*, which would be highly appreciated as gifts for the holidays approaching. Read the following carefully and order without delay:

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If you wish for either of these, and don't care for the *VETERAN*, send fifty cents (stamps) to this office, and this elegant book, the "Pocket Atlas of the World," will be postpaid to any address. It is in clear type and modern, including the United States census for 1900.

If you like the *VETERAN*, send a renewal and a new subscription and this "Pocket Atlas of the World" will be sent to any address. Do this and charge the *VETERAN* double if the recipient is not delighted with it.



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Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## GOOD ROADS THE NEED OF THE SOUTH.

Negotiations which have been pending for some time were closed last week by which the National Good Roads Association, assisted by the office of Public Road Inquiry, United States Department of Agriculture is running a "Good Roads Special Train" over the lines of the Southern Railway, stopping at various points for the purpose of building sample roads and holding meetings with the view of educating the people along the line in practical road-building. These arrangements were perfected by President W. H. Moore, of the National Good Roads Association, with the Southern Railway Company. It is planned to spend several days at each point, giving ample time to construct a road from one-half to one mile long.

President Spencer, of the Southern Railway Company, is taking a great deal of interest in this subject of good roads for the South. Ever since the organization of the National Good Roads Association the Southern Railway has been represented at its national meetings and many of its public demonstrations; and this train is distinctively a Southern Railway undertaking, to be carried out at a heavy expense to that company, and is in line with the development policy so persistently followed in building up the country tributary to the lines of the Southern Railway.

The train left Washington October 29, consisting of about ten cars, on which are transported all necessary machinery for the building of roads, officers, road experts, and laborers. The trip will consume several weeks.

So much has been said and written in regard to the subject of good roads that the people of the South are practically in thorough accord with the idea that good roads are an acquisition to the country. It is hoped that every citizen of the South will, if possible, attend these Good Roads Meetings and witness the modern and up-to-date methods of building public highways.

As the lines of competition are being drawn closer and margins of profit narrower, every element looking to the economical production and distribution of the products of the country should be

employed; and as it has been thoroughly demonstrated that good roads are the prime factor in the upbuilding of every section of the country, every citizen of the South should take a personal interest in this subject. The South needs better roads; every farm would be benefited thereby, the public will appreciate the advantages thereof, and it is hoped the educational feature carried on by the National Good Roads Association, supported by the Southern Railway Company, will accomplish the purpose of this movement.

The South can have good roads if it will; and the sooner the citizens get together and work along some well-organized and practical line, the quicker will these results be reached. There is nothing that will do more to increase the value of lands and advance the development of the rural districts than well-constructed roads. The improvement of the road system will have a wonderful effect in stimulating the settlement of people on farms, and as these settlements

[Concluded on page 473.]

OVERWORKED NERVES AND TORMID LIVER produce that condition of brain and body that is bound to result in further complications. In most such cases, you find the blood in bad condition. To correct these evils, you must get at the seat of all the trouble.

DR. WILSON'S BLUE PILLS FOR BLUE PEOPLE act directly on the Liver, cleansing and purifying the blood and are food for the nerves. Testimonials on file at our office from sufferers who are glad to express their pleasure for being brought back to health and strength again.

Trial size 10c - large size 25c. For sale by all druggists, or mailed to any address in the United States or Foreign Countries upon receipt of price. Contains no Calomel or other Mineral Poison. Address

THE DR. WILSON CO., BALTIMORE, MD  
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## A TEXAS WONDER.

## HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women; regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

## READ THIS.

Huntsville, Mo., August 1, 1900.—This is to certify that I have been cured of kidney and bladder trouble with one bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, and can recommend it to others suffering in the same manner.  
J. HORACE MILLER, *County Treasurer.*

## GOOD ROADS THE NEED OF THE SOUTH.

(Concluded from page 472.)

are being made so will the value of the land increase.

Wherever a city or town is found possessing well-made roadways leading therefrom, the business of that point will be found in a prosperous condition. Therefore the citizen of every town in the South will be promoting his own interests if he gives this movement his moral and, if necessary, financial support.

It is universally decided that good roads are wanted. In order to secure them, all must pull together, working systematically and on practical lines. This grand tour planned by the Southern Railway Company is a signal for action. If the States visited are not alive to this, and do not avail themselves of the opportunity to secure information afforded by the "Good Roads Special Train," no one will be at fault except the citizens of the States in which the exhibits are made.

Let it be resolved to have good roads and to put that resolution in effect at once.

For the purpose of interesting the citizens of the communities adjacent to the points where these meetings will be held in attending them, low round-trip rates are made from points in the territory tributary to the central meeting places.—*Washington Post.*

## BAD BLOOD,

Itching Humors, Eczema, Scrofula, Pimples, Bone Pains, Boils, Eating Sores, Rheumatism.

In Many Cases a Free Trial of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) Effects a Permanent Cure.

A trial of Botanic Blood Balm (which we send absolutely free, prepaid) will prove the merits of this wonderful blood purifier, and you will then know where and how to obtain relief and permanent cure for every evidence of bad blood. Botanic Blood Balm is a clean medicine, made from pure Botanic Ingredients, scientifically prepared by old Dr. Giltam, the greatest specialist on blood diseases in America.

William Price, Louisville, Mo., who suffered the agonies of rheumatism and sciatica for years, writes: "I suffered with aching bones and joints, and could hardly get on my coat. My knuckles were swollen. I tried everything, even Hot Springs, but got only temporary relief; yet was permanently cured over eight years ago by Botanic Blood Balm. It stopped all aches and pains, and made my blood pure and rich."

Botanic Blood Balm will build up the worn-out, tired body; at the same time kill all the deadly poison and humors in the blood, which are the direct cause of so much misery and ill health. No matter how long you have suffered nor how deep-seated your case may be, even deadly cancer and blood poison, pronounced "hopeless" or "incurable" by doctors, yield readily to B. B. B., and we will send a trial free to prove it.

Mrs. M. L. Adams, Fredonia, who was cured by B. B. B. of cancer, says that "it is a gift from God."

Send us a description of your case to-day. You will get special free medical advice and a trial of B. B. B.

Mrs. Stauffer, of Montpelier, Ind., had an itching eczema with pimples, offensive eruptions, and itching skin, and was discouraged; yet she writes: "Botanic Blood Balm healed every sore, stopped all aches, gave my skin the rich glow of perfect health, and purified my blood. It is the greatest blood medicine on earth."

These are only brief expressions of approval, taken at random from over ten thousand original testimonial letters received, telling of the wonderful cures of bad blood made by B. B. B.

Over five years ago the sales of Blood Balm were not over 10,000 bottles per year. This year (October, 1901) they have reached over 100,000 bottles already.

Surely there must be great merit in Botanic Blood Balm, or the sales could not be so large. Wherever introduced into new towns, B. B. B. outsells all other blood remedies, because it cures where all else fails. A trial of Blood Balm is our best testimonial.

To obtain the free treatment, describe your trouble and write Dr. Giltam, 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Medicine, also book on blood troubles and personal letter of advice, sent at once, prepaid. If already satisfied that B. B. B. is what you need, it is sold at all druggists at \$1 per large bottle.



## CONFEDERATE CROSS OF HONOR.

BY HARRY LYNDEN FLASH.

The following beautiful poem was read by Gen. S. R. Thorpe, Commander of the Confederate Camp on the Pacific Slope, to the assembled veterans upon presentation to them of the "Cross of Honor" by the Daughters of the Confederacy:

As even a tiny shell recalls

The presence of the sea,  
So, gazing on this cross of bronze,  
The past recurs to me.

I see the stars and bars unfurled,  
And like a meteor rise,  
To flash across a startled world,  
A wonder in the skies.

I see that gathering of the hosts  
As like a flood they come;  
I hear the shrieking of the fife,  
The growling of the drum.

I see the tattered flag afloat  
Above the flaming line—  
Its ragged folds, to dying eyes,  
A token and a sign.

I see the charging hosts advance;  
I see the slow retreat;  
I hear the shouts of victory,  
The curses of defeat.

I see the grass of many fields  
With crimson lifeblood wet;  
I see the dauntless eyes ablaze  
Above the bayonet.

I hear the crashing of the shells  
Mid Chickamauga's pines;  
I hear the shrill, defiant yells  
Ring down the waiting lines.

I hear the voices of the dead,  
Of comrades tried and true;  
I see the smiling lips of men  
Who died for me and you.

And all the varied scenes of war  
Upon my vision rise—  
I hear the widow's piteous wail,  
I hear the orphan's cries.

I see the stars and bars repulsed,  
Unstained, in Glory's hand,  
And Peace again her wings unfold  
Above a stricken land.

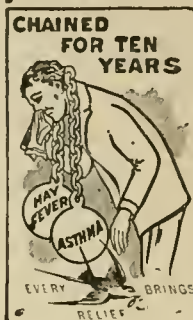
All this and more this magic cross  
Recalls to heart and brain;  
Beneath its mystic influence  
The dead past lives again.

And friends who take a parting look  
When I am laid to rest  
Will see, beside the cross of Christ,  
This cross upon my breast.

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Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent  
Cure in All Cases.

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There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the gladder we are to send it. Do not delay, write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., New York City. Sold by all Druggists.

Founded by the Rt. Rev. A. C. Garrett, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Dallas, Texas.

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REOPENS

SEPTEMBER 17.

A College for the Christian education of women—college, preparatory, scientific, and literary courses. Bishop A. C. Garrett, instructor in mental science and astronomy. Classics and higher mathematics in charge of graduates of Smith, Wellesley College and Trinity University, of Toronto. Natural science taught by a specialist of the University of Michigan. Three European instructors of modern languages. Arrangement made for foreign travel under supervision of the college. School of Music under direction of instructors trained in Germany and New England Conservatory of Music. Piano forte pupils examined annually by Mr. Klabre, of the New England Conservatory, Boston. Art and china painting taught according to the best methods. Health, diet, and physical culture in charge of trained nurse. Stone building. Music Hall and Recitation Hall, with class rooms on first floor. New infirmary. Houses heated by furnaces, stoves, and open fires, and lighted by electricity. A very attractive home. Artesian well. Milk supplied from college dairy. Homemade bread and sweetmeats. Terms for tuition, including ancient and modern languages and all English branches, board, fuel, and light, \$300 per annum. Music, art, and elocution, extra charges. For catalogue and further information address

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Colors, Red, Green, Blue, and Black Copying. Price, \$1.75 Upward.

Ordinary ink can also be used. Holders jointless. Non-Leakable. Never smears ink on the part held by the fingers, as pens with large caps do. Gold pens the best. This remarkable pen will be sent as a premium for three VETERAN subscriptions.

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SPECTACLES at wholesale, Send for catalog. Agents wanted. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.

P. A. Cribbs, Matador, Tex.: "Comrade Frank Larqua died at Childress, Tex., September 28, 1901. He was born in France, and came to New Orleans when nine years old. He served as a Confederate soldier in the Third Regiment of Louisiana Infantry, and was a charter member of Camp S. B. Maxey, U. C. V. Comrade Larqua was a bachelor, and the whereabouts of his relatives are not known. Any inquiries from them will be cheerfully answered. It is understood that he had a sister."

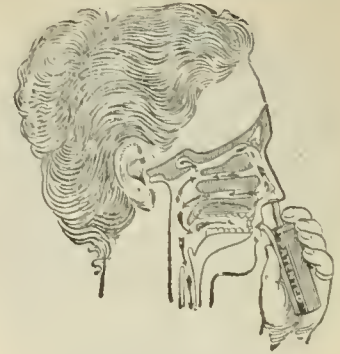
The State of North Carolina has in hand the publication of a history of the regiments she furnished to the Confederacy. The edition will be eight thousand copies, and is to be sold by the State Librarian. The first volume closes

with an account of the Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment. This has already been issued. Judge Walter Clarke supervises the work, a survivor writing of his own regiment.

The Southern people have always been noted for their hospitality and their excellent cuisine. Especially have the Southern housewives excelled all others in bread-making. No housekeeper can feel a pride in her table unless the breads are first-class. The art of bread-making is like other things: easy when you know how. If you will write to the F. H. Jackson Co., Winchester, Ky., they will send you the best receipts for making good bread free of cost. See special offer they make to readers of the VETERAN on page 479.

## SENT FREE

READ SPECIAL OFFER BELOW.



### The Co-ro-na Medicator.

A natural evolution from E. J. Worst's famous Catarrh Inhaler that has won a world-wide reputation. It is made of nickel and will last a lifetime; is so compact it may easily be carried in a vest pocket or reticule.

## CATARRH.

Don't take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head. If you will only stop and think for a moment, you will certainly realize that the germs of disease were carried into your head by air, and that air is the only agency that will carry a medication to the diseased passages capable of destroying such germs. Catarrh, Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, La Grippe, and all diseases of the air passages yield as if by magic to treatment with the Co-ro-na Medicator. Science and common sense can offer no improvement upon this little pocket physician. It is simple in construction, and may be used anywhere and at any time. It is the only positive cure for the diseases named. I make it easy to prove this beyond all question by the following remarkable

## SPECIAL OFFER.

For a short time I will mail free to any reader naming this paper one of my new Scientific Co-ro-na Medicators, complete with medicine for one year. If it gives satisfaction, send me \$1; if not, return it after three days' trial. Could any proposition be fairer?

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Weave chaplets to cover each dear soldier's head,  
And think, as you linger in tenderness near,  
Of the green, mossy hillocks to loved ones so dear,  
Where patriots are sleeping in meadow and vale,  
And breathe their dear names to the flower-scented gale.

They rest on the fields where their glory was won,  
Where comrades had laid them, their life's battle done.  
Affection's fond eye on their tomb's mossy cover  
Ne'er traced the dear name of a friend or a lover;  
But the wild flowers of spring, in their fragrance and bloom,  
Weave a mantle to cover the dead hero's tomb;  
And the soft Southern breeze chants a requiem of love,  
While the "sentinel stars" keep their watch from above.

O softly and mournfully tread round their graves,  
And crown with devotion our dear fallen braves.  
Where danger was thickest they valiantly stood,  
And gave for their country their pure, priceless blood.  
But better by far as a patriot to fall  
Than recreant to live, shirking duty's stern call.  
Honored martyrs of freedom, we bow at thy shrine,  
And pay the sweet tributes our hands now entwine;  
Yet frail, votive chaplets but feebly portray  
Our unfading love for the soldiers in gray.

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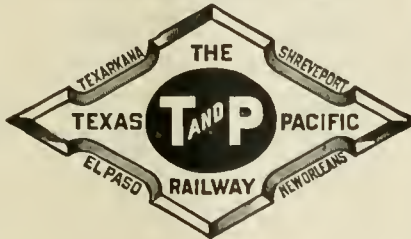
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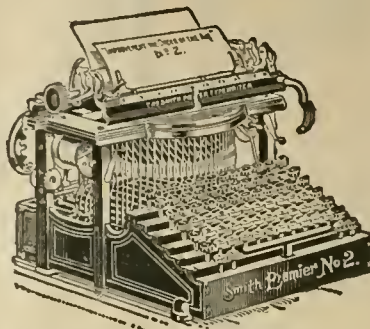
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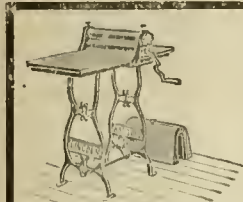
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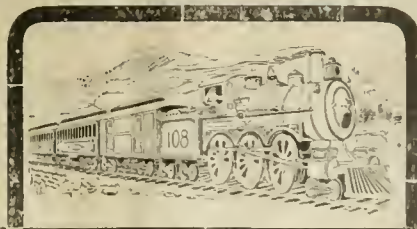
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You can afford to invest a small amount or a large amount at this price, which is the lowest at which stock will be sold, and as soon as the development shows the real worth of this property, shares will advance rapidly, and within two or three years' time will be at par and paying dividends. Investigate this proposition, it will pay you to do so; any inquiry will be answered immediately, and references given if required.

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Yours truly,

THE CONFEDERATE MINING CO.,

By R. W. Crabb, Treasurer.

# *Confederate Veteran*

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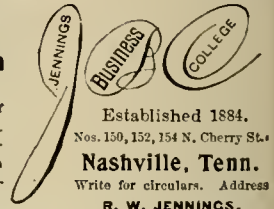
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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

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.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 11. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
PROPRIETOR.

## United Daughters of the Confederacy.

CONDUCTED BY NANCY LEWIS GREENE.

The convention held by the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Wilmington, N. C., in November was remarkable and distinct in many particulars. In the Y. M. C. A. Hall, where the most important business was being transacted, the scene was one of social brilliancy seldom equaled in private drawing-rooms. Nothing masculine or severe marked the attire of the delegates present, beautiful and graceful gowns being the order; and though questions of rival interests were at times warmly discussed, nothing was said or done throughout the whole meeting in which the polish and refinement for which Southern women are noted were disregarded. The proceedings throughout were conducted in a manner courteous and gracious, reflecting credit upon so large a body of women.

The bond which unites as one the Daughters of the Confederacy is unbroken, and all rivalry and dissension subordinate to it. When brought in contact with the representatives of different Chapters at these annual conventions — with women from New York to Louisiana and California — the original term "national," as applied to the U. D. C., seems appropriate and significant.

That the women connected with the Confederacy meet to reopen old and bitter issues is here strongly discredited. Their purposes are higher and nobler. Much is done in behalf of dead heroes of the South,

but the Daughters have also taken up duties to the living. The charitableness, the unselfishness, and love put into their service, if understood, would but furnish further proof of the unsurpassed loyalty accorded Southern women during the days of struggle.

### THE HISTORIC OLD TOWN.

At Wilmington they met upon ground sacred to historic and reconciling memories, for the Revolutionary as well as Confederate war history is written upon its records. See the address farther on by Col. Waddell, Mayor of the city.

A lovely old town is Wilmington, situated on the level of the Atlantic seaboard, washed by the water of the noted Cape Fear River, and lying calmly under the fresh sea breezes as if proud of the dignity which important associations give. The sun upon the bay converts its ripples into liquid silver, gleams in iridescent splendor upon its surface, dyes its depths with azure and darkest green, and softly reflects the vessels which lie at anchor on the mirror of its surface. Conspicuous

among these are the Transatlantic ships for conveying cotton from great compresses to foreign ports.

Attractive programmes were provided both from social and business standpoints, a trip to the beach as guests of the Carolina Yacht Club and elegant receptions being among the social pleasures enjoyed. The election of officers and the decision for the next



Drawn by Mr. T. A. Matthews, Nashville, Tenn.

### U. D. C. EMBLEM AND MOTTO.

The "Lone Star" having been incorporated in the flag of each State as an emblem of State sovereignty, the Committee recommended as a motto the words,

To Think, to Love, to Pray, to Dare, to Live;

also that the cotton plant should be the flower emblem, not only from a symbolic point of view but because it was to the cotton industry that the South owed the means of war. These suggestions were adopted.



place of meeting were among the most interesting business questions entertained.

#### THE NEW OFFICERS.

Officers elected for the ensuing year were: Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, of Georgia, President. Mrs. Rounsaville is intellectual, talented, and personally very attractive—proven so by the popular choice of all delegations.

Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex., First Vice President.

Mrs. T. J. Latham, Memphis, Tenn., Second Vice President.

Mrs. John P. Hickman, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. J. W. McSherry, Martinsburg, W. Va., Cor. Sec.

Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Norfolk, Va., Treasurer.

Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Atlanta, Ga., reelected Custodian Cross of Honor.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Honorary life President.

Mrs. Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg, of Galveston, First Vice President, has rarely appeared before the convention, but she is widely known as a most generous benefactress to the organization. She will be remembered with the venerable Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, of St. Louis (now more than ninety years old), for her liberality in Confederate causes.

One of the best known and loved women in the whole South is Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn., whose work in the Forrest Monument Association has made friends for her throughout the country and with Southern people everywhere. As its President she has done wonderful work in the collection of funds, and to her perhaps more than to any other person is due credit for the success of this good work. Mrs. Latham is President of the largest Chapter in the U. D. C., and Regent of the oldest Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution in Tennessee, besides being prominent in all social and charitable organizations in her city. She possesses a sweet face and a sparkling humor which wins regard at once from strangers as well as friends. One of the most unique events that occurred during the convention was when Mrs. Latham was named for a vice presidency. The motion had been seconded by various delegations, and it seemed as if to call the roll would be a farce. She arose and, as one who had not heard, nominated a Missouri Daughter, urging her fitness and the merit of distributing honors through the States. She was heard patiently, but was promptly elected thereafter by acclamation.

#### THE NEW ORLEANS INVITATION.

Everybody was glad to accept New Orleans's invitation for the next convention, and many plans are already being made to visit that noted old city of romance and chivalry.

Mr. J. Pinckney Smith, State President of Louisiana, whose brilliant speeches in the convention were greatly enjoyed, gave the invitation in a unique and beautiful souvenir, composed of a copper plate, hand-engraved, and framed in ebony, the engraving being done in a design representing a border of Confederate jasmine, inclosing the script and a crescent, emblem of the Crescent City, encircling a Confederate flag and insignia of the U. D. C. The invitation reads: "The New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, United Daughters of the Confederacy, sends you greetings, and extends

a most cordial invitation to hold your next annual convention, November, 1902, in the Queen City of the



MRS. M. R. MACGILL ROSENBERG, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT.

South—New Orleans, La. Be assured a cordial welcome awaits you from every loyal Southern heart in our State; a welcome each one will feel proud to express in words and deeds in homage to the noble Daughters of our dear Southland, who are so earnestly struggling to perpetuate the sacred memories of the heroic men and women of a glorious past. We bid you come. We will promise our best efforts to make the convention of 1902, if held in the Crescent City, the most successful on record, in the history of this organization."

The invitation was signed by the following list of officials and otherwise distinguished persons:

- Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Pres. La. Divis., U. D. C.
- Mrs. W. J. Behan, Pres. Ladies' Confederate Memorial Associations.
- Mrs. Alden McLellan, Pres. N. O. Chapter, No. 72.
- Miss Sallie M. Owen, Cor. Sec. N. O. Chapter.
- W. W. Heard, Gov. State of Louisiana.
- Leon Jastremski, Gen. Com. La. U. C. V.
- S. P. Walmsley, Pres. N. O. Cotton Exchange.
- Alice Abington, Sec. Dick Taylor Chapter, Grand Cane, La.
- Marie Booles, Pres. Ruston Chapter, Ruston, La.
- Viola Neilson, Cor. Sec. Ruston Chap. Ruston, La.
- Mrs. J. B. Richardson, Pres. Daughters, 1776-1812.
- Margaret C. Hanson, Sec. Arena Club.
- Albert Baldwin, Pres. N. O. National Bank.
- Beauregard Camp Sons of Veterans.
- R. J. Chapter, U. D. C., Benton, La.
- Miss Asneath Genella, Sec. Local Council of Wom.
- Paul Capdeville, Mayor, City of New Orleans.
- Geo. Moorman, Adj. Gen., Chief of Staff, U. C. V.
- Dr. B. M. Palmer.
- Mr. Edgar Farrar, Pres. Pickwick Club.
- Evelyn W. Ordway, Pres. Era Club.
- Mr. Page M. Baker, *Times-Democrat*.
- Col. Thomas Rapier, *Picayune*.

Miss Sophie B. Wright, State Sec. International Order King's Daughters and Sons.

Mr. Andrew J. Blakely, St. Charles Hotel.

Mr. J. Denechaud, Denechaud Hotel.

Mr. W. Grunewald, Grunewald Hotel.

Mrs. Dora R. Miller, Cor. Sec., Chapter Spirit, D. A. R.

Dr. W. A. Knapp, Com. Calcasieu Camp, No. 62.

## THE OPENING DAY.

The fine Y. M. C. A. Auditorium was appropriately decorated in Confederate colors and flags, and hung with portraits of Southern soldiers and patriots. A large body of women assembled upon the opening day to hear a number of excellent addresses and enjoy the musical programme provided. Before the exercises began, four members of the Texas delegation, headed by Miss Adelia Dunovant, Historian, Texas Division, passed down an aisle, bearing two magnificent Confederate flags, which were greeted with applause as the large audience rose impulsively. The occasion was an inspiring one. Soon afterwards another magnificent banner was presented to the Daughters in behalf of Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenberg, of Galveston, as a memorial to her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Macgill, of Maryland. A very pleasing incident of the morning was the introduction of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, by the just and popular President, Mrs. Weed. Mrs. Jackson, who is a gentle, quiet little woman, was greeted with hearty demonstrations of enthusiasm and applause, the Veterans

in the hall, at seeing her, giving voice to their joy in Rebel yells.

Mrs. W. M. Parsley, as President of the Cape Fear Chapter, welcomed the Daughters to Wilmington; as did Col. A. M. Waddell, Mayor, whose address and also that of Mrs. Weed in response, and in behalf of the visiting Daughters, are given in full.

Hon. Charles Aycock, Governor of North Carolina, then delivered an appropriate and most excellent address, and after the conclusion of a musical number. Miss Dunovant, of Texas, made one of the finest and most comprehensive addresses ever heard in convention. It may be given in full next month. Business sessions followed in the afternoon, and were continued each day, ending Saturday night.

## HISTORIC CAPE FEAR REGION.

In his address of welcome as Mayor of Wilmington Col. A. M. Waddell said:

*Madame President and Ladies:* I esteem it an honor and a privilege to welcome you on behalf of the good people of Wilmington, to the hospitalities of this city. You are on ground as historic as any in America, although by a strange fate the facts which make it so have been generally unknown to the people of the other States.

Sixteen miles below Wilmington, on the west bank of the Cape Fear River, where the ruins of St. Philip's Church still stand on the site of the colonial town of Brunswick, the first armed resistance to British oppression on this continent occurred on the 28th of November, 1765, when the Stamp Act was killed by men with guns in their hands. This was more than ten years before the revolution, and nine years before the Boston Tea Party.

Eighteen miles above Wilmington the first victory of the American Revolution (and a most important one) was won at Moore's Creek Bridge on the 27th of February, 1776. And yet a year ago when an appropriation was asked from Congress to commemorate the event, so distinguished a New Englander as Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, declared that he had never so much as heard of Moore's Creek Bridge.

Twenty miles below Wilmington, on the opposite side of the river from Old Brunswick, and just one hundred years after the Stamp Act affair there, the most terrific bombardment since the invention of gunpowder occurred when Fort Fisher fell and the last hope of the Confederacy perished. I myself heard an English naval officer, who was at the siege of Sebastopol and also at Fort Fisher, say, that the artillery fire at Sebastopol was the greatest in the history of the world up to that time, but that it was child's play compared to Fort Fisher.

I might continue the recital of historical events which have occurred in this vicinity, but rather let us utter a few thoughts which your presence here and the name of your organization suggest.

As one who bore a humble part in the military service of the Confederacy I reverently salute you the wives, and sisters, and daughters of my comrades, the noblest army of heroines and patriots that ever trod the earth. As a North Carolinian I greet you with honest pride in the fact, which is sometimes forgotten, that North Carolina, although but one of eleven seceding States, and by no means the largest of them, contributed about one-fifth of the soldiers of the Con-



MRS. T. J. LATHAM, SECOND VICE PRESIDENT.



federate army; that she lost about one-fourth of those killed in battle, more than one-fourth of those who died of wounds, and one-third of those who died of disease; that one of her regiments bore the flag farthest into the enemy's territory; that one of her sons commanded the only ship that carried it around the world; and that when the end came, both at Appomattox and at Greensboro, she stacked more rifles than any other State of the Confederacy.

Your organization is unique in human annals, as was the struggle whose memories you seek to preserve. The dreamer and sentimentalist may fold his hands, and with a sigh exclaim that history will do justice between the parties to that struggle; but experience has shown that history, like Providence, helps those only who help themselves, and will honor only those who help her to record the truth. You will readily admit that if the Southern people had remained silent, and had used no printer's ink after the war, they would have been pilloried in history as Rebels and traitors who had, causelessly and without the shadow of excuse, drenched the land with the blood of unoffending patriots. But the Southern people did not remain silent; they published in a thousand forms the truth, both as to the causes which impelled them to assert their rights and as to the battles in which they maintained them, and have thus made a partial, unjust, and one-sided history impossi-

ble. In this work the Memorial Association first, and after them the United Daughters of the Confederacy, have been most helpful and devoted, and they may justly claim a large share of the credit for successfully vindicating before the world the causes in which their Southern countrymen engaged, and in which thousands of them sacrificed their lives.

In pursuance of this work you have honored this city by your presence, and therefore you are doubly welcome to the hearts and homes of our people. You can find no community in which the memories of the Confederacy are more tenderly cherished, or in which the heroic achievements of the Confederate soldiers are more proudly remembered than this; and no community, therefore, where your labors will meet with more cordial coöperation or more sincere and heartfelt sympathy. Here and there in the South may be found one who will question the wisdom of preserving an organization like yours, but he will not be found to be one of those who followed the conquered banner or heard the ringing of the guns. Every true soldier is always ready to uncover head and heart in the presence of such unswerving constancy and devotion as yours. Would that I could frame a fitting tribute to it, but the attempt would be vain. It has been the theme of countless togues more eloquent than mine, but still, like the heavenly realm from which it draws its inspiration, its true beauties are beyond the power of tongue or pen to tell.

I trust, ladies, that your deliberations may be entirely harmonious, and may result in the advancement of the interests you have in charge, that you may find your stay in Wilmington in every way agreeable, and may carry away with you only pleasant recollections of your visit to this little city by the sea. And now again in behalf of our people I bid you a hearty welcome and an earnest Godspeed in your pious work.

Mrs. Weed said in reply:

We, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, delegates and visiting members, thank you for your cordial words of welcome. We are an overwhelmingly large body to take possession of your beautiful city, but we come in love and well assured of the hospitality that never fails. In the homes of North Carolina, from time immemorial, the stranger within the gates has ever been the honored and favored guest. It was that lovely home life in the history of the Old South, where kindness was the law of the household, and where lessons of love and tenderness and honesty and courage were the daily teaching, that made our men the heroes and giants of the great four years' struggle. From these homes of North Carolina came the men who made for her this glorious record—the first at Bethel, the last at Appomattox. You all know the story, but we glory in it and love to tell it. In the great charge at Balaklava, at which Tennyson said, "All the world wondered," England lost thirty-seven and one-half per cent of her men; in the charge of the North Carolina Regiment at Gettysburg eighty-five per cent of her men were left upon the field of battle. It was the home life in the old North State that gave these men the courage to do and dare all for the principles they had learned at their mothers' side. To these homes we have come thankfully, accepting your gracious invitation. The same law of loving-kindness rules the home life, and so the past and



COL. ALFRED MOORE WADDELL.

Col. Waddell is of distinguished ancestry. His great-grandfathers were Gen. Francis Nash (for whom Nashville, Tenn., was named), killed at Germantown, Pa., October 4, 1777; Gen. Waddell (colonial); Col. J. P. Williams (revolutionary); and Alfred Moore, Justice of the United States Supreme Court (1799-1805) for whom he was named. His father's mother was the only child of Gen. Nash.

present are graciously linked in charming hospitality. We, the women of the South, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with a grateful appreciation of that hospitality, and a realizing sense of the courtesy and cordiality extended to us, would thank each one of the charming entertainers to whom we are so indebted. To each one your gallant Governor and



MRS. E. G. WEED.

Mayor, your charming women and brave men, we would express the gratitude and appreciation we feel for all you have done for us. Time can never take from us the pleasant memories of Wilmington and her people.

#### YOUNG SOLDIERS IN GRAY.

A striking feature of the evening at the large and elegant reception, held in the Orton Hotel, was the presentation to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, and to Gov. Aycock, of the Wilmington Light Infantry. The company made a handsome appearance as it filed by in gray uniform with white belts and gloves. These young men are nearly all sons of Confederate Veterans, and wear the gray proudly. Their reception at the Armory to the visiting Daughters was a brilliant and successful social event, held under Confederate colors, and in rooms decorated artistically in red, white, and red. They proved as good hosts as they were soldiers, looking after the welfare of their guests with military precision.

The Wilmington Light Infantry was organized in 1853, and has been kept up as an organization ever

since, with the exception of a year or so after the war between the States. In April, 1861, they went into service with sixty odd on the roll, and with the exception of some six or seven, who left the service, all but two or three were made commissioned officers within six months. At that time William L. De Rossett was captain, and R. B. MacRae and Henry Savage were lieutenants. MacRae has "passed over the river," from the effects of wounds received at the battle of Chantilly in August, 1862. The other two survive. The former, Col. De Rossett, who was present at the social functions, is as erect as any younger man now active in the organization.

#### THE SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The report of the Credentials Committee, showing the strength of each State in the convention, was ready upon opening for business the second day. It was followed by reports from Presidents of State Divisions, all of which served to show the remarkable growth of the organization and its splendid work throughout the country. Mrs. John P. Hickman, Recording Secretary, read the statistics, which are given here in full because of their value in showing the progress made by the organization during the year:

*Ladies of the Convention:* We have now one of the largest organizations of women in the world, and one that demands the constant attention of its Recording Secretary. Therefore I will give you a concise statement of my work, hoping that what I have done will meet your approbation.

Immediately on my return from Montgomery I commenced work on the minutes of our convention of 1900. I had to write for a number of important reports that were presented to the convention and withdrawn for revision, also had to send notices to Chapters for rosters of officers, even several times to a number of Chapters. On March 11 I received the last report, and sent my manuscript to our President for her examination and approval. I received it back on March 23, but it could not then go to the printers until examined and approved by the committee. Two of the committee resided in Louisville, which necessitated Mrs. Goodlett, the third member of the committee, and myself carrying the manuscript there, in order that the committee could go over it together. We returned from Louisville on March 29, and the minutes went into the hands of the printers at once. In some instances I have been criticised for not publishing the minutes sooner, but I hope the foregoing explanation will silence any critics on that point.

When the minutes were sent to press there were four hundred and fifty-two Chapters in the Association, besides the new Chapters to be chartered, and which were to be taken into consideration. I therefore had five thousand copies printed, thinking I could send ten copies to each chapter for twenty-five cents in postage. I then sent a notice to each chapter that if it would send me twenty-five cents I would mail it the minutes. However, when the minutes were ready for delivery, only seven copies could be sent for the postage. Besides, one hundred and thirty-four Chapters did not send the postage, consequently I have a great number of the minutes on hand. I am at a loss to suggest how the minutes can be gotten to the



Chapters. The minutes of 1898 were sent by express, at a cost of forty-five cents to each Chapter, and a great many were never taken out of the express office. The minutes of 1899 I sent by express, marked prepaid, at a cost of twenty-five cents each, but a number of Chapters did not refund, and the Association had it to pay. If the minutes were sent to the Chapters free, it would cost the Association, with the present number of Chapters, \$135. It seems that each Chapter could, and should be glad to, send twenty-five cents for the minutes.

The Association being larger, my duties for the past year have been more arduous than heretofore, and have commanded my entire time, often working until late at night. During this year I have received and entered 1,808 letters, and have written and mailed 1,839 letters. I have also mailed to the Chapters the following printed matter: 482 notices for rosters, 4,750 copies of the constitution and by-laws, 2,375 copies of rules for bestowal of crosses of honor, 21,710 certificates for crosses of honor, 3,657 minutes of the Montgomery Convention, 526 notices that the minutes would be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents, 1,087 notices of amendments to constitution and by-laws, 2,693 certificates of membership. I have also issued and mailed 110 charters for inauguration of new Chapters. I also had printed and expressed to Miss Mary F. Meares, Corresponding Secretary, 500 calls for this convention, and 1,000 credential blanks, with a list of new Chapters chartered. Thirty Chapters sent me their *per capita* tax, which I forwarded, on receipt, to the Treasurer, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas. With the growth of the Association business increases, and with it expenses, therefore the expense of my office has been greater this year than ever. To illustrate: The minutes of 1898 cost \$353; those of 1899, \$453; and those of 1900, \$637.80. The total expense of my office for the past year has been \$1,022.98. Independent of this I have used \$17.80 in postage received for certificates. This expense was created as follows: Minutes, \$637.80; printing for crosses of honor, \$90.25; certificates, \$74; charters, \$7; postage, \$81.50; stationary, printing, ribbon, seals, tubes, etc., \$132.43. However, I would say that at least half, if not more, of the postage used has been on account of the crosses of honor.

In closing my report I desire to return thanks to every member of the Association with whom I have had correspondence for the uniform courtesy extended to me on all occasions. My work has been onerous, but I have performed it, knowing that I was assisting in my humble way in perpetuating the history of the old South, the like of which will never be known again. Her people were our people, and her graves and buried glories are our everlasting renown. With love for every Daughter, and with the hope that our work may be an inspiration for those who follow, this report is respectfully submitted.

#### THE THIRD DAY.

Two very interesting subjects occupied the attention of the convention in the morning session—the Jefferson Davis Monument report and a discussion on a general organization of Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Dudley Reynolds, of Louisville, daughter of the late E. M. Bruce, read an interesting paper upon the latter subject, urging the adoption of the Chil-

dren of the Confederacy as an auxiliary to the U. D. C., and setting forth the importance of securing the interest of the young in the Confederate cause, as it is through the children we must perpetuate our work.

The organization of Children of the Confederacy in Kentucky was founded by Mrs. Reynolds, who secured a charter from that State. She is its President, and urged the convention to adopt for a general organization the name of her father, E. M. Bruce, who gave so liberally to the Southern cause during the war. Mrs. Reynolds was glad to learn of this work done in other States, in Georgia especially.

#### JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

The most important subject to come before the eighth annual convention was that which pertained to the Jefferson Davis monument, in the erection of which every loyal Southern heart feels a just interest and pride. It was disposed of in a manner which will awaken grateful appreciation and thanks for the devoted women of the South who are thus consummating one of the greatest works ever undertaken.

After reports from the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, which is now entirely under the auspices of the U. D. C., were heard, this decision was reached:

That a grand monument shall be erected in memory of Jefferson Davis at the intersection of Twelfth and Broad Streets, in Richmond, Va., to cost not less than fifty thousand dollars, and as much more than that amount as the committees can secure before the unveiling, which will take place on June 3, 1903, with such patriotic ceremonies as will thrill the big heart of all the South.

The memorial will be in the form of an arch or gateway, and will span the entire street on one of the most historic spots at the Confederate capital. Each State was invited by the convention to select an artist to furnish a model for the archway, and from this collection a choice will be made.



MRS. V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Of the amount needed, thirty-eight thousand dollars is already in bank, and the committee has pledged for two thousand more. It is confidently believed that seventy-five thousand dollars may be obtained, as each State Division showed plainly that it meant to put forth greater effort during the coming year.

The report of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Monument Association, was read by Mrs. Thomas McCullough, of Staunton, Va., President of the organization:

*"Madam President and Daughters of the Confederacy:* The very efficient report of the President of the Davis Monument Association requires only a few words from the Chairman of the Central Committee. We



have worked in season and out of season with the determination that the Davis monument shall, when completed, be a monument that the people of the South shall not be ashamed of. One point in all our appeals we have tried to make—viz., a monument to the one and only President of the Confederate States is a monument to the cause he so honorably represented; a monument to

every Confederate soldier who fought for the cause he knew was right; a monument to our unknown dead, wherever they be, for they died for that cause; a monument to our prison dead, who have been refused recognition by a 'reunited country;' and last, but not least, a monument to the women who, in sorrow and desolation, in widowhood and in poverty, have never given up the cause they loved, and who to-day, on mountain and in valley, are honoring this cause and their dead by the monuments that are being every day erected. I cannot but feel that the resolutions adopted by the Memphis reunion will bring the results we desire—the resolution that each Camp be asked to send a dollar for each member. Many of the veterans have not ten cents to give, many more could give ten dollars, and many hundreds, thus making up the one dollar each. We have sent thousands of envelopes asking for one dollar or a contribution, no matter how small, and we hope for good results. The monument will be erected in 1903, and Richmond will welcome each and all to participate in doing honor to the one and only President who, in the struggle for constitutional right and the liberty of States, represented the people of our Southland. Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, lay aside all local work for a short season, and with willing hearts and hands work to erect this monument to do honor not alone to Mr. Davis but to the Southern Confederacy."

The report of Mrs. McCullough showed an enthusiasm among the directors of each State, while that of Mrs. Edgar Taylor, Treasurer of the Association, showed the finances in most encouraging condition.

## CONFEDERATE DAY AT CHARLESTON.

It was proposed that the managers of the Charleston Exposition be asked to devote a part of the gate receipts on Confederate Day to the monument fund, and that all Daughters should attend on that date.

Miss Claire Atkinson, of Richmond, presented Mrs. Randolph with a lovely bouquet of red and white

roses, tied with ribbon of the same colors, in appreciation of her energetic and enthusiastic work.

## THE NIGHT SESSION.

The convening of the night session was notable for its unique character. Into the brilliantly lighted and elaborately decorated hall came an assemblage of the most beautiful and elegantly gowned women ever seen in Wilmington. They were dressed as for some select social function, and many of the toilets displayed were superb. Mrs. Rounsaville, of Georgia, was especially admired as she was called to the stage, and advanced, slender and graceful, in a white wool costume.

The principal feature of the evening was an address delivered by Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, who stated that he would read from a historical paper which he had delivered at the Grand Camp of Veterans, held at Petersburg. His discourse dealt largely with the contrast between the two armies in their methods of warfare, and was not complimentary to the invaders.

Mrs. Walker read a report of the Calendar Committee, showing receipts of its sale, for the benefit of the Davis monument.

Mrs. Rounsaville read a discussion as to the admission of Missouri into the general organization, U. D. C., and then came one of the hardest problems which the convention had to solve, that of deciding to whom should be given the honor of originating the U. D. C. It seemed a personal question between Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, the first President of the U. D. C., and Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Georgia, first Vice President.

The Convention had decided that the matter should be referred to a committee composed of three friends of Mrs. Goodlett, three of Mrs. Raines, and one appointed by the Chair. Both Mrs. Goodlett and Mrs. Raines appeared before this committee and gave their evidence, which was duly considered and decided in favor of Mrs. Goodlett.

Mrs. A. McKay Kimbrough presented to the convention a gavel made of wood from the steamer Star of the West, from which was fired the first gun of the Confederate war. She proposed also, in a pretty little speech, a loving cup, to be presented to the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans as an expression of sympathy from the Daughters.



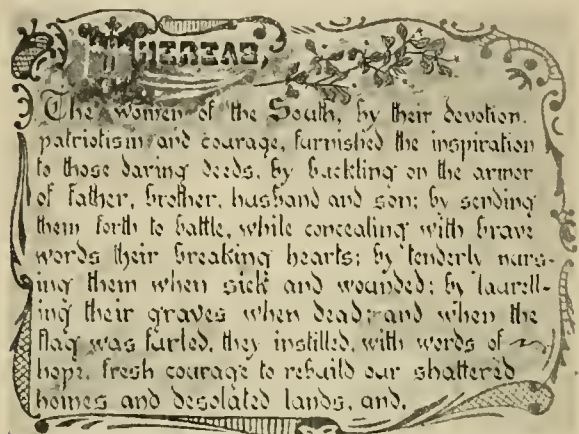
VIEW OF THE STAGE, Y. M. C. A., WILMINGTON,  
Where the U. D. C. Convention was held.



## MAGNIFICENT SOUVENIR FROM THE NEW YORK CAMP.

One of the most handsomely designed and bound copies of "Preamble and Resolutions" ever wrought was presented to the U. D. C. at the Wilmington convention through Mrs. Parker, President of the New York Chapter. The cover is of finest morocco, and exquisite pen drawings represent the eight pages in the following:

1. Preamble and resolutions of Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City, held August 27, 1901.
2. Whereas, the war between the States exhibited a record of heroic achievement by Southern arms unsurpassed in the annals of time, challenging alike the admiration of friend and foe; and
3. Facsimile as follows:



4. Whereas the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a remnant of that band of heroines ever eager to honor their defenders, conceived the noble idea of decorating with a cross of honor the few survivors of a once mighty host as a priceless heirloom and silent witness of their devotion; and

5. Whereas they have been presented by the President of their New York Chapter, with graceful eulogy, with one of these emblems to each Veteran of this Camp;

6. Therefore be it resolved that the grateful thanks of the Confederate Veteran Camp be hereby tendered to the United Daughters of the Confederacy for their priceless gift, with the assurance that it will be cherished as a monument to the undying devotion of the Daughters of our beloved Southland, and will be worn with pride and bequeathed as a rich legacy to our children to perpetuate the glorious memories of Southern valor.

7. Be it resolved further, that a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and presented to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

THOS. L. MOORE, *Adjt.* EDWARD OWEN, *Com.*

8. The last page has a list of the officers of the Camp, including the Executive Committee.

## SEEKING FAIR RAILROAD DISCRIMINATION.

The following important presentation by Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, of Louisiana, dated Wilmington, N. C., November 15, 1901, was adopted by the convention without a dissenting voice:

*To the Southern States Passenger Association, Atlanta, Ga.:* The United Daughters of the Confederacy, comprising 531 Chapters, with a membership of 22,000, meets annually for business and memorial purposes.

By its consolidation with the Confederate Memorial Associations the organization antedates the United Confederate Veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Woman's Relief Corps.

For years the railroads have given all these other organizations a rate of one cent per mile each way, while the lowest rate ever made to our conventions is double that price. The United Daughters have grown more rapidly than any of these, and their places of meeting diverge more than a thousand miles. We represent largely families of widest business interests, so that we merit consideration in commercial life as largely at least as the other bodies mentioned.

Complimentary transportation would hardly be increased by the adoption of this reduced rate, and the purchase of tickets would be largely augmented.

We have appointed a committee of five members, which is fully authorized to negotiate with you in this interest, and who will report to our Recording Secretary, and she will notify the various delegations of your decision.

In deference, but with confidence that you should heartily comply with this request for a rate of two cents per mile, round trip, and we bespeak your cordial coöperation in securing the same reduction from other Passenger Associations.

## FINAL SESSION.

This final session of the convention was remarkable for its length and importance. The meeting was continued, with the President in the chair, from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, with no intermission, delegates going without lunch and retaining their seats all day, so great was their interest in the business on hand, and notwithstanding the fact that they had remained in session up to the previous midnight. A Saturday night session was also held, many remaining to conclude the work taken up. During the morning Mrs. Gabbett, of Atlanta, read a bright paper, telling of the complications and troubles arising from a lack of compliance with the rules on the part of Chapters applying for the crosses of honor. She stated that she had sent out over twelve thousand five hundred. Miss Rutherford, Chairman of this committee, presented rules governing the distribution of crosses, and recommended that they be offered on three days of the year—memorial day and the birthdays of Gen. Lee and President Davis. A discussion followed, in which Mrs. Alexander, of Virginia, objected to the use of the word "applicant" regarding the Veterans. The United Daughters considered it a privilege to present the crosses, and the question of bestowing them upon every Veteran regardless of connection with any organization was advocated.

