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Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1894.

No. I. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
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Born in Nashville, October 20, 1820; died September 4, 1886. He served as Captain of Volunteers in the Mexican War, and distinguished himself in the severest battles there. On returning from Mexico he was appointed Major General of the Tennessee Militia.

In the Confederate service he was at once made Brigadier General, and soon afterward a Major General. He was in many fierce battles, and always was the pride of his soldiers. In the Hood Campaign he commanded one of the three Corps.

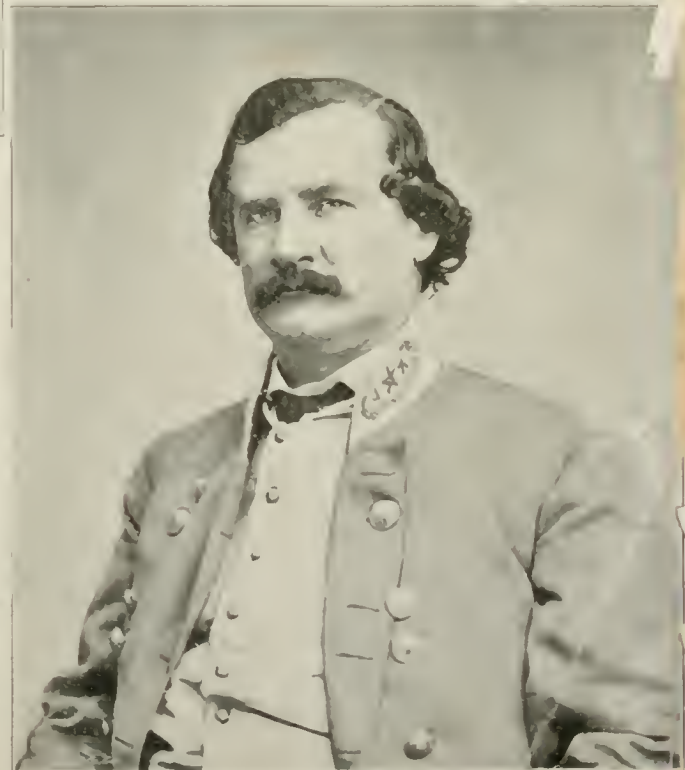
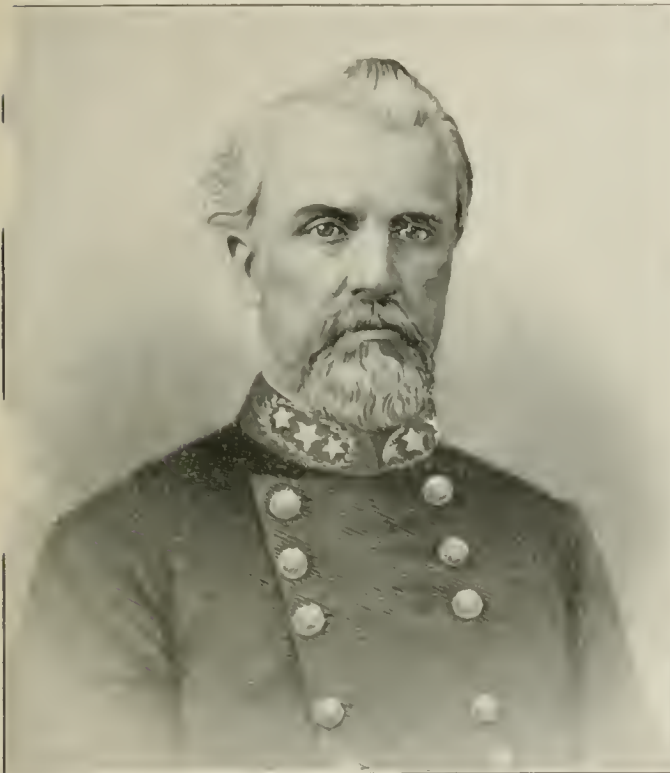
"Mars Frank" was the familiar term under which any private soldier would address him, who hesitated to ask the same things of their regimental commanders. After the war he engaged in farming, and when he died was Postmaster at Nashville. The honor and affection in which he was held was verified by his having "the largest funeral that has ever been held in Nashville." The procession was more than a mile in length. His faithful, lovely wife "crossed over the river" not long after him. Their five children—three sons and two daughters—are all doing well, and live in a good home in Nashville, provided by their parents.

CEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

Born in Bedford County, Tenn., July 13, 1821; died at Memphis, Tenn., October, 29, 1877. He removed to Hernando, Miss., in 1842, and was a planter until 1852, when he removed to Memphis.

General Forrest was one of the most remarkable men developed by the war. In fighting he was the Stonewall Jackson of the West. United States Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, in his great speech as orator for the United Confederate Veterans, at their reunion in New Orleans, in April, 1892, said: "Forrest, the 'Wizard of the Saddle,' oh what genius was in that wonderful man! He felt the field as Blind Tom touches the keys of a piano. 'War means killing,' he said, 'and the way to kill is to get there first with the most men.' There is military science—Napoleon, Stonewall and Lee—in a nutshell. He was not taught at West Point, but he gave lessons to West Point." Erroneous statements have been published, even in Encyclopedias, concerning his illiteracy.

His lovely Christian wife died in Memphis only a year or two since. Of his family now living there are Captain William Forrest and his three children—Mary, Bedford, and William.



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{ Vol. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1894.

No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
Proprietor.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter
Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$10. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, one issue. This is an increase on former rate.
Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for any thing that has not special merit.

The date to subscriptions 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 entitled to that number.

With this greeting to patrons of the VETERAN for the new year there must be explanation and apology for delay in issue. It was difficult to determine about certain changes to be made in the new volume, basing all upon the price. When it was decided to increase the price it was determined to improve the quality of material and, if possible, the matter, for the new year. A sudden and unexpected illness intervened just as matters were under way for having the VETERAN completed by the 15th, which compelled some delay. The articles in this number will be found very good, yet greater disappointment than ever has been had in promised articles of much strength and historic benefit, which it was expected would begin the new year's volume. Some of these may be expected in February. Review of many books and matters of interest to comrades has been unavoidably delayed. However, with better facilities than ever, with restored health, and with the assured approval of all people who honor the name Confederate, it is believed that in future the VETERAN will be better than it has ever been.

The time of issuing the VETERAN has been from the 12th to the 18th of the month, although it has been designed to bring it to the first. It is considered best, however, to have publication day at about the middle of the month. Therefore patrons everywhere may not expect it before the 15th, close to which day it may be expected in the mail to every subscriber.

SINCE having in charge the highly responsible work of sending out the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to so many thousands who are its loyal and firm supporters, the grave responsibility weighs heavier and heavier. A sentiment has been growing for months, to which reference is now made, which is in behalf of Union soldiers who were fired by the kind of patriotism that inspired Andrew Jackson to say, "The Union! it must and shall be preserved," who fought its battles to a victorious ending, and who, with admiration for the courage of Confederates and highest personal esteem, felt the great injustice of depriving them of property by confiscation, and have all these decades continued in a political minority whereby they have been wholly

cut off from public patronage. In behalf of such men I am impelled to commend the consideration of comrades. Ought we not take such action as opportunity offers that will bring about a co-operative spirit with them and assure them in every possible way that they have not only our gratitude, but that we are determined to co-operate at any time in such measures as will enable them to exercise such influence upon the administration of government as their patriotism and their steadfastness merit? There can be no spirit truer than that which inspires this sentiment. In their and our powerless condition three decades have elapsed, and we have never manifested to them the regret we feel and the high regard we entertain for them. So much as a suggestion. Let it be said that the VETERAN is for such patriots, and is for making known that Confederate veterans have a thoroughly fraternal regard for the men who fought us only to maintain the Union, and we would gladly co-operate with them for the common good of our great country.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN SOUVENIR.

To meet a demand from every section of the South for issues of the VETERAN for 1893, which cannot be supplied, it has been determined to publish as a Souvenir all the best articles and the many splendid illustrations which appeared in that volume. The Souvenir will contain 100 pages, be printed in superb style and nicely bound. The price will be twenty-five cents. It is furnished free to all subscribers who have remitted or may remit \$1. It cannot be supplied to those who have renewed at fifty cents, but they can have it by remitting twenty-five cents. It is expected to have the Souvenir ready for distribution at the Birmingham reunion, April 25th, about which time it will be delivered through the mails. Advertisements will be taken for this Souvenir edition at liberal rates. This will be an excellent opportunity for first-class advertisers, as the Souvenir will be one of the most popular productions ever issued in the South. The forms will be stereotyped, and it is believed that several editions will be demanded.

So unsettled was the question of price of the VETERAN for so long that it has been decided to accept remittances that have been made at fifty cents to date and through this month. Such subscribers, however, will not be entitled to the Souvenir. All subscriptions received during December at one dollar, which came

through the liberality of friends, were entered at the reduced rate, therefore making the time two years for one dollar, this even against their protest. Since January remittances at one dollar have been entered for the year with the Souvenir, and remittances at fifty cents have been entered for the year without the Souvenir, and to show the most liberal spirit possible this condition will continue until the end of this month, after which no subscriptions will be entered for less than one dollar, except renewals without the Souvenir, which will be accepted at seventy-five cents. All dollar subscriptions will include the Souvenir. It is believed, with this statement and the editorial on this subject, page 16, that patrons will be universally satisfied with the change.

FRAMED COPIES OF CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

A misleading proposition was published in the December VETERAN. It was that "Flags of a nation that fell," and pictures of Gen. Lee and of Mr. Davis would be furnished framed for thirty cents. It was not intended to offer but one frame and glass for the thirty cents. The design was to give the preference to friends as between either of these eminent men or the flags. A contract was made with factory agents to supply cherry frames with glass, to be supplied by the VETERAN, at thirty cents, just as the factory shut down, and there has been annoying delay in getting the frames made at the very low price named. It is understood now that during the next week they will be sent in by the hundred, so all the orders received can be filled without any further delay. Remember, that all who wish the four flags framed nicely under glass can be supplied by remitting the thirty cents.

The offer to supply the Davis and Lee pictures in these frames is recalled. These plates cannot be "made ready" and printed at the small cost in orders of less than one hundred copies.

It was designed to review somewhat fully in this VETERAN Gen. Gordon's great lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," by referring to and quoting from it in such way as would not detract from the interest of audiences to whom he may yet deliver it. The review has been deferred, however, as have many others on account of sickness. In introducing Gen. Gordon Gen. W. H. Jackson, the Major General commanding Tennessee Division U. C. V., paid fine tribute to the lecturer. He asked, Who could so well portray the closing incidents as the hero of the closing scenes, who was one of the leaders of the "forlorn hope" at Appomattox, leading that last charge, which is unsurpassed in history, who was the trusted Lieutenant of the peerless and spotless Robert E. Lee, and who was the typical soldier, promoted from Captain to Lieutenant General by merit alone? He mentioned the loyal de-

votion of the speaker to his chief, and recited the incident of his taking Lee's bridle reins in the battle of Sharpsburg. When Lee said to Gordon, who was commanding the center of the line, "I have no support for you," Gordon stood there like a stone wall, with a ball in his right leg and another in his left arm, completely shattering it, yet he still refused to leave the field. Finally, when shot by a minnie ball in his left shoulder, and terribly shot in the face, he was carried from the field unconscious. The speaker has been Governor of the empire State of the South, and twice elected to the United States Senate. He is Senator now, and is Commander of the United Confederate Veterans.

"THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR" needs attention. A clever Republican, who has changed his residence from the North to the blue grass region of Kentucky, has inaugurated another great scheme for getting the Confederate soldier's money. He has sent out an elaborate circular, not to the VETERAN, and has gotten it up so ingeniously that the authorship appears as Hon. Jefferson Davis, associated by Hon. A. H. Stephens and other Confederates. Then Gens. R. E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston and others "describe" the battles. Admiral Franklin Buchanan describes the naval battles.

Oh the engravings! They are to exceed one thousand in number. The "partial table of contents" is a stunner. It is represented under twenty-two different heads. The author's patriotism (?) has stirred him to the depths. "The publications of 'The Soldiers in our Civil War,' 'Harper's Pictorial History,' and 'The Pictorial Battles of the Civil War'—the three greatest and most stupendous pictorial histories ever published in this or any other country—renders necessary a companion volume giving the Confederate side," etc. The author advertises himself as "more the master of the subject than any man living." He is a daisy. Don't forget that he will not let you veterans nor other people have this great book except by subscription, and at \$8 or \$12. The pictures are old in the main, but they were made North and will be reprinted there. I did not intend to notice further your enterprises for enlightening the Confederate elements, not even to protest against the Washington Post's indirect charge that the VETERAN, by its "sensational war stories," is "inferior"—but you are amusing. If you will be candid and tell how your marvelous book will be published, the VETERAN, which will not be put under a bushel, will print it gratis cordially.

Do be manly and see how much better you will feel. If you will send your politics to Kansas, and demonstrate that you can turn the vilest of partisan pictures to good account, making them serve exactly the opposite purpose for which they were designed and made, you will have the fraternal regard of heroes.



MAGGIE DAVIS HAYES AND WINNIE DAVIS.

These are the two surviving children of Jefferson Davis. The elder, Mrs. Hayes, was born at the National Capital, while her father was Secretary of War. She is the wife of Joel Addison Hayes, who is a native of Mississippi, but whose ancestors were of the oldest families of Nashville, which is now the home of his mother and sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes reside in Colorado Springs, Col. They have four children living, two each, daughters and sons.

Miss Winnie Davis, born near the close of the war, is everywhere known as "The Daughter of the Confederacy." Both daughters honor their distinguished parentage.



TO A YANKEE CAPTOR, 1892.

BY, B. H. T.

You ask for a line about Blue and Gray—
"Your rebel" has this to say,
He has fought hard in many a fray,
And saw the lives of many pass away,
Blue and Gray.

But with the lights of the present day
He wonders why the mighty array
Was permitted for one's victory, the
other's dismay,
Why did we not the golden rule obey?
Blue and Gray.

Write and suggest names of per-
sons who would like the VETERAN.

182601

Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.: Inclosed find postal note. This has been handed me by a worthy veteran who lost his arm while wearing the blue at Jackson, Miss. I lent him my CONFEDERATE VETERAN and he was so well pleased that he desires me to ask you to send it for the ensuing year.

Col. D. H. Reynolds, of Lake Village, Ark., writing of Gen. O. F. Strahl, killed at Franklin, says: He and I first met as students at the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1851 or 1852, and we left there at the close of the college year in June, 1854. From that time until his death we were more or less intimately acquainted. We read law in the office of Judge John W. Harris in Somerville, Tenn., and were admitted to the bar there in 1858. Shortly after I went to Arkansas and he went to Dyersburg, Tenn., where he engaged in the practice of law until he entered the army in 1861. Gen. Strahl was one of the best men I ever knew. He was intelligent, true and brave. He was generous. As such men always are, he was patriotic, and a true friend to his fellow-man. [Both of these loyal Southern men were born in Ohio in 1832.]

Master Jefferson Hayes Davis, whose name was fittingly changed by legislative enactment, is a bright healthy lad and proud of his ancestry. The father paid tribute for which the South should be mindful in surrendering his own name in the change.



HOOD'S CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

Every subscriber to the *VETERAN*, and every friend to the cause espoused, who realizes the importance of true history, will be gratified by the great kindness of Mrs. W. D. Gale, daughter of General and Bishop Leonidas Polk, for the contribution of personal letters by her husband in connection with the eventful times in Tennessee during Hood's campaign. Mrs. Gale is doing just as every patriot should do in giving to the public, through this important channel, the facts as brought out by witnesses at the time. Col. Gale was Adjutant General of Stewart's Corps.

The entire letter is given, the references to family in which bare-footed children are mentioned being given as illustrating vividly the situation at the time, as there was not a family in the State whose condition had been better to feed and clothe the household than had been this.

HEADQUARTERS STEWART'S CORPS, NEAR TUPELO, January 14, 1865.—My Darling Kate: Your dear letter of December 20th received and read with what avidity you can well imagine when you learn that the last I had received was of November 6th. I am glad to find you in such good spirits, and hope you may bear up and keep well. I feel indignant when I hear that Fanny and Dudley have not had their shoes. How the little darlings must suffer from the biting cold! Now that we are to go into winter quarters I hope to be able to attend somewhat to your comforts, and will try and have some made them, but it will be some time yet before you will get them.

I wrote you a short account of our battles in Middle Tennessee and our flight from the State. I now give you some of the particulars in detail. After three weeks' preparation at Florence we finally crossed the Tennessee on the 20th of November and moved forward toward Mt. Pleasant. Gen. Thomas at that time had his army at Pulaski. When we got to Mt. Pleasant he had fallen back to Columbia. We got to Columbia on the 26th and invested it. On the night of the 27th it was evacuated. On the 28th this and Cheatham's Corps began one of the finest moves of the war—in conception worthy of Stonewall Jackson, and in execution feeble and disgraceful—to cross Duck River above Columbia, and by a forced march over bad roads and through the woods and fields to strike the pike at Spring Hill, and cut Schofield off from Nashville or strike him in the flank. The move was made and all was a success up to the time of striking the enemy. We struck the pike at Spring Hill just as the retreating enemy were moving by, completely surprising him. But strange to say, we remained all night in sound of the voices of the men as they retreated in the greatest haste, and not a blow was struck, though orders were sent by Gen. Hood several times to attack at once. One time Gov. Harris himself carried the order to Gen. ———. Gen. Lee was left in Columbia to cross and attack in the rear. He failed to come up also, and thus Tennessee was lost. Gen. Stewart was ready and anxious to lead his corps to the attack, but was not ordered, as the other was in front. The next morning we pushed forward in pursuit of the flying column, the road strewn everywhere with the wreck of a flying army.

Wagons, just set on fire and abandoned, were saved from destruction. When we got near Franklin we found the enemy in line across the road two miles from town. Preparations were made to turn the position by a flank movement, when the force fell back to their entrenchments near the town. Preparations were made at once to assault the town. Franklin is in a bend of the Harpeth, and the enemy's line was a circle, each wing resting upon the river. * * * * It was one of the strongest places in the world to defend. Our men went boldly up in the face of 20,000 muskets and at least 70 pieces of artillery, many of the bands playing our favorite pieces. The enemy was easily driven from the front line and sought safety behind the inner line, where his artillery was. Our line moved forward and closed around the enemy—Loring on the right, French next, then Walthall, then Cleburne, then Brown, then Bate. Johnston's Division—the only one of Lee's corps that was up—was held in reserve, and afterward was put in where Bate and Brown were. The fight was furious, and the carnage awful beyond anything I ever saw. Our men were mowed down by what is called an enfilade and reverse fire, i. e., in the side and rear, in addition to that in front. The enemy fought with great desperation. Our men were flushed with hope, pride, and ambition as they fought for Tennessee. They felt that the eyes of the men and women all over our country, as well as Tennessee, were upon them, and the Yankee Army which they had followed so long was before them.

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

The chivalry of the South did charge, as bravely as they charged Agincourt or Cressy, and Marathon and Thermopylae were not more grandly fought than Franklin. Charge after charge was made. As fast as one division was shattered and recoiled, another bravely went forward into the very jaws of death, and came back broken and bloody, again rallying quickly with their heroic officers, and again went forward to do what seemed impossible—or die. Such men as Loring, Walthall, Adams, Cockrill, Gates, Featherston, Shelby, Reynolds, Cleburne, Strahl, Gist, and others, should live in prose and poetry as long as the story of the war is written or read. No pen can do justice to the gallantry of these men. Walthall had two horses shot dead under him. The field was covered with the wounded and the dead. The enemy's line had been crossed in one or two places, but no man who went over was ever known to return. Many hundreds lay all night in the ditch separated from the enemy by the thickness of the embankment. * * * While the officers were collecting the scattered and broken ranks I went with Gen. Stewart to Gen. Hood's headquarters. He had determined to renew the attack in the morning. The plan was that all our artillery—100 pieces—which had been brought up, was to open on them at daylight, and at 9 the whole army was to assault the works. You may well think it was a bitter prospect for our poor fellows. We rode up to a part of the enemy's line, which we still held, to place Strahl's brigade in position, when I was struck by the stillness in the enemy's works, and asked the officer nearest me if the enemy had not gone. He said that they had, as some of his men had been down and found no one there. Further examination convinced me of the fact, and I rode back to our camp-fire, and just as day was dawning I dismounted, wet, weary,

hungry, and disheartened, telling Gen. Stewart that Schofield was gone. A half-hour's rest, not sleep, on the wet ground and I got up, drank a cup of coffee and went to my daily work. I rode over the field early in the day, before the details which I had ordered had begun to bury the dead. It was awful! The ditch at the enemy's line—on the right and left of the pike—was literally filled with dead bodies, lying across each other, in all unseemly deformity of violent death. Gen. Adams rode his horse upon the breast-works and both horse and rider fell there. Cleburne was thirty yards in front of his division when he fell, shot through the heart. But I am tired of the sickening details, and you all must be, too. You can see our dreadful loss from published accounts.

I have now one more scene to paint, one more story to tell you, and I am done. I wish I had a pen to do justice to the subject, for in all the annals of this war, filled as it is with the great and noble deeds of great and noble men and women, none exceed and few equal in true merit the noble sympathy of Mrs. John McGavock (Miss Winder). When day dawned we found ourselves near her house—in her lawn—which was in the rear of our line. The house is one of the large old-fashioned country houses of the better class in Tennessee, two stories high, with many rooms and every arrangement for comfort. This was taken as a hospital, and the wounded in hundreds were brought to it during the battle, and all the night after. Every room was filled, every bed had two poor bleeding fellows, every spare space, niche and corner, under the stairs, in the hall, everywhere—but one room for her and family. And when the noble old house could hold no more, the yard was appropriated until the wounded and dead filled that, and all were not yet provided for. Our doctors were deficient in bandages, and she began by giving her old linen, then her towels and napkins, then her sheets and table-cloths, and then her husband's shirts and her own under garments. During all this time the surgeons plied their dreadful work amid the sighs and moans and death-rattle. Yet, amid it all, this noble woman, the very impersonation of Divine sympathy and tender pity, was active and constantly at work. During all the night neither she nor any one of her household slept, but dispensed tea and coffee and such stimulants as she had, and that, too, with her own hands, unafrighted by the sight of blood, unawed by horrid wounds, unblanched by ghastly death, she walked from room to room, from man to man, her very skirts stained in blood, the incarnation of pity and mercy. Is it strange that all who were there praise her and call her blessed? About nine in the morning she sent for us—General and staff—and gave us a nice, warm breakfast, and a warmer welcome. The brother of one of my clerks (McReady) was very badly wounded, and then in her house. I bespoke her kind attention, which she gave till he died.

Many years ago I was in the same house, and in the same room, on a visit. On one side of the fire sat the father of Mrs. McGavock, then an old man. He seemed particularly glad to see me, and told me that he was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was at the battle of New Orleans. When on his way back the troops marched by the plantation of my grandfather Green, below Natchez, and his regiment was entertained by him and furnished with milk in great quantities. He spoke of the gratitude of the men.

There were beeves killed also, and a great treat given them. Is it not strange that after fifty years a descendant of that generous man should receive hospitality on a bloody field of battle from a descendant of the tired and hungry soldier?

I will leave the balance of the campaign for future letters.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,

As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;

Not a soldier fired a farewell shot

O'er the graves of the heroes we buried.

The Generals were buried at Ashwood Cemetery.

THE CARPET-BAG REIGN OF TERROR IN ARKANSAS.

BISCOE HINDMAN.

During the dark days in the last year of the great war for Southern Independence, the distress and suffering throughout the South finds, perhaps, no parallel in history. With its close came conciliatory messages from the general Government, and our afflicted people turned to their work with sorrowful but determined hearts, feeling confident that the paroles of the brave men who had fought so long and so well would be fully respected. But the carpet-bag thieves who infested the entire South had no respect for paroles, none for the lives of the citizens, nor even for the honor and virtue of the women! Few States were doomed at this period to such painful experiences as fell to the fate of Arkansas.

In a most valuable and entertaining book entitled, "The Brooks and Baxter War: a History of the Reconstruction Period in Arkansas," the long, black and murderous record of the carpet-baggers in that State is for the first time put in lasting shape and placed before the people. The author of this book is Gen. John M. Harrell, of Hot Springs, at present Brigadier General commanding the United Confederate Veterans for the Southern District of Arkansas. Gen. Harrell was a gallant Confederate officer. Participating in person, and passing through the dark scenes that paralyzed the energies of the State and drenched it with the blood of its people, it is peculiarly fortunate for Arkansas that Gen. Harrell has rescued from oblivion these important records which shortly must have passed from sight for want of proper attention. His work was undertaken "at intervals during a laborious life, and so written 'because it had to be,' and no one else would undertake it." It should be in the hands of every patriotic citizen of Arkansas, and the general student of history will want it. The book is gracefully and forcibly written.

In the light of the facts as therein presented, a more unprincipled villain never cursed Arkansas with his citizenship than Powell Clayton, the prince of carpet-baggers. Before the war he was a pro-slavery Democrat, but became a Federal officer during the war, and afterward the "black Republican" Governor of Arkansas, self-installed by means of the most outrageous measures of undisguised fraud and force. He was a native of Pennsylvania (born in 1833), and afterward lived in Delaware. In 1855 he emigrated to Kansas, and in 1862 he turned up in Helena, Ark., at the head of a regiment of Federal cavalry. He went into that State with "a sword in one hand and a torch in the other." After securing the office of Governor, with a gang of thieves, backed up by their negro soldiers, he proceeded to rob the people and State by every means

which he could devise and execute. His spacious home, at that time on a ridge overlooking the Arkansas River, was known as the "Robber's Roost."

In January, 1869, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* published a letter over the *nom de plume* of "A Fair-minded Carpet-bagger," which contained these statements: "I served with Gov. Clayton during the war. I was born in Massachusetts, was educated at Harvard, and have always been a Republican. I voted for Fremont, twice for Mr. Lincoln, and recently for Gen. Grant, for President. My purpose is to give a fair notion of the condition of affairs in Arkansas. That condition is terrible. Nothing like it exists this side of the Cretan Islands. Common every-day events remind me of the reign of Warren Hastings, in India, or of Mustapha Asaph, in Greece."

His acts of oppression and cruelty have made his name a stench in the nostrils of all Arkansians, and it will remain odious for all time to come. Among the many bloody murders committed by his hirelings and supporters was that of an old man by the name of Hooper, who was tied to his horse and shot dead at Plummersville. Strange to say that at this same place, where old man Hooper was so foully murdered, Clayton's brother, John M. Clayton, was himself murdered only a few years ago. In order to carry out his schemes he divided the State into three military districts, and placed them under martial law. Then followed scenes of bloodshed and murderous executions in all parts of the State. The most respected citizens were dragged from their families and openly murdered, and that without cause or form of trial. His negro militia ran riot, and women were outraged in the very presence of their helpless husbands! Relief only came to the suffering people when Clayton was elected to the United States Senate, many good Democrats voting for him as Senator in order to rid the State of his presence as Governor, knowing that as Senator he would at once sink into utter insignificance.

Gov. Elisha Baxter succeeded Clayton, and he had hardly taken his seat before one Joseph Brooks, a reverend hypocrite and scoundrel, who lived in Helena, and who had opposed Baxter for Governor, declared himself elected and forcibly took possession of the State House. In this contest "the Brooks and Baxter war" was brought on, and the State was still further disgraced. Knowing that Baxter had been made Governor by Clayton, many good citizens supported Brooks in this infamous contest, believing in his protestations of reform, and knowing his then bitter hatred of Clayton. Fortunately for the State, Brooks was finally overthrown and Baxter, the rightful Governor, took his seat. Brooks would have been as unscrupulous as Clayton, and would have taken up reconstruction where the latter left off. W. L. Stephenson, of Helena, figured as one of the judges during Clayton's rule. Baxter was undoubtedly the best man for the people that the Republicans could have furnished. His final opposition to the monstrous bond scheme, by which the State was plunged into debt, lost for him the support of Clayton and his gang.

The days of carpet-bag rule in Arkansas will always recall painful recollections in the hearts of our people who passed through that fearful time. Gen. Harrell has performed an inestimable service to the people and State by his faithful record of that black period in the history of the State.

MIKE KELLY.

BY CAPT. BEN. M'CULLOCH HORD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

He was an Irishman by birth and a blacksmith by trade, but gave up his bellows and tongs to follow his gallant countryman, Gen. Pat Cleburne, into the Confederate Army, and become a gunner in a battery that was organized (?) by that peerless soldier. In many of his characteristics Mike was strikingly like his great Captain. Though possessed of a rich vein of Irish wit and humor, he did not have that volatile, bubbling overflow of spirit so natural to his people; on the contrary he was quiet, and rather retiring in his disposition, even to apparent timidity. His only form of dissipation was tobacco. I well remember his dirty little cob pipe, black with age and tobacco, with a stem of the same color and from the same causes, not three inches long. Every old soldier who saw much active service in the field, in thinking of the close places he has passed through, will recall vividly the sunburnt face and form of some comrade, friend or acquaintance conspicuous for his courage, brave where all were braves, but he the bravest of them all. In this light dear old lion-hearted Mike Kelly always appears to me. With the courage of a game cock, the modesty of a woman, and a sunny temperament, he was a lovable companion, and when by your side in action made you feel as if you had two right arms and a double pair of eyes. It is not, however, to speak of his courage, but some ludicrous incidents that happened to him after he "joined the cavalry," that I write.

Mike was torn nearly in two by a canister shot at Shiloh, and as soon as he was able to stand the journey his surgeon sent him home to Helena, Ark., to die, which Mike, with an Irishman's perversity, refused to do, but which he explained to me afterward in a half apologetic tone for not doing, that the shot didn't damage his "in'ards." It, however, incapacitated him for service in the infantry, and as the yankees by that time had the river as far down as Vicksburg, he could not well get back to his old command, so he reluctantly joined the cavalry. I say reluctantly because while he knew every bone and nerve in a horse's foot, and was perfectly at home when he had that article between his knees tacking on a shoe, put him on a horse's back and he was as helpless as a new-born babe. I doubt if he was ever on a horse a half dozen times in his life before he joined Capt. Ruf. Anderson's company of scouts, of Col. Dobbins' Regiment and Walker's Brigade of Arkansas Cavalry, of which I was at that time a member. Seeing him one day shortly after he had joined hesitate on the bank of a little stream as if debating with himself which would be wiser, to ride across or to get down and wade and lead his horse, I called out to him, "Grip him with your knees, Mike, and your back will keep dry." "Grip him with me knase, is it," he replied; "thin b' jimminy I'll wade, for I'm as bowlegged as a barrel hoop; its me grub and not me back I want to kape dry."

Capt. Anderson was a superb horseman, having spent many years of his life on the frontier of Texas. He could perform all the tricks in the saddle that are common to the cowboys of the present day, such as "scooping down" and picking from the ground his hat, six shooter, glove or handkerchief, with his horse at full speed. The frequent encounters his company had with the cavalry of the enemy made him pretty well known and much sought after by them, and through

the citizens they had obtained not only a good description of him, but also knowledge of his dexterity as a rider. On one occasion our scouts reported that a foraging train was coming out from Helena, escorted by only a squadron of cavalry. Wetherly, our First Lieutenant, was in command of our troop that day, Anderson being absent; and as "the old man" never lost an opportunity to pick a fuss or make a fight, in or out of the army, we were soon in the saddle and on our way to strike the escort of the foragers. We were considerably outnumbered, but Wetherly thought that if he would dismount part of his men, place them in ambush, and when they opened fire on the blue coats charge with his mounted men on their rear, the advantage of the surprise would about even the thing up. So part of us were dismounted, Mike and I of the number, and were placed in a dense thicket not more than twenty paces from the road. The Federal column soon rode in, and at the word, "Fire!" the thicket blazed, and at the same time Wetherly charged, as he thought, on their rear with his mounted men. A number of horses and men went down from our fire, and the head of the Federal column was thrown into confusion, but only for a moment, for we had struck the Fifth Kansas, commanded by Maj. Sam Walker, as good body of cavalry and as brave an officer as there was in the Federal Army. At command they wheeled and formed, fronting the thicket, and charged in the face of our second volley. At the same time a yell distinctively yankee and a heavy discharge of carbines further down the road to our right told us as plain as if we had seen it that Wetherly had wedged himself between the advance guard and main column of the enemy. At this unexpected turn in affairs, with nothing but our six shooters to hold back such odds—we did not have time to reload our guns—it did not take long to determine what to do. "Fall back to your horses," was the order, and we fell. Mike and I were together. Partly on account of his old wound, but mostly, I think, on account of his contentious disposition under such circumstances, he was the poorest runner I ever saw, and when we reached our horse holder he was mounted, the others gone, and, throwing the reins to us, he followed in hot haste. I was in my saddle instantly. Mike was not so fortunate. His horse, a long, lank old bay, as thin as a rail, excited by the shouting, shooting and running, was plunging viciously around in the brush, dragging Mike, who was pawing the air with first one foot and then the other in fruitless efforts to catch the stirrup, at the same time keeping up a continuous string of comments upon the situation generally, interspersed with bits of advice to me and curses at his horse, such as "Give 'm a taste of your shooting, boy; whoa, you d—n old—Look at the blue devils how they swarm! What a d—n fool old Wetherly was—struck 'em in the middle. Devil take the cavalry service. Woah!" In the meantime the yankees, finding nothing in front of them, were coming on as fast as the nature of the ground would admit, firing at random, for the bushes were so thick they could not see ten feet in front. Although expecting to show a clean pair of heels to the enemy, I had instinctively drawn a fresh pistol from my holster when I mounted, and, according to Mike's advice, was using it to the best advantage I could, at the same time watching his circus performance and inwardly praying that it would come to a speedy close, or both of us would be either

killed or captured in a half minute more. I couldn't leave him, for he had more than once stood between me and "the other shore," and to leave him now would show rank ingratitude and cowardice. "Turn him loose, Mike, and jump up behind me, it's our last chance," I yelled, and at that instant the front line of yankees burst through the thicket into the open woods within thirty steps of us. "Bang, bang, bang! halt! halt! surrender! surrender!" they called out. I turned, to pick up Mike if possible, and take my chance running, just in time to see his horse lunge forward, and he lying like a sack of meal crosswise in the saddle, with one hand clutched in the mane about midway the neck. My first impression was that he had been shot, and I was relieved to see him wiggle his leg over his blanket, which was strapped to his saddle, and straighten up. Our horses were going at racing speed, and Mike was doing some wonderful riding. Neither foot was in a stirrup, and he showed no partiality for any particular place to sit. Every time his old horse made a jump Mike would come down on him in a different place—behind the cantle, in the saddle, over the pommel on his neck, then back again, up one side, and down the other. He literally rode the old bay from his ears to his tail. A fallen tree was in front of us, both horses took the leap at the same time, and Mike disappeared on the far side of his horse. Gone this time sure, I thought, but the next instant, bare headed, he bounced back on top. Our pursuers, not liking to follow us too far in the woods, fired a parting volley of lead and curses at us, pulled up, and a hundred yards or so further we run into our own scattered squad that had halted and reformed. An hour later Wetherly, having gotten the company together, we were pegging away at the rear of the Federal column as they leisurely fell back into Helena, having sent their well loaded wagons on in front. I stopped a moment to get a drink of water at a farm house the Federals had just left. The old man had a son in our company, and was very anxious to hear the news of the skirmish. "I tell you they came mighty near getting Capt. Anderson," he said, after learning that his boy was all right. "How's that," I asked; "Anderson wasn't in the skirmish at all." "O yes he was, that yankee Captain that just left here said he rode right on Anderson, knew it was him from his riding, never saw such devilish fine riding in his life—just played along in front of him cutting up all kinds of antics on his horse, and if he hadn't been afraid that he was doing it just to decoy him into another ambush he could have caught him." I knew at once that Mike's remarkable performances had been taken for Anderson's skill. The story was too good to keep, and no one enjoyed it more than Capt. Anderson. When the boys run it on Mike, however, he replied: "It's all right, me lads, but there's no danger of any of you blackguards ever being mistook for your betters."

Mike did not have to wait long, however, before he had his "inings" on our friends in blue, though he did not come out as scarless as in the scrape just mentioned. Our pickets reported a body of Federal cavalry advancing toward LaGrange from Helena, on the St. Francis road. The regiment was badly scattered, having to picket some twelve or fifteen miles of country, but at the sound of "boots and saddle" a hundred and ten or fifteen men "fell in," and, with the Colonel at our head, we went trotting through LaGrange to meet the enemy. Some two or three miles below the little

village the road runs through one of those large plantations common in that section, with a high, stiff rail fence on either side. In the woods just at the end of this lane there was a heavy growth of young paw-paws. Dismounting Wetherly, who had meanwhile been promoted to a captaincy, with thirty five or forty of his men, had them placed along the road with instructions to open on the enemy as soon as they came up. The Colonel took the rest of the command, skirted the plantation, and came to the lane a half mile lower down. We had scarcely reached this position and formed before Wetherly's guns opened. We swung by fours out in the lane, and with a yell went at them under full speed, Col. Dobbins and Capt. Anderson, the latter's company being in front, leading the charge on the right and left of the column. The road was as open and level as a billiard table, and every man was driving the steel into his horse. The rear companies of the Federal squadron promptly wheeled to meet us, and poured a steady fire from their carbines on us as we came up. I happened to be one of the first fours, and was within a few feet of the Colonel when I saw him glance over his shoulder, slacken his speed somewhat, throw up his hand and call to Capt. Anderson, "Let the column close up!" At the rate we had been coming we were necessarily badly strung out, and the Federals were standing solid across the entire road not seventy-five yards from us. I had half turned my head to look back when, like a red streak, a trooper dashed by me. There was no mistaking the rider. The reins were flying loose, the old horse's blood was up, and so was Mike's. He couldn't have stopped him if he would, and he wouldn't if he could, for "charge" to Mike meant "go in," whether there was one man or one thousand at his back. He was drawing his gun as he passed, a double barrel shot-gun loaded with buckshot and ball, and by the way, the best gun that cavalry can have for close quarters. (Cavalry are of no service in action unless they do come to close quarters.) I had only time to see him, when the Colonel again gave the order to charge. The delay was only a fractional part of a second, but Mike was then flying fifty yards in front of us. I saw two puffs of smoke fly over his head, and he disappeared in the cloud. The next instant we were "mixing with 'm," as Gen. Forrest would have said. The action was sharp and fierce, the Federals using the sabre and we sixshooters. It was too hot to last long. Their rear gave way, we went through, joined Wetherly, and never gave them time to reform until they had been driven inside of their lines. I was hurrying back to the place where I had last seen Mike, when I came upon our surgeon going into a poor fellow after a ball, and inquired if he had found Mike's body. "Yes." "Dead?" "No, but wounded, and he's in the ambulance on ahead." I didn't have an opportunity to see Mike until some time after midnight. I found him, with others, stretched on some straw in a barn that had been converted into a hospital. His head was swathed in bandages, and looked as big as a half bushel. His face was so swollen he could not see, and the poor fellow was delirious.

From the surgeon I learned that Mike had marched a couple of prisoners up to him, saying, "Take charge of 'm, Doc," when he keeled over at his feet with an empty sixshooter in his hand. An examination showed that his head had been terribly beaten, the cuts

were to the skull in five different places. I afterward learned from Mike, as soon as he was able to see and suck his cob pipe, that after emptying his gun he did not have time to draw his pistol before he was wedged in the Federal column, and clubbing his gun he was "knocking the spalpeens" right and left, when some "dirty blackguard" struck him over the head, knocking him from his horse. In falling he was caught between the horses of a couple of Federals, his arms pinned to his sides as the horses were crowded together, and the last he remembered their riders were beating a tattoo on his head. When he recovered consciousness he was lying in the timber, and two Federal soldiers standing close by undecided whether to try to escape or surrender. Mike decided the matter for them. Struggling to his feet and taking a pistol from the ground, having lost his own, doubtless, in his tumble, he promptly ordered them to throw up their hands, which they did, and were marched back as above stated. Neither Mike nor his prisoners knew at the time that the pistol he pointed at them was empty.

Mike was a favorite with the Colonel, who, like the rest of us, would occasionally joke him about his riding. Shortly after these incidents, when Mike was able to crawl out and sun himself, the Colonel passed by and began to rig him about letting his horse run away in the charge and carry him into the yankee lines.

"Run away, is it," said Mike. "Och, Colonel, its yourself that's fond of a joke. Now when we swung into the lane and you ordered us to charge, if ye had just tipped me a wink and said, 'Mike, I don't mean it; I'm only joking,' my head would be as sound as yours this minute." The laugh was on the Colonel, and he joined in it heartily.

The story of Mike Kelly is longer than was intended, yet this is hardly a beginning of the many stories that seem fitting while writing of him. He actually made a cannon by a process of rings, and welding them successively, and with it he fired on a government transport containing the pay for Banks' army.

Lakeland, Fla., Oct. 16, 1893.—My last messmate fell in the battle of Franklin. When we buried him we placed at the head of his grave a plain wooden slab, with this inscription, "W. J. Edgar, Co. H., 5th Tenn. Reg." In a printed list of Confederate dead interred in McGavock Cemetery, I see his name is W. J. Egar, the "d" being omitted. Will some kind friend make the correction on the stone?

J. M. Fraser, Morgan City, La.: I was one of the youngest soldiers in the Confederate Army, being only thirteen years old when I started as bugler in a company of independent rangers in Texas. I like the VETERAN because it speaks the truth, and I shall have all of the copies bound, so that my children can read them. I belong to the Berwick Camp. I have spoken to the editor of the *Independent Democrat* to mention the VETERAN in his paper, and he will do so.

Billy Slatter, Winchester, Tenn.: Now you know I am an old and practical printer, and I am persuaded that you will have to increase the price or lose money. Slatter will not take advantage of your offer to accept fifty cents for a renewal, but will send you one dollar, and I want all the rest to do likewise.

THE CONFEDERATE CAUSE IN MARYLAND.

A history of the Maryland Line Confederate Home is now in press at Baltimore. The VETERAN has advance proof sheets, and makes liberal extracts. The "old United States Arsenal," of which there is a brief account, covers an area about equal to two squares in a city, and, furnished as it is, entitles it to consideration as "the best soldiers' home in the United States."

That there was a division of sentiment in Maryland upon the causes which led to the war between the States no one will deny, yet the large preponderance of public opinion was heartily in favor of the cause of the South. Maryland, by reason of her geographical location, close commercial interests with the tobacco and cotton-raising States, similarity of institutions and intimate social and natural relations with the people south of the Potomac, was emphatically a Southern State, notwithstanding it had come to be classed with that division of the country lying north of the Potomac and south of New England called the Middle States. Of the same ancestry, prevailing customs and habits, and closely welded by intermarriage, together with the memories of the past struggle of the colonies in the French and Indian wars, and of the free and independent States which determined to throw off allegiance to Great Britain and King George—with the same views of the character of the Federal Union, and the rights and privileges which were reserved to the States under the Constitution of 1789, it would have been unnatural to have found her people engaging in a fratricidal war of desolation and invasion of those communities, to which she was so bound by historic and sympathetic ties.

The conservatism of her people misled some to indulge the hope that what was popularly called the "love of the Union" would overcome the considerations of honor and the associations of years of common struggle and danger: but such conceptions were as unfounded as they were insulting to the manhood and integrity of her people. The right of self-government had, on this continent, no firmer supporters and defenders than in Maryland.

Allusion is only made to these circumstances to explain why it is that we have here in Maryland—a State that was not "out of the Union"—a home for Confederate soldiers. Her sons were in the Confederacy, the hearts of her women were there, and the great body of her people were in sympathy with the cause of constitutional government.

As a border community in a sectional quarrel, this feeling could not be unanimous. There were some who were loyal to the Union, and this minority, obtaining control by reason of the bayonets of the Federal power, gave the weight of State authority to their claims, and we find Maryland regiments and Maryland batteries (Maryland at least in name,) responding to the call of the Federal President. * * * It is conceded that there were those who honestly supported the national authority, and the brilliant record of Maryland soldiers who "wore the blue" is cherished and prized as the common glory of the State by none more dearly than those of her sons who "wore the gray." As in the days of the Stuarts, the hearts of the loyalists were "o'er the water with Charlie," so was it in Maryland. Her body bound and shackled, her heart was unchained, and her sym-

pathies were with the followers of Lee and Jackson beyond the Potomac. * * * A prominent officer, after inspection of the records of the office of the Adjutant-General of the army in Richmond, estimated that there were 20,000 Marylanders in the service of the Confederate States. The organizations officially recognized as from Maryland were as follows: First and Second Maryland Infantry, First and Second Maryland Cavalry, First (Andrews and Dement), Second (Baltimore Light), Third (Latrobe), Fourth (Chesapeake), Maryland Artillery. Their aggregate strength was some 4,000 men. With the exception of the last named battery, which served with distinguished honor with the army in the West, it is enough to say, in the language of Gen. Ewell, referring to the First Maryland Infantry: "The history of the First Maryland Infantry is the history of the valley campaign;" the history of the Army of Northern Virginia cannot be written without giving the history of these commands of the Maryland Line. From the early days of the war, from Manassas to Malvern Hill, from the valley to Gettysburg, from the defense of Petersburg to Appomattox, was their valor and efficiency conspicuous.

From the beginning at Harper's Ferry, in '61, to the end at Appomattox, in '63, they maintained the same high character and bearing, and the record of their deeds, the reputation of their commanders—of Buchanan and Hollins, of Trimble, Elzey, Winder, Stuart, Johnson, Herbert, Ridgley Brown, Gilmer, Andrews, Wm. Brown, and Breathed, are held in veneration and affection by all familiar with the military history of the Confederacy, and have made for Maryland a name equal if not above other names in the admiration of a heroic people.

The State of Maryland can well be proud of its sons of the Maryland Line of 1861-'65, as it has always been of their forefathers of the Revolution and the subsequent wars of 1812 and with Mexico. An honorable, brave people are never forgetful of their veteran soldiers, and the fact that the Federal Government has so generously provided for those of her sons who wore the blue but make more pronounced the obligation of our Mother State to care for their unfortunate brothers who, in ragged gray jackets, represented her in the Confederate ranks; and, to their honor be it said, in this pious purpose the Union citizens of the State have been willing and earnest in their co-operation.

Sad indeed was the heart of the poor Maryland Confederate, after the days of Appomattox—the cause to which he had devoted his best years, and for which he had so freely risked his life and shed his blood, had failed—as the sad good-bye was spoken to associates.

The Association of the Maryland Line was formed in 1880, to assist the disabled and the destitute. There was already in existence the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, which was organized in 1871, shortly after the death of Gen. Lee, and it was not proposed to encroach upon, or to displace this organization, but still to cherish it as the parent society, or center of Confederate influence and work. Under the direction of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, and largely aided by his material assistance, the Association of the Maryland Line made up a fairly complete roster of the various Maryland organizations. In this work they were largely aided by the courtesy of the War Department

in permitting access to such muster rolls as were found in the records of the Adjutant-General's office at Richmond, and which were removed to Washington at the close of the war.

Under the auspices of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, was held in Baltimore, in 1885, a most successful bazaar, the proceeds of which, some \$31,000, were being devoted to the care of indigent Confederates and the burial of the dead. Through the medium of this fund, and the contributions of generous friends, the duty of ministering to the wants of the unfortunate was faithfully performed, but as the years rolled on it became painfully apparent that the means at hand were not equal to the emergency, and that the applications for assistance were far beyond the ability to meet. It was ascertained that a number of these gallant old soldiers were finding refuge in the almshouses of the State, and not a few instances came to light of the burial of dead in the unhallowed graves of Potter's Fields. After careful consideration, it was determined to make an effort to establish a Soldiers' Home in Maryland, and to ask that the property known as the Pikesville Arsenal be devoted to that purpose. To this memorial the General Assembly gave ready ear and took prompt affirmative action, and in February, 1888, this property was given by the State to the Association of the Maryland Line for the purpose indicated, and an appropriation of \$5,000 per annum was voted for the repair of the property and maintenance of the Home. This property was singularly adapted to the purpose by reason of the character of the building and convenience of location.

During, or shortly after, the Confederate war was over, the arsenal was abandoned as a military post, and in 1880 the Federal Government relinquished the same to the State of Maryland. The commandant in 1860, just preceding the commencement of the war, was that distinguished soldier, Major, afterward Lieut.-Gen. Huger. The State, after taking possession of the property, made no practical use of it; in fact, it was an item of expense for several years, by reason of the salary of a custodian. No repairs had been placed on the property for a period of some twenty years; and the condition at the time of the transfer to the care of the Maryland Line was little short of that of a ruin. Work was at once commenced to rescue it from this sad plight in April, 1888, and in June, the same year, it had so far progressed as to admit of the formal opening and dedication. Appropriate exercises were held, with a large attendance of citizens from Baltimore and the neighboring country. Every year since reunions and like celebrations have taken place, which have been frequently attended by distinguished Confederates, many of whom have been prominent in the national councils of the country.

The administration of the Home rests with a Board of Governors of the Association of the Maryland Line, and is under the immediate supervision of a Board of Managers, who are largely aided in their duties by the labors of a Board of Visitors, which is made up of well-known ladies, who give the benefit of their counsel, and are untiring in their efforts in caring for the sick and ministering to their wants. The command of the Home is intrusted to a superintendent, Mr. W. H. Pope, a gallant soldier of the Maryland Line, who, with his devoted wife, have faithfully given their entire service to the institution.

It was determined from the first to make the institution in fact what it was in name—a home for those who sought its sheltering care—and this view was held in the furnishing of the rooms, and the rules enacted for the government of the inmates. These last have been framed so as to insure the least restraint possible with the maintenance of proper discipline and decorum. The separate buildings have been named after distinguished Maryland Confederate soldiers, or sailors, and the rooms have been furnished as memorials by the friends or relatives of some loved one who gave his life for the cause, or who was conspicuous for his gallantry or devotion. These rooms have been furnished in a substantial manner with many of the comforts and elegancies found in private homes, and at an estimated cost of \$10,000, which expense has been defrayed by the generous friends undertaking this important and interesting feature. As a result, the management have been relieved almost entirely of the great expense incident to the furnishing of the Home, and their means made available for the necessary repairs of the property and the purchase of proper equipment and supplies required by an institution of this character.

The State has continued to make appropriation, which, supplemented by generous private contributions, both in money and material, have enabled the management to maintain the high standard of comfort originally had in view, and, at the same time, there has been due regard to proper economy.

The total admissions, from the opening in June, 1888, to December 1, 1893, a period of nearly five and a half years, have been 139. Of this number twenty-seven have died, three have been suspended or otherwise discharged; the number now borne on the roster is 109.