The Motto Committee was then heard, and Mrs. Cantrill, its Chairman, stated that after much deliberation it had concluded that as the lone star had been incorporated in the flag of each State as an emblem of State sovereignty, a motto had been chosen which would fit into the five points of the star: "To think, to love, to pray, to dare, to live." Mrs. Cantrill also reported that the committee had chosen the

cotton plant for the flower emblem of the U. D. C., suitable not only from a symbolic point of view, but because it was to the cotton industry that the South owed the means of war.

#### NUMBER OF SPONSORS—REQUEST OF VETERANS.

One of the most important resolutions adopted recommended that hereafter only one sponsor and one maid of honor be selected from each State to attend the Confederate reunions. This step has long been thought necessary, and will be hailed with approval, doubtless, by the Veterans. No class of men in existence are more gallant or chivalrous than these soldiers of the South; but when the fair sex takes possession of them in overwhelming numbers, it is difficult to do justice to their chivalry. Often too much attention is given to the social side of reunions, and complaint is made that little business is done. The Sons of Veterans find the occasions very expensive when called upon to entertain so many beautiful women, and so it is perhaps best that the number of sponsors be limited, and that the Veterans' Camps be held strictly in the interest of the men, as the U. D. C. conventions are of the women.

The rule which the Veterans are now trying to establish, that military titles be given only to those who won them, was also advocated.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

The last evening was largely occupied in offering resolutions of thanks to all who assisted in any way toward the success of the meeting in Wilmington: to the Cape Fear Chapter for its hospitable entertainment; to the press for its generous support; to the colonial dames for their kind remembrance; to Miss Mears for her untiring efforts in behalf of the U. D. C.; to Capt. Harper, who so gallantly offered his steamer for an excursion to all the officers of the General Convention; to Mr. William B. Clements, of the Seaboard Air Line; and to all who contributed to the pleasure and welfare of the delegates.

The Recording Secretary was instructed to send thanks to Col. W. H. Knauss for his care of Confederate graves in Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. David Lindsay Worcester, the delegate from Ohio, assured the U. D. C. that they need not feel concern in regard to the care of Camp Chase cemetery, as the Cincinnati Chapter intended to make of it a veritable garden spot.

Five hundred dollars was voted for the Jefferson Davis monument.

Miss Julia Lee was chosen custodian of the flag presented to the U. D. C. by Mrs. Rosenberg.

Mrs. John W. Tench expressed thanks from Florida for aid given during the Jacksonville fire, and Mrs. Weed also made a graceful little speech of acknowledgment.

#### TO CONVENE IN ST. LOUIS AFTER NEW ORLEANS.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy were invited to hold their annual meeting for 1903 in St. Louis, at which time the Exposition will be in progress, and this invitation was also accepted.

#### DISTINGUISHED GUESTS ON A SPECIAL TRAIN.

Seldom does a railway train carry such a list of passengers as went aboard the special leaving Atlanta

on the night of November 12, bearing the concentrated delegations of Daughters of the Confederacy to the Wilmington Convention.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway, through Mr. William B. Clements, Traveling Passenger Agent, admirably arranged for the convenience and pleasure of the Daughters by making Atlanta a central point from which all delegates from the South and West could get through sleepers to Wilmington, and so courteously were they treated, so individually aided, and so chivalrously guarded, that the whole party seemed personal guests of Mr. Clements, to whom they give warmest thanks.

No less courteous were the delegations from Nashville, Memphis, and Gallatin handled by Mr. Cantrell, of the Seaboard, over the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway system before reaching Atlanta. He left nothing undone in his attentions. Of course the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis officials did their part, as they are ever thoroughly capable of doing. The route was truly a trip through Dixie. Through cotton fields, where the white fleece gleamed, over the Cumberland Mountains, where every point of view marked a battle ground, past Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga Park, with all their war memories; and, with the Seaboard, out upon one of the smoothest lines of track which ever afforded luxurious travel in a level country. For a hundred miles this railway runs straight toward the ocean without a perceptible curve or steep grade.

Some of the distinguished women aboard the special train from Atlanta and connecting points were: Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who held a reception in her car, receiving greetings from the Daughters with loving warmth; Mrs. Edwin C. Weed, National President, with her two lovely daughters from Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, of Georgia, the popular, gifted, and attractive newly elected President of the U. D. C.; Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, "mother of the organization," and its first President; Mrs. S. T. McCullough, Second Vice President; Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn., recently elected Vice President; Mrs. J. P. Hickman, of Nashville, who has served so long and so well as Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Atlanta, Treasurer; Mrs. Pinkney Smith, State President of Louisiana, and bearer of New Orleans's invitation to the U. D. C. for 1902; Miss A. A. Dunovant, of Texas, Historian of the U. D. C.; Mrs. Basil Duke, ex-President of the Kentucky Division; Mrs. Mary Magill Rosenberg, of Texas, elected First Vice President; Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Custodian of the Cross of Honor; Mrs. Mary Cecil Cantrill, of Georgetown, Ky., Chairman of the Motto Committee; Mrs. H. W. Bruce and Mrs. Dudley Reynolds, of Louisville, Ky.; Miss Anna C. Benning, daughter of Gen. Henry L. Benning, of Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. W. E. Love, President of the Chattanooga Chapter; Mrs. J. W. McSherry, Norfolk, Va., newly elected Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Edmonia Roberts, Bardstown, Ky.; Mrs. Asbury, State President of Missouri; Mrs. F. A. Chase, St. Joseph, Mo.; Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, President Georgia Division; Mrs. Cone Johnson, Miss Kate Daffan, and Mrs. M. A. Zumwalt, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. R. P. Dexter and Miss Jessie Lamar, Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. Robert Moore, Mrs. Andrew Broadbuss, and Mrs. Eustace Williams, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. W. T.



Young, Mrs. B. D. Bell, and Miss Martha Hill, Nashville.

To Mr. H. S. Leard, General Passenger Agent of the Seaboard Air Line, who managed the special train leaving Wilmington, thanks are also due.

#### VISITING DAUGHTERS.

Among the visiting Daughters were also Miss Fannie Blount, Montgomery; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Charleston; Mrs. J. P. Nolan, Laurens, S. C.; Mrs. A. D. McLeod and Miss McLeod; Mrs. Thomas H. Harlee; Miss Olivia Metts, Newbern, N. C.; Mrs. O. W. Blacknall, Kittrell, N. C.; Mrs. Henry A. London, Pittsboro, N. C.; Mrs. Edward T. Elden, of Baltimore; Mrs. L. H. Raines, ex-First Vice President, Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. John D. Leak, Wadesboro, N. C.; Mrs. Rufus Barringer, Mrs. Armistead Burwell, and Mrs. T. Lenoir Chambers, of Charlotte; Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. A. Marsh Washington, N. C.; Mrs. J. H. Timberlake, Hanover County, Va.; Mrs. B. B. Blenner, Richmond; Mrs. Margaret Arthur Call, Washington, N. C.; Mrs. Edwin O'Brien and Mrs. James E. Alexander, Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. Robert T. Meade, Petersburg, Va.; Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Richmond; Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenberg, Galveston; Mrs. W. F. Butler, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. John C. Gorham and Mrs. Hunter G. Smith, Fayetteville, N. C.; Miss Lucy Claire Atkinson, Richmond; Mrs. J. P. Allison, Concord, N. C.; Miss Camille Hirsch and Mrs. George Montcastle, Lexington, N. C.; Miss Mary B. Harrison, Columbus, Miss.; Mrs. J. B. Whitaker and Mrs. Henry L. Riggin, Winston, N. C.; Mrs. James Henry Parker, New York; Miss Henrietta B. Alexander, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. J. M. Patrick, Anderson, S. C.; Mrs. Anne W. Rapley, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Wilson G. Lamb and Miss L. Mayo Lamb, Williamston, N. C.; Mrs. Thomas L. Cook, Opelika, Ala.; Mrs. Charles Roberts, Bardstown, Ky.; Mrs. Allie C. Birch, Montgomery; Miss F. A. Chase, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. James H. Parham and Mrs. W. S. Parker, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford (President Georgia Division), Athens, Ga.; Mrs. John Miller, Charlotte; Miss Nannie Crunk, Okolona, Miss.; Mrs. William Floyd, Memphis; Mrs. Chappell Corry, Mrs. J. D. Beale; Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala.; Miss Christyne Von Borstell, Anderson, S. C.; Mrs. Thomas Taylor and Mrs. S. Reed Stoney, Columbia, S. C.; Mrs. Bessent, Jacksonville; Mrs. J. W. Tench, Gainesville, Fla.; Mrs. C. G. Butt, Orlando, Fla.; Mrs. H. B. Buist, Rock Hill, S. C.; Mrs. Virginia C. Tarrh, Florence, S. C.; Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanella, S. C.; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant (President Virginia Division), Chatham; Mrs. Upton B. Bowden, Napoleonville, La.; Misses Faulkner and Stribbling; Miss Gertrude Swanson, Tuskegee, Ala.; Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta; Mrs. Cornelia B. Stone, Galveston; Mrs. W. D. Martin, New York; Mrs. John H. Reynolds, Rome, Ga.; Mrs. Roselle C. Cooley, Jacksonville; Mrs. James Y. Leigh and Mrs. Thomas Willcox, Norfolk, Va.; Miss D. Lamar West, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. Frank Borden, Goldsboro, N. C.; Mrs. W. O. Shannon, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Athelia Serpell, Norfolk, Va.; Miss Sara Manly, Baltimore; Mrs. M. M. Albright, Alexandria, Va.; Miss Timberlake, Staunton, Va.; Mrs. M. H. Jones, Durham, N. C.; Mrs. F. A. Olds, Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Richmond,

Va.; Miss Julia Lee and Miss M. B. Baughman, Richmond, Va.; Miss Lillian Shine, Orlando, Fla.; Mrs. W. R. Vauter, Richmond, Va.; Miss Sally Rawlings, Mrs. Henry M. Daniel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. A. R. Taylor, Water Valley, Miss.; Mrs. T. M. Worcester, Mrs. Hudson, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Cowles Myles Collier, New York; Mrs. L. D. Hearth, Durham, N. C.; Misses Elizabeth and Margaret Gould Weed, Jacksonville; Mrs. T. J. Jarvis, Greenville; Mrs. Harry Skinner, Greensboro; Mrs. Owen Haywood Guion, Miss Mary T. Oliver, Newbern; Miss Mary Emma Taarh, Florence; Miss Garland Jones, Raleigh; Mrs. Hunter Griffin, Galveston, Tex.; Mrs. Lockwood Jones, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Charlotte; Mrs. Owen S. Willey, Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. R. C. Carson, Mrs. J. A. Fore, Charlotte; Mrs. Thomas H. Blount, Washington, N. C.

#### PLATFORM ENTERTAINMENTS.

A delightful feature of the entertainment was a song by a young lady, prefaced with the explanation that some Federal officers, after the capture of Wilmington, urged one of the belles to sing for them. She hesitated, but they urged, and then she said: "If I do, you will never ask me again." That fair young lady of the sixties is now venerable and as loyal as ever to her Southland. She was in the audience and participated in the song "Annie Laurie." Her words to the "Southern Maiden's Lament for Her Country," adapted from "The Maid of Judah," by Kucken are:

Mute, mute are the harp strings—all music is hushed;  
Our heart-sighs, our longings, our hopes are all crushed!  
(The bird from its nestlings torn flutt'ring away  
Lives but to die prisoned—the forester's prey.)  
O blest native land! O dear Southland mine!  
How long for thy freedom in vain shall I pine?

Where, where are thy proud sons, so lordly in might?  
They're mown down and fallen in blood-curdling fight;  
Thy cities are ruin, thy valleys lie waste,  
Their sunny enchantment the foe hath erased.  
O Fatherland sweet! O Fatherland mine!  
When, when will the Lord cry, "Revenge, it is mine?"

The clank of the fetter falls fearful and loud  
From the arm of thy chained sons—so brave and so proud!  
The day draggeth long—long, longer the night—  
Captivity withers the South with its blight.  
O Fatherland dear! O dear Southland mine!  
Our stricken hearts pray: May sweet peace yet be thine!

#### KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. D. C., IN CONVENTION.

The Kentucky Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held their fifth annual convention at Elizabethtown November 21, and selected for their next President one of the most suitable and popular women in the whole State, Mrs. James Arnold, wife of Brig. Gen. J. A. Arnold, U. C. V., of Newport, Ky. Her pretty young daughter was present in military cloth and brass buttons as the only lady "colonel" in Kentucky. This title was given her at the Memphis reunion.

Mrs. R. G. Stoner, of Mt. Sterling, the retiring President, presided with grace and dignity; while speeches were made by Mrs. S. H. Bush, Mrs. Basil Duke, Mrs. D. S. Reynolds, and others.

The Jefferson Davis Monument Fund was discussed and a strong appeal made for contributions. Mrs. Norbourne Gray also gave an interesting account of the historical museum at Richmond, Va., and of Kentucky's prospective better representation therein.

Mrs. Dudley Reynolds spoke feelingly upon forming Chapters of Children of the Confederacy in each town. The Christmas number of the VETERAN will contain further notice of this work. The next State convention will be held at Newport, Ky.

Conspicuous among the decorations in the convention hall was a large oil painting of Gen. Ben Harden Helm, done by his talented artist daughter, Miss Kate Helm, now of New York City. A large and beautiful reception was given the delegates.

#### FLAG PRESENTATION AT FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

The presentation of a very handsome battle flag to the Pat Cleburne Camp by the ladies of the Southern Memorial Association at Fayetteville, Ark., is recorded, to the credit of all concerned.

The Camp marched to the residence of Mrs. Pollard, where the ladies of the Southern Memorial Association had gathered. As the old soldiers entered the gate Mrs. Rollson, seated at a piano in the parlor, struck up the ever yell-inspiring strains of Dixie. The ceremonies were short. From the front steps of the porch Mrs. Lizzie Pollard, dressed in deep black, her hair so contrasting in color presented a striking picture as she in her usual manner presented the flag in behalf of the Association. At the conclusion of her remarks Judge C. W. Walker, Commander of the Camp, addressing those present, gave vent to his feelings in an eloquent speech. Dr. Junius Jordan, representing the Camp, made a happy response.

Just forty years ago Mrs. Pollard presented a flag to the first Confederate company that ever marched out of Fayetteville. On this occasion she said:

*Commander and Members of Pat Cleburne Camp of Confederate Veterans:* It is an unspeakable pleasure to the Southern Memorial Association to meet you to-day face to face. The years of trial through which we alike passed in the time of civil war, the scenes of anguish, the days of hopeless waiting that were ours knit ties that the years have not severed, that time cannot sever, and the kindred memories that will yet come to us along the little stretch of life's highway will but strengthen these ties.

"You join us year by year in paying loving tribute to our soldier dead; you go with us in our annual pilgrimage to yonder beautiful hillside where in silence they sleep; we stand amid their graves and strew tear-bedewed flowers upon their breasts, and weave chaplets fragrant with sweet and tender memories above their lifeless clay—chaplets through which flash deeds of valor and heroic endurance. We call them heroes, and heroes they are. We speak their names with bated breath, and yet we know that the heroes of that war which spread a funeral pall over the whole world are not all resting beneath green tents, did not all go down in the roar of battle with the scream of shot and shell as their requiem. No, not all! 'Valor closed the ranks when valor fell.' Ships go down at sea, and the surging, onrushing waves close over them, leaving no mark of where they

sunk. Like that our soldiers went down, for when the smoke of battle lifted there were no broken ranks. Heroes stood and fought where heroes fell. Our soldiers died with the cheers of victory sounding in their ears, not knowing the woe the vanquished know, not knowing the bitterer battles the vanquished yet must fight. Laurels must not all be pressed upon cold dead brows. In story and in song the living must not be forgotten.

"We have invited you here to-day to pay tribute, slight though it may seem, to the living, to you the living heroes of the civil war: to you who fought at the side of the heroes who fell; to you who bore with unfaltering courage the gloom and humiliation of defeat. We ask to present to you this flag as a tribute to your valor as soldiers, as a tribute to your sturdy integrity as citizens through all the bitter aftermath that so tried men's souls. We present it, too, as an expression of our sympathy, and as a pledge to aid you in your effort to give to the young generation around you a correct understanding of the civil war and its causes, a truer appreciation of the Confederate soldier, of how he fought and why. We have chosen not the flag of the Confederate States of America—the stars and bars—furlled mid tears and groans above the grave of a nation whose life had compassed but a brief span of struggling years, a nation we had nurtured with the blood of our best loved. Not that, but this flag that waved triumphantly upon a hundred battlefields against odds almost unparalleled in the annals of the world, the battle flag, the flag dear to every soldier's heart, the flag that is enshrined in your hearts as an emblem of virtue, valor, and victory—the flag that to look



MRS. CLEMENTINE BOWLES,  
First Vice President, State Division, Ark.



upon fills you with exultant memory of battles won, of many, many victories. I present to you this flag in behalf of the Southern Memorial Association.

The tattoo is sounding day by day in your ears, and day by day we are going into quarters. And when one by one we have all answered the call of the boatman who is to carry us across the dark river to other shores, may we so have told the story of the war that the children we leave behind, and theirs, will lift this flag with reverence and touch it with pride.

#### MURFREESBORO CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The following paper was furnished from Murfreesboro, and expresses the interest and pride of that people in the worthy object achieved:

For weeks before November 7, the day set apart for the unveiling of the statue on the Confederate Monument at Murfreesboro, Tenn., the good people of this beautiful and historic city had hoped and prayed that it would be a beautiful one, and as they looked out that morning on the rosy dawn in the east they felt that their prayers had been answered. The day was indeed an ideal one. Soon after sunrise there was a bustle and stir around the monument, the committee getting everything ready for the day's programme. By ten o'clock crowds were on the public square from the surrounding country, and as trains rolled in from the South and the North the gathering was largely increased by arrivals from McMinnville, Tullahoma, and Shelbyville, and by a large delegation from Nashville, accompanied by Company B, Confederate Veterans, and Company C, N. G. S. T.

It was the proudest day that the old city—old historic Murfreesboro, that thirty-eight years ago was baptized in the fierce tempest of battle, and quivered to the terrible three days' agony—had ever experienced. The monument is a facsimile of the Tennessee Infantry monument at Chickamauga, which is said to be the handsomest one in the Park.

The movement for its erection commenced with the old Monumental Association, organized in the place shortly after the war. This Association raised the sum of \$800, which, about eighteen months ago, was expended in the base. This old Association passed out of existence years ago, when the work was taken up by the Murfreesboro Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. These ladies, by constant and persistent effort, accumulated another \$800. With this the matter rested until early last spring, when a dozen members of the J. B. Palmer Bivouac met in the office of John E. and James D. Richardson, Jr., and all subscribed \$25 each, and pledged themselves that the year should not close until the monument was completed. They determined that Murfreesboro and Rutherford County should at last pay their debt to the heroic dead.

Promptly at 11 A.M. the Tennessee Industrial School Band took its position, and with one of its most delightful airs gave the signal for the assemblage of the actors in the day's programme and the distinguished guests of the city to take their places on the platform. Among these were: Gen. W. B. Bate, Gov. Benton McMillin, Hon. J. B. Frazier, Hon. J. D. Richardson, Col. John B. Fite, of Carthage, Col. W. J. Hale, of Hartsville, Dr. J. B. Cowan,

Judge S. F. Wilson, Col. John P. Hickman, Secretary of the Confederate Veterans Association of Tennessee, and his wife, Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Maj. C. W. Anderson, President of J. B. Palmer Bivouac, the officers of Murfreesboro Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and others. On the front of the platform was a bright and beautiful galaxy of young ladies, the Lebanon orchestra, who for years have been the delight of State Confederate reunions.

After a selection by this orchestra, Capt. Richard Beard, the master of ceremonies, announced that the exercises would be opened by an invocation by Rev. T. A. Kerley. After music by the Industrial School Band, Capt. Beard introduced Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., the orator of the day. After giving a history of the monument, in his introductory remarks Capt. Beard said, among other things: "Other monuments have been erected on this earth grander in their proportions than this, more gorgeous in their design, and more beautiful in their architecture, but none have ever been dedicated to a higher and nobler purpose. Napoleon erected on the streets of Paris the Column Vendome from cannon captured at Austerlitz; England has reared her proudest shaft on Trafalgar Square to the memory of the hero of Trafalgar; Berlin has her statue of Victory to commemorate the achievements of Germany in the Franco-Prussian war; but this monument is erected to the memory of those who fell in defense of their convictions of duty, and no higher idea of duty can be conceived of than that for which a man will lay down his life. It is consecrated to the memory of the heroes of McCown's and Withers's Divisions who fell in the great battle of December 31, 1862; and of those of Cheatham's and Cleburne's Divisions who on that day struck the right wing of the Federal army, crushed the corps of Gen. McCook, and swept it like a cyclone from the Franklin road to the Nashville pike, and of those who fell in the gallant but disastrous charge of Breckinridge on the following Friday against the heights at McFadden's Ford. We have with us to-day a distinguished citizen and soldier of Louisville, Ky., who will address us on this auspicious occasion. God bless old Kentucky! God bless the old Blue Grass State! When the war came on she sent her best blood to the South. Her gallant dead sleep on every battlefield of the West. Her heroes followed the fortunes of the Confederacy till the last flag was furled, and stood by the sinking ship till the last plank was shivered and its fragments were scattered in the wave.

They were the knightliest of the knightly train  
That, since the days of old,  
Kept the lamps of chivalry  
Alive in hearts of gold."

[Col. Young's address should be published, although it was on the line of his speech to the U. C. V. Convention at Memphis, which was published in the July VETERAN. It was an address that should be of record in our best histories.—ED.]

After the conclusion of Col. Young's address and the benediction by Rev. W. L. Logan, the assembly dispersed for dinner. During the afternoon concerts were given by the Industrial School Band and by the Lebanon Orchestra—named by this VETERAN Confederate Orchestra—which were highly enjoyed.



ALLETHIA (MRS. W. M. MAYES), MISS VIRGINIA C. LUCY Y. (MRS. F. G. KEER), MARIETTA (MRS. C. E. NORMAN), MISS LEILA.

#### FIVE DAUGHTERS OF CAPT. JOHN C. ALLEN.

Capt. John Allen, of Van Buren, Ark., in compliance with a request from the *VETERAN*, sends a photograph of five Confederate daughters, all of one house, and all born at Greenwood, an old country place near Carthage, Tenn. Their father, John Allen, was also born there, and near by their mother, Marietta Cullom Allen. Their grandfathers, Gen. William Cullom and Col. Robert Allen, long resided in the vicinity of Carthage, and were well-known public men in the "long ago." They belong to an undivided race of Confederates, and never had a patriotic inspiration that was not in fullest accord with those of the sons and daughters who were loyal to their own Southland. They are proud of their birthplace.

The father of these fair women was born near Carthage, Tenn., and left May 20, 1861, as a lieutenant of Company B, Seventh Tennessee Infantry. His regiment was sent early to Virginia. He served with his command in the mountains of West Virginia under Gen. Lee, and later was transferred to the army under Stonewall Jackson.

Capt. Allen was conspicuously brave. He was wounded in nearly every engagement. He particularly distinguished himself in the desperate charge at Gettysburg on the third day, and was there so severely wounded that he was left for dead on the field. His strong vitality pulled him through, however, and after a long time in prison he secured an exchange, returned to the command of his company before Petersburg, was later made adjutant general on the staff of Gen. McComb, and was again badly wounded and lay in an ambulance when surrendered at Appomattox. An intimate associate states that Capt. Allen would have been promoted to brigadier general had the war lasted four months longer.

Capt. Allen's father was the Hon. Grant Allen, for many years a member of Congress from Tennessee. His wife, and the mother of this bevy of beautiful Southern girls, was Miss Marietta Cullom, of Smith County, Tenn., the daughter of Gen. William Cullom, who was also for many years a member of Congress from the same district.

A modest evidence of Capt. Allen's chivalry is given in a private note with the picture, in which he states: "I hope that the photograph can serve, in a measure, let it be never so small, to emphasize her prestige, as the proud mother of 'fair women and brave men' who fearlessly stood and suffered for the right, as their beloved Tennessee and her Southern sisters saw it."

#### JOHN C. BROWN CHAPTER, PROSPECT, TENN.

Maria Pettus, of Elkmont, Ala., writes of it:

The John C. Brown Chapter, U. D. C., though organized but a year ago, has made a beginning that promises the full realization of high hopes. Each member has worked faithfully, and the President has labored unceasingly to perpetuate the memory of our fallen heroes, and to strengthen the sentiment of patriotism in the quiet little village of Prospect, Tenn.

Mrs. Clara Boone Mason, daughter of Capt. Nathan Boone (revered for his distinguished services in the Confederate army), is President of the Chapter. Through her persistent effort, the Chapter is now in possession of a valuable library.

Other work accomplished by the organization during the year is the securing of a pension for an aged and helpless soldier, thus providing maintenance for himself and invalid wife; the erecting of two marble slabs with the furled flag of the Confederacy to mark the resting places of our honored dead; and the contribution of ten dollars to the Sam Davis Monument Fund. The brief record shows perseverance in the face of obstacles, and a zeal that wrests success from defeat.

The Fourth of July celebration, which materially contributed to the funds of the Chapter, was a memorable occasion, the members having the pleasure of entertaining Capt. John W. Morton and Hon. Tully Brown, of Nashville. These distinguished orators spoke on the theme ever dear to Southern hearts, and awoke anew the enthusiasm of the Chapter to become a "living monument" to the sacred and historic past.

It is now the cherished ambition of Mrs. Mason and "her Daughters" to build a "Winnie Davis Hall" at Prospect, a home sacred to the purposes of the organization. A book of subscription has been opened, and no doubt the Daughters, with their usual enterprise and self-abnegation, will soon see the proud fruition of this patriotic impulse.

The John C. Brown Chapter, animated by that chivalrous spirit which made heroes and heroines in the troublous days of 1861, remembers that,

The cheerful toil, wheeled in its daily round,  
The self we have been able to deny,  
The clinging trust in full submission found,  
Win ever an immortal victory.

The officers of Forbes Bivouac, Clarksville, Tenn., are: A. F. Smith, President; W. R. Bringham, Vice President; Clay Stacker, Secretary; T. J. Munford, Treasurer; Rev. N. O. Lovelace, Chaplain. This is a correction of the published list in the August *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 its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

As the ninth year of the VETERAN closes, meditation causes deepest gratitude. The record made will certainly last till the end of the world. The libraries that preserve its volumes elegantly bound are so numerous that not before the world is burned up will all be destroyed. In making this everlasting record the responsibility is appreciated, and confidence that commendation of its course will bring joy in eternity. That this work will follow causes a sense of satisfaction that the VETERAN management has been steadfast in the best of faith in all respects. Close to the Christmas greetings of 1901 it is intended to deliver to the addresses of more than twenty thousand persons, who are rated above any other body of that number in the world, one of the best issues of the VETERAN ever printed. It is so well under way now that this announcement is made in confidence. The labor is thoroughly congenial, and the appeal for coöperation is from necessity, in order that the greatest possible good be achieved.

Let Christmas presents come in the way of renewals and the procurement of new subscriptions. Every subscriber and friend is necessarily interested because in proportion as the VETERAN is sustained so will it be better and larger.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY NEXT.—Much attention will be given Children of the Confederacy in the Christmas VETERAN. A number of reports are withheld for it. Let others give attention. It is fitting that the Christmas issue should be so used, as Christmas is to them a season of joy and importance.

The VETERAN deprecates what it terms "Booker Washington's Break." Its editor wrote of it:

"No man of his race has so established himself in the esteem of white and black alike as Booker Washington. His counsel has been wise among his people, and he has grown splendidly in the estimation of whites, South as well as North. He has shown remarkable tact and good taste in his personal deportment. But his invitation to dine with the President caused him to lose his balance. Other negroes, though not so prominent, have occasionally acted with such good sense of propriety that white men have impulsively proffered social courtesies as inconsistent, perhaps, as this rash act of the President, and the negroes have exercised the good judgment to decline. Doubtless illustrations may be recalled by many Southern men.

"President Roosevelt was known to be impulsive.

Washington knew it, and, while esteeming the great kindness of the Southern people to him, should have declined the invitation. He knew better than Roosevelt realized the temper of the South in such matters, and he should have promptly explained the situation. If he thought the influence of Roosevelt's high position, having been so promptly accepted favorably at the South as well as the North, would tend to weaken social barriers, he was greatly mistaken.

"The President's life as a Rough Rider and a hunter, whereby customs are naturally ignored, and his impulsive disposition should induce lenience of popular judgment. The insult to all the best people of America, whether Southern or Northern, was evidently not intended to be as severe as it is in fact, and it should be forgotten as soon as possible. The South has waited in patience so long that this reflection will be borne in the hope that the President may do great good in restoring real sectional peace.

"It is to be deplored that Booker Washington has lost so largely in influence and good will at the South by joining in the indiscretion. Both men injured the cause which they may have mutually undertaken to establish.

"This social feature recalls an old time in Nashville during carpetbag reign, when Democrats, Republicans, and Independents all nominated the same three men for the Legislature to represent Davidson County, on the back of which was engraved these words: 'Our Wives and Daughters. "In Unity There Is Strength." Equality to All, but no Mixing of Colors in Society.'"



MAJ. GEN. J. M. POYNTZ, RICHMOND, KY.,  
Commanding Kentucky Division, United Confederate Veterans.

## FUTILE EFFORT TO CAPTURE THE ENEMY.

Cleve Rowan, of Craig's, Miss., writes:

It was during the march to Maryland, the first invasion made by the Army of Northern Virginia, and when Posey's Brigade of Mississippians were in advance, that to capture a body of Federals, their camp equipage, and other paraphernalia of war, was conceived. A few miles below Stevensburg, Va., the brigade at the head of the column, with the Second Mississippi Battalion in front, was ordered to diverge from the main road and march to the right in direction of the Rappahannock River to where the Federals were camped. Just as the advance column of the brigade reached a point from which the camp, its occupants, etc., were plainly visible, a man dressed in Confederate uniform, and who represented himself as being a courier from Confederate headquarters, rode up to the commanding general and handed him orders instructing him to halt his command. The brigade was halted, much to the dissatisfaction of the men, who were eager to get into camp, as we were all hungry. We saw the tents, soldiers, etc., disappear from our view, to be shifted to the opposite side of the river; but the proceedings were so irregular and created so much surprise and chagrin among the men, that the courier was arrested, and it was proved on arrival of the Major General that he was a Federal spy. He said his name was Mason, and that he killed one of Jackson's couriers, from whom he procured the outfit, horse, etc. He was a brave man, but died the death of a spy a short distance from where the brigade was halted.

Are any of the boys living who can recall this incident, and also that of the deserter taken out of the jail at Stevensburg and hanged on the apple tree?

**ABOUT TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENTS.**—James P. English wrote from New Orleans last April: "I see in the March VETERAN that J. B. K. Smith, of Waycross, Ga., corrects a slight error in an article in the January issue in regard to Col. W. M. Inge, also as to the place where the Twelfth Mississippi Infantry Regiment was organized. He says the Twelfth and Thirteenth Mississippi were the only troops from Mississippi ever organized or mustered into service at Union City, Tenn. Those two regiments were mustered into service at Corinth, Miss., about the same time, and went from there to Union City, Tenn., for a while, to camp and drill. Thence we were sent to Virginia. I never heard of Col. Inge's Cavalry Company at Corinth. I was a member of Company K, Twelfth Mississippi. Col. Inge lived in Corinth, Miss., and when our regiment was formed Col. Griffith appointed Col. Inge Adjutant of the regiment. After Gen. Griffith was killed, Col. Inge came back to Mississippi and took command of a cavalry regiment, the same number as our regiment of infantry. The January article says we got to Manassas battlefield just in time to go quickly into the fight; that President Davis was at Manassas Junction and rode to the front with Col. Griffith. Now the battle was fought on Sunday, and we did not get to Manassas Junction until daylight Monday morning. One who served from first to last should know about his regiment and brigade."

11\*\*

**HOW TO DESIGNATE CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.**—O. W. Blacknall writes from Kittrell, N. C., a suggestion that he has already made through the papers of his State. It is that Confederate officers who yet tarry with us be honored and distinguished by having C. S. A. affixed to their names. "It would set them apart from other men and express in a delicate and most gracious manner our recognition of the superiority of their titles. It would connect them as nothing else would with that great past in which they figured so nobly. Then it would revive and impress on this generation those sacred words."

A. C. Jones, Three Creeks, Ark., writes: "The young man to whom I alluded in my former article was J. B. Valentine, of New Orleans. He reached his father's bedside just in time to witness his death, and returned to his command a few days later. My rank was that of Captain Company G, Third Arkansas Infantry. I was severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, but was sufficiently recovered after forty days to return to my regiment, where I found that all field officers were either killed or disabled. As senior captain I took command of the regiment, and served in that capacity to the close of the war. During this time I had the honor of leading my regiment in many hard-fought battles below Richmond. Upon one occasion the regiment distinguished itself by its gallant and successful defense of Fort Gilmore, for which we were complimented highly by our brigade commander, Gen. Gregg. We surrendered with Gen. Lee at Appomattox, and as commander I signed the parole papers of the little remnant of survivors—about seventy-five."



MISS TELETTE KELLY,  
Maid of Honor Egbert Jones Camp, Jeff, Ala., at Memphis Reunion.



## EXPERIENCES IN AND ABOUT VICKSBURG.

R. F. Williams writes of the siege there and the fleet passing at night—an important maneuver:

Circumstances were such that I did not go to the war until December, 1862. I went to Vicksburg, joined the Thirty-First Louisiana, Morrison's Regiment, Baldwin's Brigade, Smith's Division. We were there through the siege, and surrendered July 4, 1863.

We were engaged in building breastworks and mounting guns until the Chickasaw Bayou fight. We fought the Federals there one week during the last days of December and first of January, and defeated them. Gen. Grant tried to cut a canal across the bend of the river to get his army below Vicksburg, as the fortifications were too formidable for him to pass. He tried to pass down two or three gunboats, but they were torn to pieces by our guns. Our winter quarters were five miles east of Vicksburg, and we went on picket duty every third night. Every third week we were on guard at the Backbone Ridge. About the last days of March the Federals sent a flag of truce down, and continued it daily every evening for two weeks or over, until one evening the Federal fleet disappeared from Young's point. The army went west for fifteen miles, then turned southeast to Rodney, where it crossed the Mississippi River.

We were on guard at Backbone Ridge the night the boats ran by to put that army across. I was among the first to reach the top of the hill in the breastworks, before the first vessels rounded the point. There were three or four houses fired on the opposite side of the river from us, and it was light as day on the water by the time the first boat passed. The boats were about half a mile apart, and they passed that way until all nine steamed through. I could see every shot that struck the water from Whistling Dick down to the depot, and there was but one boat struck out of the nine, and it was not disabled. The papers the next morning stated that the bad shooting was caused by the main gunners being absent at a "big ball," and that the guns were manned by "raw conscripts," and it has always seemed reasonable to me that the place was "sold." No gunboat had ever gotten by the batteries before. The boats put the Federal army across at Rodney, and they went on out to Port Gibson. We met them there with 7,000 men and fought them one whole day, and they drove us back. We crossed Big Black River near Grand Gulf, going up on one side while they were on the other to the railroad bridge on Big Black. They went up to Edward's Depot, where they met Loring's Division and other commands. There the Baker's Creek battle was fought. Our brigade, commanded by Col. Richardson, was held in reserve until Sunday morning, when we met our men who were driven out of the breastworks. It was on Sunday. We covered their retreat inside the breastworks. Monday they surrounded us completely, and we fought them forty-eight days on very scant rations of mule meat and pea bread. We were surrendered on the fourth day of July, 1863. In the fight on Chickasaw Maj. T. C. Hunible and private Sidney Robertson were killed. I am an old, worn-out wreck nearly seventy-seven years old, and should be glad to hear from any of my old friends of that command.

## CADDO FENCIBLES OF LOUISIANA.

On the fortieth anniversary of their leaving Shreveport, La.—August 12, 1901—the survivors of the Caddo Fencibles held a reunion there. The company became Company C of the Sixteenth Louisiana Volunteers. When mustered into service it numbered about one hundred, and they were as fine a body of men as ever saw service in the army. Only about a baker's dozen of the company are alive to-day. The Fencibles left Shreveport under command of Capt. E. Mason, who was subsequently elected Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixteenth Regiment. The other officers of the company were Chauncey Ford, First Lieutenant; T. G. Pegues, Second Lieutenant, and R. H. Lindsay, Third Lieutenant. There were present at the reunion Col. R. H. Lindsay, Lieut. T. G. Pegues, Serg. Robert Nash, George W. Johnson, Killis Johnson, Horace M. Rutherford, and William McD. Roach. Dr. J. J. Scott, who was Assistant Surgeon of the Sixteenth Regiment while stationed at Charlotte, N. C., was also present and was an honored guest. Lieut. Pegues was called to the chair, and the meeting was opened with prayer. A brief but appropriate address by the Chair was followed by short and interesting talks by the veterans present. Many stories of the war were told and scenes described which were of interest to all present. An interesting paper on the battle of Shiloh was read. A resolution was passed that at the next reunion the wives and children of the veteran band be requested to meet with them.

Lieut. Pegues gave reminiscences including an account of the battle of Shiloh, of which he wrote: "I relate only what came under my immediate observation, and the part performed by my own regiment. It was a short time after the first battle of Manassas, and we feared the war would be over before we could get into the fight. We reached New Orleans on August 17, and were mustered into the Confederate service for the war. We were then sent to Camp Moore, where we began to drill and perfect ourselves in military discipline. Here the regiment was formed by the election of Preston Pond, Jr., Colonel; Enoch Mason, Lieutenant Colonel; and Daniel Gober, Major. Lieut. R. H. Lindsay was elected Captain in place of Capt. Mason. Our company was made the color company. While in this camp the grounds had to be cleared up, stumps removed, and the camp enlarged to make room for drilling purposes. This work was repugnant to some of the men, who said: 'We did not volunteer to do police duty, but joined the army to fight.' After getting into active service, these same men were willing to do almost any kind of menial work to keep out of a fight. We remained at Camp Moore until December, when we were ordered to Chalmette, a few miles below New Orleans. Here we were drilled constantly until the middle of February, 1862, when we were sent to Corinth, Miss., to reinforce Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army, which had been seriously depleted by the surrender of Forts Donelson and Henry.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

"A considerable army was soon collected at Corinth and speedily disciplined. The drum and fife were heard on every hand, regiment after regiment arrived and took their places in the trenches, the tread of armed

men and the artillery dashing over the fields literally shook the earth. Gen. Johnston's idea being to attack Grant before he could concentrate his forces, he moved his army from Corinth on the evening of April 3. The march was slow on account of our immense wagon trains, which were taken along. Besides, the roads were badly cut up and miry. We ought to have reached the field of Shiloh on the evening of April 4, and could if the road had been dry. Our forces did not arrive on the field until the evening of the 5th, and the men slept that night in line and on arms. As we had left our blankets a mile or more away, our only covering was leaves. We were quite close to the Yankees, and I could distinctly hear their bands playing. One of their tunes was "Home, Sweet Home," which usually produces the most pleasing emotions, but on this occasion those melodious strains stirred my heart with feelings of bitterness toward those who were invading our homes to destroy them. I slept but little that night, but thought of what the morrow might bring forth. How many of my comrades seemed to be peacefully sleeping near me who might soon sleep to know no waking!

Before daybreak the army was astir. About five o'clock the signal to battle was fired. The fight began early, and the musketry grew into a continual roar. We moved forward with glowing enthusiasm and spirited impatience to close with the enemy. Soon we met our wounded returning to the rear, seeking the services of the surgeons. Then we began to march over dead Yankees who were scattered through the woods. At the first encampment we found the enemy had left their breakfast cooking upon the fires, untasted. Here our regiment halted, and a detail was made from each company to bring out quartermaster and commissary stores, which were most abundant. Supplying ourselves with these necessities, we moved forward and kept the enemy in a run.

They undertook to make a stand at the second encampment, but we drove them pellmell through it. The first bullets I heard that day sounded like bees flying overhead, and I voluntarily looked up to see if I could discover them in their flight. Our brigade was on the extreme left and was composed of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth Louisiana and Thirty-Eighth Tennessee Regiments. Col. Pond was in command of the brigade, and Maj. Gober commanded the Sixteenth. I was acting as Adjutant, but Maj. Gober asked me to act as Major. Under the first fire Maj. Gober's horse was wounded, when I gave him mine. It was not long, however, before I captured another one, which served me throughout the battle. About noon the battle abated until there was almost a cessation of hostilities, which continued for several hours. We thought the day was ours, but soon we were ordered forward, and a battery of the enemy situated upon a considerable hill began to fire upon us. Getting under the protection of the hill, we remained some time, when one of Gen. Beauregard's aids rode up and ordered us to charge the battery. The brigade moved up the hill, on the summit of which was another camp, and where there were streets [Presumably for camp quarters.—ED.] perpendicular to our lines of battle and through which we had to pass. Here Maj. Gober displayed a cool-

ness the like of which I never saw afterwards. As we neared the camp—the regiment still in line of battle, and under heavy fire—he gave the command: "By the right of companies to the front into column battalion, by the right flank, march!" This order was executed with as much precision as if we had been on drill. Each company filed up the streets, and when the obstacles were passed the command was given, "By company into line, march!" when we formed line again and began firing at the enemy. This assault was unsuccessful, and we lost heavily. Serg. Nash, of our camp, was slightly wounded in this charge.

Night coming on, we rested on our arms, but a considerable rain fell, which, together with the constant firing from the gunboats, prevented our sleeping. At dawn on the 7th we were ordered to the right, where, judging from the firing, hard battle was being fought. On the way thither we saw some of the results of the previous day's fighting. Thousands of dead and wounded Yankees lay in our path for the space of a mile or more. The sight was a ghastly one, but it was cheerful in comparison with the live ones we saw a short while afterwards, for I could see long lines of Buell's men marching to reinforce Grant. Our shells would fall and explode among them, but the gaps were closed up and the march continued. About this time Lieut. Sandidge, of Gen. Ruggles's staff, galloped up, seized the colors of the Sixteenth, and led the charge. It was a gallant act. Gen. Patton Anderson, as brave a man as ever drew a blade, came riding down our line, waving his hat and encouraging the men. Catching the inspiration, I thought I would do some of the encouraging act also; so, drawing my sword and waving it aloft, I thought, "If it be a sin to covet honor, then I am the most offending soul alive." We had not moved far before a Minie ball took my cap from my head. Sheathing my sword, I dismounted, picked up my cap, viewed the damage it had sustained, remounted, and became the quietest man in the regiment. After fighting nearly all day without seemingly making any impression on the enemy, we retired a short distance and awaited an attack from them. It did not come. We then fell back in good order to Corinth.

#### MISTAKES CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

1. Had we left all our baggage wagons at Corinth, the battle could have been fought on the 5th of April, and Grant would have been defeated before Buell could have reinforced him.

2. Had Gen. Johnston lived long enough to gather his army together for one more vigorous and sustained assault upon its enfeebled antagonist, a different result cannot be doubted. The Federal army must have surrendered or would have been driven into the river. The almost concurrent testimony of Federal writers who have spoken of the condition of the enemy incontestably proves this. Again, had Gen. Johnston survived, such another assault would certainly have been made. But just at the close of the decisive charge, which he led in person, he fell mortally wounded, and in a few minutes expired. Let his son tell the disastrous incident: "As Gen. Johnston sat there on his horse, knowing that he had crushed in the arch which had so long resisted the



pressure of his forces, and waiting until they should collect sufficiently to give the final stroke, he received a mortal wound. It came in the moment of victory and triumph and from a flying foe. It smote him at the very instant when he felt the firm conviction that the day was won."

#### BURIAL RITUAL C. V. CAMP OF NEW YORK.

This is the ritual for use at Mount Hope Cemetery for the burial of members of the Camp:

The funeral ceremonies shall be in charge of a comrade, to be designated as "Marshal," appointed by the Commander for the occasion.

After the body has been lowered into the grave, the Marshal shall read the following verses from the Book of Job:

"Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

"As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, not another."

The Marshal shall then say:

"*Friends and Brothers:* In loving sympathy, and with deep reverence we have assembled here to lay our comrade to rest in this bivouac of our dead. Comrade \_\_\_\_\_ of the \_\_\_\_\_ was a good soldier, tried and true. He endured the terrible hardships of many campaigns with unflinching fortitude; he faced the fires of battle with intrepid gallantry, and he bore the pangs of defeat and the tempest of adversity with dauntless courage. He has fought the good fight. The bugle has sounded 'taps,' and he is at rest. Here he will sleep until the reveille of heaven calls him to take his place in the ranks of the immortal legions of the Great Commander. Comrades, have you a fitting emblem for this parting rite?"

*Response:* "Yes; we place upon his remains these evergreens, representative of his immortal deeds, and emblems of the eternity into which his spirit has entered."

"Comrades, have you a token of loving farewell?"

*Response:* "Yes; we place with him these flowers, and, precious and beautiful as fairest flowers, his memory shall be cherished and treasured in our hearts."

Then shall be said or sung a hymn: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve," or any other that may be selected by the Marshal or the family of the deceased.

Then the Marshal shall pray:

"O God, Creator of the universe and Commander of the hosts of heaven, to thy care we commit the spirit of our departed comrade. While by day the sun makes its round, and by night the stars keep watch and ward above this bivouac of our dead, grant that we may have the lives and examples of our departed comrades so in remembrance that our years may be years of

usefulness and honor; and that at last, when we have crossed over the river with Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Polk, we may find our names inscribed upon the rolls of thy celestial hosts. Amen."

*Response:* "Amen."

The ritual is presented in large type on fine paper, and sent to the members by Maj. Edward Owen, Secretary of the New York Camp.

#### RE-ENLISTING AT DALTON.

In connection with the subject of reënlisting at Dalton, Ga., an old *Memphis-Appeal* clipping from Dalton, of January 23, 1864, states that the Eighth Tennessee reënlisted January 17 and the Sixteenth, Twenty-Eighth, Fifty-First, and Fifty-Second Regiments reënlisted on the 22d. The article states:

You have already recorded the action of many other commands with regard to reënlistments [although he reports the Eighth Tennessee as "the first to tender its services for the residue of the war"].