The library is supplied with many valuable and interesting books and periodicals, the gift of friends, and many newspapers regularly mail their issues without charge.

The total receipts of the Home to September 30, 1893, were \$37,620.40, and the expenses \$38,195, leaving a deficit as of the above date, \$574.60. Of the receipts, the State of Maryland has contributed \$27,500, and the remainder is the result of private subscriptions and the proceeds of entertainments, held at various times in the interest of the Home. Included in the item of expenses is the sum of \$8,118.42, the cost of repairs to the property.

Here will be found a noble charity, creditable to the honor of our State and the public spirit of our citizens. It is a comfort to the old veterans, who feel that if adversity proves too strong for them in their declining years a haven of rest is here provided, to which they may retire and find refuge, and at the same time lose none of their self-respect, nor suffer in the estimation of those whose experience in life is more fortunate; and it is a standing illustration to the young that our loved Commonwealth reveres manliness and courage, and is proud of its military record of the past, and is not unmindful of its heroes in their old age.

John Harleston, Charleston, S. C.: "I have been a subscriber to your paper since March. Have taken nearly all that have been published since 1865, and know of none superior to yours, and wish you all prosperity."

DURING THE FIRST SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, 1862.

FROM THE DIARY OF A KENTUCKY SOLDIER.

In the summer of 1862, during the first siege of Vicksburg, the First Kentucky Brigade was sent to that city as a sort of guard of honor to the heavy batteries then lining the shores of the Mississippi above and below Vicksburg. The regiments did duty in town alternately, which consisted mainly in lying under the shade of the trees in the beautiful grassy lawns, with which the city and its suburbs abounded, and, at night, watching the course of the immense mortar shells fired from the yankee fleets above and below the city. These shells generally passed over us apparently a half mile high, and their course could be distinctly traced by a burning fuse attached to each.

On the morning of the 4th day of July, 1862, we naturally supposed the Federals would celebrate the day by an extraordinary bombardment of the city, and thus make things somewhat lively for us. The sun arose with unusual splendor; expectation was on tip-toe; but to our surprise a silence, profound as death, rested upon the combatants until just at noon, when both fleets opened fire with every gun. They rent the heavens with the fury of exploding shells; the shore batteries instantly responded, and for half an hour these tremendous engines of death vomited forth their horrible contents, and then ceased as suddenly as they began, not another gun being fired during the day.

On the following day the Fourth Regiment, with a battery, was ordered to a point on the Mississippi River just below Warrenton, fourteen miles from Vicksburg. This place was a wide, swampy bottom on the east side of the river, and occupied a bend in the river, which, with the bluffs on the east, inclosed several hundred acres. This bottom had been overflowed, and the cottonwood trees which grew on a considerable portion of it had caught and held large quantities of brush, drift wood, etc. Our mission was to conceal ourselves and our battery in this drift, near the river, and pounce upon any steamer which might undertake to pass up the river. It did not take us long to conceal ourselves in this wilderness, and plant our guns along the river bank. Of course they were nicely masked—sentinels were posted down the river. Five days passed in the pleasant occupations of eating, sleeping and fighting mosquitoes without a single alarm or sign of the enemy. On the fifth day the pickets sent in information that a small craft, with several men in it, was crossing the river from the Louisiana shore, a mile or so below us.

The Colonel immediately ordered Sergeant ——— to select a squad of six men to investigate the movement. As one of this detachment, we proceeded down the river as fast as possible, and concealed ourselves in the bushes, near the point which the batteaux seemed to be making for. The moment it struck shore we sprang from our hiding places, with cocked guns, and demanded a surrender. The enemy consisted of four lusty negro men and one woman. With these we captured several bundles of old clothing, bed-quilts, and other trumpery prized by negroes. Had we dropped from the clouds, out of a clap of thunder, the poor darkies could not have been more astonished and terrified. With dilated eyes and trembling limbs they awaited death, which they evidently thought was at hand. In answer to the Ser-

geant's inquiry, "Who are you? Where are you going?" one of them answered supplicatingly, "We 'se nothing but poor niggers, massa, trying to git wid our folks on dis side of de river." Ordering them to shoulder their baggage, we led them to the Colonel, who gathered from them that they were the slaves of a Louisiana planter, who had fled from his home on the approach of the yankees, leaving them to take care of themselves; and they, being scarcely less terrified at the name of yankee than their master, were seeking to reach their friends and relatives in Mississippi. The Colonel sent them on their way.

On the morning of the 12th day of our ambush, about an hour before dawn, the pickets reported a steamboat coming up the river. When she had arrived nearly opposite the battery the guns opened on her with shot and shell. Her lights were almost instantly extinguished, and her speed increased; but before she could get out of range a number of shot struck, as we could distinctly hear them crashing through her timbers. They failed, however, to disable her, and she sped on her way up the river. It was now apparent that our longer stay would be useless. The Federals would almost certainly send a gunboat to investigate, and avenge the insult if possible. We had no particular desire to tackle one of these monsters, so we limbered up and pulled up and pulled out about dawn, and in a few hours had gained the summit of the high bluffs back of Warrenton, a few miles nearer the city, where we had a fine view of the river. As we came into view a flat black, villainous-looking gunboat was just squaring herself in the river opposite our recent hiding place; and it was with some satisfaction that we contemplated our safe distance as she poured a broadside from her heavy guns into the unoccupied timber. They shelled the woods.

A. P. HILL'S SIGNAL CORPS.

H. W. MANSON, ROCKWALL, TEXAS.

This did not mean a big army of men, with guns, drums and flying artillery. A. P. Hill's signal corps consisted of Capt. R. H. T. Adams, of Lynchburg, Va.; Sergeant Pat Vermillion, also of Lynchburg. Wm. Daniel, ex-State Senator, from Clarksville, Tenn.; John Moring, of Durham, N. C.—when last heard from he had finished eight years in the State Senate; Peter Eaves, from Rutherfordton, N. C.—lost sight of; Geo. Christian and brother Dave, of Appomattox, Va.; James Featherston, of Virginia—lost sight of; James Driver, of the First Tennessee—died of smallpox; Hal W. Manson (the writer), of the Seventh Tennessee, was detailed to take his place; Henry B. Pope, of Rome, Ga.; B. F. Mayhew, of New Berne, N. C., now dead, and a few others that were detailed for division headquarters.

These young men—for most of them were under twenty-one—were used to transmit messages by optic telegraphy from one part of the army to the other. Sometimes the line would extend as far as forty miles, and, as in the case of Harper's Ferry, the plan of battle was telegraphed over the signal line. These signals were made with different colored flags after a white flag a yard square with a red square in center. This flag was used when they had a green background, such as pines, or a wheat field or grassy knoll. When they had the sky for a background, as from the top of a

mountain, a dark flag, with a white square in the center to distinguish it from a black one, was used. At night torches of copper tubes filled with turpentine were used, one placed on the ground in front of the operator and the other on the end of a short pole in his hand, which he moved right and left, front and circle, making movements that could be easily understood with the aid of a good glass from ten to twenty miles at the next station. On the march the signal men could not be used as such, and were used as couriers and scouts. Another of their duties was to translate messages into cipher and back again. Thus if General Lee wished to communicate with President Davis the message was put in cipher, Joe Cabiness alone knowing what it was at Lee's headquarters, and a trusted man at the President's office would read the message to him.

I cannot hope to follow the fortunes of the "knights of the crossed flags," all the way from the day I was detailed and reported to Capt. Adams, and was placed under the management of Harry Pope to learn the signal alphabet on the heights of the Rappahanock, or the long march at Gettysburg, where the first bullet was fired at a signal man. We returned to Orange County and spent the long winter on Clark's Mountain. Then came the march and fight from there to Richmond and Petersburg, until the final charge of Grant, the 2d of July, 1865, when our beloved Hill was killed. Joe Cabiness was shot in the neck and captured; the writer lost a leg, and was captured also.

Our life in camp was one round of fun and gaiety. George Christian's yellow boy, Jess, did the cooking and stealing for our mess, and Gus McClellan's pop-eyed negro Tip, with his assistants, kept up the corners for the couriers, fed his Mars Gus' horse, blacked his boots, washed his clothes, and brightened his sabre and spurs. Gus himself was a character. He was a brother of the great Alabama writer, "Betsy Hamilton." He could sing a song, tell a good story, dance "Lucy Long," and would fight the d—l, and "give him the go." Never did old Talladega send to the war a braver soldier than Gus, or a more faithful negro than Tip. Gus is dead, and Tip was caught by a bright-eyed dusky damsel about Petersburg and returned to Alabama to visit "Old Marster and Mars Gus," after twenty years' of hard work, thinking and dreaming of "old Talladega, Ala." Alas! his homecoming was sad in the extreme! He went at once from the station to the old plantation, through the fields, over the well-known foot-path straight to "Old Marster's room." He would see him that night, and his brothers the next day. When he knocked on the door he was answered by a stranger. He called, "Old Marster, its me, your boy Tip what went with Marse Gus to the war; I made money nuf to come back, and I is here. Open the do', please sir!" But the place was in the hands of strangers. "Old Master" was under the marble, "Marse" Gus dead too, and the others scattered in different States. But his mistress, "Betsy Hamilton," has told this story and placed it where it will live and be dramatized when she, too, shall have been gathered with the sleepers under the oaks.

During the several months seven of the signal corps were stationed on Clark's Mountain, in Orange County, Va. Here at the station we spent the day, leaving the guard, consisting of a Lieutenant and

ten men, to look after it in the night. We would mount our horses and ride down to the house—T. Preist's—whose cottage nestled in a cove at the head of a valley. On his table the best of garden truck was found, and in his cellar were divers kegs and long-necked bottles filled with blackberry and cherry brandies. This was our boarding-house. Across the field was Bob Sales' place and his lovely daughter, over the hill was the Bushrod Brown and the beautiful Epperson girls also. At the Rapid Ann Station was Miss Genevieve Peyton, and on the mountain side the Misses Terrell. Down near the river was the regiment of Barksdale's Mississippians, in one company of ninety men "seventy-five were good fiddlers." We cultivated these fellows and they cultivated us. We had a dance three nights out of the week, and went courting two out of the other four. We were in full view of the enemy's camp across the river, and hundreds of officers, citizens, and ladies used to visit the mountain-top and our courtesy would be at times taxed to the utmost to show them the attention we wished to.

Gen. Lee would come up and spend hours studying the situation with his splendid glasses; and the glorious Stuart would dash up, always with a lady, and a pretty one, too. I wonder if the girl is yet alive who rode the General's fine horse and raced with him to charge our station. When they had reached the level plateau, and Stuart had left her in care of one of us and took the other off to one side and questioned the very sweat out of him about the enemy's position, he was Gen. Stuart then, but when he got back and lifted the beauty into the saddle and rode off humming a breezy air, immortalized by Swiney and John Esten Cook, he was Stuart the *beau*.

The next day his command was on the enemy's flank thirty miles away. The great Gordon came up and showed us how to steady the eyes with the fingers so as to look a long time. Old Gen. Ewell, with his old flea-bitten gray and crutches, was a frequent visitor.

A WAR WAIF IN THE ARMY.

BY A. L. SLACK, TALLULAH, LA.

I enlisted as a private in the Second Louisiana Volunteers in 1861. My first real soldiering was on the Yorktown Peninsula, in Virginia. While there, or at Suffolk (I forget which), there strolled into camp a young boy, scarcely over 10 or 12 years of age, who attached himself to one of the neighboring regiments. Who he was, or where he came from, I cannot now recall. He was looked upon as "no man's child," and as such found genial fellowship among the soldiers. I soon realized that he was a cosmopolitan, and at home anywhere, for I next saw him the pet of the First South Carolina Volunteers. How long he stayed with them I cannot say. It was fully a year before I saw him again. His small form and boyish face were a great contrast to the men among whom he mingled. I remember then how odd it seemed to see that lad in a camp, but he was truly "the child of the regiment." After we had fallen back to Richmond, and after those terrible seven days' of battle, the army was reorganized and the troops brigaded by States, so I lost sight of our Carolina neighbors, and also the boy.

At the second battle of Manassas, on the 29th of August, 1862, our brigade (Stark's—poor fellow, he

fell at Sharpsburg), was lying in the woods nearly opposite that "terrible deep cut" when the dripping, spattering fire of the Yankee skirmishers drove in our out-lookers (as "Old Jack" didn't have a counter skirmish line) the cry "F-o-r-w-a-r-d" rang along our lines, and we advanced and ran almost into the Yankees, who, giving us a deadly volley, fell back rapidly across a field and into the woods beyond, where a battery, supported by a swarm of troops, was posted. Nothing checked us. Under a withering fire of minnies and canister we pressed on, Bradley T. Johnson riding ahead, with his sword run through his hat, waving us on, until we waved him out of our line of fire. When we arrived within about one hundred yards of the battery the line was halted, and under this raking fire the alignment was corrected, and the men "right dressed" to be shot down.

I have thought often since that the command of halt, under such a fire might have been heroic, but it certainly was not wise. However, not a man faltered. Again, "Forward!" and we drove straight for the guns. Just then I felt a thud, a sting, a twist around and fell. A minnie had struck my pocket Bible edgewise, and passing nearly through the New Testament part, dug a trench across my left side into the flesh. With the blood spurting from the wound I started rearward, while our boys—brave fellows—went up and over the battery, scattering its supports like chaff. As I struggled back over the field, the dead and wounded, blue and gray alike, lying around, I heard a great rumbling on my left and turned and saw that our guns were plunging to the front, under lash and shout, to seize the hills whence to pour shot into the then retreating foe. I can see them now tumbling, bouncing, and surging to gain that front. What else did I see? So close I could nearly touch him, the little boy sitting on the limber of one of the pieces, his eyes aflame, his hat waving, his treble voice shouting excitedly, and his whole being lit up and aglow with the terrible magnetism of battle, cheering on the line. That was the last that I saw of him. He passed on and was lost in the cloud and smoke of the field, but the memory of that inspiring scene will never fade.

It has well been said that truth is stranger than fiction; the sequel to the above sketch (which is absolutely true) proves the truth of this adage.

The sketch was first published in the *Detroit Free Press* on the 23rd of April, 1891. Finding out the address of Col. Bradley T. Johnson I sent him the M.S., which he published in the *Baltimore Sun* in the December following. I received from the Colonel a most flattering letter, in which he said: "Your graphic description of the 'War Waif' touched my heart. I have given it to the *Baltimore Sun*. That defense of the railroad cut was a feat of arms. I had 800 muskets and Stark hardly 900, and we held it against 18,000 (Fitz John Porter's whole corps). We did as well as men could do, but the real work was done by Stephen D. Lee's guns, on our right, which enfiladed and tore up the assaulting column. But that charge! Wasn't it glorious? There was genuine, real, soul-stirring, blood-thrilling *gaudium certaminis*! Those days of our golden prime!"

The Colonel, in the above, has confused the defense of the railroad cut with the charge I describe. The incident I refer to occurred on the 29th, while that defense of the railroad took place on the 30th of

August, 1862. But this is not the coincidence I started out to refer to.

It so happened that when the sketch appeared in the *Free Press* that the hero of my sketch was a subscriber to that paper and "read himself" in the article. He at once wrote to that paper inquiring who the author was, as only my initials, "A. L. S." were signed to the piece. The information was furnished him and I received several communications from him. That he is the identical "boy" I have no doubt. A few days before last Christmas he paid me a visit, and we passed several days recounting the scenes in "Old Virginny." His name is W. J. Pucket, and his residence is Armstead, Miss. He tells me that at the time referred to he was just 13 years of age; that he belonged to the Louisiana Guard Artillery, and that he surrendered at Concord Station, near Appomattox, when our cause finally collapsed.

CLEBURNE'S BRIGADE AT SHILOH.—J. A. Wheeler, Salado, Texas: I give the VETERAN a brief account of Shiloh as I saw it, being a private in the Twenty-third Tennessee Regiment (Pat Cleburne's Brigade). On the morning of April 6, '62, when the entire line moved forward, our brigade had to face a battery of twelve guns; eight 20-pound rifles (brass), and four 12-pound Napoleon guns. We were ordered to halt and lie down in a deep ravine while this battery was shelling our position at a fearful rate. Just in our front was a ridge, a peach orchard, and the Federal encampment. General Cleburne told us to prepare for a charge. Soon it was ordered and we moved forward at double-quick, passed through the encampment, down the slope on the north side of the ridge near to a branch. Here a line of infantry rose up and poured such a destructive volley into our ranks that we recoiled and fell back to the first ravine. Here we rallied, and General Cleburne came to us again and said, "Boys, don't be discouraged; that is not the first charge that was ever repulsed; fix bayonets and give them steel." Then he ordered, "Forward! Charge!" We leaped forward with a deafening cheer and drove the infantry out of the ravine, but firing from the battery and a line of infantry was so heavy just in rear of the battery that we again fell back, with great loss, but soon reformed, and were ready for the third charge, when a Louisiana brigade was brought up to our support. Another charge was ordered and we moved forward over the dead and wounded, this time to reach the goal that had cost the lives of many of our best men. But the struggle was not yet over for the battery, as the boys in blue fired some of the guns when we were within ten feet of their muzzles. Here we had a hand-to-hand contest over the guns, but we were triumphant, and this fine battery of twelve guns was ours. Cleburne's Brigade was composed of the Seventeenth, Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Tennessee and First Arkansas Regiments.

I cannot close this article without saying that the men of this battery were the bravest men we ever had to deal with. They were worthy of our steel, not one of them surrendered with a whole hide. They had been in the United States service for twenty years.

If this should fall into the hands of any soldier, on either side in this charge, I would be glad to correspond with him.

FEASTING AND FIGHTING.

BY WM. R. ST. CLAIR, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The following incident is but a remnant of the spice-box that, like pride, had a fall, or rather a more expeditious send-off during Gen. Forrest's raid on Paducah, Ky.: Maj. Thompson led an attack on Fort Anderson, a huge affair, surrounding the Marine Hospital. Close by and overlooking the fort was the two-story brick building of Dr. Bassett. Some six or eight young Kentuckians, among whom were the Douglas and Meriwether boys, thought that this house presented some fine strategic points of value, both as a commissary department and "shooting-box;" the big 32-pounders in the fort could not be handled with any degree of safety if any party of sharpshooters should happen to occupy the upper story. Accompanied by their Captain, the house was at once taken possession of, and Mrs. Bassett, delighted with the visit of the "Southern boys," made at once extensive preparations for their comfort. The large dining table was taken up-stairs, for the greater convenience of her guests, and heaped with all the delicacies and good things that the house, cellar or pantry afforded. And nobly did the famished defenders of a lost cause respond to the tempting viands. The battle had now begun in earnest, and "the boys," with their mouths full, sent their unerring missiles among the enemy's cannoniers, to their utter discomfort and demoralization. The huge thirty-two in front of the house could not be fired. Every time a head appeared it was promptly scalped. The boys enjoyed the fun immensely, and divided their time between "shootin' an' eatin'." After many failures, one artilleryman succeeded in pulling the lanyard, and a storm of grape and canister whistled through the house, without, however, touching the boys or the "vittels." Douglas remarked that this was the best place to fight he had ever struck, and as long as the ammunition on the table held out he was willing "to fight it out on that line if it took all summer."

The enemy made great efforts to reload the gun, but every time a man appeared a whistling messenger, laden with "pie," stopped the performance. It had become intensely interesting and amusing on one side, and exceedingly dangerous on the other. The enemy soon realized the state of affairs, and took all available means to dislodge the sharpshooters. The trouble was that the little band in the "Bassett house" had command of nearly every gun in the fort, and not only stopped proceedings against themselves, but hampered and annoyed the gunners on the opposite side, so as to prevent anything more than straggling shots, that did little or no execution. The gunboats, however, made active demonstrations in favor of the fort, and one of the shells, intended no doubt for the Bassett house, cut Maj. Thompson in two. But the end was nearer than "the boys" imagined. An unlucky shell from the enemy, striking a little lower, hit the edge of the table and made a promiscuous mingling of china, wood, meat, iron, vegetables, glassware and pie, the "tout ensemble" of a well-regulated dinner-table. It beat a "bull in the china-shop." To see the beautiful walls plastered with pie, and the blackberry jam and preserves dripping mournfully

from the ceiling was just a little too much for them. "Boys," said Meriwether, "let's go." The Captain tearfully removed a lump of plum jelly from his eye and, said, "You're right." The defenders having left, the enemy immediately riddled the house with solid shot and grape, making a complete wreck of the noble building.

Meeting a refugee from the fort some months afterward, and regaling him with the narrative above stated, he remarked that he was one who tried to work that gun, and escaped the "rebel bullets;" "but," says he, "I smelt the patching!" "How was that?" I answered. "Well, they sent a ball right under my nose, taking off a part of my mustache."

"GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR."

E. J. (DOCK) PARRENT, WACO, TEXAS.

Since the columns of your magazine are open to answering queries relative to incidents of the war, I reply to Capt. W. T. Gass, of Camp Ben McCulloch, Mt. Vernon, Texas, relative to General Lee at the Wilderness: I was a member of Company D, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's old brigade, commanded at the time by General Gregg, Field's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. Va. Our brigade was composed of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas, and the Third Arkansas; our regiment (Fourth Texas), if I remember correctly, was on the left, center of the brigade, and the First Texas was formed on our left. We had just filed off of the road, in which we had been moving, and formed in line of battle in an open space a few yards in front of the timber. About that time I saw General Lee ride up and stop on the left wing of the First Texas. A number of us, mostly of the First Texas, gathered around him and begged him to go to the rear, some of the boys saying that they would not go into the fight unless he retired. There were a good many, both up and down the line, yelling, "General Lee to the rear." I was standing by the side of his horse and placed my hand on him; one of the First Texas had hold of his bridle-rein. I do not remember whether his hat was off or not at the time. I know we told him that if he would go to the rear we would whip the yankees. I am confident that no one man is entitled to the credit or honor of causing General Lee to go to the rear; every man there would have gladly died to save one drop of his precious blood, and I am confident that General Lee saw a determination in the faces of his men to conquer or die, and felt confident that he could trust the battle to them. He turned his horse and was soon out of sight. We were then ordered to charge, and the result of the day's work is well-known.

I am sure there are some of our old brigade yet living who remember the incident as vividly as I do. I was detailed as division scout, and had the privilege of going and coming as I pleased, but when my company was ordered into action, I always went with them.

I am a member of Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, U. C. V., Waco, Texas, and am highly pleased with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and think that every Confederate soldier should subscribe for it, and keep it always before his children.



THE "Jackson Day" (January 8) occurs so near publication time of this VETERAN that reference to the Hermitage, by which is located the Tennessee Soldiers' Home, seems appropriate. The picture is an excellent view of the grand hallway at the Hermitage, and gives at once an idea of the dimensions of the home built by General Jackson for his fireside pleasures. The building was constructed upon a broad and liberal plan characteristic of the man. The house contains eleven rooms, all large and superb in style of architecture. The wall paper appearing in the picture, with its liberal background of trees, foliage, and beautiful landscape, is a scene from the history of Telemachus, and represents Ulysses on the Island of Calypson. It has been preserved carefully by the Ladies' Hermitage Association, although it was "in shreds upon the walls" when they got possession. The scenes are in an excellent state of preservation. The grand stairway is one of the most imposing in any house in the country, and leads to an upper hall of equal dimensions, and ornamented with the same scenes from Telemachus. General Jackson procured this paper from Paris in 1836, when the Hermitage was rebuilt after having been destroyed by fire while he was President.

Joseph Brunson, Aiken, S. C., Dec. 24: "I see the inquiry concerning who it was that took General Lee's horse by the bridle in the battle of the Wilderness to prevent his personal peril, and the three versions of the affair. I was then a member of A. P. Hill's corps, Wilcox's division and McGowan's brigade. We had been fighting all day and all night. Early next morning we were being flanked by the enemy, and were falling back, when we met Longstreet's corps. They formed on our right. I remember it well. I was so glad to see them. Only a veteran can appreciate the situation. I saw General Lee ride to the left of the line and then to the front, as though he intended to lead the charge. He was in front of a Texas brigade. I saw a private go from the ranks and catch his horse by the bridle and lead him to the rear, and then the brigade charged. I couldn't hear a word that was said. By all means give the Texas private the honor of the noble deed.

A pathetic poem, but too long for use here, comes concerning Lieut. Josiah W. Nance, who served under General Forrest and was killed near Cuba Landing on the Tennessee River while bearing dispatches for his commander, June 10, '64. He lies buried in a quiet, well kept graveyard near the scene of his death. "Loving hands placed his body in a hero's grave, and loving hearts will cherish the memory of his brave deeds and truth and loyalty forever."

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

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

PRICE OF THE VETERAN—PERSONAL.

Much has been said concerning the change in price of the VETERAN. It has been explained that the publication was made larger and finer, from necessity, after the first issue. The universal acceptance of the publication by comrades and people who are friendly to it, and the unstinted assistance gratuitously furnished it, created and maintained a high ambition to continue it without change. In view of that, however, friends who have had much experience in journalism have urged the necessity of increase. Then the demand for making the VETERAN better in every way, and perhaps larger, contributed to this decision.

In the year's work of unprecedented prosperity, except as to advertising, excess in outlay over receipts was about \$1,000. This fund has been shared unstintedly by a young man—whom I have not seen since long before the VETERAN was thought of, but who has lived a soldier's life, tenting on snowy mountains in winter, and pressing in his work through deserts where life was impossible through summer—whose heart is as loyal as any battle-scarred Confederate.

The general public has but little idea of the expense in establishing a periodical to a paying basis. Publishers will doubtless regard this excess in expenditures as remarkably small, considering the superb record the little journal has made. The price, while nominally one dollar, is hardly seventy-five cents, for the souvenir promised in April is well worth the difference, and it gives the publication two years practically for one dollar.

This candid statement will be sufficient for every friend, the assurance being that their continued zeal will assure every patron a publication better and better in proportion. The small amount extra, while a light tax on the multitude, will be a most important benefit to the great cause in hand.

Concerning the price let there be no misunderstanding. It is not increased as a speculation. Friends who have been so diligent that any favor asked by them would be granted occasionally say that the money was handed them and by some mishap they failed to send it in time. It is considered necessary and right to increase the price, as there are many ways for helping the cause espoused which will be a tax upon the VETERAN. Just as fast as practicable it will be entered for comrades who cannot pay, and ministers will be supplied at seventy-five cents. By the by, Rev. W. A. Nelson, of Hawkinsville, Ga., in sending

a dollar, writes that he did not renew before January so that he might send that amount instead of fifty cents, "because it's worth a dollar."

In this spirit a Confederate organization is raising a fund to supply the VETERAN to those who can't afford to subscribe. It was expected to report its action in this VETERAN. One man subscribed ten dollars to the fund, and it was expected to secure ten times as much before reporting.

J. W. Tucker, Beachville, Tenn., the first person to call at office and renew at the increased price, was a veteran with no hand left and but one arm. The clerk had to finger the money from his pocket. Such a man should have the VETERAN free. Part of his money was promptly re-mailed to him. Hasten the day when such a man will be required to have no thought of the morrow as to life's necessities.

O. W. Case, Superintendent of the Pacific Express Company, St. Louis, was the first to remit at \$1 for the VETERAN. He is a Union veteran: "Herewith is \$1 to pay for subscription to your magazine for 1894. I like its kindly tone. I rather think I am in favor of the organization of the 'United Veterans of America' as begun at some point in Texas."

RECORD THE TRUTH FOR HISTORY.

The VETERAN is published in the interest of Confederates. It is patriotic and progressive. Its wish is to forgive and forget bitter memories of the war in the broadest sense. A digression, however, from this rule is apparent in the article about "Carpet-bag Rule in Arkansas." Its author has the bitter memory of a murdered father. He simply reviews the "Brooks and Baxter war" in Arkansas. Is it well to reprint these facts now? This query is of the Union veteran. There is back of it a much graver question. It concerns prison life. The most singular exactions from our victorious compatriots is their general unanimity of sentiment against publishing the history of prison life from their side. Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York, who served in the Confederate army from Alabama, dared to write an article on the subject, entitled "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," and it stirred the enmity of Grand Army veterans to a shocking degree. He engaged to deliver a professional lecture at Indianapolis afterward, and the bitterness engendered by his truthful narrative was so great that his friends advised him to decline the invitation. Dr. Wyeth is one of the best accredited men of the entire South. Before this thing occurred one of the first surgeons who served in the Federal army told me that he loved Wyeth so well that he didn't like to think they were ever against each other. Why not let the whole truth be known?

A young lady of Rock Island, Ill., was deploring the treatment of Union soldiers in Southern prisons to a Confederate when he asked her to remember that with

all the advantages of the Union side in medicine, clothing and food, the percentage of deaths was greater among Confederates in Northern prisons. She was astounded at the remark and said, "Did we have your men in prison?" She had been reared close to the place that many gallant Southerners laid down their lives, and yet had no conception that these deplorable conditions ever existed but on one side. Do, good sirs, let the truth be recorded. It will help your children to appreciate the sacrifice of your, and their, fellow citizens in the South for the principles instilled by the founders of our great republic.

We are not afraid to publish the truth, but in doing so we want to feel that you concur in the spirit that ours were not more heartless and barbarous than your own leaders. We all remember that war is terrible, and are not complaining. One good moral effect would be to discourage rash people from agitations that threaten the peace of the general public.

CAPT. L. J. DAWDY, a Union veteran, of Peoria, Ill., says: "Through the kindness of my old friend, Capt. B. F. Smith, of Shelbyville, Tenn., I have received each number of the first volume. * * * I have read each number of the VETERAN with much interest. I like the spirit of fairness toward soldiers of the Union army which seems to pervade its columns, and which, I believe, will cause its acceptance by any veteran on either side. Brave men are always generous, and as no greater sacrifice and heroism were ever shown than by soldiers in the late war, none should be more generous with each other. Many incidents have been published with which I am acquainted, and I could not help being interested in seeing the standpoint from 'tother side.'"

DEATH OF CORPORAL HENRY CORDES.

The VETERAN begins its second year in deep sorrow for the death of Mr. Henry Cordes, of Washington, Ga. The sad announcement came by postal, and then in papers by Miss Gertrude Cordes and R. T. Richards. Pneumonia was too severe upon the infirm patriot. Henry Cordes wrote more letters and sent subscribers at more different times to the VETERAN than any other person, and never asked a favor of it.

By agreement we were to meet at the Augusta reunion in November, and in describing himself he wrote: "When you see a man in a suit of Confederate gray, with a small cane as a staff, and the ugliest man there, he will be yours truly, Henry Cordes." He was sought and found promptly, and the memory of the plain, true man has been a peculiar pleasure. He was made aid to staff of General Evans, of U. C. V., but claimed the title still of Corporal. His home standing was not known, but he had rallied again and again his people in behalf of the VETERAN, and I had to urge

him to deduct the cost of remitting subscriptions. It is pleasant to see in the Washington Gazette this strong tribute from Mr. Motte Smith, that "Mr. Cordes lived more in touch with more people than anybody else in Wilkes County."

Henry Cordes was a German, and 59 years old. He enlisted with the Irvin Artillery in 1861, and served on to the end of the war. In compliance with his request, this "soul of honor" was buried in his Confederate suit, with badges attached. The coffin was draped with a genuine Confederate battle flag. The funeral procession was one of the longest ever seen in Washington. "All the carriages and luggies of the town were in it," and many from the country. Confederate veterans were pall bearers. Captain Callaway's company, the Irvin Guards, served as guards of honor. Comrade Cordes left five daughters, two of whom are married. The youngest child is the only son. Comrade, brother, farewell. No friend was more faithful to the VETERAN, and its editor honors your memory with a grateful heart.

AN exquisite Christmas remembrance comes to the VETERAN from Richard R. Foster, Adjutant of the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home. On the front a tattered flag, the stars and stripes, is suspended in the blue sky, and an eagle has lighted upon it, his broad wings so extended that he seems to support rather than be a weight to the limp ensign, the shreds of which are not rippled by breeze. Thanks are returned. Brave Southerners will ever return the spirit of greeting from valiant foes who bring the olive and extend it as to equals in all that makes manly men and true patriots.

A WRITER in the *Forum* asserts that there are 400,000 more pensioners on the government pension rolls than there were soldiers in the Confederate service. A second curious fact, derived from another source, is, that while our pension list has grown enormously in numbers in recent years, the list of pensioners on the State of Georgia, which pays a certain amount to men wounded in the Confederate service, has steadily and regularly decreased.

ONE of the most beautiful women residing now in the national capital, expressing her regard for this little periodical, said, "I had rather have my picture in the VETERAN than in the White House." Honor to her. She represents a sentiment that will live beyond her generation.

At its last reunion the Forty-fourth Georgia elected the following officers: Maj. John C. Key, President; Col. J. W. Beck, Vice-President; S. M. Buchanan, Secretary. They selected Fayetteville as the place of meeting in 1894, and Wednesday after the first Sunday in August as the time.

GENERAL EARLY'S CAMPAIGNS.

James T. Lyon, of the Forty-third Battalion, Virginia Cavalry: I have never criticised or undertaken to correct any article appearing in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, so dear to us old Confederates, but the article of James B. Clay, in the September number, correcting one published in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat on the "Campaigns of General Early in the Valley," is also erroneous. He fails to mention General Rhodes and his Division. That brave and patriotic officer deserves to be mentioned with honor in the battle of Chancellorsville, under General Jackson. He distinguished himself, and in every battle thereafter fought by the Army of Northern Virginia he bore a conspicuous part, up to the 19th of September, 1864. At the battle of Winchester, in his heroic attempt to stay the tide of battle and to retrieve the fortunes of the day, he fell at the head of his splendid Division, lamented by all who knew him. Now, after Early took command in the Valley, there was but one Corps permanent there, and that was the old Second Corps, commanded by General Early in person, and it comprised the Divisions of Generals Rhodes, Ransom, Breckinridge, and Gordon. Breckinridge never commanded a Corps under Early. General Heath's Division was not with Early in his Maryland campaign. Heath belonged to the Third Corps, under A. P. Hill, and on the 10th of July, 1864, according to the returns of the Army of Northern Virginia of that date, was with his Corps at Petersburg. General Early never commanded in Southwest Virginia, and was never removed from his command, and never went to Europe until after the war. After the battle of Winchester General Breckinridge was sent to command in Southwest Virginia, and appointed from there to the War Department in February, 1865. We find General Early in command at that time—the early spring of 1865—at Waynesboro in the valley to protect and defend Rockfish Gap, in the Blue-ridge Mountains. About that time Sheridan moved up the valley with 9,000 cavalry and mounted infantry. Early only had a small force, consisting of Wharton's Division, 1,800 infantry, a small force of cavalry, and some artillery—a force entirely inadequate for the task. There was a good deal of disaffection among the troops, and, without hardly a show of fight, Sheridan broke through the mountain, passed into Eastern Virginia, laid waste to that country, and joined Grant at Petersburg. We here find Early, with his faithful few, following and harassing Sheridan at every turn. It is said that Early displayed more heroic valor with his faithful few than he did with his victorious army in Maryland.

H. M. Miller, of West Point, Va., who was of Cox's Brigade, and Rhodes' Division, writes: In the September VETERAN appeared an article headed, "Jubal A. Early and His Campaigns," in which James B. Clay, of General Breckinridge's staff, defends "Old Jube" (as his boys loved to call him). General Early needs no defense from any one. History will take care of him. Comrade Clay is "mixed" on the battle of Winchester. He says that Early had engaged, at the battle of Winchester, the Divisions of Gordon, Wharton, Ransom, and Heath. Now, where was our glorious Rhodes, who was killed that day at the head of his Division? I don't think General Harry Heath

could have been there in Rhodes' place and I not have known it, and then General Rhodes was killed that day, as I understand it. The Union Army were at a place called Smithville, between Winchester and Harper's Ferry. Ransom was left at Winchester. Gordon and Rhodes left for Martinsburg, Rhodes stopping at Bunker Hill and Gordon going on to Martinsburg. Gordon had arrived at Martinsburg, where he was expected to remain all night, but was ordered back, as Sheridan had attacked Ransom. Ransom held him in check until Rhodes got up from Bunker Hill, and then the fight was continued until General Gordon came up. We were compelled to fall back through Strausburg to "Fisher's Hill" (not Fisher's Mill), where we stopped. This is a plain statement of facts. I could write all night on "Early's Valley Campaign," but I could not have General Rhodes left out after the glorious fight he made that day.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT INDIANAPOLIS.

During the last session of the National Encampment of the G. A. R., at Indianapolis, the *News*, of that city, published everything obtainable that was of interest to visitors. The following is an extract: The graves of rebels who died in Indianapolis prisons leveled and unmarked in the old cemetery at Greenlawn. Coming North in the time of winter, thinly clad and nearly starved when captured, to a climate of rigors to which they were strangers, they died in large numbers in spite of the humane care extended to them by the citizens. Every available building was converted into a hospital, and all these were filled by the prisoners. The firm having the contract to bury the prison dead was required to keep a record of the grave of each for future identification. The man who made the burials still lives in this city. He is Elijah Hedges, 83 North Noble street. He has the name, command and address of all those who were buried by him during the war, when he was in the employ of Weaver & Williams, the firm having the contract. Mr. Hedges states that there were 2,172 rebel prisoners buried by him in the old cemetery at Greenlawn. I have a list showing the location, by number, of each grave, so that, with the exception of eleven who were not known, all can be identified if desired. There is a grave every two feet, containing a prisoner. The largest number buried in one day was nine. Inquiry was made some months ago by those interested in these graves as to whether they could be identified, and what the cost would be of putting in order the plat occupied by them. The promoters of the plan were much pleased, but stated that owing to the depletion of funds collected for the purpose, in putting in order other cemeteries, the improvement of the plat here would have to be postponed until more money could be secured. The hope was expressed that by next year the graves might receive the attention they so much need. At one time, owing to the advance of business interests in that part of the city, it was found necessary to remove 300 or 400 of the prisoners' bones to another part of the graveyard. Talking on the subject, Mr. Hedges made this remarkable statement: "During the war I buried in all 12,000 persons, and, according to the habit of undertakers, I have the names and addresses of all who were known. During my lifetime I have buried 49,872 people."

THE BATTLE OF STAUNTON RIVER BRIDGE, VA.

BY J. T. EASON, OLD WATER, MISS., WHO SERVED IN THE SEVENTEENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

In June, 1861, Major Cooper, of Memphis, then Quartermaster of the Forty-second Mississippi Infantry, and I were returning from short furloughs (my first and only one during the war) to our homes in Mississippi. We were halted at Danville, Va., and informed that a division of yankee cavalry, under General Kirkpatrick, were near Burkesville Junction trying to make a circuit of Lee's army, and were destroying much of our supplies. They were tearing up the railroads and threatening great disaster to our already greatly impoverished men. Danville, being one of our chief supply depots, was a point of great importance. It was understood that the enemy would attempt the capture of Danville, and if successful, then Greensboro, N. C., Raleigh, Goldsboro and possibly Wilmington. They were well mounted and equipped for this bold raid, and were pursued by Gen. W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, which was poorly mounted, and of course outdistanced by the enemy. Calls were made for volunteers from soldiers cut off at Danville to go to Staunton River to assist a company of 125 disabled soldiers, working in the arsenal at Danville, and a battalion of 350 Virginia State troops, old men and boys, armed with shotguns, squirrel rifles, etc., to defend the bridge and frustrate the plan of the invaders. I was among the fifty-nine soldiers that cheerfully agreed to go under Lieutenant Colonel Jackson, of North Carolina, who was then suffering from a wound in his leg. Colonel Jackson assumed command of the little army of defense, and made a speech to the militia, telling them of the importance of defending the bridge, etc., and very wisely removing all means of retreat to the other side of the river (several batteaus), hastily throwing up earthworks on side of approach, each wing resting on the river, forming a semicircle. We also had two cannons, old howitzers, with a few trained artillerymen to work them, on opposite side. Our preparations were very hastily made, for the enemy soon made their approach known by the cloud of dust in the distance. Soon they opened up with their field guns, trying to burn the bridge and dislodge or frighten the old Virginia militia, as they termed us. The shells striking the thin roof of the bridge made a fearful racket, scaring some of the small boys into outbursts of weeping. They then dismounted, deployed a strong skirmish line, supported by several regiments, that seemed eager for the fray. We reserved our fire until in close musket range, and then poured volley after volley, repulsing their first attack with ease. This greatly encouraged some of the militia, who had refused to fight. The enemy soon rallied again, and with reinforced numbers charged with redoubled zeal, only to meet defeat at the hands of our little Spartan band. When they heard the old rebel yell given by us their efforts were less vigorous.

In the meantime General Lee had hurried forward with his poor, jaded horses, and we soon heard his guns firing on their rear guard, and we felt assured that we had won, and had saved the Confederacy millions of dollars worth of supplies and ordnance that we could ill afford to lose. The enemy soon withdrew, and were hard pressed by Lee's cavalry, forcing

them to retreat toward Petersburg, directly in the rear of General Lee's main army, when Wilcox's splendid division of infantry attempted to intercept them, but Gray's regiment of Pennsylvania "Bucktails" actually led and charged through our lines, thus saving a large part of this now thoroughly disorganized command. The result of our fight was eighty-five Federals killed, wounded and captured. We had three men killed and seven wounded. A member of the Thirteenth Mississippi Infantry was my companion, and was badly wounded by a yankee Lieutenant, who shot him twice at close range with a pistol. I left him in the hospital at Danville and have never heard from him since. The next few days the woods were full of negroes who had attempted to escape with the enemy but were foiled by their defeat, and were anxious to return to their old homes.

This is a brief account of one of the most hotly contested little battles I ever participated in, and I was in most all the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. Yet there has been no mention made of it by any historian.

VICISITUDES OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

J. W. Johnson, Toone, Tenn., writes: I give you a short history of my soldier life. I was raised in Hardeman County, Tenn., went to Texas in '59, and was there when the racket commenced between the States. I volunteered in the Fourth Texas Cavalry, served seven months, when we were dismounted. Was at Corinth under Generals VanDorn and Price; thence to Tupelo; thence to Chattanooga, and from there into Kentucky under General Kirby-Smith. With 6,000 men he whipped Bull Nelson at Richmond with 18,000 men. Out of thirty cannon we got twenty nine of them, only leaving him one to salute his friends with when he got to Cincinnati, where we stopped running him. I fought at Perryville, was captured and paroled. I then came down here where I was raised. After awhile General Forrest came along, and I went with him for a spell, until the report got circulated in camps that he was going to send all old soldiers back to their old commands at twenty-five dollars per head. I told the boys that I was not for sale, and so one of the darkest rainy nights I ever saw a lot of us ran away, and going down a long red hill south of Jackson, Tenn., one fellow's nag fell down and swapped ends. He got up, felt about for his horse, and got hold of his tail. He said, "Boys, my mare has broke her neck," and it was true. I then went back to the Tennessee Army at Dalton, Ga., and on to Atlanta. Then around Sherman and on to Nashville by way of Franklin. I was in General French's Division, Stewart's Corps, after General Polk was killed. That occurred June 14, '64. We did not stay at Nashville; we left there and went south between Nashville and the Tennessee River. On the 25th day of December I gave a fellow \$15 for a plug and a half of tobacco. We crossed the Tennessee River and went into Mississippi, and thence to Mobile, Ala. I was in seige there for two weeks. We left there for Meridian, Miss., and there we blowed the hounds off.

John S. Pierson, New York: "Please find inclosed my subscription for 1894. I make it one dollar, being more convenient to send, and because I think the magazine is worth it."

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM.

A. L. SLACK, TALLULA, LA.

It was June 30, 1862. Struggling along the Charles City road in the black darkness, keeping step to the cannon's boom, we reached Frazier's Farm just as the last shot was fired, about 11 o'clock at night.

Frazier's Farm possessed great advantages to the Federals, because they brought every piece of their artillery to bear with deadly effect, while, owing to the configuration of the field, the Confederate guns could be used with but feeble success.

Tired and exhausted from the long march and heat, we dropped upon the ground, near where seventeen guns of the enemy's artillery had been charged and captured. I could not sleep. From the blue and gray alike came piteous calls for water or help, so I and others arose and did all we could to alleviate their suffering. Save these piteous cries, the flickering lights about the dead or wounded were all there was to tell that we were upon a battle-field, so ominous had grown the stillness and so thick the darkness.

But when morning dawned the whole indescribable scene burst upon us. Yonder stood those grim guns; yonder lay the dead from the Federal infantry supports, behind improvised breastworks of rails, sods, anything, however frail, that promised protection from the leaden hail. On the right of these guns stood a small cabin, literally honey-combed by shot. Around in ghastly heaps lay the dead—more of the gray, alas, than blue! Gallant fellows! How could they stem that torrent of flame and capture those guns, whose grim mouths were then black from hurling death! But the cabin told its own story, which I read from the surroundings as I stood there in ranks. A mother, whose home was this humble cabin, startled by the awful proximity of war, had seized her young child and fled for safety, and was now back, not hearing the battle renewed. She had crept to her threshold with a scared look, her little child clasped in her arms. She stood gazing upon the bloody scene. * * *

But—“Right face! Forward, march!” This is the first of July, boys, and soon evening's shades will see us where “dear old Malvern Hill is wreathed in flame.”

It fills my heart with the saddest thoughts to recount and live over these old memories, but I find as I grow older I live more and more in retrospection, and that these scenes of my golden prime will continually pass in review before me. I do not know, but somehow I feel that I would not forget them if I could.

WANTS TO HEAR FROM HIS COMRADE. B. D. Guice, Woodville, Miss., November 13, 1893: In September, 1865, on my way to my home in Tensas Parish, La., from the Army of Northern Virginia, I parted on the wharf at Memphis, Tenn., from my old comrade, Ike Gaines, of Company D, Seventh Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, and since then have never heard a word from him. Have written letters of inquiry to several newspapers, but to no effect, and now write this to you with the hope that some one will see it that knows or knew him, and tell me of his whereabouts or of his fate. It would afford me much pleasure to hear from him, as we went through many hard struggles and trials together.

CONCERNING THE BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, Dallas, Texas, says: Our people, Trans-Mississippi veterans, are well pleased with the time, as it enables the farmers to take advantage of the interval between planting corn and cotton and making the same. You may look for a big crowd from this side of the river, as the camp fires are still burning west of the Mississippi. I shall issue my orders in a few days in reference to the reunion, and appoint the necessary committees to look after railroad transportation and the comfort of every one going to Birmingham, and the dedication of the Confederate Monument, erected at Chicago to the six thousand brave men who died at Camp Douglass during the war. This is a sublime monument, and as it is the first erected in the North in commemoration of the heroism, bravery and patriotism of the Confederate soldier. Every Confederate soldier who is able should go from Birmingham to see the monument and to take part in the dedication ceremonies. I hope that you will urge the veterans all through the South not only to go themselves, but to take their noble sons and fair daughters to assist in strewing flowers over the graves of the tried and true men who are buried there. General Underwood deserves great credit for his noble work, and in behalf of forty thousand Confederate veterans I say that he has our sincere thanks and as much praise as we can give him.

FATHER RYAN TO GEN. BUTLER

When Gen. Butler was in command at New Orleans during the rebellion, he was informed that Father Ryan, priest and poet, had been expressing rebellious sentiments, and had said he would even refuse to hold funeral service for a dead yankee. Gen. Butler sent for him in haste, and began roundly scolding him for expressing such un-Christian and rebellious sentiments. “General,” the wily priest answered, “you have been misinformed; I would be pleased to conduct funeral services for all the yankee officers and men in New Orleans.”

The foregoing was sent by “Dick” Reid, of Nashville, who served in Pelham's Battery of Mounted Horse Artillery, under “Jeb” Stuart, in Army of Northern Virginia. Comrade Reid has a vivid memory of many thrilling events in the war, and he promises to give them to the VETERAN. He adds:

I inclose you a clipping out of the Washington Republican, organ of Grand Army of the Republic, and it was so much like what Father Ryan would say, I thought it ought to be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. And while on this subject, it has occurred to me, that this great and brilliant man, the author of “Lee's Sword” and “The Conquered Banner,” should not be allowed to remain in a lonely grave, at Mobile, without even a stone to mark his resting place. If we all would give 50 cents or \$1 each, we could place a nice monument over his grave, engrave the Conquered Banner on one side of it, and Lee's Sword on the other, and it would be an honor to all Confederate soldiers who contributed to it, long after we have all crossed over the river and are resting in the shade with the great and glorious Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SEVENTEENTH
TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

F. T. GIBSON, COWAN, TENN.

Please give me space in the *VETERAN* for a few words about our command. I enlisted in Company I, Seventeenth Tennessee, on April 25, 1861. We moved as follows: Camp Harris, thence to Camp Trousdale, from there to Bristol, then to Cumberland Gap, then to Big Creek Gap and back to Cumberland Gap, and then to Cumberland Ford; we fortified that place; we made a raid to Goose Creek Salt Works in Kentucky; we went down Straight Creek, crossing it fifty-seven times in three miles—[? En.], then we came back to Cumberland Ford, where we remained several days. We marched to Wild Cat, where we had our first battle, but we did not succeed in getting the "Wild Cats" out of their den. Then we fell back to Cumberland Ford, marched back through Cumberland Gap and on to Mills Spring, Ky., where we went into winter quarters, and remained there for some time. We crossed Cumberland River on a steamboat and marched ten miles through the rain, snow and mud to Fishing Creek. There we lost our noble Zollicoffer. I was in the field with him when he was shot off of his gray horse by Colonel Fry, of the Fifth Kentucky Yankee Regiment.

There was a Colonel in our brigade who, in marching his regiment into the battle, commanded, "Heads up! Eyes to the front and stop your dodging." At that time a grapeshot came flying by and the old man, turning to his men, said, "Dodge the biggest of them, boys." We had held the yanks at bay about five hours, when we got orders to fall back in good order—which we did—to our fortifications at Mills Spring. A funny incident on the field: We had orders to lie down, and did it; one of our Lieutenants lay so that his overcoat collar was sticking up, and a rabbit run down his back. "Cousin Ike" pulled it out, and told the Lieutenant to "hush bollering, it is only a rabbit, and not a cannon-ball." Colonel Miller, of our regiment, ordered him to turn the rabbit loose, and he told him he could not let it go for he was out of meat, so he carried it back to camp and we had rabbit for supper. When we got back to Mills Spring, about twelve o'clock that night, we had orders to abandon everything we had except our guns and one blanket. Early next morning we took up our retreat toward Nashville. We marched from there to Murfreesboro through the rain, snow and mud. On this retreat we suffered a great deal by exposure and lack of food. When we arrived at Murfreesboro we got plenty to eat, stayed there a few days, and took up our farther march to "Dixie."

D. G. Fleming, Hawkinsville, Ga.: "In the last number of the *VETERAN* I notice that information is asked of D. H. Mason, Wright's Brigade, thought to have been killed at Manassas. Probably a mistake is made as to the name of the brigade. One Daniel H. Mason was my dear friend and messmate. He was a Sergeant of Company G (Pulaski Volunteers), Eighth Georgia (Barton's) Regiment. Enlisted at Hawkinsville, May, 1861, made a most excellent soldier, and was wounded in arm at first Manassas (arm amputated), from which wound he died a few weeks afterward."

GOSSIPY LETTER FROM HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Gen. John M. Harrell writes: I wrote from a sick-room, down with la grippe. Your gossipy, genuine, genial "Old VETERAN" comes to cheer me. When I get about again I am going to strive to do something for you. With your ridiculously small subscription price you should have 1,000,000 subscribers out of the 12,000,000 Southerners.

I congratulate you on republishing the "Dead Confederacy" of Fannie Borland. How appropriate it is now, and was when written, by a girl of not then twenty. It reads to me like a fragment from Keats. It glows with passion, but is crystalline in its pride, mournful and graceful as winter and night, which it invokes. Miss Borland was a great genius who perished too soon. I knew her, and saw her in 1870, when she completed a rare quartette of gifted, beautiful girls, that formed the family of Gen. Pike, in Memphis, the others being the Misses Pike and Miss Sallie Johnson, now Mrs. Cabell Breckinridge, each a type of surpassing beauty. Miss Johnson was sole daughter of ex-Senator R. W. Johnson, and Miss Borland, eldest daughter of ex-Minister Solon Borland.

I must send you my "History of the Brooks and Baxter War," in which, on page 102 or 103, I go into that "Hampton Roads Conference" with some care. I should like you to read it; and I want my book to be "supplied by you." It has cost a considerable sum, because I would have none but the best paper and appropriate binding, making it a veritable *volume de luxe*. I have dedicated it to the United Confederate Veterans, for whose defense, exaltation, and honor it was solely written. They saved us from complete slavery, and will yet save (their principles will) this same nation. Let us stay on our own platform, and all other States will come to it. Even the States of Europe are infatuated with the simplicity and effectiveness of home government.

We are "all right" here in Arkansas, only we are very poor—taxed to death. The manufacturers and gold-bugs come to this resort and spend money like water, but they have no notions above money, and believe the old Confederates are enemies of the Government, whom fear alone keeps under.

CHRISTMAS DINNER, SOLDIERS' HOME, RICHMOND.—Under a superb picture of General Lee, came this bill of fare in English:

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

CHRISTMAS DINNER, 1893.

Cold Corned Beef.		Horseradish.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.		Roast Shooat, Apple Sauce.
Baked Ham.		
Sweet Potatoes.	Colery.	Creamed Irish Potatoes.
Mixed Pickles.	Wheat Bread.	Crackers. Cheese.
Apples. Oranges.	Bananas.	Mixed Nuts. Raisins.
Mixed Candy.	Sponge Cake.	Currant Cake.
	Chocolate Cake.	Mince Pie.
Tea.	Coffee.	Cigars.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

In your hearts may bells of gladness
Ring their happy chime;
Fain would we that naught of sadness
Cloud this blessed time.

The bill of fare is printed on fine paper and illustrated by "fruit of the vine."

BATTLE-FIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA.

G. E. Dolton, of St. Louis, writes: Of the Confederate regiments, batteries, etc., that took part in the battle of Chickamauga, there are 114 from which there were no official reports published, and without more definite information than can be gleaned from the meagre brigade and division reports, justice cannot possibly be done them in a history of the battle. Even the official reports of commands that are published, 129 in number, are so general or conflicting, that without much additional information a truthful account of the battle is impossible. For these reasons I am anxious to get all the information I can from all participants, and especially from those of the commands not reported, which are as follows:

Alabama: Infantry—Stone's Battalion of Sharpshooters, Regiments 4th, 15th, 11th, 47th and 48th, and 18th Battalion. Artillery—Dent's, Kolb's, and Lumsden's. Cavalry—Holloway's, Lenoir's, and Malone's Companies, and 1st, 3d and 51st Regiments.

Arkansas: Infantry—First Mounted Rifles (dismounted), 1th and 31st Battalions, consolidated to 1th, 2d and 25th Regiments; Wiggins' Battery and 3d Regiment of Cavalry.

Florida: McCant's Battery.

Georgia: Infantry—First Battalion of Sharpshooters, Regiments 2d, 15th, 17th, 20th, 25th, 29th, 30th, 46th, and 8th Battalion. Artillery—Harris', Howell's, Massenbourg's, Peeples' and Wolihin's Batteries. Cavalry—Regiments 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th, and Co. G, 2d Regiment.

Kentucky: Graves' Battery, and 2d and 3d Regiments of Cavalry.

Louisiana: Infantry—First Regiment and 4th Battalion. Artillery—LeGardeur's and one section of Robinson's Batteries. Cavalry—Dreux's and Greenleaf's Companies and 1st Regiment.

Mississippi: Infantry—Pound's Battalion of Sharpshooters and 13th, 17th, 18th and 21st Regiments. Artillery—Darden's and Stanford's Batteries. Cavalry—Fowle's Company.

Missouri: Barret's Battery.

North Carolina: Infantry—Nineteenth and 39th Regiments. Cavalry—Sixth Regiment.

South Carolina: Infantry—Third, 7th, 8th, 15th and 24th Regiments and 3d Battalion. Artillery—Culpeper's Battery.

Tennessee: Infantry—Third, 10th, 30th, 34th and 41st Regiments and 1st Battalion. Artillery—Baxter's, Carnes', Huggins', Huwald's, Mebane's, Morton's and White's Batteries. Cavalry—Clark's and Jackson's Companies; Rucker's 1st Legion, composed of 12th and 16th Battalions; Shaw's Battalion, composed of Hamilton's Battalion and Allison's Squadron, Regiments 2d, 1th, commanded by Col. McLenore, and 4th, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Anderson, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 18th.

Texas: Infantry—Seventh and 9th, and 10th, 11th and 32d, dismounted cavalry. Cavalry—Eighth and 11th Regiments.

Virginia: Jeffress' Battery.

Confederate Regulars: Cavalry—First, 3d, 8th and 10th Regiments, and a detachment of John H. Morgan's men.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Abner P.O.	Capt W A Handley	351	M V Mullins, H A Brown
Albertville	Camp Miller	387	W H McCord, Asa Ray
Alexandria	Alexandria	397	C Martin, E T Clark
Alexander City	Lee	401	R M Thomas, A S Smith
Andalusia	Harper	256	Ino. E. Thomas, J. M. Roblinson, Sr.
Anniston	Pelham	258	John M. McKleroy, W. H. Williams
Ashland	Henry D. Clayton	327	A S Stockdale, D L Campbell
Ashville	St. Clair	308	John W. Inger, Jas. D. Truss
Athens	Thos. L. Hobbs	100	E C Gordon
Auburn	Auburn	236	O. D. Smith, James H. Lane
Bessemer	Bessemer	157	W. R. Jones, S. H. Sewall
Birmingham	W J Hardee	391	R F Jones, P K McMiller
Bridgeport	Jo Wheeler	269	I. H. Johnson, R. A. Jones
Camden	Franklin K. Beck	221	R. Gallard, J. F. Foster
Carrollton	Camp Pickens	323	M. L. Stansel, B. P. Church
Carthage	Woodruff	339	Jno's Powers, J. A. Elliott
Conburg	Frank Cheatham	331	J H Brook, Jas W Barnhart
Dadeville	Crawf-Kinhal	343	W C McIntosh, Wm. L. Rowe
Edwardsville	Camp Wigginton	350	W P Howell, T J Burton
Eutaw	Sanders	64	Geo. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy
Evergreen	Capt Wm Lee	338	P D Bowles
Florence	E. A. O'Neal	298	A. M. O'Neal, J. M. Crow
Fort Payne	W N Estes	253	J N Davidson, A P McCartney
Gadsden	Emma Sanson	255	Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes
Gaylesville	John Pelham	411	R F Wood, G W R Bell
Greensboro	Allen C. Jones	246	A. M. Avery, E. T. Pasteur
Greenville	Sam'l L. Adams	349	Ed Crenshaw, P E Day
Guin	Ex-Confederate	415	W N Halsey
Guntersville	Mont. Gilbreath	323	R T Coles, J L Burke
Hamilton	Marion County	340	A J Hamilton, J F Hamilton
Hartselle	Friendship	383	Matt K Mahan, T J Simpson
Huntsville	Egbert J Jones	357	Geo. F. Turner, W M Eskline
Jacksonville	Col. Jas. B. Martin	392	J. H. Caldwell, L W. Grant
LaFayette	A. A. Greene	346	J. J. Robinson, Geo. H. Black
Livingston	Camp Sumter	351	R Chapman
Low'r Peachtree	R H G Gaines	370	B D Fortis, S J McConnell
Loudesboro	F J Bullock	331	J L Hinson, C D Whitman
Marion	I W Garrett	277	J Cal Moore, Thomas Hudson
Madison Sta.	A A Russell	408	W T Garner, Robt E Wiggins
Mobile	Raphael Semmes	11	Thos T Roche, Am E Mickle
Monroeville	George W Foster	407	W W McMillan, D L Seville
Montgomery	Lomax	151	Eminett Liebels, J H Higgins
Opelika	Lee County	261	R M. Greene, J C. Burton
Oxford	Camp Lee	323	Thos H Barry, John T Penree
Ozark	Ozark	380	W R Painter, J L Williams
Piedmont	Camp Stewart	378	J N Hood, L Ferguson
Pearce's Mill	Robert E Lee	372	Jin Pearce, F M Clark
Roanoke	Aiken-Smith	293	W. A. Handley, B. M. McConanghy
Robinson Spr	Tom McKelthen	306	I E Jones, W D Whetstone
Rockford	Henry W. Cox	276	F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson
Scottsboro	N B Forrest	130	I H Young, J P Harris
Seale	James F. Waddell	268	R. H. Bellamy, P A. Greene
Selma	Catesby R Jones	317	Thos P Whitby, Edw P Galt
Springville	Springville	223	A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruell
Stroud	Camp McLeroy	356	A J Thompson, J L Strickland
St. Stephens	John James	350	A T Hooks, J M Pelham
Summersfield	Col. Garrett	381	Ed Morrow, R B Carter
Talladega	Charles M. Shelley	246	W J Rhodes, J T Dye
Thomasville	Leander McFarland	373	Jas N Callahan, Geo B Hall
Tusculum	James Desher	313	A. H. Keller, L. P. Guy
Tuskaloosa	Camp Rodes	262	A C Hargrove, A P Prince
Troy	Camp Ruffin	320	W. D. Henderson, L. H. Bowles
Uniontown	Tom Calena	129	C C Carr
Verbena	Camp Grace	291	K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell
Vernon	Camp O'Neal	358	J P Young, T M Woods
Wetumpka	Elmore County	255	J. F. Maul, Hal T. Walker
Wedowee	Randolph	316	C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate
ARKANSAS.			
Abma	Cabell	202	James E. Smith, J. T. Jones
Benton	David O. Dodd	325	S H Whitthorne, C E Shoemaker
Bentonville	Camp Cabell	89	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates
Booneville	Camp Evans	355	G W Evans, D B Castleberry
Centre Point	Haller	192	J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley
Charleston	Pat Cleburne	191	A S Cabell
Conway	Jeff Davis	213	A. M. Pitt, W. D. Cole
Fayetteville	W. H. Brooks	216	T. M. Gunter, I. M. Partridge
Fort Smith	Ben T DuVal	146	M M Gorman, Col R M Fry
Greenway	Clay Co. V. Ass'n	375	J R Hodge
Greenwood	Ben McCulloch	191	Dudley Milum, M Stroup
Hackett City	Stonewall	199	L B Lake
Hope	Gratlot	203	N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor
Hot Springs	Albert Pike	340	Gen Jno M Harrell, A Carl
Huntington	Stonewall	199	L B Lake, A H Gordon
Little Rock	Omer R Weaver	351	Wm P Campbell, J H Paschal
Morrilton	Robert W. Harper	267	W. S. Hanna, R. W. Harrison
Nashville	Joe Neal	208	W K Cowling, E G Hale
Newport	Tom Hendman	318	T. T. Ward
Paris	Ben McCullough	388	J O Sadler, Wm Snoddy
Prairie Grove	Prairie Grove	381	Wm Mitchell
Prescott	Walter Bragg	128	W J Blake, O S Jones
Van Buren	John Wallace	209	John Allen, J E Clegg
Waldron	Sterling Price	414	L P Fuller, A M Fuller
Wooster	Joseph E Johnston	131	W A Milam, W J Sloan
FLORIDA.			
Partow	Francis S Bartow	284	W H Reynolds, J A Armistead
Brookville	W. W. Loring	13	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson
Chipley	McMillan	217	S M Robinson, G W Cook
Dade City	Pasco C. V. Ass'n	57	Jas E Lee, A H Ravesies

THE HARD TIMES LONG AGO.

INSCRIBED TO CAPT. GEO. A. DIGGONS, TENTH TENN. INFANTRY.

When I look in the mirror to-day,
And see the looks fast turning to gray,
As many a wrinkle I sadly trace,
By time and sorrow left on my face,
When I miss the bright, the youthful glow,
I think of the hard times long ago;
Of the hard times, old man,
The hard times long ago.

How shabby the clothes we used to wear!
How many burdens we had to bear!
How hungry often, but oh, how sweet,
The bacon and bread we got to eat!
Yet hoped we still, though rations ran low,
Soldiering in the hard times long ago;
In the hard times, old man,
The hard times long ago.

Who can the gloomy nights forget,
When standing picket, or lone vidette,
With his four hours off and two hours on,
Tired and sleepy he longed for the dawn?
Or the ride, or tramp, through rain or snow,
He made in the hard times long ago;
In the hard times, old man,
The hard times long ago.

None can forget the sudden alarm,
The skirmish line and the battle storm;
The faces sad, round the fire at night,
Thinking of the boys who fell in the fight,
Mas! o'er many the daisies grow,
Who died in the hard times long ago;
In the hard times, old man,
The hard times long ago.

But, oh! how lovely the girls were then,
And greed was not the master of men;
And not for wages we fought, but love,
And faith we had in a heaven above,
And didn't profess "no God to know,"
We boys of the hard times, long ago;
Of the hard times, old man,
The hard times long ago.

When I call to mind old times to-day,
And think of the boys who passed away,
I remember soon must come the time
When all of us must fall into line
With the gallant boys we used to know—
Who died in the hard times long ago;
In the hard times, old man,
The hard times long ago. JOHN BUTTERNUT.

SWEET PEACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE VETERAN BY RURY BERYL KYLE.

The drum's loud call, the war of battle,
The foe's cry, the dread death rattle,
Is heard no more.

The cause is lost, but it was just,
Though Dixie's hope lies low in dust,
We mourn no more.

For Peace—Sweet Peace! hath said to-day:
"Look up, fair South, thy fame's away—
So smile once more."

GRANDSON OF A VETERAN.—Willie Callan, Menardville, Tex., says: "Grandpa sent me the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for 1893. I do not want to lose a number. Inclosed find subscription for the new year. I am not the son, but the grandson of an old veteran, and I love them all, and also the cause in which they lost all but principle and honor."

FLORIDA—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Defuniak Sp'gs.	Kirby-Smith	282	J. T. Stubbs, D. G. McLeod
Fernandina	Nassau	104	W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall
Inverness	Geo. T. Ward	148	W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner
Jacksonville	R. E. Lee	58	Wm. Baya, W. W. Tucker
Jacksonville	Jeff Davis	230	C. E. Merrill, C. J. Colcock
Jasper	Stewart	155	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna
Junco	Patton Anderson	244	J. F. Highsmith
Lake City	Columbia County	150	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives
Marianna	Milton	182	W. D. Barnes, F. Phillips
Monticello	Patton Anderson	59	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge
Ocala	Marion Co. C. V. A.	56	Sam'l E. Marshall, Wm. Fox
Orlando	Orange Co.	54	W. G. Johnson, B. M. Robinson
Palmetto	Geo. T. Ward	53	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Settles
Pensacola	Ward C. V. Ass'n.	13	C. V. Thompson, R. J. Jordan
Quincy	D. L. Kenan	140	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan
St. Augustine	E. Kirby Smith	175	J. A. Enshaw, Jr.
Sanford	Gen. Jos. Finnegan	149	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Leffer
St. Petersburg	Camp Colquitt	303	W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick
Tallahassee	Lamar	161	David Long, R. A. Whitfield
Tampa	Hillsboro	36	F. W. Merrill, H. L. Crane
Titusville	Indian River	47	Jas. Pritchard, A. D. Cohen
Umatilla	Lake Co. C. V. A.	279	T. H. Blake.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta	Fulton County	159	Clement A. Evans, J. I. Edwards
Augusta	Conf. Surv'y. Ass'n.	435	F. T. Eve, F. M. Stovall
Carnesville	Milligan Conf. Vet.	419	J. C. McCarter, J. M. Phillips
Cedartown	Polk Co. Conf. Vets.	403	J. M. Arrington, J. S. Stubbs
Claxton	Richm'to. Co. Conf. Vet.	420	S. M. Beal, W. H. Price
Covington	Jefferson Lamar	405	G. D. Heard, J. W. Anderson
Dalton	Joseph E. Johnston	34	A. P. Roberts, J. A. Banton
Dawson	Terrill Co. Conf. Vet.	404	J. W. F. Lowry, Wm. Kauger
Harrisburg	Chattanooga Vet.	122	L. R. Williams
Jackson	Jackson County	410	Thos. L. Ross, T. H. N. Joch
LaGrange	Troup Co. Conf. Vets.	405	J. I. Schaub, E. H. Winn
Morgan	Calhoun Co. Conf. Vet.	406	P. E. Boyd, A. J. Munroe
Ringgold	Ringgold	206	W. J. Whitsett, R. B. Trimmer
Rome	Floyd Co. C. V. A.	368	J. G. Yeiser, J. T. Moore
Spring Place	Jno. B. Gordon	50	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey
Thomasville	W. D. Mitchell	423	R. G. Mitchell, T. N. Hogkins
Tolbotton	T. B. Smith	402	B. Corby, W. H. Philpot
Washington	John T. Wingfield	391	C. E. Irvin, Henry Cordes
Waynesboro	Gordon	500	Thos. B. Cox, S. R. Fuler
Zebulon	Pike Co. Conf. Vet.	421	G. W. Strickland, W. O. Gwyn

ILLINOIS.

Chicago	Ex-Confed. Ass'n.	8	J. W. White, R. Lee France
Jerseyville	Benev. ex-Confed.	304	Jos. S. Carr, Morris R. Locke

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore	Jno H Morgan	107	Jno L Gaut, R. Seales
McAlester	Jeff Lee	68	N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman

KENTUCKY.

Augusta	John R. Hood	233	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson
Bardstown	Thomas H. Hunt	234	Thos. H. Ellis, Jos. F. Briggs
Benton	Alfred Johnston	376	J. P. Brien, W. J. Wilson
Bethel	Pat. R. Cleburne	252	J. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom
Bowling Green	Bowling Green	143	W. F. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell
Campton	George W. Cox	15	Jos. C. L. Kims, C. L. Hooks
Carlisle	Peter Bramblett	44	Thos. Owen, H. M. Taylor
Cynthiana	Ben. Desha	99	D. M. Snyder, J. Wm. Boyd
Danville	J. Warren Grigsby	214	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman
Eminence	E. Kirby Smith	251	W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner
Flemingsburg	Albert S. Johnston	232	Wm. Stanley, Jno W. Hedlin
Frankfort	Thos. B. Monroe	188	A. W. Macklin, Joel E. Scott
Georgetown	George W. Johnson	98	A. H. Sinclair, J. Webb
Harrdsburg	Wm. Preston	96	Bush W. Allen, John Kane
Hopkinsville	Ned Merriwether	241	C. F. Garrett, Hunter Wood
Lawrenceburg	Ben. Hardin Helm	101	P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn
Lexington	J. C. Breckinridge	100	John Boyd, G. C. Snyder
Mt. Sterling	Roy S. Cluke	201	Thos. Johnson, W. T. Havens
Nicholasville	Humphry Marshall	187	Geo. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard
Paducah	A. P. Thompson	371	W. G. Ballitt, J. M. Brown
Paris	John H. Morgan	95	A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines
Richmond	Thos. B. Collins	215	Jas. Tevis, N. R. Deatherage
Russellville	John W. Caldwell	139	J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty
Shelbysville	John H. Waller	237	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen
Winchester	Roger W. Hanson	186	B. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler
Versailles	Abe Buford	97	J. C. Bailey, Jas. W. Smith

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria	Jeff Davis	4	G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington
Amite City	Amite City	78	A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston
Arcadia	Arcadia	229	James Brice, John A. Odun
Baton Rouge	Baton Rouge	17	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman
Benton	Lowden Butler	409	S. M. Thomas, B. R. Nash
Berwick	Winchester Hall	178	T. J. Royster, F. O. Brien
Comite	Cap Perot	397	Leopold Perot, T. H. Hamilton
Donaldsonville	Victor Maurin	38	S. A. Poche, P. Garrel
Evergreen	R. L. Gibson	33	Wm. M. Ewell, L. C. Johnson
Farmerville	C. V. A. of Union Par.	379	J. K. Ramsey, D. Arant
Franklin	Florin Cornay	345	W. B. Collins, Thos. J. Shaffer
Gonzales P. O.	Fred N. Ogden	247	Jos. Gonzales Sr., H. T. Brown
Jackson	Feliciena	264	Zach. Lea, R. H. McClelland
Lake Charles	Calcasieu C. Vet.	62	W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hotchings
L. Providence	Lake Providence	193	J. C. Bass, F. P. McCandless
Mandeville	Gen. Geo. Goodman	270	Jos. L. Dicks, R. O. Pizzetta
Mansfield	Mouton	41	C. Schuler, T. G. Pegues
Merriek	Isaiah Norwood	110	D. T. Merriek, J. J. Taylor
Monroe	Henry W. Allen	382	W. R. Roberts, H. Moise
Natchitoches	Natchitoches	40	J. A. Predhomme, W. D. Harkins
New Orleans	Army of N. Va.	1	W. R. Lyman, T. B. O'Brien
New Orleans	Army of Tenn.	2	Gen. J. B. Vinet, Nicholas Cuny
New Orleans	Vet. Conf. States Cav.	9	Wm. Laughlin, E. R. Wells

THEY GOT THE WATERMELONS.

D. Caldwell, Division Freight Agent of R. & D. R. R. Co., Columbia, S. C.: "I take the VETERAN, and enjoy it. I notice you address it to 'Col. D. Caldwell.' I was not a Colonel when I was in the war, I was but a private. I was a boy and pulled the lanyard to a gun in McGregor's Battery, Stuart Horse Artillery, which formerly formed part of Pelham's Battery, Army of Northern Virginia.

"I am glad to see that you often tell of the brave deeds and great achievements of our armies. I am also glad to see that you give the private soldier a chance, and tell some of his personal exploits in camp. Here is one that took place late in the summer of '64, when the cavalry was trying to hold the Yankees back from the Boydton plank road and the Weldon Railroad: One hot afternoon our battery was ordered into camp near Jones' farm. When we had spread our blankets and unsaddled—that was all we had to do, as we had no tents—some of the boys went out to see what the neighborhood afforded in the way of something to eat. Very soon one of them returned with information that Mr. Jones' watermelon crop had not been harvested, but lay in full view, and that the ground was fairly covered with luscious melons. The fellow who brought the news was asked why he did not bring in a sample, when he informed us that there was a guard over the patch. For a moment the situation was gloomy. Soon Joe Pearl, rarely ever downed by trifles, said: 'Boys, I've got it; get ready to eat Jones' melons.' Do you fellows join me! I will go on guard in the field myself and you boys lay along the fence in the bushes and I'll roll out the melons. We had great faith in Pearl as a manager, but did not see how he would get away with the guard already in charge. Well, we did as he directed. With a sabre hanging to his belt he mounted the fence and boldly advanced on the 'true, true' guard, who, in time, challenged, 'Halt!' Guard Pearl did not stop, but he commanded, 'Halt!' 'Who are you?' 'I am on guard here,' he answered. 'Whose command do you belong to?' demanded Pearl in haughty tones. He replied, to Graham's Battery. Ah! that's all right, said Pearl, I am from McGregor's; you watch that end and I will watch this, and the goose said 'all right.' In a few minutes our 'guard' began to roll out the largest and best melons under the fence. We held a council of war to decide whether we should give our officers any of them or not. Finally we decided to roll a melon or two down to where they had their bivouac, and it was noticed that not one of them even cared to know where they come from. One was a preacher, too.

"None of these young men ever went to the penitentiary. Since the war some of them have been really good men."

Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.: "This makes two subscriptions to the VETERAN that this noble-minded ex-Federal veteran, Rev. T. S. Bailey, has given to his brothers in gray."

C. T. Ford writes from Greenton, Mo.: "I am a subscriber to your staunch magazine, and am exceedingly pleased with it as a medium for interchange of thought between veterans, whose thin gray lines are getting farther apart each year, and will so continue until the last tattoo will be sounded, and we will 'cross over the river to rest under the trees.'"

LOUISIANA—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
New Orleans.....	Wash. Artillery.....	15.....	B F Eshelman, L A Adams
New Orleans.....	Henry St. Paul.....	16.....	J. Demoruelle, A B Booth
Oakley.....	John Peck.....	183.....	W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell
Opelousas.....	R. E. Lee.....	14.....	L. D. Prescott, B. Bloomfield
Plaquemine.....	Iberville.....	18.....	C. H. Dickinson, J. L. Dardenne
Rayville.....	Richland.....	152.....	J. S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith
Ruston.....	Ruston.....	7.....	A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond
Shreveport.....	Gen LeRoy Stafford.....	3.....	W. Kinney, W. H. Tunnard
Tangipahoa.....	Camp Moore.....	60.....	O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor
Thibodaux.....	Braxton Bragg.....	196.....	S. T. Grisamore, H. N. Coulton

MISSISSIPPI.

Amory.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	127.....	W. A. Brown, —
Booneville.....	W. H. H. Tison.....	179.....	D. T. Beak, J. W. Smith
Brandon.....	Rankin.....	265.....	Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey
Brookhaven.....	Sylvester Gwin.....	235.....	J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry
Canton.....	E. Giles Henry.....	312.....	E. C. Postell, J. M. Mills
Chester.....	R G Prewitt.....	139.....	J. H. Evans, W. M. Roberts
Columbus.....	Isam Harrison.....	27.....	E. I. Lincoln, E. P. Richards
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys.....	19.....	C. Humphreys, J. M. Haley
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery.....	26.....	W. A. Montgomery, T. H. W. Barrett
Fayette.....	J. J. Whilney.....	22.....	W. I. Stephen, T. B. Hammett
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds.....	218.....	R. W. Williamson, W. A. Gillespie
Greenville.....	W. A. Percy.....	238.....	Gen. S. W. Ferguson, W. Verger
Grenada.....	W. R. Barksdale.....	189.....	J. W. Young, Julius Ash
Harpersville.....	Patrons Union.....	272.....	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg.....	21.....	G. D. Hartfield, E. H. Harris
Hernando.....	De Soto.....	220.....	Sam Powell, C. H. Robertson
Hickory Flat.....	Hickory Flat.....	219.....	W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks
Iuka.....	Tishomingo C. Vet.....	45.....	Geo. P. Hammers, cy, —
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott.....	23.....	J. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor
Jackson.....	Robert A. Smith.....	21.....	Gen. J. A. Smith, G. S. Green
Lake.....	Patrons Union.....	272.....	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
Lexington.....	Walter L. Kim.....	398.....	H. J. Reid, F. A. Howell
Liberty.....	Amite County.....	226.....	P. R. Brewer, Geo. A. McGeehee
Louisville.....	John M. Bradley.....	352.....	M. A. Mills, Jno B Gage
Maben.....	Stephen D. Lee.....	271.....	O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman
Macon.....	James Longstreet.....	180.....	H. W. Foote, J. L. Griggs
Magnolia.....	Stockdale.....	321.....	R. H. Felder, S. A. Matthew
Meridian.....	Walt all.....	25.....	W. F. Brown, B. V. White
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir.....	120.....	Gen. J. R. Davis, E. S. Hewes
Natchez.....	Natchez.....	20.....	F. J. V. Lee and E. L. Hopkins
New Albany.....	Gen M P Lowry.....	312.....	C. S. Robertson, M. F. Rogers
Port Gibson.....	Clabourne.....	167.....	A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore
Rolling Fork.....	Pat R. Cleburne.....	190.....	J. C. Hall, Jno S. Joor
Rosedale.....	Montgomery.....	52.....	F. A. Montgomery, C. C. Farrar
Sardis.....	Jno R. Dickens.....	341.....	R. H. Taylor, J. B. Booth
Senatobia.....	Bill Feeney.....	53.....	G. D. Shands, T. P. Hill
Tupelo.....	John M. Stone.....	131.....	Gen. J. M. Stone, P. M. Savery
Valden.....	Frank Liddell.....	221.....	Frank C. Baines, W. J. Booth
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg.....	32.....	D. A. Campbell, J. D. Laughlin
Winona.....	M. Farrell.....	311.....	J. R. Binford, C. H. Campbell
Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49.....	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo.....	176.....	S. D. Robertson, C. J. DuBuisson

MISSOURI.

Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80.....	Jos W Mercer, Geo B Spratt
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Bryson City.....	Andrew Coleman.....	301.....	E. Everett, B. H. Cathey
Charlotte.....	Mecklenburg.....	382.....	—, J. Roessler
Clinton.....	Sampson.....	137.....	R. H. Holliday, Jno A Beaman
Concord.....	Cabarrus Co. C. V. A.....	212.....	J. F. Willeford, C. McDonald
Hickory.....	Catawba.....	162.....	J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitner
Littleton.....	Junius Daniel.....	326.....	John P. Leech
Pittsboro.....	Leonidas J. Merrill.....	387.....	W. L. London, H. A. London
Ryan.....	Confederate.....	117.....	—, T. McByrde
Salisbury.....	Charles F. Fisher.....	309.....	Jno F Ramsay, J. C. Bernhardt
Salisbury.....	Col Chas F. Fisher.....	319.....	Col J R Crawford, C. R. Barker
Statesville.....	Col R Campbell.....	391.....	P. C. Carlton, —
Washington.....	Bryan Grimes.....	121.....	R. W. Warren, C. C. Thomas
Wilmington.....	Cape Fear.....	254.....	W. L. DeRosset, Wm. Blanks
Winston.....	Norfleet.....	136.....	T. J. Brown, Sam'l H Smith

OKLAHOMA.

El Reno.....	El Reno.....	318.....	—
Guthrie.....	Camp Jamison.....	347.....	—
Norman.....	John B Gordon.....	200.....	T. J. Johnson, W. C. Renfro
Oklahoma City.....	D. H. Hammons.....	177.....	J. W. Johnson, J. O. Casler

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Abbeville.....	Secession.....	116.....	—, W. A. Templeton
Aiken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	81.....	B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall
Anderson.....	Camp Benson.....	337.....	M. P. Tribble, J. N. Vandiver
Beaufort.....	Beaufort.....	366.....	Thos S White, —
Charleston.....	Camp Sumter.....	20.....	Rev. J. Johnson, J. W. Ward
Charleston.....	Palmetto Guard.....	315.....	Geo. I. Buist, A. Baron Holmes
Cheraw.....	J. B. Kershaw.....	413.....	Theo T Malloy, S. G. Godfrey
Columbia.....	Hampton.....	389.....	A. P. Brown, D. R. Plennikln
Duncan.....	Dean.....	437.....	A. H. Dean, J. V. High
Enslaw.....	Isoper Hawthorn.....	285.....	R. E. Bowen, J. H. Bowen
Edgefield C. H.....	Abner Perrin.....	369.....	J. H. Brooks, Thos W Carville
Florence.....	Pee Dee.....	390.....	E. W. Lloyd, Wm Quick
Glynnville.....	Glynnville.....	399.....	L. P. Miller, —
Greenville.....	R. C. Pulliam.....	297.....	J. W. Norwood, P. T. Hayne
Greenwood.....	D. Wyatt Aiken.....	432.....	—
My Pleasant.....	Thos M Wagner.....	410.....	S. Porches, Jas R Tomlinson
Newberry.....	James D Nance.....	336.....	J. W. Gary, C. F. Boyd
Pickens.....	Wolf Creek.....	412.....	Jas A Griffin, H. B. Hendricks
Rock Hill.....	Catawba.....	378.....	Cndr Jones, W. B. Dunlap
Soanette.....	Confed. Sav. Ass'n.....	418.....	Jeremiah Smith, —
Spartanburg.....	Camp Walker.....	335.....	Jos Walker, A. B. Woodruff
Summerville.....	Gen Jas Connor.....	374.....	Geo Tupper, P. H. Hatchinson
Sumter.....	Dick Anderson.....	334.....	D. G. Graham, P. P. Gathard
St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51.....	R. W. Minus, J. Otey Reed

THE OLD SONG.

REV. W. DUDLEY POWERT.

Down in the lowgrounds, where the rustic cabin stands,
And pines lean gaunt against the sky,
I hear again the weird carousing of the hands;
Their low and quaint old lullaby;
Moaning, and crooning, and strong,
Through the grove it swells along,
The soft, sad, negro's song.

Again 'tis moonlight in a year long gone away;
The summer breeze a perfume brings
From down the meadow sweet with new mown hay,
And chant of one who sings,
Moaning, and crooning, and strong,
It sweeps through the grove along,
The low, sad, negro's song.

Now like the songling wind, in solemn, rhymeless lay,
So soft, and low, and sad it swells;
Then stronger still the chorus bursts in sadder way,
As it some superstition tells;
Moaning, and crooning, and strong,
Through the grove it sweeps along,
The low, sad, negro's song.

Beyond the fields and distant woods the music fades
and dies;
Then as inspired begins again,
The bending pines, harmonious with their plaintive
sighs,
Bend kindly with the weird strain;
Moaning, and crooning, and strong,
Through the grove it swells along,
The soft, sad, negro's song.

O night of year from out my happy past remain!
Come back from out those days, Old Song!
Sing softly, murmur, croon ye men its old refrain;
My memory holds it yet too strong,
Moaning, and crooning, and strong,
It sweeps through the grove along,
The low, sad, negro's song.

A. S. COLYAR'S TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.—Hon. Washington Gardner, of Michigan, writes: While not wishing to be a party to any controversy, it is but justice to all interested to say that my recollections of the reply of the Hon. Mr. Colyar to the question in regard to Mr. Davis could give no offense to his most ardent admirers. He replied in substance, and almost in the following language, according to my best recollection: "I think Mr. Davis was thoroughly honest and sincere. He had become so imbued with the history of Washington and his struggling compatriots, and so accustomed to see analogies in the Confederate situation, that he believed Providence would in some way bring relief and the Confederacy would succeed in its efforts to establish a permanent government."

THE N. B. FORREST Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn., passed resolutions in honor of Joseph F. Shipp, who has served that Camp faithfully and well for seven consecutive years as Commander, and now retires from that office of his own choice. The resolutions were adopted unanimously and by a rising vote, not in the meaningless manner usual upon such occasions, but in all sincerity and truth, that "The thanks of this Camp be extended to him for his wise and impartial rulings at all times, his universally courteous manner, and his earnest and energetic work for the good of the Camp, to which is largely due its success and importance that it has attained; also, that resolutions be spread of record, and that the Adjutant present Commander Shipp with a copy of the same."

TENNESSEE.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Brownsville	Hiram S. Bradford	426	H. J. Livingston
Chattanooga	N. B. Forrest	4	J. T. Dickinson
Clarksville	Forbes	77	T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker
Fayetteville	Shackelford-Fulton	114	Jas. D. Tillman, W. H. Cashion
Franklin	Gen. J. W. Starnes	134	S. A. Wall, T. G. Smithson
Jackson	Jno Ingram	37	W. Holland, M. B. Hart
Knoxville	Felix K. Zollcoffer	46	Jno F. Horne, Chas. Ducloux
Knoxville	Fred Ault	5	F. A. Moses, J. W. S. Frisner
Lewisburg	Dibrell	55	W. P. Irvine, W. G. Loyd
McKenzie	Stonewall Jackson	42	Marsh Atkinson, J. P. Cannon
Memphis	Confed. Hist. Ass'n	28	C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black
Murfreesboro	Joe B. Palmer	81	W. S. McLemore, W. Ledbetter
Nashville	Frank Cheatham	35	Thos. H. Smith, J. P. Hickman
Shelbyville	Wm. Frisner	83	J. M. Hastings, J. G. Arnold
Tullahoma	Pierce B. Anderson	173	Jno P. Hickman, W. J. Trahs
Winchester	Turney	12	F. R. Terry, J. J. Martin

TEXAS.

Ablene	Ablene	72	T. W. Daugherty
Ablene	Taylor Co.	69	H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck
Alvarado	Alvarado	160	Jesse W. Hill, J. R. Posey
Alvin	Wm. Hart	286	Wm. Hart, A. H. H. Tolar
Alvord	Stonewall	362	J. M. Jones, W. G. Leach
Archer City	Stonewall Jackson	249	H. J. Brooks, T. M. Cull
Athens	Howdy Martin	65	D. M. Morgan, W. T. Enstace
Atlanta	Stonewall Jackson	91	J. D. Johnson, J. N. Simmons
Aurora	R. Q. Mills	368	G. W. Short, C. C. Leonard
Austin	Jno B. Hood	103	W. M. Brown, C. B. Powe
Beaumont	A. S. Johnston	75	Tom J. Russell, G. W. O'Brien
Belton	Bell Co. ex-Conf. As	122	H. M. Cook, R. H. Turner
Big Springs	Joe Wheeler	330	R. B. Zinn
Bonham	Sul Ross	164	J. P. Holmes
Brazoria	Clinton Terry	213	Wm. F. Smith, F. L. Ribbens
Breckinridge	Stephens County	314	W. F. Marberry, G. B. Brown
Brenham	Washington	239	D. C. Giddings, J. G. Rankin
Brownwood	Stonewall Jackson	118	Carl Vincent, A. D. Moss
Bryan	J. B. Robertson	124	H. B. Stoddard, W. H. Hamlin
Buffalo Gap	Camp Moody	125	Ben F. Jones, J. J. Fybank
Caldwell	Camp Rogers	142	J. B. King, J. F. Matthews
Calvert	W. P. Townsend	111	C. W. Higginbotham, H. F. Kellogg
Cameron	Ben McCulloch	29	E. J. McVey, J. B. Moore
Campbell	Camp Ross	185	R. W. Bidley, Tom G. Smith
Canton	James L. Hogg	153	T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson
Carthage	Hornace Randall	163	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth
Chico	Camp McIntosh	304	J. S. Eddings, G. W. Craft
Childress	Los E. Johnston	249	W. P. Jones, L. C. Warlick
Cisco	Camp Preveaux	27	T. W. Neal, J. S. McDonough
Cleburne	Pat Cleburne	88	O. T. Pichner, S. C. Searlock
Colorado	Albert S. Johnston	113	W. V. Johnson, T. Q. Mullin
Columbus	Shropshire-17pion	112	Geo. McCormick, J. J. Drek
Coleman	Jno Pelham	76	J. J. Callum, J. M. Williams
Commerce	R. E. Lee	231	G. G. Lindsey, W. F. Mangum
Cooper	Lector	234	Geo. W. Jones, R. J. Pickett
Corpus Christi	Joseph F. Johnston	63	H. R. Sutherland, M. C. Spahn
Corsicana	C. M. Winkler	147	R. M. Collins
Crockett	Crockett	141	Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin
Collinsville	Beauregard	306	J. R. King, W. H. Stephenson
Cremo	Emmett Lynch	242	V. Weldon, George H. Law
Dalingerfield	Camp Brooks	307	J. N. Zachery, J. A. McGregor
Dallas	Sterling Price	31	J. J. Miller, Geo. R. Penno
Deatur	Ben McCulloch	30	W. A. Miller, A. F. Edwards
DeKalb	Tom Wallace	289	W. S. Proctor, J. D. Stewart
Denton	Sul Ross	129	Hugh McKenzie, J. R. Burton
Dodd City	Camp Maxey	85	W. C. Moore
Dublin	Leath & Comanche	281	J. T. Harris, L. F. Gillett
El Paso	John T. Brown	20	B. H. Davis, Wyndham Kemp
Emma	Lone Star	198	John W. Murray
Fairfield	Wm. L. Moody	87	W. G. Blain, L. G. Sandifer
Floresville	Wilson County	225	W. C. Agee, A. H. Evans
Forney	Camp Bee	180	T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming
Fort Worth	R. E. Lee	158	A. B. Fraser, W. M. McFotie
Frost	R. Q. Mills	106	A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield
Gainesville	Joseph F. Johnston	119	J. M. Wright, W. A. Sims
Galveston	Magruder	145	T. N. Waul, C. Washington
Gatesville	Ex-C. A. Coryell Co.	135	Con W. L. Saunders
Goldthwaite	Jeff Davis	157	J. E. Martin, W. H. Thompson
Gonzales	John C. G. Key	156	W. B. Sayers, H. L. Qualls
Gordonville	J. G. Hodges	392	Wm. Hodges, W. H. Bussinger
Graham	Young County	127	A. G. Gray, A. M. Edwards
Granbury	Granbury	67	J. A. Formlydt, L. R. Morris
Grand View	J. E. Johnston	377	C. C. Hatfield
Greenville	Joseph F. Johnston	267	W. S. Ward, A. H. Hefner
Hallettsville	Col. James Walker	248	Volney Ellis, B. F. Burke
Hamilton	A. S. Johnston	116	Battle For, L. A. H. Smith
Hendstead	Tom Green	126	V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz
Henderson	Ras Rodwine	285	J. M. Mays, C. C. Doyle
Hendrietta	Sul Ross	172	F. J. Barrett, C. B. Patterson
Hillsboro	Hill County	166	Wm. W. Fields
Holly Grove	Logan Davidson	291	J. H. Lynn, John L. Ballinger
Houston	Dick Dowling	137	W. Lambert, S. K. Longnecker
Huntville	John C. Upton	43	J. M. Smith, E. K. Gore
Jackborough	Camp Morgan	364	S. W. Eastin, W. J. Denning
Jackborough	Camp Hughes	365	S. H. Reeves, A. F. Anderson
Kaufman	Geo. B. Munton	145	Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes
Kilgore	Buck Kilgore	284	W. A. Muller, R. W. Wynn
Klingston	A. S. Johnston	71	J. E. Pickett, T. J. Foster
Ladonia	Robt. E. Lee	120	W. B. McNeill, J. R. Arthur
LaGrange	Col. B. Timmons	61	R. C. Phelps, N. Holman
Lampasas	R. E. Lee	60	D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie
Livingston	Ike Turner	321	James E. Hill, A. B. Green
Lubbock	F. R. Lubbock	138	W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon
Madisonville	Jno G. Walker	128	F. W. Wiley
Marlin	Wm. L. Lang	296	G. A. King, J. T. Owen
Memphis	Hall County	245	F. M. Murray, G. W. Tipton
Menardville	Menardville	328	F. M. Kitchens

TEXAS. Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Meridian	A. S. Johnston	115	Robt Donnell, J. W. Adams.
Merkel	Merkel	79	J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia	Joc Johnston	91	C. L. Watson, H. W. Williams
Minneola	Wood County	153	J. H. Hullmaster, T. J. Goodwin
Mt. Enterprise	Rosser	82	T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant	Col. Dud Jones	121	C. L. Dillabunt, J. C. Turner.
Montague	Bob Stone	93	R. Bean, R. D. Rugeley.
McGregor	Camp McGregor	274	W. H. Harris, H. W. Sadler
McKinney	Collin County	169	T. M. Scott, H. C. Mack
Mt. Vernon	Ben McCulloch	300	W. T. Gass, J. J. Morris
Navasota	Hannibal H. Boone	102	W. E. Barry, Jas. H. Freeman
New Boston	Sul Ross	287	Geo. H. Rea, T. J. Watlington
Oakville	Joan Donaldson	195	C. C. Cox, T. M. Church
Palestine	Palestine	44	J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider
Paradise	Pat Cleburne	363	A. J. Jones, L. T. Mason
Paris	A. S. Johnston	70	O. C. Connor, S. S. Record
Palmt Rock	Jeff Davis	108	W. T. Melton, J. W. Hatchford.
Pearsall	"Gatch" Hardeman	230	R. M. Harkness, Henry Maney
Richmond	Frank Terry	227	P. E. Pearson, B. F. Stuart
Ripley	Gen Hood	280	W. R. M. Slaughter, Jno. H. Hood
Rockwall	Rockwall	71	M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards
Roby	W. W. Loring	151	J. D. Speer, A. P. Kelley
San Antonio	A. S. Johnston	144	John S. Ford, James Clark
San Augustine	Jeff Davis	386	W. A. Field
San Saba	W. P. Rogers	322	George Harris, A. Duggan
Santa Anna	L. Q. C. Lamar	371	L. M. Crayven, Will Hubert
Seymour	Bedford Forrest	86	T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
Sherman	Mildred Lee	90	J. T. Wilson, Robt Walker.
South Prairie	South Prairie	393	W. L. Hefner,
Sweetwater	E. C. Walthall	92	W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Spgs	Matt Ashcroft	179	R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor	A. S. Johnston	165	M. Ross, Perry Hawkins
Terrell	J. E. Stuart	15	J. A. Anthony, Vic Reinhardt
Texarkana	A. P. Hill	269	W. J. Allen, Charles A. Hooks
Tyler	A. S. Johnston	18	J. P. Douglas, Sid S. Johnson
Vernon	Camp Cabell	125	S. E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waco	Pat Cleburne	222	C. L. Johnson, W. C. Cooper
Waxahachie	Whinnie Davis	108	Tom Yates, J. P. Cooper
Waxahachie	Parsons Cav. Ass'n	296	A. M. Dechman
Weatherford	Tom Green	169	J. P. Rice, M. V. Kinnison.
Wellington	Collingsworth Co.	257	J. H. McJowell, J. M. Yates
Wharton	Buchell	228	I. N. Dennis, H. T. Compton
Whitesboro	Geo. R. Reeves	288	J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright
Wichita Falls	W. J. Hardee	73	W. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson
Will's Point	Will's Point	302	A. N. Alford, W. A. Benham

VIRGINIA.

Harrisonburg	S. B. Gibbons	338	D. H. Lee Martz, J. S. Messerly
Reams Station	J. E. B. Stuart	211	M. A. Monenre, A. B. Monenre
Richmond	Geo. E. Pickett	204	R. N. Northern, P. McCurdy
Richmond	R. E. Lee	181	A. W. Archer, J. T. Stratton
Roanoke	William Watts	205	A. S. Brooke, Hugh W. Fry
West Point	John R. Cooke	181	H. M. Miller, W. W. Green.
Williamsburg	McGruder-Ewell	210	T. J. Stubbs, H. T. Jones
Winchester	Gen Turner Ashby	210	Chas. W. McVear, E. G. Hollis

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington	Wash. City Confed.	171	J. G. Moore, T. W. Hungerford
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RAISING THE PRICE OF THE VETERAN.

J. J. Callan, Coleman, Texas, says: This brings my list up to sixty-one. I do not know if this puts Coleman at the head of the Texas list, for I do not know how well other comrades are doing; but I do know that in proportion to population Coleman stands away above Nashville. If Coleman, with 1,200 inhabitants, furnishes sixty-one subscribers to the VETERAN, in the same ratio Dallas, headquarters of the Trans-Mississippi Department, should have at least 2,000 subscribers. What a magnificent monument we could build to a nation's glory if all Southern cities and towns proved their devotion as this little Texas village in this drought afflicted region has done! I hope they will. If they will get up a generous rivalry they can.

Now, comrade, permit me, too, to offer a little gratuitous advice: Keep the subscription at 50 cents for 1894. I do not write in my own behalf, for ours are paid all. But there are thousands of veterans in Texas who fared badly this year on account of drought. Even old subscribers, who would not take the price of a whole year's subscription for any one number, are unable to renew. In God's providence they will be in better shape next year, and I have no doubt there will be a unanimous vote for increase of size and price.

R. A. Owen, Port Gibson, Miss.: The VETERAN is worth over a dollar to every veteran household, and must be put at a price that you can afford to keep it to the front.

John M. Jolly, Marlin, Texas: I note what you say in regard to the price of the VETERAN after January 1, 1894, and in soliciting subscriptions for same will do so at \$1 per annum. This remittance will make twenty-eight subscriptions I have sent you, including my own renewal. I shall continue to do all I can for the VETERAN, as I wish every Confederate veteran living could read it.

C. L. Edwards, Esq., Dallas, Texas, whose advertisement in the VETERAN was paid for in advance, says: The dollar sent in renewing subscription for the VETERAN was for one year. You rob yourself when you credit it for two years, and although lawyers are not considered as being entirely above predatory incursions upon their fellows, I don't feel exactly right when despoiling an old brother Confed. of his hard work at less than half its value.

G. W. R. Bell, Cedar Springs, Ala.: To me the VETERAN is not only instructive and entertaining, but it is inspiring and elevating. It is my opinion that to continue the VETERAN at the present price will accomplish more good, for the reason that the circulation will be greater. I had rather forego the advantage of improvement than deprive my brother of its benefits.

M. T. Ledbetter, Piedmont, Ala.: Comrade N. B. Hogan, of Springfield, Mo., writes my sentiments. He says: "We ought indeed to make the VETERAN of world-wide reputation. Every Confederate and Confederate organization should indorse and push its claims until it is firmly and securely established. I never go out without taking a sample copy, and never fail to show it and talk up its merits. I don't know who might want it, so I never fail to show it."

Frank A. Owen, Evansville, Ind.: I saw the first copy of the VETERAN to-day. Inclosed find my check for \$1. It's a case of love at first sight. I will keep the machine greased at any price you put it, as long as you print it, or until the long roll is called. I have not been in Nashville since the war, but remember with much love such names as Col. Fite, Maj. Dick McCann, Capt. Cox, Lieut. Tindle, and others, on Johnson's Island, winter of '63. I remember Capt. Cox died of blood poison from vaccination.