. . . The old spirit of the beginning of the war seems to be revived in the army. These meetings for reënlistment are always followed by a jubilee, in which the greatest enthusiasm prevails and music lends the charms to swell to the point of intensity. It is not, however, enthusiasm without reflection. These veterans of three years and a dozen battlefields knew right well what arduous toils, sleepless vigils, and earnest perils are to be encountered. They knew that many of them must fall in defense of their country, as their comrades have fallen before them. It cannot be possible that the people of the country who are enjoying the endearments of home can be insensible to such devotion as this, and can fail to back them with all the resources they have and all the laggard recruits they can bring into the fight. If they do fail in these respects, after such demonstrations of patriotism as this army has exhibited within the last ten days, they are unworthy of the blessings of freedom and independence, and deserve to suffer the penalty of such insensibility. But such disinterested patriotism will not be disregarded. It is contagious, and will continue to spread and extend until its increasing circle shall ripple to the deep heart of the whole Confederacy, and drive away the despondency which overhangs the minds of many.

The author concludes his letter after giving a sketch of the Eighth Tennessee as follows:

I wish to correct an inadvertent error into which I have fallen in one of my letters, by stating that Brig. Gen. Strahl's brigade was the first entire brigade to reënlist for the war. This correction is due to that gallant body of soldiers as well as to justice.

#### HISTORY OF HART'S BATTERY.

BY LOUIS SHERFESSEE.

In several of the late copies of the *VETERAN* the subject of reënlistment in 1864 has been a topic. While the writer knows nothing of the reënlistment of the troops at Dalton, Ga., he can give some information about that of the Army of Northern Virginia, or rather

of a particular command of that army—that of Hart's Battery, Hampton's Horse Artillery.

The following, taken from the Charleston, S. C., *Daily Courier* of January 29, 1864, shows that the reenlistment must have taken place sometime previous to that date:

CAMP WASHINGTON, January 20, 1864.

*Editor Courier:* The following action of our company, with the honor paid us by Maj. Gen. Hampton in his reply thereto, will be of interest to the many families and friends of the members, and you will oblige us as a body by publishing them. J. J. MAHER.

Whereas the members of Hart's Battery, Hampton's Horse Artillery, viewing the gigantic preparations of the enemy, deem it sufficient to move the soul and spirit of every Southern soldier to instantly carve out his course in the threatened issue; we proudly accept the boasted gauntlet, and fling it back in the teeth of our savage foes, and hereby volunteer for the war. We call on our brother soldiers throughout the army to come out as one man and record their defiance of the dastard invaders.

W. J. VERDIER, J. W. STEPHENS,  
C. B. PRENTISS, S. D. INAPINET,  
J. J. MAHER, D. H. SALLEY,

*Committee.*

*Resolved,* We volunteer for the war, subject to any rules or regulations Congress may enact regarding the twelve months' men.

*Resolved,* That Capt. Hart be requested to forward these proceedings to Gen. Hampton, and by him to the Secretary of War.

HEADQUARTERS, January 18, 1864.

*Capt. Hart:* I take very great pleasure in forwarding the resolutions adopted by your company. They reflect the highest credit on the men who so nobly adopted them, and add another to the many claims they have to the gratitude of the country. They will in the future, as in the past, do honor to the State and to the service.

Our State has paid me the very high compliment of presenting to me a beautiful revolving gun, and in presenting it the Legislature was pleased to say that they were satisfied it could not be placed in more worthy hands. I beg to transfer it to the gallant company which has served so long and faithfully under my command, the valued gift of our State, satisfied as I am that it could not be placed in more worthy hands than theirs. I know they will defend it to the last, and prove worthy of the trust committed to them.

I am very respectfully, WADE HAMPTON.  
Capt. Hart, H. H. A.

Its effect on the government is shown by a vote of thanks from the Confederate Congress, the original of which is in the relic room of the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C.

This action of Congress proves conclusively that Hart's Battery, if not the first, was one of the first to reenlist, and so claims that honor until some other command can show by some good authority an earlier date of reenlistment.

#### SHORT SKETCH OF THAT BATTERY.

The Washington Artillery of Charleston, S. C., with several other companies of the State militia, was called out by Gov. Pickens on the night of December 27,

1860, to take possession of Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, S. C., and on January 9, 1861, while on duty at the fort, fired on the steamship *Star of the West*, which had been sent by the United States government to reinforce Maj. Anderson at Fort Sumter. After remaining there for several weeks, they were ordered to Morris's Island to take charge of the famous Iron Battery at Cummings Point. The day the news of the secession of Virginia was received, feeling that that State would be the battle ground, they were anxious to go there, and made every effort to do so, but there being some opposition, eighteen of the members started the organization known as the Washington Artillery Volunteers, afterwards and better known as Hart's Battery, Hampton's Horse Artillery, A. N. V. Before the company was relieved from duty the number was increased to forty-three, and when they returned to the city the volunteers went into camp and the number in a short time reached one hundred, when they elected the following officers: Captain, Stephen D. Lee, formerly of the United States Army; First Lieutenant, James F. Hart. They then applied for admission to the Hampton Legion, which was being formed by Col. Wade Hampton, and were accepted by him. They were mustered into the Confederate service in May, and on June 11 started for Columbia, S. C., the Legion was formed, and from there went to Richmond, Va. A few months later Capt. Lee was promoted to Major (his promotion continued until he became Lieutenant General), and Lieut. Hart was made Captain.

After the seven days' fight around Richmond, Col. Hampton was promoted to Brigadier General of Cavalry, and he took the battery with him, and it became a part of Pelham's Battalion of Horse Artillery, and was from that time known as Hart's Battery.

The boys did their duty. (See pages 341 and 342 of "Hampton's Cavalry in 1864" by E. H. Wells.) It states that by actual count the battery was in one hundred and forty-three engagements, having taken part in nearly every battle that the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged in in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

In February, 1865, they were ordered to report to Gen. Hampton, who was then in command of the cavalry of Johnston's army in the Carolinas, and reached him in time to take part in the battle of Bentonville, N. C. They brought up the rear of that army until its surrender.

The company fired among the first shots (at the *Star of the West* January 9, 1861), and they have Gen. Hampton as authority for saying that theirs was the last shot fired by Johnston's army. It was near Greensboro, N. C.

Gen. Hampton's wish was law to the boys, for they loved him and would do anything he asked of them. For example, when in January, 1864, he asked that they start the ball in motion and reenlist for the war, a meeting was called and they did so at once. Again, when he was arranging, just before the surrender of Johnston's army, to take Butler's Division to escort President Davis to Texas, Hart's Battery volunteered almost to a man to go with him, and were making the necessary preparation for the march when Gen. Hampton rode up and told us that, having been surrendered by superior authority, he could not go.



## DALLAS VETERAN—MAJ. H. W. GRABER.

Interest will grow for the next several months in Dallas, Tex., and with Dallas people, especially official comrades in the U. C. V. Notice of some of these will be printed. First of all interest may be expected in the Commissary General. This comrade's career is interesting:

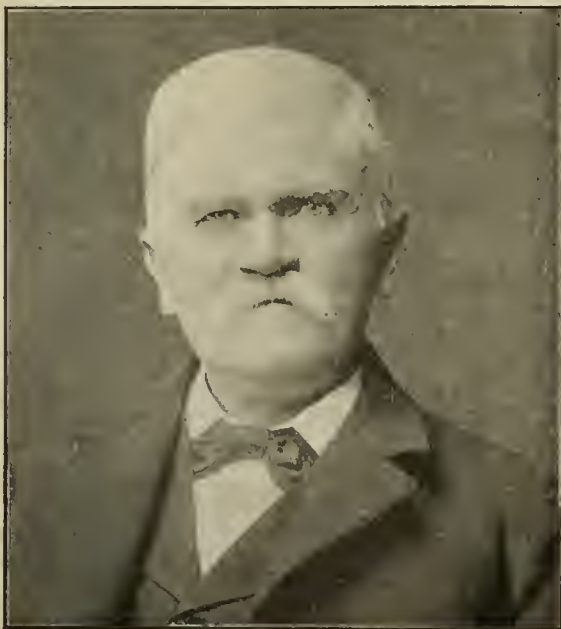
Henry W. Graber, of Dallas, is a veteran of the famous Terry's Texas Rangers, a cavalry regiment that achieved fame on so many battlefields of the Middle South, from Kentucky to the Carolinas.

Mr. Graber is a native of Germany, born in the city of Bremen in 1841, where his father conducted a large manufacturing and exporting business. In 1853 the family moved to Houston, Tex., where both parents and a brother died the same year. Young Henry was employed in business there, and afterwards in Waxahachie, Cypress City, and Hempstead. In 1860 he became the junior partner of the firm of Faddis & Graber at Hempstead, and was engaged in prosperous general merchandising at the beginning of the war. From this place he promptly joined the State troops in expeditions to Brazos, Santiago, and Indianola, where the garrisons soon surrendered. In September, 1861, he enlisted for the war as a private in Company B, Eighth Texas Cavalry, familiarly known as Terry's Texas Rangers, under the command of Col. B. F. Terry.

When elected second lieutenant in the first company organization at Hempstead he declined the honor, having no ambition to gratify, save to do his duty in a humble capacity. He served with his regiment in Kentucky in the fall and winter of 1861, fought at Woodsonville, the regiment's first engagement, where the gallant Terry fell, and at Shiloh under Col. Wharton. He was in the first battle and capture of Murfreesboro under Gen. Forrest; then with his regiment went into Kentucky with Bragg's army, and was in the battles of Mumfordsville, Bardstown, Perryville,

and many minor engagements. Early in 1863, while on a scouting expedition in Kentucky in an engagement near Bowling Green with an infantry force many times their number, he was severely wounded and six of his comrades killed. Unable to ride and make his escape, he was left near Woodburn, and the second night was captured by the Eleventh Kentucky Mounted Infantry. He was held at Bowling Green for several months awaiting court-martial, but, having attempted his escape, was sent to Louisville for safe-keeping, and there placed in irons of resentment by Black, a negro captain. Subsequently, on the demand of Gen. Bragg, he was treated as a prisoner of war and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. After several months sent to Fort Delaware, from whence he escaped after four months' detention by assuming a sick man's name at roll call, going out with a party of Marylanders that were expecting to be paroled at Washington, but instead they were sent to Point Lookout, Md., from where, after several months' detention, again assuming the name of a dead Louisianian, he was sent with a part of Hay's Brigade of Louisianians to City Point for exchange. Arriving at Richmond, he immediately left for and rejoined his command in East Tennessee. His next active service was in the Georgia campaign of 1864, participating in numerous engagements from Dalton to Atlanta and Jonesboro. He served under Gen. Joe Wheeler against Sherman during the latter's march to Savannah, wherein they fought daily. Near Savannah his company was detached for duty as scouts with Gen. McLaws, with whom he remained until the surrender in North Carolina. He was in the battle of Averasboro, Bentonville, and other smaller engagements.

At the close of this active military career, never having missed a duty on account of sickness or otherwise save during his twelve months' imprisonment. Mr. Graber returned to Texas, and resumed business at Hempstead, and was later at Courtney, Rusk, and Waxahachie. He has lived at Dallas since 1885. He has always been active and prominent in the work of the United Confederate Veterans, and was honored with a position as Quartermaster General on the staff of Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department U. C. V., at the time of its organization, which position he still holds. He is a member of Sterling Price Camp. He was its Commander in 1898, fully enjoying the confidence of his comrades. Mr. Graber is now a member of the Board of Directors of the Texas Reunion Association, organized for the purpose of entertaining the General Reunion in April next at Dallas, and to build a monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee at the State capital. As President of the Graber Machinery Company and in all social and business relations he is highly regarded among the people of Dallas.



H. W. GRABER.

New officers of the Omer R. Weaver Camp, Little Rock: C. S. Collins, Commander; A. J. Snodgrass, Lieutenant Commander; Theo Hartman, Adjutant; F. T. Vaughan, Second Lieutenant Commander; Dr. R. Christian, Surgeon; Rev. J. P. Eagle, Chaplain; L. Volmer, Treasurer; W. H. Hicks, Color Bearer.

### TRIBUTE TO GEN. BARKSDALE.

Maj. John J. Hood, in an address to the Barksdale Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Meridian, Miss., paid tribute to the gallant Barksdale while in command of his Mississippi Brigade at Gettysburg:

Emerging from the peach orchard into the open plateau beyond, he discovered that the brigades to Barksdale's right had been held in check by the enemy. Off to the right some three hundred yards another battery was thrown into position to enfilade his column. In a flash "Right wheel, charge!" rang above the roar of battle, and with the rattle of muskets, the clang of bayonets, and the shouts of victory Winslow's Massachusetts Battery fell a prize to the sons of Mississippi. Still the battle raged. The Federal general, Graham, retreated across Plum Run, and rallied his line behind a battery one thousand feet away beyond the ravine. If that battery can be silenced and Graham routed again, the enemy's line will be completely severed. If severed, victory is ours. Mayhap in this charge hangs the history of the Confederacy. What a moment! The command is given and the regiment moves forward to the ravine, and under its shelter reforms in line of battle. Up the other side, and out upon the plateau at the base of the ridge, they advance for the last and most desperate charge. Sickles rode to the front to encourage his men. Up the slope the Mississippians advanced, undaunted by bursting shells or screaming Minies. Thinned by the storm which swept down with such terrific fury from the ridge, the advance line staggered and began to waver. The awful crisis of that awful day had come. As on a thread hung the hopes of a struggling nation. Amid the shifting scenes of this doubtful battle the very course of history swung to and fro in the trembling balance. With its ebb and flow rushed the tide of our country's hopes.

Suddenly, far to the left, a wild shout of victory rings above the din of battle. Looking back toward the turnpike, the majestic form of the heroic Barksdale, like the fabled god of battle, towering in the front of the advancing column, was seen leading the charge on the last line of the enemy at the ravine. The inspiration spread like contagion through the regiment, and with a yell that sounded to the very dome of heaven they rushed upon the enemy's line. As the autumn leaves are scattered by the blasts of winter, so was the Federal line swept away by the charge of that hurricane. On, right on, until the fiery breath of the cannon was hot in their faces they pressed. The brave gunners who manned that battery never deserted their posts, and died with their guns beside them. Sickles fell desperately wounded, but escaped into his line. Graham, who had stood by his men till the last had fallen, fell into the hands of the Mississippians, a prisoner of war. The last line was carried, the last battery was captured, the enemy's line was cut in twain.

Thus it was that the Twenty-First Mississippi Regiment bore the stars and bars to the very farthest point reached in the enemy's line on the bloody field of Gettysburg. Holder and Griffin had swept across the turnpike in the pursuit of the Red Zouaves, and were now making the last desperate assault upon the

enemy's line. Barksdale stood on the turnpike watching the movements of his heroes as they drove the enemy before them. His bright eyes flashed as though lit by a spark from the fires eternal. His face beamed with the glow of glorious victory. His thin lip curled with that haughty smile which meant defiance. He stood the perfect picture of a true hero. Far to the right he had watched the gallant dash of the Twenty-First Regiment, and saw the enemy's line broken and scattered. He saw its lines re-forming in his front across the ravine, and, drawing his sword, he sprang to the front, the flush of victory on his face, shouting: "They are whipped. We will drive them beyond the Susquehanna." Then it was the cheer went up which had lent the inspiration to Humphreys's wavering column. They charged the ravine as Mississippians were wont to charge; but the Federal lines, reinforced, had rallied beneath its shelter, and poured volley after volley into his lines. His column, halting beneath the deadly fire, reeled to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest. The gallant Holder fell desperately wounded. Griffin fell. Fizer fell. Once more they dashed against the enemy. Then, waving his sword in the very thickest of the fray, in the last charge upon the enemy's last line,

Where swords were clanging, clashing,  
Where balls were crushing, crashing,

this soldier, patriot, hero fell. Amid the wild roar of the cannon, the fierce scream of the shrapnel, and clang and glitter of sabers; midst all the pomp and glorious circumstances of war—the great soul, the unconquered spirit of the immortal Barksdale winged its flight. No shaft marks the spot where he fell. The Federal authorities refused to allow the point they reached to be designated by appropriate stones, but that gallant charge is written upon the hearts of his countrymen, and will be told in song and story as long as gallant deeds and heroism are virtues.

Charles J. Beck, Columbia, S. C., writes:

I was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg in 1863, and captured by the Federals, but made my escape from the hospital with Thomas C. Paysinter, Company E, Third South Carolina Regiment, Kershaw's Brigade, A. N. V., about the first of September. On our way homeward through Maryland we stopped at a house where we were very kindly treated by the ladies, to whom we gave our names, regiments, etc., and they in turn gave their names, with request that we notify them if we arrived home safely. They were burned out in 1865, and we have made repeated efforts to find them. These ladies lived on the Monocacy River, about a mile from the Potomac. We should be glad indeed to hear from them again.

E. H. Lively, Adjutant of Camp Bob McCulloch, Spokane, Wash., corrects errors in the September VETERAN on pages 393 and 396, which places this Camp at Seattle, and gives the name of Mrs. Page, which should be Mrs. Brockenborough, who officiated at the burial of Capt. Latané. Other correspondents have called attention to this palpable error. This Camp now has forty-nine members, quite a good representation in that far Northwestern city. Comrade Lively belonged to Company C of the Thirty-Second Virginia Infantry, Williamsburg Junior Guards, only fifteen of whom are now alive.



### STEARNS'S OLD REGIMENT IN REUNION.

W. G. Lillard writes of the reunion at Lewisburg:

I have attended reunions ever since they have been held, and have always enjoyed meeting my old comrades; but when at the State reunion in Lewisburg, Tenn., I heard the call from the courthouse for the survivors of Stearns's old regiment, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, to meet in a designated room, I felt a thrill and pathos not before realized. On entering I looked into the faces of those dear old men, who thirty-five years ago, when we were last together, all were boys. I was wounded on March 11, 1865, through the right lung, at Fayetteville, N. C., and carried to Egypt Station. That was only eight weeks before the surrender, and I was one of the last soldiers to return home. When we looked into the faces of each other and heard the voices, which were more familiar, there was recognition, then indescribable greetings, and "God bless you!" "How have you been?" "What are you doing?" and "Where do you live?" etc. Many bygone days and pleasant memories were revived.

At that meeting Scott D. Davis was chosen Chairman and the writer Secretary of the meeting. Those present of our regiment were: Company A, Scott D. Davis, E. Z. Sheffield, Capt. Cundiff, R. J. Dark, J. C. Climer, Bateman Harris, J. Britt Ezell, William McCoy; Company B, Capt. Ed Collier, E. W. Winter, R. T. Long; Company C, Dan W. Beard; Company D, W. M. Robinson, J. M. Dysart, A. M. Endsley, B. F. Lantz, W. A. McCurdy; Company E, J. T. Shelton, W. G. Lillard, Lum Nolen; Company F, C. R. Tullus, F. J. Jenkins, G. W. Carmichel, A. P. Epps, J. B. Alston, J. E. Smith, G. W. Fly, D. C. Edmonson, G. M. Crunk, J. W. Knott, Tom C. Black, J. W. Williams; Company G, H, and J were not represented; Company K, P. B. Kieth and S. B. Donaldson.

Upon motion of S. B. Donaldson, the chairman appointed a committee of one from each company on permanent organization.

We will ever remember old Lewisburg. God bless her, as her sentiments certainly were, All hail to you, old soldiers. We have killed the fatted calf, and we chant the festal song in our old Confederate homes!

Now, since we have been spared to this hour and for some purpose, it behooves us to live for Him who has had his arms of strength and love around us all the while; and may the rest of our lives here on earth be spent in being as good soldiers of the cross as we were in the army!

### CONCERNING THAT BALL'S BLUFF DISASTER.

Col. E. V. White writes reply from Leesburg, Va.:

In No. 9, page 410, under the head of "The Ball's Bluff Disaster," there are some mistakes that, for the sake of truth and history, I wish to correct. The writer says that Col. Burt had a hand-to-hand conflict with Senator Baker on the field of battle, and Col. Burt killed him. I was as close to Col. Burt when he was mortally wounded as two men can well be on horseback. We were in the immediate rear of his regiment, the Eighteenth Mississippi. He had moved his regiment across a small field to within a hundred yards of the opposite side, which was bounded by woods, in which the Federals were lying. As the land from the edge of the field rapidly declined to a deep

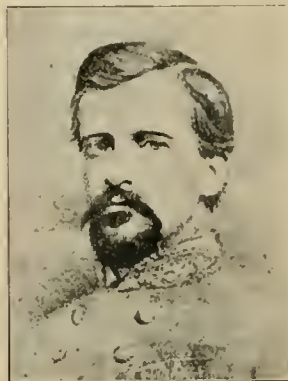
ravine beyond, the enemy were hidden from our view. Col. Burt ordered our men to halt. The enemy opened fire not over one hundred yards from us. A more destructive fire it was seldom my experience to witness during the war, nor ever did I see men stand more bravely to their work. Not a man showed the least sign of faltering. Many fell killed or wounded. It will be remembered that the Eighteenth lost eighty-five men in that battle, a very large majority of whom fell at that one fire, and among them the gallant Col. Burt. He turned to me, as two of his men were taking him from his horse, and said: "Go tell Col. Tennifer [?—Ed.] that I am wounded, and will have to leave the field." I rode from the field under a rain of bullets, and delivered the message.

Nor did the Eighteenth drive into the Potomac twenty-seven hundred men. There were only between seventeen and eighteen hundred men engaged on the Federal side. Col. Burt was not breveted on the battlefield brigadier general. N. G. Evans commanded at the battle of Ball's Bluff. Had he authority to do so, he could not, for he was more than a mile from Ball's Bluff; was not there any time during the fight, though, in my judgment, he managed the battle with signal ability.

A. E. Harville, of Palmer, Tex., desires information on the following points: "How many gunboats did Banks have in the Red River expedition, and how many did the Confederates destroy? Also number of transports and how many taken and destroyed? What was the number of his army and how many did he lose in that campaign?" Some comrades will doubtless be able to give approximate answers.

Terrence Kelley, of the Sixteenth Alabama Infantry, led his regiment at Shiloh, April 6, 1862, in a charge upon a six-gun battery with cap in hand, waving and cheering his comrades to follow him in the charge. He fell severely wounded close by the guns, and was carried out of the charge by First Lieut. John M. McGhee, now of Waco, Tex. Comrade Kelley still survives, and is a jolly fellow, as his name would indicate.

Gervis H. Stone, of Frankfort, Ky., seeks information of the death and burial place of James Bryan, a member of Capt. Rye's Company, First Arkansas Regiment, Hindman's Division. He died or was killed during the war, and his relatives have never been able to learn anything about him.



GEN. JOHN PEGRAM.



GEN. THOS. L. ROSSER.

## WAR REMINISCENCE.

BY R. S. ROCK, EVANSVILLE, IND.

It may prove of interest to the readers of the *VETERAN* to give some unwritten history from the Eastern Virginia slope, which was the theater of my experiences in the Confederate army from the latter Lexington, and longed "to hear drums and see a battle" so I stole away and enlisted.

I wore a Confederate uniform that I tried to honor during the tragic period that I have mentioned. I was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, and longed "to hear drums and see a battle," so I stole away and enlisted.

I was scarcely fifteen years old, but was anxious to have some share in the war and to show my devotion to my State. From its beginning Virginia had been a storm center of the war, because of its proximity to Washington and because its capital was the seat of the Confederate government. Lee's army, at once the flower and pride of the South, had been operating there; and Jackson, Longstreet, Gordon, Early, and Ewell were to him what the French marshals were to Napoleon. They had won victories there that had no parallel in any military annals. Jackson had defeated Banks at Winchester, Fremont at Cross Keys, and Shields at Fort Republic; under the direction of Joseph E. Johnston, then commander in chief of the armies of Virginia, he had frustrated McDowell's march to the aid of McClellan and his intended attack upon Richmond. The Army of Northern Virginia, under Johnston, had defeated McClellan at Seven Pines, at Malvern Hill, and at Slaughter's Mountain. Lee had driven Pope from the Second Manassas, defeated McClellan at Antietam, Burnside at Fredericksburg, and put Grant to rout at the battle of the Wilderness and also at Spottsylvania C. H., after the latter had crossed the Rapidan and commenced his march to Richmond. Many other important battles had been fought, but the war was not over, and the spirit of it ran high.

My father had violently opposed my going into the army, and insisted that I should continue my studies at the Institute, which I did until November, 1863, when, in company with a fellow-student, who likewise had the "war fever," one night when study hours were over and the lights extinguished we silently stole out of the barracks and by daylight were well on our way to Richmond.

Upon our arrival at Richmond we joined Guy's Battery, a heavy artillery company that was stationed at Chaffin's Bluff, on the James, a little below the city. The war had been so devastating in its effects, particularly in that region, that there remained but few comforts for the Confederate soldier; and after sleeping a few nights on the ground, and with nothing to eat but bread, and very little of that, I became homesick and heartsick, and wrote to my father to come and get me out of my trouble; but there was "no discharge in that war," and, having gotten in, there was nothing left for me but to stay. In a few days I was detailed to serve as orderly on the staff of Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, who, a little more than a year after, I saw shot dead in the battle of Sailor's Creek, while gallantly leading his command in the last charge on that fated field. After I was attached to the staff of Col. Crutchfield, I had a comparatively easy time un-

til my regiment was sent to Fort Harrison, a beautiful point on the north side of the James, and the key to Richmond. Our battery was on the crest of a considerable hill that sloped to the woods beyond, a mile or more away. There was only one battalion in the fort, and that was commanded by Maj. Taylor. One morning in the latter part of September, 1864, we were aroused and completely surprised by rapid picket-firing on our front. In a few minutes our pickets were drawn in and Ord's Division made an attack on our front. We had scarcely any infantry support, and the attack upon us was made by soldiers composed almost entirely of negroes. Although our heavy guns, loaded with grape, verily mowed them down, yet they came right on, and fought like fiends. I remember the last shot we made, and some years afterwards Gen. Fessenden, who was in command of the Federal troops, told Capt. C. T. Allen, of Princeton, Ky., that this was the most destructive single shot that was fired during the war. Right in the center of the fort was a very heavy Columbiad that carried a shell of one hundred and thirty-two pounds filled with grape. Maj. Taylor ordered us to put a double charge into this gun, and the man who pulled the lanyard said: "Major, won't this burst the gun?" To which the Major replied, "By G——, put it in anyhow," and in it went. The result was dreadful. The gun did not burst, but the negroes were literally torn to pieces. The gap, however, was soon filled, and on they came like infuriated beasts, jumped into the trenches, and climbed the embankment while we were fighting them with our muskets. About this time we saw approaching from our rear and left a body of Federal troops that had captured Fort Gilmore, commanded by Maj. Gilchrist, who years afterwards became a warm personal friend of mine. Our ammunition was exhausted, the command to retreat was given, and it was here that an incident related by Gen. Gordon in his lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy" occurred. I think it was Gen. Ewell's command, stationed on the south side of the James River, that heard the firing at Fort Harrison and came to our relief, but reached there too late. The General was some distance in front of his command, riding rapidly toward the few of us that had escaped from the fort and were running so fast that it seemed the balls thrown at us from our own guns that had been captured and turned toward us couldn't come fast enough to catch us. He tried to rally us, and I heard him say: "What in the h—— are you running for?" A soldier as he ran by him like the wind yelled back: "Because we can't fly."

One other experience in my army life of something more than a year may not be without interest. About midnight of April 2, 1865, we were aroused by the beat of the long roll. Lee's lines around Petersburg had been broken, and his starved army was on the retreat, endeavoring to effect a junction with Johnston in North Carolina. President Davis and his Cabinet had fled from Richmond to Charlotte, N. C., and we were ordered to spike our guns, get what rations we had—this was irony, indeed, for not a particle of meal or flour, or even a piece of bread, did we have—and be ready to march in thirty minutes. We crossed the James on a pontoon bridge a few miles below Richmond, and about two o'clock in the morn-



ing we rested a little while on the Manchester Hills, almost in sight of Richmond, and from there saw a scene that I shall never forget—Richmond in flames.

We hurried on, with the enemy harassing us from front, rear, and flank; weary and foot-sore, with nothing to eat except a little corn. Still we marched on, fighting, starving, dying. On the afternoon of the 5th it seemed to me a physical impossibility to keep up with my company. Pettit, Lasseur, and faithful negro Ben, who voluntarily had shared with me the hardships of camp life during the entire time I was in the army, and myself "fell by the wayside." We lay down in an old broom-sedge field. The night was chilly, and we had no covering, yet we were so completely worn out that our slumbers were as peaceful as though we had lain on a bed of down. We awoke the next morning early. It was lovely springtime. We could hear the continued booming of guns in the distance in almost every direction. The four of us held a "council" to determine whether we should return to our homes, then only about twenty-five miles away, or push on and endeavor to catch up with our command. Pettit said go back, Lasseur said go back, Ben said go back; but I said no. We separated, negro Ben shedding tears when good-bys were exchanged. I started alone in the direction my company had gone the day before, and soon caught up with quite a number of stragglers. The last money I had was fifty dollars, and I gave it to a man for a piece of honey that I have no doubt had lain in the dust and dirt for a week. I caught up with one poor soldier who was extremely ill, delirious with fever. I helped him along as best I could until I reached a farmhouse, where I left him. Mrs. Dr. Cheatham, living there, gave me a piece of bread, all she had on the place. I ate the bread. It was the first I had had to eat since the 2d, four days before, except some corn. I had a letter from Mrs. Cheatham long after the war. She wrote me that this soldier, named Patterson, lingered a long time between life and death, but finally got well, and went to his home in Tennessee. After leaving her house I heard a heavy cannonading that seemed but a few miles away. I hurried on, and caught up with my command at Sailor's Creek, where Lee had concentrated the remaining few thousand ragged, starving soldiers to fight the last battle of the war. There were several skirmishes between this battle and the surrender at Appomattox, but I think this was the last real battle of the war. The odds against us were fearful. We were in an open field, and knew we would be attacked. The enemy began the attack by shelling us from the woods, while with our hands and bayonets we threw up what fortifications we could, and awaited the charge. In a little while a large body of infantry emerged from the woods and came right toward us at double-quick. We reserved our fire until they were about forty yards from us; the command to fire was given, and we fired volley after volley at them, and seemed to sweep them from the earth. They turned and fled. The command to fix bayonets and charge was given. Col. Crutchfield, of whom I have already spoken, commanded my regiment. I saw his horse shot from under him. He drew his sword and led the charge on foot. In a little while it seemed that Grant's whole army emerged

from the woods. "The die was cast." We fought hand to hand in that fearful and unequal struggle, and just before the white flag was hoisted we saw our beloved Colonel shot, mortally wounded, and there were few of us left to surrender. I was shot near the last moment of the fight, and was terribly wounded, being shot through my left side. I fell twenty or thirty yards from the creek, and from the nature of the wound believed that it was mortal, but I had no thought of the past or future; my only thought was water, water, and that if I could just get water enough to quench my thirst I would be willing to die. After a terrible effort I managed to crawl to the brink of this little stream, and drank and drank. It seemed to me that water had never tasted half so sweet before, although it was colored with human blood. I must have fainted, for I knew nothing until I was aroused by a Federal soldier who was kneeling by me and bathing my face. I suppose his heart was touched by my extreme youth, for I had just a few days before reached my sixteenth year. He made me a cup of coffee—the only genuine coffee that I had tasted since I left home to enter school—put his blanket over me, and remained with me all night. I shall never forget that night. The moon was at its full, but it will always seem to me as one of horror. The name of the soldier who cared for me was George Hyatt, from Indiana. In the morning he put me in an ambulance, and I was taken to Point Lookout. I have never seen nor heard from him since.

While lying on a cot in the hospital at Point Lookout President Lincoln passed through the ward that I was in. This must have been about the 10th of April. He was shaking hands with the wounded soldiers. I had believed him to be almost a fiend. He stopped and shook hands with me. Some one remarked: "Mr. Lincoln, do you know that is a Rebel?" He turned and said: "Let me shake hands with him again." I looked into his sad, good face, and when, a few days after, I heard of his assassination not a soldier in the Federal army regretted it more than I. I was soon conveyed to Washington, where I was placed in Lincoln Hospital, where I remained three months, after which time I was able to go home.

At the hospital in Washington the ward that I was in was in charge of a Sister of Charity—Sister Genevieve Evers. She was particularly kind to me, one reason being that another wounded soldier in the same ward and on a cot near me was from an adjoining neighborhood in Virginia to the one I lived in, and his sister, to whom the Sister of Charity became attached, visited him there, and paid some attention, of course, to me. And an additional reason of her kindness to me was, no doubt, because of my youth. She would bring me flowers, took care to see that I was well provided for, and when I was able to read provided me with reading matter, but never brought me anything pertaining to her Church.

After a few years I went to Evansville, and in 1873 married and took my wife on a bridal trip to Washington. We looked up Sister Genevieve and called to see her. A few years afterwards she came to Evansville, where she had charge of St. Mary's Hospital. She and my family became fast friends, and my children grew fond of her. From Evansville she went to Baltimore, where she died. At Baltimore a niece of

mine called to see her. She told my niece of her first knowledge of me, in 1865, in Lincoln Hospital in Washington, and then about her knowledge of me and my family in Evansville, and gave her a little article worn around the neck by Catholics and much prized by them, saying that it had been blessed by the Bishop of the Diocese of Baltimore, and directed that it be given to me. I have it yet and value it highly.



R. S. ROCK AND GRANDCHILD, MARIAN NISBET.

### STRANGE ORDER OF HOOD AT ALLATOONA.

Apropos to the interest manifested in Gen. S. G. French through his book "Two Wars" (issued by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville), the following from his staff officer, Maj. D. W. Sanders, now of Louisville, concerning movements about Allatoona under orders of Gen. Hood will be read with interest.

In a general way I make this observation, having given this matter at various times a great deal of consideration: that at the time Gen. Hood determined to march French's Division to make the assault at Allatoona, or rather to destroy the bridge across the Etowah River, Stewart's Corps was stretched on the railroad, destroying the rails and cross-ties, and filling up the cuts with timber. The afternoon of the 3d, all of that night and the forenoon of the 4th of October, 1864, French's Division was on that part of the line of road between Big Shanty and Kennesaw Mountain. Walthall's Division was immediately north of French, and Loring's Division north of Walthall's, up at the town of Acworth. It may be borne in mind that French's Division was the weakest in point of numbers in the corps and the farthest removed from Allatoona. Loring's Division was more than double in strength that of French, and several miles nearer Allatoona and the Etowah River than French's Division.

Now, why was it that Gen. Hood directed French's Division, the farthest from the objective point, to march by the divisions of Walthall and Loring to Allatoona, when Loring's Division, double in strength,

and fully six miles nearer, could have been marched to Allatoona, surrounded the fort by dark or a little thereafter, and completely isolated the garrison at Allatoona from all possibility of being reënforced, as it was that night by a portion of the division of Gen. Corse? At the same time the divisions of Walthall and Loring were marched from the railroad in a westerly direction and joined Hood's army at New Hope, thus leaving French's Division in mid air, northwest from Acworth, with good roads for Sherman to march his infantry which we knew at that time to be at Marietta and also on the Kennesaw.

The order of Hood directing the movements of the divisions of this corps was of such an astounding character that I hardly know how properly to characterize his action as a general commanding troops in active operation in the field. He knew that Sherman was alert and brave, with veteran troops well armed, thoroughly disciplined, and commanded by accomplished officers, and who could be relied upon to march rapidly and assault with intrepidity any position which the Confederates might occupy. He knew, moreover, that selecting French's command and placing it up at Allatoona, with Sherman's army at Kennesaw to march unobstructed to the relief of the garrison at Allatoona, while French's flanks and rear in the mountains were menaced—which was between the Etowah River and Allatoona, and also the garrisons at Kingston and Rome, without the possibility of being reënforced by the troops under his command which occupied the old lane at New Hope Church—certainly was an unjustifiable order; one more unjustifiable for a general commanding an army cannot be found in the history of the late war than that given by Gen. Hood to French on this occasion.

Without information or without knowledge of the topography of the country, although he had marched over it as a corps commander in the spring, he deliberately marches this division, being the farthest from the objective point, to what proved to be the assault of a fortified post, and at the same time moved the balance of the corps, together with the other corps of his army, to a position in which he was absolutely unable either to reënforce, protect, or relieve this division as the exigencies might arise from the offensive operations of Sherman's troops.

Never was an assault made with more gallantry, determination, and rapidity than that of French's Division up the mountain sides of Allatoona on that October morning in 1864, and it can be said with equal truth that the Federals with equal determination fought and defended their lines until the assaulting troops were mingled indiscriminately with those in the fort. It was the only time within my knowledge and observation that bayonets and clubbed muskets were used.

Camp Henry Gray at Timothea, La., No. 557, U. C. V., has elected G. W. Oakley Commander; Timothy Oakley, reëlected Adjutant; P. D. Buttes, Quartermaster; O. M. Bigbee, Chaplain.

The dedication services of a handsome Confederate monument at Murfreesboro, Tenn., which occurred November 7, will be reported later.





## COL. EDWIN LAFAYETTE HOBSON

died suddenly on the night of November 2 in Richmond, Va. Capt. J. W. Williams, Company D, Alabama Regiment, sends this beautiful tribute:

Col. Hobson was born in Greensboro, Ala., in 1835, and attended school at the Green Springs Academy, taught by the long-known and lamented Prof. Tutwiler, and graduated at the University of Virginia. He was engaged in farming when the war broke out, and was among the first to exchange the fields of peace for the field of war. He was elected third lieutenant in the first company that left Greensboro under Capt. Allen C. Jones, in the Fifth Alabama Regiment. When the regiment was organized at Montgomery Jones was elected lieutenant colonel and Hobson captain. He served as captain for twelve months. When the regiment was reorganized at Yorktown, Va., he was elected major, and before the close of the war he had risen to the rank of colonel, and surrendered at Appomattox. Such was the high estimation in which he was held by his men that in each election there was not the least opposition. He was wounded three times. In his first battle his horse was killed under him. Brave almost to a fault, he was always in front of his regiment, and was never absent from that regiment except during the treatment of his wounds. He is remembered by his comrades as a man who never spoke ill even of his enemy, and for his many manly and gentlemanly qualities was idolized by his company and his regiment. Generous and liberal, never turning his back to the call of need, he often shared his scanty rations with any soldier who was destitute. When he heard of one of the "boys" being sick, at any time of the night he would leave his quarters at once to see and have him attended to. He never drank liquor of any kind during his service in the field. He would never delegate to any officer the performance of his own duties.

Col. Hobson married Miss Fannie Anderson, daughter of Gen. J. R. Anderson, of Richmond, Va., by whom he had ten children, seven boys and three girls, all of whom survive him. He was a member of the Episcopal Church.

## CAPT. E. O. WILLIAMS.

R. M. Henderson, Sulphur Springs, Tex., states:

Capt. E. O. Williams answered the "last roll" call at his home in Sulphur Springs, Tex., November 11, 1901. Dr. Williams was born in Hardeman County, Tenn., December 14, 1835. He moved to Texas, with his parents, in 1836. His father, Hamblin Williams, was one of the pioneers of Texas, and was Clerk of the District Court of Lamar County for about eighteen years.

E. O. Williams served throughout the war as captain of a company—Whitfield's Legion of Texas Cav-

alry, under Gen. Sul Ross. He was a gallant officer, beloved by his men, and was often assigned to dangerous and important duties by Gen. Ross. After the war he returned to Texas, and made a good citizen. His children were grown and married. He was a member of Matt Ashcroft Camp, U. C. V., No. 170. He attended the reunion at Memphis, and the reunion here August 14 and 15 of this year of Ross, Ecton, and Granberry's Brigades.



DAVID S. KENDRICK.

The VETERAN gives place to an excellent portrait of David S. Kendrick, of Washington, D. C., who, though not old enough to be in the great war, was a staunch friend and patron of Confederate enterprises. A native of Paducah, Ky., he resided there, in Clarks-ville, Tenn., and in Nashville, where he engaged in active and successful business until the last decade or so. His father, Rev. John T. Kendrick, was a Presbyterian minister, and "a most eloquent pulpit orator for sixty years." The son David was eminently successful in later years in the life insurance business, and was President of the National Underwriters' Association. He had removed to Washington, D. C., where his wife and six children still reside. The eldest son, John Thilman, was associated with his father in the insurance business, and a brother, Sybert W. Kendrick, is a civil engineer with the Southern Railway.

## WALLACE MAYTUBBER JEFFERSON.

Wallace Maytubber Jefferson died at his home near Antlers, Ind. T., during the latter part of January, 1901. He was a full-blood Choctaw Indian, and he was among the last of those old fellows that portray the real Choctaw in his own native way. The boast of this old veteran's long life was that he had served four useful years in the gray ranks of the Confederate army, and had on more than one occasion made his Northern foe feel the sickening effects of his unerring aim. Wallace enlisted in Sim Folsom's Regiment at the outbreak of the war, and was assigned to Capt. Coleman E. Wilson's Company for duty, and served as a private until the surrender. In the battle

of Prairie Grove he was on the skirmish line when the Northern forces charged the Confederates so effectively at the Elk Horn Tavern. He often said that he enjoyed himself best the day that the Yankees were so brilliantly routed at Poison Springs, Ark. "This," he would add, "was a glorious day for the Southern army." Wallace loved his people and his country, and he served the Confederacy as a true patriot. He leaves a wife and one son to mourn their loss, besides a host of friends who admired him in life and wish him well in the life to come.

## SAMUEL M. DENNISON.

Samuel M. Dennison died at the family home in Columbus, Ind., recently, from the effects of a gunshot wound received in the Confederate army. He was born and reared near Morristown, Tenn. He was a member of Company G, Forty-Third Tennessee Infantry, and immediately after the war went to Indiana, where he afterwards resided. About six years ago Comrade Dennison began a history of the civil war, and it was almost completed when he was seized with a fatal illness. The Forty-Third Tennessee participated in the siege of Vicksburg. It was organized in East Tennessee. The late Judge D. M. Key was colonel; S. A. Key was the adjutant; James W. Gillespie, of Maury County, was the lieutenant colonel; and Lawson Guthrie, of Harrison, was the major. This regiment is the feature of the book; and, now that he is dead, it is not known whether the work will be completed or not. Clay Dennison, a son, writes: "If there are sufficient subscribers, I will have the book published. It is complete."

## DR. JUNIUS N. BRAGG.

Junius N. Bragg was born in Lowndes County, Ala., May, 1838; and died in October, 1900. His parents removed to Arkansas in 1843 and settled near Camden, where he attended school, finishing at the University of Arkansas, in Fayetteville. After returning home he read medicine and graduated in the Medical Department of the University of Louisiana early in 1861. He at once commenced the practice of medicine. Not content, however, to let his country's call go unheeded, he, in May of that year, enlisted in Company G of the Eleventh Arkansas Infantry as a private. After organization of the regiment in Little Rock, he was readily appointed assistant surgeon. Declining to leave his mess in the company and go to headquarters, charges were preferred against him by the surgeon of the regiment. This was at New Madrid, Mo. During the sitting of the court his company marched up with their arms to defend him with their blood if need be, but before the case was decided the enemy had made their appearance, and as it was apparent that an engagement was imminent it was decided to send the sick of the regiment to Memphis in charge of Dr. Bragg. After the evacuation of New Madrid and the fall of Island No. 10 he barely escaped being taken prisoner while on his return from Memphis to join the command again, the enemy's gunboats running the transport on which he was returning down the river. Being without a command, he returned to Camden, and was Examining Officer for

a while, but was soon assigned to field duty with Col. Crawford's Battalion, which was sent to the Arkansas Post. At the fall of that place he swam his horse across the river and made his escape, reporting for duty to the Medical Department at Little Rock, where he was assigned to hospital service for several months. He was afterwards appointed assistant surgeon for Grinstead's Thirty-Third Arkansas Infantry, in which he served till the close of the war.



DR. BRAGG.

Dr. Bragg never failed to go at the call of a sick comrade. He was a man of strong convictions and fearless in defending them. He had a very sympathetic nature, and was large-hearted. None appealed to him for help in vain. He died in October, 1900.

## IKE G. MARTIN.

This splendid Confederate soldier and Christian gentleman died suddenly at his home in Robertson County, Tenn., September 6, 1901, and the body was lowered into a grave the next day by six of his comrades, after appropriate religious services. He served in Company A, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment, and was accounted one of the best fighters in that gallant command. He was true to his profession and his vows as a Christian, and leaned upon the promises of God with the utmost confidence and comfort.

## GEN. RUFUS P. NEELY.

Gen. Rufus P. Neely died at his residence in Bolivar, Tenn., in August, 1901, at the age of ninety-three years. For several years he had been entirely blind, though retaining his mental faculties almost unimpaired.

In 1821, when a mere lad, Gen. Neely came to Hardeman County with his grandfather, Ezekiel Polk, who had purchased extensive tracts of land at and near the site of the present town of Bolivar. He was married in 1829 to Miss Elizabeth Lea, who bore



him ten children. In 1839-40 he represented his county in the Tennessee Legislature, and was a brigadier general of militia. He commanded a company of soldiers in the removal of the Indians to their reservations west of the Mississippi River. He was also a volunteer in the Seminole war and in the war with Mexico. At the beginning of the Confederate war he was elected captain of Company B, Fourth Tennessee Infantry, and was promoted to colonel of this regiment in May, 1861. During the war he was three times captured and twice imprisoned at Alton, Ill., and next at Camp Chase, Ohio. He was the chief promoter of the Mississippi Central Railroad, of which he was made President and afterwards appointed receiver by Gov. Porter, of Tennessee. He was also prominently connected with other railroads south of the Ohio River. He was thoroughly conversant with the early history of West Tennessee. He was the intimate friend of Gen. Jackson, and a near relative of President Polk. He was present at the first sale of town lots in Memphis, and made several large purchases.

There was for Gen. Neely by those who knew him well admiration and affection. He was as loyal to the memories of his people as any man among us. A few years ago, when a picture of the Confederate monument at Bolivar was wanted, application was made to him, old and blind as he was, and he replied that he was proud that the request was made of him instead of some one else.