Thomas D. Fowler, Murfreesboro, Tenn., wrote some time since concerning an article in the October VETERAN, by Robert M. Frierson, in which the following statement appears: "When we were making the ascent the horse of Adjutant Fowler, of the Second Tennessee, got into a bees' nest and rushed through the brigade riderless over sleeping men." I suppose that I am the Adjutant Fowler referred to, but I desire to state that I was not, at that date, the Adjutant of the Second Tennessee, and was not the owner of a horse. I was then a Lieutenant of the line, but was afterward Adjutant in Bate's old Second Tennessee Infantry. My recollection of the event referred to is, that the command was toiling slowly up the mountain, weary and footsore, but not "sleeping," when the horses attached to a caisson, from some cause, became unmanageable, and the head of the infantry column found it necessary to promptly open ranks and yield the road. The night being dark, this movement brought on a momentary panic in the rear, when quite a number, now "veterans," who had faced death on many bloody fields, took to their heels and to the woods.

WHERE THE VETERAN GOES.

The following list includes the subscriptions at places named where there are four or more. There are over 7,000 paid subscriptions at over 1,600 postoffices in more than 12 States and Territories. There are printed of this edition 10,000 copies.

ALABAMA.			
Anniston.....	5	Eufaula.....	1
Athens.....	22	Florence.....	10
Benton.....	4	Franklin.....	4
Birmingham.....	30	Furlerton.....	4
Camden.....	8	Greenville.....	19
Carrollton.....	6	Guntersville.....	5
Edwardville.....	7	Huntsville.....	25
Elkton.....	10	Jell.....	5
Elmore.....	4		

ARKANSAS.			
Arkadelphia.....	7	Fayetteville.....	26
Bentonville.....	11	Hot Springs.....	11
Booneville.....	8	Little Rock.....	4
Camden.....	7	Morrilton.....	8
Washington, D. C.....			

FLORIDA.			
Brooksville.....	11	Monticello.....	18
Fernandina.....	14	Ocala.....	21
Jacksonville.....	11	Orlando.....	21
Lakeland.....	8	Palmetto.....	6
Lake Weir.....	6	Pensacola.....	20
Marlboro.....	10	Sanford.....	19

GEORGIA.			
Akworth.....	4	Eagle Cliff.....	4
Athens.....	4	Entwistle.....	17
Atlanta.....	24	Greensboro.....	8
Augusta.....	10	Hawkinsville.....	26
Canton.....	17	LaGrange.....	31
Cartersville.....	4	Macon.....	61
Chileno, Illinois.....			

INDIANA.			
Evansville.....	8	Indianapolis.....	5

INDIAN TERRITORY.			
Ardmore.....	13	McAllister.....	11

KANSAS.			
Colleyville.....	22	Hutchinson.....	4

KENTUCKY.			
Adairville.....	5	Justice.....	6
Anthoston.....	4	Lawrenceburg.....	5
Augusta.....	4	Lewisburg.....	6
Bell.....	8	Lexington.....	28
Bowling Green.....	19	Louisville.....	59
Covington.....	4	Midway.....	8
Elizabethtown.....	5	Morganfield.....	8
Georgetown.....	7	Owensboro.....	20
Harrodsburg.....	17	Owingsville.....	4
Henderson.....	67	Paris.....	16
Hopkinsville.....	6	Pembroke.....	21

LOUISIANA.			
Berwick.....	10	Lake Providence.....	7
Jackson.....	13	Mansfield.....	25
Lake Charles.....	19	Morgan City.....	4

MARYLAND.			
Baltimore.....	54	Cheltenham.....	4

MISSISSIPPI.			
Anding.....	4	Edwards.....	1
Canton.....	6	Fayette.....	7
Centerville.....	7	Greenwood.....	6
Coldwater.....	9	Jackson.....	1
Columbus.....	19	McComb City.....	5
Crystal Springs.....	11	Meridian.....	15

MISSOURI.			
Centralla.....	8	Lamar.....	4
Dexter.....	7	Lee's Summit.....	5
Golden City.....	23	Lexington.....	6
Hamilton.....	6	Louisiana.....	4
Huntsville.....	22	Marshfield.....	5
Independence.....	20	Moberly.....	9

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.			
			28

NORTH CAROLINA.			
Asheville.....	39	Raleigh.....	7
Bryson City.....	5	Salisbury.....	33
Mc. Atty.....	4	Waynesville.....	13
Cincinnati, Ohio.....			
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory.....			23
Norman.....			8
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.....			12

SOUTH CAROLINA.			
Aikin.....	23	Greenwood.....	21
Charleston.....	114	Langhires.....	5
Columbia.....	22	Newberry.....	4
Darlington.....	26	Ninety-Six.....	9
Edgefield.....	16		

TENNESSEE.			
Bagdad.....	5	Franklin.....	28
Baker.....	28	Gainesboro.....	5
Bellbuckle.....	4	Gallatin.....	55
Bradyville.....	4	Goodlettsville.....	13
Bristol.....	7	Greenfield.....	4
Burns.....	8	Haley.....	4
Camden.....	6	Hartsville.....	12
Castalian Springs.....	8	Hendersonville.....	4
Cowan.....	4	Huntsburg.....	4
Chattanooga.....	13	Jackson.....	46
Chapel Hill.....	4	Knoxville.....	21
Clarksville.....	20	Lawrenceburg.....	9
College Grove.....	4	Lebanon.....	4
Columbia.....	38	Lewisburg.....	13
Cooperstown.....	4	Lynchburg.....	18
Cornersville.....	4	Lynnville.....	9
Coxington.....	4	Martha.....	9
Cumberland City.....	8	Memphis.....	34
Indiana.....	28	McKenzie.....	23
Dickson.....	16	Monroe.....	5
Dresden.....	15	Mt. Pleasant.....	5
Dyersburg.....	8	Murfreesboro.....	91
Englewood.....	7	Nashville.....	481
Englewood.....	4	Nashville.....	11
Evansville.....	11	Paris.....	18
Fairington.....	4	Popple's X Roads.....	5
Fayetteville.....	51	Pulaski.....	19
Flint Rock.....	4	Ridgely.....	6
Flynn's Lick.....	4		

TEXAS.			
Alvarado.....	5	El Paso.....	41
Antelope.....	4	Farms.....	6
Aurora.....	5	Flowersville.....	6
Austin.....	11	Forestburg.....	7
Athens.....	20	Forston.....	6
Belcher.....	5	Fort Worth.....	42
Bellton.....	30	Formy.....	7
Bonham.....	30	Gainesville.....	36
Bryan.....	10	Gadsveston.....	75
Caddo Mills.....	10	Gatesville.....	17
Calvert.....	5	Glen Rose.....	8
Camden.....	4	Gonzales.....	20
Canton.....	12	Graham.....	21
Center Point.....	7	Grand View.....	13
Chico.....	20	Greenville.....	7
Cosfield.....	4	Groesbeck.....	5
Commerce.....	4	Hamilton.....	15
Cleburne.....	49	Henrietta.....	5
Coleman.....	65	Houston.....	14
Comanche.....	14	Kaufman.....	14
Crockett.....	5	Kemp.....	9
Cuero.....	6	Kilbuck.....	7
Dallas.....	36	Kilgus.....	4
Decatur.....	9	Ladonia.....	5
DeKalb.....	4	La Grange.....	11
DeLeon.....	5	Lampassas.....	30
Denton.....	1	Llano.....	4
El Paso.....	5	Lott.....	5
Era.....	16	Lubbock.....	4

VIRGINIA.			
Alexandria.....	5	Norfolk.....	15
Chapel Hill.....	7	Portsmouth.....	18
Fredericksburg.....	6	Richmond.....	80
Lynchburg.....	19	Strasburg.....	15
Huntington, West Virginia.....			17

The VETERAN goes to about five times as many post-offices as are named above, yet at these 342 offices there are 5,773 subscribers.

The John H. Morgan Camp at Ardmore, Indian Territory, has made the VETERAN its official organ. T. B. King and P. W. McCoy were elected First and Second Lieutenants, and M. Wheeler, Quartermaster.

Judge D. C. Thomas, Lampassas, Texas: I am not prepared to express an opinion as to whether or not it will be best to increase the price of the VETERAN, but will say this, that in my judgment it would be a very cheap publication at one dollar; and further, I would not take fifty cents each for my copies of this year's subscription. In fact, they are not for sale.

J. W. Corman, Brooksville, Fla.: Inclosed please find postal order for \$14 for twenty-eight subscribers, sixteen old names and twelve new ones. I have been sick and unable to do any more.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS YET LIVING.

DALLAS, TEXAS, Dec. 10, 1893.—
 Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN: As your splendid magazine is to be found in the house of a great number of old Confederate veterans in this Department, I hope that the same can be said of the Eastern Department, and read not only by the old hero and his good wife, but also by his noble sons and beautiful daughters. I send you for publication a roster of the living Confederate Generals up to the 10th of December, 1893, compiled from the most reliable data to be had.

During the war there were 498 officers commissioned as Generals of all grades in the Confederate Army. Of this number not more than 158 are living. Since Jan. 1, 1893, two Generals, two Major Generals and four Brigadier Generals have died, leaving 158 living out of the original number. I hope that every old Confederate living will peruse this list, as it will recall many noble incidents of the war:

LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Stephen D. Lee, Starkville, Miss.
 James Longstreet, Gainesville, Ga.
 Jubal A. Early, Lynchburg, Va.
 Simon B. Buckner, Frankfort, Ky.
 Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler, Ala.
 Alexander P. Stewart, Chickamauga, Ga.
 Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C.
 John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Gustavus W. Smith, New York.
 Lafayette McLaws, Savannah, Ga.
 S. G. French, Winter Park, Fla.
 John H. Forney, Jenifer, Ark.
 Dabney H. Maury, Richmond, Va.
 Henry Heth, Antietam Battle Field Survey, Washington, D. C.
 J. L. Kemper, Orange Court House, Va.
 Robert E. Hoke, Raleigh, N. C.
 Fitzhugh Lee, Glasgow, Va.
 W. B. Bate, U. S. Senate.
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 M. C. Butler, U. S. Senate.
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Should there be any error, I hope that the living, or some of his friends, will notify you, as one by one we are all "crossing the river."

Your friend and comrade,

W. L. CABELL.

Lieut. Gen. U. C. V., Trans-Mississippi Department.

THE OTHER SIDE.—The letter from Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, from which the following are extracts, was written last summer to Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis. The title of the book was first designated as "The Prisoner of State." That title, however, was afterward reserved as the second part or division of the poem: "My Dear Young Friend—I have often wished to utter the gratitude my heart has long cherished toward you for your noble poem, 'The Prisoner of State,' which you kindly read to me in Memphis, while it was yet unfinished. Then it gave rare promise of excellence, rarely attained, which, I understand, it has more than fulfilled

since that time. Could the dear Prisoner of State have lived to see it, it would have been a rich reward, after his protracted sufferings, to know that his noble patience, under wrong, had inspired his young country woman, who was an infant when he suffered, to write so great a poem as a tribute to his memory and to the truth of history. Your unfeigned desire to tell only the exact truth, setting down nothing in malice, rather under, than overstating the circumstances attending the outrages committed upon a helpless prisoner of State, touched me greatly, and if possible, increased my respect for you, and I can vouch for the exact accuracy of your narrative. In the name of Mr. Davis' descendants I thank you."

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN TEXAS, AND WHERE THEY ARE FROM.

As a matter of general interest the VETERAN pursues this inquiry so as to make historic record of the Confederate soldiers who now live in Texas. Texas Commanders and Adjutants will please give attention to this report at once, so it may be published as complete as possible in the February VETERAN. See the December VETERAN, page 381. Circulars, with blanks, will be sent to all Texas Camps.

ONE of the jolliest comrades at the Confederate reunion, Versailles, Ky., was Ben S. Drake. He told stories to the delight of his auditors, and this one is printed: As Indian Agent, during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, he took much interest in the advancement of the Red Man. Through his intelligent interpreter he sought to inform a group of them about the telephone. He told him to explain to them that two Indians could talk to and understand each other one hundred miles apart by using an electrified telegraph wire. The interpreter hung his head and seemed not to understand. The explanation was made again with same result. Still the interpreter remained silent as if in deep thought. "Why don't you tell them?" said the Kentuckian. "Ah! Too—much—a—dam—lie," was the response.

Capt. Will Lambert, commanding Dick Dowling Camp, Houston, Texas, writes: Two of our comrades have "crossed over the river," comrade J. W. Buford, of Company A, First Kentucky Infantry. He was at Bull Run and Appomattox. What better record could be given a Southern soldier? The other, comrade W. T. Johnson, served in Walker's Division of Texas Infantry, and was in all the fights participated in by that splendid command. They were both ardent members of our Camp, loved the history they helped to make, and were buried by their comrades with reverence and affection. May angels guard their tombs. We all like the true ring of your expose of the Frank Leslie scheme, and will stand by the VETERAN. God prosper you in your noble work.

James C. Percival, Staunton, Michigan, December 29th, sends for the VETERAN and Souvenir and writes: I was for nearly three years a member of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, and had the pleasure of meeting some who are now Confederate veterans a number of times from 1862 to 1865 in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and one of my greatest pleasures now is to read of those times and those meetings, and I like to read the writings of those on both sides. I have quite a war library. * * * I have no doubt but I shall find some articles in the VETERAN that I cannot agree with, in fact, I find in the copy I have that you say, "I had rather be the representative of those who fought the battles of the Confederacy—the women as well as the men—than of any other people on the earth," and it sounds as though you still think secession was right, and are sorry you did not win.

[Good sir, such a sentiment did not have to do with the quoted paragraph. I have never written a word about whether we had a right to secede. It would be useless discussion. We join you heartily in the sentiment of one country and one flag because we think it is best. We honor you veterans of the Union army who give us credit for as courageous patriotism as nerved the best of you to face death for your convictions. The paragraph you quote is the truth, and I would not change it as my last assertion.]

The Sterling Price Camp, at Dallas, Texas, has confirmed the appointment, by Commander Storey, of Maj. George S. Fearn as Adjutant of the Camp to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Col. W. L. Thompson.

P. J. Bond, Roseburg, Oregon: Had it not been for a friend in New Mexico, who sent me the VETERAN for one year, I might never have known of your valuable publication. For the back numbers I would pay any reasonable price.

SOLID TESTIMONIALS.

Separate Cards From Nashville Bankers—Eight of Jennings' Graduates In One Bank.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 14, 1893.

I can state with much pleasure that I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings for more than twenty years, both as a wholesale merchant and afterwards as the Principal of Jennings' Business College, and that I esteem him as a gentleman and a business man, and believe that the instruction given the students in his college will be of great benefit to them. The Fourth National Bank now has in its employ eight of the graduates of that school.

SAMUEL J. KEITH.

President Fourth National Bank.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 15, 1893.

I am pleased to state that for many years I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings as one of our best citizens, and as a business man. His Business College, where Bookkeeping is taught, stands as first class. My own son graduated therein, and was afterwards, with other graduates of that school, employed as clerk in the Capital City Bank.

THOMAS FLATER.

President Capital City Bank.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 14, 1893.

I have known R. W. Jennings since 1861, when we were both bookkeepers in the Planters' Bank of Tennessee, and later as a wholesale merchant of the highest integrity, and after this as the Principal of Jennings' Business College. The teller of this bank is a graduate of that school, and so also is one of my sons. I can, therefore, commend it to all those who may desire a practical equipment for the business of life.

EDGAR JONES.

President Union Bank and Trust Co.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 14, 1893.

I take pleasure in stating that I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings, Principal of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, long and intimately as a business man, and believe that the instruction given students in his college will be of great value to them. We now have employed in the American National Bank four of his graduates.

A. W. HARRIS.

Cashier American National Bank.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 14, 1893.

I have known R. W. Jennings since 1865, at which time he was employed as an expert on the books of A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, and afterwards for twenty years I knew him as a wholesale merchant in Nashville, and still later for many years at the head of Jennings' Business College. I consider this one of the best schools of its kind in the United States.

J. N. SPERRY.

President Merchants' Bank.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 14, 1893.

I sent my son to Jennings' Business College, with results highly beneficial to him and satisfactory to me. I therefore commend it unreservedly as a school high standing and of established reputation.

H. W. GRANTLAND.

Cashier First National Bank.

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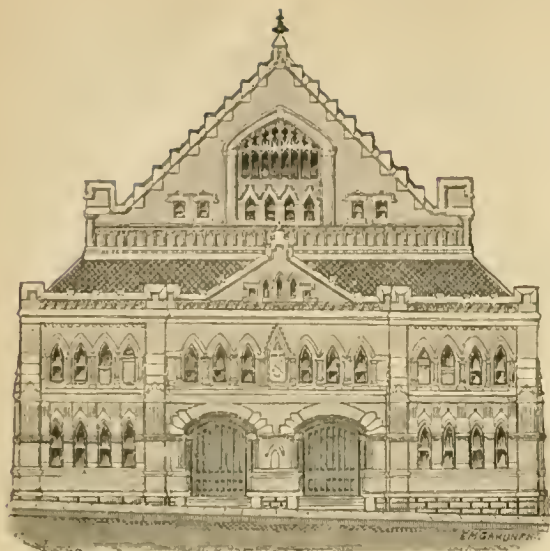
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One of the most charming books about the South is that of "Stonewall Jackson," by his wife. It is handsomely gotten up by one of the first publishing firms in the country. Anxious to benefit the worthy author, I have bought a supply from the publishers, and will send them postpaid to any address at the publisher's price, \$2.

Gen. John M. Harrell's book, "The Brooks and Baxter War," a history of Carpet-bag reign in Arkansas, \$2.

Miss Keller's two books are still supplied at 50 cents each.



THE NASHVILLE TABERNALE.

People interested in Nashville will read with interest a brief notice of its "Union Gospel Tabernacle," erected a few years since, and in use, though not yet complete. Its size is 118x178 feet, a superb brick on elegant stone foundation. The roof is a steel truss and weighs 130 tons, with strength to sustain a railway train. About \$70,000 have been expended already, and \$25,000 will complete it in satisfactory style. This would include a gallery, giving to the Tabernacle room for about 5,000 people. Capt. T. G. Ryman has been the leading man in its construction from the beginning.

It Pays.

It pays to read the papers, especially your own farm paper, for often in this way good business opportunities are brought to your attention. It may be that you wish to secure a bargain in implements, or a situation for one of your boys, or you wish to use your spare time to good advantage; if so, B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., have an advertisement in another column that may interest you.

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"Life and Letters of Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson," by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson. This is an elegant book, being in large, clear type, and printed on very fine paper. \$2.

"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Henry M. Field, D. D. \$1.50. This book comprises a series of letters on the South. Fifty pages are devoted to the battle of Franklin, and the author is especially complimentary to this editor. The closing chapters are on Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

"The Civil War from a Southern Standpoint," by Mrs. Ann E. Snyder. \$1.

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"Hancock's Diary, or History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry. A large octavo book, with many portraits and biographic sketches. The frontispiece is a fine steel engraving of Gen. N. B. Forrest. \$2.50.

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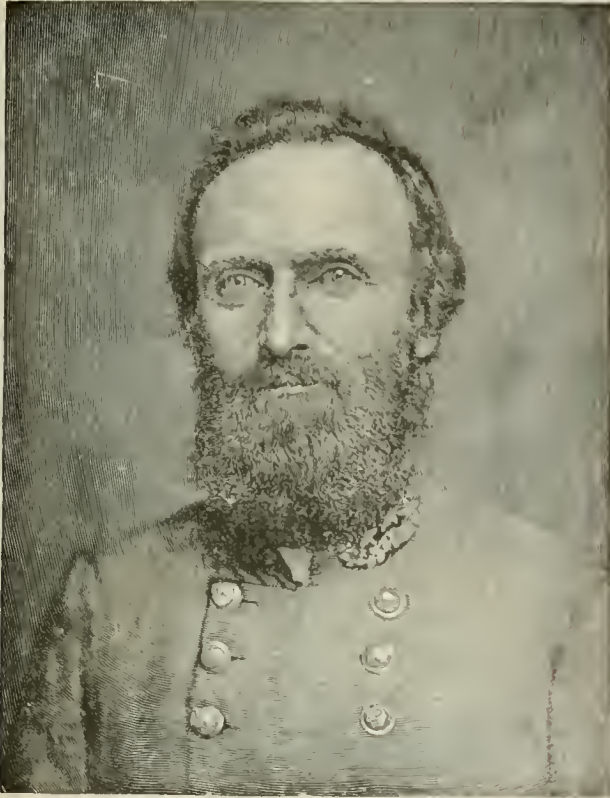
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REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D. D., in a Preface to her book: "Stonewall Jackson was the most picturesque figure in the war. In him there were two men in one; he united qualities that are not only alien to each other, but that seem almost incompatible—military genius of the highest order with a religious fervor that bordered on fanaticism; a union of the soldier and the saint, for which we must go back to the time of Cromwell. In the great operations of war he was silent and uncommunicative; wrapping himself in his reserve as in a military cloak; asking no advice; forming his own plans, which those nearest to him could not penetrate and hardly dared to conjecture, and were disclosed even to his military family only when he gave his orders for the march and the battle. While the world saw only the soldier with a coat of mail over his breast, those who knew him best saw under it a great human heart. * * *

"Filled with such memories, it is but the impulse of loyalty to the dead that she should wish that others should know him whose name she bears as she knew him; that the world should appreciate not only the soldier, but the man; that they should know all the gentleness and the tenderness that were in that

lion heart. * * * We are sure we are that those who have read all the great histories of the war will turn with fresh interest to this simple story, written out of a woman's heart."

GENERAL BRADLEY T. JOHNSON,

PRESIDENT MARYLAND LINE CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATION.

GEN. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, Baltimore, President of the Confederate Association in the State of Maryland, began service as Captain of Company A, First Regiment of Infantry. He was promoted to Major, June 17, '61; to Lieutenant Colonel, July 21, at the battle of Manassas; to Colonel, March 18, '62; and to Brigadier General, June 28, '62. His gallantry was conspicuous in the hardest trials. Stonewall Jackson's report of the Valley Campaign says: * * * "In a short time the Fifty-eighth Virginia became engaged with a Pennsylvania regiment called the 'Bucktails,' when Colonel Johnson, of the First Maryland Regiment, coming up during the hottest period of the fire, charged gallantly into its flank and drove the enemy with heavy loss from the field, and captured Lieut. Colonel Kane, commanding." General Johnson is at the head of the Confederate Association of Maryland, and has done much in time and money for its maintenance.



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J. F. DRAUGHON, President, Nashville, Tenn.

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2-91-21

SITUATIONS SECURED FOR GRADUATES.

GEN. JOHN A. PITE, President. ISAAC LITTON, Treasurer. C. L. RIDLEY, Secretary. E. H. JONES, Physician & Surgeon



TYSON'S NASHVILLE SANITARIUM,

FOR THE CURE OF

ALCOHOL, OPIUM, MORPHINE AND TOBACCO HABITS.

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

PURELY VEGETABLE. NO INJECTIONS.

The Tyson Sanitarium is conducted by as reputable gentlemen as live in Tennessee. The location is in the Cole mansion, centrally located, on the most populous thoroughfare in the city. Read what is said of its treatment:

A Marvelous Cure From Morphine and Whisky.

R. H. PORTER, Nashville, Tenn., October 15, 1893: To Dr. E. H. Jones, Physician in Charge Tyson's Nashville Sanitarium. Dear Doctor—It has been three weeks since you gave me my last dose of morphine, and over a week since you discharged me from the Sanitarium as cured from the opium and whisky habit. It is almost impossible to realize the changed condition of my present existence as compared with that of eight years ago, when I was constantly under the influence of morphine. Then, with the exception of a few weeks at the commencement, night was rendered unpleasant by hideous dreams, and my mind was befogged and under a cloud. Now my sleep at night is quiet and refreshing, and my head as clear as a bell. I am rapidly gaining both in flesh and strength. New blood seems to be infused in my veins. My whole being becomes daily more buoyant with new life, and I feel like a new man altogether.

The commencement of my taking morphine dates back to an amputation performed about eight years ago, when morphine was for a long time administered to me by a physician. As you are aware, when I entered your Sanitarium I was taking from 20 to 25 grains of morphine per day hypodermically. From the very beginning of your treatment I slept well, and during the entire course felt better physically and mentally, and suffered less inconvenience than I did when I was taking the opiate. You withdrew the morphine so gradually, building up the system at the same time, that before I was aware of it I was entirely out from under the influence of the drug. I have no desire for opium, whisky or stimulants of any kind.

After Twenty Years With Morphine.

J. S. HART, 1108 Second Street, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 12, 1893: Ladies, Gentlemen and Fellow-Students of Dr. Tyson's Sanitarium of Nashville—Let me say to you that to day I am one of the happiest men in Nashville or anywhere else. When they can cure a case like mine I know it will cure any one. I am a man fifty years of age, and have been taking morphine for twenty years, and have taken from thirty to fifty grains every twenty-four hours most of that time. Oh,

my God! when I look back over fifteen of those years, I shudder with horror at the misery, trouble and sorrow that I have suffered and have caused to be suffered by my dear wife and children, who have been good and kind to me. Well, I tried every remedy that I could hear of, and spent all the money I could earn trying to cure myself, but found them worthless. I then heard of the great gold cure, which I also tried, but that was the last straw that broke the camel's back, for instead of curing me it came very near killing me. It broke me down mentally and physically; it caused my hair to turn gray within a month after I had taken it. I went down hill steadily until I saw nothing but a wreck. I had got so bad I could neither eat nor sleep. I would start anywhere after something, and before I could get it I would forget what I went after, and would have to go home without it. Well, I had a friend that was cured of the whisky habit by the "Tyson cure," and he said he knew you could cure me, but I did not much believe him. I saw in the paper where Prof. Wharton had analyzed the "Tyson cure," and I went to him. He said to me that it was not a mineral poison, but that it was a vegetable compound well adapted to the purposes claimed for it, and would do me no harm. Then I concluded to try it, and now I thank God that I did, for in the short space of five weeks I was made a new and well man, cured of all desire for morphine, and fully restored from the awful habit. * * *

Any Drunkard Can Be Cured.

JESSE KENNEDY, Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 4, 1893: To Tyson's Nashville Sanitarium. Gentlemen—I took the Tyson treatment for alcoholism in the months of February and March, 1893, and can testify to the merits of the Tyson cure. I don't care how long any man has been addicted to the habit, if he has an honest desire to quit, I know that you can cure him, and that he will suffer no inconvenience or distress. He will commence to improve from the very beginning. I have never had the least desire for whisky since three days after I commenced treatment. For about twenty years I was an "artist" in the business, squandered all I had, and for three years resorted to all the tricks and devices known to the professional drunkard to get just one more drink.

Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.
YEARLY, \$1.

} Vol. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1894.

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

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter
Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, ex-
cept last page. One page, one time, special, \$10. Discount: Half year,
one-issue; one year, one issue. This is an increase on former rate.

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

The date to subscriptions is always given to the month *before* it
ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with Janu-
ary, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber enti-
tled to that number.

THE splendid illustrations of Confederate Home for Maryland were supplied to the VETERAN complimentary. The souvenir volume containing all these and many other pictures, in handsome gray cloth and gold, with a complete roster of the Confederate army and navy from Maryland, can be had on application to W. H. Pope, at Pikesville, to the Commercial Printing Company, in Baltimore, or it will be furnished from this office. Price 50 cents.

THE VETERAN thanks H. M. Miller of West Point, Va., for notice of error in letters by himself and by Comrade Lyon, whereby they are both misquoted in the use of Ransom for RAMSEUR, whose division they referred to in reply to article by Jas. B. Clay, of Kentucky. General Ramseur was killed at Cedar Creek.

J. M. McREARY, Comanche, Texas, gives testimony concerning the malicious treatment of Clayton's men in Arkansas, when ordering General Harrell's book, "The Brooks-Baxter War." Much similar testimony as his might be given. The taking of property and life unjustifiably was a common occurrence.

From a correspondence not in hand at writing the statement was made that William Compton, of Fort Royal, Va., was the soldier who took General Lee's horse by the bridle at the battle of the Wilderness when the soldiers told him to go "to the rear" and they would whip the enemy.

In sending copy of the poem, "Before Richmond," Claudine Rhett, of Charleston, states: "I have never seen it in print in any paper or magazine since I cut it out of the Charleston Mercury in December, 1864." To her are we also indebted for the Earl of Derby's lines to General Lee.

J. F. KYSSAR, of Little Oak, Ala., wants to put a marble slab to his father's grave in the Confederate Cemetery at Chicago. As there is but one grave in the six thousand marked, those who have fathers and brothers there would do well to contribute to inclosing the lot ornamented by a superb monument, after that is paid for.

W. C. COOPER, who has been an active worker in the Pat. Cleburne Camp at Waco, Texas, conceived the idea of placing dismantled cannon at the Confederate Cemetery in Waco, and has pressed the matter with zeal and discretion through Congressman George C. Pendleton. It is stated that a Virginia Camp took up the idea, and was successful in the application, and has secured several old cannon and some cannon balls. Compliance with Mr. Cooper's request would show a worthy spirit, and it would do much good.

THE venerable Mrs. S. C. Gordon Law, of Memphis, remits the increased price of the VETERAN and adds: "If I were not an invalid, having been confined to my home nearly nine months, I would solicit subscribers for you, but at my advanced age, now in my eighty-ninth year, I cannot do more. I show it to all visitors, and try in that way to send you subscribers. Mrs. Law's published "Reminiscences of the War of the Sixties" will furnish readers of the VETERAN some thrilling stories at an early date. She is known as the "Mother of the Confederacy."

THE VETERAN greets most cordially *Echoes of the South*, published at Jacksonville, Fla., and edited by Misses Essie May and Bessie Williams. It is an exquisite historic and biographic publication, and champions specially the Florida Confederate Home. Miss Caroline Love Goodwin is the artist, and the page illustration of the trio of beauties threatens at once proposals for changes of names. *Echoes of the South* recalls, in its elegant typography, the *Semi-Tropical*, published in Jacksonville nearly twenty years ago.

MUCH controversy is had in Congress concerning pension frauds. It is strange that claimants who are receiving their pay regularly, and are entitled to it, should oppose investigation. A worthy pensioner is willing to be investigated every day, and the more careful should he be to have unworthy claimants challenged. Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee, has sought to benefit the worthy by exercising vigilance against those who have secured payments fraudulently. There should be no politics in the question.

A TRUE Southerner at the North, anxious for Confederate literature, says he takes the "Frank Leslie printed at Lexington, Ky.," adding that it recalls to his mind "a stray copy of an illustrated Northern paper which we would occasionally get through the lines during the war."

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN AND SOUVENIR.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

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

Every reader and friend of the VETERAN is solicited to become agent for the Souvenir of its first volume. During 1893 there were many splendid illustrations on the cover and in the body of the VETERAN, all of which are to be republished on fine paper in a volume of one hundred pages. This publication is designed to contain the best articles published during the year, and so condense the other articles as to give in substance all of their most desirable features. This Souvenir is being published to meet a demand which could not be met in the supply of back numbers. It is to be furnished free to all subscribers to the current volume who pay \$1, and will be furnished independently for twenty-five cents. It is very desirable to secure a large number of orders for this Souvenir, and an additional copy will be furnished free to those who procure four subscribers at twenty-five cents each.

Advertisements will be taken supplemental to this volume at \$30 per page, or a quarter page can be had for \$10. Friends of the VETERAN can do it a valued service by inducing advertisers to take space at these rates. The forms are to be stereotyped, and however many editions may be ordered, these advertisements will be good for all without increased price.

ADVERTISEMENTS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

FRIENDS OF THE VETERAN: A multitude of you have shown as zealous and earnest interest in behalf of the VETERAN as could be expected. Your attention has been almost solely to increasing the subscriptions. That is well, but if you had a conception of the extraordinary merit of the VETERAN as an advertising medium, with its circulation of more than ten thousand copies, you would not only do the VETERAN a valued service, but would do general advertisers a favor in commending the VETERAN to them. Try it, please. Since the edition of the VETERAN has become so large the responsibility has increased in proportion, and the dependence upon its friends has in like manner increased. Many of you realize that times are so hard that multitudes who would like the VETERAN do not feel that they can afford it. Remind such of the high benefit that increased patronage will be. If each subscriber would renew and send another, the reputation of the VETERAN would excel any publication in our history in behalf of the South. Therefore, let patriotism induce sacrifice and renewed zeal, that the aggregate strength will arouse universal pride and give the VETERAN such prominence as it should have.

AN official indorsement of the VETERAN comes from the Joseph E. Johnston Camp at Childress, Texas. It is of record, and a copy has been received at this office, signed by E. J. McConnell, Commander, and L. C. Warlick, Adjutant.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is not being sent as a regular exchange in any instance. Its territory covers the area of so many thousands of newspapers that it would be impossible to supply a general exchange. No publication is requested in exchange, but the VETERAN will be sent to any publisher who desires it, and will write a card, with the understanding that its merits will be considered and report made accordingly. Many editors and publishers are regular subscribers. This does not seem fair to them, and payment of subscription is not asked of any editor. All that is wanted is assurance that they are interested in it, and will give attention to it when received, editorially.

SUPPLEMENTAL to the "Call of Comrades to Duty" in this VETERAN these statements are made: Officials should have been criticised nearer as were newspapers. Mr. Johnson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*, writes: "I take pleasure in making the correction you ask. I mail you a copy of the weekly *Courier-Journal* containing this correction in the same department in which the error occurred—the 'Answers to Correspondents.'"

COL. HICKMAN, Secretary, is sending out the sixth annual report of the Association of Confederate Soldiers in Tennessee. The meeting was held in Jackson, October 18th. Anticipation of this report is an apology offered for less notice immediately after the reunion. The hospitality of Jackson was a credit to that people and to the State.

Of the thirty organizations reported twenty contain an aggregate membership of 2,046. The N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, with a large membership, is not included. Besides the Forrest Camp there are fifteen of the thirty Bivouacs members of the United Confederate Veteran Association.

The number of pensioners in Tennessee is 571, 316 of whom are in Middle Tennessee, 141 in West Tennessee, and 114 in East Tennessee.

The Confederate Soldiers' Home at the Hermitage represents an investment of \$68,978.13. Of this fund the State has contributed \$58,125.

Steps were taken, through suggestions of Capt. J. W. Morton, looking to the erection of monuments to Generals B. F. Cheatham and N. B. Forrest. Comrade E. S. Mallory proposed greetings to the Confederate Veteran Association then in session at Dallas, Texas. The greeting was wired to Dallas with the wish that their lives "be lengthened as they have been glorious." The address of the reunion was by Rev. Dr. J. E. Martin, in a eulogy upon Stonewall Jackson. It gratified this great audience, and when the formal address was finished Dr. Martin said, after a pause, "Now I must say more or I will die." Then he gave a peroration that thrilled the multitude.

The neat pamphlet of sixty-six pages contains a vast amount of valuable information. Along with the Veterans the Sons are well attended in the report.

FATHER RYAN'S GRAVE.

In the January number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN there is a statement that Father Ryan's grave is "without even a stone to mark his resting place." This is quite an old story. I here send you a sketch I have made from the "lonely grave" to let the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN know that Father Ryan has not been so neglected. The flowers in the bowl and the nicely clipped grass around the slab show that some one visits the place. Father Ryan has a very handsome monument, though it is not very elaborate, and is of the finest marble. At the base of the cross is inscribed: "Father Ryan; may he rest in peace. Born May 12, 1840; died April 22, 1886." At the head of the slab is a circle, within which is carved the Confederate flag, and beneath is, "Rev. A. J. Ryan, died April 22, 1886. Priest, Patriot and Poet. R. T. P." While on a visit in the North last year I heard the same statement, that Father Ryan's grave was neglected, and as a Mobilian, and a daughter of one of the boys who wore the gray, I felt some pride about the matter, and when I got home I set to work to inform myself on the subject, and found, in the little Catholic Cemetery, this beautiful monument instead of a lonely grave covered with weeds. LULY TOOMER.



CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN TEXAS, AND WHERE THEY ARE FROM.

As a matter of general interest the VETERAN makes this inquiry so as to complete historic records of the Confederate soldiers who now live in Texas. Texas Commanders and Adjutants will please give attention to this report at once, so it may be published as complete as possible in the February VETERAN. See the December VETERAN, page 381. Please fill out report for your Camp below.

LOCATION AND NAME OF CAMP.	Alabama.	Arizona.	Arkansas.	Florida.	Georgia.	Indian Ter.	Kansas.	Kentucky.	Louisiana.	Maryland.	Mississippi.	Missouri.	N. Carolina.	S. Carolina.	Tennessee.	Texas.	Virginia.	West Virg'a.	Miscellaneous.		Total.
																			Unknown.		
Belton—Bell Co. Ex-Confed. Ass'n	78	...	34	2	32	...	...	9	27	...	82	14	6	10	47	279	6	...	...	...	628
Canton—J. L. Hogg Camp	9	...	4	...	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	61	...	...	30	...	116
Coleman—Coleman Camp	8	...	7	1	5	...	...	...	3	...	10	6	2	...	7	90	4	...	...	...	147
Dublin—Erath and Comanche Camp	147	...	72	1	91	1	...	15	24	...	94	39	13	13	70	397	13	...	35	...	1,024
El Paso—Jno. C. Brown Camp	1	1	2	...	1	...	...	1	...	...	4	4	1	1	1	12	5	...	...	...	47
Gainesville—Joseph E. Johnston Camp	8	...	4	1	10	1	...	5	...	3	21	13	6	6	31	65	5	...	30	...	269
Gonzales—J. C. G. Key Camp	9	...	6	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	5	109	4	...	...	...	140
Graham—Young County Blvauac	4	...	3	...	3	...	...	7	1	...	9	8	...	1	11	18	1	...	...	...	66
Grandview—J. E. Johnston Camp	7	...	...	...	3	...	...	...	...	...	5	1	1	...	10	7	...	...	...	...	36
Ladonia—Robert E. Lee Camp	12	2	9	...	10	...	...	1	2	...	11	5	3	3	20	51	3	...	...	...	141
Lampassas—R. E. Lee Camp	16	1	8	...	4	1	1	...	1	...	8	5	2	1	8	74	3	...	...	...	133
Marlin—Willis L. Lang Camp	26	...	7	1	9	...	...	...	4	...	26	12	2	3	9	96	7	...	...	...	192
Mexia—Joe Johnston Camp	27	...	12	...	8	...	...	1	6	1	18	4	3	3	5	59	3	...	...	...	150
Paradise—Pat Cleburne Camp	6	...	3	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	6	2	1	...	6	12	...	...	...	...	86
South Prairie—J. E. B. Stuart Camp	4	...	12	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	...	14	1	...	...	...	26
Tyler—Albert Sidney Johnston Camp	13	...	7	...	8	...	...	3	7	...	...	1	7	5	3	82	6	...	...	...	159
Wills Point—Wills Point Camp	5	...	3	1	3	...	...	1	...	...	2	...	...	...	3	13	1	...	...	...	32

W. A. Sims, Adjutant, Gainesville: Sorry I cannot give you a complete roster—so many registered without giving where from. We have about 600 in our Camp.

There are 1,615 subscribers in Texas at 320 postoffices. Please compare your list with the names at other postoffices. Surely all Camps will become interested in the VETERAN if they can see it. The VETERAN has been made the official organ of many Camps in Texas and in every other Southern State. Various notes are to be added when the list is completed.

Comrades and brothers, why do you delay? Prepaid envelopes with printed blanks, at considerable expense, were sent to every Camp. Let each send statements similar to the above without delay.

GEN. LEE ABOUT TO ENTER BATTLE.

No other circumstance of the war has attracted more attention than the references to Gen. Lee when, in the crisis between defeat and victory, he rode in front of soldiers, ready to lead them in the charge. An old circular comes from Texas with an account of an exhibition in which Lee is reported by the *Galveston News* in the picture as follows: This heroic man, generally so calm and self-contained, flames like an archangel above the wreck of war, and inspires all around him with his own elevated yet steadfast intention.

"GEN. LEE TO THE REAR."

Col. W. L. Goldsmith, Meridian, Miss., writes: The Texan, in last CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is correct, and so were other writers who saw Gen. Lee turned back. All are correct, but, strange to say, no one gives dates. This would correct every thing. I happened to witness both events. One occurred on the 6th of May, 1864, early in the morning, when A. P. Hill was being withdrawn to place Longstreet's corps in position, because of the severe fighting of Hill's Corps on the 5th of May. The Federals, by a strange chance, attacked Hill's Corps while withdrawing, which was thrown into great confusion, and retreated fighting. Longstreet's column was just coming up. Gen. R. E. Lee started to lead them into action to check the wild rush of the Federals. Many of us heard the Texas soldier tell Gen. Lee to go to the rear. I was in a few feet of Gen. Lee for a long time that morning, while trying to rally the retreating Confederates. He was on Old Traveler.

The second occasion occurred just six days thereafter, early on the ever-memorable 12th of May, 1864, when Hancock, by night surprise, had captured the angle occupied by Gen. Johnson, and captured nearly his entire division, with many pieces of artillery. Gen. R. E. Lee again attempted to lead the fresh troops coming up to retake our lost works. I was there, and saw the gallant John B. Gordon remonstrating with Gen. Lee to go to the rear, which he finally did, and Gordon led brigade after brigade against the enemy, my own included, and we recaptured the works in our front and held them all day, and until 10 p. m., when we were withdrawn to form the new line. I remember sending Capt. Perry, of my regiment, back that awful 12th of May, 1864, to tell our artillery to elevate their guns, as their shells were exploding just over us and killing my men. Capt. Perry returned and said, "My God, they are yankee batteries!" At this battle the musketry rolled for twenty hours continuously. So you see this matter, which seems to be in such great confusion, happened twice, and comrades write about each without giving dates, and hence the conflict. I commanded the Fourteenth Georgia Regiment, Thomas' Georgia Brigade, Wilcox's Division, and A. P. Hill's Corps, and saw both occurrences, and all writers nearly are correct.

Capt. R. D. Funkhouser writes from Mauvertown, Va.: The details of the "Lee to the rear" incident are given at the request of W. T. Gass, of Texas. The claims of Alabama and Texas are correct. Their account occurred on the 5th or 6th of May, 1864, at the Wilderness proper. The battle of Spottsylvania, or Horse-shoe, occurred on the 12th of May, fifteen or twenty miles distant.

I was First Lieutenant of Company D, Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry (the famous Extra Billy Smith's old regiment) up to the battle of Spottsylvania. After that I commanded my company, and was captured at Hare's Hill, or Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865, in front of Petersburg, along with one hundred and eleven officers and nineteen hundred men. The Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment was in Gordon's Division, Jackson's old Corps, afterward Early's and Gordon's successively.

General Grant commenced his "on to Richmond" by crossing the Rapidan River, May 4, 1864, the terrible battles of the Wilderness, or Parker's Store, taking place on the 5th and 6th of May. Grant being worsted, he commenced his slide around or flanking policy, only to find General Lee boldly confronting him on the heights at Spottsylvania on the evening of Sunday, the 8th, after a tortuous march through the Wilderness, which was on fire, and burned up to the road on both sides, and in very warm weather too. It had been evident that preparations were being made for a tremendous conflict, and it came. In the meantime the famous horse-shoe and other earthworks were created, and a sortie was made by the enemy on the evening of the 10th on a portion of our works a little to the left of the toe of the horse-shoe, and it was carried, but speedily retaken, with considerable loss on both sides. On that day and the next, the 11th, our brigade, or division, was used as a supporting division, consequently we occupied a position in the rear. On the morning of the 12th we were moved up to the front line, a little to the left of the toe of the horse-shoe, the latter being a thicket. Our position, a small open field, connected with another field a little farther to the rear by a narrow strip of land like an isthmus. We were doubled upon or supported the Louisiana brigade. I said to one of the Louisiana Tigers, "What's the matter here? You've had us waked up before day and brought out of our shelter into the rain." He replied, "We will have the yankees over here directly to take breakfast with us."

It was hardly dawn, and pouring down rain, when Hancock landed his forty thousand men against Johnson's division, in the toe of the horse-shoe, when his thirty-six hundred as brave men as the world ever saw, with its commander, who had won the sobriquet of "Bull" Johnson, were overpowered and captured. We, being immediately on their left, of course the enemy were to pay their respects to us next. A gallant officer sprang out of the ditch and said, "Men, don't be scared; be steady and follow me; I'll take you out." We had not gone more than two hundred yards before we were halted by Col. A. J. Pendleton, who said to me, "Captain, stay here at all hazards till I return," and started for General Ewell's headquarters in a gallop. My attention was called to a thicket which we would either have to pass through or flank around through the little opening already described, and to my horror the yankees were going up an old road at trail arms and double quick to cut us off. I called Colonel Pendleton and pointed toward the yankees. With a motion of his hand he directed us to flank around the thicket, which we did in a hurry, marching within fifty or seventy-five yards of the yankees, who seemed to be forming to charge us. When we got around the thicket and in the second field we came to a halt without any orders from anybody, and on looking around I saw Gen. R. E.

Lee, alone I think, calmly sitting on his gray horse. I said to Capt. J. B. Updike, "Here is General Lee!" He joined me and others in saying, "General Lee to the rear." General Gordon then rode up and said, "General Lee, these are Virginians; they have never failed to do their duty, and they never will, but they don't want you to uselessly expose your life. You go to the rear and they will follow me; won't you, boys?" All echoed "Yes," when Sergt. Wm. A. Compton, who had volunteered at the age of seventeen (he is now Sheriff of Warren County, Va.), took hold of the bridle of General Lee's horse and led him back through the ranks of my company and regiment. General Gordon immediately spurred his horse into the thicket, saying, "Charge! men, follow me!" and in the language of John R. Thompson, the poet,

"Like the waves of the sea
That burst the dykes in the overflow,
Madly the veterans burst on the foe."

Their ranks were torn and their columns riven, the breastworks retaken, and the day was ours. General Lee was reported to have said: "The crisis had come. The army was cut in twain, and I was willing to risk all on the one issue." And he won.

A MOST WORTHY PLEA FOR HELP.

Capt. John M. Sloan, Pontotoc, Miss., Dec. 27, 1893, writes to comrades: I was Captain of Company G, Forty-fifth Mississippi Regiment, Wood's and M. P. Lowry's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division, in our great war. I was fearfully wounded and disabled in the memorable battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. When in command of my company, in front of the enemy's lines, and under a heavy fire of shot and shell, I had the misfortune of having my under jaw, upper teeth, and part of my tongue shot away, and my face terribly mutilated by the explosion of a shell from one of the enemy's guns. Since that time I have had to lie on my back when taking my meals and be fed by others on fluids. I cannot masticate any food whatever. Notwithstanding my unfortunate and irreparable condition, I managed so as to support myself and family for twenty-five years, but am unable to do so longer without assistance.

Comrades, I dislike to beg. I had rather that it was different, but I cannot help it. I received this ugly and unfortunate wound in a just and honorable cause. I did my duty in defending our beloved Sunny Southland, homes, property and firesides. Will you please see to it that myself and family do not suffer for the necessaries of life? I have a wife and two daughters dependent on me for a support, and one of the daughters has been an invalid for the past eighteen years. Please contribute something to our relief, and I assure you that the amount will be gratefully appreciated by us. [Signed], Your comrade, JOHN N. SLOAN.

C. B. Mitchell and Frank Sauter fully indorse the above statement of Capt. J. N. Sloan, and say he is very poor, a good, moral man, a law-abiding citizen, and merits all that can be done for him.

Rev. Chas. H. Otken, Summit, Miss., Jan. 4, 1894: I was the Chaplain of the Forty-fifth Mississippi Regiment. I saw Captain Sloan on the field of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863. Four surgeons pronounced his case hopeless. The chin dangled in front of his breast. The shell made a gash from the outer edge of the right (?) eye to the corner of the mouth. From Sun-

day noon until Tuesday about 2 p. m. no relief was given him—not a drop of water could be given him. I obtained private physicians from Ringgold, Ga. They cut away the chin and sewed the nose to the face. An old physician who had served in the Mexican war, and who saw him, said that he knew of only one man similarly wounded on record. Captain Sloan was frightfully mutilated. For over thirty years he lies down supine three times a day on two chairs and is fed as a child. I have made several efforts for relief in his behalf. To the last, the first response came from Hon. G. F. Rowles, of Natchez—a negro—a representative of Adams County. He sent \$25. The next came from Mrs. Sarah E. Marshall, from Bartow on the Sound, Westchester County, N. Y. She sent \$10 to me through Rev. Dr. Stratton, of Natchez, Miss., and \$10 direct to me from her home. Dear Comrades of the Lost Cause! I know not how to commend my friend to your generous consideration. He is now an old man, has an afflicted family, and is poor. I am sure that as long as there are surviving Confederates who can aid, Captain Sloan ought not to suffer for material comforts. Shall we not let a little sunshine into this dreary home?

Gen. S. D. Lee, Columbus, Miss., Jan., 18, 1894, in official letter: Comrades of the Division, and Unattached Veterans—The inclosed appeal of Comrade John N. Sloan, Forty-fifth Mississippi Regiment, M. P. Lowry's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee, is before you. He has done all he could and supported himself for twenty-five years. Now he calls on us for aid. Let those of us who were spared and were more fortunate now come forward and share our scanty purses and means, as we did our haversacks and canteens during the war. He is now old and cannot help himself. His is an exceptional case. Probably no other such disfiguring and disqualifying wound was received on either side during the war. Let us all, comrades and charitably disposed persons, contribute of our means to this unfortunate soldier, so well vouched for. He was a splendid soldier, and was disabled while fighting for our beloved Southland.

Since receipt of above I learn the State has given Capt. Sloan \$150. Contributions will be accepted for him at this office.

MEDALS FOR CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.—Southerner, Dyersburg, Tenn.: Among my friends is a deserving Confederate veteran who is unable, as a result of a wound received during the war, to earn a living in the ordinary pursuits of life. One day I said to him, "Captain, why don't you apply for a pension; you are entitled to it under the laws of Tennessee." "I do not want it," he replied. "I did not fight for money, but I believe that a medal ought to be issued to each deserving old soldier." This is an idea that I would be glad to see carried into effect. If each Southern State would issue a medal to its honored Confederate veterans, and to the families of the dead who fought to the death, it would do much to keep alive those fires that should burn forever in our hearts. The medals would become precious heirlooms to which each Southerner and Southern family would point with pride, and the holiest principles for which mortals ever fought would still live, and the memories of our glorious heroes would be consecrated in undying love. Could not a movement looking to this end be inaugurated?

ELIGIBILITY TO VETERAN MEMBERSHIP.