#### CAPT. ERASTUS S. HANCE.

Capt. Erastus S. Hance, of Smith County, Tenn., was born in Virginia October 13, 1825; and departed this life on July 24, 1901. At the breaking out of our great war he was among the first to rally around the stars and bars. In May, 1861, Capt. H. W. Hart raised a company of one hundred and ten men on Defeated Creek, Tenn., and its tributaries, and Capt. Hance was one of the first to enroll his name. Capt. Hart marched his company to Nashville, Tenn., and on June 27 the company was mustered into the State service by Joseph G. Pickett, of Carthage, Tenn. It was an independent company, H. W. Hart, captain, and Erastus S. Hance, first lieutenant. The company was soon sent to Camp Anderson, near Murfreesboro, where it was disciplined, and was sent thence to Cheat Mountain, in Northwestern Virginia, under Gen. Anderson, of Nashville. We arrived in Virginia one day too late to participate in the first battle of Manassas. We were later sent to the Western army at Bowling Green, Ky., where we remained until February 14, 1862, when we evacuated that place, and fell back south to Murfreesboro, where our company was made Company H, of the Twenty-Fourth Tennessee Infantry. We, who have been selected by the E. L. Bradley Bivouac to write this tribute to our dear captain, followed him through all these dark days, from May, 1861, to May, 1865, and know the facts. Our dear Capt. Hance led us in all these battles, led us to the last roll call, and has led the way from earth to heaven. "When the last roll is called up yonder we shall be there." There are but few of us left, our cap-

tain is gone, and nearly all of our messmates are gone, and ere long we shall be gone. Dear comrades, let us love each other, and let us love our God as we love ourselves, so that when we are called to "cross over the river" we may rest under the shade of the trees, with our God and dear comrades, in peace. Committee: W. L. Kemp, Jr., J. H. Dillahay, and I. J. Beasley.

#### GEN. JAMES A. WALKER.

Gen. James A. Walker died at his home in Wytheville, Va., October 20, 1901. His illness lasted a month, before which time he was in good health and a splendid specimen of physical manhood.

Gen. Walker was born in Augusta County, Va., in September, 1833. He graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, and afterwards studied law at the University of Virginia. He married Miss Sarah A. Poage, of Augusta County, and in 1854 he removed to Newbern, Pulaski County. A notable incident of his early life was that while a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute he challenged Maj. Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, a professor, to fight a duel.

At the beginning of the great war he was captain of a fine volunteer company, the Pulaski Guards (afterwards Company C, Fourth Virginia Infantry), and was successively promoted until he reached the rank of brigadier general, and was assigned to the command of the "Stonewall" Brigade.

At the "Bloody Angle," in May, 1864, Gen. Walker was severely wounded. In July following, his arm yet in a sling, he was put in command of the reserve troops guarding the line of the Richmond and Southside railroads, feeders of Gen. Lee's army. In January, 1865, he was assigned to the command of Early's Division, which he surrendered at Appomattox.

Gen. Walker was with Gen. Jackson in the famous Valley campaign, and participated in all the battles of the army of Northern Virginia. At the close of the war he returned to Pulaski and resumed the practice of the law. He was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates from Pulaski County, serving two terms in that body. In 1877 he was elected Lieutenant Governor, with the late Fred W. M. Holliday as Governor. He afterwards served in Congress.

Gen. Walker was the father of six children. Three of them, Messrs. James A., Frank and Allen P., are dead; and three are living, Mrs. M. M. Caldwell and Mrs. James R. Jordan, of Wytheville, and Mr. A. E. Walker, of Florence, Ala. In 1890 Gen. Walker removed to Wytheville, where he resided thereafter.

The Jane Claudia Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., has recently been organized at Celeste, Hunt County, Tex., of which Mrs. B. A. Stafford is President; Mrs. I. L. Dashner, Misses Estella McCalman, and Della Ewing, Vice Presidents; Miss Emma Puckett, Secretary; Miss Lizzie Carter, Historian; and Miss Pauline Simms, Treasurer. This compliment is appreciated, of course, by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, her husband; and the VETERAN presumes that the splendid record of her life in times of peril had to do with the naming of the Chapter.

#### FRANCIS LOUIS BECKER.

Mrs. Regina Armstrong Niehaus, New York City:

There passed away in his home in New York City on the 27th of last September a veteran of the Confederate army whose career was of varied interest and successful note. In the profession of music, to which most of his life was devoted, he was well known as an inventor of musical appliances, and his musical affiliations in a social and business way were extensive.

Born in 1831, in Hanover, Germany, Francis Louis Becker came to America in 1855 and settled in Texas. He had a fine musical education and ability that had directed his career in its profession, and his first vocation in America was as a professor of music in Baylor College. In 1858 he married Antonia Langhammer, daughter of a prominent Hungarian, who had settled in Texas in 1849.

At the breaking out of the war the young couple were living at Richmond, Tex., and though Mr. Becker was a foreigner he entered the service of the Confederate army, and served with loyalty throughout its existence. Owing to his musical ability, he was made chief bugler in Bate's Artillery Regiment, which was made up from the best families of Texas. They were stationed two years at Velasco, and during the bombardment at that point Mr. Becker narrowly escaped death from the explosion of a shell. From Velasco the regiment was ordered to Shreveport La., reaching there, however, after the Northern troops had been put to flight. Later, the Confederates were forced to abandon the position, and suffered untold hardships. Over half the regiment perished from starvation. They slept in the swamps, where they had alligators as bedfellows, and endured all the dangers and privations that came to the lot of that most tried body of men, the Confederate soldiers. Mr. Becker had infinite resources within himself, moreover, and even in this bare period he was not without compensations of his own making. He fashioned himself a hammock, and suspended it between the trees, where he slept with some security.

When the army was not on the march he turned

his hand to tuning pianos, and so made a little extra money. At one time, when his services were so engaged there happened at the house as a guest Gen. Poliniack, a French nobleman who was assisting the South as a volunteer. The General, who was fond of music, was in the parlor with a number of people, and Mr. Becker, seated at the piano, was running his fingers over the keys in improvisation, when he merged his extempore creation into a waltz time, which so caught the ear of the French nobleman that he approached him and asked the name of the composition. Mr. Becker was quite equal to the occasion, and happily responded that with his permission it should be the "Gen. Poliniack Waltz." He thereupon wrote him the score, which was later published in France, and was afterwards pirated in this country under another title.

After the war Mr. Becker returned home broken in health and reduced in fortune. He began anew in life, settling in Galveston in the music business, where he later founded a German Singing Society, which, under his leadership, won many prizes in competition with the best singing societies of the South. This organization still exists, and is known as the Galveston Quartet Society.

In 1879 Mr. Becker removed to New York to further the interests of some inventions he had made, and there resided to the time of his death. His inventions, some of which were not patented and so appropriated unlawfully, were a turntable, a revolving fly chaser, a music leaf turner, finger-exercising machine, grand piano action, violin shoulder and chin rest, violin pegs, door spring and check, and a card shuffler. His last invention was "The Twentieth Century Upright Piano Action." He was for many years, before his independent business as the manufacturer of his own inventions, connected with the house of Steinway & Sons.

Last year, after forty-six years' absence, he visited his old home in Germany. He was versatile and companionable, full of bright wit, and with an ever-ready fund of humorous anecdotes drawn from his own experiences that attracted many friends to him, and made him an interesting conversationalist. After becoming independent he composed music, and wrote poems and entertaining contributions merely as a relaxation, and his well-rounded life leaves many affectionate and bright memories because of the honorable and warmly human place it held in the universal regard. His children who survive him, with his widow, well represent his musical gifts and talents. Among them are the well-known violinist, Dora Valesca Becker, now the wife of Charles Grant Schaffer, and Gustave and Adele Becker, prominently known as musical instructors.

#### WILLIAM R. GEE

was born in Sumter County, Ala., on the 10th of January, 1840. His father, John H. Gee, was from Lunenburg County, Va., and his mother, Julia A. Tanner, from Marshall County, Tenn. He enlisted in Company A, Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, at Gainesville, in March, 1862. The regiment was stationed at Mobile for some time, and was then sent to Tennessee, where it participated in several battles, among them Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, at



F. L. BECKER.



which latter place he and several of his company were captured and sent to Rock Island prison, where they were confined until the close of the war. He arrived at home in June, 1865. He died in Vicksburg, Miss., March 26, 1901, a true and devoted Confederate.

J. H. MULHERRON.

Mrs. A. V. Murrell writes from Mercer, Tenn.:

Marshaled on the plains of paradise for the grand review, our friend and comrade, Mr. Joe H. Mulhaddon, has answered the "last roll" call. No death has occurred in our community which caused more profound grief and regret. Dying of smallpox, he was deprived of the loving ministrations of his family. Comrade Mulhaddon was an honorable member of Capt. John Ingram's Company K, of the Sixth Tennessee Regiment, Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. He was severely wounded in front of Atlanta, but as soon as able returned to his command. He was a brave soldier, and served his country with fidelity, and was always true to the cause for which he fought. The loved Confederate flag was engraved upon his casket plate.

V. C. CONEY.

Van Crawford Coney was born in Pike County, Miss., in November, 1843. He joined the Quitman Guards, the first military company that left his county. Through the first year of the war he served as a noncommissioned officer of Company E, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, and for the remainder of the war as first lieutenant of that company. He was happily married to Miss P. R. Dickey, of Pike County, in 1867. He lived a consistent member of the Baptist Church, and at his death was one of its deacons. His record as soldier, citizen, and in all the relations of life was an honorable one.

CAPT. JOHN W. REGISTER.

W. S. Peck writes from Natchez, Miss.:

Capt. John W. Register, a worthy and honored citizen of Tensas Parish, La., and a gallant soldier in the Confederate army, died in New Orleans October 17, 1901, leaving a widow and children. He was buried at Natchez, Miss., October 19. His comrades throughout the South will learn this news with sorrow. He resided at Clayton, La.

The month of August, 1861, will be remembered as long as there is one of his brave companions this side "the river," for it was in that month when the steamer Mary E. Keene left St. Joseph, La., for Memphis, Tenn., with the Tensas Cavalry on board, nearly one hundred strong, of the best blood of our Southland. In September this company became Company A, of Wirt Adams's Regiment of Confederate Cavalry. The command was sent at once to Bowling Green, Ky., to the army of that immortal leader, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. This gallant regiment did active and noble service from Bowling Green by way of Nashville, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, and other points to the field of Shiloh. At Shiloh and Corinth its bravery was fiercely tested. It operated in North Mississippi till the autumn of 1862, when the company was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department

(by orders from the Secretary of War). Then it became Company A, Third Louisiana Cavalry. Col. Harrison was in command of the brigade to which the regiment was attached, and while he was in command Capt. Register acted as adjutant of the regiment. His bravery and official conduct made him a favorite with the command. Sixteen only of his comrades of the original Tensas Cavalry remain to mourn his death, and these are scattered from New York to Texas.

MRS. THOMAS M. GUNTER.

Mrs. Clementine Bowles writes of her as follows:

Entered into rest eternal, November 11, 1901, Mrs. Thomas M. Gunter, the honored and beloved President of Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Fayetteville, Ark.

Mrs. Gunter deserves more than a passing notice. Besides being a devoted wife and mother, a hospitable hostess and firm friend, she was first and foremost in works of love and Christian charity. The Confederate cause never had a more ardent defender. Few women were more severely tried during the war between the States in the furnace of affliction than was this brave and faithful one. Consumed was the dross, refined was the gold.

When the soldiers returned and became able to care for themselves and their loved ones, she began to cast about for ways and means to provide a suitable resting place for the remains of the brave boys in gray that were lying in unmarked graves.

To her and the untiring and arduous efforts of other Southern women is due the credit of purchasing a Confederate cemetery and the removing thither of seven hundred Southern soldiers, and inclosing the same with a substantial stone wall, and funds for a Confederate monument commenced. Although she had been an invalid for a year, she never gave up interest in the things she loved. She kept up correspondence with her absent children, and was making



MRS. GUNTER.

preparation for our annual Confederate bazaar. She died with the full armor on.

I quote from a daily paper: "One of the largest congregations that ever assembled in the city met in St. Paul's Church yesterday afternoon in respect to the memory of Mrs. T. M. Gunter. The Washington County bar attended in a body, and the mourners were followed by the Mildred Lee Chapter of the U. D. C., bearing a Confederate banner draped in crape. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. The service was most impressive. Her life's story may be summed up in the simple phrase: "She went about doing good."

## EARLY COLUMNS BROKEN—HUSTON-MOXHAM.

One of the modest sketches that appeared in the VETERAN for July, 1900, was the story of a wedding—Miss Ellen Douglas Huston became the wife of Thomas Coleman Moxham. (Reference to that number, page 332, will be of interest.) They were of Kentucky families, but the groom had located in an important and lucrative business enterprise at Sidney, Nova Scotia, and two young lives were blended in promising prospect for long, useful, and happy years. Under the heading, "An Early Broken Column," the Halifax Morning Chronicle stated:

"The accident by which Thomas C. Moxham, son of the Vice President and General Manager of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company, lost his life at Sidney on Wednesday, June 5, was a peculiarly distressing one. At an age when most young men of his position are thinking more of play than of work Mr. Moxham had shouldered the serious burdens of life and settled down to help his father in the great industrial undertaking of which he has the management. Great things were to have been expected from such a young man. . . ."

In a letter that accompanied the above notice the mother, Mrs. P. P. Huston, of Anchorage, Ky., wrote, after having hesitated to supply information lest it should be "an imposition" to occupy space in its columns: "But there is no other publication where I would as soon see her name and face as in the dear old CONFEDERATE VETERAN." Then, writing of her daughter, the mother, who knew her best, states: "She was truly one



ELLEN HUSTON-MOXHAM.

of the finest characters I ever knew. So conscientious and unassuming in her sense of duty, always wanting to excel in any and everything she undertook to do. Had never had a sweetheart in her life except the man she married, and the shocking tragedy of his death was more than her sincere and intense nature could stand, and the doctors say she died of a broken heart, just two months after he was killed and thirteen months after their wedding day. She was the idol of our family and also of her husband's entire family. I never knew a young married couple that had more flattering prospects than they, but our Heavenly Father is wise and sees farther than we, and we know that he doeth all things well."

## THE B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CO.

Splendid Advertising Order from a Successful Firm.

S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: Kindly reserve for us in the November issue of the VETERAN four pages. In this connection we are pleased to say that our returns from "ads." in the VETERAN have been very satisfactory, and we feel that by increasing our space, for this issue, and giving our friends from the "Sunny South" (*God's Own Country*) some idea of our immense stock of goods for the holidays, we shall be fully repaid by liberal orders. We like the VETERAN, have high regard for its editor, and are pleased to patronize it for sentimental as well as business reasons. THE B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CO.,

Per James B. Carr, Treasurer and Manager.

The foregoing is the best business contract ever made for a single issue of the VETERAN, and the absolute reliability of this house, which is asserted editorially, makes it all the more agreeable to have so fine an order.

Away back in 1800 B. H. Stief started as an apprentice in the Nashville jewelry trade with J. A. Goltz in a small repair shop on Union Street. For some reason Mr. Goltz left Nashville ere long, and young Stief's mother had saved of his earnings some \$500, with which he became proprietor of the shop. He was industrious, polite, and obliging, so that he achieved great success, having one of the largest jewelry establishments in the South. On May 2, 1890, Mr. Stief died very suddenly, while calling for some business purpose, in a drug store.

The well-established business was continued by a company under the management of those who had long been associated with him. Mr. James B. Carr, the Secretary and Treasurer, is a native of Rutherford County, Tenn., and is in every sense to the manner born. During 1874 Mr. Carr started in the jewelry business with Atkinson & Alsteck, and stayed with this firm through his apprenticeship, which took him to Dallas, Tex., for a time, but he returned to Nashville and finished with Mr. Stief, with whom he was afterwards continuously associated. The firm is noted for continuous service of men connected with it. Comrade Charles Bostleman, in the watch-making department, has been with the house since 1866; Mr. W. H. Pohlman (of the old firm of Gates & Pohlman), since 1886; while Mr. H. M. Brennecke, who has long had important official prominence in the associations of merchants and business men, begun with Mr. Stief in 1882.

The extensive advertisements of the firm in this VETERAN are prepared with great care, and purchasers of goods in their line may select from the lists and order as implicitly as if in the store to examine for themselves. The business integrity of this firm makes it a credit to Nashville and the jewelry trade in general.

## A VALUABLE BOOK ON COTTON MOVEMENT.

Latham, Alexander & Co., bankers of New York City, have sent out the twenty-eighth edition of their annual book of "Cotton Movement and Fluctuations," which has become a standard cotton book of reference. Special attention is called to the review of the cotton trade of the world, written expressly for this edition by the distinguished statistician, Mr. Thomas Ellison, of Liverpool; also a sketch of the new building of the New York Stock Exchange. Besides the usual table of receipts, stocks, exports, consumption, acreage, total visible supply and fluctuations, there is much interesting original matter that cannot be found elsewhere in such a concise form. The book also contains an annual review of the cotton trade for the past season. It is issued for gratuitous distribution among the friends and customers of this firm.



## DARDEN'S BATTERY.

An account in the VETERAN for January of the battle of Franklin induced the following letter from James A. Turpin, of L'Argent, La.:

I belonged to Darden's Battery, referred to as having fought on Overton Hill to the left of the Nashville and Franklin pike, and supported by a brigade of Clayton's Division. My brother, White Turpin, was badly burned by the explosion of one of the two caissons referred to, and was removed to the house of Mrs. John H. Ewing, seven miles south of Nashville on the Franklin pike, and two weeks later taken to the hospital at Nashville by the Federals for safe-keeping. There his wound was not properly treated, and he died on the 17th of January, 1865, and was buried near the center of the old cemetery in Nashville. A monument marks his grave.

My battalion of artillery was composed of Darden's Battery, of Fayette, Miss.; Cowan's, of Vicksburg, and Bouanchaud's, of Point Coupee Parish, La. At the battle of Nashville it was commanded by Col. Samuel C. Williams, of Knoxville, Tenn. He was shot through the body here, but rode horseback during Hood's retreat from Nashville to Mississippi. Having lost our guns at Nashville, our company was stationed at Selma, Ala., and put in charge of six pieces of artillery there. We were in the battle of Selma, and I and twenty-two of my company were captured on Sunday afternoon about four o'clock, April 2, 1865, by Gen. John T. Wilder's Brigade. We were manning two pieces of artillery on the "Plantersville" road. We were then marched down the line to be fired upon by our own company, and but for an officer of Wilder's command, who, I think, belonged to the Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, who ordered our captors to take us back to the rear, we would all have been killed by our men. I have always been grateful to that officer, but never knew him.

In this battle Gen. Long, of Ohio, was wounded by Boanchaud's Battery, I think, being struck in the head by a piece of shell. After our capture we were put in a stockade at Selma, and kept there for eight days, then taken out and marched toward Montgomery, Ala., *en route* to a Northern prison. The second night out I made my escape, and rejoined my command at Meridian, Miss., it having joined Gen. Dick Taylor's forces there after their evacuation of Mobile.

I joined Darden's Battery, better known as the Jefferson Artillery, at Tullahoma, Tenn., in January, 1863, having two brothers already in that command. I am a cousin of Gen. James Archer (a Marylander) who commanded a Tennessee brigade, succeeding Gen. Robert Hatton. My battery was attached to a Tennessee brigade commanded by Gen. Bushrod Johnson. After the battle of Chickamauga we were ordered to Knoxville, Tenn., to join Gen. Longstreet

to aid in the capture of Gen. Burnside, and while waiting for a train at Chickamauga Station the battle of Missionary Ridge commenced, and the order was countermanded. Our brigade had taken a train before us, so we were detached from it in this way. The brigade went to Virginia to reinforce Gen. Lee, and our battery was ordered to Selma, Ala., joining Gen. Forrest's command there.

## A FEDERAL TRIBUTE TO GEN. FORREST.

Col. S. W. Fordyce who "was in the Federal army during the great war, and in the Confederate since," learned through Col. Josiah Patterson, of Memphis, of the Forrest Monument movement, and wrote him:

*Dear Sir:* In this please find inclosed my check on the Bank of Commerce, this city, for \$250, in aid of the Forrest Monumental Association. I thank you very much for giving me an opportunity to join my old ex-Confederate friends in aid of a monument commemorative of one of the greatest soldiers of ancient or modern times. Wyeth in his excellent history has well told what this brave man did and how he did it. You and I and all ex-soldiers of both armies living to-day know well the truth of every word spoken of him by Wyeth. Much more could be said in praise of this wonderful soldier. In war as terrible and masterful as a lion; in peace gentle, mindful, and considerate of the feelings and prerogatives of others. It was my good fortune and pleasure to have known him well from 1865 to the time of his death, October, '77. I esteemed him as much for his worth as a citizen in peace as I feared him as a soldier in war.

As the passions and prejudices growing out of the war subside, the more will this man's military career be appreciated by his countrymen, North as well as South. Never did a general recognize the inevitable and lay down his sword with a sadder heart; and never did a fallen hero rise to the sublimity of a loyal and patriotic citizen more earnestly and honestly.

Had he been living at the outbreak of the Spanish war, he would have been among the first to have offered his services, and if need be die on the altar of his country, in defense of its institutions and its flag. When living he talked frequently with me of his desire to live long enough to see his country reunited in bonds of brotherly and soldierly love, to the end that each by the other would be forgiven (but not forgotten) for all that happened in that terrible conflict. The present historian has recorded and the future will record the fact that Gen. Forrest accomplished more with less resources at his command than any other soldier or officer on either side in our civil war.

I have long since been on record as favoring the erection of monuments all over the South in memory of her dead heroes, and I want to say of him, as I said of them, that while the monument itself can but feebly emphasize the veneration felt by the living for the dead, yet the memory of his brave deeds and wonderful achievements will be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen, and will live in other lands and speak in other tongues and to other times than ours.

Col. Fordyce was in that department of service which enabled him to know of Forrest's ability and heroism, and they were intimate friends afterwards.



## JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman Central Committee U. D. C., sends a ringing appeal from Richmond  
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH:

The Confederate Veterans have turned over to the Daughters of the Confederacy the erection of the Jefferson Davis monument. The Daughters of the Confederacy have asked the Memorial Associations of the South to assist them; for to these Associations, now banded together under the name of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, even the Veterans owe the example of organized Confederate workers. Nobly have they come to our help, and under the able leadership of their President, Mrs. W. I. Behan, of New Orleans, we are working shoulder to shoulder, determined that this tribute to Jefferson Davis and the cause he represented shall be completed in 1903. Since the Treasurer's report in Wilmington of \$36,000, nearly \$2,000 more has been added. We appeal now to you to come forward and contribute at once, that this monument may do you credit. Are there not forty thousand people in our broad Southland that could and would give one dollar, but do not let those that cannot give a dollar refrain from giving less. We want this monument a tribute of love. Remember it represents your father, your mother, your brother, your husband, for did they not give themselves for the cause represented by Mr. Davis? Do not let us ask in vain. Send in at once your contribution to the Treasurer, Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, Richmond, Va.

A lady residing in Nashville, Tenn., desires the address of any one who was connected with the Confederate hospital at Staunton, Va., during the months of July and August, 1864. Please address the VETERAN.

## NEW ORLEANS AND ITS ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

With its history quaint and romantic, its unlikeness to any other American city—a world nationality in all colors—its mild and equable climate, New Orleans has much to attract visitors from every part of our country, and in her battle grounds and parks, magnificent churches, cemeteries and monuments, its celebrated French market, its many strange and curious sights, and in the sports which are of national interest, every taste can be gratified.

Visitors to New Orleans will find the St. Charles Hotel the place to stop. It is new and one of the largest and best hotels in the country, accommodating seven hundred guests. It has one hundred and fifty private bathrooms and four hundred and fifty parlors and bedrooms; it is steam-heated and lighted by electricity; and its colonnade and roof garden afford a delightful open-air promenade in sunshine and shade. The hobby electricity; and its colonnade and roof garden afford a first-class dining room and restaurant service and cuisine. Every comfort of its guests is considered. Rates and diagrams of rooms will be sent on application.

## GAME OF CONFEDERATE HEROES.

In making your list of holiday presents, don't forget to include this interesting game—something that will instruct as well as amuse. It is designed to give in outline facts concerning some of the most prominent men and events in the history of the Confederacy. The proceeds from the sale of the game are devoted to the Sam Davis Monument Fund. Price, 50 cents; with the VETERAN one year, \$1.25.

## TWO WARS, BY GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

This book has not been excelled by any writer on a similar subject—Mexican and Confederate wars. It is one of the most instructive yet fascinating books ever written.

A surprise may be expected in the next VETERAN by the able and enthusiastic reviews of this book from the North, East, and West, as well as the South.

*Col. Alfred Moore Waddell, Wilmington, N. C., writes of it:*

It is one of the most interesting of recent autobiographies, especially to that class of readers who have passed middle life, and more especially to those who were Confederate soldiers. There is an unusual charm in the first half of the volume, because it reproduces an era in the social and political life of the people of the United States which existed before the new forces which have since shaped their destiny were developed.

Gen. French graduated at West Point and saw his first active service in the war with Mexico, in which he distinguished himself and for which he received a sword from his native State, New Jersey.

His diary, which he wisely kept throughout his whole military life, exhibits him as a lover of nature, and among his accomplishments was included skill as a painter. He came out of the Mexican war with several brevets, and after service of various kinds for several years he married and resigned from the army, becoming a planter in Mississippi.

When the war for Southern independence began he entered the Confederate service, and became a major general, serving both in the Army of Northern Virginia and in the Western Army. His experiences were as varied and are as well recorded as those of any of his contemporaries, while they are much more interesting than most of them. The general character of his narrative is simple, honest, and unpretending, but there are many stirring passages in the book. It impresses the reader with the idea that here is an aged soldier and citizen who is telling to his children the true story of a life passed chiefly in the service of his country and embracing a half century of the most thrilling events in its history.

In the course of this recital he deemed it due to his own reputation to correct alleged misrepresentations in regard to several important military movements and battles in which he was a participant, but he does this without harshness of criticism and in a manly spirit. Indeed, the whole tone of the book stamps the writer as a brave and honorable gentleman and officer of the old school, who keenly feels the changes which have taken place in the country, but tries to be just and patriotic still.

He severely arraigns the United States authorities for their conduct of the war, and for the still more infamous treatment of the Southern people after the war, and gives some valuable and interesting statistics in connection therewith.

I cordially commend Gen. French's book as one of the most interesting of recent publications, and hope it will prove as remunerative to him as it is interesting to his readers.

*Valuable French Medals Should Be Returned.*—Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Custodian of the Cross of Honor, asks that the Daughters of the Confederacy assist her in the recovery of two French medals which were lost at the Montgomery meeting in the hall of assembly. Mrs. Gabbett had three of these rare medals, and handed two to ladies in the hall, who were anxious to see them, and in the stress of business she overlooked calling for them. She will very much appreciate assistance in the search. Mrs. Gabbett's address is 62 Crew Street, Atlanta, Ga.



## 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 recipe, 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, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## A MOTHER'S SORROW.

The following beautiful lines were found on the body of a young soldier belonging to one of the Alabama regiments in Gen. Lee's army:

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blooming.

And the summer sends kisses to beautiful May;

O to see the rich treasures the spring is bestowing.

And think my boy Willie enlisted to-day!



Mail orders sent to this store are filled by one of our corps of professional shoppers, who goes from counter to counter and fills the order as conscientiously and carefully as you would likely do yourself. This service is far superior to that of ordering from a catalogue.

The Manix Store will allow you to buy from any of its special sale advertisements, providing you order the day following the date the advertisement appeared in the Nashville papers.

## SHOPPING

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**Biggest and Best Store**  
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Mention **VETERAN** when you write.



## ARTIFICIAL LIMBS,

With all the latest known improvements, at greatly reduced prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. B. MATTHEWS, Cor. 4th Ave. & Market St., Louisville, Ky

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming.

I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine.

While Robby, the four-year-old, watched for the coming

Of father adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed

To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;

And Robby grew weary of watching, and started

Alone on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year, and this afternoon, sitting

At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,

And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting

To recollect Willie was *twenty to-day*;

And that, standing beside him this soft Mayday morning.

The sun making gold of each lock that I stroke,

I saw in his sweet eye and lips a faint warning.

And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke.

"Dear mother, you know how these Northmen are crowing;

They will trample the rights of the South in the dust.

The boys are all fire, and they wish I were going"—

He stopped, but his eyes said: "O, say if I must."

I smiled on my boy, though my heart it seemed breaking;

My eyes filled with tears as I turned them away;

I answered him: "Willie, 'tis well you are waking;

Go do as your father would bid you to-day."

I sit on the window and see the flags flying.

And dreamily list to the roll of the drum.

And smother the pain in my heart that is lying.

And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

And if he should fall, his young life has been given

For freedom's sweet sake; and for me, I will pray

Once more, with my Harry and Robby in heaven.

To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

**OVERWORKED NERVES AND TORPID LIVER** produce that condition of brain and body that is bound to result in further complications. In most such cases, you find the blood in bad condition. To correct these evils, you must get at the seat of all the trouble.

**DR. WILSON'S BLUE PILLS FOR BLUE PEOPLE** act directly on the liver, cleansing and purifying the blood and are food for the nerves. Testimonials on file at our office from sufferers who are glad to express their pleasure for being brought back to health and strength again.

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BY USING OUR NEW STANDARD



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Whenever you visit Florida or Cuba, by whatever route you travel, see that tickets read by PLANT SYSTEM.

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### HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women; regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

Ripley, Tenn., June 1, 1901.

Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir: Having tried various remedies without satisfactory results, I was persuaded to give your "Texas Wonder" a trial. I have used one bottle, and, although my case is one of long standing that baffled the skill of the best physicians, yet it yielded at once to "The Texas Wonder," which I heartily recommend to all suffering from kidney and bladder troubles.

Yours truly, **W. H. BRUTON,**  
Pastor Baptist Church, Ripley, Tenn.

Mr. George E. Albee, of New Haven, Conn., writes that among his relics of the civil war he has a sword that was presented to "Capt. Samuel Martin, of the Butler County Rangers," and which he would be glad to return to its owner, if alive, or to his family upon the establishment of their right to it.

A subscriber in Omaha, Neb., asks that members of the Sixth and Eighth Louisiana Regiments be notified that the "Maid of Winchester" is in need. Her home is in Knoxville, Tenn. They will remember what she did for them and all other soldiers that she could minister to.

G. W. Leonard enlisted in Capt. David Alexander's Company of Cavalry, Marshall Rangers, about May, 1861, and went to Virginia. He served until the end of the war, was in many hard-fought battles, was never known to shirk any duty, and was never wounded. He died in October, 1901, loyal to the last.

S. C. Lamb, of Mathewson, Okla., wants to know the address of Mrs. Lizzie Lamb (maiden name Lizzie Hayes), who lived in Selma, Ala., in 1863-65. She came to Selma from Bibb County, Ala. If living, she will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Lamb.

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**J. J. TOMS,** Passenger Agent, Knoxville, Tenn.

**W. B. REVILL,** General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.



## PICTURES ENGRAVED.

Notice is repeated that from time to time ambrotypes and photographs are received at the VETERAN office and the names are omitted or misplaced. It is impossible to return these or use them properly without notice from senders. Below is a specimen. The name and



history of this comrade are unknown, and the print is made in the hope of learning who it is.

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This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases, which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card. In answer to this, address

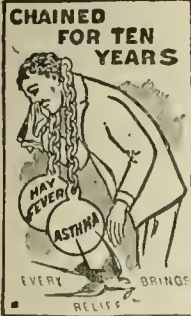
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The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail **POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE**, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the gladder we are to send it. Do not delay, write at once, addressing **DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.**, 79 East 130th St., New York City. Sold by all Druggists.

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Take three fallen hairs from the morning combings and mail them to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated scalp and skin specialist of years standing and national reputation, who will send you absolutely **FREE** a Diagnosis of your special case after making a minute examination of your hairs under his specially constructed and powerful microscope. There is no charge whatsoever, and in addition he will send a special prescription for your case put up in a little box, also absolutely **FREE**. When you are cured of **DANDRUFF**, which is the forerunner of baldness, and grow **NEW HAIR** Prof. Austin asks that you tell your friends about it. **SEND NO MONEY**. If you are already partly or totally bald write and find the cure. **SEND 2c FOR POSTAGE. WRITE TO-DAY TO**

**PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 164 McVicker's Theater Building, Chicago, Ill.**

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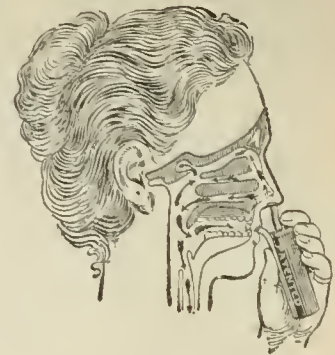
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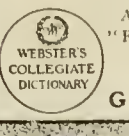


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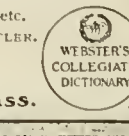
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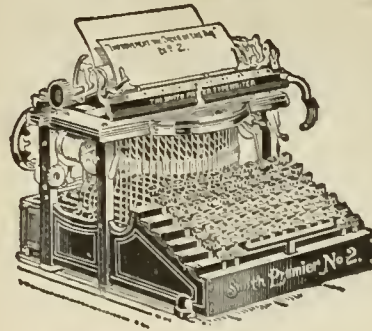
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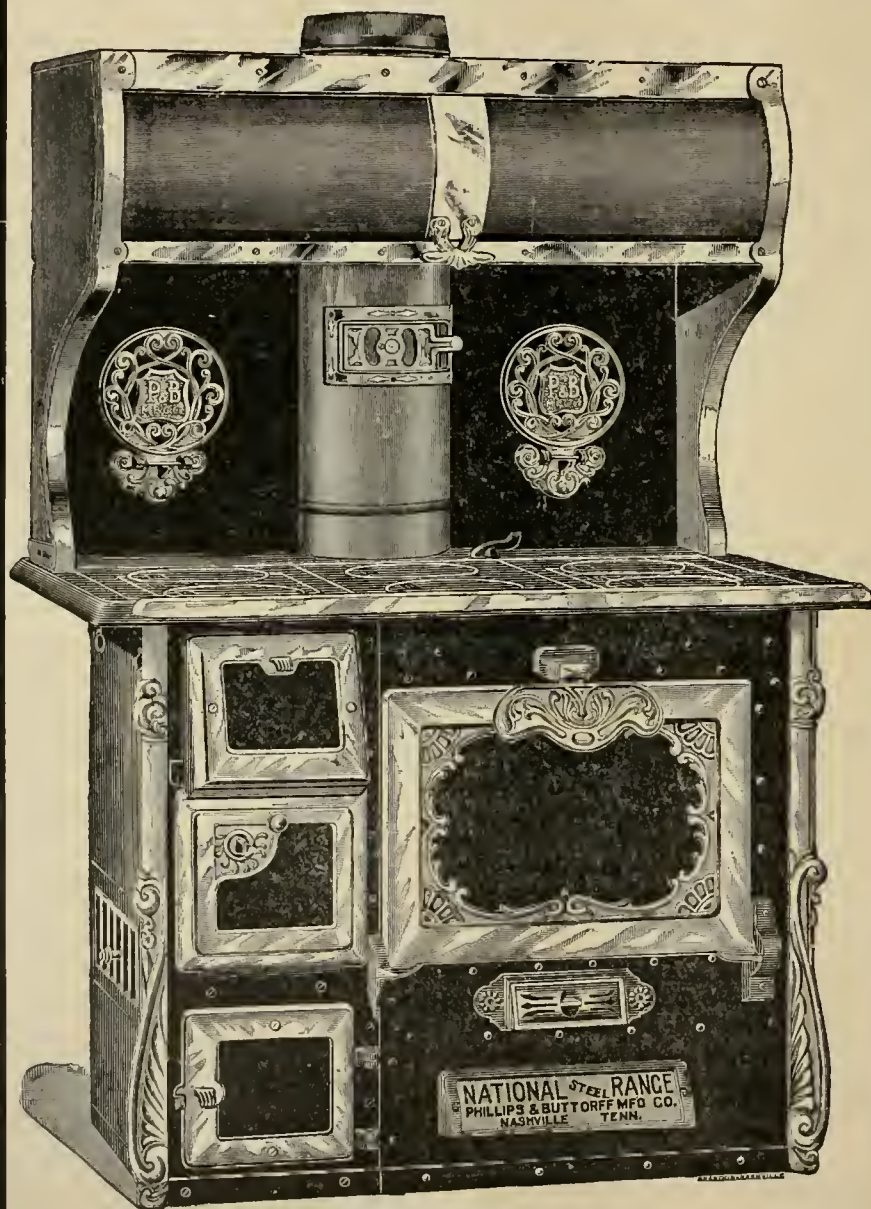
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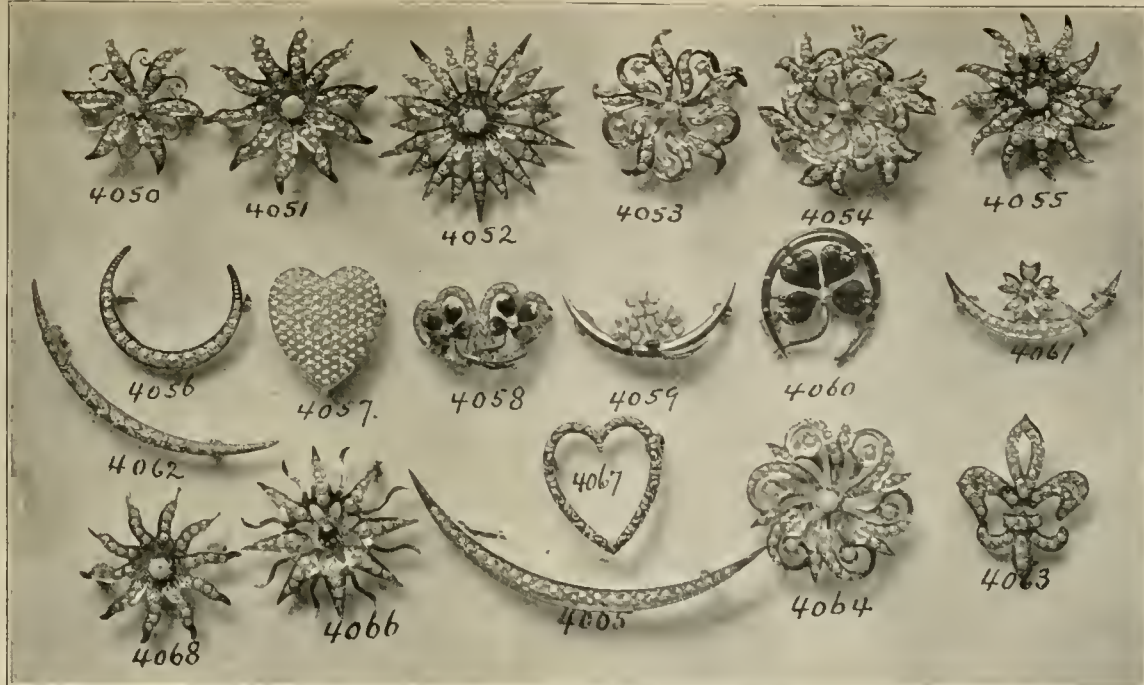
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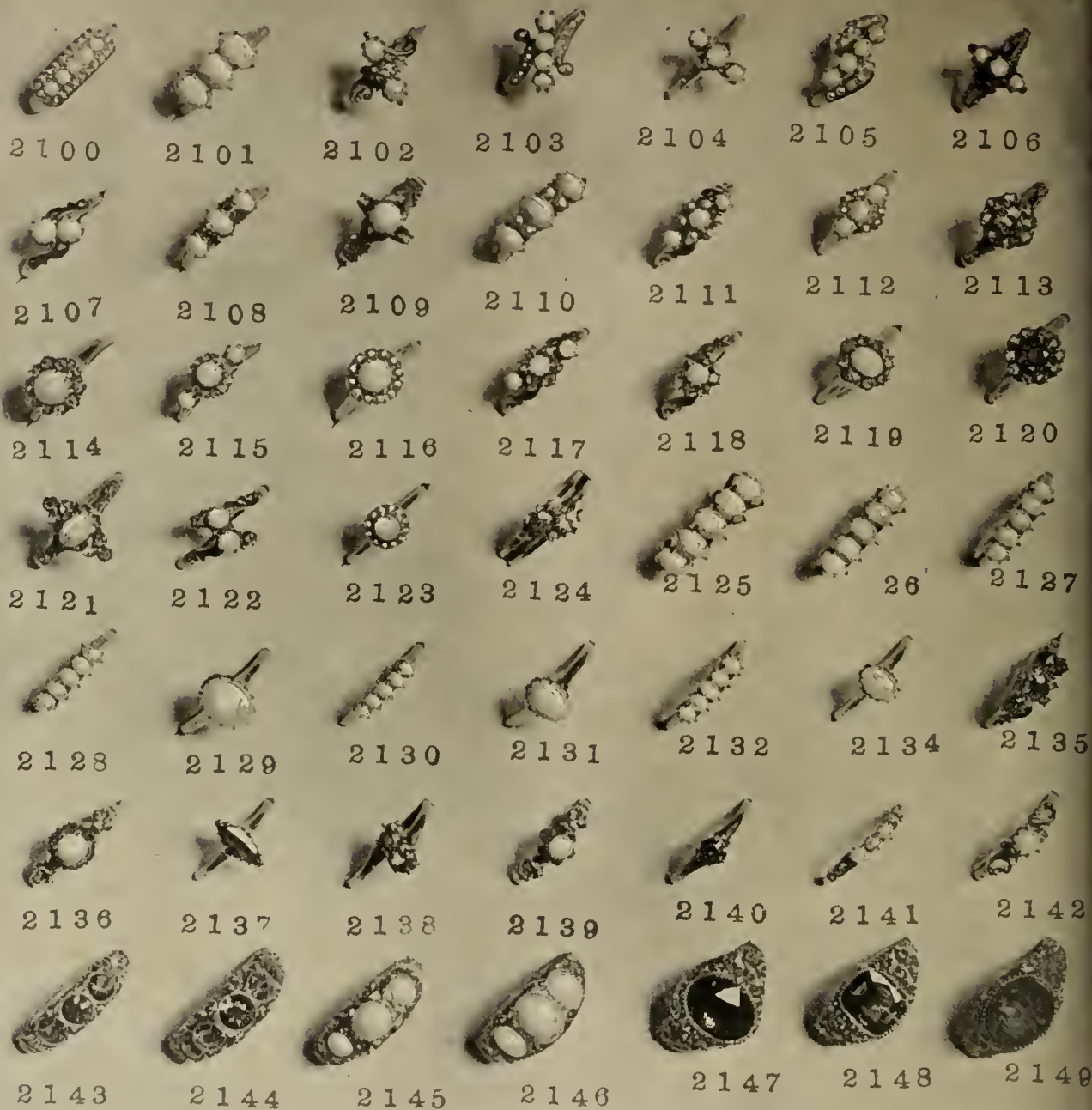
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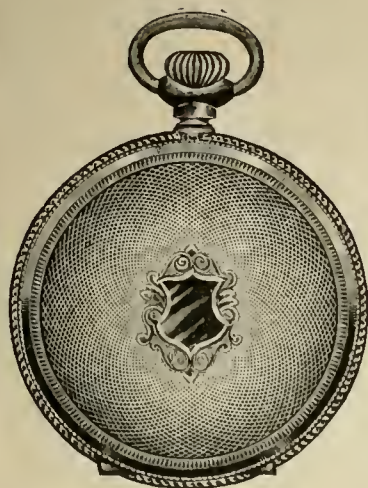
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# *Confederate Veteran*

Christmas and New Year's Greeting

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1901 ♪ ♪ ♪ VOL. 9, NO. 12



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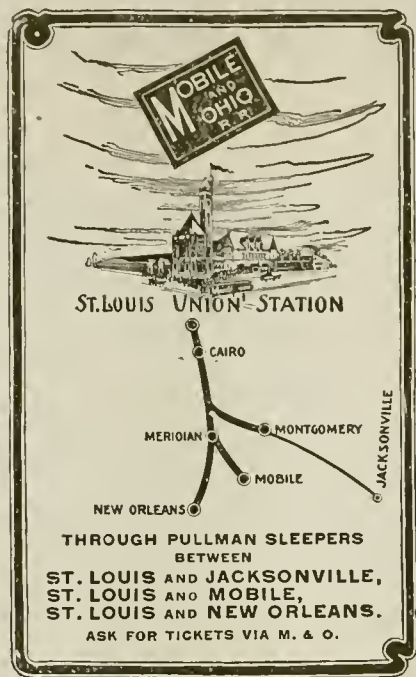
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# Confederate Veteran

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HOLLYWOOD MONUMENT, RICHMOND

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

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

Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. The shorter the article the sooner published.

Don't send newspapers marked. Clip the article and inclose it with letter.

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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* will be substituted.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The *VETERAN* is approved and endorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence. It is faithful to the great trust committed to it by the Southern people.

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

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

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 12. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
PROPRIETOR.



MRS. M. A. E. McLURE AT HOME ON HER NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

In presenting a picture of the room decorated by some of her many friends on the day she was ninety years old the venerable and beloved Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, of St. Louis, said to the writer, who expressed delight in its possession: "It is a fine room and an old woman." She is remarkably well preserved.

Mrs. McLure is the first President of the first Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy ever organized. Its first meeting was held in St. Louis, at the Southern Hotel, on January 27, 1891. The record is that the name was conceived by Mrs. A. C. Cassidy. A history of this Chapter is a credit to Southern women.



The cover design for this VETERAN is "Old England." In England a custom prevailed for the daughter of the house to bring in the Christmas plum pudding at the annual feast. This theme has been used in illustrating Christmas periodicals before, but "a real girl" of a distinctive Southern type, daughter of a Veteran widely known, posing for the central figure has never before been used. The conventional design of holly and Christmas bells framing the photograph was drawn especially for the VETERAN and the living model posing for the picture is well known in the South.

In olden times the plum pudding was as much an institution at the Christmas feasts as the boar's head, and in many an American household the custom of having it brought smoking to the table is still fondly preserved. It is in this way we are reminded of our claim upon and kinship to "Merrie England," and though the "black," or "fruit," cake has almost taken the place of the pudding as a typical Yuletide dish in America, the thought illustrated is the same—a certain sacrificial dish is offered to the Prince of Misrule.