Col. Jno. P. Hickman, Secretary of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers, has kindly furnished the VETERAN the following from the Minutes of the meeting held at Jackson. It will show how very strict the Tennessee Division is as to the eligibility of members:

The Secretary read the opinions given by the State Officers as to eligibility of members, in answer to certain questions asked by one of the Bivouacs. Said questions and answers were taken up, and each answer was unanimously indorsed and adopted by the Association. They are in substance as follows:

Question 1. If a Surgeon in the Confederate Army resigned, not from any physical disability, and came home, took the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, and remained within the lines of the Federal forces, would he be eligible to our Association?

Answer. The act of resignation is honorable; but the moment an officer forswears his allegiance to the Government, he loses the honor of his resignation, and can only be classed as having abandoned the country which he swore to support, and cannot become a member of our Association.

Question 2. If a man was discharged from service for sickness the first year of the war, and was afterward able for service and did not re-enter the army, would he be eligible?

Answer. If a soldier was discharged for a real physical disability (sickness, not minority or over-age) under our Constitution he is eligible. Our members should only be men who did their whole duty, without shirking or equivocation.

Question 3. If a soldier joined the army and served one year, and then hired a substitute, came home, took the oath, and remained within the enemy's lines, would he be eligible?

Answer. A man cannot join our Association on the services of a substitute, but the service must have been performed in person, otherwise a man could join on the services of a son who was a minor, for he owned and was as much entitled to the services of his minor son as he was to the services of his substitute. A man's financial ability to hire a substitute did not relieve him of his duty to his country, nor does it make him eligible to our Association.

Question 4. What is meant by "honorably released from service," as appears in the third Article of our Constitution?

Answer. If a soldier was released from one branch of the service to join another, or was released from service to take some civic office which was necessary to the maintenance of his government, or was released on account of some physical disability, not warranting a regular discharge, he would be honorably released. This instance is cited: Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was Colonel of a regiment, and was elected to the Confederate Congress; the records say "he was honorably released from service."

It can readily be seen that if a soldier was fortunate enough to hold a commission, resigned it, went in the lines of the enemy, took the oath of allegiance to the government of the enemy, that was not an honorable release, and such soldiers cannot become members of our Association.

S. S. Meyers, of Jackson County, filed his application with S. S. Stanton Bivouac to become a member. Said application was fully considered by the Bivouac, and it appeared that he had taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government before the surrender of the Confederate Armies. He had never been discharged for a real physical disability. His application was rejected by the Bivouac, and he appealed therefrom to the State Association. Comrade S. F. Wilson moved that the appeal be laid upon the table, as S. S. Myers, never having been a member of the Association, had no right to appeal thereto. Whereupon Capt. W. W. Carnes offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, by the State Association of Confederate Soldiers, that the appeal of S. S. Myers be laid on the table, S. S. Stanton

Bivouac being the sole arbiter and having exclusive jurisdiction in his case. But nothing herein contained shall be construed as in any way abridging the State officers' right to reject members received by the Bivouacs, or to purge Bivouacs of unworthy members.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.

This Camp has an auxiliary membership. The eligibility of members is officially reported as follows:

The immediate descendants and relatives of those who honorably served in the Army, Navy, or Civil Service of the Confederate States of America, and their male relatives, shall be eligible to admission as auxiliary members of the Confederate Veteran Camp, provided they shall have attained the age of twenty-one years.

Auxiliary members are entitled to all the privileges of the Camp, excepting that of voting before attaining the age of twenty-five years, or of holding office or membership in the Executive Committee before attaining the age of thirty-five years. But no auxiliary member shall be eligible to the office of Commander or Lieutenant Commander before attaining the age of forty-five years. Nevertheless, auxiliary members having attained the age of twenty-five years, are eligible to appointment on any or all special or subcommittees.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY OF THIS CAMP.

To foster and encourage co-operation in the charitable, social, and other appropriate works of the Camp, the Executive Committee may authorize the formation of one or more associations of ladies, to be known as "Woman's Auxiliary of the Confederate Veteran Camp," membership therein only to be held by wives or daughters, granddaughters, sisters, nieces, or cousins of those who honorably served in the Army, Navy or Civil Service of the Confederate States of America, or relatives of auxiliary members of the Confederate Veteran Camp. No dues or fees shall be levied by the Camp on such Associations, or the members thereof.

A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT FRANKLIN.—The ladies of Williamson County are engaged in raising funds with which to erect a monument to the memory of Confederate soldiers, the living and the dead. It is their purpose to place it on the Public Square, where it may be seen of all men. We are going to succeed, and will have a monument of which any city would be proud. Some time ago Charles Hills, of Chicago, a Federal soldier who fought here in November, 1864, was on a visit looking over the battle-ground, and heard of this monument undertaking, when he volunteered to give ten dollars toward it. This is one of the many incidents that occurs during life's journey to show us the kinship of men. I don't know what his politics are, and I don't care. I venture to say he is a gentleman of the highest order, and was a brave soldier. H.

Mrs. S. A. A. McCausland, Lexington, Mo., in sending subscription to the VETERAN, says: I want the flags. In the beginning of the "late unpleasantness" I suffered many things because of a refusal to surrender a Confederate flag to a regiment in blue, so now I "even up" by keeping the colors always in sight on my own domain.

Too late for suitable notice comes the announcement that Gen. Lucien B. Northrop, Commissary General of the Confederate States and classmate of Jefferson Davis at West Point, died at the Maryland Confederate Home.

It is well to give in the *VETERAN* notice of the death of Mrs. Jane Washington, mother of Hon. Joseph E. Washington, member of Congress from Tennessee. She was a Miss Smith, of Florence, Ala., and became the second wife of Col. George A. Washington, whose father, Joseph Washington, came from Virginia in 1798. He bought sixty-five acres of land, to which he and his son added by purchase nearly 12,000 acres more. It is doubtless the largest body of improved land ever owned by one family in Tennessee. A magnificent home was built nearly three-quarters of a century ago. Colonel Washington was buried there a little more than a year ago, and now his wife.

During the war, while submitting to legal authorities, Col. Washington determined to resist bands of guerrillas who infested his home, and was given permit by General Rosseau to keep fire-arms in his house. He resisted as many as eight marauders at one time, assisted by two faithful slaves, to whom he gave guns, while young Joseph carried ammunition for him. He shot one of them, and by that means traced some of the others so the authorities secured and executed them. Again he killed a man while taking a horse from one of his stables, who happened to be a soldier. It created a great sensation. Two companies of soldiers went to the house to avenge the death and quarreled about the prey until a regiment arrived for his rescue. Meanwhile one of them shot him a flesh wound, and was about firing again when the faithful wife rushed between them. The coward fired at her, but one of his comrades knocked up the pistol and the ball passed over the heads of them both.

CAPT. THOMAS E. MALLORY, who served four years in the Confederate army, died in Montgomery County, Tenn., February 9th. He was a member of the church and was buried by his brother Masons.

An exchange reports "a big funeral" by the colored people in Jacksonville, Florida, to Dr. A. H. Darnes, colored. The deceased was a prominent Mason. Notice here is given because of his service through the war with Gen. E. Kirby-Smith. Of the many manuscripts that have awaited space in the *VETERAN* there is one from this Dr. Darnes setting forth the noble character of his master.

F. O'Brien, Birwick, La., notes that Comrade James Malcolm was buried February 4th. He was in his 74th year. Adjutant O'Brien adds that the *VETERAN* improves all the time, and says, "I think you will get as many subscribers at \$1 as you would at fifty cents."

Nat. D. Colhoun, who was a member of Company C, Second Louisiana Cavalry, died at his home at Stanton Depot, Tenn., January 19th, aged 54 years.

DELIVERING THE VETERAN IN NASHVILLE.

Effort is being made to change the general postal law in regard to delivery of periodicals in the cities where published. The *VETERAN* weighs about two and a half ounces. Postage upon it is one cent per pound to every place in the United States, and delivered by carrier the same as letters, except in Nashville, where prepayment by postage stamps is required at two cents per copy. The largest magazines are available at the same price. Twelve copies of the *VETERAN* may be delivered throughout the suburbs of the largest cities for what it costs to mail one to a Nashville subscriber. By the liberal favor to publishers of books the Department sends all that are admitted as second-class matter at one cent for four ounces, yet the *VETERAN* (as other small monthlies), entitled to the general mail at one cent per pound, must pay *two cents per copy* in the city of publication. Mr. Washington, Representative of the Nashville District in Congress, has a bill before the House for a change in the law. Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama, Member, and Gen. Bate, of Tennessee, Senator, are co-operating with Mr. Washington in behalf of a change whereby periodicals of four ounces and less may be mailed for one cent. Appeal for favorable consideration has been made to Postmaster General Bissell, who manifests satisfactory interest in it. This publication explains to the hundreds of subscribers in Nashville whose copies of the *VETERAN* are not promptly delivered as they should be.

REV. C. G. REAGAN, of Itasca, Texas, in his missions of peace, forgot that he left with Mr. T. J. Glascock, of Marshall, Texas, his sword about the close of the war. Thomas Brooks, editor of the *Washington County Review*, printed a letter about it, and Rev. Mr. Reagan secured the sword. It was presented to him by Col. J. R. Pettigrew.

THE next *VETERAN* is to contain an elaborate history of postage stamps made in Confederate times. There are about forty illustrations to be in the sketch referring to many curious characteristics about them.

A CONFEDERATE Camp was organized at Pikeville, Tenn., January 19th, and named in honor of Col. H. M. Ashby, who commanded the Second Tennessee Confederate Cavalry. L. T. Billingsley was chosen Commander, and Z. M. Morris, Adjutant. Another meeting to perfect the organization is to be held on the 17th of February.

John W. Pooser, Marianna, Fla.: Inclosed find \$2 for renewals. We have been reading the *VETERAN* now for twelve months, have become much attached to it and can't do without it.

Geo. E. Hardwicke, Sherman, Texas, February 12th, in sending \$5 for five subscribers, states: All you lack of getting one hundred subscribers here in Sherman is somebody to rustle for them. I simply mentioned the paper and they immediately subscribed.

COMMENTS OF COMRADES.

H. R. Hill, Comanche, Texas: * * * And besides, I never wrote any thing for publication in my life. I regard Forrest as the greatest cavalry officer in our war. I firmly believe had Stonewall Jackson lived and been given 50,000 infantry, and Forrest given 15,000 cavalry, they would have wiped the thing out and "carried the war into Africa," instead of standing on the defensive and being worn out, as we were. I belonged to Ross' Brigade, and was under Van Dorn until he was killed. After this we were sent back to Mississippi, and covered the gloomy retreat of Joseph E. Johnston from Big Black to Jackson, and afterward went to Georgia and skirmished for Johnston's left from Rome to Atlanta. We were at New Hope and Jonesboro, and captured McCook and Brownlow's outfit at Newnan, and followed Kilpatrick down to Lovejoy. * * * The description of the Confederate soldier by Mr. Baskette, in December VETERAN, was a very fine production. He must have been one of them. I was well pleased with the letter of Mrs. Sarah E. Brewer, some time ago. God bless her, she has my permission to have her say, as she called it. I wish you good success. Don't let your journal get into the hands of a cold-blooded mob north of Mason and Dixon's line, and my opinion is it will flourish. Mind you, I have not written this for publication.

Wm. C. Timmins, of Houston, Texas, hopes to locate a sword presented to his uncle, Lieut. Col. Wm. C. Timmins, of the Second Texas Regiment, when he first left to join the Confederate Army as Captain of a company raised in Houston. It was appropriately engraved, and had his name inscribed thereon. Col. Timmins was wounded during the siege of Vicksburg, and died soon afterward in Vicksburg, and is buried at Houston, Texas. I am pretty certain that the yankees did not get it, but some Confederate officer brought it away from Vicksburg.

John W. Rogers, manufacturer of fine carriages, Baltimore, writes an earnest commendation of the VETERAN with his left hand. He lost his right arm in the battle of Gettysburg, in Company C, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

James D. Odom, Boz, Texas: Go on, sir, with your noble work, and may the God of our beautiful Southland bless you and all worthy ex-Confederate soldiers. One dollar is quite reasonable for the VETERAN. Let us have it, that we children may know more of our fathers' experiences during those stormy days.

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: I wish I could write for the VETERAN Gen. S. D. Lee's speech to us last night. He gave incidents of the war, illustrating the daring and valor of the Southern soldiers, and he said, in the course of his remarks, that as time passes history will recognize the sublime courage of the Southern soldiers. He told of seeing a company of boys, about 125 strong, in which there were none except the officers 21 years old, go into battle to support artillery at Sharpsburg, and that although about twenty-five of the boys were shot dead from the ranks they faltered not.

George N. Ratliff, Huntsville, Mo.: * * * By the way, I am coming back to Franklin to visit again that battle-field. There are 140 Missourians buried there, and I knew them every one. I was with them for nearly four years.

W. A. C., Columbus, Miss.: Let each Camp have a visiting card, to give to any member who is traveling, signed by the Commander and Adjutant, stating that he is a member in good standing. Any man can buy one of the Confederate buttons and pass as a veteran. We intend to do this in our Camp, and a notice in the VETERAN may induce other Camps to adopt the plan. It will at least bring out a discussion of the matter, and may lead to something better. Our regulation button, as you know, can be bought in many places of jewelers, and by any one, as Captain Shipp's plan of having the button copyrighted has not so far been successful.

Rev. Thomas M. Cobb, Lexington, Mo.: I am delighted with the VETERAN. Success to you. I was a member of Company H, Second Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., Senator Cockrill's old regiment and company. I was severely wounded at the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, and sent to the hospital at Barnsville, Ga., where I lay with wound and gangrene for two months. My nurse was a Mr. Elder, a wounded and disabled soldier from Tennessee. My recollection is he lived in or near Murfreesboro. If he is living I would like to hear from him, and would take it as a great favor if any one would inform me about him. I hope to give you some incidents interesting and thrilling soon.

C. J. Holt, Haley, Tenn.: It does my soul good to read of the daring deeds of those heroes who donned the gray and kept step to strains of martial music made from such airs as "Maryland, My Maryland," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or the soul-stirring strains of "Dixie." The proudest heritage I claim is my birthright in the sunny Southland, and the son of a Confederate veteran who tramped the hot sands of Virginia and other Southern States four long years.

Messrs. P. L. Smithson and J. L. Gee, of Williamson County, Tenn., have a very pleasant recollection of Gen. John C. Breckinridge at Shiloh. It was on Tuesday after the fighting of Sunday and Monday. They had been sent early on detail for some guns, and while in execution of the order they were met by General Breckinridge, who asked what command they belonged to, and on being told, he said, "Soldiers, you seem to have had a bad night"—they were wet from the excessive rains—"and I expect have not had any breakfast." They promptly responded that they had not. "Neither have I," said the General, "but I have two biscuits. I will give one to you two and divide the other with my Aide." They will ever remember the courtesy and kindness of the eminent Kentuckian.

Capt. B. M. Hord, Nashville, Tenn., desires to know of Ed Moore, of the Washington Artillery, who shared bed blankets with him at Rock Island, Ill.

R. R. Hancock, Auburn, Tenn., desires the address of any members of the Second Missouri Cavalry.

James Archer, Stanton, Miss., would like to know what became of the three staff officers of Gen. Bushrod Johnson—Snowden, Blakemore, and Black.

A. J. Cowart, of Little Oak, Ala., wants the address of Spotswood Garland, who was Captain of Company G, Sixty-third Alabama Infantry. He was wounded and captured in the battle of Blakely, (?) April 9, 1865.

R. H. Phelps, Esq., LaGrange, Texas: Send me the old list of subscribers, giving date when subscription expires, and I will try to get them to renew.



MARYLAND LINE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

THE January VETERAN contained quite a thorough account of the Confederate cause in Maryland with reference to the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikeville, a small village eight miles from Baltimore, which is reached by splendid driving roads and by electric cars. The command of the Home is intrusted to W. H. Pope, who was a gallant Confederate soldier, and whose whole heart is enlisted for its success. He has been zealous for the VETERAN from the first. The total expenses of the Home at the last annual report, September, 1893, were \$38,195. Of this sum the State has contributed \$27,500. The Maryland Line created the influences whereby the Home was established.

The superb record made by soldiers from Maryland in the Confederate Army is attributable mainly to the First and Second Regiments Infantry, the First and Second Regiments Cavalry, the First, Second, Third and Fourth Companies of Artillery, numbering in the aggregate about four thousand men. From the beginning, at Harper's Ferry, in 1861, to the end at Appomattox in 1865, "they

maintained the same high character and bearing, and the record of their deeds is held in veneration and affection." All honor to Maryland Confederates.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE HOME.



INTERIOR OF COURTYARD, MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

OCCURRENCES AT LEE'S SURRENDER.

Col. Charles Marshall of Baltimore, delivered an address in that city January 19th, the birthday of Gen. Lee, in which he described graphically the great surrender at Appomattox. His large audience comprised many members of Congress who had gone over from Washington. On the platform, in addition, were Cardinal Gibbons, Gen. Wade Hampton, and other distinguished visitors. The twin daughters of Gen. Hood were there with their chaperon. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson introduced Col. Marshall as "the right hand of Lee," and who was with him in the last hours of an expiring tragedy. Col. Marshall was received with great applause. Part of his address follows:

When old soldiers and sailors meet to talk about the war, it must be admitted that they sometimes forget the reverence due the divinity commonly spoken of as the Goddess of Truth. This tendency to exaggerate and invent in describing events that excite great interest, and particularly such as appeal to the feelings and passions of men, makes itself felt long after the events have occurred, and impairs the value of history. We do not yet know with certainty the facts of the battle of Waterloo. As to Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, although I witnessed both, I sometimes think, in view of the absolutely irreconcilable accounts we have of those two engagements, a Bishop Whately might readily create historic doubts as to whether either was, in fact, fought. It was my duty during the latter half of the war, to prepare the reports of Gen. Lee under his directions, and one of the most difficult things I had to do was to reconcile the many conflicting accounts of the same affair submitted by commanding officers. Much of the confusion and contradiction of statement made by narrators or writers of historic inci-

dents is due to the fact that the narrators of such things do not always confine themselves strictly to the statement of what they did themselves, but are much disposed to include in their reports what they think was done or omitted to be done by others. At the battle of Fredericksburg, for instance, fighting took place on the right and left of the Confederate army, its center not having been engaged at all. Gen. Longstreet, on the Confederate left, had repulsed the repeated attacks made upon the troops posted at the foot

of Marye's Hill, and Gen. Jackson had repulsed the assault made on our right near Hamilton's Crossing. The distance between the two scenes of combat was between three and four miles. In the afternoon I came across Gen. D. H. Hill, of Jackson's Corps, who thought his wing had been doing all the fighting, while the left had not been engaged at all. Nearly fifteen hundred Federal dead lay in front of Marye's Hill, and Gen. Hill did not know that there had been any fighting there.

With this full knowledge of this tendency to error, I now come to present to you, as accurately as I can, the facts of the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox, about which you have asked me to talk to you on this occasion, when we are met to celebrate his birthday. I know of no other event in his life which more strongly illustrates some of the great qualities that adorned the character of our great chieftain.

I shall begin my narrative with the opening of the



RESIDENCE OF COMMANDANT W. H. POPE, MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.



MEMORIAL HALL AND LIBRARY, MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

correspondence between Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant. After the disaster of Sailor's Creek, the army, reduced to two corps, under the command of Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Gordon, moved through Farmville, where rations were issued to some of the starving troops. The close pursuit of the overwhelming army of Gen. Grant made it necessary to remove the wagon trains before all the men could be supplied, and the remnant of the great Army of Northern Virginia, exhausted by fighting and starvation, moved in the road to Appomattox Court House. On the afternoon of the 7th of April Gen. Grant sent to Gen. Lee the first letter, so well known to readers of history, pointing out the hopelessness of longer continuing the struggle, and asking the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. Gen. Lee, you remember, replied, disagreeing with Gen. Grant's view of the hopelessness of the struggle, but inquiring the conditions of surrender Gen. Grant might offer. The next day, April 8, Gen. Grant replied, "Peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I insist upon—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arrang-

ing definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

It will be observed that Gen. Grant, in this letter, manifested that delicate consideration for his great adversary which marked all his subsequent conduct toward him. He offered to have the terms of the capitulation arranged by officers to be appointed for the purpose by himself and Gen. Lee, thus sparing the latter the pain and mortification of conducting personally the arrangements for the surrender of his army.

When Lord Cornwallis opened his correspondence with Gen. Washington, which ended in

the surrender at Yorktown, his lordship proposed that two officers be appointed on each side to arrange terms of surrender. This letter, and Cornwallis' subsequent declination to attend the ceremony of the surrender of his army, deputizing Gen. O'Hara to represent him, showed that he shrunk from sharing with his army the humiliation of surrender. Gen. Grant offered Gen. Lee an opportunity to avoid the trial to which the British commander felt himself unequal. But Gen. Lee was made of different stuff. It is not without interest to recall what Gen. Lee's father, Light Horse Harry Lee, in writing of this episode, said that there was nothing with which Cornwallis could reproach himself nor his brave and faithful army, and by failing to appear at its head in the day of misfortune, as



MESS HALL—"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW."



ENTRANCE TO LOUDON PARK CEMETERY, BALTIMORE.

he had always done in the day of triumph, the British General dimmed the splendor of his long and brilliant career. Little did the father think when he wrote these words that he was marking the arduous path of duty along which his son was one day to be called upon to walk. That son was worthy of such a father and of such teaching. As I said on another occasion of Gen. Lee's conduct through the pain and humiliation of his position, his great career about to close in defeat, and all that he had done about to be made unavailing, he saw the path of duty, and he trod it with as firm a step and as brave a heart and as lofty a mein as if it had been the way of triumph.

The march was continued during the 8th of April with little interruption from the enemy, and in the evening we halted near Appomattox Court House, Gen. Lee intending to march by way of Campbell Court House through Pittsylvania County toward Danville, with a view of opening communication with the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before Gen. Sherman through North Carolina. Gen. Lee's purpose was to unite with Gen. Johnston to attack Sherman, or call Johnston to his aid in resisting Grant, whichever might be found best. The exhausted troops were halted for rest on the evening of the 8th of April near Appomattox Court House, and the march was ordered to be resumed at 1 o'clock A. M. I can convey a good idea of the condition of affairs by telling my own experience.

When the army halted on the night of the 8th, General Lee and his staff turned out of the road into a dense wood to seek some rest. The General had a conference with some of the principal officers, at which it was determined to try to force our way the next morning with the troops of Gordon, supported by the cavalry under Gen. Fitz. Lee, the command of Longstreet bringing up the rear. Afterward we laid upon the ground near the road, with our saddles for pillows, our horses picketed near by, eating the bark from the trees for want of better provender, our faces covered with the capes of our overcoats to keep out the night air.

After 1 o'clock I was aroused by the

sound of a column of infantry marching along the road. We were so completely surrounded by the swarming forces of General Grant, that at first when I awoke I thought the passing column might be Federal soldiers. I raised my head and listened intently. My doubts were quickly dispelled. I recognized these troops as they passed along the road in the dead of night by hearing one of them repeat the Texan version of a passage of Scripture with which I was familiar—I mean the Texan version. That version was as follows:

"The race is not to them that's got
The longest legs to run;
Nor the battle to that people
That shoots the biggest gun."

This simple confession of faith assured me that the immortal brigade of Hood's Texans was marching to battle in the dark.

Soon after they passed we were all astir, and our bivouac was at an end. We made our simple toilet, consisting mainly of putting on our caps and saddling our horses. Somebody had a little corn meal, and somebody else had a tin can, such as is used to hold hot water for shaving. A fire was kindled, and each man in his turn, according to rank and seniority, made a can of corn meal gruel, and was allowed to keep the can until the gruel became cool enough to drink. General Lee, who reposed, as we had done, not far from us, did not, as far as I remember, have even such a refreshment as I have described. This was our last meal in the Confederacy. Our next was taken in the United States, and consisted mainly of a generous portion of that noble American animal whose strained relations with the great Chancellor of the German Empire made it necessary at last for the President of the United States to send an Ohio man to the court of Berlin.

General Gordon had already begun the attempt to open the way, but informed General Lee that it was impossible to proceed farther. General Lee had already written to General Grant, stating: "I cannot meet you with a view to surrender the Army of



CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN LOUDON PARK CEMETERY, BALTIMORE

Northern Virginia; but, so far as your proposal may affect the Confederate Southern forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M., to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies." No reply to this letter had been received on the morning of the 9th, and General Lee, attended by myself and with one orderly, proceeded down the old stage road to Richmond to meet General Grant, and while riding to the rear for this purpose he received the message of General Gordon that his advance was impossible without reinforcements. We rode through the rear guard of the army, composed of the remnant of Longstreet's corps. They had thrown up substantial breastworks of logs across the roads leading to the rear, and cheered General Lee as he passed in the way they had cheered many a time before. Their confidence and enthusiasm were not one whit abated by defeat, hunger and danger. As soon as General Lee received the report of General Gordon as to the state of affairs in front, he directed that officer to ask for a suspension of hostilities, and proceeded at once to meet General Grant.

General Lee, with an orderly in front bearing a flag of truce, had proceeded but a short distance after passing through our rear guard when we came upon the skirmish line of the enemy advancing to the attack. I went forward to meet a Federal officer, who proved to be Lieutenant Colonel Whittier. Colonel Whittier delivered to me General Grant's reply to General Lee's letter of April 8th, declining to discuss the terms of a general pacification, on the ground that General Grant possessed no authority to deal with the subject. General Lee immediately sent a letter requesting an interview for the purpose of arranging the terms of surrender. There were indications that the advance of the Federals would soon get into a brush with our troops, and I expressed to Colonel Whittier the hope that the hostilities would be suspended until the letter reached General Grant. Colonel Whittier soon afterward reported that an attack had been ordered, but General Meade, upon learning the nature of the note sent General Grant, assumed the responsibility of suspending hostilities for one hour. I have said that as General Lee passed through his rear guard the men cheered him as of old. They were the flower of the old Army of Northern Virginia, and I felt quite sure that if the officer commanding the advancing Federal troops should consider himself bound by his orders to refuse my request for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee's letter could reach General Grant, the rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia would secure all the time necessary.

Colonel Babcock, of General Grant's staff, soon appeared with the reply to General Lee's note. He and I then rode to Appomattox Court House to secure a suitable room for the meeting. This we found in the house of a Mr. McLean, who had moved there from the battle-field of Bull Run to get out of the way of the war.

General Lee, Colonel Babcock and myself sat in the parlor of this house for about half an hour, when a large party of mounted men arrived, and in a few minutes General Grant came into the room, accompanied by his staff and a number of Federal officers of rank, among whom were General Ord and General Sheridan. General Grant greeted General Lee very civilly, and they engaged for a short time in conversa-

tion about their former acquaintance during the Mexican war. Some other Federal officers took part in the conversation, which was terminated by General Lee saying to General Grant that he had come to discuss the terms of the surrender of his army, as indicated in his note of that morning, and he suggested to General Grant to reduce his proposition to writing. General Grant assented, and Colonel Parker, of his staff, moved a small table from the opposite side of the room, and placed it by General Grant, who sat facing General Lee. When General Grant had written his letter in pencil, he took it to General Lee, who remained seated.

General Lee read the letter, and called General Grant's attention to the fact that he required the surrender of the horses of the cavalry as if they were public horses. He told General Grant that Confederate cavalrymen owned their horses, and that they would need them for planting a spring crop. General Grant at once accepted the suggestion, and interlined the provision, allowing the retention by the men of the horses that belonged to them. At the direction of our superior officers, Colonel Parker made a copy of this letter in ink, and I wrote out General Lee's acceptance, both of us using my small pocket inkstand. In the midst of this work General Grant, who was talking with General Lee, turned to General Sheridan and said, "General Lee tells me that he has some 1,200 of our people prisoners, who are sharing with his men, and that none of them have anything to eat. How many rations can you spare?" General Sheridan replied, "About twenty-five thousand." General Grant turned to General Lee and said, "General, will that be enough?" General Lee replied, "More than enough." Thereupon General Grant said to General Sheridan, "Direct your commissary to send twenty-five thousand rations to General Lee's commissary." General Sheridan at once sent an officer to give the necessary orders.

When Colonel Parker had completed the copying of General Grant's letter, I sat down at the same little table and wrote General Lee's answer. I have yet in my possession the original draft of that answer. It began: "I have the honor to acknowledge." General Lee struck out these words and made the answer read as it now appears. His reason was that the correspondence ought not to appear as if he and General Grant were not in immediate communication. When General Grant had signed the copy of his letter made by Colonel Parker, and General Lee had signed the answer, Colonel Parker handed me General Grant's letter, and I handed to him General Lee's reply, and the work was done. Some further conversation of a general nature took place, in which General Grant said to General Lee that he had come to the meeting as he was, and without his sword, because he did not wish to detain General Lee until he could send back to his wagons, which were several miles away. This was the only reference made by any one to the subject of dress on that occasion. General Lee had prepared himself for the meeting with more than usual care, and was in full uniform, wearing a very handsome sword and sash. This was, doubtless, the reason of General Grant's reference to himself.

At last General Lee took leave of General Grant, saying that he would return to his headquarters and designate the officers who were to act on our side in arranging the details of the surrender. We mounted our horses, which the orderly was holding in the yard,

and rode away, a number of Federal officers standing on the porch in front of the house looking at us. When General Lee returned to his line a large number of men gathered around him, to whom he announced what had taken place, and the causes that had rendered the surrender necessary. Great emotion was manifested by officers and men, but love and sympathy for their commander mastered every other feeling.

According to the report of the chief of ordnance, less than 8,000 armed men surrendered, exclusive of the cavalry. The others who were present were unarmed, having been unable to carry their arms from exhaustion and hunger. Many had fallen from the ranks during the arduous march, and unarmed men continued to arrive for several days after the surrender, swelling the number of paroled prisoners greatly beyond the actual effective force.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

Tread lightly, 'tis a soldier's grave,
A lonely, mossy mound;
And yet to hearts like mine and thine
It should be holy ground.

Speak softly, let no careless laugh,
No idle, thoughtless jest,
Escape your lips where sweetly sleeps
The hero in his rest.

For him no reveille will beat
When morning beams shall come;
For him, at night, no tattoo rolls
Its thunders from the drum.

* * * * *

Tread lightly! for a man bequeathed,
Ere laid beneath this sod,
His ashes to his native land,
His gallant soul to God.

BEFORE RICHMOND.

[From the British Army and Navy Review, December, 1864.]

"Grant will hurl a thunderbolt
At the heart of the revolt;"
We shall see!
Other men have tried and failed,
Other men have bleached and quailed,
Forcing Lee.

What though Jackson, dear to God,
Lies beneath the battle sod,
Dark and cold?
What though Stewart in earth is laid;
He who won in rapid raid
Spurs of gold?

Longstreet in his anguish lies;
Tears are making soldiers' eyes
Strangely dim;
And we hold our breath and say,
"Does Death's angel come this way,
Seeking him?"

For the Lord of Hosts, who gave
These great men our land to save,
Knoweth best.
We to the last man shall fight,
Doing battle for the right—
His the rest.

On, then, Grant; we see the gray,
Kill your myriads that ye may
Crush the free!
But there are great deeds to do,
Ere your mercenary crew
Passes Lee. —Mortimer Collins.

CONFEDERATE DISASTER AT NASHVILLE.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM COL. W. D. GALE TO HIS WIFE
AFTER HOOD'S DEFEAT BEFORE NASHVILLE.

HEADQUARTERS STEWART'S CORPS, TUPELO, MISS.,
January 19, 1865.—I now resume my story, and will give you some account of our doings in front of Nashville. We left Franklin on the second day after the fight and moved on toward Nashville, our army in mourning. When we got to John Overton's place I saw some ladies by the roadside in high excitement, and on riding up found them to be Mary Bradford, Miss Maxwell, Miss May, Misses Becky Allison, Mary Hadley and Buck Correy. Mary Hadley was married to Maj. Clare, of the Staff of Gen. Hood, and was left behind after her three days' honeymoon. Our corps then moved across to the Granny White Pike, through Mr. Lea's place, and went to Mrs. Johns' house and established headquarters there. Our first line was from the Franklin Pike, near Mr. Vaulx's, along the ridge in front of father's, by Montgomery's house (burned some time ago), across to the Hillsboro Pike, near Mr. Rains'. This corps on the left, Lee in center, and Cheatham on the right, extending over toward and near to the Murfreesboro pike. We remained thus for two days, entrenching and building redoubts on our left. The yanks were in line, plain in view along the high ridge just back of Mr. Lawrence's and in front of Mrs. Acklin's.

There was a force under Rousseau holding Murfreesboro which Gen. Hood was anxious to capture. He detached the most of Forrest's Cavalry and Bate's Division to that work, but they failed. Bate was then ordered back, leaving Forrest. Here we remained watching each other and entrenching as hard as we could until the morning of the 15th of December. On that morning about 9 o'clock it was reported to me that the enemy were advancing in heavy force on the Hillsboro pike and in front of Gen. Loring. Generals French and Walthall had their troops in bivouac along the east side of the Hillsboro Pike ready to move. I informed Gen. Stewart, who mounted and rode to the point, leaving me to keep my office open and send dispatches. I had a signal station, and sent dispatches to Generals Hood, Lee and Cheatham, and received others. In a short time the firing began and grew heavier as the enemy advanced. It was soon perceived that his main attack would be here, as his whole army appeared to be in our front. * * * They then stormed and took redoubt 5, our forces being entirely too small to keep them back. The reinforcements sent to us did not arrive in time. Walthall's troops, stationed along the pike in front of these works, were then driven in and the enemy were in the rear of Gen. Loring, which, of course, compelled him to fall back, as did the whole of our line, until dark. I remained in my office until the yankees advanced to within three hundred yards. I then mounted and made my escape through the back yard with my clerks and joined Gen. Stewart in front of Mr. Plater's, where Gen. Sears lost his life very near me. * * * As our men fell back before the advancing yankees Mary Bradford ran out under heavy fire and did all she could to induce the men to stop and fight, appealing to them and begging them, but in vain—Deas' brigade

was here. Gen. Hood told me yesterday that he intended to mention her courageous conduct in his report, which will immortalize her. The men seemed utterly lethargic and without interest in the battle. I never witnessed such want of enthusiasm, and began to fear for to-morrow, hoping that Gen. Hood would retreat during the night, cross Duck River, and then stop and fight; but he would not give it up. However, he sent all his wagons to Franklin, which prepared the men still more for the stampede of the next day. * * * The enemy adapted their line to ours, and about 9 A. M. began the attack on Cheatham, trying all day to turn him and get in his rear. They succeeded about 2 or 3 P. M. in gaining the pike behind the gap, and in crossing got in the rear of Gen. Stewart's headquarters, which were on the side of the knob looking toward Nashville. We could see the whole line in our front—every move, advance, attack and retreat. It was magnificent. What a grand sight it was! I could see the Capitol all day, and the churches. The yanks had three lines of battle everywhere I could see, and parks of artillery playing upon us and raining shot and shell for eight mortal hours. I could see nearly every piece in our front, even the gunners at work. They made several heavy assaults upon Gen. Lee's line near John Thompson's, and one in front of Mrs. Mullins'. At length, having gained our rear, about 4 P. M. they made a vigorous assault upon the whole line right and left. Bate gave way, and they poured over in clouds behind Walthall, which, of course, forced him to give way, and then by brigades the whole line from left to right. Lee held on bravely awhile longer than the center and left.

Here was a scene which I shall not attempt to describe, for it is impossible to give you any idea of an army frightened and routed. Some brave effort was made to rally the men and make a stand, but all control over them was gone, and they flatly refused to stop, throwing down their guns and, indeed, every thing that impeded their flight, and every man fled for himself.

Reynolds' Brigade was ordered to go to the right just before the rout began, and got to where I was when I halted it and got the General to form it in line across the point of the knob just in the path of the flying mass, hoping to rally some men on this and save the rest by gaining time for all to come out of the valley. *Not a man would stop!* The First Tennessee came by, and its Colonel, House, was the only man who would stop with us, and finding none of his men willing to stand, he, too, went on his way. As soon as I found all was lost, and the enemy closing in around us, I sent a courier to Gen. Stewart, who had gone to Gen. Hood's headquarters in the rear of Lea's house, to inform him of the fact, that he might save himself. This courier was mortally wounded, and left at Franklin. Finding the enemy closing in around us, and all indeed gone, I ordered the couriers and clerks who were there to follow me, and we rode as fast as we could to where I thought Gen. Stewart and Gen. Hood were. They were gone, and in their places were the yankees. I turned my horse's head toward the steep knobs and spurred away. It was the only chance of escape left. The first place I struck the hill was too steep for any horse to climb, and I skirted along the hills hoping to find some place easier of ascent, but none seemed to exist. Finally I reached a place not so steep, and in the midst of thousands of

retreating soldiers I turned my horse's head for the ascent, resolved to try it. The bullets began to come thick and fast. Now, I found my saddle nearly off, and was forced to get down, but on I went on foot. All along the poor, frightened fellows were crying out to me, "Let me hold on to your stirrup, for God's sake." "Give me your hand and help me, if you please." Some were wounded, and many exhausted from anxiety and over-exertion. On I struggled until I, too, became exhausted and unable to move. By this time the enemy had gotten to the foot of the hill and were firing at us freely. What was I to do? I twisted my hand in my horse's mane and was borne to the top of the hill by the noble animal, more dead than alive. I was safe, though, and so were my men. We descended the southern slope and entered the deep valley, whose shades were darkened by approaching night. The woods were filled with our retreating men. I joined the crowd and finally made my way to the Franklin Pike, where I found Gen. Stewart, who was much relieved, for I had been reported as certainly killed or captured. All night long we fled. The Harpeth was crossed and a few hours of rest allowed, when we started on for Columbia, then Pulaski, and then Bainbridge, four miles above Florence. Every mind was haunted by the apprehension that we did not have boats enough to make a bridge. On we marched, through ice and rain and snow, sleeping on the wet ground at night. Many thousands were barefooted, actually leaving the prints of blood upon the ground, as the enemy pressed us in the rear. When we left the pike at Pulaski we had an awful road, strewn with dead horses and mules, broken wagons, and worse than all, broken pontoons. We counted, as we passed them, one, two, three, to fifteen.

Thus we toiled on, till Christmas day, cold, drizzly and muddy we camped on the bank of Shoal Creek, and our corps formed line of battle to protect the rear and let all cross, if the bridge could be made. Roddy had captured the enemy's pontoons at Decatur, and they were floated down over the shoals. The bridge was made and the crossing began. Then came the fight with the gun-boats, which tried to destroy our bridge. They were driven back and we crossed. "All is well that ends well." Every wagon, every cannon, every horse, every mule, the hogs, bees, cavalry, infantry, and finally every scout crossed over. The retreat continued to this place, and here we are, daily expecting orders. There were many things in this memorable campaign never to be forgotten. I shall never forget the passage of Duck River—Washington crossing the Delaware was insignificant.

I wish I could send you something, my darling, but you know I have no means. I do not despair, but hope to send you and the little fellows a few things some of these days.

General Hood has been relieved and Taylor is in command. What next?

Jno. W. Dyer, Sturgis, Ky.: Allow me to express my appreciation of the not crumbs, but solid, square meals of satisfaction I have enjoyed by reason of the VETERAN for the year past. May the good Lord prosper the VETERAN and those interested in it. We old Confederates only can know how dear the reminiscences and acts of fortitude, heroism and bravery recorded on its pages are to those who participated in them.

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

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

RECORD OF CONFEDERATE DEFEAT.

THIS issue of the VETERAN contains two interesting papers. The one from Col. Charles Marshall about the surrender of General Lee will be perused with pathetic interest. His vivid and certainly accurate report may be embodied in the history of both sides. The Chief of Staff to General Grant would hardly wish to pay finer tribute to him than Colonel Marshall has paid. An interesting bit of history already accepted by millions of people is changed so as to honor General Lee first concerning the horses. He objected to the surrender of them to the United States Government, explaining that they were the personal property of his soldiers. It was then that General Grant is supposed to have said, "The boys will need their horses to make a crop." Grant's deference to General Lee in explaining that he was not willing to keep him waiting while he could have sent for his sword was worthy the spirit of a great man. The Southern people are gratified that Colonel Marshall is so honored a living witness to that historic event.

It is a more courageous thing to print the letter of Colonel Gale than has often come to the VETERAN. In it the Confederate soldiers engaged under Hood, from perhaps every Southern State, are reported as running from the enemy and being utterly stampeded. It is the truth, but they can stand the reputation. Aye, they had established enough of courage, endurance and undying glory. The Federal army at both places realized their incomparable advantages, and it animated their cowards even to press on to the front. It was time for every fellow to redeem his reputation.

The situation of the army in front of Nashville was extraordinary. We were on a range of hills near the Granny White pike, and so situated that for more than a mile to our extreme left the overwhelming forces of the enemy could be seen pressing our flank in so that each private soldier could see for himself that our only avenue for retreat would soon be cut off. The Federal army overwhelmed us. My personal experience is as vivid as anything in life. Our line was broken only a few yards to my right, and the prospect of getting out was so hopeless that my immediate companions refused to undertake to retreat, and remained there to surrender. I had gone about an hundred yards, when I stopped and, turning upon a handsome young Federal, was about to fire upon him and stopped, with the sentiment that he was too brave to be killed, and just then he "pulled down" on one

of our fellows, when with quick, careful aim I fired once more for my home and native land.

That awful, awful day! Hood's army was crushed at Franklin, and his soldiers, in going on and on, suffering all that is possible, did it almost without hope; but they would have died a thousand deaths rather than be untrue. No apologies are offered for the rout from before Nashville. No braver and truer men ever existed, and the remnant yet alive care not for the record of that day. They realize that man is not omnipotent.

CALL OF COMRADES TO DUTY.

A lady writes that she has an article in her scrap book that she will send to the VETERAN if wanted, and if not she will send it to "the other publication."

Rivalry in journalism begets ill feeling, and the general conclusion is that the controversies come of business encroachments. If the VETERAN has ever lost a dollar or a cent because of that "other publication" I do not know it. But its relation to the Southern people, who are not only zealous but enthusiastic for it, imposes a duty that will be performed regardless of consequences.

The use of the word "Confederate" in a periodical publication should engage an active interest by every man and woman to whom it is sacred. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was started specifically to give the public knowledge of moneys received by me as agent for the Davis Monument. My appointment to that important position was made by the Executive Committee of the Southern Press Association, and I assumed use of the name because I was a Confederate soldier, and every instinct of my nature was of deference and honor to the spirit embodied in it.

To the thousands of noble men and women in every Southern State, who have been so zealous for the VETERAN, I appeal concerning a principle that is of concern to us all. Soon after the popularity of the VETERAN was established a combination was formed whereby the word "Confederate" was to be prefixed to a monthly half this size for republishing some blood and thunder pictures gotten out in New York during the war. It was started in deceit and falsehood, and has been so continued. To emphasize the situation, I will write of my own record and then repeat what has been already published of the others who ask Confederates for patronage.

I am a native Tennessean, was a volunteer soldier in the Forty-first Tennessee Infantry. I did my whole duty. I don't remember an engagement with the enemy in which any soldier or officer went farther than I did, except at Franklin, where a few got over the last entrenchment, but I did more effective fighting from the embankment. In the battle of Jonesboro, where we faced two lines of infantry behind breast-

works, one above the other, on a hill in the woods, the most awful firing of small arms that I ever heard, I had advanced beyond all my fellows, not realizing that they had fallen back. On seeing that I was within about seventy yards of a thousand men, each of whom could have killed me in a twinkling, I saw near me Lieut. W. S. Bearden, commander of his company, standing by a small tree, the blood pouring from a hole in his trousers above the knee. I assisted in his support to the rear, and went in again, leaving others to care for him. [He is a true man in every sense, and at present an able Chancellor in Middle Tennessee. An elaborate official report kindly sent me recently by Dr. S. H. Stout, Medical Examiner of the Western Army, begins with the killing in that battle of my Lieutenant, Hardy Jones, and the wounding of Lieutenant Bearden.] I never held a commission, but was Corporal, First Sergeant, and served as Sergeant Major of my regiment. Once I was ordered to wear a sword and take command of two companies in an important task. There was no boy soldier in the command better known, perhaps, and to these veterans I submit for testimony. Because I was "so small, and a good soldier," by special favor of my Colonel, J. D. Tillman, now a banker and lawyer at Fayetteville, Tenn., I was permitted to carry a short Enfield rifle. However, it was an effective gun—it was submerged in blood at Franklin. I was faithful through the war, and if I ever fail murder me, cover me in a ditch and mark not the spot. Now for the Frank Leslie:

A Confederate Lieutenant Colonel was so unpopular that he was not re-elected, but left out to go in the ranks because of his —, who through political favoritism secured an appointment as Brigadier General, and was put in command of brave men. Their testimony is that he left them under fire, never to be seen again except on Post duty at the rear. Continued preferment from a political source secured to this man a position in the War Records office at Washington. This position enabled him to control in a great measure publications there that would have placed him in a bad light, and so there was good reason for securing to him this position. Authors and witnesses of these reports are yet living, and will bear testimony at any time. Think of the insolence to the Southern people of this man engaging with the Frank Leslies to reproduce their filthy, falsifying pictures under the name "Confederate," and engaging a trusted Republican, who removed from the North to Kentucky, so as to locate it at "Lexington, Ky.," as well as New York. That feature takes so well that they recently transposed publication offices, and put Lexington, Kentucky first.

The enterprising LaBree, who is to publish that wonderful book, "The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War," and claims to be "the most capable person liv-

ing for that work," advertises himself in that circular as the editor of the "Confederate" (?) war journal.

Now, comrades, brothers, I call upon you to do your duty. Help me to expose this falsity and hypocrisy. Your adoption of the VETERAN as your organ was good; but ought you not to formally repudiate that New York sheet with a Kentucky imprint? Some of you are negligent, and your newspapers publish long advertisements of that falsifying thing. Even the *Courier-Journal*, the editor of which I know is my friend, has, on two occasions, in its local department, when asked questions about where the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is published, replied, at Lexington, Ky.

This is the last notice referred to:

CANDO, N. D.—Is there a publication called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN? Where is it published? T. W. C.

We understand that there is such a paper published in Lexington, Ky.

These things come from harmful lack of attention. Let every Camp of Confederates see that an Historical Committee looks into this matter, and if I represent correctly, see that the vile sheet is repudiated. You take my statement as from honest motives, I know, but if you suspect mistake by me, interrogate rigidly, and I will report your conclusion: but don't leave all of this infamy to be exposed by me. If you believe that I, your faithful comrade, who marched and fought and suffered with you while these old war plates were being made—which should be thrown into Vesuvius—should be sustained, say so. Otherwise declare against it. I beg you, comrades, to give this attention before you go to Birmingham. Carry or send such commendations to that meeting as you think you ought. Months ago I told you that certain prominent men would commend that sheet. That prophecy was fulfilled before the VETERAN's expose in December. It came of desire for press favors. Such is natural.

You all know that I have honored our Confederate officers faithfully, although the VETERAN has been the special channel for private soldiers' experiences; but I declare now, that by the memory of our dead, sacred only second to the memory of the world's Savior, that I shall defer to no man's rank, now or heretofore, in the performance of duty. If you believe in the VETERAN go to Birmingham prepared to speak for it. If you don't so believe, repudiate it. Of one thing be assured, I shall not swerve from my duty to my people for money nor from peril. For the indorsement of so many thousands I bow in meekness, and will press with vigor on in their service as I am capable of knowing my duty. If these fellows will tell the truth about themselves and what they are doing, the VETERAN will let them alone. This slimy scheme to make money, if successful, would be a disgrace to our people.

If you patronize that thing you force the VETERAN into comparison with not only what is worse than desertion, but with a crowd chuckling over the gullibility of our people. Take up the BLUE AND GRAY if you will, take the BLUE by itself, a thousand times rather than contribute to that which is an insult to every holy memory.

THE SOUTH IS AMERICAN.

Joshua W. Caldwell, in the *Arena*, furnishes some remarkable statistics. Extracts from his article:

The war ended twenty-eight years ago, but it is still the habit of the North to think of the people of the States which attempted to secede as enemies of the Union and of the Constitution. * * * It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that throughout the South there is a positive and growing interest in historical research. * * * The founders of Virginia and of the other Southern colonies were average men and women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and had their full share of the vices and their full share of the virtues of the times. * * *

Of all the British colonies Virginia was the most English. In blood the Virginians were not more English than the Puritans, but they held to the English forms and methods, social, political, and religious, whereas the New Englanders attempted to set up a theocracy which should realize the ideals of the Puritans of old England and of the Covenanters of Scotland. In Virginia institutions were as English as the people. * * *

Massachusetts and Virginia appear to have been essentially unlike, but in reality a likeness was essential. Their people were of the same race, and had the same conception of liberty and the same love of liberty. In the end they two were to lead all the other colonies to the establishment of their common principles. * * * Massachusetts was turbulent, Virginia placid; but when the time came Virginia was as quick as her Northern sister to declare for freedom. When Massachusetts defied England it was George Washington, of Virginia, who declared that to aid her he was ready to raise and subsidize a regiment at his own expense. If Massachusetts gave Otis, Hancock, Adams, to the good cause, Virginia gave Randolph, Marshall, Madison, Jefferson and Washington. Thus it appears that Virginia, the typical and dominant Southern colony, bore, in the struggle for independence, a part no less trying, no less important, no less honorable, than Massachusetts. As Virginia had been the richest and most influential of the Southern colonies, she became the controlling Southern State. Indeed, for a time she led all the States of the Union, but gradually the larger Northern States outgrew her in population and in wealth.

* * * * *

The Puritan influences of New England and the Dutch influences of New York never reached the Carolinas nor Georgia, but over all of them the Virginia influence was supreme. Socially, politically, and religiously the Southern colonies were of the same type; and it was mainly, almost exclusively, Virginia and the Virginians that shaped their institutions and determined the character and quality of their civilization.

* * * * *

The Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the South has never been overcome. So far as other white races are concerned, it has never been threatened. The white population has always been American and homogeneous.

* * * * *

New York is more Jewish than Jerusalem ever was; more German, probably, than any city except Berlin; more Irish than any except Dublin; more Italian than any except Naples. Chicago is American only in geography and politics. Of the fifteen million descend-

ants of the Puritans, Boston retains very few; and New England has been so overrun by French Canadians that recently it is reported that some of them had, in an outburst of Gallic enthusiasm, proposed the establishment of a new Latin republic, with Boston as its capital. But statistics are more convincing than general statements. In order to show how thoroughly American the population of the Southern States is, I present the following statistics, taken fresh from our new census. I confine my attention to the white population and omit the odd hundreds.

According to the census of 1890 there were for every 100,000 native born Americans 17,330 foreign born. The State of New York has 4,400,000 native and 1,600,000 foreign born citizens, being 35,000 foreign for every 100,000 native. In Illinois for each 100,000 native born citizens there are 28,200 foreign born; in Michigan, 35,000; in Wisconsin, 44,400; in Minnesota, 56,600; in Montana, 48,400; in North Dakota, 80,400.

When we turn to the Southern States the contrast is impressive. The white population of Tennessee is 1,336,000, and of this number 20,029 are foreign born; that is to say, for each 100,000 native born whites there are 1,500 foreign born. North Carolina is the most American of all the States, having a native born white population of 1,055,000, and foreign born of 3,702, or for each 100,000 native born 370 foreign born. In the other Southern States the figures are as follows:

	Native.	Foreign.
Alabama.....	833,000	15,000
Arkansas.....	818,000	14,000
Florida.....	225,000	22,000
Georgia.....	978,000	12,000
Kentucky.....	1,600,000	59,000
Mississippi.....	545,000	8,000
Louisiana.....	558,000	49,000
South Carolina.....	462,000	6,000
Texas.....	1,700,000	152,000
Virginia.....	1,000,000	18,000
West Virginia.....	730,000	18,000

The total foreign born white population of the South is about 380,000.

Massachusetts alone has a foreign born population of 657,000; New Jersey, 329,000, or nearly as many as the whole South; New York, nearly 1,600,000, or four times as many as the South; Pennsylvania, 845,000; Ohio, 459,000, or more than the entire South; Illinois, 842,000; Michigan and Wisconsin, each over 500,000; Minnesota, nearly 500,000; and California, 366,000.

If we omit Kentucky, Louisiana and Texas, the little State of Connecticut has 60,000 more foreigners than all the remainder of the South; and wee Rhode Island, as large as an average county, has within 14,000 as many foreigners as the entire South, omitting the three States named. * * *

The proportion of adult men among immigrants is much larger than in settled societies. For instance, of the 1,571,000 foreign born citizens of New York, 1,084,000 are voters (that is, of voting age), while of 4,000,000 native born citizens only 1,769,000 are voters. In percentages the foreign born vote of New York is 38.73; Illinois, 36.39; Michigan, 40.22; Wisconsin, 52.93; Minnesota, 58.55; North Dakota, 64.89; Nevada, 51.41; California, 50.21.

These are foreign countries, and it is a positive relief to turn to the South and feel that there are still some Americans left. The percentage of foreign born voters in some of the Southern States is as follows:

Tennessee, 3 per cent; Kentucky, 7; Alabama, 2.50; Mississippi, 2; Louisiana, 10; Texas, 14; Arkansas, 3;

Virginia, 3; West Virginia, 5; North Carolina, 0.61; South Carolina, 2; Florida, 11; Georgia, 2. I have used the word "voters" to describe the class of immigrants last referred to. It is not a fact, however, that they all are voters; more than a million of them are aliens, and thirty two per cent of these foreign Americans cannot speak the English language.

A comparison of census reports for 1860, 1870, 1880, and 1890 shows that in none of the Southern States—except Kentucky, with the large city of Louisville, Louisiana, with the large city of New Orleans, and Texas, lying upon the Mexican frontier—has there been any increase of foreign population since 1860. We know that there was none before that time. The white people of the South are almost exclusively the descendants of the Americans of 1775. Upon the other hand, it is safe to say that of the males of voting age in the Northern and Northwestern States, not less than fifty per cent are foreign born, or the sons of foreign born parents.

The white people of the South are not only American, they are, in the main, the descendants of a race which from the days of Tacitus has been known in the world's history as the exemplar and champion of personal purity, personal independence, and political liberty. For them no life but one of freedom is possible, and can never believe that the hybrid population of Russians, Poles, Italians, Hungarians, which fills so many Northern cities and States, has the same love for our country, the same love of liberty, as have the Anglo-Saxon Southerners, whose fathers have always been free. The strongest, most concentrated force of Americanism is in the South, and Americanism is the highest form of Anglo-Saxon civilization. There is no part of the globe, except the kingdom of England, which is so thoroughly Anglo-Saxon as the South.

But it will be said, admitting that the South is American, and has preserved the Anglo-Saxon traits, nevertheless a war was necessary to keep her in the Union. To this matter my own inclinations, no less than limitations of space, require me to refer very briefly.

The excellence of the American Union is in the principles upon which it is established—that is to say, in the Constitution. Surely no man will say that it is more important to preserve the physical integrity of the Union than the principles of the Constitution. We claim for the South, in the war between the States, absolute good faith. Whether she was right or wrong, the impartial judgment of the future will fairly determine. I affirm that the South has been, from the first, absolutely faithful to the principles of the Constitution, as she in good faith construed it. Let me indicate briefly the extent of her participation in the formation of the Constitution and the establishment of the Republic. It is correctly said by a Southern statesman that the Constitution was "adopted and promulgated by a convention in which Southern influences predominated." The heading of one of Bancroft's chapters is, "Virginia Statesmen Lead Toward a Better Union."

Virginia did lead the movement for the establishment of the Constitution, and the reader who wishes to know the extent of the influence of George Washington, of Virginia, in this movement, is referred to the pages of John Fiske, of New England. Rutledge and Pinckney, of South Carolina, were the most important contributors to the form, as to the substance,

of the Constitution, with the exception of James Madison, of Virginia, who justly bears the name of "Father of the Constitution." The Bill of Rights is mainly the work of Thomas Jefferson.

During the first century of our national life Southern statesmen held the Presidency and shaped the policy of the Government. They acquired Florida, and extended our domain to the Rio Grande and to the Pacific. The Constitution was first construed by John Marshall, of Virginia. The school of strict constructionists, which made a fetish of the Constitution, was founded and supported by Southern men. When the Southern Confederacy was formed it adopted as its organic law the old Constitution, unchanged in any essential respect.

There is no fact nor logic which can prove that the South ever deviated from her fealty to the Constitution, or ever shed a drop of blood except in defense of its principles as she construed it.

The war construed the Constitution, and the South has in good faith and unreservedly accepted every legitimate result of the war. No man who is honest and who is adequately informed will say that her people are not absolutely loyal to the Union and the Constitution. I go further, and affirm that in the troubles which the future is sure to bring, the principles and the institutions of American liberty will find their most loyal and steadfast support in the twelve millions of Southern Anglo-Saxon Americans.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN—A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

BY N. B. HOGAN, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

It was on Sunday, May 3, 1863, while Lee at Chancellorsville was hurling his heroic and victorious battalions against the dense masses of Hooker, that Sedgewick, with the design of falling upon Lee's rear, crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg with his magnificent Sixth Corps, 20,000 strong, and marched hurriedly along the Fredericksburg and Orange Court House plank road, following the retreating brigade of Alabamians, under command of Gen. C. M. Wilcox, who had attended the military school at West Point with General Sedgewick.

Wilcox's brigade numbered less than 3,000 effective men, while his antagonist was the flower of all the corps embracing the Federal Army of the Potomac, numbering not less than 20,000. Against this host of veterans it would seem worse than folly to make any show of resistance, but the glorious Wilcox had unbounded faith in the heroism and courage of his oft-tried Alabamians, and relying upon their unfaltering devotion and determination to conquer or die in upholding the righteous cause they had espoused, halted his small command at Salem Church, a large brick edifice, about four miles west of Fredericksburg, on the south side of the plank road. Just west some thirty yards from this church was drawn up in line of battle the Tenth Alabama, supported by the Eighth a few paces to the rear of the Tenth, their left resting near the road. Immediately across the road lay the Eleventh, my own company in it, near the road, and to the left or north lay the Ninth and Fourteenth Regiments. The ground in front of the Tenth was clear of underbrush. A grove of oak timber surrounded the church, in which had been posted a small

squad of sharpshooters, who did great execution in the battle which followed.

This was the Spartan band of bronzed braves which was to save the rear of Lee's victorious legions from an attack by an army nearly as large as that with which he was driving back the shattered hosts of Hooker, and nobly did they do their duty.

In front of my own regiment was a thin brush fence about waist high; outside of that was a skirt of timber—oak, gum, etc.—with some undergrowth. While we thus lay, waiting and watching, about 4 o'clock p. m. a magnificent scene burst upon our view in the open field beyond the skirt of timber in our front. The ground in our front sloped gently from us, and up this gentle slope approached the dense columns of blue with steady tread, with banners fluttering and shining steel glimmering in the sunlight. Three columns deep this array pressed upon the small band of heroes before them, little dreaming that in a few brief moments they would be hurled back with fearful havoc to their shelter beyond the Rappahannock.

General Wilcox had ordered us to withhold our fire until we could look into the eyes of our enemy, which order was literally obeyed. The first assaulting line approached to within twenty paces, when we rose and poured a deadly hailstorm of lead into it, which was so destructive that our fire was not returned, and that first column disappeared. The second column advanced with unbroken front, and met the fate of the first; and so the third, and as we poured our minies into the serried ranks our line bounded forward and swept the entire Federal corps from the field, killing, wounding and capturing thousands.

That night Sedgewick recrossed the river in the darkness. The magnificent fighting of this little brigade and good generalship of Wilcox saved Lee from a rear attack and enabled him to inflict a terrible defeat upon Hooker, with his large army. It is strange that so little attention has been given to this important battle by historians.

I now come to a touching incident in this battle: As the last assaulting column of blue approached, Capt. John B. Rains, commander of our company (A), was patting me on the shoulder and repeatedly saying, as I loaded my Springfield rifle as rapidly as possible, "Give 'em h—, Needham; give 'em h—!" (Needham is my first name.) Suddenly an officer, mounted on a fine, swift horse, came at a racing run along the plank road from the yankee lines, and it seemed that I was the first one to notice him, and I called to the boys to "shoot the man on the horse," at the same time firing obliquely toward him. The gallant fellow reeled and fell a corpse on the hard plank of the road. His horse turned and ran to the rear. After the battle was over, and we returned to the bloody ground where we made the stand, Captain Rains, I and others went to where the dead officer lay, whom Captain Rains recognized as a schoolmate of his at the Philadelphia Law School. The gallant Captain burst into tears over the fate of his old-time friend. He was Colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment, but I have forgotten his name. Several of the boys fired at the same time, so none of us knew who sent the fatal ball, and I am glad of it.

Gen. John C. Underwood, Chicago: I am glad to learn that you have increased the subscription price of your valuable paper to \$1 per annum, and herewith inclose to you my check.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

Gen Jno B Gordon, General Commanding.....Atlanta, Ga.
Maj Gen Geo Moorman, Adj Gen and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

ALABAMA.

Maj Gen Fred S Ferguson, Commander.....Montgomery
Col Harvey E Jones, Adj Gen and Chief of Staff.....Montgomery
Jas M Williams, Brigadier General.....Mobile
Jno M McKleroy, Brigadier General.....Anniston

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Abner P. O.	Capt W A Handley	351	M V Mullins, H A Brown
Albertville	Camp Miller	385	W B McCord, Asa Ray
Alexandria	Alexandria	305	C Martin, E T Clark
Alexander City	Lee	401	R M Thomas, A S Smith
Andalusia	Harper	256	Jno. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
Anniston	Pelham	258	John M. McKleroy, W. H. Williams

Ashland	Henry D. Clayton	327	A S Stockdale, D L Campbell
Ashville	St. Clair	308	John W. Inger, Jas. D. Truss
Athens	Thos L Hobbs	400	E C Gordon
Auburn	Auburn	236	O. D. Smith, James B. Lane
Bessemer	Bessemer	157	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall
Birmingham	W J Hardee	331	R E Jones, P K McMiller
Bridgeport	Jo Wheeler	200	I. H. Johnson, R. A. Jones
Camden	Franklin K. Beck	221	R. Gallard, F. Foster
Carrollton	Camp Pickens	325	M. L. Stansel, B. Upchurch
Carthage	Woodruff	339	Jno S Powers, J. A. Elliott
Coalburg	Frank Cheatham	431	J H Brock, Jas W Barnhart
Dadeville	Crawf-Kimbal	345	W C McIntosh, Wm. L. Rowe
Edwardsville	Camp Wigington	359	W P Howell, T J Burton
Entaw	Sanders	64	Geo. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy
Evergreen	Capt Wm Lee	338	P D Bowles
Florence	E. A. O'Neal	298	A. M. O'Neal, J. M. Crow
Fort Payne	W N Estes	253	J N Davidson, A P McCartney
Gadsden	Emma Sanson	275	Jas. Alken, Jos. R. Hughes
Gaylesville	John Pelham	311	B F Wood, G W R Bell
Greensboro	Allen C. Jones	206	A. M. Avery, E. T. Pasteur
Greenville	Sam'l L Adams	349	Ed Crenshaw, F E Dey
Guin	Ex-Confederate	415	W N Halsey
Guntersville	Mont. Gilbreath	333	R T Coles, J L Burke
Hamilton	Marion County	346	A J Hamilton, J F Hamilton
Hartselle	Friendship	383	Matt K Mahan, T J Simpson
Huntsville	Egbert J Jones	337	Geo. P. Turner, W M Eskline
Jacksonville	Col. Jas. B. Martin	292	J. H. Caldwell, L W. Grant
LaFayette	A. A. Greene	310	J. J. Robinson, Geo. H. Black
Livingston	Camp Sumter	332	R Chapman
Low'r Peachtree	R H G Gaines	370	B D Portis, N J McConnell
Lowndesboro	T J Bullock	331	J L Hinson, C D Whitman
Marion	I W Garrett	277	J Cal Moore, Thomas Hudson
Madison Sta	A A Russell	408	W T Garner, Robt E Wiggins
Mobile	Raphael Semmes	11	Thos T Roche, Wm E Mickle
Monroeville	George W Foster	407	W W McMillan, D L Neville
Montgomery	Lomax	151	Emmett Liebel, J H Higgins
Opelika	Lee County	261	R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton
Oxford	Camp Lee	329	Thos H Barry, John T Pearce
Ozark	Ozark	380	W R Painter, J L Williams
Piedmont	Camp Stewart	378	J N Hood, L Ferguson
Pearce's Mill	Robert E Lee	372	Jim Pearce, F M Clark
Roanoke	Alken-Smith	293	W. A. Handley, B. M. McCon-

Robinson Spr	Tom McKeithen	396	I E Jones, W D Whetstone
Rockford	Henry W. Cox	276	F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson
Scottsboro	N B Forrest	130	I H Young, J P Harris
Seale	James P. Waddell	268	R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene
Selma	Catesby R Jones	317	Thos P Whitby, Edw P Galt
Springville	Springville	223	A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruill
Stroud	Camp McLeroy	356	A J Thompson, J L Strickland
St. Stephens	John James	350	A T Hooks, J B Pelham
Summerfield	Col. - Garrett	381	Ed Morrow, R B Culer
Talladega	Charles M. Shelley	246	W J Rhodes, J T Dye
Thomasville	Leander McFarland	373	Jus N Callahan, Geo B Hall
Tusculuma	James Deshler	313	A. H. Keller, I. P. Guy
Tuskaloosa	Camp Rodes	262	A C Hargrove, A P Prince
Troy	Camp Ruffin	320	W. D. Henderson, L. H. Bowles
Verona	Tom Calena	429	C C Carr
Vernon	Camp Graie	291	K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell
Vernon	Camp O'Neal	338	J P Young, T M Woods
Wetumpka	Elmore County	255	J. F. Mauls, Hal T. Walker
Wedowee	Randolph	316	C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate

ARKANSAS.

Maj Gen D M Moore, Commander.....Fort Smith
Col J T Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....Van Buren
Jno M Harrell, Brigadier General.....Hot Springs
J M Bohart, Brigadier General.....Bentonville

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alma	Camp Cabell	202	James E. Smith, J. T. Jones
Benton	David O. Dodd	325	S H Whitthorne, C E Shoemaker
Bentonville	Camp Cabell	89	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates
Booneville	Camp Evans	355	G W Evans, D B Castleberry
Cestre Point	Haller	192	J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley
Charleston	Put Cleburne	191	A S Cabell
Conway	Jeff Davis	213	A. P. Wilt, W. D. Cole
Fayetteville	W. H. Brooks	216	T. M. Gunter, I. M. Partridge
Fort Smith	Ben T DuVal	110	M M Gorman, Col R M Fry
Greenway	Clay Co. V. Ass'n	375	J R Hodge
Greenwood	Ben McCulloch	194	Dudley Milum, M Stroup
Hackett City	Stonewall	199	L B Lake
Hope	Gratlot	203	N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor
Hot Springs	Albert Pike	310	Gen Jno M Harrell, A Curl
Huntington	Stonewall	199	L B Lake, A H Gordon
Little Rock	Omer R Weaver	354	Wm P Campbell, J H Paschal
Morrilton	Robert W. Harper	207	W. S. Hanna, R. W. Harrison
Nashville	Joe Neal	208	W K Cowling, E G Hale
Newport	Tom Hendman	318	T. T. Ward

CIRCULAR LETTER ABOUT THE REUNION, ETC.

Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Dallas, Texas, Jan. 30, 1894: Comrades—I greet you, my old comrades, with a heart full of love and affection. A kind Providence has extended His sheltering wings over us another year, and our Association is still growing. The number of Camps in each State and Territory, not only in this Department, but throughout the South, is increasing, and our noble Association has nearly five hundred Camps. Our comrades are becoming more familiar with the workings of our Benevolent, Social and Historical Association.

Although several of our old comrades have crossed the river, yet the death roll is not as great as we might have expected after twenty-eight years. Our dead have been properly cared for, and the living Confederate veterans, incapacitated by sickness or wounds from making a living, have been provided with good houses, amply provided with raiment and food and shelter, where they can spend the evening of their lives in quiet and peace, as the honored guests of the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri and the Territories. Monuments to commemorate the heroism of the dead have been erected in a number of places. One at Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, to the memory of 6,000 Confederate soldiers buried there—soldiers true to their cause, who died in prison far from home and loved ones, and who preferred death to dishonor. It is a grand monument, over twenty feet high, surmounted with a statue eight feet high of a Confederate soldier—the worn warrior—looking down on his 6,000 sleeping comrades—heroes from every Southern State—who

"Loved their country with a love far brought."

I call your attention to the fact that every Camp, not only in the Trans-Mississippi Department, but in the Department of the East, has been called upon to contribute a small amount to complete the payment of the monument, on which a small sum is due, and to properly inclose and beautify the grounds. This monument is the work of our faithful and true comrade, General Underwood, aided by the good citizens of Chicago. Not over \$10 will be required of any Camp. It should be forwarded to Gen. J. C. Underwood, Omaha Building, Chicago, Ill.

I urge you, my old comrades, to press forward our good work. Organize new Camps, send on your annual dues and make every arrangement to be fully represented at our great reunion, to be held at Birmingham, Ala.

Let every Camp be represented by as large a delegation as possible, and let them be fully authorized to act for the Camp. When the Camp cannot attend, send a proxy, properly signed by the officers of the Camp, to some other Camp or comrade.

The Committee on Transportation, composed of good business men, Gen. S. P. Mendez, Chairman, will secure reduced rates on all railroads leading to Birmingham. Local committees can communicate with them.

Let us rouse up and send from this Department more Camps, more Confederate Veterans, a greater number of the sons and daughters of Confederates to the great reunion at Birmingham, April 25th and 26th, and to Chicago, April 28th and 29th, than ever left this Department at any one time.

ARKANSAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Paris.....	Ben McCullough.....	388.....	J O Sadler, Wm Snoddy
Prairie Grove.....	Prairie Grove.....	384.....	 Wm Mitchell
Prosscott.....	Walter Bragg.....	428.....	W J Blake, O S Jones
Van Buren.....	John Wallace.....	339.....	John Allen, J E Clegg
Waldron.....	Sterling Price.....	414.....	L P Fuller, A M Fuller
Wooster.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	431.....	W A Milam, W J Sloan

FLORIDA.

Maj Gen J J Dickson, Commander.....	Ocala		
Col Fred L Robertson, Adj General and Chief of Staff.....	Brooksville		
W D Chipley, Brigadier General.....	Pensacola		
Wm Baya, Brigadier General.....	Ocala		
Gen S G French, Brigadier General.....	Winter Park		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bartow.....	Francis S Bartow.....	284.....	W H Reynolds, J A Arndstead
Brookville.....	W. W. Loring.....	13.....	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson
Chipley.....	McMillan.....	217.....	S. M. Robinson, G W Cook
Dade City.....	Pasco C. V. Ass'n.....	57.....	Jas E Lee, A H Ravesses
Defunlak Sp'gs.....	E. Kirby-Smith.....	282.....	J. T. Stubbs, D. G. McLeod
Fernandina.....	Nassau.....	104.....	W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall
Inverness.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	148.....	W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner
Jacksonville.....	R. E. Lee.....	58.....	Wm Baya, W. W. Tucker
Jacksonville.....	Jeff Davis.....	230.....	C. E. Merrill, C. J. Coleok
Jasper.....	Stewart.....	155.....	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna
Juno.....	Patton Anderson.....	211.....	J. F. Highsmith
Lake City.....	Columbia County.....	150.....	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives
Marianna.....	Milton.....	132.....	W. D. Barnes, F. Phillips
Monticello.....	Patton Anderson.....	59.....	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge
Ocala.....	Marion Co. C. V. A.....	56.....	Sam'l F. Marshall, Wm Fox
Orlando.....	Orange Co.....	54.....	W. G. Johnson, B. M. Robinson
Palmetto.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	53.....	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles
Pensacola.....	Ward C. V. Ass'n.....	10.....	W. E. Anderson, R. J. Jordan
Quincy.....	D. L. Kenan.....	140.....	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan
St. Augustine.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	175.....	J. A. Enslow, Jr.,
Sanford.....	Gen. Jos. Finnegan.....	149.....	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Lefler
St. Petersburg.....	Camp Colquitt.....	303.....	W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick
Tallahassee.....	Lamar.....	161.....	David Long, R. A. Whitfield
Tampa.....	Hillsboro.....	36.....	F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane
Titusville.....	Indian River.....	47.....	Jas. Pritchard, A. D. Cohen
Umatilla.....	Lake Co. C. V. A.....	279.....	T. H. Blake, —

GEORGIA.

Maj Gen Clement A Evans, Commander.....			Cartersville
Col A J West, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....			Atlanta
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Atlanta.....	Fulton County.....	159.....	Clement A Evans, J F Edwards
Augusta.....	Con. Surviv. Ass'n.....	435.....	F E Eve, F M Stovall
Carnesville.....	Milligan Conf. Vet.....	419.....	J C McCarter, J M Phillips
Cedarstown.....	Polk Co. Con. Vets.....	403.....	J M Arrington, J S Stubbs
Clayton.....	Rabun Co. Con. Vet.....	420.....	S M Beck, W H Price
Covington.....	Jellerson Lamar.....	305.....	G D Heard, J W Anderson
Dalton.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	34.....	A. P. Roberts, J. A. Blanton
Dawson.....	Terrell Co. Con. Vet.....	401.....	J W F Lowrey, Wm Kalgier
Harrisburg.....	Chattooga Vet.....	422.....	L R Williams
Jellerson.....	Jackson County.....	440.....	Thos L Ross, T H Nibloch
LaGrange.....	Troup Co. Con. Vets.....	405.....	J L Schaub, E T Winn
Morgan.....	Calhoun Co. Con. Vet.....	406.....	P E Boyd, A J Munroe
Ringgold.....	Ringgold.....	206.....	W J Whitsett, R B Trimmer
Rome.....	Floyd Co. C. V. A.....	498.....	G Yelser, J T Moore
Spring Place.....	Inc. B. Gordon.....	50.....	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey
Thomasville.....	W D Mitchell.....	423.....	R G Mitchell, T N Hopkins
Tolbotton.....	L B Smith.....	402.....	B Curley, W H Philpot
Washington.....	John T Wingfield.....	391.....	C E Irvin, Henry Cordes
Waynesboro.....	Gordon.....	399.....	Thos B Cox, S R Fuleher
Zebulon.....	Pike Co. Conf. Vet.....	421.....	G W Strickland, W O Gwyn

ILLINOIS.

Maj Gen Jno C Underwood, Commander.....	Chicago		
Col Saml Baker, Chief of Staff.....	Chicago		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Chicago.....	Ex-Confed. Ass'n.....	3.....	Saml W White, R Lee France
Jerseyville.....	Benev. ex-Confed.....	304.....	Jos. S. Carr, Morris R. Locke

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Maj Gen N P Guy, Commander.....	McAlester
Col R B Coleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff	McAlester
Jno I. Galt, Brigadier General	Ardmore
D M Haley, Brigadier General.....	Kaibis

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Ardmore.....	Jno H Morgan.....	107.....	W W Hyden, F G Barry
McAlester.....	Jeff Lee.....	68.....	N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman

KENTUCKY.

Maj Gen John Boyd, Commander.....	Lexington		
Col Jos M Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....	Paris		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Augusta.....	John B. Hood.....	293.....	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson
Bardstown.....	Thomas H. Hunt.....	253.....	Thos. H. Ellis, Jos. F. Briggs
Benton.....	Alfred Johnston.....	376.....	J P Brien, W J Wilson
Bethel.....	Pat. R. Cleburne.....	252.....	J. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom
Bowling Green.....	Bowling Green.....	143.....	W. F. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell
Campton.....	George W Cox.....	443.....	Jos C Lykins, C C Hanks
Carlisle.....	Peter Bramblett.....	344.....	Thos Owen, B M Taylor
Cynthiana.....	Ben Desha.....	99.....	D. M. Snyder, J. Wm. Boyd
Danville.....	J. Warren Grigsby.....	214.....	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman
Eminence.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	251.....	W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner
Flemingsburg.....	Albert S. Johnston.....	232.....	Wm Stanley, Jno W Hefflin
Frankfort.....	Thomas B Monroe.....	188.....	A W Macklin, Joel E Scott
Georgetown.....	George W Johnson.....	98.....	A H Sinclair, J Webb
Harrodsburg.....	Wm Preston.....	96.....	Bush W. Allen, John Kane
Hopkinsville.....	Ned Merriwether.....	241.....	C F Jarrett, Hunter Wood
Lawrenceburg.....	Ben Hardin Helm.....	101.....	P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn
Lexington.....	J. C. Breckinridge.....	100.....	John Boyd, G. C. Snyder
Mt. Sterling.....	Roy S. Cluke.....	291.....	Thos. Johnson, W. T. Havens

GRAVES OF OUR DEAD AT RESACA.

CALHOUN, GA., January 19, 1894.

EDITOR CONFEDERATE VETERAN—There is a Confederate cemetery on the battle-field of Resaca, six miles from this place, which is in a most deplorable condition of neglect. About five hundred soldiers are buried there. They are from every Southern State. The fence which once inclosed this consecrated ground has fallen away, and the whole is fast becoming overgrown with underbrush. An Association has been organized here to look after it, and if \$200 can be raised the Association will see that the work is done and that the cemetery is looked after from this time. The State of Georgia, just after the war, appropriated sufficient money to build a fence around the cemetery and buy iron headboards for the graves of the men whose names were known. The unknown were buried in a circle and wooden headboards placed over them. These have decayed and fallen away. The soldiers of the different States are buried together. The fence built by the State has fallen down. The Association wishes to get sufficient funds to inclose the grounds with a good picket fence, construct one or two rustic bridges across the little stream running through the cemetery, cut off the undergrowth, and prepare graveled walks around the unknown circle and between the different States. The State Legislature is now precluded from making an appropriation by the State Constitution, so whatever is done must be by private subscription. We therefore call on every one who feels an interest to contribute a small amount. If every reader of the VETERAN will send a small amount the success of the enterprise will be assured. The money can be sent to the Bank of Calhoun, with instructions to place to credit of Resaca cemetery fund, or it may be sent to J. O. Middleton, Calhoun, Ga. A list of contributors will be kept, and all money refunded if the effort be unsuccessful.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS.

Florida Division, U. C. V.—Brig. Gen. Wm. Baya furnishes this list of officers: W. R. Moore, of Welborn, Inspector General and Chief of Staff; J. A. Enslow, Jr., of St. Augustine, Adjutant General; W. B. Young, of Jacksonville, Judge Advocate General; William Fox, of Ocala, Quartermaster General; H. H. Linvill, of Fernandina, Commissary General; A. D. Williams, M. D., of Jacksonville, Surgeon General. They are all to rank as Major, and to be obeyed and respected accordingly.

The Mississippi Division of United Confederate Veterans is in healthy working condition. Gen. S. D. Lee, the Commander, begins his second term with his old staff. Gen. Robert Lowry, of Jackson, and Gen. J. R. Binford, of Duck Hill, are Department Commanders. His general staff is as follows: Col. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Col. P. M. Savery, of Tupelo, Inspector General; Col. Addison Craft, of Holly Springs, Quartermaster General; Col. S. A. Jonas, of Aberdeen, Commissary General; Col. J. H. Jones, of Woodville, Judge Advocate General; Col. B. F. Ward, of Winona, Surgeon General; Col. H. F. Sproles, of Jackson, Chaplain General; Lt. Col. W. W. Stone, of Jackson, Aid-de-Camp; Maj. D. A. Campbell, of Vicksburg, Aid-de-Camp. There are over forty Camps in Mississippi and others forming.

KENTUCKY—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Nicholasville.....	Humphry Marshall	187	Geo. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard
Paducah.....	A. P. Thompson	171	W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Brown
Paris.....	John H. Morgan	85	A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines
Richmond.....	Thomas B. Collins	215	Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage
Russellville.....	John W. Caldwell	139	J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty
Shelbyville.....	John H. Waller	237	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen
Winchester.....	Roger W. Hanson	186	B. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler
Versailles.....	Abe Buford	97	J. C. Bailey, Jas W Smith

LOUISIANA.

Maj Gen Geo O Watts, Commander.....	Alexandria	Col T L Macon, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....	New Orleans
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alexandria.....	Jeff Davis	6	G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington
Amite City.....	Amite City	78	A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston
Arcadia.....	Arcadia	229	James Brice, John A. Oden
Baton Rouge.....	Baton Rouge	17	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman
Benton.....	Lowden Butler	409	S M Thomas, B R Nash
Berwick.....	Winchester Hall	178	T J Royster, F O Brien
Compte.....	Cap Perot	387	Leopold Perot, T H Hamilton
Donaldsonville.....	Victor Maurin	38	S A Poche, P Garrel
Evergreen.....	R. L. Gibson	33	Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson
Farmerville.....	C. V. A. of Union Par	379	J K Ramsey, D Arant
Franklin.....	Florian Cornay	345	W R Collins, Thos J Shaffer
Gonzales P. O.....	Fred N. Ogden	247	Jos. Gonzales Sr, H T. Brown
Jackson.....	Feliciana	264	Zach Lea, R. H. McClelland
Lake Charles.....	Calesten C. Vet	62	W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings
L. Providence.....	Lake Providence	193	J. C. Bass, T. P. McAndless
Manderville.....	Gen Geo. Moorman	270	Jos. L. Dicks, R. O. Plizzetta
Mansfield.....	Monton	41	C. Sehuler, T. G. Pegues
Merrick.....	Isalah Norwood	110	D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor
Natchitoches.....	Henry W. Allen	182	W. R. Roberts, H. Moise
Natchitoches.....	Natchitoches	40	J. A. Prudhomme, W D Har-
New Orleans.....	Army of N. Va	1	W. R. Lyman, T. B. O'Brien
New Orleans.....	Army of Tenn	2	Gen J B Vinet, Nicholas Cuny
New Orleans.....	Vet. Con. States Cav	9	Wm. B. Laughlin, E. R. Wells
New Orleans.....	Wash. Artillery	15	B F Eshelman, C A Adams
New Orleans.....	Henry St. Paul	16	J. Demoruelle, A B Booth
Oakley.....	John Peck	183	W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell
Opeulouas.....	R. E. Lee	14	D. Prescott, B. Bloomfield
Plaquemine.....	Iberville	18	C. H. Diekinson, J. L. Dardenne
Rayville.....	Richland	152	J. S. Summerlin, C. T. Smith
Ruston.....	Ruston	7	A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond
Shreveport.....	Gen LeRoy Stafford	3	W. Kinney, W H Tunnard
Tangipahoa.....	Camp Moore	60	O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor
Thibodaux.....	Braxton Bragg	196	S. T. Grisamore, H. N. Coulon

MARYLAND.

Maj Gen Geo H Stuart, Commander.....Baltimore

MISSISSIPPI.

Maj Gen S D Lee, Commander.....Starkville
 Col E T Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....Columbus
 Robert Lowry, Brigadier General.....Jackson
 J R Binford, Brigadier General.....Duck Hill

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Amory.....	Stonewall Jackson	127	W A Brown
Booneville.....	W. H. H. Tison	179	D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith
Brandon.....	Rankin	265	Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey
Brookhaven.....	Sylvester Gwin	235	J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry
Canton.....	E. Giles Henry	312	E. C. Postell, J. M. Mills
Chester.....	R G Frewitt	439	J H Evans, W M Roberts
Columbus.....	Isham Harrison	27	C L Lincoln, W A Campbell
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys	19	C. Humphries, J. M. Haley
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery	26	W. A. Montgomery, T. H. W. Barrett
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitney	22	W L Stephen, T B Hammett
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds	218	R W Williamson, W A Gillespie
Greenville.....	W. A. Percy	238	Gen. S. W. Ferguson, W. Yergler
Grenada.....	W. R. Barksdale	189	J W Young, Julius Ash
Harpersville.....	Patrons Union	272	M W Stamper, C A Huddleston
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg	21	G. D. Harfield, E. H. Harris
Hernando.....	De Soto	220	Sam Powell, C. H. Robertson
Hickory Flat.....	Hickory Flat	219	W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks
Iuka.....	Tishomingo C. Vet	425	Geo P Hammesley
Holly Springs.....	Kitt Mott	23	L. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor
Jackson.....	Robert A Smith	24	W D Holder, Wm Henzler
Lake.....	Patrons Union	272	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston

Lexington.....	Walter L Keim	398	H J Reid, F A Howell
Liberty.....	Amite County	226	P R Brewer, Geo A McGhee
Louisville.....	John M Bradley	352	M A Motts, Jno B Gage
Maben.....	Stephen D Lee	271	O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman
Macon.....	James Longstreet	180	H. W. Foote, J. L. Griggs
Magnolia.....	Stockdale	321	R H Felder, S A Matthew
Meridian.....	Walshall	25	W. F. Brown, B. V. White
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir	120	Gen. J. R. Davis, E. S. Hewes
Natchez.....	Natchez	20	F. J. V. LeCand, E. L. Hopkins
New Albany.....	Gen M P Lowry	312	C S Robertson, M F Rogers
Port Gibson.....	Calbourne	167	A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore
Rolling Fork.....	Pat R Cleburne	190	J C Hall, Jno S Joor
Rosedale.....	Montgomery	52	F A Montgomery, C C Farrar
Sardis.....	Jno R Dickens	341	R H Taylor, J B Boothe
Senatobia.....	Bill Feeney	353	C D Shands, T P Hill
Tupelo.....	John M Stone	131	Gen J M Stone, P M Savery
Valden.....	Frank Liddell	221	S. C. Baines, W. J. Booth
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg	32	D A Campbell, J D Laughlin
Winona.....	M. Farrell	311	J. R. Binford, C H Campbell
Woodville.....	Woodville	49	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo	176	S D Robertson, C J DuBuisson

MISSOURI.

Maj Gen J O Shelby, Commander.....	Adrian		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80.....	Jos W Mercer, Geo B Spratt

FIELD GLASS OF A GENERAL JACKSON.

T. B. Stringfield, Cashier of the Iowa Savings Bank at Sheldon, wrote the VETERAN in November that he had seen a Union soldier who had Gen. "Mudwall" Jackson's field glass, which he captured in a battle near Nashville, and which the possessor desired to return to Gen. Jackson, or to some member of his family. The glass was promptly requested to be sent to Mrs. Charles Fuller, a daughter of the General referred to. Upon its receipt Mrs. Fuller was notified, when she declined the gift, because her father was not in the battle near Nashville, and was never captured.

The story of the capture is an interesting one. Lieut. John F. Bishop, of Company B, Fifth Minnesota Infantry, writes Mr. Stringfield:

"I desire very much to obtain the address of a young Confederate officer, Capt. Adams, of South Carolina, who was an Aide on the Staff of Gen. Jackson. When our troops charged Gen. Hood's, stationed behind a stone wall about six or seven miles out on the Granny White Pike, December 16, 1861, Gen. Hood moved his forces to the left of the pike. They attempted to gain the ground on the right, facing Nashville, where Confederates had not yet broken. I was ordered to deploy my company along the pike and to keep the same if possible. An officer came to the first wall, climbed over, and as he did so I called him to halt. He did not obey, but crossed the pike, reached the opposite wall, and was in the act of crossing it when I went up to him and again called him to halt. He turned, looked me square in the face and asked, "Will you take me a prisoner?" I replied, "Yes, that is what I am here for." He replied, "All right, I will surrender." He turned over to me a leather haversack containing a rasher of fresh beef and corn bread, together with the field glass. He gave his name as G. H. Jackson, I think, of Georgia. I thought him either a Captain or Lieutenant, as he had on a water-proof overcoat and I could only see a strip of gold lace just above his shoe tops. I was informed that night that I had taken Gen. Jackson a prisoner. He applied to Gen. A. J. Smith for the return of his field glass, but no requisition was made by any one on me. I have, therefore, kept it all these years. * * * I am anxious to return the field glass to its rightful owner. No one is more anxious than I to try and heal the terrible wounds made between the North and South during the years from 1861 to 1865."

Mr. Stringfield, a Southern man, writes of Lieut. Bishop, that he is one of the best citizens of O'Brien County, Iowa, and is very anxious that this relic of the war should be returned to the one most entitled to it. The field glass is held by Lieut. Bishop's wish, in the hope that this notice will bring to light its real owner. Any information from any source upon this subject will be gratefully received.

Just as this VETERAN goes to press another letter comes from Mr. Stringfield stating that he has a letter from Mrs. Mary C. Carter, of Knoxville, who writes that her father was Gen. A. E. Jackson.

W. M. Gailbreath, Flynn's Lick, Tenn., while reporting subscriptions, writes: "I was not in the war, as I was only 11 years old when it began, but I rejoiced over the victories of the Confederate soldiers and groaned when they were defeated. My father gave up his life on the battle-field of Murfreesboro, fighting for the Confederacy."

NORTH CAROLINA.

Maj Gen E D Hall, Commander	Wilmington		
Col Junius Davis, Adj General and Chief of Staff.....	Wilmington		
Rufus Barringer, Brigadier General.....	Charlotte		
W P Roberts, Brigadier General	Gatesville		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bryson City.....	Andrew Coleman.....	391	E. Everett, B. H. Cathey
Charlotte.....	Mecklenburg.....	382	J. Roessler
Clinton.....	Sampson.....	137	R H Holliday, Jno A Beaman
Concord.....	Cabarrus Co. C.V.A.....	212	J. F. Willeford, C. McDonald
Hickory.....	Catawba.....	162	J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener
Littleton.....	Junius Daniel.....	326	John P. Leech
Pittsboro.....	Leonidas J Merritt.....	387	W L London, H A London
Ryan.....	Confed. rate.....	417	T. McByrde
Salisbury.....	Charles F. Fisher.....	389	Jno F Ramsay, J C Bernhardt
Salisbury.....	Col Chas F Fisher.....	319	Col J R Crawford, C R Barker
Statesville.....	Col R Campbell.....	394	P C Carlton
Washington.....	Bryan Grimes.....	424	R R Warren, C C Thomas
Wilmington.....	Cape Fear.....	254	W L DeRosset, Wm. Blanks
Winston.....	Norleet.....	436	T J Brown, Sam'l H Smith

OKLAHOMA.

Maj Gen Sam T Leavy, Commander		Norman	
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
El Reno	El Reno	348	
Guthrie	Camp Jamison	347	
Norman	John B Gordon	200	T J Johnson, W C Renfro
Oklahoma City	D H Hammons	177	J W Johnson, J O Casler

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Maj Gen S S Crittenden, Commander.....	Greenville		
Col Thos S Moorman, Adjt General and Chief of Staff	Columbia		
Jno Bratton, Brigadier General.....	Winnboro		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Abbeville.....	Secession.....	416.....	W A Templeton
Aiken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	84.....	R H Teague, J N Wigfall
Anderson.....	Camp Benson.....	337.....	M P Tribbe, J N Vandiver
Beaufort.....	Beaufort.....	368.....	Thos S White
Charleston.....	Camp Sumter.....	250.....	Rev. J. Johnson, J. W. Ward
Charleston.....	Palmetto Guard.....	315.....	Geo L Bulst, A Baron Holmes
Cheraw.....	J B Kershaw.....	413.....	Theo T Malloy, S G Godfrey
Columbia.....	Hampton.....	389.....	A P Brown, B R Flennikin
Duncan.....	Dean.....	437.....	A H Dean, J V High
Easley.....	Jasper Hawthorn.....	283.....	R. E. Bowen, J. H. Bowen
Edgefield C H.....	Abner Perrin.....	309.....	J H Brooks, Thos W Carwile
Florence.....	Pee Dee.....	300.....	E W Lloyd, Wm Quick
Glynnville.....	Glynnville.....	309.....	L P Miller.....
Greenville.....	R. C. Pulliam.....	297.....	J. W. Norwood, P. T. H
Greenwood.....	D Wyatt Aiken.....	432.....	
Mc Pleasant.....	Thos M Wagner.....	410.....	S Porches, Jas R Tomlinson
Newberry.....	James D Nance.....	330.....	J W Gary, C F Boyd
Pickens.....	Wolf Creek.....	412.....	Jas A Griffin, H B Hendricks
Rock Hill.....	Catawba.....	418.....	Cadr Jones, W B Dunlap
Seacotee.....	Confed. Srv. Ass'n.....	418.....	Jeremiah Smith.....
Spartanburg.....	Camp Walker.....	375.....	Jos Walker, A B Woodruff
Summerville.....	Geo Jas Connor.....	374.....	Geo Tupper, P H Hutchinson
Sumter.....	Dick Anderson.....	334.....	J D Graham, P P Gaillard
St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51.....	R W Minus, J Oley Reed

TENNESSEE.

Maj Gen W H Jackson, Commander.		Nashville	
Col Jno P Hickman, Adj General and Chief of Staff.		Nashville	
J A Vaughn, Brigadier General.		Memphis	
Frank A Moses Brigadier General.		Knoxville	
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Brownsville	Hiram S Bradford	426	H J Livingston
Chattanooga	N. B. Forrest	4	L. T. Dickinson
Clarksville	Forbes	77	T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker
Fayetteville	Shackelford-Fulton	114	Jas D Tillman, W H Tashion
Franklin	Gen. J. W. Starnes	131	S V Wall, T G Smithson
Jackson	Jno Ingram	37	W Holland, M B Hurt
Knoxville	Felix K. Zollieoffer	46	Jno F Horne, Chas Ducloux
Knoxville	Fred Ault	5	F. A. Moses, J. W. S. Frierson
Lewisburg	Dibrell	55	W. P. Irvine, W. G. Loyd
McKenzie	Stonewall Jackson	42	Marsh Attkisson, J. P. Cannon
Memphis	Confed. Hist. Ass'n	28	C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black
Murfreesboro	Joe B. Palmer	81	W. S. McLenore, W. Ledbetter
Nashville	Frank Cheatham	35	Thos H Smith, J P Hickman
Shelbyville	Wm. Frierson	83	J. M. Hastings, J. G. Arnold
Tullahoma	Pierce B. Anderson	173	Jno P Hickman, W J Tralls
Winchester	Turney	12	F B Terry, J J Martin

TEXAS.

Trans-Mississippi Department.

Lieut Gen W L Cabell, Commander		Dallas, Texas
Brig Gen A T Watts, Adj Gen and Chief of Staff		Dallas, Texas

NORTH-EASTERN TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj Gen W N Bush, Commander		McKinney
Col J M Pearson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff		McKinney

NORTHWESTERN DIVISION.

Maj Gen Richard Cobb, Commander		Wichita Falls
Col Wm Porke Skeene, Adj Gen and Chief of Staff		Wichita Falls
Joseph Benedict, Brigadier General		Graham
W B Plemmons, Brigadier General		Amarillo

SOUTHEASTERN DIVISION.

Maj Gen W G Blain, Commander		Fairfield
Col Thos J Gibson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff		Mexia
H H Boone, Brigadier General		Navasota
D H Nunn, Brigadier General		Crockett

SOUTHWESTERN DIVISION.

Maj Gen W H Young, Commander		San Antonio
Col D M Poor, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff		San Antonio
Hamilton P Bee, Brigadier General		San Antonio
Thos W Dodd, Brigadier General		Laredo

WILL RECOMMEND THE PURCHASE OF THE
SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD.

Col. E. T. Lee, Secretary Shiloh Battle-field Association, Monticello, Ill.: The committee of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, composed of Secretary Col. E. T. Lee, Treasurer Dr. J. W. Coleman, and Capt. R. C. McMechan, the latter one the Vice-Presidents, have returned from their visit to the battle-field. They were very successful in securing the land on which this famous battle was fought, at a very reasonable price, some 2,500 acres. They will recommend to Congress that the battle-field be purchased by the Government and made a great National Memorial Park, like Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and that graves of the dead soldiers scattered over the field be preserved. Two reunions are to be held on these old battle-fields this year, one on April 6th and 7th, the anniversary of the battle, and one on May 30th, when the graves of the thousands of sleeping heroes there will be decorated with flags and flowers. On both of these occasions there will be appropriate exercises, suitable to the place and occasion. Secretary E. T. Lee, of Monticello, Ill., has received over 6,000 names of the survivors of this battle, and they are continually reporting. A complete roster of the men who fought in it is to be made, representing every command that took part in the battle, North and South, as the officers and members of this Association are composed of those who wore the blue and the gray in equal numbers. Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief of all the United Confederate Veterans, gave this his hearty approval. There are some 4,000 Confederate dead buried on this battle-field, whose graves will be looked after and preserved.

In a personal letter Col. Lee states: Our Association, as you will see from the officers, is composed of one-half of the Blue and one-half of the Gray, and we desire all the old Confederate comrades to meet us at Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April, and we will mark the positions held during the battle, and also look up the graves of the Confederate dead buried there, so we can have them properly cared for and preserved. We feel very sure we will succeed in having this old battle-field purchased by the government and made a national memorial park.

CARROL CATES' YANKEE BREECHES.—The peculiarities of men were brought out in high degree during the war. W. C. Cates, who was a member of my regiment, was conspicuously careful, and the fact that he "wore out" a pair of blue pants, issued to him in prison during February, 1862, when back in the service, by carrying them in his knapsack, is a vivid illustration. He writes: "I tried them on once, and they proved to be knee pants. I kept them until the fall of '63, when I exchanged them for two pairs of rebel gray pants. The other fellow wanted the blue ones for Sunday." The average Confederate would not have carried them so long for their weight in gold.

Capt. J. F. Puckett, Commander Camp at Kingston, Texas: At the October meeting of our Camp the claims of the VETERAN were presented, and it was recommended that it be adopted as our official organ at the Birmingham reunion. We have a live Camp here, composed of veterans from all the Southern States. Hope to be able to send you more subscribers soon.