CONCERNING UNITED DAUGHTERS AT WILMINGTON.—A "Confederate Veteran," one of the most gallant of our knightly race, writes from Arkansas: "Reading in the November VETERAN the proceedings of the Wilmington (N. C.) Convention of the United Daughters, drawn thither from all parts of the United States, not only from Texas and Missouri, but from Ohio and New York, by their devotion and deep love for the 'cause' they espouse, I am thrilled with admiration for their glorious women. Their names should be enshrined in all Southern hearts. I honor the heroism they perpetuate and reflect, the civilization they illustrate, and the pride of race they demonstrate. The versatile Ella Wheeler Wilcox asks, amidst a storm of protest: 'Why is it that the Southern women are more fascinating to Northern men than those of their own clime?' I answer, because of their truth and purity, their adherence to principle, blended with the courage and generosity based on these qualities. They, as represented at Wilmington, are types of womanly worth not equaled by any in the world. Although, as physically organized, we are but the creatures of a day, we possess qualities that live forever, if they are of the pure strain. Your periodical, if it contained nothing but this record, is of priceless value."

The comrade who wrote the above caught the spirit of the VETERAN, which took pride in presenting the long list of distinguished women who were delegates to the convention, and much care was taken to make it accurate and complete, but errors will ever occur. There were perhaps several omissions of names. Some one has mentioned the fact, only recently observed, that Mrs. W. H. Overman, of Salisbury, one of the most efficient officials of the great organization, and President of the North Carolina Division, a wom-

an so conservative and yet so firm that she was warmly discussed for President and also Recording Secretary, was not in the list. The only intentional omission from the list was its special representative, who was present as a delegate from a Kentucky Chapter.

### MISTAKES CONCERNING BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Col. D. C. Kelley, who was of Forrest's Cavalry, writes of mistakes concerning the Shiloh battle:

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for November a writer from Louisiana, in summing up "Mistakes Concerning the Battle of Shiloh," mentions as the second mistake: "Had Gen. Johnston lived long enough to gather his army for one more vigorous and sustained assault upon his enfeebled antagonist, a different result cannot be doubted." I had been ordered after our charge and capture of Gen. Prentiss's command to conduct the prisoners to the rear. Col. Forrest, not inclined to the duty of guarding prisoners, had taken a squadron of our regiment and moved toward the right of our line. Returning from the duty assigned me, riding in the direction of the firing, we came in sight of a long line of Confederate infantry forming at the base of a not very elevated ridge. Leaving a group of officers sitting their horses just in rear of this line, a staff officer galloped to the head of our column, saluted, and said: "Gen. Bragg's compliments, and requests to know what cavalry this is?" The reply was given, "Forrest's Regiment," when the officer added: "Gen. Bragg requests that you place your command in position to attack the battery on the hill in flank when he moves to the attack in front." Leaving my command at the foot of the ridge, I rode to the top to get full knowledge of the ground over which the charge would have to be made. While making my observations, two guns from the battery moved rapidly to the rear; the others were deserted, and there was not left on the field a single Federal gun in action. The gunboats were firing, but the balls were passing high over our heads through the tree tops; the banks of the river did not allow their depression.

Returning to my command I conveyed to one of Gen. Bragg's staff the results of my observations, adding: "The whole Federal army in sight is in utter disorder, and will surrender in five minutes after your line of infantry appears on the top of the ridge." He replied: "Gen. Bragg will be on the top of the ridge in five minutes." Not more than five minutes had passed when the whole line of infantry extending to my right farther than the eye could reach threw down their arms and lay at ease on the ground." When I sought the meaning of this sudden change, an officer of Gen. Bragg's staff said to me: "Gen. Bragg has just received an order from Gen. Beauregard to move his command from under the fire of the gunboats and bivouac for the night," adding, "Gen. Bragg is foaming at the mouth like a mad tiger." After reading many accounts of the battle of Shiloh, my conviction now is what it was at the time: had Gen. Bragg not received this order, the Federal army would have surrendered on the afternoon of the first day's fight.

Gunboat shells may have been falling at the rear where Gen. Beauregard was; they were passing harmlessly over the heads of our men at the front, and not a Federal land battery was in action.

## THE OTHER SIDE IN WAR TIMES.

Col. A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, a man of high character and an author of ability, in writing of Washington as "the most beautiful city in the world," gives interesting data besides:

Our national capital, now the most beautiful city of the world, impressively recalls the stride of magnificent improvement that has lifted Washington out of its disjointed and generally repulsive condition of forty years ago. Its grand thoroughfares of to-day were then often almost impassable during unfavorable seasons, and the capital was a mob of soldiers, contractors, and adventurers. I have seen army mule teams stalled in the mud of Pennsylvania Avenue, then, as now, its finest thoroughfare. The city was a vast mass of straggling buildings, with little architectural display, and few signs of permanent business activity and wealth. The Capitol then stood in its present colossal and beautiful proportions, with the exception of the dome, that was not completed until the war was nearly or quite ended. The Washington monument was not half finished. Street rail ways were unknown, and the seething mob was the chief feature of the citadel of the power of the republic.

Lincoln had called out hundreds of thousands of grim reapers in the harvest of death, and neither he nor any two members of his Cabinet had a clearly defined policy for the government to maintain. About the only thing on which the Cabinet was in entire accord was in accepting Abraham Lincoln as entirely unequal to his great duties, and a number of them but illy concealed that conviction from the President himself. Seward felt that he was the great leader of the Republican party, and asserted himself to the extent of suggesting the provocation of a foreign war, with himself as dictator in its management, and the proposition was made directly to Lincoln. Most of his Cabinet were personal strangers to him. He was without experience in national affairs, having served only a single term in Congress without distinction, and that was twelve years before he became President. Every statesman of the party, and every military officer of prominence who hoped to become a great chieftain, had a policy of his own, and it was difficult to find any two of them who agreed. I recall many visits to Washington in the very early days of the war, when a dispassionate examination of the conditions presented made almost every hope for the republic perish in despair. There were mobs of office seekers, who clamored with all the volubility of spoils-men; there were mobs of contractors, inspired by the single purpose to rob the government in what they regarded as its dying agonies; and adventurers plied their vocation on every hand. The one man who stood apparently alone in heroic hopefulness and tireless patience was Abraham Lincoln. He had faith in God, in free government, in the people, and in himself. I can never forget the mingled pathos and earnestness with which I once heard him define his attitude as one who was sitting in a vast temple hearing the clamor of those who wanted to enter and enjoy it, when its consuming flames were kissing the heavens. He had no policy, because it was for events and conditions to dictate the policy of the government.

Washington at that time consisted of two entirely different communities, divided by official and social lines. Georgetown, which is now simply a pretty suburb of our great capital, was then the center of culture, refinement, and social exclusiveness. It had welcomed the earlier Presidents who came with the bluest blood of Virginia to grace official circles, but when the corncob pipe and the stone jug came with Jackson an impassable chasm was made between the social and the political circles of the capital. They were somewhat mingled under Van Buren and Tyler and Polk and Taylor; but when the ungainly form of the rail splitter came to the White House, alien to the aristocratic circles of Georgetown alike by birth and conviction, the social rulers of the capital paid little tribute to the political powers beyond playing the part of spy to give prompt information to the enemies of the republic of the movements of the government. . . . The first story of the national Capitol was converted into a vast bakery to feed the brave boys in blue who were organized to fight the battle for the Union, and confusion and dilapidation were visible on every hand.

Gen. Winfield Scott was then regarded by all as the bulwark of safety for the republic. He was the hero of two wars, was a major general in the army before I was born, and was accepted by the entire country as the great captain of the age. I saw him for the first time the morning after the surrender of Sumter, when I had been summoned as Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate to accompany Gov.



TENNESSEE INFANTRY MONUMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK.  
Duplicated at Murfreesboro with much larger pedestal.



Curtin to Washington for consultation with the President, Gen. Scott, and Secretary Cameron. It was known that he was feeble physically, that he was unable to mount a horse because of spinal affection, but it was generally believed that his mental faculties were unabated. The conference was brief, as all agreed as to the duty to be performed by Pennsylvania; but I was anxious to see much more of the great hero who had been one of my idols from earliest boyhood. He stood in the window overlooking the Potomac to the Virginia hills beyond, and I saw his gray eye, which was greatly dimmed by the waste of years, moisten with scalding tears as he pointed to Virginia, his home, the State to which he had been taught to maintain allegiance, and in a tremulous voice expressed his apprehension that Virginia would join the secession movement. He was undoubtedly thoroughly loyal, but it was sorrow's crown of sorrow for him to draw his sword against Virginia. He remained with Gov. Curtin and myself a considerable time, during which the conditions of the country, the dangers of Washington, and the questions of war were generally discussed, and it soon became evident that the old chieftain had outlived his days of usefulness, and he was utterly unequal to the appalling task he had accepted. I well remember, when we descended the stairs after leaving the President's room, Gov. Curtin throwing up both hands and exclaiming: "My God! the country is at the mercy of a dotard!" That Scott most patriotically attempted to perform his duties was never questioned, but he was so visibly outgeneraled in the first battle of the war by the division of his command, while the enemy united against inferior numbers and won the victory, that the question of his displacement became only one of time. Soon thereafter he retired, but lived to see and rejoice over a reunited country.

The situation in Washington at that time, as generally accepted by intelligent observers, was very tersely presented by Mr. Stanton's private letters to ex-President Buchanan. Stanton had been in the Buchanan Cabinet during the closing months of the term, and wrote many private letters to his old friend and chief, portraying what he called "the painful imbecility of Lincoln" and the "venality and corruption" which seemed to pervade the different departments of the government; and which, as he expressed it, could not be improved "until Jeff Davis turns out the whole concern." In one letter to Buchanan, written after the defeat of Bull Run, he said that "in less than thirty days Davis will be in possession of Washington." Stanton was then the close friend and adviser of Gen. McClellan, and it was well known in the administration circles and to Lincoln himself that Stanton earnestly urged McClellan to overthrow the constitutional government because of weakness and incapacity, and declare himself dictator. One year later Stanton became the great War Minister under Lincoln, whom he had never met since Lincoln's inauguration as President until he was summoned to the White House to receive his commission charging him with the war portfolio.

The men whose names have been immortalized by achievements in our civil war were then unknown to fame. McClellan was chief engineer of a Western railroad, and received his first military commission

for the civil war from the Governor of Ohio, which gave him command of a small army that operated in West Virginia, where he won several victories over small bodies of undisciplined troops in actions which two years later would hardly have been regarded as a skirmish. Grant was clerk in the tanning establishment of his father and brother in Galena, earning eight hundred dollars a year, a salary that was made more liberal because of his relations to his employers and of his own necessities rather than because of the value of his services. Sherman had just resigned his position as teacher in a military school in Louisiana because of his impetuous hostility to secession, and regarded himself as very comfortably fixed in St. Louis as officer of a street railway company, with a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars. Sheridan was a lieutenant on the frontier, and when he heard of the war he whirled his cap over his head after the manner of the then wild and woolly West, and said: "Here's for a captain's commission or a soldier's grave!" Meade was a captain serving as an engineer on the Northwestern lakes, and Thomas was a captain whose Virginia birth and severely modest reticence gave him hesitating promotion when the regular army was increased. Farragut and Porter had not risen above the position of commander, and were unknown to fame. Dewey had just reached the rank of lieutenant in the navy, as had Benham and Ramsey. Sampson and Schley were only masters, and Clark was a cadet at the Naval Academy.

Of those then prominent in the army, from Scott down, who were relied upon as the men who should become chieftains in the great battle for the maintenance of the Union, not one was among the recognized heroes of the war when peace finally came at Appomattox. In Greeley's "American Conflict," the first volume of which gives a very concise history of the causes which produced the war, and the second presents as correct a story in brief of the achievements as could be given at that time, there are two full-page engravings bearing the same title. In the first volume the heroes of the Union are grouped around Scott, and the faces are McClellan, Wool, Fremont, Banks, and others, and in the second volume a like group of the heroes of the war is presented that does not contain a single face that is given in the first.

The leading Southern generals, as a rule, held their positions and emerged from the war having fulfilled the expectations of their people in heroism, while the Union armies never had permanent commanders who held their positions and won advancement, until Grant and Sherman started out in the memorable campaigns of 1864. Thus during the first three years of the war there was always a large element of distrust caused by our military commanders. The Army of the Potomac, that made the most heroic record of any army in any war considering that commander after commander failed, was led to final victory by the tanner from Galena.

With the restoration of peace and the reunion of the States came the first great impetus for the improvement of our national capital. The colossal Goddess of Liberty that was mounted on the dome of our beautiful Capitol structure came just in time to proclaim the complete reunion of the States so long

drenched in fraternal conflict. The District of Columbia was dignified by the creation of a complete local government, embracing a governor and local Legislature; and the Republican Congress, to be consistent with its policy, gave universal suffrage to the residents of the district, by which the colored population, largely illiterate, became the controlling political power. Gov. Cook inaugurated the new government with imposing ceremonies, but soon found that his task was a most ungracious one, because of the reckless legislative authority. Gov. Shepherd accepted the succession, and he did in Washington what Caesar did for Rome, who found the City of Seven Hills in brick and left it in marble.

Shepherd was in advance of his time in his grand conceptions of what our national capital should be and must be in time. That he had to deal with corrupt authority is not doubted, but he made the best of his power that was possible, and he literally created the present beautiful city of Washington, with its wide and well-paved streets, its magnificent angles, its green shades, and its grand monuments. He aroused fearful antagonism, was violently assailed as a corruptionist, and finally literally driven from his authority. He gave up his home in the capital that he had beautified, soiled in reputation and broken in fortune, and since then he has been away in the mountains of Mexico. When recently in the land of the successors of the Aztecs I made especial inquiry about Gov. Shepherd, and would gladly have visited him had it been possible; but I found that he was away in the mountains hundreds of miles distant, and could be reached only by traveling nearly one hundred miles of mountains, without even a wagon road. He has acquired fortune, and seems to have no desire to return to the city that he so grandly embellished as to

make it the pride of the nation and command the homage of the world. I think it only just to say that he was more sinned against than sinning.

I recently met in the White House, and had a pleasant chat with, the President of the United States, sitting in the same window in which I had first met Gen. Scott, just forty years ago, when the thunders of civil war appalled the country. The present President was then not three years old, and in emerging from the Executive Mansion I met the Secretary of State, with hair silvered with age and with a halting step that told the story of broken health. I first saw him in the White House as a handsome and unusually bright boy hardly out of his teens. He has since then taken high rank in American literature, honored the country as Minister to the first court of Europe, and now commands the confidence of the country as the Premier under two Presidents. . . . The Washington of to-day is an entirely new city transformed from the bleak desolation and confusion of 1861, and a new generation wields the power of the government in every department of authority over the most intelligent, progressive, and prosperous nation the world has ever known.

### WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH.

How a Poor Orphan Boy Became One of the Immortals. [ ]

BY CHAPLAIN J. WM. JONES, CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

In the picturesque and beautiful region of what was then called Northwest Virginia, in the little town of Clarksburg, there was born on January 21, 1824, a boy who was destined to win for himself great fame and widespread renown, to perform mighty deeds, and to write his name on the brightest pages of the world's history; to become, indeed

One of the few immortal names

That were not born to die.

Of intelligent, honorable parents, he had received the rudiments of a common school education, when the death of both father and mother left him, at the age of seven, a penniless, helpless orphan boy.

Cared for by an uncle, he showed an indomitable purpose to help himself, and at the age of twelve went off with a brother of fourteen to the famous "Blennerhasset Island," in the Ohio River, which the graceful pen of William Wirt has immortalized, and supported himself by cutting cord wood for steamboats, and learned to endure other hardships until sickness forced him to "work his passage" back to the home of his kind uncle.

Leading in all manly sports at school, an accomplished rider of wild horses, a famous driver of teams of oxen, and a manager of hands who prepared the immense logs that were hauled to his uncle's sawmill, faithful in every duty, he was made, at the age of sixteen, constable for the northern half of Lewis County, Va., his district being so large in extent that five counties have been since carved out of the territory over which this youth discharged his duties with a persevering energy, pluck, and, when occasion demanded, manly courage which were the prophecy of the coming hero.

At the age of eighteen years, learning that there was a vacancy from his district at the military academy at West Point (caused by the resignation of a



HENRY W. GRADY.



youth who was unwilling to endure the hardships and work necessary to success there), the orphan boy sought the position, made a journey to Washington to obtain the appointment, was introduced to the Secretary of War by the Congressman from his district, Hon. Mr. Hays, and, although he appeared before that august official in a suit of homespun, and was subjected to the most rigid examination, his manly bearing, quiet ambition, and emphatic expression of a purpose to succeed so impressed the Secretary that he ordered the appointment to be made out for him at once. Declining the invitation of Mr. Hays to bearing, quiet ambition, and emphatic expression of Washington, and contenting himself with a panoramic view from the dome of the Capitol, he left that evening for West Point, barely passed the entrance examination, and in July, 1842, was enrolled at the famous military academy as Thomas Jonathan Jackson, of Virginia.

His previous preparation was so defective that he took at first a low stand in his class; but by hard study and indomitable perseverance he gradually worked himself up until he graduated number seventeen, and it was said of him that if the course had been two years longer he would have graduated at the head of a class that had in it such brilliant men as Gens. McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, and Gibbon, of the Federal army, and Gens. A. P. Hill, Pickett, Maury, D. R. Jones, G. W. Smith, and Wilcox, of the Confederate army.

I cannot, of course, enter into any details of Jackson's life at West Point, nor of his subsequent brilliant career in the Mexican war and in the war between the States. For these I refer the reader to Dr. R. L. Dabney's able and admirable "Life of Stonewall Jackson," John Esten Cooke's popular memoir, the very able military biography of him by Col. Henderson of the British army, and especially to that charming book, "Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson by His Wife;" and I do not hesitate to insist that all of our young people, especially our boys and young men, ought to read these books. But I desire simply to bring out what seems to have been the secret of the wonderful success of this great man.

While at West Point he wrote in his blank book among other "Maxims," these words: "You may be whatever you resolve to be." And after he had professed faith in Christ and united with the Presbyterian Church, in Lexington, Va., he adopted as his motto: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." These two maxims, combined with his simple faith in Christ, his soldierly and implicit obedience to every command issued by the Great Captain in so far as he understood the order, and his unwavering confidence in God's overruling Providence as expressed in his favorite text, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose"—these were the controlling principles of his life, the secret of his success.

It was my proud privilege to know Stonewall Jackson personally, and to see a good deal of him during the two years of the war into which he crowded illustrious deeds which have filled two continents with his fame, and make him one of the greatest soldiers of all history.

I confess that I love sometimes to recall some of the great battle pictures in which he figured—Manassas, where he replied to the despairing cry of the gallant Bee, "They are beating us back!" "Sir, we will not be beaten back. We will give them the bayonet." And where Bee, about to yield up his noble life, rallied his shattered legions by exclaiming: "Rally behind the Virginians! Look! there stands Jackson like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here, and we shall conquer!" and changed the name of Jackson from Thomas Jonathan to Stonewall. Many scenes in that famous "Valley Campaign," and especially that one at Winchester, when, driving Banks pell-mell through the streets, he was surrounded by beautiful women, who hailed him as their deliverer, and cut off, as souvenirs, every button on his old gray coat; Gaines's Mill, on the evening of June 27, 1862, when he sat on his old sorrel horse sucking a lemon and gave the laconic order: "Tell every one of my brigades to advance and sweep the field with the bayonet;" Cedar Run, where he rallied his broken legions and offered himself to lead the charge; second Manassas, where, cut off for a time from the main army of Lee, he was everywhere among his troops, the very personification of the genius of battle; Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg (Antietam), Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, at all of which he proved himself worthy to rank among the great captains of history, and justified Lee's noble letter when he wrote his wounded lieutenant: "Could I have dictated events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead."

But, while vividly recalling many of these battle pictures, I prefer to think of Stonewall Jackson as the humble, devout Christian, the "soldier of the cross," and to recall him as he appeared in that attitude, the deacon of his Church who "had no time to attend to anything else" when his duties demanded his attendance at a deacon's meeting, the Church collector who got a contribution from every one on his list, the teacher of the negro Sunday school so devoted and true, the man of humble prayer, and the diligent student of God's Word.

I love to recall him as announcing his great victories, "God blessed our arms with victory," and halting his victorious legions for a "thanksgiving service;" as sitting among his ragged soldiers and drinking in with kindling eye and beaming face the simple truths of the gospel; as dismounting one day from his war steed and walking with me for two miles to talk on the religious interests of his men and the subject of personal religion; as conducting a prayer meeting at his headquarters, and making one of the most appropriate and fervent prayers I ever heard; as delighting in religious conversation, as active for the salvation of others, and as so fully committing into the hands of Christ his interests for time and for eternity that when cut down at Chancellorsville, in the full tide of his brilliant career, he could calmly say, "It is all right; I would not have it otherwise if I could unless I knew that it was my Heavenly Father's will," and could leave behind a record of his last days that showed beyond all peradventure that he had been taught by God's Spirit how to die, as well as how to live, and that he spoke a prophecy of his own end as well as a stirring exhortation to his

followers when he uttered those last famous words: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Determination to use his own best efforts, combined with his simple trust in Christ, and full confidence in the promises of God's word—these were the silent, potent influences which raised the penniless orphan boy into the world-famous Stonewall Jackson. "Be ye followers of him, even as he also was of Christ."

### CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS IN OHIO.

The Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch* of recent date contains the following which is a remarkable record about the Capital of Buckeye State:

The organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy is a peculiar one. Born of sorrow and adversity, consecrated to the preservation of memories glorious but heart-breaking, it seems scarcely a part of the busy present. In all the bygone years never have the women of any defeated people been banded together for the sublime purpose of proving the rightfulness of a cause for which their people fought, and caring for all the weak and afflicted among those who survived the conflict. It is the largest woman's organization in the world, and numbers in the vicinity of twenty thousand, being composed of those who have an unswerving loyalty to the memories and traditions of the old South, and who love the principles of the "lost cause." Now in these later days Peace has spread her snow-white pinions over our land, and prosperity reigns where war was wont to devastate, and the organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy has spread into several of the States that at one time did not recognize the stars and bars.

California, New York, Indiana, Ohio, and West Virginia all have Chapters of the Daughters, as have, of course, the Southern States, where the bond is necessarily a strong one.

The Chapter in Columbus is as yet young, although the feeling of devotion to the cause is strong, and its President, Mrs. John H. Winder, a daughter of the South, is doing all that she can to keep this feeling in the right channel.

The seventh annual conference of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has just ended in Wilmington, N. C., and it was the intention of Mrs. Winder to attend as a delegate from the Columbus Chapter; but she was obliged to forego the pleasure of the trip, and sent instead her report, from which the following extracts are taken. She says:

"Having cared for boys for eleven years, I am now ready to adopt 'Daughters,' and have taken into my arms the baby, whom we have named for our peerless leader, R. E. Lee. I promise I shall be faithful to my charge, but shall look to the older Daughters for guidance and help. I feel an honor and pride in sending with this report the greeting of forty-two members. Prior to October we had several preliminary meetings, for we did not know each other, the distances are so great and many living in suburban towns could not attend.

"We spent the greater part of our first meetings in finding out how to preside and conduct them when

we were organized, and almost always ended in the good old home way of retiring to the dining room. It was in the last half hour that we found out how we could reach others to bring them into the Chapters, you see we have not so many 'kinfolks' out here as you have to carry the good news.

"Our duties are twofold: First, to gather and garner the histories of the men and women who in the sixties periled all save honor. We must allow no party feeling to be aroused, nor should the Daughters of the South fail to let the world know that we are not refractory subjects, but true American citizens; surely, had we not been patriots, we should not have responded so promptly to the call to arms which our late lamented President made upon us during the Spanish-American war, nor would we have stood with uncovered heads during those solemn moments on the day when that President was laid to rest. Then there was no North, no South, but one patriotism, and as we have been 'superior in adversity,' let us be equal in prosperity.

"Thirty-six years have elapsed since the end of the great civil conflict, and it is our duty to recall every incident in our knowledge and gather from the store-houses of others the histories of the men who, on the battlefield or in prison, poorly fed, and badly clothed, endured all the privations and mental and physical trials of the awful days from 1861 to 1865.

"The world will never witness a conflict in which a people emerged from war with so stainless, so fair, and so pure a record. The men and the women too who made this glorious record have indeed given us a superb heritage, and so should we not treasure this inheritance as better than gold and more precious than jewels?"

In her report, which breathed loyalty to the South in every line, Mrs. Winder described the Confederate cemetery at Camp Chase, in which two thousand two hundred and sixty Confederate soldiers are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, and in which inclosure is a large wooden arch on which is inscribed the one dear word, "Americans." She said:

"It is a pleasure to express our gratitude and tender our thanks to Col. Knauss, who for eight years has cared for this cemetery, and held services over those graves, with whom it has been a work of respect and admiration for the courage and bravery of his former enemies, this expression of which we all appreciate. Over five hundred families in the Southern States have received their first information as to where relatives were buried from Col. Knauss, who is a Federal soldier, shot out of service at the battle of Fredericksburg. He has been instrumental in having appropriate services held every June in memory of the sleeping ranks of gray, who, viewed through the rising mists of over thirty years, have taken on the form of brothers—American brothers."

Mrs. Winder is a native of North Carolina, Raleigh having been her home until her marriage. She is a daughter of the late R. S. Tucker, who was captain of Company I, of the celebrated "Wake Rangers," Forty-First North Carolina. Later her father was aide-camp on Gen. Vance's staff. During Sherman's march to the sea, when the Union army was in camp near their house, Maj. Tucker entertained Gen. Ord. Gen. Howard, and several other Union officers.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy.

CONDUCTED BY NANCY LEWIS GREENE.



MOTTO AND EMBLEM, U. D. C.

## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

As Christmas approaches, the world seems changed to a better and fresher place to live in; the days pass quickly, filled with subtle excitement; friendships become stronger bonds of union, family ties are strengthened, and all nations seem akin.

No matter how old or cynical or weary we have become, we are never so dull that this particular holiday does not move us to better thought and action. Sometimes we may resent the interruption, the inactivity, and the obligations, but in the end are awakened to a spirit of optimistic indulgence. An electric thrill, a beam of hypnotic light, seems to emanate from the Star of Bethlehem, influencing irresistibly, even in this practical age of hurry and confusion, every human soul.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy in this broad land of ours the editor of this department sends greeting. But it is to the children particularly that Christmas is of peculiar importance and significance, and through them we must get our glimpse into the fairy realms of unalloyed happiness. All the world loves a child, and if we love him sympathetically, we must love his Christmas.

Let us look again at the Holy Child. Mary holds Him upon her lap, and He is fair-haired, with the face of a cherub. His soft limbs are dimpled and rounded; his little feet—those feet that are to be weary and bruised, soil-stained and thorn-pierced—are as pink as seashells, and small enough to rest side by side in a mother's palm. His tiny hands—hands that are to bless little ones to come; that are to charm away sickness, touch away blindness, wipe away tears; that are to receive cruel wounds on Calvary—are clasped now, baby fashion, upon a mother's breast. This is the Christ-child to whom we bow at the season of joy and festivity.

It is particularly appropriate that in this number of the VETERAN space should be given to the children of the Confederacy.

## PAGE OF THE HOUSE.

At the Wilmington Convention a little boy, Master George L. Shepard, the son of Thomas A. Shepard, a Confederate Veteran, presented the U. D. C. with a souvenir booklet containing photographic views of Wilmington, and made a little speech, so clear, so earnest, so patriotically Southern that the convention tendered him a vote of thanks.

Standing upon the platform among the smiling women, scarcely reaching in height above the speakers' stand, the little fellow told, simply and sturdily, the story of his father's regiment, "The Bloody Eighteenth North Carolina," and from that hour was a

constant attendant at the meetings, serving the Daughters with such willing attention, carrying messages, running errands, etc., that he was called "Page of the House."

## LOUISIANA CHILDREN AT WORK.

The following graceful sketch is particularly suited to this department. They must have made a scene to stir the pulses with inspiration and admiration, those school children of New Orleans, dressed in red, white, and red, strewing flowers!

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association Junior, of New Orleans, La., is an association of children—the children and grandchildren and near relatives of Confederate Veterans. It was organized in



1896 by Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, one of the most active members of the senior Association. The children are taught to revere the memory of those who fought and died in our glorious struggle for Southern rights. Each year they meet to participate in the services of Memorial Day, and to strew flowers on the graves of the

fallen heroes who now lie in Greenwood Cemetery.

Previous to Memorial Day, April 6, 1901, the following notice was sent to the schools of New Orleans, dated April 1, 1901, by Miss Elizabeth Borland, President of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association Junior: "I have the honor to address you with respect to the ceremonies attending Confederate Memorial Day, pursuant to a resolution passed by the Association of which I am President, requesting that I solicit the principals of all public schools in New Orleans, asking them to send delegations of ten children, between the ages of nine and twelve, to represent their schools on this occasion. It is desired that the children meet at the Confederate Monument in Greenwood Cemetery at half past three, Saturday, April 6. If it is possible so to do, the Association suggests that the children dress in white and red, the colors of the Confederacy, also that each child provide him or herself with a small basket of rose leaves or flower petals to strew on the monument mounds." Teachers and pupils readily responded. The children came laden with flowers, marched in line led by their teachers, who were loyal, devoted, true Southern women. After the solemn benediction and while the muffled drum beat the last tattoo these dear children marched around the mound, strewed flowers, and gazed with pride at the Veterans, who were drawn up in line. As the children passed, these brave men smiled through their tears, assured that the Confederate soldier and his history will not be forgotten.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association Junior affiliates with the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and sends its delegates to their

annual reunions, which are always held at the same time and place as those of the United Confederate Veterans. These children are following the example of the senior Memorial Associations, and are actively engaged in raising money for the Jefferson Davis monument. They are selling Davis buttons, and expect to dispose of two thousand buttons in the State of Louisiana. The Central Committee, Jefferson Davis Monument Association, has offered a beautiful gold medal to the child selling the largest number of these buttons. They are working like beavers, as the presentation of the medal will take place on June 3, 1902, the anniversary of the birthday of Jefferson Davis, in Memorial Hall, New Orleans.

## UNITED CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

A plan for forming the E. M. Bruce Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, has been conceived by Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, of Louisville, Ky. She hopes to bring all Children of the Confederacy together, thus perfecting a union similar to that which binds as one all Daughters of the Confederacy. This seems an admirable idea, and may in time be carried out. There can be no doubt of the importance of enlisting the children in the interest of the cause. The child is the hope of the future; in his earliest years foundations are laid for the molding of thought, action, and principle. We must instill these lessons, or other influences will take root. If we would gain a lasting hold upon the little people, let us train them to love the Confederate cause. We need not inflict one impression of bitterness, one disturbing remembrance of injury—it is enough to teach them that their ancestors were right, and are still loyal to what they believed to be their rights. Tell them of the valorous deeds done, of the chivalrous consideration toward enemies, of the tender regard for loving associations, and of endurance of physical privation and pain. All this will be but a poetic theme to them; but like the ballads of the old troubadours, inspire to courage and loyalty.

Numbers of Chapters of Children of the Confederacy have been formed in different States, and Mrs. Reynolds thinks they should be united into one organization, which would give strength to all. She is conscientious in her work for the children, and obtained a charter from the State of Kentucky, giving her power to form Chapters in different towns. One has recently been organized at Lexington, called the "J. M. Graves Chapter of E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy," of which Mrs. George Webb is director. Another at Covington is under the management of Mrs. James P. Tarvin.

## MRS. REYNOLD'S APPEAL FOR THE CHILDREN.

"The E. M. Bruce Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, first organized in Kentucky, send greetings to the United Daughters now in convention assembled. I wish to thank you, Madam President, for so honoring my work as to give me space in your important programme for the fifth annual convention. Knowing the full value of the time given to me, I shall try to take up as little of it as possible. But as we meet in convention but once a year, I feel that I want to tell you much about the work in establishing the E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy in Kentucky.

This I consider of vital importance, not only to the children, but to the future continuance of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Are they not to take our places when we have finished our course? Are they not to continue to honor our glorious heroes and patriots? Will the Grand Army of the Republic ever cease to exist? Will children not always be taught to honor the memory of Christopher Columbus, George Washington, Henry Clay, and thousands of other great men? The Colonial Dames will ever honor the brave heroes of colonial days, and the Daughters of the American Revolution will ever perpetuate the deeds of the brave heroes of the Revolution. Wives, mothers, and daughters of Kentucky, I will not simply give you legal statements, but I appeal most lovingly and earnestly to you to see that the names of the glorious heroes of our Southland be ever held sacred, and that we hand the names down to those who follow us; such names as Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, John C. Breckinridge, Ben Hardin Helm, John H. Morgan, John S. Williams, Albert Sidney Johnston, Roger Hanson, Ashton Madeiram, E. M. Bruce, and all those brave soldiers of our Southland who were in the ranks in the thickest of the fight. 'Let the virtues of the fathers and mothers live again in these children.'

"For years I have worried over there not being a Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy in Kentucky, but, not being equal to undertake the work, I hesitated until this year. We began getting our forces together Saturday, March 6, 1901. I wish I could say that this service of love and reverence on my part had been an easy one; but it has been, and is, a very difficult problem to solve. Many of the parents of our children are divided as to the war between the States. Some Southern women have married Northern men. I find that some of these children do not care to join, and really seem ashamed to wear the



E. M. BRUCE CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The above group includes President Sarah E. Reynolds (granddaughter of E. M. Bruce), Kathleen Jennings, Elise Burnett, Agnes Oclouse, Caperton Bowles, Lucille O'Brian, Edith O'Brian, Grace Hunter, Ruth Roberts, Sara Lee Harris, Martha Dugan, and Julia Oclouse.



flag. Others I have persuaded to join my historical class and learn something of the grand patriots of the Southland.

"When I first determined to organize a children's division in Kentucky I wrote the President of this body asking for information, also the Recording Secretary. They told me of the work done in this line by Miss Lloyd, of Virginia. I wrote her on this subject, and she answered at once, and was most kind in answering many questions so dear to my heart. She invited me to join the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of Virginia, getting my charter from them, as they are incorporated and have a Virginia Chapter. I would have been glad to do so, but after a called meeting of some of our noblest and most patriotic Southern women, it was decided to get a Kentucky charter. I immediately went to work, had the corporation papers drawn up and sent to the Secretary of State at Frankfort, and now I am legally authorized to form divisions throughout the State of Kentucky.

"The work will be, first of all, to instill into the minds of our children and grandchildren the courage and devotion of their ancestors in the path of what was duty—no bitterness, nothing incompatible with the love of the Union. Then they must know the true history of this war. The Historical Committee has decided to study this year the revised book of Dr. William Jones, Chaplain General Confederate Veterans of Virginia. Mrs. Sallie Bruce-Morris, widow of the wise and distinguished member of the Confederate Congress, and for whom the State corporation is named, has offered as a memorial the E. M. Bruce medal, to be given for general excellence and best notes in Southern History for the year. Mrs. Basil W. Duke also has offered a memorial medal for her brave and gallant brother, Gen. John Morgan, for the best Kentucky incidents of the war. This medal will be given on Gen. Morgan's birthday, in June. A division of the State corporation had been formed in Louisville, Ky. The officers are young girls, and they have one hundred members. They will celebrate the birthdays of Kentucky generals and study the lives of these heroes; also a day will be set apart for the brave privates who gave up their lives for what they believed was right. They will assist the Veterans whenever called upon, and decorate our lovely Confederate monument on President Davis's birthday.

"I hope this national convention will give the Children of the Confederacy of the State of Kentucky their indorsement. I thank you for your attention."

AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A pleasing coincidence brings reports from two different Chapters of Children of the Confederacy at the same time, both bearing the pretty name "Julia Jackson" Chapter. A gratifying account of the organization at Charlotte, N. C., comes from its efficient Directress, Mrs. Margaret Branch Sexton, who tells of the good work done by the children in contributing largely to various Confederate causes, among them that of erecting a memorial to the women of the South. They respond to every call made upon them by the needy Veterans, and make every cent that they donate.

Mrs. Sexton is a granddaughter of Mrs. Charlotte

Branch, who gave three boys to the Eighth Georgia Regiment, serving under the gallant Gen. F. S. Bartow, who was killed at Manassas. Mrs. Branch nursed the sick and dying in Virginia during the war, and was widely known as a benefactress of Confederate soldiers.



MRS. SEXTON.

Mrs. Sexton's father served through the war, and was afterwards Vice President of the Confederate Veteran Association of Savannah, Ga., so she could not be otherwise than a loyal U. D. C., and, to use her own expression, a loving daughter of "a cause not lost, but made glorious by the blood of martyrs."

Even as a child she delighted to work for the men who wore the gray; was a charter member of the Savannah Chapter, U. D. C., its first treasurer, and one of its Presidents. She is also honorary member of several Camps U. C. V., and in her little people of Charlotte found a directress to inspire them with loyal ambition, when she organized the Children's Chapter at her North Carolina home. Particularly is she desirous to teach the true record of the war between the States. A history of the Julia Jackson Chapter at Charlotte was written by Douglas Robertson, a young member of the organization, and published in the *Grey Jacket*, a creditable little magazine edited by the children. The admirable sketch of that Chapter is given here:

"On a blustering day in December, 1898, twelve enthusiastic little girls braved the storm and met with Mrs. J. L. Sexton to organize a Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy.

"The following officers were elected: Louie Jones, President; Caro Brevard, Vice President; Douglas Robertson, Secretary; Alice Cowles, Treasurer; and the name of Julia Jackson chosen for the Chapter.

"It was not, owing to various causes, until the last of January that the active work of the children began. They entered into it with heart and soul, and have now a membership of thirty-five. Too much praise cannot be given the little President. She has worked with enthusiasm; her zeal has never lessened, or her interest lagged, and she has been unfailing in her devotion to the Chapter.

"Once a month the children meet with their leader, and each girl (we have only girls) responds to her name with an incident relating to the war. Sometimes it is of the leaders they speak; again, of the part played by the women or the little children.

"The older girls write on war subjects, and have shown not only careful study but much originality in their work.

"The little ones recite selections from our Southern poets, and all sing the old war ballads of the Confederacy.

"We are very proud of the gavel which has been presented to us by one of the sons of a Confederate Veteran. It is made from the limb of a cedar growing on the battlefield of Manassas. It was one of a thicket that marked the brilliant charge made by the Sixth North Carolina Infantry under the gallant Col. Fisher.

"In April it was learned that the Confederate Veterans had no flag to take with them to the reunion in Charleston, and the children begged the privilege of presenting them the colors.

"Right heartily they worked, the time being short, and every spare moment was given to rehearsing a little play. The result was all that could be desired, the acting was cleverly done, and nearly sixty dollars made for the flag. There never were happier girls than on the 9th of May, when, in front of the courthouse, the President, in a graceful speech, presented to Mecklenburg Camp a beautiful silken flag; the flag those heroes loved and so faithfully served—the battle flag of the Confederacy. And I think it must have been passing sweet to those battle-scarred Veterans—this knowledge of the children's love and devotion to the cause they represent.

"Later ten dollars was given for the monument to be placed at Winchester in memory of the soldiers of the Old North State who fell defending Virginia's soil. After that we still had forty dollars left in the bank, which we determined to put to some good use, though we had not decided what.

"Mrs. Sexton being called south for the winter, we have had very few meetings this year, and so our work has not been carried on with the usual vigor. January 19 we celebrated Lee's birthday at the Presbyterian College, and received quite a puff in the paper for our programme.

"The latest event of the Chapter was the celebration of Memorial Day at Elmwood Cemetery. May the 25th we expect to present crosses of honor to the men of Mecklenburg who wore the gray.

"Last, but not least, we must say something in praise of our never-tiring leader. She has held all the meetings in her beautiful home and kept up our interest with unflagging devotion. She has done all for our Chapter that man or woman could do, and it is to her we owe its existence."

## CHILDREN OF ATLANTA.

The paper given below was contributed by Mrs. Charles Rice, the energetic Directress of the Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, at Atlanta. Mrs. Rice believes that she has solved many difficult problems pertaining to an organization of the children. Her plans are as follows:

The idea of organizing a Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy originated with Mrs. E. P. McDowell Wolff, a member of Atlanta Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. Its purposes are to teach children from infancy to seventeen years Southern history, and keep alive in their minds the history of the Confederate cause, with deepest reverence for the heroes "who wore the gray," and with exultant pride, that their blood flows through our veins. A nation forgetful is a nation degenerate. So long as we train our youth to love heroic memories, so long we rear a

race of heroes. All building for the future must have its base line in the past. This society is also instituted to help disabled soldiers and aid in all Confederate work. At a meeting of Atlanta Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, in February, 1896, plans were formulated for perfecting an organization among the children. Mrs. Albert Howell, Sr., was appointed Directress. On March 11 she organized a very creditable society of boys and girls. During her term of office she awarded a gold medal to Margaret Waddell for the best paper on Confederate history. At the expiration of a year Mrs. Howell resigned, and Mrs. Charles F. Rice was appointed Directress. During the second year the membership increased from ten to twenty-five. The dues are placed at the minimum sum of twenty-five cents per annum. On the second anniversary this society was christened "Julia Jackson Chapter," in honor of the daughter of that grand chieftain, Stonewall Jackson. The officers are selected from among their own number, and they preside with dignity and efficiency. Entertaining and instructive programmes are arranged for their semi-



MISS ANNIE SYKES RICE.

monthly meetings, which are always well attended. The members furnish music and recitations with which to enrich the programme. Ladies and gentlemen who passed through the trying times of the sixties have frequently addressed the Chapter, relating personal reminiscences, thus giving the children valuable information and unwritten history, which they could not otherwise obtain. During the second year (1897) the Chapter contributed fifteen dollars toward the payment for an iron fence, inclosing the Confederate cemetery at Resaca, Ga., and also sent ten dollars to a needy Confederate Veteran at Pontotoc, Miss. Annual anniversary exercises are held each March, and the birthdays of Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Julia Jackson are celebrated with appropriate ceremonies. The Chapter has its own charter, but it works as auxiliary to the Daughters of the "Con-



federacy. At Christmas the Chapter expressed its affection for Mrs. Wolff by the gift of a Confederate badge.

The special feature of the third anniversary of the society was the presentation by the beloved founder of the order, Mrs. E. P. McDowell Wolff, of a historic gavel, made of the wood of a tree which grew at the home of the immortal Jackson. It is handsomely mounted in silver. On the occasion of the presentation of this gavel an elaborate programme was presented. In response to an invitation, representatives from the various patriotic organizations in the city were in attendance, and much enthusiasm was manifested. The children participate in the exercises on Memorial Day, and place a flag or wreath on every soldier's grave.

During the Confederate reunion held in Atlanta, in July, 1898, the members of Julia Jackson Chapter took a prominent part in the entertainment given to the sponsors and maids of honor. The Directress, Mrs. Rice, gave a reception in the name of the Children of the Confederacy to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, to which all distinguished visitors were invited, thus giving the children an opportunity of seeing and knowing many of the widows of our lamented chieftains. At the convocation of Veterans' daughters throughout the country held in Atlanta, Ga., during that reunion, Mrs. Rice read a paper on the formation of societies of Children of the Confederacy. Resolutions of sympathy were sent to Mrs. Jefferson Davis on the death of her beloved daughter, Winnie, and a beautiful letter was received in acknowledgment. At the request of Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, the Georgia State President, Mrs. Charles F. Rice, Directress of the Chapter, formulated constitution and by-laws for the Children of the Confederacy, which she read before the Georgia Division of the U. D. C. at Rome, October, 1898, and the report was adopted. This was published in the annual minutes of the Georgia Division. The Chapter did no specific work during this year except in small charities to disabled Confederate soldiers. At the State Convention, held at Athens, Ga., in October, 1899, the Julia Jackson Chapter received recognition for the first time in its history. After the reading of the report the convention moved that the history of the society be given to the State historian. The Directress has clipped all newspaper notices of the Chapter, which will be preserved in a scrapbook as a history of the work of the Chapter. The only descendants of Stonewall Jackson (the children of Julia Jackson Christian) have been elected honorary members. Many were transferred to the Daughters of the Confederacy during the year 1900, having reached the age limit of seventeen years. Several removals and a few withdrawals reduced the membership to forty.

Reports of meetings are published in the daily papers, thereby keeping this great work before the public. The Chapter has contributed ten dollars to aid in building the proposed memorial to be erected in Athens, Ga., in loving memory of Winnie Davis. The Chapter has twice been complimented by the presence of Mr. Cunningham, and he gave the children words of encouragement. The society subscribes for the VETERAN, and its monthly visits afford much information and entertainment. By reference to

the constitution and by-laws, it will be seen that Children's Chapters shall be represented in State meetings by the Directress, or her substitute, and one member of the Chapter. The Directress has been accorded all the privileges of the floor. The younger delegate shall be charged with the duty of presenting a full report from the Children's Chapter to which she may belong.

In concluding her report Mrs. Rice states:

Let us keep in touch with youth, in sympathy with its spirit, and foster in the younger generation the instinct of noble self-sacrifice to high ideals. I hope the foundation is laid for future work worthy of the cause which we remember. What U. D. C. work does for the young people cannot be estimated. The study of the Confederacy brings them into touch with the history, literature, manners, and customs of that stormy period.

#### LYNCHBURG (VA.) CHAPTERS.

At Lynchburg, Va., there are two fine organizations of the Daughters of the Confederacy—the Old Dominion and Kirkwood Otey Chapters, both of which have done splendid work in Southern causes. They combined in erecting a costly monument to the Confederate soldiers of Lynchburg and vicinity, and on the courthouse hill it stands, an imposing ornament to the "Hill City," perpetuating the noble aspirations, highest principles, and undaunted valor of Southern manhood. This is sacred ground to all true Southerners, as it was in the neighborhood of Lynchburg that Lee delivered his last, sad address to his men, and surrendered in the end to Grant.

#### THE KIRKWOOD OTEY CHAPTER.

The Lucy Mina Otey Chapter was organized June 11, 1895, and on the 7th of November, 1897, the name was changed to Kirkwood Otey, in honor of the late Col. Kirkwood Otey, a brave Confederate officer, through whose influence the original Chapter was formed. Soon after its organization it undertook the loving work of erecting a Confederate monument at Lynchburg, and an object scarcely less worthy now enlists the sympathy and zeal of its members—namely, the endowment of a cot in the Home and Retreat for the benefit of Southern soldiers, their widows, and descendants. In this work they ask the coöperation of all who honor the Confederate cause, and whose hearts are touched with pity for the penniless soldiers who risked life itself in its defense.