TEXAS—Continued.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Major Gen E M Bean, Commander.....Cameron
Col W M McGregor, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....Cameron
H E Shelley, Brigadier General.....Austin
Robert Donnell, Brigadier General.....Meridian

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Abilene.....	Abilene.....	72.....	T W Daugherty.
Abilene.....	Taylor Co.....	69.....	H. L. Bentley, Theo. Beyek.
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	160.....	Jesse W HELL, J. K. Posey.
Alvin.....	Wm H Hart.....	286.....	Wm Hart, Alf H Li Tolar.
Alvord.....	Stonewall.....	362.....	J M Jones, W G Leach.
Archer City.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	249.....	H J Brooks, T M Cecil.
Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65.....	D M Morgan, W. T. Eustace.
Atlanta.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	91.....	J. D. Johnson, J. N. Simmons.
Aurora.....	R Q Mills.....	360.....	G W Short, C C Leonard.
Austin.....	Jno B Hood.....	103.....	W. M. Brown, C. H. Powell.
Beaumont.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75.....	Tom J Russell, G W O'Brien.
Belton.....	Bell Co. ex-Conf. As.....	122.....	Joe Braister, H E Bradford.
Big Springs.....	Joe Wheeler.....	330.....	R B Zinn.
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	164.....	J. P. Holmes.
Brazoria.....	Clinton Terry.....	243.....	Wm. F. Smith, F. LeRibens.
Breckinridge.....	Stephens County.....	314.....	W F Marberry, G B Brown.
Brenham.....	Washington.....	239.....	C Giddings, J G Rankin.
Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118.....	Carl Vincent, A D Moss.
Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	124.....	J W Tabor, S M Derden.
Buffalo Gap.....	Camp Moody.....	123.....	Ben F Jones, J J Ewbanks.
Caldwell.....	Camp Rogers.....	142.....	J B King, J F Matthews.
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111.....	CW Higginbotham, H F Kellogg.
Cameron.....	Ben McCulloch.....	29.....	E. J. Melver, J. B. Moore.
Campbell.....	Camp Ross.....	183.....	R W Ridley, Tom G Smith.
Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	133.....	T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
Carthage.....	Horace Randall.....	163.....	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth.
Chico.....	Camp McIntosh.....	361.....	J S Eddins, G W Craft.
Childress.....	Los E Johnston.....	259.....	W P Jones, L C Warlick.
Cisco.....	Camp Preveaux.....	273.....	T W Neal, J S McDonough.
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	88.....	O T Plummer, S C Senlock.
Colorado.....	Albert S. Johnston.....	113.....	W. V. Johnson, T. Q. Mullin.
Columbus.....	Shropshire-Upton.....	112.....	Geo. McCormick, J. J. Dick.
Coleman.....	Jno Pelham.....	76.....	J. J. Callan, J. M. Williams.
Commerce.....	R. E. Lee.....	241.....	G G Lindsey, W E Mangum.
Cooper.....	Ector.....	231.....	Geo W Jones, R J Pickett.
Corpus Christi.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	63.....	H R Sutherland, M C Spann.
Corsicana.....	C. M. Winkler.....	147.....	R M Collins.
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	141.....	Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin.
Collinsville.....	Beauregard.....	306.....	J B King, W H Stephenson.
Cuero.....	Emmett Lynch.....	242.....	V Weldon, George H Law.
Dangerfield.....	Camp Brooks.....	307.....	J N Zachery, J A McGregor.
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	31.....	J J Miller, Geo R Fearer.
Deatur.....	Ben McCulloch.....	30.....	W A Miller, A Edwards.
DeKalb.....	Tom Wallace.....	289.....	W S Proctor, J D Stewart.
Denton.....	Sul Ross.....	129.....	Hugh McKenzie, J R Barton.
Dodd City.....	Camp Maxey.....	281.....	W C Moore.
Dublin.....	Erath & Comanche.....	85.....	J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
El Paso.....	John C Brown.....	20.....	B H Davis, Wyndham Kemp.
Emma.....	Lone Star.....	198.....	John W. Murray.
Fairfield.....	Wm. L. Moody.....	87.....	W G Blinn, L G Sandifer.
Floresville.....	Wilson County.....	225.....	W C C. Ager, A. D. Evans.
Forney.....	Camp Bee.....	130.....	T. M. Daniel, S. C. Fleming.
Fort Worth.....	R. E. Lee.....	158.....	A B Fraser, W M McConnell.
Frost.....	R. Q. Mills.....	106.....	A Chamberlain, M F Wakefield.
Galveston.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	119.....	J. M. Wright, W. A. Sims.
Galveston.....	Magruder.....	105.....	T N Waul, C Washington.
Galveston.....	Ex-C A. Coryell Co.....	135.....	M S Stanford.
Goldthwaite.....	Jeff Davis.....	117.....	J E Martin, W H Thompson.
Gonzales.....	John C G Key.....	156.....	W B Sayers, H L Qualls.
Gordonville.....	J G Hodges.....	32.....	Wm Hodges, W Bussingame.
Graham.....	Young County.....	127.....	A G Gray, Y M Edwards.
Granbury.....	Granbury.....	67.....	J. A. Fordwalt, J. R. Morris.
Grand View.....	J E Johnston.....	377.....	C C Haffield.
Greenville.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	267.....	W S Ward, A H Hefner.
Hallettsville.....	Col James Walker.....	248.....	Volney Ellis, B F Burke.
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116.....	Battle Fort, L A H Smith.
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136.....	N B. Thornton, S. Schwarz.
Henderson.....	Rus Redwine.....	205.....	J M Mays, C C Dye.
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172.....	F. J. Barrett, C. B. Patterson.
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	106.....	Wm W Fields.
Honey Grove.....	Logan Davidson.....	294.....	J H Lynn, John L Ballinger.
Houston.....	Dick Dowling.....	197.....	W. Lambert, S K Longnecker.
Huntsville.....	John C Upton.....	43.....	J M Smither, E K Goree.
Jacksborough.....	Camp Morgan.....	364.....	S W Eastin, W J Denning.
Jacksborough.....	Camp Hughes.....	365.....	S H Reeves, A F Anderson.
Kaufman.....	Geo. D. Macon.....	145.....	Jos. Huffmaster, E S Pipes.
Kilgore.....	Buck Kilgore.....	283.....	W A Miller, T W Wynn.
Kingston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71.....	F. E. Puckett, T. J. Foster.
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126.....	W F Merrill, J R Arthur.
Lampasas.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61.....	R. H. Phelps, N. Holman.
Livingston.....	R. E. Lee.....	66.....	C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie.
Lubbock.....	Eke Turner.....	821.....	James E Hill, A B Green.
Madisonville.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	158.....	W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Madisonville.....	Jno G Walker.....	128.....	R Wiley.
Marlin.....	Willis L Long.....	299.....	G A King, J T Owen.
Memphis.....	Hall County.....	215.....	F M Murray, G W Tipton.
Menardville.....	Menardville.....	328.....	F M Kitchens.
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115.....	Robt Donnell, J. W. Adams.
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79.....	J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia.....	Jos Johnston.....	91.....	C L Watson, H W Williams.
Minneapolis.....	Wood County.....	153.....	J H Huffmaster, T J Goodwin.
Mt. Enterprise.....	Rosser.....	82.....	T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Dud Jones.....	121.....	C. L. Dillahunty, J. C. Turner.
Montague.....	Bob Stone.....	93.....	R. E. Bean, H. D. Rugeley.
McGregor.....	Camp McGregor.....	274.....	W H Harris, H W Sadler.
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	109.....	T M Scott, H C Mack.
Mt Vernon.....	Ben McCulloch.....	300.....	W T Gass, J J Morris.
Navyata.....	Hannibal H Boone.....	102.....	W E Barry, Jas H Freeman.
New Boston.....	Sul Ross.....	287.....	Geo H Rea, T J Watlington.
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	195.....	C. C. Cox, T. M. Church.
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	41.....	J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider.

COMMENTS ABOUT THE VETERAN.

P. A. Green, Seale, Ala.: I have just finished reading the December number of the VETERAN, and wish that every Southern soldier could have the good fortune to do the same. I feel sometimes that four of the best years of my life were as thrown away, and that the dangers, privations and hardships endured by the soldiers of our dear Southland were not appreciated, but when I read the VETERAN I am cheered with the hope that, although unsuccessful, history will tell to future generations the justice of our cause and the undying devotion of the Southern soldier to his native land. Please send the VETERAN to Capt. Thomas H. Hardwick, Hatchechubble, Ala. He was one of the most gallant soldiers in the Southern army, whose company captured on the bloody field of Chickamauga a yankee battery, but whose affliction has confined him to his bed for six long years.

W. Fort Smith, Esq., Brazoria, Texas: I am very much interested in your enterprise, for I feel that we should educate our children in the true faith while we live, so that when we have bivonacked on the other shore our cause will live. By "our cause" I mean the right of self government and American manhood. Let us teach them to love the Republic our fathers bequeathed to us, the Republic of equal rights for all the States. Teach them that the followers of Sidney and J. E. Johnston, Forrest, Wheeler and Hood, fought for the preservation of civil liberty against centralism and the downfall of American liberty.

R. W. Crabb, Uniontown, Ky.: Find inclosed my check for \$1.30, to renew my subscription for the VETERAN and for the "Flags of a Nation that fell," framed, also the Souvenir. I am in time to renew at fifty cents, but I do not want it at that price; it is worth one dollar. I feel now that you will make it a success. Now, we have had enough of this surrendering, what we old Rebs want is a magazine that will stay by us, and is not for sale; a magazine that will publish "our side" of history as it actually occurred from '61 to '65, without prejudice or partiality. Do this, and we will stand by you until the last ditch is reached and the last round is fired.

SHERMAN, TEXAS, January 28, 1894.—At a meeting of Camp Mildred Lee, United Confederate Veterans, last night, these resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we have observed with pleasure and profit the publication of historical and instructive incidents relating to our side in the late war, in a neat and handsome little journal by S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., called CONFEDERATE VETERAN; therefore,

Resolved, 1, That we commend the spirit and patriotic intent of this attractive journal, and send fraternal greetings to Mr. Cunningham, assuring him of our sympathy and good wishes in his praiseworthy efforts, and hope the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be well sustained, continue to improve, and publish all of the truth relating to the history of the "lost cause."

Resolved, 2, That we indorse the publication of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and adopt it as the official organ of Mildred Lee Camp.

Resolved, 3, That this preamble and resolutions be spread upon the records of this Camp, and the Adjutant be instructed to transmit a copy to the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Long live the VETERAN.

Fraternally, ROBT. WALKER, Adjutant.

TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Paradise.....	Pat Cleburne.....	363.....	A J Jones, L T Mason
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70.....	O C Connor, S S Record
Paint Rock.....	Jeff Davis.....	168.....	W. T. Melton, J. W. Hatchford.
Pearlsall.....	"Gatch" Hardeman.....	280.....	R M Harkness, Henry Maney
Richmond.....	Frank Terry.....	227.....	P. E. Peareson, B. F. Stuart
Ripley.....	Gen Hood.....	280.....	W R M Slaughter, Jno H Hood
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74.....	M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	154.....	D Speer, A P Kelley
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	144.....	John S Ford, James Clark
San Augustine.....	Jeff Davis.....	284.....	W A Field
San Saba.....	W P Rogers.....	322.....	George Harris, A Duggan
Santa Anna.....	L Q C Lamar.....	371.....	L M Cravens, Will Hubert
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86.....	T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
Sherman.....	Mildred Lee.....	90.....	J T Wilson, Robt Walker.
South Prairie.....	South Prairie.....	393.....	W L Hefner.....
Sweetwater.....	E. C. Walthall.....	92.....	W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Spigs.....	Matt Ashcroft.....	170.....	R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor.....	A. S. Johnston.....	165.....	M Ross, Perry Hawkins
Terrell.....	J F B Stuart.....	45.....	J A Anthony, Vic Reinhardt
Texarkana.....	A P Hill.....	269.....	W J Allen, Charles A Hooks
Tyler.....	A. S. Johnston.....	48.....	Bryan Marsh, Sid S Johnson
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	125.....	S. E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waco.....	Pat Cleburne.....	222.....	C. L. Johnson, W. C. Cooper
Waxahachie.....	Winnie Davis.....	108.....	Tom Yates, J P Cooper
Waxahachie.....	Parsons Cav. Ass'n.....	296.....	A M Dechman
Weatherford.....	Tom Green.....	169.....	J. P. Rice, M. V. Kinnison.
Wellington.....	Collingsworth Co.....	257.....	J. H. McDowell, J M Yates
Wharton.....	Ruchell.....	322.....	J N Denny, H T Compton
Whitesboro.....	Geo R Reeves.....	258.....	J W M Hughes, B M Wright
Wichita Falls.....	W. J. Hardee.....	73.....	W R Crockett, N A Robinson
Will's Point.....	Will's Point.....	302.....	A N Allford, W A Benham

VIRGINIA.

Col Gen Thos A Brander, Commander.....	Richmond
Col Jos V Blgood, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....	Richmond
T S Garnett, Brigadier General.....	Norfolk
Mteniah Woods, Brigadier General.....	Charlottesville

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Harrisonburg.....	S R Gibbons.....	178.....	D H Lee Mattz, J S Messerly
Reams Station.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	211.....	M A Moncure, A R Moncure
Richmond.....	Geo E Pickett.....	204.....	R S Northern, P M Curdy
Richmond.....	R E Lee.....	181.....	A W Archer, J T Stratton
Roanoke.....	William Wadsworth.....	265.....	S S Brooke, Hugh W Fry
West Point.....	John R Cooke.....	184.....	H. M. Miller, W. W. Green.
Williamsburg.....	McGruder-Ewell.....	210.....	T J Stubbs, H T Jones
Winchester.....	Gen Turner Ashby.....	240.....	Chas W McVicar, E G Hollis

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.....	Wash. City Confed.....	171.....	J G Moore, T W Hungerford
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The Southwestern Journal of Education: The Southern people have been much dissatisfied for years with partisan history concerning their section and the part they took in the war. Occasionally books and pamphlets have been printed in refutation of these objectionable histories, but they have frequently been extreme on the opposite side. The soldiers of the two sections have always been friends, except now and then when controlled by partisan politicians, who have created and continued sectional bitterness for personal advancement. The VETERAN espouses zealously the cause of the Confederate soldiers, and is very diligent to give just credit to soldiers of the Union Army "who realize that the war ended in 1865." The editor of the VETERAN was a soldier and carried a gun. He has a wide acquaintance throughout the South, and has the benefit of public confidence. It is refreshing to read a publication so courageous as the VETERAN, and yet so carefully deferential as never to be offensive to true men who are equally zealous for the Union.

Angus P. Brown, Commander Camp Columbia, S. C.: The VETERAN has been made the official organ of this Camp. Long may you be spared to preside at the helm of a magazine that has done so much to furnish the facts for the future historian of the South. Success to you in your great enterprise. It is the duty of every Confederate soldier to sustain you in your laudable work.

W. S. Hanna, Morrilton, Ark.: But for the very hard times I would be able to send you another list of subscribers for the VETERAN. I will not, however, relax my exertions, and hope to be able in the near future to send you additional names.

S. D. Van Pelt, Postmaster, Danville, Ky.: Inclosed find \$1, for which please place my name on your subscription list for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I saw a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN this evening for the first time, and read it with a great deal of interest. I served three years in the Federal army as a soldier. Am a Republican in politics, but I love the true and brave Confederate soldier. I am his friend. The truest and best friends I can boast of are men who served in the Confederate army, and I love them. I heartily approve of the publication of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and wish it success.

J. K. Merrifield, St. Louis, Mo., sends a dollar for the VETERAN and writes: Allow me to thank you for the kind words you say in your letter about Opydike's brigade. We were always ready and willing to do our duty, and every historian who has written about the battle of Franklin gives our brigade the credit of saving the Army of the Cumberland from destruction. Had our brigade not charged and recaptured the works from you after you had possession, you could have whipped the right or left wing in detail, and what you did not kill or capture would have been drowned in the Harpeth River, so that Hood with his army could have marched to Louisville or to Cincinnati without a stumbling-block in their way except what few Home Guards they might have come across, but the veterans of your army would have swept them aside like chaff before the wind. * * * While they are dealing out medals in Washington for brave acts done that accomplished but little, they might give a medal to every man who was in the charge with Opydyke at the battle of Franklin, Tenn.

W. J. Ervin, Hamilton, Mo.: As a private I bore an humble part in the late struggle from '61 to the close. Received five wounds, participated in every engagement under the Missouri State Militia until the organization of the Fourth Missouri Brigade, C. S. A., at Springfield, Mo., in the winter of '61-2. Arriving at Corinth a few days late for Shiloh, participated in all campaigns and engagements from that to Altoona, Ga., November 5, 1864, where I received my last and lasting disability.

A. H. Sinclair, Georgetown, Ky.: "Camp Geo. W. Johnson, at its regular meeting in September, unanimously indorsed the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and recommends it as the organ of the Confederate Veterans." It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to your unfaltering devotion to the lost cause, and I trust every Confederate veteran and their friends will become subscribers.

Gen. John Boyd, Lexington, Ky.: It is mighty hard work these times to get renewals at any price. In several instances I have paid the renewals for poor old soldiers whom I knew could not spare the money and who like the VETERAN. I could not think of taking any remuneration for the little aid I have given you. I only wish I could do more. I pray that God will bless you and prosper you in the good work that you are doing, and that he will incline all Confederate hearts to feel that they cannot do without the VETERAN. I am always * * *

Wm. E. Underwood, Black Jack, Tenn.: * * * No, I never have seen any thing like a history of the war that pleases me as well as the VETERAN. I enlisted in May, '61 (30th Tennessee), and at Chickamauga I lost my left arm.

R. A. Venable, Bowling Green, Ky., who served in Company A, Twenty-ninth Alabama: I am glad you have put the price of the VETERAN to \$1 per annum. It is worth five times as much to the old Confederate.

Capt. Andrew Brown, Florence, Ala.: A. M. O'Neal, Commander of our Camp, which was named for him, is the Captain of the Wheeler Rifles of this place, and was a second year's cadet at West Point Military Academy when he resigned to join our army.

Adjutant B. M. Robinson, Orlando, Fla.: Please find inclosed postoffice order for \$7.50 for the VETERAN. I will forward you another order soon. Our city council recently donated to Camp No. 54 a burial lot. We intend to have it taken care of properly, and hope to erect a monument some time in the future.

Dr. W. M. Yandell, El Paso, Texas: I do not feel competent to advise you as to raising the price of the VETERAN. It is worth a dollar, unquestionably, but would it not be well to run another year at fifty cents, until you have run the subscription list to 10,000 when your advertising patronage ought to be valuable?

T. F. Prewitt, Killeen, Texas: I have often desired such a publication as the VETERAN to place in the hands of my children, and they really appreciate it almost as much as myself and wife. I am pleased with the idea of organizing a benefit association in connection with the Confederate Veteran Association. I indorse the suggestion of J. L. Burke.

A. B. McMichael, Healdsburg, Cal.: Inclosed find renewal for VETERAN. I would not take a dollar a piece for mine. I was a member of A. S. Marks' regiment, the Seventeenth Tennessee. * * * I think the troops George E. Dolton, of St. Louis, refers to were Longstreet's men. We lost eighty men; captured, from our regiment, but we captured some artillery.

J. T. Eason, Coldwater, Miss.: Find inclosed five subscriptions. We are all delighted with the VETERAN. I served in the Seventeenth Mississippi Infantry from April, 1861, to the surrender at Appomattox.

R. T. Owen, Adjutant John H. Waller Camp, Shelbyville, Ky., sends a dollar to the VETERAN and adds: Like the regiment I belonged to, at the end of our first twelve months we re-enlisted for three years or during the war. You can count on me to be with you until you hand down your colors.

J. Coleman Gardner, Springfield, Mo.: All who take it here are well pleased. The thirty-seven subscriptions I have sent you were secured at random, or as I had time to see after introducing it.

A Dallas, Texas, Confederate: Here is a dollar from Ben. F. Hendricks, an old soldier who served on the other side in the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. A good and true man he is, too. He wants the VETERAN.

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: The war journal was mailed me. I showed it to an old soldier and told him not to subscribe for it, as it did not at all represent the old Confederates. He said, "I would not take it at 25 cents, and would rather pay \$3 a year for the VETERAN." He takes the VETERAN and was a good soldier. He carried a minie ball received at Chickamauga for about fifteen years, and is yet lame.

Mrs. Keller Anderson, Memphis: Here is a good word from one of your subscribers. Mr. W. W. Shouse thanked me for calling his attention to the VETERAN, and said, "I would not take ten dollars and do without it."

MISS MARIE LOUISE BAILEY.

A Nashville girl is just beginning a tour in the South as a pianist, with a record that will please the Confederate veterans on learning that her father is one of them. This is from the *Washington Post*:

It is a pleasant task always to record the success of a young American girl in foreign lands, and this is the good fortune that Miss Marie Louise Bailey, of Nashville, Tenn., has achieved across the Atlantic. Though only eighteen years of age, the King of Saxony was so delighted with her playing that, after two or three performances, he conferred on Miss Bailey the title of Royal Court Pianist, an honor rarely given, and never, as his majesty himself told her, bestowed before on one so young. In Leipzig she made her debut, and it was a decided success, to be repeated at Berlin, Dresden, and other cities. The best critics gave her instinted praise.

Miss Bailey is able to play from memory three hundred solos and concertos, and her repertoire runs from



Bach to Liszt. Chopin is her favorite, for under the guidance of her Polish teacher she learned to bring out all the beauties of the great composer. She expects to make a tour of the South, and has already received good offers from well-known managers.

Replying to an inquiry from the writer, her mother gave briefly an account of her beginning as a pianist. She herself was teaching, and taxed with the care of twenty pupils. She was impatient with the little tot's persistency in getting at the keys of the piano, and she kept it locked when not in use. Members of her class, however, were fond of the child, and helped her. On returning to the house one day after having been down town, Mrs. Bailey found that her little

Mary was in great glee, playing for the family servants. That performance created in the mother interest and hope. Not long afterward the child played at the Nashville Exposition, when a gentleman offered to buy her any thing there. Of course she selected a large doll. The little girl's ambition was to play an octave, but her fingers were too short. She happily overcame that by tying hair pins on the back of her little hand so that she could touch the necessary keys.

BAZAAR FOR THE STONEWALL BAND.—C. Harry Haines, Secretary of the Stonewall Brigade Band at Staunton, Va., writes: "We are going to hold a bazaar in this city for the purpose of purchasing new uniforms, and we shall appeal to all Southerners, and especially to all survivors of the glorious Confederacy, for assistance in our undertaking. I mail you a copy of a little sheet gotten out by the band in the interest of the bazaar." These things will be of interest, especially to the old Stonewall Brigade.

The managers of the Nashville Keeley Institute are well known Southerners. Those who were thrilled with the "Rebel Yell," as published last year in the *VETERAN*, will observe the author in the Secretary and Treasurer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—DAVIDSON COUNTY, TENN.

For County Trustee.

W. H. HIGGINBOTHAM hereby announces himself as a candidate for Trustee, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Your support cordially solicited.

For County Judge.

R. R. CALDWELL is a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to Democratic primary.

JNO. THOMPSON announces himself a candidate for County Judge, subject to Democratic primaries.

For Sheriff.

W. J. HILL is a candidate for Sheriff. Is competent and solicits your support in Democratic primaries.

For Criminal Court Clerk.

A. B. (BUSH) SPAIN is a candidate for Criminal Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primary. Election first Thursday in August, 1894.

For Circuit Court Clerk.

ALEX. J. HARRIS has announced himself as a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primary.

WILLIS J. SULLIVAN is a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primaries. Election August, 1894.

For County Court Clerk.

P. A. SHELTON is a candidate for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries. Election August, 1894.

For Register.

JNO. P. HICKMAN is competent, desires the emoluments, and solicits your support for County Register.

EWING CHADWELL is a candidate for re-election to the office of Register of Davidson County, subject to Democratic primary.

For Tax Assessor.

WE are authorized to announce the name of JOHNSON V. LINTON for the office of Tax Assessor of Davidson County.

TIM M. HANIFIN is a candidate for Tax Assessor of Davidson County, subject to the Democratic primary.

Books Supplied by S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

John Esten Cook's complete works, time payments. \$9.
 "The Southern Cross," by Mrs. L. R. Messenger. \$1.25.
 "Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," by J. O. Casler, \$2.
 "That Old-Time Child Roberta," by Mrs. Sophie Fox Lea, \$1.
 "Immortelles," by Maj. S. K. Phillips, Chattanooga, 50 cents.
 "The Other Side," a thrilling poem of 900 lines, by Virginia Frazier Boyle, Mr. Davis being her theme. \$1.
 "Sketch of the Battle of Franklin, and Reminiscences of Camp Douglas," by John M. Copley. \$1.
 "How It Was, or Four Years With the Rebel Army," a thrilling story by Mrs. Irby Morgan, of Nashville. This is a charming book. \$1.

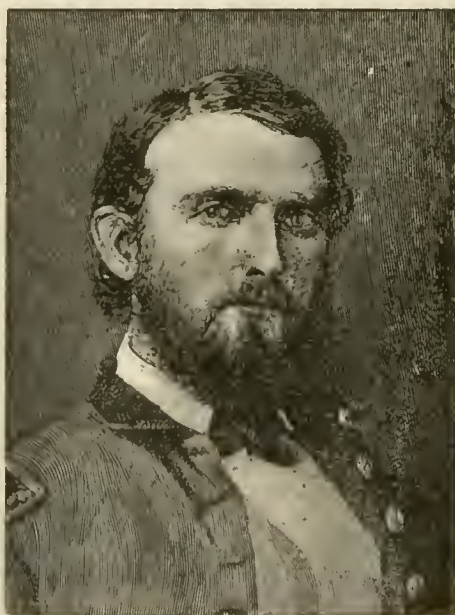
"Hancock's Diary, or History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry." A large octavo book, with many portraits and biographic sketches. The frontispiece is a fine steel engraving of Gen. N. B. Forrest. \$2.50.

"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Henry M. Field, D. D. \$1.50. This book comprises a series of letters on the South. Fifty pages are devoted to the battle of Franklin, and the author is especially complimentary to this editor. The closing chapters are on Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

Hancock's Diary is as a history of the Second Tennessee Cavalry—644 octavo pages, 20 portraits, including a splendid steel engraving of Gen. N. B. Forrest, and 36 biographical sketches. While the work will be read with interest by any one who may wish to read the daring deeds of Forrest and his cavalry, it will be especially interesting to any who served under that gallant officer during the last eighteen months of the war. Mr. Hancock was a member of Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division. The price is \$2.50.

MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON'S BOOK.

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tice the remarkable similarity of expression of the General in the two periods of his life. The book will be supplied from this office at the publisher's price, \$2.

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Faithfully yours,

DR. J. E. YOWELL,
1221 N. Vine St., Nashville, Tenn.

The editor of the VETERAN is well acquainted with Dr. Yowell, and would accept any statement from him.

TO THE PRESS—I am a toll-gate keeper, have suffered since 1888 with fistula, and have been totally unable to work. Like all men, I hesitated to write for the Oil Cure. I called on Drs. Reynolds six months ago, and they placed me on the oils. I am working every day. Have been examined by physicians and pronounced well. I advise every sufferer to employ this great remedy. I suffered no pain from the treatment. I will be glad to write to all afflicted. JOSEPH A. PEACH,
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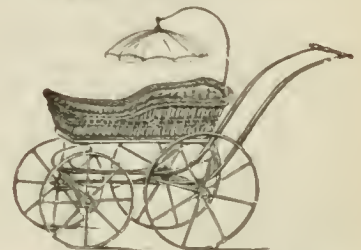
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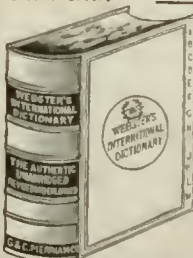
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Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave
band,
Who rose in defense of our dear Southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray—
How proudly he donned it—the jacket of gray?

His fond mother blessed him and looked up
above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was her's, mortal tongue cannot
say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of
gray.

But her country had called, and she would not
repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy in the jacket of gray.

Months passed and war's thunder rolled over
the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the
brand;
We heard in the distance the sounds of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah! vain, all, all vain were our prayers and our
tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the red battlefield lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of
gray.

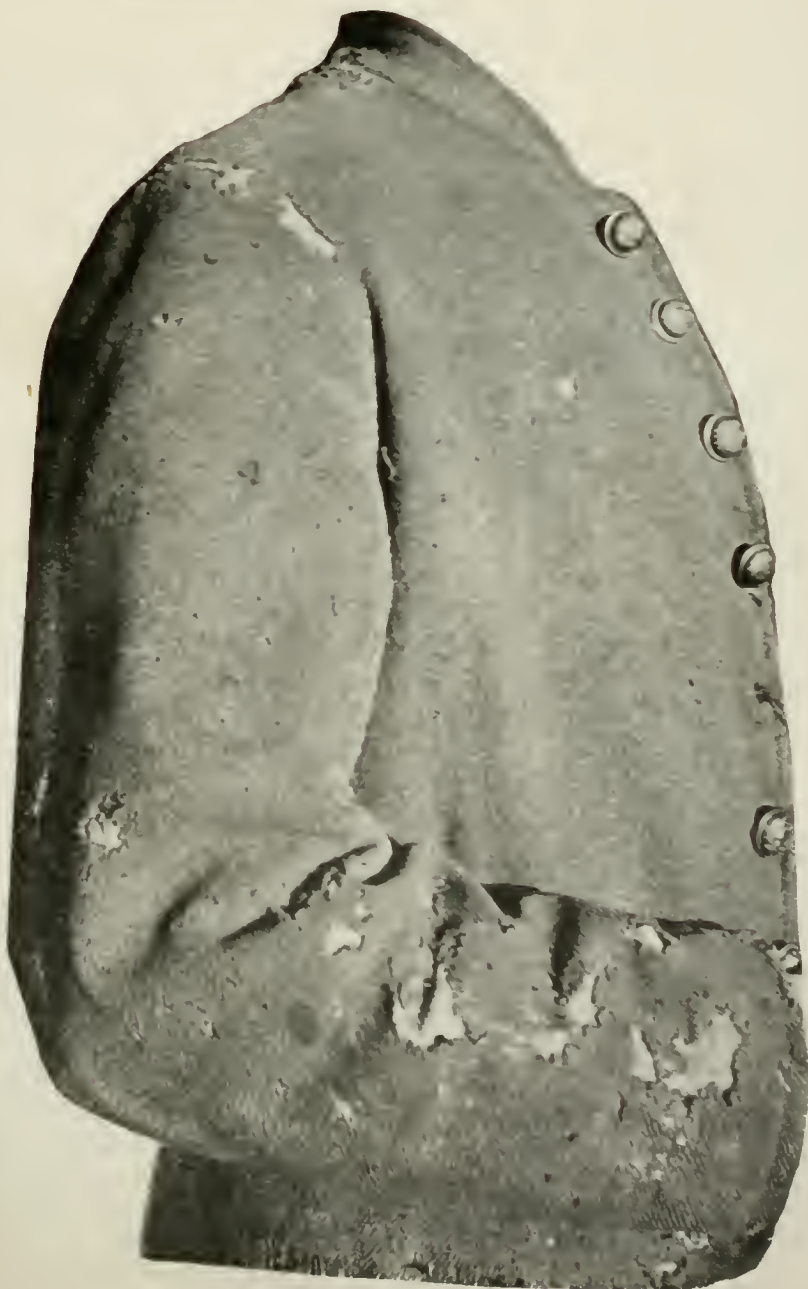
His young comrades found him, and tenderly
bore
The cold, lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah! spotted and tattered, and stained now with
gore,
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robe the jacket
of gray.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his
head,
As the proudest tribute our sad hearts could pay,
He never disgraced the jacket of gray.

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore!

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The brave will honor the brave,
Vanquished none the less.

OF this issue of the VETERAN ten thousand five hundred copies are printed. It is expected that the next number, April, will be twelve thousand, the largest number yet printed. Advertisements will be printed in it and in the Souvenir both for three dollars per inch. Don't wait for solicitors, but apply at once.

THE SOUVENIR will contain the cream of the illustrations and articles that appeared in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN during the past year, hence a valuable addition to the library of every Southern home. The publication will doubtless be the most popular ever issued in the South. As an advertising medium it is commended. It will be read, reread and preserved with care by a class of persons largely consisting of those who have money to spend, therefore an advertisement in the Souvenir will have a permanent value. In times of financial stringency like the present it is wise to be careful in selecting advertising mediums.

TOO LATE for this issue comes the correction of several errors in Camp officials. There are more from Tennessee than the other States. To be supplied are numbers 367 and 432, then from 440 to 461 consecutively. Please report all corrections due, so that the veteran list at Birmingham may be faultless.

INCREASED interest will be had in the article by Rev. J. H. McNeilly on "Last Days of the Confederacy," by the statement that the proof was submitted to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who replied, "Acceptable, accurate, and absolutely true."

G. W. Cook, of Chipley, Fla., in sending subscriptions for himself and S. M. Robertson, says: We both left one of our arms on the battlefield, one in Tennessee, the other in Virginia.

ADJ'T. GEN. H. B. STODDARD, of Bryan, publishes a card urging a large attendance of Texas veterans at the annual reunion to be held at Waco on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of April. The VETERAN will be represented.

It is definitely settled that the corner-stone to a Confederate Monument, to be erected in Capital Park, Birmingham, will be laid during the reunion in April.

J. T. BUCK, of Jackson, Miss., an ordnance officer, and being at Clarksville to forward ammunition to Fort Donelson, escaped capture in that surrender, pays fine tribute to Maj. Jacob Culbertson, who being without a command was in the fort and did effective firing of one of the large guns—maybe Long Tom—upon the Federal gunboats. Maj. Culbertson died at his home near Jackson some years ago, leaving a family.

COMRADES in the vicinity of Dover, Tenn. (Fort Donelson), have for a long time been trying to organize. Last month, on the thirty-second anniversary of the last day's battle, a meeting was held and a large committee was appointed to insure success of a meeting for organization the second Monday in April. All the people of that section should take a pride in its success, as Fort Donelson is one of the most noted battle grounds of the war. Foreign visitors to the place will conclude that all the killing at Fort Donelson was by Confederates, as on the high hill in the suburbs of Dover, there is a well kept cemetery of the Federal dead. Maybe the Union veterans will yet send up a great petition to the National Legislature in behalf of honoring the Southern hero who gave his life for his convictions. The Confederate dead at Donelson should have a cemetery fragrant with cultivated flowers and made beautiful with marble and bronze. Comrades or others who may wish information about the meeting may address Dr. Steger, at Dover.

IN celebrating Washington's birthday by the Southern Society of New York, speakers waxed warm in reply to Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, whose comparison of the Southern leaders of the present with those of past generations was disparaging. James Lindsay Gordon of New York, a native Virginian said: "Nor must it be understood that Southern statesmanship is at a discount to-day. The Treasury is guarded by a Southern man; the great Navy of Uncle Sam is being built under the direction of a Southern statesman; a Southern man is in charge of the Interior Department, and a Southern man presides with dignity and ability over the deliberations of the House of Representatives; a Southern man, great, pure and spotless, has been raised to the Supreme Court bench, and a Southern man is responsible for the new tariff bill. This is the record of the men of the South to-day. They are Southrons, they are statesmen, but above all they are American citizens."

COMRADES, ATTENTION! ROLL CALL! FALL IN!!

"Hurry up, boys! Don't you see the Colonel is putting on his sword, and negro Bob has his horse ready! Hallo, you boys in that tent! Hurry up, or I'll report you to headquarters."

Are these expressions from the Orderly Sergeant familiar to you? And then from the Captain: "Attention, company! Right dress! Call the roll, Sergeant." If so, note them now for a practical application. Suppose you had not answered to your name? Suppose you had not done your part as a soldier? What would have become of the army? You know.

Comrades, don't forget that life is a struggle from the first sound of the bugle to the last "tattoo." One of the ordinary soldiers in the service happens to have the responsible charge of presenting that great epoch, and he is as powerless to accomplish its patriotic and holy purposes as would have been our army commanders to win victories without the co-operation of the soldiers. This statement must meet your approval. Your reputation and the memories of your comrades who never returned are involved. The VETERAN is the most important medium that has ever been printed to represent the principles for which you suffered. If it be worthy you should stand by it, and if not you should protest against its use of the sacred name. Roll call is at hand. Do you answer, "Here?" You can tell by reference to the date of your subscription. If it indicates that your time is out you should answer, "Here!" If you can't pay say so, and the VETERAN commander will excuse you. He has a limited number of excuses for comrades who are not prompt at roll-call, especially if they be crippled from the service. Contrary to business rules, the VETERAN will be sent to comrades who can't pay, as liberally as possible.

It is useless to appeal to the noble women whose enthusiasm kept them animated to the end of the struggle. To the daughters and sons of Confederate soldiers who answered to their names faithfully, but can't do so now, the merit of this plea is made. Let all who believe in the good faith of Confederates rally now to their advocate, and the world will yet honor them more and more in what they did.

This organ of the Southern soldiers in the war of '61-5 has been amazingly popular from the first issue. It was started in January, 1893, with an edition of 5,000 copies, and for the past six months more than 10,000 of each issue have been required to meet demands. Every public spirited and patriotic person South should take pride in its prominence and merit.

Charles Todd Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee who has ever been an honor to comrades at home and abroad:

SEWANEE, TENN., March 7, 1894.—Dear Mr. Cunningham: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN comes to me full of good things, and I wish to thank you for your faithful work in giving to the Confederate soldiers such an

admirable and accurate record of the days that "tried men's souls." The typography, the illustrations, and the whole "get-up" of the paper, leave nothing to be desired. The editorials and letters of correspondents are full of interest to one who took part in the struggle to preserve the constitutional rights of the States.

I am yours with all good wishes.

Lt. Gen. S. D. Lee, Agricultural College, Miss.: I consider your last two issues as splendid, and had made up my mind to write you especially commending the February number. The material is just what it ought to be, and I wish you eminent success in your work. I wish you had started such a monthly ten years ago.

Nashville *Christian Advocate*, organ of the M. E. Church, South, March 15: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., S. A. Cunningham, editor, is well on the way into its second year. From the first number it has been a pronounced success. It is patriotic and progressive. Cheerfully accepting the present, it at the same time loyally clings to the memories of the past. * * * We do not see how any old Confederate can get along without this periodical.

R. H. Adams, Adjutant, Radford, Va., March 5, 1894: At a meeting of G. C. Wharton Camp, No. 28, Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., by our esteemed comrade, S. A. Cunningham, is a faithful and true expounder of the principles dear to us, and for which Lee fought and Jackson died; therefore, be it

Resolved, That G. C. Wharton Camp, No. 28, Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, express our gratitude to comrade Cunningham for such a welcome visitor.

Resolved, That this Camp hereby adopts the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as its official organ.

Capt. R. D. Smith, Columbia, Tenn.: On March 7th we had a very satisfactory meeting of our old Bivouac, the first that has been held since March, 1891. We reorganized, and by unanimous vote made the VETERAN our official organ. On the 17th of this month a mass meeting is to be held to perfect the organization of the county association.

J. A. SMITH, of Kaufman, Texas, in a letter of February 27th, inclosing \$10 for ten subscriptions to the VETERAN, names his mess-mates of Company A, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and wishes to hear from them. They are, J. P. Tippet, Bass Marlin, Dave, Stanley and Tom Ivey. He was known as "Little Bret" Smith.

P. F. LEWIS, of Aurora, Texas, inquires of Henry Dennis, who was about thirty-five years old, was wounded and being cared for near the line of Louisiana when he last heard from him. Does not even know Dennis' command.

AMONG matters deferred for April VETERAN are notes about the Stonewall Jackson medals, of which much has been published, and about which some controversy as to ownership exists.

A GREAT many official indorsements by Camps will be acknowledged in the April VETERAN.

GEN. W. L. CABELL,

COMMANDER OF TRANS-MISSISSIPPI
DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

His prominence in Confederate matters makes this personal and official sketch all the more interesting:

Gen. Wm. L. Cabell was born in Danville, Va., Jan. 1, 1827. He was the third child of Gen. Benj. W. S. and Sarah Eppes Cabell, who lived to see seven sons and two daughters grown. Six sons held prominent positions in the Confederate Army. The seventh, Dr. Powhattan Cabell, died from the effect of an arrow wound received in Florida just before the Confederate War began.

Gen. Cabell entered the Military Academy at West Point in June, 1846, graduating in 1850. He entered the United States Army as Second Lieutenant, and was assigned to the 7th Infantry. In June, 1855, he was promoted to First Lieutenant and made Regimental Quartermaster of that regiment. In March, 1858, he was made Captain in the Quartermaster's Department and ordered on duty on Gen. Pessifer F. Smith's Staff, who was then in command of the Utah Expedition. After Gen. Smith's death Gen. Harney assumed command, and Capt. Cabell remained on Gen. Harney's staff until the close of the expedition, when he was ordered to rebuild Fort Kearney. In the spring of 1859 he was ordered to Fort Arbuckle in the Chickasaw Nation, and in the fall of that year to build a new post about 100 miles west of Arbuckle, high up on the Washita River in the Indian country.

When the war became inevitable Capt. Cabell repaired to Fort Smith, Ark., and from there went to Little Rock and offered his services to the Governor of the State. On receipt of a telegram from President Davis he went to Montgomery, Ala., then the Confederate Capital. Capt. Cabell reached Montgomery April 19th, where he found the acceptance of his resignation from the United States Army, signed by President Lincoln.

He was at once commissioned as Major under the Confederate Government, and under orders from President Davis left on April 21st for Richmond to organize the Quartermaster Commissary and Ordnance Departments. He remained in Richmond attending to all these duties until June 1, 1861, when he was ordered to Manassas to report to Gen. Beauregard as Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac.

After the battles of the 18th and 19th of July Gen. Joseph E. Johnston assumed command and Major Cabell served on his staff until January 15, 1862, when he was relieved and ordered to report to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the Army of the West. He was assigned to Gen. Van Dorn in the



Trans-Mississippi Department, with headquarters then at Jacksonport, Ark.

He was next promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, and assigned to command of all the troops on White River, where he held the enemy in check until after the battle of Elk Horn, March 6th and 7th. After that battle the army was transferred to the east side of the Mississippi. The removal of this army, which included Price's Missouri and McCulloch's Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas troops, and his own command, devolved on Gen. Cabell, and was performed within a single week from points along White River.

Van Dorn's Army continued, after reaching Memphis, to Corinth, and Gen. Cabell was assigned to a Texas brigade with an Arkansas regiment attached. He commanded this brigade in several engagements around Farmington and Corinth, and commanded the rear of Van Dorn's Army on the retreat from Corinth to Tupelo.

Gen. Bragg's Army was ordered to Kentucky, and Gen. Cabell was transferred to an Arkansas brigade, which he commanded in the battles of Iuka and Salltillo in September, and at Corinth on October 2 and 3, 1862, also at Hatchie Bridge on the 4th of October. He was wounded leading the charge of his brigade on the breastworks at Corinth, and also at Hatchie Bridge, which disabled him from command. What was left

of his command was temporarily assigned to the 1st Missouri Brigade under Gen. Brown. He was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department to recuperate and inspect the Staff Departments of that army.

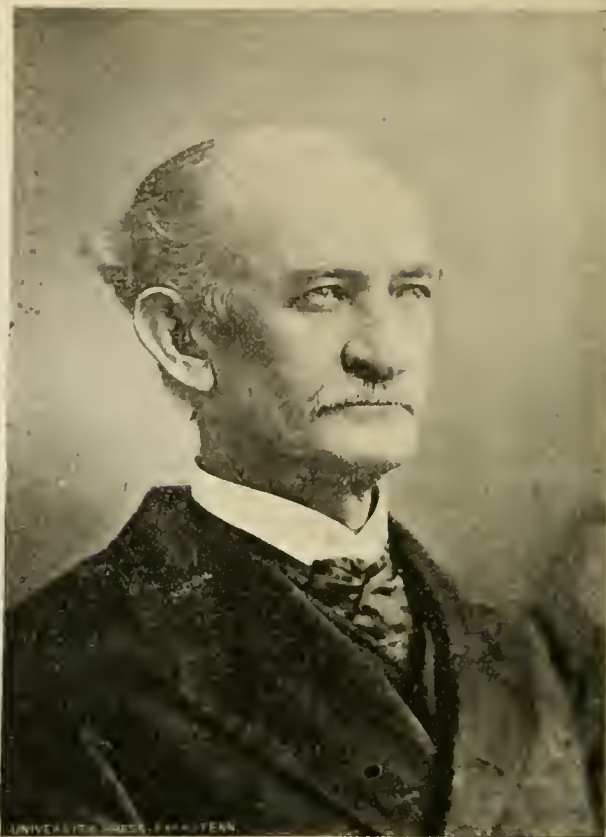
When sufficiently recovered for duty in the field he was, February, 1863, placed in command of all the forces in Northwest Arkansas, with instructions to augment his command by recruits from every part of the State. He was very successful, and organized one of the largest cavalry brigades west of the Mississippi. He commanded this brigade in more than twenty battles. On the raid into Missouri under Gen. Price he was captured in the open field near Mine Creek in October, 1864, and was taken to Johnson Island (in Lake Erie), and later to Fort Warren near Boston, until released August 28, 1865.

Gen. Cabell went from Boston to New York, and thence to Austin, Texas. He subsequently lived at Fort Smith, Ark., and engaged in the practice of law until he moved to Dallas, Texas, in December, 1872. He was Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in Arkansas, and Chairman of the Arkansas Democratic delegation that went to the Baltimore Convention which nominated Horace Greeley for the Presidency. He was four times elected Mayor of Dallas; was a delegate from the State of Texas to the Convention that nominated Mr. Tilden in St. Louis and President Cleveland at Chicago in 1884 and 1892. He served as U. S. Marshal under President Cleveland's first administration.

Gen. Cabell is Lieutenant General of the Association of United Confederate Veterans, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, embracing all the country west of the Mississippi River. He is ever zealous in forwarding their interests.

Gen. Cabell married the daughter of Maj. Elias Rector, of Arkansas, a woman of great intelligence and courage, and noted for her ready wit. During the war she followed her husband and did much to relieve the sick and wounded. Her name was "Shingo," an Indian name, meaning "Little Bird," and the soldiers thought no name so sweet or more appropriate as she came from near or far to answer their cries for aid when in distress. His oldest son Ben. E. Cabell, was Deputy U. S. Marshal under his father, and is now Sheriff of Dallas County, Texas, being the youngest man ever elected to that office in the county. Three other sons, all noble boys, and one married daughter, Mrs. J. R. Currie, whose husband is a Mississippian, form his household and share his love for the South, and prize her noble and wonderful history.

A Georgia private tells a thrilling story of Sergeant Oakley, who "carried the colors of his regiment two hundred yards in front of the line" at Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. He did this, and waved it conspicuously to determine whether a certain battery was Confederate or Federal. After showing the colors to assure the identity of his command he deliberately returned with them to his line. In June of the next year Gen. Leonidas Polk was on an inspection, and when at the 4th Tennessee Regiment he called for the Color-bearer, when he ungloved his hand and said, "I must shake hands with you." Then raising his hat, the General continued with great feeling and real martial eloquence: "I am proud to uncover in the presence of so great a man." The effect was fine, and a great shout rent the air.



Gen. E. D. Hall, of Wilmington, Department Commander of North Carolina, is very much the type of Old Hickory. He raised the first volunteer company in that section, if not in the State, and arrived at Manassas just at the close of that memorable victory July 21, '61. Soon after this he was appointed Major of the 7th North Carolina Regiment, and so acquitted himself in the battle of New Bern that he was elected Colonel of the 46th North Carolina, although a personal stranger, even to its officers. His regiment was put in Walker's brigade, afterward famous as Cook's brigade, and it is said they were in every battle in Lee's army. Gen. Cook was wounded several times, so that Col. Hall, being senior Colonel, had to take the command. This he did at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Mary's Heights, and Bristow Station. He declined the appointment of Brigadier General, although A. P. Hill insisted upon it, in loyalty to his friend's (Gen. Cook) approaching recovery. In December, 1864, he resigned active service on account of disability. After his health improved he was elected to the Senate. He took strong ground, when necessary, in behalf of his people in the period of reconstruction. He was nominated as Lieutenant Governor and canvassed the State, but with 25,000 white people disfranchised and the ballot given to the negroes, there was no chance for success. Gen. Hall has ever been zealous for the old veterans, and may be credited with getting pensions from the State. He was unanimously elected President of the North Carolina Veteran Association. In their reunions Gen. Hall has secured remarkable favors, so much so that veterans could attend practically without money or price.

RESPONSE TO CAPT. SLOAN'S APPEAL.

The pathetic plea by Capt. J. N. Sloan, of Pontotoc, Miss., has had attention in various sections. The VETERAN is pleased to note the following contributions:

From Nashville, Tenn., Capt. Thos. Gibson.....	\$ 0 50
From Goodlettsville, Tenn., Capt. J. O. Bass, \$1; J. N. Crossway, \$1; W. B. Clark, \$1; R. A. Cartwright, 50 cents; B. F. Myers, 50 cents.....	5 00
From Morgan City, La., Malcolm Fraser procured from father, brother and sister, \$2; D. W. Hays, \$2; Susie Vinson, \$2; Edwin E. Roby, \$1	7 00
From St. James, La., W. B. Calhoun, \$2.50; James K. Tucker, \$5; Dr. B. F. Chappin, \$2.50; John A. Miller, \$1; Emil Schmidt, \$1; F. Green, \$5; M. McMeans.....	20 00
From Tolu, Ky., R. A. Moore, in 10 and 25 cents contributions	3 75
From Baltimore, Md., George Savage	2 00
From Sharon, Tenn., E. T. Hollis and others	2 50
From Gallatin, Tenn., J. W. Blackmore	5 00
From Jacksonville, Fla., John A. Brittain.....	1 00
From Mount Pleasant, Tenn., Mrs. Lem Long.....	4 00

In commenting upon the subject the Goodlettsville parties regard it as worthy a plea as was ever made.

J. Mal. Fraser, of Morgan City, La., writes that his little Malcolm, eleven years old, procured the \$2 in the family. He sent the other amounts.

Folger Green, of St. James, La. (St. Patrick, P. O.), in sending \$20, says he is without doubt of its right appreciation, and adds, "Some of us have fought and bled, while others are sons of fathers who 'stood the test.'"

R. A. Moore, of Tolu, Ky., sends \$3.75 from "dime collections," started while a few friends sat by the fire in his store. Of the contributors there were three who were Federal soldiers, two of whom gave 25 cents each. Mr. Moon suggests that ten cents collections be started in every village, and adds that the result would be amazing, and Capt. Sloan be put above want.

E. T. Hollis, who sends for himself and others at Sharon, Tenn., \$2.50, says that reading the VETERAN "arouses strong love and sympathy for all old rebs."

George Savage, Esq., in remitting, from Baltimore, \$2, and adds, I have read with sympathetic heart his appeal, and wish I could do more for the brave and worthy old soldier. Mr. Savage served as private in Otey's Battery, Army of Northern Virginia.

J. A. Brittain, Jacksonville, Fla., quotes the beautiful sentence, "Let us share what we have, as we did our haversacks."

Mrs. Lem Long adds her "mite," \$4.

In his acknowledgments for these favors Capt. Sloan writes: "Please tender my grateful and sincere thanks to each contributor. May God bless them!" Again, in accepting the remittances from St. James, La., and Tolu, Ky., he says, "I pray God's richest blessings on each and all."

The \$150 referred to as given by his State was a contribution by members of the State Legislature. The VETERAN has procured for him only about \$100 so far, and it ought to be at least \$1,000.

Dr. Wm. M. Yandell of El Paso, Texas, sends this

comforting postscript to letter. He is a member of John C. Brown Camp: "Our Camp gave \$10, and Ferrell and myself, as committee, raised \$66.25, total \$76.25, for Capt. Sloan. Will send you note of it when I collect it all."

Maj. W. P. Gorman, agent of Camp Hardee, has gotten out a neat circular to the coming reunion, which he is sending broadcast over the country, giving information about hotel and railroad rates.

Adjutant Browne, of Paducah, Ky.: In the press of business, or want of it, or something, I have neglected to advise you that our Camp has unanimously voted the VETERAN an indorsement as its organ.



GEN. FREDERICK S. FERGUSON.

Frederick S. Ferguson is a native of Huntsville, Ala., was graduated at the Wesleyan University, Florence, Ala., in July, 1859, and until the war taught school and studied law. In January, 1861, he was with the expedition commanded by Col. Lomax, which captured the navy yard and forts at Pensacola, Florida, and soon afterward was appointed Second Lieutenant of artillery in the regular regiment raised by Alabama and transferred to the Confederacy. Having passed the examination for a commission as an ordnance officer, he served in artillery, and was staff officer to Gens. Gardner, Higgins and Page. During the siege of Fort Morgan he commanded one of its batteries with the rank of Captain, and was captured with its garrison in August, 1864, from which time until June, 1865, he was a prisoner at Fort Lafayette, N. Y., and Fort Warren, Mass.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL S. D. LEE.