#### OLD DOMINION CHAPTER.

The Old Dominion Chapter was organized in 1896, and has a membership of one hundred and fifteen. The name is a most happy one, proving a potent factor in inspiring the loyalty of the Daughters who still hold their membership in this Chapter while residing in other States. Many original and unique entertainments have been given by its members for the purpose of raising funds for different charitable purposes, and the following interesting account of a Thanksgiving celebration was contributed by Miss Elvira Jones, one of the Vice Presidents.

Miss Jones touches upon a very important point to be taken into consideration by the U. D. C., that of giving first and best attention to the living soldiers, while marking and caring for the graves of the dead.

## THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION.

Thanksgiving day was made a day of special happiness this year to beneficiaries of the Old Dominion Chapter, U. D. C. The ladies of the Chapter, who are true Virginia women, sent special donations to those veterans whom they help regularly, and, needless to say, the substantial evidences of charity were greatly appreciated. Charity is one of the chief aims and objects of this Chapter, and they are ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who have "borne the battle"—these living monuments of the Confederate cause. The Chapter now numbers one hundred and fifty members, and is composed of enthusiastic women, among them descendants and members of the families of Gens. Early, Garland, and Rodes. The meetings held are always full of interest, and plans for work are constantly being made and fulfilled. The Chapter has not only been one of the two Chapters that erected a monument here, but contributed to the Davis monument fund, to the Appomattox fund for marking the graves of the soldiers buried here, and to many other good causes; yet without discontinuing their charitable work to the living Confederates, who, surely, should receive first attention.



LUCILE LOWNSBROUGH.

Comrade T. H. C. Lownsbrough, of Woodland Mills, Tenn., who sends the photograph of the above, has been a steadfast friend of the VETERAN throughout its history. He has contributed frequently to its columns, and has been diligent in advancing and sustaining its subscription list.



MAJ. GEN. J. P. MAJOR.

## Let It Never Be Forgotten.

Dr. E. E. Hoss, in the Nashville Christian Advocate:

We are much obliged to our good friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of the *Confederate Veteran*, for a copy of "Two Wars: An Autobiography," by Gen. S. G. French, of the Confederate army. A more enticing book it would be difficult to find. Written in a simple and straightforward style, as a soldier is expected to write, it almost reads itself. We trust that it may have a wide circulation.

Our purpose at present, however, is not to review the book, but to call attention to an incident which it narrates, and which deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance. Many of our readers know of the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, which was fought on June 27, 1864. On that fateful day Gen. Sherman made a front attack on Gen. Johnston's lines, and was repulsed with awful slaughter, leaving many thousands of his dead and wounded on the ground, the intrenched Confederates suffering comparatively little loss.

"It was during this battle," says Gen. French, "that one of the noblest deeds of humanity was performed that the world has ever witnessed;" and we are sure that no one will be found to dispute the statement. We follow the narrative: "Col. W. H. Martin, of the First Arkansas Regiment, of Cleburne's Division, seeing the woods in front of him on fire and burning the wounded Federals, tied a handkerchief to a ramrod, and, amidst the danger of battle, mounted the parapet and shouted to the enemy: 'Come and remove your wounded; they are burning to death. We won't fire a gun till you get them away. Be quick!' And with his own men he leaped over the works and helped in the humane work. When this work was ended a noble Federal major was so impressed by such magnanimity that he pulled from his belt a brace of fine pistols and presented them to Col. Martin with the remark: 'Accept them with my appreciation of the nobility of this deed. It deserves to be perpetuated to the deathless honor of every one of you concerned in it; and should you fight a thousand other battles, and win a thousand other victories, you will never win another so noble as this.'"

Is there anything in history that better illustrates the higher meaning of chivalry? It is fit to be matched with the conduct of young Kirkland, of South Carolina, who, at the risk of his own life, loaded himself with canteens full of water, and climbed over the fortifications at Fredericksburg while the battle was raging, that he might relieve the thirst of his wounded foes. It is even finer than the magnanimity of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen or than that of the French cuirassier at Waterloo. If the people of the South should ever forget it, they would be guilty of a piece of unpardonable baseness.

We have often wished that some one with competent literary skill would gather up into a bright and attractive volume the more notable instances in the war between the States, in which the better side of human nature found its expression. Such a volume would do more to abate the lingering prejudices between the North and the South than all the efforts of all our statesmen. Some things should be cast into oblivion; but whatever furnishes a lesson in forbearance, in high-mindedness, in Christian courtesy, is an inalienable part of our inheritance, and should be passed on to our children.

One of the best and most improved Biscuit Kneaders on the market is made by F. H. Jackson Co., of Winchester, Ky., and, as they pay the expressage, it is as easy to order from them by mail as to travel long distances to find what is wanted.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

### THE YEARS COME AND ARE GONE.

Some think the world grows better, and others believe it is worse and worse. It ought to grow better fast. Evil should be discarded and the good adhered to, with an influence for the best that can be in this world of temptation.

The disastrous evils of extravagance and "chance" should warn young men to sober conservative habits. Then the dwarfing influence of penury and selfishness should be a guide to the Golden Rule. Again, the forgiving spirit should guide us to the greatest possible liberality while adhering unswervingly to principle. We should remember that honest men differ radically, and that (while the good may not equal our estimate) those who are bad—as we see them—often view their acts from standpoints of integrity, so that the responsibilities of life should put us to the closest diligence and conservatism day by day.

In these closing days of the year it is well to meditate upon how we can improve for the future and not forget that we are, in fact, our brothers' keepers. We belong to a greater army than has ever been marshaled, and are all here, evidently, for one great purpose. The sermon in this number of the *VETERAN*, pages 549-551, should be read by thousands, every one of whom must profit thereby. While "no man could have been a Confederate soldier who did not enlist," neither can any man or woman be what conscience dictates without diligence for the welfare of others. An important lesson to learn is how we can best honor our great Captain in doing something "for the least of his subjects. Let us be bold to counsel those who are enthralled with selfishness to look higher, breathe freer, and be influenced by the well-defined and practical rule of interest in others. In this sacred sense it is meet to refer to our duty specially to the welfare of comrades and the families of those who have "crossed over." Let every one of us consider during this best of seasons for reviewing life's methods, and begin to do better than ever before. Let us stand together, for therein is our strength.

Thousands who read this will readily consider the extraordinary responsibility of the *VETERAN*, and that its every expression should be made with the most solemn sense of duty to the remnant of a great army of noble men who are being mustered out rapidly; that the "last roll" is being answered daily by many heroes who have been faithful unto death, and

that its expressions have much to do with the patriotism of the future. Ah, how far below the demands is the service! Solemn meditation fills the heart with sorrow, and the only solace is that the management is doing its best. Instead of rising a little above twenty thousand circulation, it should spring to one hundred thousand, and in a month. More than twenty thousand readers believe this, and they know how it can be accomplished; they know well that if each one would consider of his or her acquaintance who is not taking the *VETERAN* and could do so, the list would grow as by magic, and then the sinews would be strong whereby the *VETERAN* would be the most prominent periodical in America. How easy to write the office to send copies to such persons, and then, with a hearty commendation tell the parties that specimen copies have been requested!

Will you do this? Will you do just this little for the cause? Will you speak to one or two or three, offer to send subscription for them, and then deduct the cost of remittance? Will you see whether your own subscription is up—you can tell by the date opposite your name—and say to another or others that you are going to remit, and there will be no additional cost in remitting for them?

Don't consider these suggestions, please, as from a mercenary purpose—the Lord be praised that there is no other motive than that which is designed to establish eternal truth! The grievous experiences of the last year or so have removed all other ambitions from the management than to establish enduring record of the merits of the Southern people through the last forty years to their rightful position in this government and before the world.

The editor of the *VETERAN* has long believed that there should be a press corporation owned and controlled by all the Confederate organizations, and would have promulgated a plan ere this, but its importance is such that he has hesitated for a conference with the multitude of Camps and Chapters, numbering over two thousand, and all of which should be concerned. His idea is that shares of stock should not exceed ten dollars, and that there should be corporate members in every State and as nearly every section as practicable. The stock in such a corporation, if properly managed, should be worth two or three times its cost in less than a year. Will individuals, Camps of Veterans, Camps of Sons, and Chapters of Daughters consider this and write their views, stating whether they would like charter membership?

In keeping with the spirit of this *VETERAN* and the season an exquisite olive-brown ink is to be used for the printing. Let the good cheer of our friends prevail and that it is best to look on the bright side.

## DEATHS OF PRISONERS AT FORT DELAWARE.

We present below a list of the deaths of Confederate prisoners taken at Gettysburg, which occurred at Fort Delaware, between September 9 and October 24, 1863. We are indebted for this list to the courtesy of Mr. B. F. Blackman, a Confederate soldier, who, though a Pennsylvanian by birth and taken prisoner at Gettysburg, refused to give his allegiance to the United States, amidst all the efforts of friends and the threats of enemies, during his captivity.

Privates H. Hassell, I, 9th Va.; H. Green, C, 51st Ga.; David Jay, A, 5th Ala.; W. C. Meyers, H, 43d Tenn.; W. A. E. Richards, G, 20th Ga.; H. Estes, F, 13th Ala.; J. H. Duck, F, 61st Va.; J. W. Tilley, H, 3d Tenn.; D. Littlejohn, F, 51st Ala.; W. J. W. James, I, 3d Confederate; J. R. Morton, G, 4th Tenn.; S. P. Black, K, 13th Ala.; P. Rash, K, 58th N. C.; J. A. Thompson, C, 19th Ark.; B. G. Catlett, I, 55th N. C.; S. D. Wakefield, B, 11th N. C.; J. J. Matthews, C, 14th Va.; William White, A, 43d N. C.; Adam Clutch, C, 18th N. C.; H. C. Milton, A, 7th Va. cavalry; H. L. W. Yarrene, C, 37th N. C.; Bostan Sharp, F, 53d N. C.; Milton Dennis, G, 1st Tenn.; C. T. Walker, C, 7th Ala.; W. H. Bayet, F, 31st Miss.; James C. Speakman, H, 20th Ala.; M. L. Mahone, Carter's Battery, Va.; B. L. Phillips, F, 2d Ky. cav.; J. B. Duncan, B, 7th Ky.; G. H. McGinnis, E, 57th Va.; M. D. Bright, C, 46th Ala.; William A. Cox, G, 51st Ala.; Edward Thompson, B, 7th Ala.; Zach Deal, B, 51st Ga.; R. Perkins, H, 14th Va.; F. Sheely, F, 51st Ala.; S. J. Hicks, C, 5th Fla.; T. Dawdy, C, 57th Va.; J. L. White, C, 36th Miss.; David Foster, F, 60th Tenn.; Corporal J. S. Davis, G, 16th N. C.; J. L. Commander, L, 2d Miss.; Alfred Myers, B, 2d Va.; Thomas J. Wolf, D, 4th Va.; B. C. Posey, G, 49th Ga.; J. P. Steward, E, 10th Ky.; D. R. Duttan, M, 7th Ala.; J. S. Hardigon, L, 3d Ga.; H. Kirkwood, A, 13th Ala.; J. Friddle, I, 26th N. C.; E. M. Scott, B, 42d Miss.; C. Crews, I, 8th Fla.; J. Fox, F, 37th N. C.; M. B. Summer, 13th S. C.; J. W. Lovelace, D, 55th N. C.; C. P. Dillard, G, 19th Va.; S. F. Dickerson, G, 47th N. C.; J. Russ, F, 53d N. C.; James R. Boyers, Randolph County, Va.; J. M. F. Cannon, G, 24th Va.; W. J. Chapmand, Page's Battery; Corp. D. J. Norwood, G, 11th N. C.; Corp. W. C. Sinsabough, B, 60th Tenn.; A. Wilson, F, 4th Ky. Cav.; Citizen B. F. Wesh, Barbour County, Va.; J. W. Bailey, H, 60th Ga.; R. C. Stone, K, 12th S. C.; J. S. Kemp, B, 2d Fla.; A. C. Carlton, G, 18th N. C.; Wyatt Dew, E, 47th N. C.; Citizen T. D. Harrison, Quitman County, Ky.; N. Helsey, E, 33d Va.; J. S. Flemming, E, 55th N. C.; J. F. Kidd, H, 19th Miss.; R. W. Barry, H, 23d N. C.; A. Mullinix, D, 62d Va.; J. F. Henderson, F, 1st Delaware Cavalry, U. S. A.; W. S. Darden, H, 16th N. C.; W. H. Carpenter, Ewell's bodyguard; M. Hughes, F, 4th Ky. Cav.; Alex Hause, C, 38th N. C.; G. N. Turpin, G, 2d Va.; A. G. Liverman, D, 59th N. C.; W. A. Hamberlin, E, 46th Miss.; Joseph Law, G, 57th Va.; J. B. Royal, E, 23d Va.; W. T. McSkill, C, 12th La.; W. W. Burte, E, 13th Ala.; Isaac Hanibly, G, 7th Ala.; J. F. Wicker, D, 57th N. C.; T. W. Key, D, 19th Miss.; S. A. Tucker, A, 11th Ala.; J. F. Hear, E, 12th La.; W. A. Padgett, A, 43d N. C.; Corporal R. W. Carlton, B, 11th N. C.; D. McGee, C, 21st N. C.; T. B. Rowland, D, 5th Ala.; N. Lawson, G, 53d N.

C.; John Doland, B, 26th N. C.; A. Corry, K, 5th N. C.; W. Duncan, I, 50th Va.; Alex Coleman, F, 31st Ga.; J. Petree, K, 52d N. C.; A. W. Stokes, A, 38th Va.; Edward Cress, F, 57th Va.; Thomas Williams, E, 42d Miss.; L. Fullbright, F, 38th N. C.; James Roman, I, 55th N. C.; M. Comar, C, 36th Va. Cav.; J. Haynes, E, 36th Miss.; Citizen Jacob Beahr, Maryland; A. J. Ward, C, 5th Ala.; N. C. Law, D, 24th Va.; J. M. Saffield, F, 57th N. C.; J. H. Hughes, C, 2d N. C.; Citizen D. Brown, Jackson County, Va.; W. J. Hobbs, K, 12th S. C.; Lewis Cobble, C, 60th Tenn.; W. C. Bonham, E, 13th S. C.; M. G. Miller, B, 1st Ky. Cav.; C. F. Dunnivant, C, 9th Va.; F. M. Lewis, I, 9th La.; J. L. Berbre, I, 31st Ga.; D. Kline, G, 47th Ala.; E. Heron, G, 16th La.; J. Anderson, A, 1st Va. Artillery; J. T. Zimmerman, K, 14th S. C.; Citizen W. S. Smith, Marion County, Va.; W. H. Moore, E, 52d N. C.; R. Kirkpatrick, E, Ala. Cav.; M. T. Tate, C, 15th Ga.; John Hasp, G, 25th N. C.; J. H. Grant, D, 35th Ga.; J. Thompson, E, 21st Miss.; Thomas Floyd, A, 1st N. C.; R. W. Beygents, E, 6th Ala.; J. Bennett, K, 8th Ala.; J. P. Ellison, 6th U. S. Cav.; J. O. Stansfield, D, 4th N. C.; J. Hughes, E, 1st Del. Cav., U. S. A.; Jas. Jordan, B, 24th Ga.; Citizens H. G. Clark, Floyd County, Ky.; D. Fogleman, Randolph County, Va.; M. B. Shackelford, H, 1st Tenn.; F. M. Thompson, G, 14th Tenn.; J. Joyce, F, 21st N. C.; L. Robins, C, 21st N. C.; P. A. Pearce, G, 7th Ala.; J. L. Thompson, L, 3d Ga.; James Wilson, F, 31st Va.; J. Durant, 1st Battery, H. Artillery, U. S. A.; J. W. Harding, F, 53d Va.; W. B. Caddell, A, 6th La.; Joel Hardy, F, 1st S. C.; H. Chambers, B, 11th Miss.; W. Burchfield, G, 26th Ala.; Corporal F. M. Green, B, 34th N. C.; James Jarrell, E, 7th Va.; James N. Brown, E, 1st Mo. Cav.; Corporal A. F. Elliott, F, 57th Va.; William Smiley, I, 4th Va.; R. C. Carter, C, 8th Va.; Richard Key, F, 55th Va.; R. C. Webb, E, 42d N. C.; T. Lynch, C, 42d Ga.; J. Nichols, E, 52d N. C.; W. Mason, K, 62d Tenn.; R. Wright, C, 8th Ala.; Corporals G. W. Stapleton, B, 61st Tenn.; Sergt. Samuel Bell, K, 15th Ark.; P. L. McMahon, H, 11th Ga.; W. L. Graden, E, 10th Ga.; C. W. Davenport, E, 35th Ga.; J. D. Burroughs, E, 1st Ala.; S. H. Wilhelm, I, 4th Va.; Abraham Burger, K, 57th Va.; C. S. Abbott, I, 18th Va.; Corporal W. M. Murphy, H, 45th N. C.; George Weaver, Cutt's Battery, Ga.; G. R. Twelly, C, 3d Ala.; R. T. Taylor, B, 17th Ga.; G. Garrott, G, 20th Ga.; J. M. Clark, I, 13th Ala.; E. D. Parker, E, 60th Tenn.; J. Newton, G, 14th Va.; W. D. K. Miller, B, 2d Miss.; Jeff Grant, G, 52d N. C.; W. H. Bullard, H, 18th N. C.; J. LaChaunee, F, 15th Ga.; W. R. Davenport, E, 26th Miss.; Morris Taylor, E, 18th N. C.; H. H. Harvey, E, 8th Ga.; D. G. McClelland, C, 5th Ala.; A. J. Sheets, D, 50th Va.; J. H. Maddox, 3d U. S. Cav., formerly 10th Va. Cav. C. S. A.; Corporal D. A. Stewart, D, 15th Ala.; J. W. Peters, C, 25th Va. Cav.; James Blair, A, 19th Ark.; B. F. Hoover, A, 4th Tenn.; George Carpenter, G, 8th Va.; John Owen, E, 41st Ala.; J. T. Holland, C, 3d La.; L. E. Pearce, I, 55th N. C.; W. T. Ward, A, 18th Va. Cav.; J. A. Adams, A, 15th Ga.; J. Johnston, C, 3d Tenn. Cav.; W. F. Green, E, 9th Ark.; S. H. Boon, I, 8th Confederate Cavalry; A. V. Bell, C, 5th Va.; J. V. Harlan, I, 13th Ala.; W. T. Ransom, F, 13th Ala.; Sergt. J. J. Scroggin, F, 13th Va.; William Jones, A, 33d N. C.; R. S. Powell, E, 10th Ky. Cav.; Y. J. Stephens, B, 21st Ark.; R. R.



Bradley, H, 1st Delaware Artillery, U. S.; W. D. Murr, D, 60th Tenn.; B. Fuller, B, 38th Va.; J. H. Heizless, D, 57th Va.; Job Mereer, I, 1st N. C. Cav.; Corporal B. E. Hughes, H, 38th N. C.; A. Flaury, I, 47th Ala.; A. G. Rogers, C, 7th Tex.; M. Oller, K, 53d N. C.; J. Layton, H, 16th N. C.; R. Ardell, F, 21st Ark.; Joseph Nix, C, 1st Ala. Cav.; J. Spain, D, 8th Confederate Cav.; G. W. Powell, A, 48th Ga.; E. Furguson, K, 17th Va.; Henry Webb, D, 4th Va.; J. Murr, D, 60th Tenn.; J. Simmons, B, 8th Ga.; Corporal J. Salts, F, 60th Tenn.; J. Beatman, K, 13th N. C.; J. F. Nolan, C, 55th N. C.; J. Cooner, H, 51st Ala. Cav.; Corporal M. Miller, K, 26th Ala.; L. D. Mangum, D, 26th N. C.; S. Richardson, F, 32d N. C.; L. Osborne, F, 45th N. C.; J. Gamman, B, 60th Tenn.; George Hunt, C, 60th Tenn.; H. R. Stephens, C, 26th Miss.; William Dudley, A, 19th Va.; J. M. Haddler, G, 33d N. C.; Sergt. H. C. Richmond, B, 4th N. C. Cav.; N. Hall, C, 4th N. C.; William Riddle, F, 6th Ala.; J. W. Taylor, F, 11th Va.; E. Sams, K, 52d N. C.; J. W. Ward, K, 18th Ala.; William Lane, F, 12th Ga.; T. Mullicers, B, 2d Va. Cav.; Sergt. Maj. J. T. Hargrove, 13th Ga.; Sergt. G. W. Coggins, K, 34th N. C.; J. Barker, F, 6th Ala.; J. J. Phillips, I, 57th N. C.; J. E. Evans, A, 6th Ala.; L. Cole, C, 11th Miss.; J. T. Harrison, B, 15th Ga.; W. F. Standifer, F, 7th Ala.; W. B. Best, A, 8th Confederate Cavalry, Ala.; D. W. Stuart, G, 7th Ala.; A. F. Young, C, 14th Ala.; J. S. Able, D, 13th Ala.; T. G. Warren, C, 53d Va.; F. Preswood, I, 26th N. C.; Thomas Upchurch, G, 7th N. C.; J. W. Broek, G, 50th N. C.; John Heltan, G, 61st Tenn.; William Cain, I, 33d Miss.; J. W. Edwards, H, 32d N. C.; J. M. Deshazo, B, 42d Miss.; J. Bayett, I, 47th N. C.; A. Hefner, F, 7th Ala.; J. A. McKenzie, G, 20th Ga.; J. M. Houghton, I, 31st Va.; W. Oldfield, —, — Tenn. Cav.; S. Jackson, A, 6th Ala.; W. W. Woodson, H, 3d Ga.; W. T. Scott, A, 61st Va.; Benjamin Jacobs, Quartermaster Department from Maryland; J. F. Dunnaway, E, 1st Confederate Cav.; T. J. Robson, E, 4th Ky.; George Johnson, B, 157th N. Y.; A. S. Dunlass, C, 12th S. C.; Henry Lucas, C, 55th N. C.; J. S. Clayton, C, 2d Miss.; Sergt. F. M. Wood, G, 18th Va.; J. W. Mahan, B, 38th Va.; C. Broughton, I, 47th N. C.; G. S. Doster, A, 12th S. C.; W. A. Inman, C, 25th N. C.; J. T. Hall, D, 1st Mo. Cav.; J. C. Browning, G, 3d Ala.; J. Q. A. Johnson, K, 42d Miss.; James Brandon, B, 59th N. C.; James Durham, A, 16th Va.; L. D. Rudd, B, 59th N. C.; N. Hatsell, E, 4th N. C. Cav.; James Smith, E, 33d N. C.; S. L. Patterson, C, 51st Ala.; L. J. Dempsey, C, 7th Va.; J. N. Teneur, A, 38th N. C.; B. Babson, K, 20th N. C.; Corporal J. W. Edson, D, 15th Ala.; C. C. Sparks, G, 7th Va.; J. B. Floyd, A, 2d Fla.; William Harrison, C, 37th Tenn.; R. O. Mitchell, F, 7th Va.; E. F. Dick, F, 5th N. C.; J. L. Slard, E, 20th N. C.; J. B. Henderson, G, 9th Ala.; David Smith, F, 49th Ga.; Isaac Morris, F, 33d N. C.; J. V. Cossar, E, 60th Tenn.; V. W. Lamb, A, 8th Fla.; William Alvinson, E, 51st Ala.; James Howard, A, 14th Miss.; C. H. Plummer, E, 8th S. C.; A. B. Johnston, D, 8th Confederate Cav.; A. Burly, I, 19th Va.; A. Winchester, B, 1st Tenn. Cav.; C. R. C. Hall, H, 42d Miss.; Freeman Hurley, K, 34th N. C.; R. Dosty, I, 20th N. C.; W. T. Johnson, G, 51st Ala.; James Olliver, D, 60th Tenn.; A. G. Hawthorne, A, 14th Ga.; G. W. Hall, F, 56th Va.; Eli C. Cline, F, 14th Tenn. Cav.; Jerry Hefner, C, 55th N. C.; A. B. Merrett, K, 52d

N. C.; J. W. Ferrill, A, 55th N. C.; J. T. Fowlkes, C, 18th Va.; Henry Floyd, F, 11th N. C.; A. Basright, C, U. S. Cav.; G. B. Collins, C, 60th Ga.; H. Jarten, H, 42d Miss.; A. Garther, E, 33d N. C.; H. Hays, I, 26th N. C.; D. H. Carson, C, 5th Tex.; Isaac Williams, K, 42d Miss.; F. L. Mancrif, B, 13th Ga.; F. M. Young, I, 1st N. C.; J. S. Semmes, K, 24th Va.; W. J. Hensley, B, 59th N. C.; John Pryor, C, 51st Ala.; J. B. Fleming, E, 23d N. C.; C. Taylor, G, 28th Ga.; E. Parrish, G, 26th N. C.; M. Thompson, D, 51st Ala.; C. Fan, E, 1st S. C.; J. W. King, I, 7th Ala.; F. Smith, B, 52d N. C.; W. P. May, H, 1st N. C.; Richard Dutton, I, 7th Ga.; J. Chambers, A, 6th N. C.; J. C. Godey, K, 10th Ky.; Levi Archer, E, 9th Va.; N. Viperman, I, 24th Va.; J. H. Collins, K, 18th Ga.; J. H. Anglis, D, 38th Va.; Samuel Watts, F, 3d Con. Cav.; J. Burnett, B, 7th Ala. Cav.; S. C. Wilkery, F, 13th Ala.; T. H. Neal, I, 53d N. C.; Agnes Smith, C, 31st N. C.; J. McLaughlin, B, 36th Battery, Va. Cav.; J. A. Brickeen, B, 3d Tenn.; Joseph Bryant, D, 57th Ala.; J. F. Good, G, 34th N. C.; W. M. Bolton, A, 15th Ga.; W. H. Bernard, G, 1st Ark. Cav.; J. H. Stakes, K, 4th Ala.; M. K. Sharp, K, 47th N. C.; R. H. Jennings, F, 3d Con. Cav.; B. D. Bell, F, 43d N. C.; M. Williams, D, 26th N. C.; John Kent, B, 1st Ala. Cav.; Richard Fuller, G, 1st Va.; A. G. Simmans, B, 47th Ala.; J. A. Cacks, A, 21st Va.; J. Gibson, I, 3d Tenn.; J. C. Pickler, I, 52d N. C.; James D. Johnson, K, 11th Va.; E. E. Yancey, E, 13th Ala.; H. Pratt, B, 5th Tex.; H. D. Burgess, H, 42d Miss.; James McKildee, H, 40th Va.; J. H. Bryant, E, 2d Fla.; N. F. Williams, G, 33d Miss.; G. A. Steele, G, 3d Mo.; H. W. Sperill, D, 2d N. C.; A. J. Burks, G, 26th N. C.; J. B. Barefoot, I, 55th N. C.; J. Garrison, K, 52d Va.; M. Wright, E, 2d Fla.; R. Bryson, C, 2d Tenn.; J. C. Rodgers, A, 20th Ga.; J. H. Kiser, D, 53d N. C.; James Childers, E, 3d Ala.; W. F. Munday, G, 52d N. C.; W. Bowman, K, 50th Va.; James Newbenn, G, 32d N. C.; J. D. Yancey, K, 55th N. C.; J. Baker, K, 23d N. C.; Robert Ward, I, 23d N. C.; J. Strickler, G, 55th N. C.; E. Worley, F, 7th N. C.; —, — Covington, E, 45th N. C.; L. E. Stafford, F, 15th Ala.; C. T. E. West, G, 4th N. C.; W. Doggett, G, 48th N. C.; A. Marshall, I, 47th N. C.; J. C. Webb, G, 18th Va.; J. R. Thomas, C, 2d Ga.; J. N. Gee, A, 5th N. C.; W. F. Ford, C, 4th Tenn.; M. M. Irwin, D, 9th Ga.; A. H. June, G, 15th S. C.; James Prescott, K, 48th Ga.; A. P. J. Albearty, H, 22d N. C.; J. W. Paund, F, 14th Ala.; J. W. Atkins, A, 2d Miss.; Turnby Hicks, G, 26th N. C.; J. R. Baber, G, 3d Ala.; J. Alexander, I, 26th Ala.; Corporal W. Wilburn, G, 2d N. C.; N. Hall, F, 52d N. C.; J. S. Burroughs, A, 1st Mo. Cav.; P. Rodgers, B, 16th Va.; J. B. Campbell, A, Nelson's Battery; R. Martin, E, 56th Va.; R. W. Colwell, F, 57th N. C.; O. Duncan, D, 20th N. C.; J. W. Bullood, E, 1st Ala.; Sergt. J. W. Crow, K, 42d Miss.; E. Trammell, I, 45th N. C.; J. R. Hall, F, 48th Ga.; William Foster, H, 1st Tex.; J. Gustas, B, 8th Con. Cav.; W. H. Moore, I, 55th N. C.; W. H. Westbooks, E, 8th Con. Cav.; R. W. Harris, A, 7th Ala.; Alexander Roy, A, 26th Ala.; C. W. Taylor, D, 13th Ga.; W. H. Sumner, H, 21st N. C. Cav.; T. A. Cantrell, C, 51st N. C.; H. T. Willis, F, 9th Ga.; J. Jackson, E, 4th Ken. Cav.; P. H. Vaiden, B, 53d Va.; W. Kean, K, 38th N. C.; W. J. Lowe, H, 47th N. C.; E. Neese, H, 1st N. C.; J. J. McDaniel, G, 51st Ga.; J. W. Bird, K, 23d N. C.; J. Venaror, A, 26th N. C.; R. A. Ivey, G, 3d Ala. Cav.;

Ben Neely, E, 4th Tenn.; R. M. Gerald, H, 51st Ala.; J. L. Hudson, A, 4th Ken. Cav.; J. H. Hughes, K, 57th Va.; J. L. Wilkinson, D, 17th Ga.; G. Griffin, B, 5th Ala.; William Jones, B, 6th Ala.; J. J. Rothell, C, 24th Ga.; C. B. McDowell, H, 9th Ga.; W. F. Bryson, D, 55th N. C.; William Adkins, B, 18th Va.; William Dinsmar, B, 37th Va.; J. H. Browning, A, 1st Ala.; A. Lacky, G, 38th N. C.; G. W. Clinger, K, 4th Ala.; D. Murray, F, 53d N. C.; James Hoggies, H, 16th N. C.; J. M. Carpenter, G, 18th Va.; E. Newsom, K, 16th Ga.; D. Ward, B, 60th Tenn.; J. B. Hallon, K, 50th Va.; E. Funsford, I, 55th Va.; J. C. Stanley, C, 2d Tenn.; J. E. Mayer, A, 51st Ala.; G. A. Ramsey, I, 10th Ga.; J. Andrews, I, 13th Ala.; William Hamilton, F, 48th Ala.; W. C. Gun, C, 62d Va.; G. W. Dennis, B, 25th Va.; James Bailey, B, 4th Ala.; C. Robinson, F, 2d Miss.; D. C. Coggins, D, 8th Ala.; L. Wilson, B, 23d N. C.; J. M. Agee, E, 61st Tenn.; Sergts. R. R. Odon, H, 5th N. C.; B. Stevenson, B, 33d N. C.; H. Huddleston, I, 1st Mo. Cav.; S. F. Miller, G, 49th Ga.; W. C. Batchelor, C, 47th N. C.; James Mitchell, E, 13th Ala.; W. R. Overstreet, H, 8th Fla.; D. Robertson, D, 36th Ga.; Ira Eggleton, F, 42d Va.; S. Leich, G, 18th Va. Cav.; James Coffman, K, 59th Ga.; G. W. Howard, K, 3d N. C.; F. Williams, F, 52d N. C.; H. E. Matley, A, Nelson's Battery; Corporal J. B. Evans, H, 5th N. C.; James Basdon, I, 1st N. C. Cav.; M. Johns, E, 51st Ala. Cav.; W. F. Laroon, E, 13th Ala.; J. G. Nance, D, 5th N. C.; J. H. Parker, E, 18th Va.; William Hersing, H, 35th Ga.; J. Nortleet, I, 8th Va.; Sergt. E. Wright, B, 5th N. C.; T. P. Young, H, 3d Con. Cav.; J. Ellis, D, 1st Tenn.; Scoggins, B, 9th Ga.; R. F. Norman, K, 10th Va.; J. Hall, B, 7th Tenn.; J. League, G, 15th La.; J. L. Gibson, A, 10th Ala.; J. P. Fennie, C, 43d Miss.; H. Calver, F, 10th Va.; T. J. Boyd, G, 42d Miss.; C. Lard, C, Garrett's Battery; G. W. Glaze, K, 13th Ga.; Thomas Jones, E, 51st Ga.; Robert Jones, I, 23d N. C.; James Sillis, F, 2d Fla.; J. T. Williams, E, 8th Con. Cav.; H. Newler, F, 5th N. C.; T. J. McGentry, F, 8th La.; J. C. Nun, D, 16th Ga.; J. R. Cox, H, 51st Ga.; A. Raye, I, 40th Miss.; W. L. Hill, E, 14th Ala.; M. S. Davis, C, 17th Miss.; J. Freeze, H, 47th N. C.; J. S. Turner, E, 49th N. C.; G. S. Smith, Eng.

Corps; G. P. Cook, 1st Del. Cav.; J. M. Pitts, I, 2d Miss.; T. A. Warner, C, 2d Tenn.; D. Savage, —, —; M. Griffith, I, 50th Va.; J. Gillum, D, 37th Va.; L. E. Smith, G, 35th Ga.; T. J. Wiggins, E, 13th Ala.; H. Leneberry, H, 16th N. C.; C. N. J. Cole, H, 16th Ga.; Alexander Harris, 1st Va. Artillery; B. Hunter, H, 20th Ga.; J. Gibson, I, 3d Tenn.; J. C. Pickler, I, 52d N. C.; James D. Johnson, K, 11th Va.; E. E. Yancey, E, 13th Ala.; H. Pratt, B, 5th Tex.; H. D. Burgess, H, 42d Miss.; James McKeldoe, H, 40th Va.; J. H. Bryant, E, 2d Fla.; N. F. Williams, G, 33d Miss.; W. Carden, B, 4th N. C.; James Marcus, K, 8th Ala.; Andrew Butt, E, 61st Va.; William Hale, E, 60th Tenn.; M. White, C, 55th N. C.

UNNAMED PHOTOGRAPHS AND AMBROTYPES. — In connection with printing the picture of a "Confederate Chaplain" some months ago request was made for those who have sent pictures to the VETERAN and have not seen engravings of them to kindly write, giving a description. It frequently occurs that pictures are sent, photographs or ambrotypes, and letters mailed about the same time, but, the pictures not being marked, it becomes impossible to tell one from another. This is the more difficult with pictures in cases where there is no way they can be marked. Slips of paper may be inclosed, but they get lost, and some of these pictures are invaluable. It is deeply regretted that these portraits cannot be returned nor used in the publication. A number of engravings have been made from such, and they cannot be used for lack of knowledge about the parties. The chaplain referred to above was Rev. Joshua Johnson Grace, of the Seventeenth Alabama Regiment. His record is a fine one in the army, and in the Christian ministry after the war. He died from the effects of wounds, one of which was inflicted as he carried the colors of his regiment from the field on retreat, and another while helping to bear his colonel from the battlefield.



CHAPLAIN J. H. GRACE AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS CELEBRATING WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY IN SAN ANTONIO, FEB. 22<sup>ND</sup> 1861.



## PERSONAL EPISODE IN MISSISSIPPI.

Comrade J. A. Harrall, President of the Veteran Cavalry Camp No. 9, U. C. V., writes from New Orleans of an interesting episode:

I entered the service as a private in Gillespie's Company of Nichol's Sixth Texas Infantry, at Galveston, Tex., in September, 1861, the term of enlistment being six months. Before the expiration of my term I received a commission to raise a company for Waul's Texas Legion, in which I was successful, and it was mustered in for the war at Houston, J. B. Hogue being elected captain and I the senior first lieutenant. We rendezvoused at Camp Waul, Washington County, Tex., where we were directed to serve as light artillery, and were assigned to Edgar's Battalion. We were sent to Vicksburg and placed in command of the siege battery, Col. Beltzhoover commanding. My company was at Fort Pemberton, and successfully defended it against the Federal gunboats. Returning to Vicksburg, it remained until the surrender.

Jackson, Miss., was in ruins, Sherman's army had fallen back to Vicksburg, Johnston's army was camped on Chunky River. The writer had a pass from Gen. Jackson to go to Grenada, and there to join Willis's Battalion, Waul's Legion.

Meeting a congenial soldier of Mississippi, we bivouacked on the open grounds in the desolate and unhappy city. Starting northward early in the day, it was a half day's ride to Canton, where, by fortuitous circumstances, I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Whitehead, a wounded soldier going to his home near Vaiden on furlough, from Johnston's army in Georgia. I soon learned to regard him as a high-born, hospitable gentleman of a congenial and mirthful disposition. It was an enjoyable ride to his father's, six miles north of Vaiden, where we arrived about nightfall on Saturday, and a cordial invitation was extended me to stay overnight, which was gratefully accepted.

Sunday morning my horse was at the gate and breakfast over, and I was about to take my departure, after expressing heartfelt thanks and regrets at parting with my new friends, when Judge Whitehead appeared and invited me to remain over Sunday as his guest, which I was pleased to accept. It was nearly 11 A.M., the horses and vehicles were ready for church, when a messenger came under whip and spur to tell of a large force of Federal cavalry having captured two passenger trains at Vaiden, one or both from Grenada. They were preparing to send an expedition to Grenada to capture Gen. Chalmers's Brigade, which was then being pressed hard by Gen. Hatch from another direction. Grenada was Gen. Chalmers's base, and his ammunition and supplies were concentrated there. I quickly determined to go and see what force the Federals had at Vaiden. Judge Whitehead and his nephew piloted me through Hazy Creek bottom to the railroad between Vaiden and Winona. I rode up on the railroad between the trains, and, seeing a party of men coming from one train to the other, I fell back under a big beech tree and waited until they were opposite, when I fired and wounded one, a negro, who surrendered and gave me the desired information. My friends took charge of the prisoner, and I reconnoitered farther. A storm came on, and it rained for hours, until dark, so that it took

me a long time to find my way back to the house. With Mr. Eugene Whitehead as my guide, I went to the Turner plantation, aroused the negro men, and with axes and turpentine cut and burned the bridge, to delay the Federal troops. Riding the rest of the night, I reached Duck Hill about sunrise, where I came upon our pickets and secured a messenger to convey my report to Grenada. I arrived at Grenada during the early afternoon, and found our troops fighting the enemy from across the river. It was not long before we retreated eastward, having burned the stores and supplies that we could not remove. It is left to conjecture of what importance this independent service was to the cause.

There was an appreciable reward in all intercourse and service afterwards by Gen. Chalmers and others. He voluntarily gave me permission to pick a number of men, and sent me on special duty scouting, and always extended me the courtesy of headquarters and gave me his confidence.

CONCERNING THE FIGHTING ABOUT NEW HOPE CHURCH.—W. R. Campbell, who was of Company K, Fourth Louisiana Volunteers, writes from Bogalusa, La.: "In the issue of October Comrade George W. Talbot, of Hico, Tex., takes me to task concerning my statement in regard to the battle of New Hope Church, Ga., on May 27, 1864. I do not doubt that his regiment, the Tenth Texas, was hotly engaged with the 'Yankees from two hours before sunset until dark,' but Granbury's Brigade was not all the troops that fought that evening. As I stated before, my regiment, the Fourth Louisiana, Quarles's Brigade, was engaged in a desperate battle. As stated previously, my brigade had been rushed from the Gulf Department to reinforce Gen. Johnston. Leaving the cars at Marietta about sunset on the evening of the 26th, we took up the line of march immediately for New Hope Church, twenty-eight miles distant, arriving just as the first glimmer of dawn appeared in the east. We lay in line just in the rear of the church resting until the middle of the afternoon, when we were ordered, 'Attention!' and an hour before sundown we were moved rapidly to the right, where heavy firing indicated a fierce engagement, which I suppose was Granbury's Brigade. We passed on up the line, by where the fighting was, to the extreme right, where there were no other troops than cavalry. At dusk we faced left into line of battle, and advanced. After dark we came to the cavalry picket line, and passed on, when we encountered a heavy force of infantry lying in ambush, who fired directly in our faces, but shot too high. We immediately returned the fire, and sprang forward and drove them uphill in great confusion. At the first onset we came very near mixing up with the enemy. I give to those Texans all the honor that men could be given; they were noble men."

Holmes County Camp, No. 398, United Confederate Veterans, of Bowling Green, Miss., has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: R. H. Baker, Commander; C. Ottenburg, J. R. Watson, F. W. Eakin, F. O. McGee, Lieutenants; F. A. Howell, Adjutant; G. C. Phillips, Surgeon; H. Christmas, Assistant Surgeon; J. M. McCaleb, Quartermaster; J. F. Wallace, Commissary; Joseph Moore, Treasurer; O. F. Hosea, Chaplain.

### SERMON FROM A VETERAN TO COMRADES.

In a sermon delivered by T. B. Larimore at the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, quoting his text from 2 Timothy ii. 3-5, he said:

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully." Whether right or wrong, it has been considered from time immemorial an honor to be a good soldier. The post of honor has been assigned to brave, true soldiers from the beginning of history to the present time. Orators, poets, and painters have essayed to give honor to brave, obedient, self-sacrificing soldiers. This may be one reason why Christians are called soldiers, and also why Christ is called the Captain of our salvation. In the language just read the apostle Paul exhorts Timothy to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In his first letter to Timothy, sixth chapter, he bids him "fight the good fight of faith" and "lay hold on eternal life."

It has been understood through the ages that, when firesides are to be defended, when wives and children and friends are to be protected, the bravest and best boys and men have ever been willing to defend and protect them, to shield and save home and loved ones. I heard United States Senator Daniel Voorhees, the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," in a great speech say, "The best blood of our country was in the army on both sides," alluding to the men in our great war. Nothing said indicated any bitterness in his heart toward soldiers on either side. . . . God wants people to be what is best for them—best for body, soul, and spirit, for time and for eternity—and he wants them to be honored as they are honorable in that relationship. . . . The Scriptures clearly indicate that God's Church is an army, and that every member of it is a soldier.

About forty years ago a call was made throughout our Southland for boys and men to enlist in the army. . . . We heeded the call for volunteers, to fight for what we regarded the sacred rights of self and loved ones. The call then was for a definite number to follow the stars and bars for a definite period of time.

When we were in the Confederate army it was natural for us to love our leaders and to follow them at every peril. If we were good soldiers, we were ready and willing to obey their orders until death.

#### REMINISCENCES OF THE SPEAKER'S EXPERIENCES.

My first general officer was Zollicoffer. His soldiers loved him, and believed him to be a leader worthy of their love and confidence. When, on the dark and drizzly 19th of January, 1862, he fell at the head of his army, his faithful soldiers sorrowed not so much because the battle was lost as because their leader had fallen. Though we had heard terrible things of the army in blue, when the time came for soldiers to be detailed to go back under a flag of truce for his body it was not hard to get men to go. I think all of us wanted to go. I well remember that I considered myself exceedingly fortunate in being one of those who were designated. We had neither dread of danger nor fear of death. A little group of us, under a

white flag, went back for the body of our fallen leader, the leader we loved.

Albert Sidney Johnston was my next general officer. His soldiers loved him and had high confidence in him. Well do some of us remember when, on April 6, 1862, he fell, and under the weeping heavens, on April 7, his battle-scarred army fell back from Shiloh's bloody field. The battle was lost, and we sighed for the companionship of many missing comrades, but especially did we mourn for our leader.

We, as soldiers of the cross—if we are soldiers of the cross, and I hope we are—have a Leader infinitely greater and better than these. . . . This Leader has been tested and tried through the ages, and has never been found wanting. No mortal has ever trusted him in vain. I know not how many of you are in his army, but I do know that all of us ought to be. Those of us who are in it ought to fear no danger, dread no death, and be always true to the cause to establish which our Leader died.

In that other warfare we were always cautious. Though we believed we could whip anything we might meet, we were careful to prepare for emergencies, so that we could get something between us and the enemy, to save ourselves from extermination, should such a shield be necessary. When we were camped at Beech Grove, near Fishing Creek, and our leader knew a battle was inevitable, some of us were sent to Nashville to get a steamboat and bring it up the river to Beech Grove (Mill Springs) so that, if we got whipped, we should have some way to get to the south side of the river. We came down and took the Noble Ellis up to Beech Grove, and later, when our leader was killed and the battle was lost, we had the boat there to carry us over the river. We kept it plying to and fro all day and late into the night. About midnight it was abandoned, wrapped in withering flames, to drift down the stream, but the Cumberland River was between us and our foes. We could see the flash of their guns and hear the roar of their artillery, but the beautiful Cumberland flowed between us and them. The Noble Ellis saved us, and then ceased to be. This shows the wisdom of soldiers in worldly



ON THE PORCH OF THE CONFEDERATE HOME.



warfare. But for such precautions on the part of the leaders in the army to which we then belonged, our bodies might to-day be in neglected ditches far away, and this Soldiers' Home never have been thought of.

We are engaged in a struggle for life here as long as we live. The human race is a warfare from the cradle to the grave, fighting for existence. Some have an easy time, some a hard time; but nevertheless it is a battle for life, and we are destined to lose the battle at last. It matters not how strong we are, how courageous we are, we are all absolutely certain to fall on this field of battle. We are growing older and weaker every day, and death will finally defeat and destroy us. We must then cross, not the winding Cumberland, not the broad, beautiful Tennessee, nor the mighty Mississippi; but the deep, dark, dreaded river of death, the river that silently and ceaselessly rolls between the shores of fleeting time and never-ending eternity.

Now, as we look back to our bloody war we commend the prudence of our leaders as manifested in the case of Zollicoffer's sending for the Noble EHs that saved the boys after he fell. It is infinitely more important that we prepare for crossing this deeper, darker river. We did not know then that we should ever have to cross the Cumberland River; our General did not know that we should ever need that boat, but he did know it would be well to be ready for an emergency. We absolutely know we must cross the river of death. The wealth and power of a thousand worlds could not keep us from crossing that dark river. We should be prepared for the crossing; and, as we know neither the day nor the hour when we must pass to the other shore, we should be prepared every day and every hour.

Now, the question for each to ask himself is: "Am I to be saved?" It is hard for me to realize that only small remnants of the armies that less than forty years ago followed the stars and bars and the stars and stripes are left now. It is hard for me to realize that those who were boys then are old men now, the snows that never melt gathering upon their locks; and it is just as hard for me to realize that a few more days or years at most, and not a Confederate soldier can be found on earth; but this is true. There will be Federal soldiers on earth, perhaps, while time lasts; but the day is near at hand for the burial of the last Confederate soldier. Realizing now that this little remnant is soon to cease to be, that most of the boys have joined the solemn bivouac of the dead, and those who are left must soon pass over to that silent camping ground, we ought to press this question home: Am I to be saved? When we ask this question each ought to say, "I can and I will be saved," and then carry out that resolve.

There never was a Confederate soldier who had not enlisted in the Confederate army. There were certain laws, rules, and regulations of enlistment in that army; and, in order to become a Confederate soldier, those conditions had to be observed. We who were in that army can tell our children just how we became soldiers. When we who were Confederate soldiers, however, have all passed away, when two or three generations more have come and gone, and no one on earth can remember having seen a Confederate soldier, or having seen any one who ever saw a Confederate soldier, how can the world then know about the

Confederate army? If books be left covering that period, especially books written by that generation, beginning with the breaking out of the war, or the first movement toward secession, picturing everything, giving names and dates and details, can then be found in the libraries of the land, men, women, and children, by reading and studying those books, can know all about the Confederate army as it was.

As we could not be Confederate soldiers without enlisting in the Confederate army, so we can never be soldiers of the cross without enlisting in the army of the cross. To become soldiers in the army of the Lord, we must observe the rules and conditions of enlistment in the army of the cross. The Bible reveals very clearly the conditions of enlistment in this army, and we should turn to God's book and read his instructions. We must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel. In the first four books of the New Testament (Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John) we find the history of our Leader. In those eighty-nine chapters we learn of his birth, his life, his death, his burial, his resurrection, his ascension. We can study his life and character, imbibe his spirit, learn to love him and the cause for which he died.

In the book known as the Acts of the Apostles we are taught exactly how we can become soldiers of the cross. That book was written by a soldier of the cross, guided by the Holy Spirit, in the century in which our Saviour lived on the earth. In it we have an account of the ascension of the Saviour, the descent of the Holy Spirit to take up his abode in the material provided for the formation of his army, the charter members; the terms of enlistment proclaimed, and the organization and recruiting of the army for several years after its formation. If we would understand all the details of enlistment in the army of the Lord Jesus—what we must believe and what we must do to become soldiers in the army of the cross—we must study the Acts of the Apostles. It is the only book that gives this information. If we do this, if we read and understand this book, if we hear the gospel, believe the gospel, and obey the gospel according to its instructions, then we are enlisted in the army and are ready for the divine warfare.

After we enlisted in the Confederate army we were drilled according to the tactics thereof, that we might become skillful and successful soldiers; but very few of us ever had access to a book of military discipline. Having enlisted in the army of the Lord, we should drill and be drilled, according to the tactics of the army of righteousness, that we may be skillful and successful soldiers of the cross, and to this end we may have access to the discipline divine, to all the rules and regulations constituting the discipline of the Church of Christ. These are found in the Epistles. The one hundred and twenty-one chapters of these twenty-one letters to Christian soldiers we should read and study, to learn how soldiers of the cross are to live, how they are to fight the battles of the Lord. These twenty-one Epistles, beginning with Romans and ending with Jude, constitute the discipline of the Church of God. In the last book of the New Testament, Revelation, we have glimpses of the grandeurs and glories and beauties of the soldiers' home above, that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Soldiers learned to love one another in "our war." By the very hardships they endured they were drawn closer together. They would stand by each other through suffering and danger, even unto death. The true soldier would divide his last cracker with a comrade. The war is over, but this tie still binds them together, and as they grow old and gray their hearts are drawn closer together by memories of the hardships they endured so long ago. They loved each other like brothers indeed. This is also especially true of all good soldiers of the cross. They are loyal and faithful and true to each other. They will make sacrifices for each other, and their hearts are drawn closer and closer together as they grow old in the service of the Lord. This tie is not broken here; even death cannot break it. It is to be strengthened while eternity lasts.

Here we have reunions, of those who wore the gray and of those who wore the blue in that other war, that bloody war. Some of us are too busy to attend them. I have been busy all my life, for fifty years at least, too busy to attend any of the reunions of old soldiers. This is as near to a reunion as anything I have ever attended. These reunions are becoming very frequent, but there is always sadness connected with them. Some are absent because their life's battle has been fought, and they have passed over the river. Some of those who are present do not recognize each other, though they fought side by side, they have grown so old and gray. Others say or think: "We are together, but for only a few days. Then we separate, and may never meet again." Thus there is sadness mingled with the gladness of every reunion. But there is to be a grand and glorious reunion of the soldiers of the cross some day. That reunion will have no sadness connected with it, born of the thought that some may not be there. Every faithful soldier of the cross, all who have valiantly fought the battles of the Lord, and have been faithful unto death, shall enjoy that reunion, which will be in the soldiers' home above, and shall last forever.

I rejoice that our State has made provision here for Confederate soldiers. Blessed be the State! Blessed be the Home! I rejoice that brave men, pure women, good boys, and sweet girls have contributed prayers and tears and labor and money to bring about this good result. But high heaven has prepared a soldiers' home that is grander, more glorious far, than

this; and when that final reunion comes, all faithful soldiers of the cross shall be there, and shall realize that they are there forever. When trillions of ages have come and gone, they shall have no less time to enjoy the comforts and bliss of that delightful home than when they first entered its portals. They shall never grow old in that home: youth, strength, vigor, and beauty shall be eternal there. There shall be no sorrow, no pain, no death, but perpetual peace and joy forever. Remember that, to reach that blessed place, we must hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel, and be faithful soldiers of the cross till God shall call us home. I pray God that all who have enlisted in this army may be faithful until death; and if there are any of you who have not enlisted in the army of the Lord, I pray that you may enlist without delay.

## OFFICERS SECOND TENNESSEE BRIGADE.

Brig. Gen. Clay Stacker, Commanding Second Tennessee Brigade, U. C. V., announces the following as his staff: Maj. A. F. Smith, Adjutant General, Clarksville; Maj. James Sims, Judge Advocate General, Nashville; Maj. A. K. Skidmore, Inspector General, Winchester; Maj. H. H. Norman, Quartermaster General, Murfreesboro; Maj. John Y. Hutchinson, Commissary General, Springfield; Maj. W. A. Smith, Surgeon General, Columbia; Maj. J. C. Biles, Chaplain General, McMinnville. Aids: Capt. W. H. McElmore, Tullahoma; Capt. W. J. Mathis, Dickson; Capt. John H. Dew, Nashville.

The Camps in Middle Tennessee comprising this brigade will take notice, respect, and obey the above-named officers accordingly.

Mrs. Sue F. Mooney writes that the Warren McDonald Camp, U. C. V., held a delightful reunion at Kenton, Tenn., Friday, October 4, 1901, and adds: "There was a large gathering and a good dinner. I met an old soldier (W. B. Jones, of Woodland Mills or Clayton, Tenn.) who is a hero of Shiloh. He picked up and held the flag of the Thirty-Third Tennessee Regiment after nine men had been shot down. He greatly desires to have that flag, and he ought to have it. If anybody knows the whereabouts of the flag, he would like to know of it."



THE TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME, LOCATED AT THE HERMITAGE.



### ABOUT RANK AND ROTATION IN OFFICE.

Under date of September 25, 1901, a subscriber to the VETERAN, who takes great interest in the United Confederate Veteran Association, wrote:

Your editorial in the August VETERAN, suggesting rotation in office, has set me to thinking, calculating, and wondering. We have now in the United Confederate Veteran Association one general, three lieutenant generals, nineteen major generals, and fifty-six brigadier generals. Giving to each the number of staff officers allowed by our Constitution, it will make a sum total of eight hundred and sixty-five officers entitled to seats on the stage at general reunions and to participate in the deliberations of the Association. At State reunions there will be an average of fifty-five persons entitled to these privileges. Adopt rotation in office, and in ten years' time we will have given rank, from that of general down to captain, to eight thousand, six hundred and fifty veterans.

The Association already seems top-heavy; what will it be in ten years? Will not such officialism and the red tape it must engender greatly sap the strength of the Association, diminish the enthusiasm of the rank and file of the Camps, and render it impossible to accomplish the objects and purposes of the organization? It was a sad mistake, it seems to me, to accord any rank to the officers of the Association, except that which they bore in the days of actual war. As it is, we appear to be doing our best to confuse the historian by rendering it difficult to distinguish between the generals, colonels, and majors who made records during the war and those who have gained rank in time of peace.

In the Confederate Memorial Hall at New Orleans, hanging side by side with portraits of Lee and Jackson, the Johnstons and the Hills, Hood, Hardee, Stuart, Forrest, and other famous commanders of Confederate armies in the field, are a dozen or more handsome flags presented by different Divisions of United Confederate Veterans to the Adjutant General of the Association. The presentation was made at the Charleston reunion, and attached to each flag is a scroll showing the name and rank of the commander of the division from which it came. Some of these days, and as likely to-morrow as a year or ten years hence, some well-informed American citizen who contemplates writing a history of the war between the States will be tempted to visit the hall to gather from its relics and mementos such inspiration as he may. After looking at the portraits, he will come to the flags, and when he sees on the scrolls here the name of Maj. Gen. Blank, and there the name of Maj. Gen. Blanker, he will probably fall instantaneously into soliloquy somewhat as follows: "Well, well, well! here's a regular poser! I have read enough history and talked enough about war to know who Lee and Jackson and Hood and Forrest and the other heroes whose faces I recognize in those portraits were and what they did, but who in the name of all that is wonderful and mysterious are Gens. Blank and Blanker? What did they do during the war, and what commands had they?"

Your present correspondent has little right to complain that the privates, corporals, and sergeants of the Confederate army, who gave name and fame to

the real generals of the war between the States, have been and are being elevated to the rank of generals, colonels, and majors. His complaint is that we are making so many of these officials that when the last five thousand Confederates meet in reunion every man will have a title, and not a private will be left to occupy a seat in front of the stage.

All things considered, I cannot consistently advocate rotation in office. Do away with rank, let each of our officials be known only by the title he bore during the war, and I am with you, heart and soul. I agree with you in your comments on the methods of holding reunions and transacting business. The gray-haired veteran is being rapidly relegated to a back seat at reunions, and the business affairs of the Association are conducted in such a manner that, if he votes at all, he votes with but small idea of what he is voting for or against. The Committee on Resolutions is all-powerful; what it recommends is adopted, and the old veteran back in the rear of the auditorium has to submit.

GLORY ENOUGH FOR ALL—FIFTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.—W. D. Kendall, who was Adjutant of the Fifth Tennessee Infantry, comments upon the article of Comrade Poston in the September VETERAN:

In the September CONFEDERATE VETERAN W. K. Poston, of Memphis, writes, under the head of "Missionary Ridge Reminiscences," of the participation had in that battle on November 25, 1863, by the consolidated Fourth and Fifth Tennessee Regiments.

As briefly as possible I desire to make a few corrections in Mr. Poston's report. I do not call in question the honesty of the gentleman, or the fact that he makes his statement just as he saw and remembers the fight; but I write in justice to others who participated in that battle, and to one in particular who was killed later, at New Hope, Ga., Col. Jonathan J. Lamb, of the Fifth Regiment. Not a member of either regiment would for a moment call in question the conspicuous bravery of Lieut. Col. Luke W. Finley. His deliberate coolness in action might be questioned, but his fearless, impetuous bravery never.

Col. Lamb, of the Fifth, was the senior and ranking officer, and was in command on that occasion, and a more self-possessed or courageous officer was not in the army, and those five or six thousand Yankees not only could have seen him during that "hailstorm of bullets," but they could also have seen nearly, if not all, the company commanders of these two regiments. It is not probable that that number of Yankees would have hesitated for half an hour to ascend Missionary Ridge if Lieut. Col. Finley had been "the only Rebel they could see." There was, perhaps, not a subordinate officer there or a private in the ditch who did not display much "conspicuous gallantry."

I will mention only one instance of cool bravery on that occasion. It will be remembered that many company officers had discarded their swords, and instead carried axes, spades, and picks for use in camp and for "throwing up" rifle pits. When the order to retreat was given by Col. Lamb (Lieut. Col. Finley may have repeated the order), Capt. Gilchrist, of the Fourth, shouldered his ax and moved up the ridge as deliberately as if he had been going to chop wood for his camp fire. . . . There was glory enough.

**BALLENTINE'S PARTISAN RANGERS.**

A. H. McAlister, New Albany, Miss., writes interesting reminiscences:

Comrade W. H. Lewis, of Hope, Ark., writes that one of the soldiers buried at Pulaski, Tenn., was "Elias Roach, of Company E, Ballentine's Second Mississippi Regiment." On page 6, in *VETERAN* of January, 1898, W. E. Roach (W. E. were the initials of Elias Roach), of said command, was buried in Ohio, I understand at Columbus. However, Comrade "Bill" Lewis did not make the mistake on account of excitement, for no man was ever cooler and more self-possessed in battle than he. Under no circumstances would he run, especially if we were fighting on foot, which we generally did.

Company E was commanded by Judge W. W. McDowell, now of Memphis, Tenn. He was gallant, patriotic, and brave. So was his brother John H., who now lives at Union City, Tenn. He had the credit of capturing more than a score of Yankees himself. There were the McKinney boys—William H. and John J. No better and braver soldiers wore the gray. All who knew them realized this fact. William H. and all the other Tennessee members have passed away, and most of those from Mississippi have answered the last roll call. Among them was Lieut. A. B. Knox, who died two years ago, after amassing quite a fortune. He was a prominent physician, but retired from practice several years before his death. He resided here. Among the living is the noble and firm Jeff J. Davis, who as a citizen is popular, honorable, and successful. He is one of the largest planters in our county (Union), whose latchstring hangs on the outside. This is especially the case to fox hunters, as he is a loyal member of that fraternity. Of the few left of old Company E, the writer is the youngest, although I am quite gray. My youngest child, aged fifteen, is ten pounds heavier than I was when I entered the army. Six men in blue had surrounded my aged mother, and with the muzzle of their cocked guns pressing her body, forced her to give them my father's money. This so aroused my Scotch and Irish blood that, young as I was, I felt it to be my duty to take up arms for my home and people. About the time I reached the army, between Jackson and Edwards, Miss., in the summer of 1863, the Federals advanced on the Confederates; and I, with others—McDowell's Company, which I had gone to join—was rushed to the front. I had neither been "mustered in" nor given rations or gun. However, in the hurry and bustle to get ready, one man in the company was found to be violently sick, who tendered me his gun, which I took and used to the best of my ability.

After returning from the battlefield, Orderly W. H. McKinney said to me: "Mack, I will go with you to the ordnance department, and draw you a gun. On going there we found plenty of "Mississippi rifles," the kind that Company E was armed with; though I selected a "Belgium rifle," because it shot four balls in each charge, which I thought made it a more destructive weapon. Although it was much the heavier and I was the lightest (weight one hundred and five pounds) kid in the company, I kept it until I wore it out, and I left it in a hickory log in Georgia. My name was put on the roll, and I drew

rations as the other soldiers who had been "sworn in," when there was any to issue. At the reorganization of the army Capt. McDowell and all the other Tennessee members, except W. H. Lewis, who remained with us, were transferred to Tennessee commands. This left First Lieut. Jeff Davis in command. Lieut. Knox was absent—sick or wounded. The writer, on the reorganization, was made first orderly sergeant, and in the absence of Lieut. Knox was second in command. . . . I was captured at Selma, Ala., April 12, 1865, by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, who treated me with kindness.

Many other boys were prompted to go to the front and stay because of the treatment their families received by the Federals. Of this class were the McKinney boys of our company, whose father was insulted, robbed of everything, imprisoned, waylaid, and shot by Hurst's band of Tories, from which wounds he died in the summer of 1867. Mr. McKinney was sent to the "Irwin Block" prison in Memphis, Tenn., because he did not see proper to swear falsely in taking the oath of allegiance. However, the officers of the prison released him for \$500 in cash sent by Dr. Stovall, of Camden, Tenn.

Doubtless all of the surviving members of Company E, especially McDowell's messmates, will be pleased to know that Anderson McAllister, my war servant, is still living. He is getting on quite well; has a comfortable home, an plenty around him, and is respected by all the good people who know him.

**ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM CAMP CHASE.**

R. H. Strother (Company E, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry), of Milton, Ky., writes:

During the early summer of 1864 a movement was started to organize the prisoners at Camp Chase into companies, regiments, and brigades, etc. After the organization was effected instructions were secretly given in regard to how the break for liberty should be made. July 4 was the day selected, and the hour ten o'clock, as the bread wagon was leaving the prison. The prisoners were not allowed to assemble in crowds, so we had to be cautious in our movements. About one hundred were selected to make the start. They were to take positions in groups of three and four men as near the gate as practicable without causing any suspicion. The signal agreed upon was to be "Fresh fish!" which was to be given by the leader of the charging squad when the bread wagon went out. The leader, with his group, was to drop in behind the wagon just before it reached the gate, and as it was passing out the signal was to be given, and the groups of the charging squad were to fall in rapidly, keeping up a continuous charge through the gate. The prisoners in the barracks nearest the gate were to rush out and fall immediately in the rear of the charging squad, those in barracks No. 2 to drop in behind those of No. 1, and so on, which would keep up a continuous charge, so that the gate could not be closed. Each Confederate was to have his pockets full of rocks, the only kind of ammunition available. Everything seemed to be working all right, and there was no indication that the officers in charge of the prison had suspected anything wrong. The morning designated came bright and beautiful. The prisoners were jubilant over the prospect of escaping:



every man was in his place, waiting for the time. All eyes were watching for the bread wagon to come and make its exit. Confusion came through the earlier arrival and departure of the wood wagon, and this fact caused the charge to result in a failure. The charging squad was so eager that they gave the signal as the wood wagon went out, and the main force were off guard, not expecting the signal at that time, so that the charging squad passed out through the gate, and the head of the main column not being in supporting distance, the gates were closed. There was a picnic that day a few miles from the prison, and most all of the Federal officers and soldiers not on duty were going to attend. In fact, when the charge was made a large number of them were mounted ready to start, so that all they had to do was to surround the little squad and march it back to prison. The only damage done by the firing of the guard was the shooting of one of the prisoners through the arm. One of the Federal soldiers was also shot, and a cow grazing on the outside of the prison was killed.

The officers in charge of the prison admitted that, had the break been general at the time agreed upon, it would have been successful, as there would have been but few soldiers in camp; the others would have been at the picnic. This organization was confined, so far as I know, to Prison 3; and had the charge been successful, then Prisons 1 and 2 would have been thrown open, and in all about seven thousand prisoners released.

The foregoing is an imperfect sketch as I recall the facts. I wish others of those who were there and participated in the charge would give us their recollections of the event.

**SOME SOUTH CAROLINA BOYS WHO SERVED IN THE FIFTH TEXAS.**—Seeing in the September VETERAN, page 423, an account of the recent reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade, it occurs to me to write about three of their comrades. They were South Carolina boys—John D. and Robert N. Howle, brothers, and Parrott G. McNuse. John D. Howle and McNuse left Darlington County, S. C., late in 1859, and went to Washington County, Tex., stopping temporarily near Brenham. Robert N. Howle went to Texas about one year later, and he also went to Washington County. When the war began the three joined Company I, Fifth Texas Regiment, commanded first by Capt. Jerome E. Robertson, and the regiment went to Virginia. Ere long Capt. Robertson was promoted to colonel of the regiment, and Capt. Clay commanded the company until he lost a leg in battle. Parrott G. McNuse, owing to bad health, was discharged from the company in 1862, and returned to Darlington County, S. C. Soon afterwards he joined an artillery company which had been made up in Darlington County, S. C., a year or so before. He served with distinction throughout the war, surrendering with Gen. Joe Johnston in North Carolina. He went back to Texas the latter part of 1865, remained there until 1887, when he returned to South Carolina, and is a survivor.

John and Robert Howle were both wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg: John through the neck, and "Bob" through the left ankle, which disabled him from marching any more. He was on detail service

until the war closed. John served with the company throughout the war, and surrendered at Appomattox C. H. After the war the two Howle brothers came back to their old home, found that Sherman had gone through with his army, and there was not much of anything left. Bob married in October, 1865, and engaged in farming successfully. He was an upright Christian gentleman. In August, 1900, he died, in his sixtieth year, leaving a wife and five boys, of which the youngest is in college, and the others are in business in Darlington County, S. C.

John Howle married in December, 1866, and engaged in farming successfully. He died in November, 1897, at about fifty-nine years of age. He too was a worthy citizen and a Christian. He left a wife, two sons, and five daughters. The oldest son is running the farm. There were five of the Howle brothers in the army. The other three were members of the Eighth South Carolina Regiment, Kershaw's Brigade. The oldest was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg. Another was shot in the left wrist at Knoxville, Tenn., which has given him a great deal of trouble, he finally losing his hand. He, the youngest brother, lives in Darlington County, S. C.

#### DISASTER AT ZOLLIFFER BARRACKS.

John C. Cates (Company E, Nineteenth Tennessee) writes from Fulton, Miss.:

I had a talk some days ago with Comrade D. N. Ford, who served in the war between the States in Capt. B. F. Toomer's Company, Twenty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment, Walhall's Brigade, and, thinking it might be as interesting to some of the many readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as it was to me, I give



ZOLLIFFER BARRACKS, NOW MAXWELL HOUSE, NASHVILLE.

you his sad experience while a prisoner in your own fair city. Companion Ford says: "I was captured near Lookout Mountain, and was taken to Nashville, Tenn., and, with a large number of prisoners, was placed in the fifth story of the then uncompleted Zollinger Hotel on a Sunday morning. We had dinner Sunday, but no supper that night. Monday morning, when breakfast was announced, one hundred and fifty men, including officers, were allowed to go down to eat at one time. I was very hungry, as was the case with all the boys; so about the time we thought the first crowd had finished I, with some two hundred of the boys, began to crowd around the head of the stairway, when all at once, about twenty feet of the floor gave way, and went crashing down with almost the entire two hundred. Down we crashed through the fourth, third, and landed on the second floor, a conglomerated mass of humanity. Two of the crowd were dead on the floor, one died before he reached the hospital, and about twenty others died from injuries received in the fall. After I pulled myself out of the pile of men and timber, with my ankle broken, I looked up to see the way we had traveled, and I saw that some of the boys were hanging on to the broken joists that they had caught hold of as the floor gave way. I suppose they were rescued later. I think the two that were dead on the floor fell from the fifth floor after we had opened up the way, as they were lying by the edge of the pile. One of John Morgan's men said that he did not mind the fall; it was missing his breakfast that he hated. The fall took my appetite for some three weeks, and I think I should have starved if it had not been for a comrade from Georgia, who had both arms broken, but he could get around and procure food, and always divided with me.

Companion Ford was the last one to leave the hospital. He is anxious to know if any others are living who took that unpleasant and unexpected ride with him. When he was asked if all of his past life came up before him while he went crashing through those floors, he replied: "O no; the trip was too short."

## A WEDDING SUIT IN THE SIXTIES.

M. L. B. writes from Anderson, S. C.:

At the age of sixteen Clifton A. Reed, of this city, son of the late Judge J. P. Reed, volunteered in Company A, Trenholm's Squadron of Cavalry, C. S. A., and served with splendid gallantry until 1864, when he lost his right arm at the battle of Hawes's Shop. The manner of his wounding was remarkable. It fell to his lot to hold horses. In the height of the battle one of his comrades came out, and said to him: "Reed, my gun has got out of order; lend me yours." This company was armed with Sharp's breech-loading carbines, and the men were very proud of them. To his comrade's request the gallant youth responded: "I won't let any man have my gun; you hold these horses, and I will take your place." This exchange was made, and Reed rushed into the thick of the fight. While kneeling, and in the act of putting a cartridge into his rifle, a Minie ball struck his left wrist, making an ugly wound, and then struck the right hand, ranging up through the wrist, shattering the bones of the forearm, requiring its amputation.

The young soldier, thus disabled for further service in the field, came home, and at the age of nineteen was married. Seeing this correspondent the other day wearing a suit of homespun jeans, he was moved to describe his wedding suit. He said: "You know it was practically impossible to get anything but homespun in those days, and my old cavalry uniform was ragged, so my mother had woven, by one of the women on the plantation, a beautiful piece of jeans, which she had dyed black. Of this I had made a long-tailed coat and a pair of trousers. I borrowed a white kid glove [poor fellow, he needed only one!] and a white satin vest from Dr. Nardin (himself a distinguished surgeon in the Confederate service), and these, with a pair of cowhide, homemade boots, constituted my wedding garments." One appreciates this now all the more when one sees Mr. Reed, as he always is, dressed with care and perfect taste in these days. But he says that he never was happier and prouder than when he wore the clothes above described. And I know this is true of his youthful and loving bride.

Mr. Reed has prospered in business, and he and the bride of those Confederate days are still living, handsome and happy in the love of a large circle of



INTERIOR OF THE MAXWELL HOUSE AS IT NOW APPEARS.



EXTERIOR OF THE COMPLETED HOTEL.



kindred and friends. Their home is noted for the refinement and hospitality of its members.

When one considers that the armies of the South were composed of young men of the stuff of which this youth was made, one is not surprised that it required all the resources of the North, backed by the whole world, an army of two millions of men, four years' time, and untold expense to defeat them.

TABLET SUGGESTION UPON CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.—"Harry Stillwell Edwards, the author and the postmaster of Macon, publishes a card suggesting that a brass tablet be let into the pedestal of every Confederate monument in the South inscribed with the sentiment expressed by McKinley in his Atlanta speech, when he advocated the care of the Confederate dead by the National Congress." Mrs. Anna M. B. Dale writes from Paynesville, Mo., inclosing the above and adds: "Let me be the first to protest against it. In so doing I voice the sentiment of every Southern woman. I deplore the assassination of President McKinley. I believe he was a good man and a tender husband, and I think the murderer deserved his fate. I am willing that a monument be raised above the President at Canton to reach to the clouds, if need be, but let his 'utterances' be chiseled on his monument. The Confederate monuments were raised, after years of labor, by Southern women over our own loved Southern dead; and such as they are let them remain, pure as from the sculptor's hand, until the seal of time is set upon all things earthly."

#### GUNTOWN OR BRICE'S X ROADS FIGHT.

W. D. Brown, of Hanson, Ky., writes:

I was a private and belonged to Capt. Jones's Company of the Eighth Kentucky Regiment, commanded by Col. A. R. Shacklett, Lyons's Brigade. Our brigade was dismounted about a mile from the cross roads, and put in line of battle on the morning of June 10, on both sides of the road leading from Tupelo to Guntown. Our company of about thirty or forty men was immediately put on the skirmish line in front of our Kentucky Regiment, and ordered to advance, the brigade following about one hundred yards distant.

We had not gone far when the sharp crack of Enfields indicated that the conflict was on. The skirmishers were fifteen to twenty feet apart. We were in the timber. My place in the line was just to the left of the public road. I could see the Yankee skirmishers dodging from one tree to another for shelter. I went through a yard by a little log house to my left, and crossed the fence into the woods. While busily engaged in my immediate front, a Yankee crept up obliquely to my right just across the public road, taking advantage of a stump for shelter, and as he put his gun over the stump, so as to be sure of his game, Capt. Jones saw him and hallooed to me. "Look out!" at the same time firing his pistol at Mr. Yank, who quickly took shelter behind a friendly tree just in time to save his scalp. The skirmish line advanced perhaps fifty yards farther, when the main line overtook us at a double-quick. The Rebel yell was raised. It was amusing to see how promptly the Yankees in our front gave us the right of way. We crossed the road to the right of the residence

where Gen. Sturgis had his headquarters a few minutes before; passed through a graveyard, and took shelter a few moments behind a church or storehouse while the Yanks were doing likewise. At the other end they soon gave way, and we pressed on to the road, capturing a caisson with team hitched to it, also four or five pieces of artillery. I was in a few yards of the drivers when they dismounted.

At this point we broke their line, a part retreating stubbornly to the right. We followed on, and soon it developed into a glorious stampede. Their movements were intensely refreshing to us tired fellows. Soon we began to find guns, knapsacks, haversacks, hats, and quantities of private bric-a-brac. Going down the hill, we began to meet the abandoned wagon trains—sometimes one or two mules had been unhooked to escape, and sometimes the entire team was left intact. Some wagons with provisions were set on fire. Nothing checked us. It is refreshing still to recall with what promptness they responded to our orders. The Federal general, finding his white soldiers outmarched, as a last resort put his negroes against us; but we were in no mood to accept negro supremacy. At our first charge their heels seemed to be charged with India rubber. During the afternoon the retreating forces essayed to make a stand. This resistance was very stubborn. Gen. Forrest rode up to our lieutenant, and seeing the situation said: "Boys, keep to the shelter until you get them started. Then press them, and we will soon have the most complete victory of the war." This stand of the enemy did not last long. They seemed to have business toward Memphis, and we urged the importance of attending to it. All this time we had been in the forefront of the battle, but some fresh troops partially relieved us.

Bell's Brigade had some hard fighting to our left, judging from the racket they were making. Lyon's Brigade, however, did pivotal work whereby the signal victory was won. The Eighth Kentucky ought to be crowned with imperishable honors for running through the enemy's lines and pushing them with such vigor. Gen. Lyon was to be found on the front line all that day. Gen. Forrest and such subordinate commanders were bound to win.

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. ASHBY AND HIS WHITE HORSE.—Mrs. N. G. Dangerfield writes that Comrade T. J. Young, of Austin, Ark., is probably right in his correction of the color of Ashby's horse, and adds: "He stopped at our house a few hours before he was killed. We were as accustomed to speak of Ashby 'on the big white horse' he often rode as to speak of Gen. Lee on 'Traveler,' though both often rode other horses, and I really don't remember the horse except the general effect. Of the man we all delighted to honor, there could be no doubt. It was not raining at that hour when we all stood bareheaded in the porch and on the pavement to 'speed the parting guests,' whom, alas, we were never to welcome back. Capt. Hilary Magruder and George Baylor were with Ashby as he passed through Harrisonburg toward the point where parts of their regiments were in ambush along the stone fence at the 'Kyle meadows,' just outside and not a mile from Harrisonburg."

## MRS. DAVIS'S INFLUENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT.

Capt. B. L. Ridley, of Tennessee, writes:

I read a touching incident of Gen. Lee pardoning a soldier who showed that the cause of his leaving his command was only temporary absence—to look after the immediate wants of his family—which revives the story told by my fellow staff officer, Lieut. Isnarde, under Gen. A. P. Stewart, while we were in winter quarters near Dalton, in 1863-64. Lieut. Isnarde was an assistant ordnance officer under Capt. J. W. Stewart, of Stewart's staff. He was scrupulously exact in all his doings, and a man whose veracity, with those who knew him, was never brought into question. They sent him to Richmond on business connected with his department. He noticed while *en route* a well-dressed woman in his car, with sorrow depicted on her brow; occasionally she was in tears. Traveling companions became sensationally bewildered about her trouble. Isnarde, a polite, affable Frenchman, of the most delicate sensibilities, had his sympathies so moved that, involuntarily, in that suave manner so characteristic of French civility, he approached the woman and asked the cause of the heavy sorrow. She said that she was *en route* for Richmond to see the last of her husband, who was condemned to be shot under the charge of desertion: that she and children were on the verge of starvation. She informed her husband, when he went home for one week, made provision for them, and was arrested on his way back. Isnarde asked her if her husband belonged to any of the secret fraternities. She replied: "Yes, Odd Fellows." Isnarde claimed to be a Mason, but he told her that he would, although a stranger in Richmond, do everything he could for her.

Upon arriving in Richmond he accompanied the woman to the President's mansion. President Davis

was too busy to see them. Isnarde said that, having failed in this, it occurred to him that the "winning card to play" was to call on Mrs. Davis and get her interested. So he sent in his card with an urgent request. Isnarde and the lady were ushered into the reception room. They unfolded to Mrs. Davis the mission and circumstances under which they had met. He very earnestly besought her interference for the doomed man, and the woman pleaded pitifully for her husband's reprieve, exciting Mrs. Davis's deepest sympathies. The happy result of that visit was that Mrs. Davis remarked on parting: "If I can influence Mr. Davis, I'll stop that execution." The next morning an order came from the President, pardoning the doomed man.

On the next day the soldier and his wife sought Lieut. Isnarde at his hotel to thank him, and he was the happiest man when he returned to the army of Tennessee, in having been instrumental in saving the life of that soldier. I have forgotten his name, and poor Isnarde is not living to tell me. This I do know: the story of the incident impressed me deeply, and from the character Lieut. Isnarde bore with us, Stewart and his staff, and those who knew him, believed what he said.

Cleve Rowan, of Craig's, Miss., writes:

As our brigade (Posey's) marched into Leesburg, Va., *en route* to Maryland, there were, in addition to our band, several others discoursing "Maryland, My Maryland." This was while the troops were crossing the river. After crossing, we camped for a while, and then pushed on to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, near Frederick City, where we camped again as a guard, while efforts were being made to destroy the railroad bridge across the stream at that place. From there through Frederick City to the Maryland Heights in the rear of Harpers' Ferry we marched, and were guarding the road leading from the bridge across the river and which connected Maryland and Virginia, when the white flag was displayed, denoting the surrender of Harper's Ferry. I was as far to the front as I could get, and as near the bridge, accompanied by my comrade, Warren Richmond, who was afterwards wounded at Gettysburg and killed at Spottsylvania in the "Bloody Angle," six days after reporting for duty. The surrendering of Harper's Ferry was a silver lining to the day for me in connection with a little incident in which an Enfield rifle clubbed and a Bowie knife played a conspicuous part during the early morning hours. This was the only time during the war when I was afraid of the consequences of having violated the army regulations, but Lieut. Col. W. S. Wilson, my former captain, friend, and protector, as he stated he felt to be, came to the rescue, and relieved me of my anticipated trouble, after exacting a promise from me that I would drop the matter. I appreciated his services, and in a little while after he had me set at liberty I captured a handsome pair of officer's spurs from a Federal sutler's store, and presented them to him, which he appreciated. He was wounded a few days afterwards at Antietam or Sharpsburg, and died at Staunton soon after. His remains were carried to Baltimore and buried among his relatives.



MRS. SAM S. WASSEL, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.,  
Treasurer of State Division United Daughters of the Confederacy.



## HISTORIC ORDER OF BATTLE.

Veterans of the Confederate war who had years of experience will read the first official order of Gen. Beauregard at the first Manassas, dated Manassas Junction, July 17, 1861. It reads as if promulgated by a veteran. A singular statement is that it is issued from "Headquarters Army of the Potomac:"

## GENERAL ORDER NO. 41.

I. The General Commanding the Army of the Potomac announces to his command that at length the enemy have advanced to subjugate a sovereign State, and impose upon a free people an odious government. Notwithstanding their numerical superiority, they can be repelled. The General Commanding relies confidently on his command to do it, and to drive the invader back beyond his intrenched lines. But to achieve this the highest order of coolness, individual intelligence, and obedience on the part of each officer and man are essential. Great reliance will be placed on the bayonet at the proper juncture, but above all it is enjoined on officers and men to withhold their fire until directed. The superior intelligence of the individual members of the command should, in this respect, compensate for the want of a veteran, long-trained soldiery. In firing, each man should take aim and never discharge his piece without a distinct object in view.

II. The following are announced as the general and personal staff of the General Commanding, and any written or verbal orders announced through them, or either of them, will be obeyed: Col. Thomas Jordan, Provisional Army of the Confederate States, A. Adjutant General; Capt. Clifton H. Smith, Provisional Army of Virginia, A. Adjutant General; Capt. S. W. Ferguson, Confederate States Army, aid-de-camp; Lient. Col. Thomas H. Williamson, Virginia Army, Chief Engineer; Capt. E. P. Alexander, Engineer Corps, Confederate States Army; Maj. William L. Cabell, Confederate States Army, Chief Quartermaster; Col. R. B. Lee, Chief Commissary of Subsistence; Surgeon T. H. Williams, Medical Director; Col. Sam Jones, Confederate States Army, Chief of Artillery.

Volunteer Aids: Col. James Chestnut, Jr., J. L. Manning, W. Porcher Miles, John S. Preston, A. R. Chisholm, Joseph Heyward.

By command of Brig. Gen. Beauregard.

THOMAS JORDAN, *Assist. Adj. Gen.*

Herman Bolunke, 205 Twenty-First Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writing in answer to the inquiry in the *VETERAN* sometime ago concerning the boy who gave a drink of water to a Confederate soldier on Pine Mountain, says he was that boy, and that he was a member of the Thirtieth New York Independent Battery. He would be glad to hear from the soldier to whom he gave the drink of water.

The lawyer Lewis, in defending the assassin of the President, took occasion to refer to the Southern portion of the country for an illustration of the mob spirit toward the colored citizens. Why go so far? It was only recently in Mr. Lewis's own State of New York and its greatest city that a mob undertook to dispose of the negro element, and the latter so absolutely terrorized the negroes that they could not appear on the streets. In Ohio, the home of President

McKinley, not long since a negro was hung by a mob not for crime, but because it was thought that he did not look right as he passed.

CAPT. WILLIAM LATANÉ A VIRGINIAN.—W. A. Jett writes from Murray Hill, Va.: "Permit me to correct an error in the September *VETERAN*. In the article on 'Southern Woman's Memorial Fund' it is stated that Capt. William Latané, who was killed in Stuart's raid around McClellan's army, was from Louisiana. He was from Essex County, Va., and commanded a company in the Ninth Virginia Cavalry. His brother, Lient. John Latané, of the same company, was wounded shortly afterwards. He was captured and died in prison from his wounds. Capt. Latané was not buried by Mrs. Page, but by Mrs. Brockenbrough, of Hanover County, Va., on whose place he was killed. The widow of Capt. Newton, of the Hanover troop, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, with her little daughter, are in the group beside the grave. Capt. Latané was a brother of Bishop James A. Latané, of Baltimore, who is at present the presiding bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church."

REMARKABLE CANNON SHOT.—William L. De Rosset, who was colonel of the Third North Carolina Infantry, writes: "During the winter of 1861-62, while in command of the batteries at Aquia Creek (the Potomac River), being present at one of the batteries located near the old steamboat landing, a large white steamer hove in sight, bound down the river. The officer in charge of the battery—where there was a rifled gun, made from the casting of a ten-inch Columbiad, bored



out to sixty-four inches, my orders being not to permit any large transport to pass without trying this gun on her—opened fire. Three shots had been fired without result, when I took charge of the gun, gave it all the elevation possible, pointed it, and fired. Standing, with my field glasses, watching the shell, I saw it drop only a few feet from the rudder of the steamer. In the winter of 1865-66, when this same steamer was in Wilmington, I conversed with one of the petty officers on board, and found that he was on the ship at the time mentioned above, and, without any intimation from me, he remarked: "You fellows came very near getting us while going down the Potomac in the winter of 1861-62, as the shot fell very near our rudder." I estimated the distance at about five miles, afterwards verifying this by triangulation, and being, for that time, a remarkable shot, I felt it my duty to report the facts and circumstances to the Ordnance Department. I detailed all to Col. Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, but he, evidently believing that volunteer officers knew very little, took no notice of the report. The gun, as stated, was located at the old steamer wharf, at Aquia Creek, and the ship at this last shot had just put her helm to starboard to round Maryland Point. A reference to the government chart of this locality, I find, very closely bears out my statement. A five-mile shot from a gun at that time was certainly remarkable, and I think that a report of the facts should be recorded.

# GEN. B. R. JOHNSON'S TENNESSEE BRIGADE.

B. A. Oehmig writes from 51 East Twenty-Ninth Street, New York City:

A short time since I read in the *Century Magazine* for June, 1897, Gen. Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant."

For several months before the advance movement of Gen. Butler's army against Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James River, I had been engaged in an extremely laborious campaign against the enemy in front of Richmond and Petersburg.

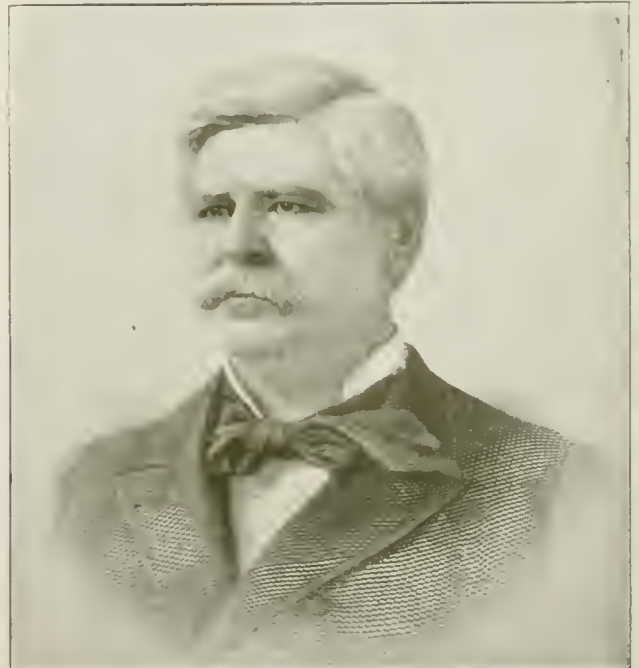
Having taken quite an active part against Gen. Ord's forces in front of and in Fort Harrison on the 29th of September, I feel it my duty to write a few lines in regard to this engagement. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson's old Brigade of Tennesseans, then veterans, had become so reduced in numbers after the battle of Chickamauga that it became necessary to reorganize and consolidate these regiments. They were composed of men from the various counties of Middle Tennessee; and, as the enemy had possession of that part of the State, it was impossible to recruit our thinned ranks. The reorganization took place on Missionary Ridge. The Seventeenth and Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiments were consolidated, so were the Twenty-Fifth and Forty-Fourth, and these, with the Sixty-Third Tennessee Regiment, formed Johnson's Brigade. When Gen. Longstreet's Corps moved against Knoxville, shortly after the battle of Chickamauga, our brigade followed closely after him, and took an active part in the campaign against Burnside's forces in Eastern Tennessee during the very severe winter of 1863.

In the following spring we were sent to Richmond, and our little band of patriots arrived there about the first of May, 1864. At once we were engaged in battle with the enemy then moving against Richmond and Petersburg. We met Butler's forces at Port Walthall Junction, Swift Creek, Dunlap House, Half-way House, Drewry's Bluff, Howlet House, and finally drove them back to Bermuda Hundred, closely followed by our little army. Our line extended from the Howlet House, on the James River, across to the Appomattox River, on our right, and we fortified it by throwing up earth-works very strong and substantial; and we, as Gen. Grant truly said, "bottled up Butler." In this position we remained until about the 15th of June, when we moved to Petersburg, there to confront the Army of the Potomac, just commencing the environment of the place. Our battle line was quickly formed under a terrific rain of shot and shell, after which the solid columns of Gen. Smith's Infantry were hurled against our line in deadly strife. Several most desperate charges were made by these men to dislodge us from our position, which were successfully repulsed, every time with severe loss to the enemy. During these several charges some Western Indians were captured who, on account of darkness, were at first mistaken for negroes. On the morrow, the 16th, Hancock's forces appeared and offered us battle; the challenge was quickly accepted, and this force, although vastly greater in numbers than ours, was repeatedly repulsed during the day and into the night. During

the night Burnside's forces moved up, overlapped our line, turned our right flank, and commenced to move upon us from the rear, while the forces we had so successfully resisted now renewed their combined efforts in our front, thus forcing us back and capturing quite a number of our little brigade. We soon formed a new line of defense, and at once commenced to intrench our position. When Gen. Burnside's forces confronted us that afternoon we were prepared for them. They advanced in magnificent order, but were hurled back in great confusion. They tried again and again, but in each successive effort they seemed to lose vitality, and finally they gave up the attack and commenced to dig in the earth and fortify themselves. Our lines were now so very close to each other that it was impossible for either army to post pickets in front, consequently a continuous rifle-firing was kept up both day and night for several days.

In the latter part of June Burnside's forces, who were still confronting us, commenced to run a mine under our fortifications. Although we were aware of their intentions, and had commenced at several points to countermine, we failed to strike the exact location where the enemy were mining against us. In the latter part of July, just before the mine was sprung, Gen. Hancock's forces were moved from in front of Petersburg, and made a feint on the north side of the James River, hoping by so doing to weaken our lines when the mine was sprung. From our well-intrenched position on this line we moved out and to the north side of the James River, and arrived there in ample time to confront Hancock's forces at New Market Heights.

The work within the mine having been finished and everything and everybody supposed to be in readiness for the grand onset to reduce Petersburg to



ZEBULON B. VANCE,  
Who was distinguished as a humorist, as Governor of North Carolina, and as United States Senator.



submission, the mine was sprung. That grand, unique mine fiasco cost Burnside nearly five thousand men. The forces of Gen. Hancock recrossed the river and moved back to the Petersburg line. Our little brigade remained on the north side of the James River, doing picket duty at various points along the river, and were engaged during this time in several hard skirmishes.

#### GRANT UNDER FIRE AT FORT HARRISON.

Gen. Porter says: "The general in chief was still planning to keep the enemy actively engaged in his own immediate front, so as to prevent him from detaching troops against distant commanders. He telegraphed Sherman September 26: 'I will give them another shake here before the end of the week.' On the 27th he sent a dispatch to Sheridan saying: 'No troops have passed through Richmond to reinforce Early. I shall make a break here on the 29th.' Definite instructions were issued on the 27th for the break.' Ord and Birney moved out promptly before daylight on September 29. Gen. Grant left part of his staff at City Point to communicate with him and Meade, and rode out, taking the rest of us with him, to Butler's front. Ord moved directly against Fort Harrison, a strong earthwork occupying a commanding position, carried it by assault, captured fifteen guns and several hundred prisoners, and secured possession of an entire line of intrenchments. Everything promised further success, when Ord was wounded so severely in the leg that he had to leave the field, and proper advantage was not taken of the important success which had been gained."

For several days previous to Gen. Butler's army's crossing to the north side of the James River, and moving against Fort Harrison, we had noticed unusual activity being displayed on the part of the enemy in our immediate front, and were convinced that we were to be attacked in a very short time. During the night of the 28th of September, the movements of the enemy were so audible that there could be no mistaking their early intentions. Our pickets and scouts reported the enemy crossing to the north side of the river in large forces. Orders were received by us to send all of our surplus to the rear, and be in readiness to give battle at any moment. After our baggage had been moved back to Chapin's farm, our arms and ammunition properly inspected, we moved forward to our outpost, and there awaited the coming of our foe. At the dawn of day we could discern through the heavy fog phantomlike forms passing to our right. When the light grew stronger and gave us sufficient sight to fire with precision our faithful guns spoke out with a will. How well we did our duty is a matter of record. At this time our entire brigade hardly numbered four hundred men all told, and a large number of these were really not fit for duty because of chills and fever. The distance from our outpost back to Fort Harrison was two to three miles, and yet from early morn until after ten o'clock on the 29th of September this little band of Tennessee veterans, although outnumbered twenty times, stubbornly fought Ord's Corps for more than five hours, fiercely contesting every inch of the ground which

we were forced to yield finally. After fighting all the way back we kept it up until the enemy moved up in such vast numbers that the "whole earth thereabout was blue."

Gen. Porter says: "Ord moved directly against Fort Harrison, captured fifteen guns and several hundred prisoners."

It is surprising that Gen. Porter, should write for publication such a statement, as he certainly ought to have known that he was not writing true history. The capturing of fifteen guns in Battery Harrison which he speaks of was an utter impossibility, as there was not room enough to place more than one-fifth that number in battery. And now in regard to the "several hundred" prisoners which he claims were captured the discrepancy is simply amazing. I was the last man in the Confederate army to get out of Fort Harrison that morning. I remained in the post a little too long, and had to pay dearly for my tardiness. I was one of the three men who were taken prisoners in Fort Harrison. There were only three captured—viz., Capt. Clark, Company I; James Brooks, Company D; and Benjamin A. Oehmig, Company E, all of the Seventeenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. We were escorted back over the grounds across which we had so stubbornly contested the enemy's passage during the morning. This move to the rear of our enemy's line gave us a splendid opportunity to inspect our morning's work, which was pronounced good. We passed by our old picket post. From this point we had watched gunboats, transports, etc., in the river for a long time as they passed up and down, and now we were on our way to the river, where we were to cross over on the pontoon bridge and go to City Point. Shortly after our arrival at this place we were put into a "bull pen," a partition through the center separating the Confederate prisoners from the (Yankee) "bounty jumpers." One fellow told me that he had "jumped thirteen bounties." We remained in this pen until night, and then James Brooks and I were sent by steamer to the prison camp at Point Lookout, Md. Capt. Clark, I was told, went to Old Capital Prison, Washington. I remained a prisoner of war at Point Lookout until about the first of March, 1865. I was sent down with a number of other prisoners on the New York to be paroled at City Point.





# ONE CHRISTMAS EVE IN DIXIE.

By Nancy Lewis Greene.

THE house of gray stone stood far back from the road, and had been constructed with Indian treachery well in mind. Substantial and square, with thick oaken doors, it occupied ample space with its high-ceiled rooms all on the first floor. Its magnificent cellars had the appearance of safety vaults, with narrow iron-grated windows on the ground level, and walls and floors of hewn stone. Forming the basement to a point directly beneath the front hall, these cellars ended here in double walls between which was said to be a small recess in which the owner of the mansion had concealed valuables of plate and money during the Confederate war. It was also said that he had concealed himself therein upon a perilous visit to his home when the Yankees were after him.

Jude had told the story so often that the neighbors knew it well, but as the darky was imbecile with age and infirmity, and as there was found no opening to such a recess, they considered it a myth conceived in the brain of a feeble-minded African. When questioned as to the exact location of such an apartment, his glance became vacant, and he muttered unintelligibly.

Anne Chalmers was an independent young woman. She followed the dictates of an imperious will, and at the death of her parents assumed control of her own and her young sister's destiny. Having inherited beauty, her views on matrimony were exasperating to suitors who came to the house where she lived with Amy and Jude. Jude had been "body servant" to Col. Chalmers before the war and coachman in his family for a period of eighteen years afterwards, and so thoroughly was Miss Chalmers imbued with the idea of his importance that it was years before she gained her own consent to thrust him into the background. Indeed it was not until old age weakened his intellect that she held undisputed reign at Oakwood.

The three men who sat smoking their cigars over the library fire were in deep sympathy with young Phil Hardy, who was deeply in love with Miss Anne. There was Dr. Drayton, dignified and polished, soft of hand and of voice, who had been physician in her family for years; Col. Honerle, who had held the silver christening bowl from which water had been sprinkled upon her infant head; Maj. Bonner, who had fought with Chalmers in the Confederate service; and Henry Hardy, Phil's father, smooth of countenance and of tongue, and politic in principle. He was the only one of the four who had gained Miss Chalmers's full confidence, and when they argued in favor of matrimony he made neutral remarks, but sent his son up to Oakwood with important messages.

Philip was a fine fellow and had a good law practice, but he had been much tried by his sweetheart's views, and endeavored to combat them, at times feeling himself to be almost successful. Had Col. Honerle known how successful, he might not have complicated matters as he did.

The Colonel faced his goddaughter with the courage of his convictions. "I have come to tell you some plain facts," he announced, pretending not to see her outstretched hand. "You refuse to marry young Hardy because your father's will and money were lost, and you say that you must go out into the world to make a living for yourself and sister. You will not put the burden of both upon Phil. Nonsense!"

"You are wrong," she remarked.

"Out of consideration for you," he went on, "we guarded you from the knowledge of that which we thought might grieve you. I doubt now if we were wise in concealing the fact that your small income has been furnished by the Hardys. They let you think that it came from the rental of the farm, but that scarcely covers taxes." He paused, for she turned so white that his wrath died.

"I do not know why this should have been kept from me," she said slowly. "Of course you have been telling the truth, and I have been a burden upon the person whom I was trying to benefit. Amy has the first claim upon me. I shall sell the little personal property that I have, and take a position in the city." There was something so fine in her self-sacrifice that his admiration was aroused.

"Dear child," he said, seating himself beside her, "think before you act." He would have stroked her hair, but she held her coronet of bronze curls too high. "Sell Oakwood?" he said in measured accents. "Your kindred have lived here for generations. Think of the associations of the place; of the tradition that your father's life was saved in one of the cellars."

"I regard that story as a fiction of Jude's, having searched diligently for indications of an inner room in the masonry of the basement, and found none. There is absolutely no opening to such a place, no defect in the stone where a door or loophole could have been concealed."

"Many things have been kept from you," said the Colonel, meditatively.

"If there is anything else, I demand the knowledge of it," she said quickly.

"Your father secreted a chest of gold coin somewhere about these premises, and its exact location is known only to Jude. You would be very foolish to sell Oakwood."

She arose slowly, and, breathing deeply as if recovering from a blow, said: "Col. Honerle, I will make you the bearer of a message from me to Philip Hardy. Tell him I shall not marry until the lost money is found, and I can come to him without bringing an additional burden."



"Will you sell Oakwood?"

"I have no right; there is Amy."

"Yes, yes; your sister. She should be considered."

"She has been."

"And you mean to search for the money, Miss Anne?"

"I shall leave that to Philip."

The summer was spent by young Hardy in fruitless search. He put all of his detective instincts into service, questioning the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Colonel, and the Major separately, and gained not the smallest clue upon which to work; Jude was hopeless. Moreover, he was deeper in love; and, upon the evening before Christmas, urged to impatience and anger by his sweetheart's indifference, he took her into the library, coolly intimating that he meant to be heard. Then he made what he believed to be a conclusive argument, putting his points with directness. "Her fortune was lost. If it existed at all, it was concealed about her home, and nothing short of gunpowder could move the masonry of the cellars which concealed it. If she persisted in her whim, he might be tempted to use the gunpowder in the search she had imposed upon him. He was losing patience; was just an ordinary Twentieth Century lawyer, very much in love with a willful young woman"—

As he bent to take both her hands she felt the magnetism of his glance and touch, but only said, "I cannot break my word," in a tone that he knew. Then he lost his temper, and said things that he trembled to remember. She went out into the hall, and he followed, repentant and humble. Some one was playing a waltz for the benefit of Amy's friends who had come in to spend the holidays; the lights were low, and the polished floors reflected their gleam. "Let us have one waltz," he pleaded. As they glided down the long apartment their steps were so noiseless that the ticking of the great hall clock could be heard.

"Isn't it quiet in here?" he whispered, "I can almost imagine the old clock trying to speak to us."

So persistent was its voice that they whirled nearer and nearer until her light dress brushed against its worn case, and with the soft contact it seemed to tremble slightly as it struck the hour of midnight. Hardy stopped directly in front, his face aglow with excitement. "I have it," he cried, and drew her closer until under his compelling influence she lifted her face, and he kissed her. "Listen," he said impulsively, and struck his heel sharply upon the parquetry floor, producing a ringing sound. "Hear the difference," he continued, stepping nearer to the clock, and stamping repeatedly, causing a hollow sound to echo through the rooms. "I waltzed over this spot several times, each time getting nearer and nearer to my conclusion. The spot upon which we stand is inlaid with bits of wood so skillfully as to present an unbroken pattern, but it is a trapdoor."

They were down upon their knees now, and he was eagerly pressing his fingers upon each section in turn. She gave a delighted cry as an abyss opened under his hands and the moist air of the inner cellar swept up to them out of the darkness. Stepping carefully upon the creaking ladder found beneath the trapdoor he sent an encouraging smile back at her as she ventured upon the topmost round holding a candle to light her way; and as she stood there, peering

into the gloom, her yellow gown gathered closely about her with one hand, the other upholding the silver candlestick, the thought came to him that her beauty and not the light she held illumined the place into which he was descending.

Both saw at the same time the chest, dingy and darkened and overhung with cobwebs, in the corner farthest from the ladder, but she looked beyond to where a heap of old blankets lay, her eyes, large with excitement and curiosity, growing misty as she saw the imprint of her father's body.

"He slept here once," she said softly.

But Phil was looking into her eyes. "We shall be married on Christmas morning," he said.



### SKETCH OF A CONFEDERATE IN KANSAS.

One of the genial, independent Veterans who attended the Memphis reunion and afterwards visited old comrades and friends in Kentucky and Tennessee was George B. Payne, of Topeka, Kans. His birth is given as on June 17, 1848, thus making him younger than Father Patrick F. Brannan, of Weatherford, Tex., whom the VETERAN stated in April, 1901, as "the youngest living Confederate," the time of Father Brannan's birth being in November, 1847.

At the age of thirteen years George B. Payne enlisted in the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, and, being transferred to John C. Breckinridge's command, served as his courier. He was with John H. Morgan during his great raids, and was with that gallant cavalier when he was killed at Greeneville, Tenn.

Comrade Payne was never a prisoner; and in May, 1865, he took the oath of allegiance at Mt. Sterling, Ky. In 1866 he located in Kansas, and since 1888 he has made Topeka his home, having become a prominent real estate dealer in that city.

Mr. Payne's great grandfather fought under Gen. George Washington in the revolutionary war, and after its close the two men had a fight in the courthouse yard at Alexandria, Va., at an election of members for the Assembly.



GEORGE PAYNE AS A SOLDIER LAD.

Gen. Washington on this occasion used offensive language toward Mr. William Payne, and that gentleman struck the venerated general and patriot a prostrating blow. The next day Mr. Payne received a note from General Washington, requesting his attendance at the tavern, and upon answering the note in person he was met by a friendly smile from his antagonist, and the manly, magnanimous words that should live in the heart of every man: "To err is nature, to rectify error is glory; I believe I was wrong; you have already had some satisfaction, and, if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand. Let us be friends." What glorious words to fall from the lips of the man whom we love to call "the father of our country!" The two men remained friends through life, and Col. William Payne, Jr., was one of the pall bearers at Gen. Washington's funeral.

In July, 1898, Mr. George B. Payne and other Confederates were invited to partake of the hospitality of Lincoln Post, G. A. R., and during the evening Mr. Payne made an address that should live, because of its frankness, courage, kindness, and force. True men are always patriots and recognize the brotherhood of man. In the address referred to Comrade Payne said to his G. A. R. friends: "We will strive to realize the glorious vision of our sires—a free country of sovereign States so strong that all will respect it, so just that all will obey it, so free that all will love it; a country where to do right is the whole compulsion, to prevent wrong the sole restraint; where fealty is, through love and obedience, an act of the heart. We, my Confederate comrades, stand not in the way of the realization of this bright future. Let the curse of the patriot fall upon those who do. I have spoken with that frankness which I believe to be the convictions of my ex-Confederate comrades and the comrades of Lincoln Post, and what my own sense of duty seems to require of me. I have spoken as an American citizen, claiming all the privileges and willing to perform all the duties belonging to that great title. Conscious of a patriotism which embraces the entire country, I have avoided enkindling dormant or bitter memories.

In the VETERAN for August, 1898, page 373, there is a brief sketch of the Confederate monument at Bowling Green, Ky., by Gen. W. F. Perry, in which due credit is given Comrade Payne for starting the subscription and securing the organization of the Warren County Monumental Association.



GEORGE B. PAYNE.



SOME EL PASO FRIENDS OF P. D. CUNNINGHAM.

Request was made through the VETERAN a few months ago for the addresses of friends of Mr. P. D. Cunningham, deceased, which is repeated. A small booklet is designed for such persons, and their addresses can be secured only through those of them who see these notices. Request is earnestly made to the few who may be reached in this way to respond. There will be some delay in issuing the booklet, and in the meantime the action of the persons indicated will be gratefully appreciated. There are many photographs of friends whose addresses are not given, and to know who they are is very desirable. See reference on page 507.

### HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

It has been seen that there is need for another woman's college in America which shall rank with Vassar, Smith, or Bryn Mawr, and which shall be more centrally or southernly located than either of these. No question is of more vital interest to the public to-day than that of the higher education of women. Half a century ago it was seldom treated seriously; now there is an increasing demand for it, and we ask and insist that our daughters be given the same opportunities for study as our sons. The South is busy with this question, for in its advance along lines of material interest it cannot afford to neglect educational duties or opportunities.

It has been proposed that there be more than one established, and various Southern schools have been mentioned as possible foundations for such a college, but it seems now that Kentucky bids fair to realize in the near future ambitions in this direction; and that Sayre Female Institute, located at Lexington, will probably be selected as a site for a college for the higher education of women to be established by the Presbyterian Synods, North and South. Representatives from both Churches met in that city November 4 and decided to found a college, taking decided steps for its erection.

The consolidation of the two principal male colleges in Kentucky, regardless of sectional prejudice, led to both Synods taking action in the cause of higher female education.

The city of Lexington, Ky., situated in the midst of a rich and healthful country, has many advantages to offer in its location, and Sayre Institute has excellent buildings and grounds, admirable equipment, with an established reputation, and free from debt.

Founded in 1854 by David A. Sayre, it has never taken a backward step in the influence for good exerted, and has sent forth from its class rooms hundreds of cultured women, who have graced every position in life, many having won fame in different vocations.

Under the present management, with Maj. H. B. McClellan as Principal, the school has rapidly advanced, growing to such proportions that it was necessary to enlarge the buildings, and over \$40,000 has been expended for the purpose. Maj. McClellan has peculiar capacity for the control of young women, who, under his tuition, are well-disciplined and happy.



## TWO WARS, BY GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN issues "Two Wars," by Gen. French, in the belief that it will become a standard history; that its perusal will be as charming and instructive as any work ever published concerning the themes treated, and that every friend of the VETERAN will be kindly interested in its success. The following reviews of the work are from sources that should convince any person who desires knowledge upon the subject treated:

*Gen. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga.:*

No war book has entertained me more than yours. It is singularly adapted to interest the reader as well as instruct him.

I was surprised to find that such a multitude of facts on such a variety of military experiences, popular customs, national issues, and individual characteristics could be comprehended in one volume covering the time of nearly a whole generation.

*Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, Miss.:*

I have read with great interest the autobiography of Gen. S. G. French. It is one of the most interesting books gotten out since the war between the States. The reminiscent and narrative style is peculiarly attractive, and the varied and new coloring of events in the Mexican war, civil war, and reconstruction period renders the book a most valuable addition to any library. As a book of reference on many valuable statistics and facts, I esteem it most highly, and cordially recommend it to the reading public.

*Rev. J. William Jones, Chaplain General, U. C. V.:*

I have read this book with deep interest, and do not hesitate to commend it as one that should be in every library and every home. Maj. Gen. S. G. French was an able, gallant, and accomplished soldier; he wields a trenchant and graceful pen; and he tells the story of what he saw and heard in Mexico and in the great "war between the States" in most entertaining style, and makes a distinct and most valuable contribution to the history of the great events in which he bore so conspicuous a part.

A graduate of West Point, the General gives very pleasant reminiscences of cadet life there, of service in the regular army and in the Mexican war, and of his experiences as a planter in Mississippi, both before and after the war.

Born in New Jersey, he was yet a firm believer in the doctrine of State rights, and did not hesitate to cast his fortunes with the South in her great struggle for constitutional freedom.

Accepting the situation at the close of the war, he indulges in no "bitter memories of a stormy past;" but, he does not cringe nor crawl, "eat dirt" nor make any apologies for the heroic struggle made by the Confederacy for the "inalienable right" of self-government.

A vein of keen wit, quiet humor, and latent satire runs all through the book, making it exceedingly readable, and when one begins it he will not lay it aside until it is finished. In a word, we owe Gen. French hearty thanks for his charming book, and hope that it may have a wide circulation, especially among Confederate veterans and the sons and daughters of Confederates.

*Judge W. L. Calhoun, of Georgia:*

Through the courtesy of our friend, Mr. Julius L. Brown, I have had the pleasure of reading your recent publication entitled, "Two Wars: An Autobiography." From the beginning to the end of it I was deeply interested, and did not feel satis-

fied until I had reached the conclusion. Its clear, candid, accurate, unqualified, and, as I believe, truthful statements, were to me very impressive. I feel that you are deserving of the thanks of our people—especially our Southern people—for this valuable contribution, and am sure that it will aid very much in the effort to hand down to posterity truthful narratives of those eventful times of which you have written.

*Joseph M. Brown, Atlanta, Ga.:*

Any one who reads this book will be struck with the clearness, vigor, and vividness of the description of the scenes which came under the writer's eye; and any one who knows Gen. French will need no further guarantee that he has without favor or fear written the truth as his intelligent and discriminating mind saw it. The real classic style of his diction is one of the charms of the work, even were there not in it the narration of facts which history demands. I regard this autobiography as one of the most valuable works of my generation in the matter of furnishing the future great historian with materials for writing what the South desires and is entitled to—viz., the true narrative of occurrences in this country between the years 1860-1870.

I am personally cognizant of the fact that sectional conceit has caused error to masquerade as the truth in many so-styled "histories" of the war in Upper Georgia during the year 1864. Gen. French's work clearly exposes these falsehoods, for which the world should thank him.

I am also glad that he has given us the chapters on the events which transpired "after the war," when malice was the main-spring as force was the dial.

In conclusion, I thank you personally for the clearness of the presswork and the beautiful taste shown in the binding.

*John H. De Witt, Son of a Confederate Chaplain:*

In this century we are seeking only the absolute truths of history. Whatever of personal testimony may be given is of distinct and permanent importance. We have no fear that, in the truthful presentation of the past, the old Confederates will suffer. The world has already accorded to them unquestionable honesty of purpose and intensity of conviction, no matter who might believe that their cause was ill-founded. Their children revere their motives and purposes. They have a proud proprietorship in their valiant history, which it will ever be their loving privilege to keep alive and bright. Nearly four decades after the close of the great war, the Old South, with its beautiful civilization and its able and heroic defenders, exists almost wholly in their memories. And when in his softer days, one of the true old leaders gives us in vivid and truthful style the account of his life, which was closely interwoven with a momentous epoch, we hail it as a further embodiment of the great and pathetic past.

Gen. Samuel G. French presents the narrative of his two careers—that of the graduate of West Point in early days, with the ideal preparation for a part in two wars, and that of the Northern-born soldier of the Confederacy, who for conscience's sake contended faithfully for what he deemed the cause of civil liberty. In the first career, he was a strategist of skill, a lieutenant of artillery, falling bravely by his gun at Buena Vista, a valued officer executing difficult and perilous missions in the nascent Southwest, and always winning the meed of his country's honor; in the second career he was one of those brave, efficient division commanders under Lee, Johnston, and Hood who prolonged the contest by their energy and skill until they were compelled only by exhaustion and depletion to yield to superior numbers and resources.

This book abounds with thrilling and accurate descriptions

of all the campaigns in which the author bore a part. One who follows his very readable narrative—especially one of the younger generation, whose knowledge of battles, marches, sieges, and in fact all things military during that period, is only by hearsay—obtains from it a fine conception of what those heroes did. He has no lassitude of interest in any portion of it. He follows with sympathy and satisfaction Gen. French's vindication of his conduct at Suffolk, in 1863, and at the bloody battle of Allatoona, in which he commanded the Confederate forces. He obtains an insight into the personal life of the soldier, and appreciates the tasks which he undertook, and understands the causes of his successes or repulses. The very events so vividly described become real to us because they are not embellished with what is not fact. The author has incorporated some of the best anecdotes of his experience, and they are valuable because personal incidents lend attractive color to historical narrative.

The memoirs of Confederate commanders have furnished to us innumerable facts which otherwise would not have appeared. They supplement the incomplete official records, and where the latter are dry and perfunctory in style, the former are fresh, attractive, nervous, and incisive. They have a tragic human interest that will ever take deep hold on all who love and venerate the sad, pure cause for which these leaders fought. They are the epic of noble heroes, worthy, in chivalry and skill, to be placed with all the great and valiant men of all times. The contribution of Gen. French to this valuable literature is a real gain to the posterity of the Old South. It is a modest delineation of a character and a career that will be the better remembered and appreciated. It is one more unspeakably valuable presentation of the motives, and an earnest defense of the cause, which sent the Confederate soldier to war, and, when he seemed to fail, made him disdain to offer apology for what he did.

#### *Notes from Leading Newspapers:*

The following able criticism is from the *Galveston News*:

Gen. French was an officer in the armies of the United States and the Confederate States. He was a graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1843. His autobiography is really a diary covering the Mexican war, the war between the States, and the reconstruction period, giving his personal experience, many incidents and reminiscences. The volume is a simple narrative of passing events without discussing their importance and bearing politically in shaping the destiny of the nation. Of all forms of history, a good autobiography is one of the most pleasing and attractive. The generation that recalls from memory the events of our history connected with the admission of the great State of Texas into the American Union and the war with Mexico which followed, has nearly all gone. Here and there a strong man survives whose memory is clear and whose conscience is true. To hear him talk of these events, or to read after him as he writes of the universal excitement in the country, the angry debates in Congress, the opposition to the admission of Texas and to the war with Mexico, of the brilliant campaign of Taylor, and the battles fought on Mexican soil, is to enjoy history in its most attractive form. The historian who has been an actual participant in the events of which he writes, whose passions have been cooled by age, and whose judgment has been disciplined by long years of experience and reflection, enjoys an immense advantage. However we may disagree with him in his criticisms upon the conduct of men or upon their motives, if he be a man of high and true character, we enjoy the greatest satisfaction in accepting his statements as to facts which represent his own actions and experiences. Gen. French is such

a historian. The clear, natural, dispassionate style of his book, its freedom from bitterness, the tenderness with which he dwells upon the history of his classmates at West Point, several of whom became distinguished generals in the Federal army, including Grant—all these characteristics of his autobiography soon win the confidence of his readers. For the general reader of to-day, and especially for the survivors of the Confederate army, Gen. French's book will possess peculiar interest. Gen. French participated in the campaign of Gen. Hood up to its disaster at Nashville. His book will be read with more than usual interest by students of the ill-starred march into Tennessee and the battles of Franklin and Nashville. The venerable author has been an able and gallant soldier of his country, and the simple and graphic manner in which he writes of his distinguished services, and relates the great events in which he bore a faithful part, entitle his book to the confidence of his countrymen. Although the lot of Gen. French was cast with the South, whatever may be his opinion of the action of the North before, during, and after the civil war, as expressed in the pages of his book, he is as loyal to the constitution and as ready to uphold and maintain the rights and dignity of the United States as any man within its boundary. This was evidenced when he tendered his services as a soldier to President McKinley before war was declared against Spain.

*The Morning News*, Savannah, Ga.:

Gen. French played a conspicuous part in two wars, the Mexican war and the war between the States. It was his custom to make notes of interesting happenings at the time of their occurrence, and when he wrote this volume he had these notes before him. It can be said, therefore, that the statements which he makes are more reliable than statements in histories generally are. Gen. French had many interesting experiences, and he relates them in simple but graphic language, which adds much to the charm of his book. He does not confine himself wholly to the two wars in question, but deals somewhat extensively with the reconstruction period in the South, and gives experiences and reminiscences of that period. We cannot, of course, undertake to follow him through the entire four hundred pages of his work in a brief review like this, but we are frank to say that the autobiography is as entertaining as a romance, and those who read it will not regret having done so. The pleasure they will get from its pages will well repay them for the time they give to it. One of the charms of the book is that Gen. French confines himself to matters which came under his personal observation or in which he participated. He does not undertake to philosophize or to discuss questions which were before the public at the time the notes were taken.

*The Washington Post* states of "Two Wars:":

The autobiography of one who has been prominent in two wars—the Mexican and that of the Confederacy, both of such momentous importance in the history of the United States—cannot fail to interest the majority of American readers.

"Two Wars" is in many respects a remarkable publication, appearing as it does when its author is an octogenarian, showing the wonderful development and great changes which have occurred in the lifetime of one man, and particularly the advances made in military science in the period between the two wars of which the book treats, as illustrated in Gen. French's realistic descriptions of the battles of Monterey, Buena Vista, and that of Kennesaw and others of the civil war.

His account of the condition of the Texas Indians, his reports to the government, and plans for their relief are inter-



esting bits of history. The General, in his bright, characteristic way, tells many anecdotes of prominent persons he has known—U. S. Grant, his classmate at West Point, his comrade in arms in Mexico, and his opponent in the civil war, Gen. Scott, Jenny Lind, and others.

Foster Murray, editor of the Norfolk (Va.) *Landmark*:

Gen. French was a major general in the Confederate army and a captain in the United States army in the Mexican war. He was in the midst of many of the most stirring battles in American history, and has had altogether a very remarkable career. His autobiography is, therefore, a valuable contribution to the history of the times in which he has lived. The publishers have attended handsomely to their duty in connection with the work, which is beautifully printed and very handsomely bound.

Brought up in the State of New Jersey by his Quaker parents, it seems surprising that Gen. French should have been a student at West Point, and still more surprising that he should have been a Confederate. When a youth he became imbued with the desire to go to West Point, and he persevered until he induced Senator Wall, of New Jersey, to secure him an appointment to a cadetship. Without any preparation he successfully stood the examination and entered the same class with Grant, McClellan, and several others who afterwards became distinguished soldiers. We cannot undertake to give an adequate review of his experiences as a soldier. Suffice it to say that he served under Zachary Taylor in the Mexican campaign, was wounded severely in one of the fierce fights for which that campaign was noted, and was "lionized" on his way home with other officers of the army. . . . When the civil war broke out, he was appointed lieutenant colonel and chief of ordnance in the army of the State of Mississippi. From that time his rise was rapid. He was stationed successively in North Carolina, Virginia, and in several of the States farther West and farther South. He constructed the defenses of Wilmington, "the entire works" around Petersburg, and planned the defense of the Mississippi. All ex-Confederates will be interested in his detailed accounts of the campaigns in which he participated. Those in this section will take special note of his strong argument against being held responsible for the loss of Stribbling's Battery near Suffolk in the spring of 1863. Gen. French does not hesitate to speak his opinions of men and things in straightforward language. Of Gen. Longstreet he is particularly severe.

Many anecdotes and reminiscences relieve the monotony of military chronicle. Of Judge Shall Yerger, a neighbor of his on Deer Creek, Miss., Gen. French says: "On landing in Vicksburg one day, and when walking to the hotel, he was met by a man to whom he owed a small bill, who, after the usual salutations of the day, said to the Judge, 'I have some debts to pay, and wish you would hand me the small amount you owe me.' 'Sir,' said the Judge, 'have you the audacity to ask me to pay my debts while your own are unpaid? Go and pay *your* debts first, then you can with propriety ask me to pay *mine*,' and left him to analyze the sophistry of his advice." Gen. French says that while he and two of his former companions at West Point (George H. Thomas and John Pope) were traveling by rail from Weldon to Norfolk in 1843, "the rails were covered with frost and the driving wheels slipped so that we all had to get out of the cars and help push the train over a slight ascent to a bridge. There was not much comfort on the trains in those days."

The *Age-Herald*, Birmingham:

From the press of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, comes "Two Wars: An Autobiography," by Gen. Samuel G. French, a member of the West Point class of 1843, and an officer of the armies of the United States and the Confederate States. In a handsome volume of four hundred pages it tells the stories of the Mexican war and of the civil war, and particularly of the scenes of each in which he took part. There is much in this book of present interest, and much for the historical student of a generation hence.

We hope the Southern people will buy and read this book. It is a genuine human document, telling modestly of a long life of faithful and honorable service. We rejoice that the brave old soldier is still living, hale and vigorous at the age of eighty-three. Price of the book, \$2.

### ADVERTISERS IN THE VETERAN.

Southern people, study these advertising columns; it is worth while.

In times past an idea prevailed that, to get the best grade of goods at the lowest prices, it was necessary to order from the great stores in some distant Northern city. Now it is possible to remain within any Southern home and order that which is needful south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Schools advertised in the VETERAN are always good, but it is not to the schools that attention is drawn at this time. The purpose is to speak deserved praise of some of the business houses. The VETERAN asks its patrons candidly to deal with these houses, and in doing so to always mention having seen their advertisement in the VETERAN. This is of great importance to all concerned, and is a small trouble, while insuring large results. Be loyal to those doing business within your own Southland.

Several local firms, including the Stief Jewelry Co., the Manix Department Store, and the Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing Co., all of Nashville, who had especial representation in the November VETERAN, are not to be surpassed for honesty of purpose and excellence of goods offered.

Then, a firm little known to VETERAN readers, but one which has a most extensive and growing patronage in the South, is Sutcliffe & Co., of Louisville, Ky., whose advertisement will appear for some months in these pages. They are importers and manufacturers of all kinds of sporting goods—guns, footballs, golf sticks, balls, etc., besides other necessities of common use in the household. They have one of the largest mail order departments in the South. Some points which may be truthfully referred to in regard to Sutcliffe & Co. are: Their thorough reliability—money sent to them is safe, and goods are shipped exactly as ordered or money refunded; their prices are very low, quality considered, and by ordering goods in sufficient quantities, and having them sent by freight, the cost for delivery is small.

Last Roll contributions are omitted from this issue. It is not from lack of material, for quite a number are in type and others are coming almost daily. These last tributes to those who have crossed over the river are a sad, yet comforting, service. In sending these tributes be as concise as practicable, and when sending a picture, if able, send the cost of engraving, \$2. The liberality of the VETERAN in space for these indelible tributes ought to be appreciated. No other periodical does so much personal service gratuitously. All who have engravings published should buy liberally of copies.

## REFERS TO P. D. CUNNINGHAM.

The following lines were sent to the writer of this by Mrs. Ada Foster Alden, wife of the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, with a very kind letter, in which she states: "My remembrance is vivid of the dear boy, whose career I have followed with pride for his own sake and yours, as well as for the lovely mother, who is spared this terrible blow." They teach a lesson that will comfort many who have endured inexpressible sorrow:

RABBI BEN-HISSAR.

BY POST WHEELER.

Rabbi Ben-Hissar rode one day  
Beyond the city gates. His way  
Lay toward a spot where his own hand  
Had buried deep within the sand  
A treasure vast of gems and gold  
He dared not trust to man to hold.  
But, riding in the failing light,  
A pallid figure met his sight—  
An awful shape. He knew full well  
'Twas the great angel Azrael.  
The dreadful presence froze his breath;  
He waited tremblingly for death.  
"Fear not!" the angel said, "I bear  
A message, Rabbi Ben-Hissar.  
One thing the Lord has asked of thee,  
To prove thy love and loyalty.  
Therefore now I am come to bring  
Thy rarest jewel to thy King."  
Rabbi Ben-Hissar bowed his head.  
"All that I have is his," he said.  
The angel vanished. All that day  
He rode upon his lonely way.  
Wondering much what precious stone  
God would have chosen for his own.  
But when he reached the spot he found  
No other hand had touched the ground.  
Rabbi Ben-Hissar looked and sighed.  
"It was a dream!" he sadly cried.  
"I thought that God would deign to take  
Of my poor store for his dear sake.  
But 'twas a dream! My brightest gem  
Would have no luster meet for him!"  
Slowly he turned and took his way  
Back to the vale where the city lay.  
The path was long, but when he came  
Unto the street which bore his name  
He saw his house stand dark and drear;  
No voice of welcome, none of cheer.  
Entering, he saw what the Lord had done;  
Lo! death had stricken his only son!  
Clay he lay, in the darkened hall,  
On the stolid bier, with the funeral pall.  
The pale death angel Azrael  
Had chosen a jewel that pleased him well.  
Rabbi Ben-Hissar bent his head;  
"I thank thee, Lord," was all he said.

## MEMORIAL ODE.

The following from the pen of Dr. J. B. Stinson is intended to be sung to the tune, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder I'll Be There," and dedicated by the writer to his Confederate comrades, with the suggestion that it will be appropriate on memorial occasions and on parting at reunions:

When this time with us shall be no more  
and final taps shall sound,  
And the Death's last cruel battle shall  
be fought;  
When the good of all the armies shall  
tent on yonder camping ground,  
When the roll is called up yonder, let's  
be there.

### Chorus.

When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder, let's  
be there.

On that mistless, lonely morning when  
the saved of Christ shall rise,  
In the Father's many-mansioned home  
to share;  
Where our Lee and Jackson call to us  
their homes beyond the skies,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
let's be there.

Let us labor while it's called to-day, or  
ere the shining sun  
Sets forever on the wicked and the  
fair;  
When life's fitful dream is over and the  
new life is begun,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
let's be there.

Steady, comrades, for the scythe of time  
is cutting fast and true;  
Would that vision dim and whitened  
locks were rare;  
Tho' your forms are bending low, there's  
youth up yonder yet for you.  
When the roll is called up yonder, let's  
be there.

If all's not well with thee, my comrades,  
for thy entrance at the gate,  
Haste thy calling and election to pre-  
pare;  
You will find that precious peace, sweet  
peace,  
When the roll is called up yonder, let's  
be there.

## THE SONGSTER'S CORNER.

TOM HALL, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN sometime ago of one verse and the chorus of an old Confed-  
erate song, entitled "The Red, White,

and Red," has brought responses from many old soldiers who recalled the fact that they heard it during the latter part of the great war. On these lines follow two more "first verses," the remainder of which cannot be recalled. Who can furnish the rest of either?

## WAY DOWN IN LOUISIANA.

1.

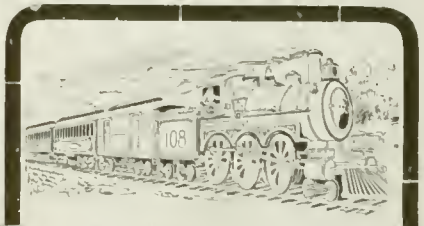
Way down in Louisiana, not many  
months ago,  
There lived a lively ducky—his name  
was Peter Snow;  
He played upon de banjo, likewise de  
tambourine.  
An' he was de han's'most nigger ebber  
to be seen.

### Chorus.

In de Louisiana lowlands, lowlands,  
lowlands,  
In de Louisiana lowlands, low.

2.

Down on de Chickahominy, you ought  
to seen dis nigger!  
When de fight begin he cut a comic  
figger;  
Killed a thousand Yankees, captured  
ebry gun.  
An' buried dem in de lowlands at de  
settin' ob de sun.



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### JAMES HENRY MEDICATED BELT.

It consists of a belt, with certain medicines quilted within it, which is worn around the waist, and is not in any way annoying. The medical qualities are absorbed by the body, and quick relief follows.

Wonderful results have been effected. This remedy brings safe and speedy relief from the pains of the dreadful malady. The stomach cannot stand medicine powerful enough to eradicate uric acid; therefore treatment by absorption is the only practical, sure cure.

As a preventive, wear the belt one week in each month from October to May.

### TESTIMONIALS AT NASHVILLE.

Capt. Vinet Donelson: "The James Henry Belt relieved me of a severe case of rheumatism in a few days. I have gained steadily in weight since I began its use."

Mr. L. H. Davis: "For nervousness and general debility I have tried the James Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belt, and have found wonderful relief from its use. My nervousness has entirely disappeared, my general health is good, and I feel like an entirely different man. I have advised several of my friends to try this remedy, and they have done so with the same happy results."

Newt C. Harris: "I certify that I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the past seven years. I have tried all kinds of remedies, without any permanent relief, until my attention was directed to the James Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belt. After having tried the Belt for eight weeks, I find my rheumatism entirely cured, not a vestige of the disease remaining in my system. Relief came in a few days after using the Belt."

J. S. Woodall: "For years I have been a sufferer from rheumatism. As a result I have passed many sleepless nights, and

have been incapacitated for active business. My attention was called to the James Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belt. I tried it, and am a well man. Three days' trial convinced me that the result would be all that my friends claimed for it. My restoration from rheumatism is complete."

Lulan Landis, with the Landis Banking Co.: "My wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism and extreme nervousness for the past two years. After wearing the Medicated Belt for a short time, she found relief from both troubles."

R. P. McGinnis: "I unhesitatingly recommend the James Henry Medicated Belt for all who are suffering from rheumatism. I have not felt well for years. Since I began using the Belt, I have realized a marked improvement, and am satisfied that it will effect a permanent cure."

J. T. Burch, with J. H. Fall & Co.: "I commenced wearing a James Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belt about the first of last November, and was relieved entirely of all pain in less than thirty days. I am well for the first time in ten or twelve years. I think the Belt is one of the wonders of the age."

Mr. T. B. Eastin, of Lexington, Ky., called upon the owner of this Belt and, unsolicited, wrote: "Having bought one of the Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belts, after wearing it for three days, it relieved me of a very severe attack of rheumatism of two months' duration, in which I suffered untold agony. I can say that I consider it the most wonderful rheumatic cure extant."

W. J. Sneed, M.D.: In preference to taking medicine internally, and being familiar with the medicines used in the James Henry Belt and their action, I used the Belt myself, with good results, in rheumatism.

Mailed for \$2 by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville.

A Nashville druggist, who was cured by this remedy and applies it upon taking cold, makes a contract with the VETERAN to supply it at a reduced price, hence orders should be sent direct to this office. It is commended in good faith. Price, \$2.

## REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY AND ALABAMA GREAT SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

On account of the Christmas holidays, the Southern Railway and the Alabama Great Southern Railroad will sell tickets from all points on their lines at rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip, selling December 23, 24, 25, 30, and 31, 1901, and January 1, 1902. Final limit, January 3, 1902.

### THE TENNESSEE FARMER.

Under the efficient management of Mr. W. G. Sadler, of Nashville, who is well known throughout our State, the *Tennessee Farmer* has been greatly improved, and takes high rank in the list of State journals. It is the only weekly agricultural paper in Tennessee, and should be found in every farmer's home. Send \$1.50 for a year's subscription to it and the VETERAN.

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Top 36x42 when closed, and extends to 6 feet. Beautiful golden finish. Would be cheap at \$5.00. Finer styles at Bottom Price. Cuts sent free on request.



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Mrs. Loubie Ledsinger, of Dyersburg, Tenn., seeks information of the fate of her brother, Thaddeus W. Ferguson, who was last seen at the battle of Shiloh while the company was in retreat. He was a member of Company K, Fourth Tennessee Regiment, having enlisted in 1864. He was only seventeen when he enlisted, but was brave and fearless, and felt in his duty to fight for his country.

George I. C. McWhirter, of Camp J. D. Nance, Newby, S. C., is anxious to learn something of a young Missourian whom he met in returning home about May 1, 1865, after the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. They were together part of a beautiful Sabbath day, and shared their lunches, each bragging of what he had in his haversack. Comrade McWhirter says his was filled with delicious viands by Mrs. Walker, wife of the sheriff at Chester, S. C., a charming, Christian lady, who still lives. These lines are given in the hope that they will meet the eyes of that soldier boy. McWhirter was a member of Company K, Fifty-Second Georgia Regiment.

BATTLES AND BIOGRAPHIES OF MISSOURIANS.

BY W. L. WEBB.

This is a new history of the most important era in the annals of the State of Missouri. The scope of the book is well outlined in the title, "Battles and Biographies of Missourians; or, The Civil War Period of Our State." The war period began here in 1854, with the Kansas troubles, and scarcely ended with the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox. Mr. Webb has graphically portrayed this whole stirring period and the chief actors in it. This book deals mainly with the war in Missouri. During the war of the rebellion 487 battles were fought in Missouri, an average of two a week for the entire four years of the war. Missouri was one great battlefield—only one State had a greater number. Virginia had over 600 battles. There were no better soldiers in the world than the Missourians, whether they fought under the stars and bars or under the stars and stripes. The hardest battles occurred where Missourians fought Missourians.

The Missourians were tremendous fighters.

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J. B. Gilmore (First Kentucky Cavalry, U. S. A.), Cincinnati, Ohio, in making inquiry for one of John H. Morgan's men, writes: "In the charge of Gen. Morgan at the battle of Lebanon, Tenn., May 5, 1862, Col. Frank Wolford was badly wounded, and Morgan detailed one of his men as guard for him. I was the first to find Col. Wolford and the guard, and in approaching I had my musket raised, when Wolford exclaimed, 'Don't shoot!' and I came up and found him a prisoner. He then told the guard he could go with his own men or remain; consequently, on the spur of the moment, the guard started to follow Morgan, but quickly took to the side of the road and entered into a thick timber. Col. Wolford stated that the reason he gave such instructions to the guard was because he did not want him to know he was so badly wounded. I should like to ascertain the name of that soldier. My address is care of Burnett House."

The author of "A Girl's Life in Virginia" tells a little story of Robert E. Lee that shows how much he was loved by children.

A year after the surrender Gen. Lee journeyed across the mountains on his

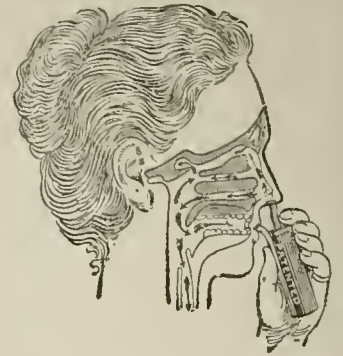
old war horse Traveler, to visit the author's mother. On the night of his arrival he said: "To-day an incident occurred which gratified me more than anything that has happened for a long time. As I was riding over the desolate mountain region I was surprised to find, on a sudden turn of the road, two little girls playing on a large rock. They were poorly clad, and, after looking at me a moment, began to run away. 'Children,' said I, 'don't run away. If you knew who I am, you wouldn't run away from me.' 'We do know you,' they answered. 'You never saw me before,' I said, 'for I never passed along here.' 'But we know you,' said the children. 'We've got your picture in our house. You're Gen. Lee. We ain't dressed clean enough to see you.' And they scampered off to a hut on the mountain side."

Gen. Lee was too great a man to be excited by ordinary applause. On the contrary, he was annoyed by a compliment to his valor or skill as a general. But he was touched by the compliment which the two little girls of the mountain paid him. "We ain't dressed clean enough to see you."

This is the rock of faith and love.

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A natural evolution from E. J. Worst's famous Catarrh Inhaler that has won a world-wide reputation. It is made of nickel and will last a lifetime; is so compact it may easily be carried in a vest pocket or reticule.

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Don't take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head. If you will only stop and think for a moment, you will certainly realize that the germs of disease were carried into your head by air, and that air is the only agency that will carry a medication to the diseased passages capable of destroying such germs. Catarrh, Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, La Grippe, and all diseases of the air passages yield as if by magic to treatment with the Co-ro-na Medicator. Science and common sense can offer no improvement upon this little pocket physician. It is simple in construction, and may be used anywhere and at any time. It is the only positive cure for the diseases named. I make it easy to prove this beyond all question by the following remarkable

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Ripley, Tenn., June 1, 1901.

Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir: Having tried various remedies without satisfactory results, I was persuaded to give your "Texas Wonder" a trial. I have used one bottle, and, although my case is one of long standing that baffled the skill of the best physicians, yet it yielded at once to "The Texas Wonder," which I heartily recommend to all suffering from kidney and bladder troubles.

Yours truly, W. H. BRUTON,  
Pastor Baptist Church, Ripley, Tenn.

J. W. Phelps, Alpine, Tex., asks that some one write an account of the capture of Arkansas Post. His father was taken prisoner there and carried to Camp Butler, where he died of the measles. He would also like to hear from any one who knew his father.

Joe S. Hines, of Howell, Tenn., wants the address of all the color guards now living who were with him in the Eighth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., in the battle of Murfreesboro. Also the address of Fletcher Jones, the fifer in the above-named regiment.

Frank M. Duffy, of Guthrie, Ky., says he would like to hear from O. H. P. Martin, of Georgia; Dan Kelly and Tom Phillips, of Tennessee; Smith, the bugler, and any other member of the Third Regiment of English troops who served with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston or Gen. Hood.

Miss M. P. Allston, Darien, Ga., wishes to get in correspondence with some member of Gen. Jubal Early's Division, Wharton's Brigade, Fifty-First Regiment. Her father was Dr. Edward F. Allston, one of the Assistant Surgeons of Gen. Early's Division, and it is in reference to him that she seeks information.

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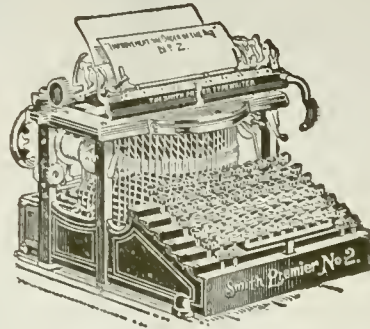
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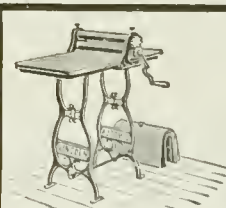
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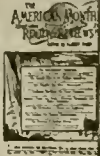
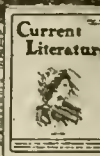
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