Born at Charleston, S. C., September 22, 1833. Graduated at West Point, in 1854. In the United States Army until South Carolina seceded when he resigned in 1861. He was one of the officers who carried Beauregard's demand for the surrender of Fort Sumpter, and afterward the order to open fire on the fort. He was Captain of Artillery, Hampton's Legion, in Virginia, then Major, Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel of artillery, and was in the battles of the Peninsular campaign from Yorktown to Richmond, Seven Pines, Savage's Station and Malvern Hill. He did gallant service also in the battles of Second Manassas and Sharpsburg. He was promoted to Brigadier Gen-



eral and sent from Virginia to Mississippi and commanded batteries and garrison of Vicksburg under Gen. M. L. Smith. He defeated Sherman at Chickasaw Bayou, in the winter of 1862 and 1863. Three horses were shot from under him at Baker's Creek. After the siege of Vicksburg he was made Major General to command all the cavalry in Mississippi, Alabama, East Louisiana and West Tennessee. He was again promoted to Lieutenant General and placed in command of that department. He organized cavalry regiments, confronted Sherman's army of 30,000 men with his cavalry force of 2,500 men from Vicksburg to Meridian, fought with General Forrest the battle of Hattiesburg, Miss., against A. G. Smith's army, where the odds were 5,000 against 16,000 Federals. The latter withdrew toward Memphis. Later he was assigned to command of Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee, before Atlanta, and was in the battles of 28th of July and also at Jonesboro. He was with Hood in his Ten-

nessee campaign, his corps was left at Columbia with two divisions, artillery and wagon trains of the army, while Hood made his flank movement at Spring Hill, arrived at Franklin in time to take part with one division in that terrible battle, having marched from Columbia after the balance of the army had reached Spring Hill; was in the battles around Nashville, and repulsed the enemy in his assault on Overton Hill, which was held until the left and center of our army was driven back in disorder. He covered retreat of the army, after its disastrous rout, his corps being the only one with organization intact. During the next day after the rout, he presented a defiant front, repulsing every effort of Wilson's cavalry, from early dawn to 10 o'clock at night. So successful was this persistence that little or no effort was made for battle afterward. On the second day of the battle, a rear guard was organized under the command of Generals Walthall and Forrest, the latter having arrived from Murfreesboro, but the pursuit was feeble after the first day, no fight of consequence occurred, and Hood was allowed to recross the Tennessee River. Gen. Lee was severely wounded while with the rear guard in the afternoon of the day after the rout. He surrendered with his corps, under Gen. J. E. Johnston, in North Carolina.

Since the war Gen. Lee has been a planter, and President of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, which position he now holds. He has represented his county and district in the State Senate, and was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of his State. He was sixty years of age September 1893. He is the third officer in rank of living Confederates, Generals Longstreet and A. P. Stewart having older commissions.

W. L. GOLDSMITH, OF MERIDIAN, MISS.

He is too modest to speak of his own brilliant achievements. I knew him in the Army of Northern Virginia. The world knows what S. D. Lee did at second Manassas—how with eighteen guns he contributed so largely to win that great victory. Just after the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, in 1862, when the army had recrossed the Potomac, Gen. R. E. Lee sent for Col. S. D. Lee and told him he had recommended him for promotion as Brigadier General, and that he wished to place him in command of all the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. A few days after this Col. Lee was again invited to Gen. Lee's headquarters. On arriving Gen. Lee handed him his commission as Brigadier General, saying that President Davis had ordered him to select the most accomplished artilleryman in the Army of Northern Virginia and direct him to report to Gen. Pemberton, who was then at Vicksburg, Miss. Gen. Lee told him that he would be compelled to select him for that duty, as he had already made him his Chief of Artillery.

H. D. Watts, Americus, Ga.: I wish I could get a hundred for you. I believe if you would send a canvasser here you could get many subscribers. I do not have time to attend to it, or I would and not charge anything, for you are engaged in a noble cause. I came out of the war without a dollar or a change of clothing, and I have had to work hard ever since to make a living. Accept this as a token of my appreciation of your noble effort to keep alive the sentiment that prompted us to go forth in defense of our country in 1861.

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

LETTERS FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS DURING THAT PERIOD

REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

During the civil war it was my fortune to be rather intimately associated with the Hon. Jos. E. Davis, the elder brother of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States. He impressed me very much by the keenness of his intellect, the extent of his information, and the force of his character.

In the fall of 1863 I was nearly blind from exposure in the campaign around Vicksburg. I was sent to the hospital at Lauderdale Springs, Mississippi, under the care of my friend, Dr. Robert Anderson, who had been, for several years before the war, Mr. Davis' family physician. Mr. Davis and his family, finding that he could not live on his plantation on the Mississippi River, had moved to Lauderdale Springs. It was there at his home, and at the residence of Dr. Anderson, that I met him and frequently heard him talk.

During my stay in the hospital Mrs. Davis died. She was a lovely woman of devout piety, and a member of the Episcopal Church. In the condition of the country at that time it was impossible to secure the services of a clergyman of her own church, and Mr. Davis asked me to conduct the funeral services of his wife. He was devotedly attached to her and he felt profoundly her loss, coming, especially, as it did, upon him in his old age, and away from his home. My conduct of the funeral, he was pleased to say, gratified and comforted him, and he always afterward expressed for me the kindest feelings, and admitted me to a confidence, which, otherwise his great superiority in age, station and ability would have precluded.

As soon as I was well enough I returned to my regiment, and was absorbed in the activities of the campaigns of 1864 in North Georgia and Tennessee, not seeing Mr. Davis, and only occasionally hearing from him during that time. After the disastrous battle of Nashville, I was in the rear guard of Hood's Army. By incessant marching and fighting, under the genius of such Generals as Forrest, Walthall and W. H. Jackson, we escaped across the Tennessee River. There I found that the terrible exposure had rendered me nearly blind again. I was again sent to Dr. Anderson, who was then in charge of the hospital at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Mr. Davis and his family were boarding with Dr. Anderson, and so I was thrown into daily intercourse with him until the 20th of May, 1865, when I was finally paroled—a period of nearly three months.

Mr. Davis was a great reader, and as soon as my eyes became strong enough, I went daily to his room and read to him. He was at that time reading with enthusiasm, again, the history of Herodotus. I forget in what translation. I was constantly impressed with his wide information and also his breadth of view. On the political history and principles of our Government he had thought deeply. Like many another Southern gentleman, he studied history to learn lessons which he might apply to our own political affairs.

He seemed to know and understand all of the great movements of the day, social and ecclesiastical, as well as political. One day, in speaking with him, I made

some reference to the disruption of the Church of Scotland, and the origin of the Free Church, in 1843; and I was surprised to find him thoroughly familiar with the movement, its history and underlying principles.

His affection for his brother, the President, was intense and seemed to deepen with years. I have heard that Jefferson Davis gave great regard to the opinions and advice of this elder brother.

Mr. Davis often and freely spoke of the situation of the country, and of the difficulties with which the Confederate President had to contend. He was a man of positive convictions and warm feelings, and he criticized, often sharply. But he strove to be just in his judgments. He was, perhaps, eighty years old, and doubtless age and experience had chastened the order of his feelings; yet, one could see even then that he was a man who held his opinions tenaciously, and was not afraid to express them. Of course, as was natural, he entered into the policy and prejudices of the President, and stood by him firmly.

One of the most loveable traits in the character of Jefferson Davis was his tender love and deep respect for this old man. I think that nearly every week, in spite of the huge cares that oppressed him, he wrote to him—sometimes only a brief note; sometimes a long letter, discussing the condition of our country.

Mr. Davis often permitted me to read these letters, and I was deeply impressed with the President's sincerity and his consuming love of his country. Two letters especially I recall, possibly the last written from Richmond, that were full of personal tenderness, lofty patriotism, and an unspeakable sadness. I can not pretend to give the exact words, but the substance I remember.

In one the President spoke of the harsh criticisms upon him and his administration. He said that numbers of his countrymen would think of him as a dictator, who substituted his personal judgment and will for the action of Congress; who refused to execute the will of the Congress. He said that there had never been a day that he had not been willing to carry out the measures approved by the Congress; that where any action had been taken he had honestly and faithfully tried to execute it. But he said the difficulty was too often that Congress had no policy of its own—members could not agree among themselves, and wasted time in fruitless talk—only eager to oppose his ideas. He said that often the condition of the army or the country urgently demanded some relief measure; immediate action of some kind was imperative; inaction meant ruin; in such circumstances he always had his plan, which, of course, he urged upon Congress. But he was also always willing, if his plan was not adopted, to try any other which they might suggest. But they would not accept his plan, nor would they adopt one of their own. In this emergency, he said that something must be done to avert ruin, and he was forced to carry out some plan; and of course he acted on his own ideas in the absence of any action by Congress. Then he was charged with being a dictator.

In the other and later letter he was speaking of the disasters that had befallen our arms, and the terrible straits to which we were reduced. He felt that the worst feature of the situation was the tone and spirit of discouragement among the people. He believed that in spite of our lack of resources, in spite of our crippled condition, if the people would make one

mighty effort—would rise to the height of the occasion and show their willingness to die rather than yield, then God would interpose for our deliverance. He thought that a people showing themselves thus worthy of independence could not be subdued. He expressed his cheerful willingness to die, if by the sacrifice he might rouse the people to the supreme effort. Then speaking to his brother the earnest desires of his heart, he said that he hoped God in mercy would spare him the sight of the overthrow of his country, and the humiliation of his people. He trusted that before the end came he might have opportunity to give up on the field of battle the life that he had devoted to the service of the Confederacy.

Both of these letters impressed me with the President's unselfish and conscientious devotion of himself and all of his powers to the cause which with all his soul he believed to be righteous.

Before I close these reminiscences, let me speak of an incident showing Mr. Joseph Davis' physical courage. While in Tuscaloosa it was his habit to drive out every day for his health, for he was quite feeble, as well as very old. He had a pair of good horses, which he retained after giving up almost everything else to the cause. One day he drove out across the Black Warrior River, northward, accompanied only by his negro driver. Now the country north of the city was infested by bands of marauders, who claimed to be guerrillas, but who were in reality deserters from our army. They pretended that they took their plunder for the Government; that they were authorized to "press" horses, provisions, etc., for the Confederacy. Often, if they met resistance, they killed the owners of the property.

On this day Mr. Davis had gone several miles, when in a lonely part of the road he found himself confronted by one of these lawless bands. The leader, catching the horses' bits, threw them back on their haunches, and Mr. Davis was thrown forward in his barouche; but, recovering himself, he straightened up with a pair of pistols in his hands, pointing right into the face of the leader. The fellow was cowed at once, for he saw that Mr. Davis would certainly shoot him. In other words, the old gentleman "had the drop" on him. He was told that if he attempted to leave he would be shot like a dog, and that his crowd must withdraw. He was held there until they had gone, and then he was allowed to depart, and Mr. Davis drove back, and in a few minutes was in safety. Of course the crowd were cowards; but the old man's courage was manifest.

After I was paroled I never saw Mr. Davis again. He died not long after the war.

M. LOOSCAN, Esq., of Houston, Texas, writes as follows concerning the coming East of Albert Sidney Johnston, referred to at length elsewhere:

I well remember the meeting of Gen. Johnston and Gen. Baylor, who was then in command of Arizona, in July 1861, when Gen. Johnston was on his way from California to Richmond. He stayed with us about a week resting his animal.

Mr. Looscan refers to confusion of Gen. Baylor's name with that of Col. George W. Baylor, who came East with Gen. Johnston, and was with him as staff officer when he was killed. Col. Baylor is still living, and resides in El Paso County, Texas.

BESIDES sketches of other Major Generals, pictures of all the lady representatives of States will be in the April VETERAN.

REMINISCENCES by the "Mother of the Confederacy" are in type for the April VETERAN. They are thrilling and pathetic.

AN exquisite picture of the lady who said, "I had rather have my picture in the VETERAN than in the White House," has been made for the April issue. Her presence at the Birmingham reunion is fondly anticipated.

THERE is an omission from article about postage stamps, pages 77 and 78, which may be of interest to some of our people. Local stamps of large cities are so abundant that they are of but little value, but there are others of small places like Athens, Goliad, Madison and Livingston, that command high prices, ranging between 25 cents and \$100. The Livingston, Ala., stamp is in greatest demand, one of which sold for \$576 in New York on March 15th.

IT seems that the notes about Gen. Lee being ordered to the rear had been sufficiently explained in the last VETERAN for there ever to be further reference to it, yet some correspondence has been received from high authority, including a letter from Gen. Gordon and a quotation from Gen. Lee himself, so that some interesting notes will occur in regard to that.

THE people of Murfreesboro are zealous and faithful in their efforts to build a monument to the Confederate dead there buried. It is a cause that will enlist an interest in every Southern State. Has it occurred that you might raise a fund in your vicinity by some pleasant entertainment? The valor of many a Southron was immortalized there in the spirit that will live forever. Let it be symbolized by marble and bronze.

COL. JOHN ANDERSON, who commanded the Donelson Brigade of Tennessee Infantry while Colonel of the 8th Tennessee, tells an interesting story of a man who belonged to Company A, and ran away in face of the enemy during the battle of Murfreesboro. The poor fellow was sentenced to be shot, and was in jail at Shelbyville. Maj. Burford, of the regiment, who was a very sympathetic man, visited the condemned man and was so affected that he prevailed on Colonel Anderson to do so. Before going he had a talk with Gen. Cheatham, and it was understood that although Gen. Bragg was not to know of it, he, Anderson, would write his own order for release, which he did, and carried it with him. He called on Capt. Charles W. Peden, Provost Marshal at Shelbyville, and told him he must have that man. The prisoner said they must save his life—that he had a wife and small children, and that if they would release him he would try and make a good soldier for the future. True to his word, he did the best he could, and improved in each battle. At Franklin he fell far to the front with his face to the foe.



Jno. P. Hickman, *Secretary.* Ensign F. A. Moses. Lt. Geo. F. Hager. Lt. Geo. B. Guld, *President.* Att'y Gen. G. W. Pickle. Jas. A. Harris, *Comptroller.*

TENNESSEE BOARD OF PENSION EXAMINERS.

THE General Assembly of 1891 passed an Act appropriating \$60,000 annually to the maimed and indigent Confederate Soldiers of the State who could not, on account of their family relations, receive the benefits of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home. The pensions bestowed under the Act were as follows: First class, a soldier who had lost both eyes, both arms, or both legs, \$300 per year; second class, a soldier who had lost one arm or one leg, and a disability to the other arm or leg, \$120 per year; third class, a soldier who had lost one arm or one leg, or a disability equivalent thereto, \$100 per year. Under the Act it must clearly appear that the disability was incurred from active service, that the soldier is in indigent circumstances, and that his record as a soldier was free from dishonor.

Under the Act there are five Pension Examiners, and they are allowed a Secretary. The Pension Examiners receive no salaries. The Attorney General and Comptroller of the State are members of said Board by virtue of their positions. The Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers name the other three

members of the Board, and they are commissioned by the Governor.

The Board is at present constituted as follows: Attorney Gen. G. W. Pickle, Comp. Jas. A. Harris, Lieut. George B. Guld, Ensign Frank A. Moses, and Lieut. George F. Hager, with private John P. Hickman as Secretary. Tennessee now has 571 soldiers on its pension roll, and it has also eighty-six soldiers in the Confederate Home. None of the latter have families.

A Camp has been organized at Greeneville, N. C., named in honor of Pitt County's gallant son, Gen. Bryan Grimes. B. F. Sugg was elected President and E. A. Maze, Secretary. "We had a general good time. Many war incidents and anecdotes were recited. The old veterans broke camp to meet again next year. H."

A comrade, member of the Forty-eighth Tennessee Regiment, demurs at some statement as to who comprised Cleburne's brigade at Shiloh. His regiment was held at Decatur, and "the other regiments of Cleburne's brigade were the Second, Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Tennessee, and Fifteenth Arkansas Regiments."

THE GALLANT JOHN PELHAM.

John D. Renfr e has written a thrilling story of Maj. John Pelham, "the boy artilleryist," for the *Courier-Journal*, from which the following is taken:

He was of "Kentucky stock," but born in Alabama, September 7, 1838. The *London Times* said he excelled any man of his age, on either side, in the great conflict.

Young Pelham was at West Point, and would have received his commission in a week, but he resigned and came South to enlist for his section. As a cadet he had dash and soldierly bearing. He always walked straight as a "bee line," and never looked back, no matter how much noise the other cadets made in his rear. He was considered the best athlete at West Point, and was noted for fencing and boxing.

"Then as now," said the writer, "at the academy, a cat, with its reputed plurality of lives, would be dead a dozen times in taking half the chances those laughing cadets would eagerly seek in the cavalry drill, but Pelham excelled them all." The Prince of Wales was struck with his horsemanship when he visited the academy in 1860. His horseback riding was marvelous, and went down from class to class as a sort of tradition, and years afterward the cadets would talk of John Pelham's wonderful riding.

It is said he got through the lines into Kentucky by a fair Indiana maiden whose affections he won, which were stronger than her true patriotism. He reported at Montgomery, the Confederate capital, and was sent to Virginia. At Manassas he so interested "Jeb" Stuart that he had him organize a six-gun battery. Of this battery were forty men from Talladega, under Lieut. Wm. McGregor, now living in Texas, and others, in charge of his "Napoleon" gun, from Mobile. This six-gun battery became the nucleus of "Stuart's Horse Artillery."

At Cold Harbor he advanced one gun a third of a mile to the front, and for more than an hour it was the only gun on the Confederate left firing, drawing the attention of a whole Federal battery, until Stuart said to Stonewall Jackson: "General, all your artillery on the left is idle; nobody is firing except Pelham." After the battle the warm pressure of Jackson's hand told how well he had demeaned himself. Shortly after this Pelham drove a gunboat from the "White House" with one gun. He again received the thanks of Stonewall at second Manassas, where he thrust his guns forward almost into the enemy's columns, and used them with bloody effect. During this fight Jackson said to Stuart, pointing to the young artilleryist at his guns: "General, if you have another Pelham, give him to me." He was then twenty-three years old.

In the bloody repulse at Shepardstown his guns roared for hours. It was in this gory track that an instance occurred which illustrates his courage. He was with one gun far in advance of the others, when the enemy almost reached him, and Stuart ordered him to retire; but he begged successfully to be allowed to remain a little longer, but his cannoneers "scampered away" and left him alone. He loaded the piece and fired almost in the face of the enemy surg-

ing forward like a great billow; and then, mounting one of the lead horses, began to gallop away with the cannon, but had not proceeded far when the horse was shot from under him. Quickly cutting the traces, to be free from the dead animal, he mounted another, and it, too, was shot down immediately. He escaped with the gun only after a third horse had been shot.

At Sharpsburg he commanded nearly all the artillery on the Confederate left, and rent the blue lines with shot and shell.

But it was at Fredericksburg that the zenith of John Pelham's renown was reached. The flower of the South's young manhood was on the heights in double lines behind bristling and glimmering guns. Every soldier knew there was to be a fearful fight before the sun sank behind the western wood. The Federal army had crossed the Rappahannock, and was forming line of battle under cover of the river bank. Jackson, Stuart and Lee rode down the Confederate lines to the extreme right, followed by waves of cheers, where the Stuart Horse Artillery was parked. Stuart called to Pelham and said something. Then Pelham turned and galloped to his guns. Immediately he dashed down the heights, followed by one gun, at a gallop. It was the "Napoleon Detachment" of Mobile Frenchmen. Onward they rushed, far down to the foot of the heights, where the road forks. There they halted, unlimbered and prepared for action. Soon they saw moving toward them steadily, with measured tread, a long, compact blue line, their bayonets glistening in the streams of sunshine. There was a flash, a boom; the earth shook around Pelham's Napoleon. Then there was a shrill, hideous, indescribable shriek of shell as it swirled through the charging lines of blue. The surging mass recoiled, halted, hesitated; then, with a demoniacal yell, pressed forward toward the single gun. The yell ceased, and for a moment there was a ghastly hush. And then there came thundering through the air from across the Rappahannock boom on boom. From southeast to east, from east to northeast! Then from the north came huge shells whirling death in their arms. Pelham had drawn upon himself the concentrated fire of half a dozen batteries—twenty-four guns; yet his gun continued to roar, and never failed to slaughter. No other gun on the Confederate side had yet opened, but this lone war-dog howled on. And in the half lull between the boom of the cannon there floated above the noise a sound that seemed strange on that day of multitudinous terrors—the Napoleon Detachment singing the Marseillaise as they fought their gun. Like infernal imps in tophet they flitted about in its smoke. Two armies looked on while the Mobile Frenchmen wrote history with blood. Time wore on. Still the gun roared, and the sound of its roaring thundered through the air. Gen. R. E. Lee said: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young." In his report of the battle he spoke of no one but Pelham below the rank of Major General, terming him "the gallant Pelham." Pelham delayed the battle an hour. When his ammunition was spent he retired, and was assigned to the command of all the artillery on the Confederate right.

Amid shot and shell he had opened the great battle of Fredericksburg, and had become immortal. He was a Major of artillery then. His commission as Lieutenant Colonel was issued soon after, and only waited confirmation when he was killed at Kelly's

Ford, on the Rappahannock, March 17, '63. He had gone to visit some ladies in Culpeper County, when he heard the cannonading and hurried to the scene. His artillery had not come up, but he galloped to a regiment that was wavering, and shouted: "Forward, boys! forward to victory and glory!" and at that moment was struck by the fragment of a shell that penetrated the brain, and he died shortly after midnight.

Gen. Stuart telegraphed to Hon. J. L. M. Curry, at present trustee of the great Peabody Fund, who then represented Pelham's Alabama district in the Confederate Congress:

"The noble, the chivalric, 'the gallant Pelham' is no more. He was killed in action yesterday. His remains will be sent to you to-day. How much he was beloved, appreciated and admired let the tears of agony we shed and the gloom of mourning throughout my command bear witness. His loss is irreparable."

His remains were taken to Richmond, and lay in state at the Capitol, viewed by thousands. He was buried at Jacksonville, Ala., amid the scenes of his childhood. Gen. Stuart's general order to the division, announcing his death, concluded:

"His eyes had glanced over every battlefield of this army from the first Manassas to the moment of his death; and, with a single exception, he was a brilliant actor in all. The memory of 'the gallant Pelham,' his many virtues, his noble nature and purity of character are a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record was bright and spotless, and his career brilliant and successful."

He was calmly and recklessly brave, and saw men torn to pieces around him without emotion, "because his heart and eye were upon the stern work he was performing." Such is the brief but resplendent career of the "boy artilleryman."

The deeds of Pelham's nephew, who was a private in Terry's Texas regiment, caused the Texas Legislature to enact that, as he, "a hero in more than a hundred battles," had fallen while charging the enemy at Dalton, Ga., leaving no issue, the name of a certain child, a nephew, should be changed to Charles Thomas Pelham, to perpetuate his memory.

NOBLE UTTERANCES FROM MAINE.—Gen. Charles W. Roberts, of Bangor, Me., who commanded the Second Maine Regiment, replies to R. F. Dahlgren, of Atlanta, in which he makes an effort to secure the return of the flag of the Fifth Alabama. He writes: For some years I have tried to trace the whereabouts of the Fifth Alabama flag, but have been thus far unsuccessful. At the battle of Gaines' Mill I saw the color-bearer of the Fifth Alabama fall, and ordered a private of my regiment to take the colors. He did so, and delivered to me. I sent them to Bangor, where my regiment was recruited, and they were deposited in our city building. When my regiment returned my colors were deposited in the city building also. For several years they were paraded through our streets together. Becoming tired of such an exhibition, I ordered the colors (yours included) to be sent, for preservation, to our State house at Augusta. Our colors were sent, but yours could not be found, and what became of them I never have known. If I can ever find your flag nothing will give me greater pleasure than to return it to you, for with me the war entirely closed when Lee surrendered.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.—TRIBUTE TO EARLY.

BY CAPT. S. D. BUCK, THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—As you paid me the compliment to copy my letter to the *Baltimore Sun*, "Burning Bridge over Rappahannock," I send you, from my manuscript, an account of the battle of Cedar Creek. I have written 170 pages of manuscript of the war as I saw it, and this article is part of a chapter. The battle was fought October 19, 1864.

No one can appreciate the desperation of this grand move without closely examining a war map. Having been born and raised almost in gunshot of this field, I see every road and defile as I write. Gen. Early has been accused of recklessness in fighting this battle. Such was not the case. It was a necessity, as the only possible way to prevent troops from being sent to Grant from the Valley. Hazardous? Yes, so was every move we made. Gen. Early, one of the best and bravest Generals of the war, was sent to the Valley to fight, though a forlorn hope, and no man in the army could have done more. Why Gen. Sheridan did not crush him in two weeks has always been a mystery to me. Four to one were the odds we had to contend with. Sheridan had as many cavalry as we had in all.

Minute description of the surroundings is necessary for a correct understanding of the move in contemplation. Our army was in camp on the old line known as Fisher's Hill, over a mile south of Strasburg, while Sheridan was camped north of Cedar Creek, a small stream flowing southeast and emptying into the north branch of Shenandoah River. The Valley Pike crosses Cedar Creek two miles north of Strasburg, and Sheridan was strongly posted on its high embankments, rendering a direct attack simply hopeless. Our right rested on the Shenandoah above Strasburg, while our left was on the same river below. Upon our right was Maurerton Mountain, and the Shenandoah River, a swift stream, fordable every few miles, hugged the base of this mountain for several miles. There was no road between the river and the mountain, yet Early dared to separate his army and send half of it, under command of the gallant Gordon, in single file, through the bushes where it was often almost impossible for men to stand, a distance of over three miles. The march was made cheerfully in the dead of night when the only sound was the continued tread of the men and the oft-repeated command, "Close up." On this memorable night our division, under the gallant Pegram (Gordon's old division) and Ramseur's division, broke camp (Starvation) and marched to the river, where wagons had been placed and a bridge made for us to cross upon. After crossing we rested some hours before starting in single file for Sheridan's rear. After a most terrible march we came out at Pitman Farm, where we struck the main road leading from Strasburg to Front Royal. We were then on Sheridan's left flank, but the river flowed between the two armies and had to be forded, so we continued our march upon the main road. Every tree was familiar to me. As a boy I walked and rode almost daily over this section. At Hill's Lane we filed to the left, and it was plain we had to cross at Bowman's Ford. [I used to hunt squirrels and partridges all over these grounds, but now I was hunting men, and found game plentiful.] In this lane we halted for the men to close up. As soon as

this was accomplished we hurried to the river and waded through, without considering the disagreeable wetting to be endured. The cavalry had crossed and captured the pickets. Gordon's men followed and soon struck the extreme left and rear of Sheridan's line. It was a complete surprise. Men were captured in bed, not knowing we were nearer than Fisher's Hill. Gordon's and Ramseur's divisions were in front, and ours in reserve. These two divisions drove every thing before them, and while this was being done Gen. Early had worked his way close up to the enemy in front, and at daylight he struck a terrible blow, driving them back upon us only to be pressed out of shape, a broken, routed army. On they rushed to Belle Grove, three miles, where they were in readiness with a fresh division to meet us. Upon these fresh troops many stragglers had rallied. Our division was ordered forward, and in a few minutes were hotly engaged. Driving the skirmish line in, we struck the line of battle, and as we got closer found a heavy battery on our left doing much damage. Our brigade, commanded by Col. Hoffman, bore to the left and charged, driving the artillerymen from their guns and the support back. Here, to my surprise, we were halted and ordered to reform. Col. Hoffman could not see well, or he would not have stopped at this point; so I called him as he was passing, on horse-back, and pointed out our danger, but he still insisted upon reforming before making a second charge. Seeing the enemy advancing upon their battery, which would be turned on us again, I urged Col. H. to allow me to move with a few men and hold the battery. To this he consented, and with about fifty men we charged across the river, captured the five guns, turned them on the enemy, and held them until Col. H. came to our assistance. Gen. Pegram came up at this time and Col. H. told him of our charge, and the General said he would have those guns christened to my honor; but Sheridan objected, and in the afternoon the battery was recaptured.

I was a member of the 13th Virginia Infantry, organized by Gen. A. P. Hill, molded by the bravest of the brave, Gen. James A. Walker, and made invincible by the courage and example of Col. James B. Terrell. No command could boast of three such officers, hence the reputation it gained. For an opinion of this gallant body of men I refer my reader to an oration by Gen. Walker at the unveiling of the A. P. Hill monument at Richmond. From this charge we gathered solidity and moved on, driving the enemy into and through Middleton. Here we were halted over night upon Valley Pike, north of the town and at the toll gate. We remained at this point all day waiting for orders to move forward. A great victory had been won only to be thrown away—not lost, as many suppose, and as history claims, by the return of Sheridan—not one bit of it. The fault lies at our own door. Our men, feeling victory was complete, gave way to the disposition to clothe themselves from the enemy's camp, deserted their comrades. Fully one third of our army could have been found away from their commands, and by so doing sacrificing their country. Comrade, was you of this number? If so, you caused the disaster, not Sheridan. Shame, shame! Had every man been at his post we would not have lost this battle, and none of the poetry of Sheridan's ride would ever have been written. We held our position until ordered back, and we (Pegram's brigade, commanded by Pegram in person, also Johnson's North Carolina

brigade) marched in line of battle from Middleton to Cedar Creek, where we had to break to cross the bridge. At Stickley's, south of the bridge, Gen. Pegram rallied about 100 men, and we again checked the enemy's cavalry; but soon a brigade charged us, and we made the best retreat we could. Knowing the country thoroughly, I went to the mountain and got into camp at Fisher's Hill by 10 o'clock that night, taking a pretty good regiment of men with me who were lost in the stampede. Most of our artillery was lost near Strasburg, occasioned by the breaking of a small bridge, and could have been saved had any one in authority known of it. In my retreat that night I met with an officer whom I piloted to the river, where we both jumped in, and where the Colonel disappeared, either killed, drowned or taken prisoner. If he is alive and sees this article I would like to hear from him. We retreated up the Valley next morning. My mother and sisters went over the battle field next day expecting to find my dead body, but I was very much alive, in a foot-race for safety further South. Gen. Gordon did some beautiful fighting at Cedar Creek, but when he is accredited with planning the battle I feel it is an error. It was Gen. Early's plan, and it bore his ear marks—daring in the extreme—fully in keeping with the man and all of his movements in front of Sheridan. Suppose Early had had as many men as Sheridan, does any sane man for one moment believe the Valley of Virginia would have fallen into the hands of the enemy? Never! Many good soldiers criticize Gen. Early, but one moment's reflection should change their harsh judgment to praise and admiration. For weeks he confronted Sheridan's hosts with a mere handful of men, knowing all the time how he was outnumbered. His duty was to keep Sheridan from sending troops to Grant, and he did this, but not until 40,000 marched upon 10,000 could Early be shaken off. Gen. Lee's letter to him removing him is a deserved compliment. Early was the only man in the army who would have dared to have taken such chances. He sacrificed himself for his country, and in future years will be regarded as one of our ablest Generals.

Sheridan's loss, according to Maj. Pound's History of the Valley Campaign, in this battle, was 569 killed, 3,425 wounded, and 1,770 missing; total, 5,764. Our loss was 3,100 killed, wounded and missing.

J. T. Lyon, of Forty-third Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, writes again: Farmwell, Va., Feb. 2.—In my article published in the January VETERAN there is a mistake. It should have been Ramseur's division, not Ransom's. He too was killed at Cedar Creek, when General Gordon made that Jacksonian move, surprising Sheridan's army, routing and driving them in great confusion toward Winchester. Early's troops, instead of following up their victory, fell out of ranks to plunder the yankee camp. Sheridan promptly reformed his troops and returned the same day and defeated Early, and caused him to lose all he had gained and more too. But if ever soldiers were excusable for such conduct Early's poor half famished men surely were. They had been marching and fighting from the first of May, at the Wilderness, at Cold Harbor, at Lynchburg, at Salem, West Va., and then to Washington and return. It is estimated that from June to September Early had marched his little army over four hundred miles.

HISTORY OF CONFEDERATE STAMPS.

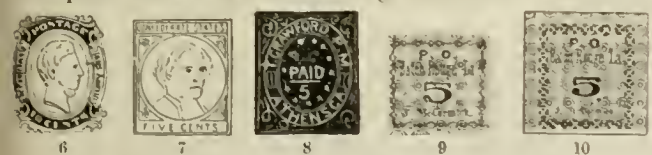
Mr. F. A. Nast, (P. O. Box 959), New York City, one of a committee engaged in the preparation of a book on the postage stamps of the Confederate States, favors the VETERAN with the following carefully prepared "History of Postage Stamps used in the Confederate States of America."

South Carolina seceded Dec. 20th, 1860, and was quickly followed by Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana. Jefferson Davis was elected President, and was inaugurated at Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 18th, 1861. Up to the firing on Fort Sumpter (April 11th), the postal affairs seem to have been car-



ried on with fair regularity. Letters continued to be mailed throughout the South, bearing U. S. stamps, during the first few months of 1861, but the supply of these stamps was soon exhausted, and most of the Postmasters were soon unable to furnish stamps or envelopes. To those situated in small towns, this made but little difference, but in commercial centers much inconvenience was realized.

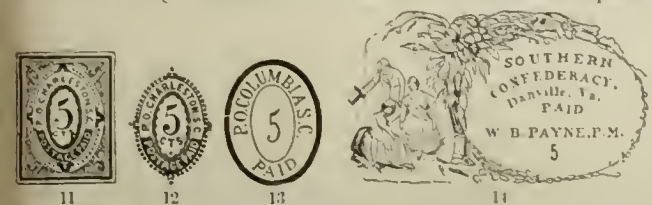
An agent of a prominent Bank Note Company, of New York City, was in Montgomery in Feb., 1861, for the purpose of making a contract to supply stamps to the new Government, but the bombardment of Fort Sumpter made it evident that goods could not be de-



livered and negotiations were discontinued. The Confederate Government, however, succeeded in buying a large quantity of paper in New York City, which was forwarded to Louisville, Ky., and from there run through to Montgomery, Ala. This paper was afterward used for the manufacture of stamps issued by the general Government.

On the 11th of March, 1861, the permanent Constitution was adopted by Congress, and in it a clause providing that the Postoffice Department must pay its own expenses, from its own resources, after the first day of March, 1863.

The Postoffice Department was at once organized, with John H. Reagan as Postmaster General, but the chief work devolved upon H. St. George Offutt, who, from his long connection with the Postoffice Depart-

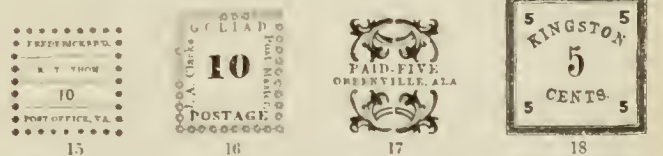


ment, was eminently fitted to perform the difficult task. Mr. Offutt occupied the position of Chief Clerk of Auditor's office, at the secession of South Carolina,

but relinquished that position to join the Confederate Army, although his native State, Missouri, did not leave the Union. The valuable library of postal works (the only complete one in the U. S.), which he took with him, must have been of incalculable benefit in starting such a complicated machine as a Postoffice Department for a large country; however, on the 1st of June, 1861, we find the Department prepared with everything necessary for the successful operation of the offices contained within its territory.

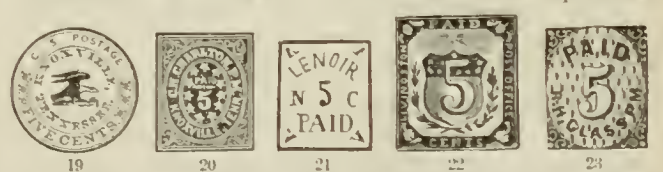
The following gentlemen occupied the principal positions in the new department: John H. Reagan, Postmaster General; B. Fuller, Chief Clerk; H. St. G. Offutt, Chief of the Contract Bureau; J. L. Harrell, Chief of Finance Bureau; B. N. Clements, Chief of Appointment Bureau; Bolling Baker, Auditor.

Most of the old U. S. Postmasters were retained on their taking the oath of Allegiance to the Confederate States, and in one case, at least, a competent man was allowed to keep his post without taking the prescribed oath; the few Union men who held office at the South were compelled (?) to retain their offices until new appointments could be made. A majority of the Post-



masters remitted the full amount due the United States Postoffice Department up to the 31st of June, and returned all the stamps and Postoffice property that was in their charge. Others either kept the property, or turned it over to the Confederate Department. Subsequently, the Department issued a circular ordering all Postmasters to send all U. S. property, stamps, etc., to Richmond, where they were utilized in various ways; but this was not till after the war began.

Many of the most enterprising Postmasters in the South asked and obtained permission to issue stamps pending the preparation of those by the general Confederate Government. Probably some of the Postmasters of the smaller towns issued stamps and



stamped envelopes on their own responsibility. How many offices issued these temporary stamps is not known, but philatelists are constantly on the watch for new and hitherto unknown varieties.

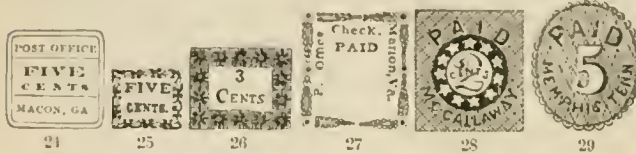
The following letters will show how and why Postmasters were obliged to make these stamps:

DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of the 12th inst. I would say that the stamps you inclosed me were got up by me here in Memphis. When Tennessee passed the ordinance of secession, the old Government stamps were worthless, and as I found it impossible to get along without stamps, I asked and procured the consent of the Government at Richmond to get up temporary stamps until the Postmaster General could furnish me with regular stamps. Those you inclosed me were in use several months, and were the only

ones used. A stamp was shortly afterwards manufactured at Richmond, after which those I issued were taken in and destroyed. Respectfully yours,

Memphis, July 17.

M. C. GALLAWAY.



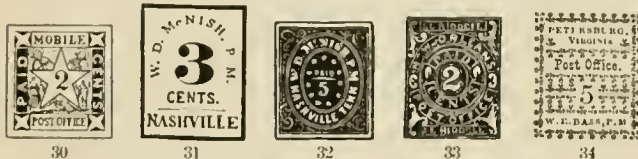
DEAR SIR: Yours of the 29th inst. is at hand. As I happen to have the stamp alluded to, I inclose one for your benefit. It was used by me expressly for the Rheatown office, from about August, 1861, to midsummer, 1862, until Confederate stamps were distributed for general use.

These stamps were used merely as a convenience during the absence of Government stamps, and of course were only received at the Rheatown office in payment of postage. All letters bearing it were billed "paid in money, 5 cents." The inconvenience of country people sending money by servants and children to pay postage, and the remarkable scarcity of small change at that time, were the principal objects for procuring this stamp. Yours truly,

Rheatown, Tenn.

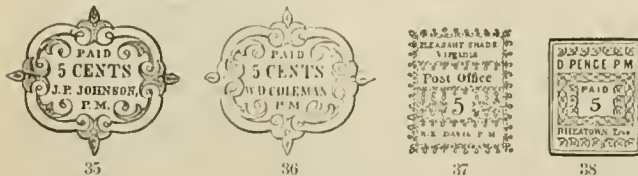
D. PENCE.

The general Government issued the first Confederate postage stamps on October 18th, 1861, a 5-cent green stamp (No. 1 of the illustrations). This was soon followed by the 10-cent blue stamp (No. 3), the 2-cent green stamp (No. 2), and the green ink being exhausted, No. 1 was printed in blue, and No. 3 in red. All these stamps were prepared by Messrs. Hoyen and Ludwig, of Richmond, Va. Later on Messrs. De



La Rue & Co. prepared the plates and furnished the stamps of the 5-cent blue (No. 7), and a 1-cent orange which was never used. The plates of the 5-cent blue (No. 7) were afterward used by Messrs. Archer & Daly in printing the regular supply. They furnished also the 10-cent blue (No. 6), three varieties, and the 20-cent green (No. 4).

A short time after the first 10-cent blue stamp (No. 6) was issued, President Davis met Col. Offutt and asked him if he remembered a W. Brown's objection to the portrait. Upon an affirmative answer being given, the President remarked: "I was walking across



the park to-day, on my way to my office, when I met a tall North Carolina soldier, who accosted me: 'Is your name Davis?' 'Yes.' 'President Davis?' 'Yes.' 'I thought so; you look so — much like a postage stamp.'

In addition to their use as postage stamps they were used as small change by the soldiers and citizens,

just as U. S. postage stamps were used for the same purpose at the same time in the North.

Letters were sent through the lines by special arrangement between the U. S. A. and the C. S. A. The following notice is a sample:

TO THOSE WHO WISH TO SEND LETTERS NORTH.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORFOLK, }
NORFOLK, January 9th, 1862.

Persons wishing to send letters to the United States will observe the following directions:

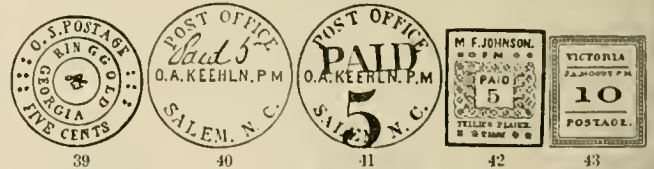
1. Letters must have on the envelope, in addition to the address of the person to whom they are intended, "Via Norfolk and Flag of Truce."
2. Write no more than one page.
3. Enclose money to pay the United States postage.
4. Do not address letters to Gen. Huger.

BENJ. HUGER, JR.

First Lieutenant and V. D. C.

In May, 1865, the plates, stamps, archives, etc., were surrendered to the U. S. authorities at Chester, S. C., and were probably transferred to Washington. The full history of the Postoffice Department of the Confederate States cannot be written until these archives are open for examination.

Six months elapsed between the firing on Fort Sumter (April 11th, 1861), and the issue of the stamps by the general Government (October 18, 1861), and the mails were transported regularly. Many millions of letters were forwarded during that time. The bulk of these were probably destroyed at the time, but there



must still be in existence an enormous quantity of letters bearing the stamps used at that period. Some of these stamps are quite rare, and possibly there may be some varieties not hitherto known to stamp collectors. Many of the temporary or "loose" stamps were used *after* the general stamps were issued. Indeed some seem to have been made by Postmasters in 1864.

The scarcity of stamps was, generally, in proportion to the number of the inhabitants using them. Below is a list of most of the known stamps, with the number of the illustration.

Illustration No.	Illustration No.
Athens, Ga..... 8	Baton Rouge, La..... 9-10
Charleston, S. C..... 11-12	Columbia, S. C..... 13
Danville, Va..... 36-41	Fredericksburg, Va..... 15
Goliad, Tex..... 16	Greenville, Ala..... 17
Kinston, Tenn..... 18	Knoxville, Tenn..... 19-20
Lenoir, N. C..... 21	Livingston, Ala..... 22
Lynchburg, Va..... 23	Macon, Ga..... 24-25
Madison, Fla..... 26	Marion, Va..... 27
Memphis, Tenn..... 28-29	Mobile, Ala..... 30
Nashville, Tenn..... 31-32	New Orleans, La..... 33
Petersburg, Va..... 31	Pittsylvania, Va..... 35
Pleasant Shade, Va..... 37	Rheatown, Tenn..... 38
Ringgold, Ga..... 39	Salem, N. C..... 40-41
Tellico Plains, Tenn..... 42	Victoria, Tex..... 43

General issues, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. Of Nos. 6 and 7 many millions were used and a large quantity was in the different offices at the close of the Civil War. Hence they are often offered, in quantities, unused. A few of them are very rare.

NOTE---Any information as to the general or special conditions under which the mails were transported, or any other postal matters will be gladly acknowledged. Please address F. A. Nast, Box 959, New York City. He would be glad to purchase the stamps or stamped envelopes. Mr. Nast is commended as a thoroughly trust-worthy gentleman.

REMINISCENCES OF CHICKAMAUGA.

A. M. Chandler, West Point, Miss.: I was engaged in the battle of Chickamauga, belonged to the Forty-fourth Mississippi Regiment, Patton Anderson's Brigade, Hindman's Division. Our brigade, on Saturday, September 19, '63, held the bridge at the Lee and Gordon mill until 12 o'clock. Then we were ordered to the right and forded the river to reinforce other portions of our line near Crawfish Springs. We were marched from point to point until dark, and then ordered to the rear to dry our clothing. At that time we were near the spot where the brave Gen. Preston Smith was killed. On Sunday morning we relieved Deas' brigade after they had carried two lines of log breastworks. In our charge we ran over Deas' brigade, where they were lying down in an old field near where you have figure 11 marked on your map. Our regiment captured the Federal battery there. We also got the colors of the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, one of our company making a crutch of the flag-staff. In this charge we, our brigade led by General Hindman, broke the Federal line and drove them nearly one mile, when we were recalled and reformed, and marched back to the old field, which was literally covered with dead and wounded yankees. There General Hindman stopped his horse in rear of our company, when I said to him, "General, we are the boys to move them!" He replied, "You are, sir." We were then ordered to the foot of a long ridge, heavily wooded. After remaining there lying down for some twenty minutes, the yankees charged our brigade, just as Barksdale's brigade of the Virginia Army charged on our right. I do not know the name of this old field we charged through in the morning, nor the name of the ridge where the yankees charged us at about 2 p. m. I hope this may be of some service to the history.

MAKE-UP OF A COMPANY FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.: In a recent number of the VETERAN you gave an account of a Virginia company which had on its roll several brothers of the same name. Below I give you the roll of a company from South Carolina which I think will head the list for number of relatives and similarity of names in one company. It had 142 men, and among them were 28 by the name of Gunter, 13 of Jones, 8 of Garwin, and 5 of Gantt. Of the Gunters it is said sixteen played on the violin. The regiment to which it belonged served most of its time on the sea coast of South Carolina, consequently it suffered little loss, as it was not in many engagements; but during the last year of the war it was ordered to Virginia, where it did hard and noble service. At first, not being accustomed, like Lee's soldiers, to take care of themselves, and led by field officers—the "bravest of the brave"—who encouraged them to "stand square up in line," they suffered terribly in their first fights with the enemy, losing in a short time their gallant Colonel and other field officers. Their numbers were so full when they landed in Virginia that their fun-loving neighbors in the army called them "the Twentieth Army Corps." But the twentieth proved to be of the "best metal," and made an honorable reputation as a part of the glorious Army of Northern Virginia.

Capt. Teague kindly sends a roster of the company, giving the names of its membership, and reports the living and the dead.

BATTLES IN TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

J. A. MATHES, SENACA, MO.

I see an article in the November VETERAN correcting the account of the battle of Wilson's Creek. The Federals were completely routed. They left their General Lyons dead on the field, lying in the hot sun with a handkerchief over his face. Bailey Armstrong and comrade Arch Sevier discovered him as they were pursuing the yankees, or Dutch, who ran for their lives. Sevier was acquainted with Lyons in St. Louis, and seeing the epaulets he raised the handkerchief and recognized him. He and Armstrong carried him to a shade. Our cavalry followed the enemy to the railroad at Rolla, about fifty or seventy-five miles away, capturing many of them. They lost two to our one at Wilson's Creek, although not more than two-thirds of us were armed.

We were not whipped at all at Pea Ridge. Nobody wanted to fall back but Van Dorn. We drove them from every position they took. R. M. Johnson, my Captain, heard General Price ask General Van Dorn for four hours to rout the Federals completely. On being refused, asked for two hours in which to rout them, but Van Dorn ordered him to fall back. General Price turned his horse with tears in his eyes.

At Prairie Grove we whipped the enemy from early morn until dark, driving them from every position. We killed and wounded as many again as they did of us, yet at midnight we were ordered to march by daylight, when we retreated again. One-third of the army would go no farther south, as they could see nothing to run from, and they deserted by the fifties. If we could have had Pap Price in command on this side of the river there would have been a different tale to tell to this day.

In permitting the above criticism of General Van Dorn, so long dead, the explanation is made that the soldiers often erred in judgment because they could not tell the numbers and positions of the enemy. In this instance it seems that when Gen. Sterling Price manifested such anxiety to advance, that with good reason the soldiers would have been dissatisfied. Mr. Mathes' account is somewhat abbreviated, but is direct and strong.

An old poem from "The Land We Love," by a lady of Louisiana, contains some pathetic stanzas:

* * * * *

Ah! different from the longed for day,
When back would come the dear old gray.
With glory crowned, with victory gay.

* * * * *

As hope had painted them.

Yet these had fought in freedom's cause,
And known, nor let, nor doubt, nor pause:
They gloried in the glorious scars,
That sealed their souls to liberty.

They rushed in whirlwinds to the fight,
They swept the foe before their might,
They gave their blood and lives for right,
Their sacred soil and victory.

They fainted in the summer's heat,
They marked the snow with bleeding feet,
They starved and fought in cold and sleet.

* * * * *

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

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

THE ENEMY ARE OUR FRIENDS.

"Uncle" John Cox, of Sweetwater, Texas, on being relieved of a yankee minie ball last month, which he had carried since Chickamauga, said: "Now, more than ever, I am ready to make peace with the yankees." The occasion of the remark produced the honest expression of the man's heart.

The occupation of editing this popular little monthly and sending into every State in the Union has brought in return comment from the ex-soldiers of both armies, and enables me to testify that "our friends, the enemy," are indeed OUR FRIENDS. This evidence comes from across "the chasm" to an amazing degree. The VETERAN has looked after the interests of the Confederate side courageously and faithfully. It has even been so zealous in behalf of those who struggled and suffered without any pay in the defense of their homes and their constitutional rights, that it has at least seemed to show too much disparity in our favor in the history of battles, yet never a murmur has been heard from those who overwhelmed us with their unlimited resources and the foreigners imported to save (?) our Union. The Southern people have been so misrepresented that with an available source for expression they naturally are zealous to get even. They may do themselves injustice in this way. Union soldiers, regardless of party affiliation, are giving Confederates unstinted credit in late publications. There lies in my desk a superb volume with "Charge!" on the cover, which illustrates this assertion. It is a history of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, known as the "Corn Exchange" Regiment. A valiant Confederate who has carefully read it says, "It is marvelously free from boasting, and is fair throughout." There is in it some sad reports of prison life in the South. They found that men in the rear on guard duty were not as gallant and considerate as those who captured them, and they report many things that seem unfair even in war; but history should record the truth. Other Union soldier publications are similar of late. In this connection reference is made to what the VETERAN has heretofore stated on the subject of prison life. It appeals to the brave men who captured thousands of us and remained at the front to the end, to favor a true history of our treatment by those who never saw Confederates until they were prisoners.

Our true patriots will be gratified all over the South at the active tendency by Union veterans to show their appreciation of the manliness and devotion to the

cause that cost so much and was lost (?) at last. They will so appreciate a compliment to the VETERAN from Michigan it is here recited: A gentleman who is honored wherever known as a minister, a lecturer, and college professor, who was South last fall, and at Nashville, where he became acquainted with the VETERAN, writes its editor a cordial invitation to attend the annual reunion of the Grand Army Veterans, to occur at Owosso March 20-22. He states that he has written the Department Commander and suggested that he might invite me, and the reply was a cordial approval; also that they would "gladly welcome the editor of the VETERAN to Michigan and to meet with the G. A. R. boys at their evening camp fires during the encampment." The author of the letter, though a private soldier boy and wounded, has been Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic for Michigan, and his politics may be of the popular side in his State, but in his cordial letter he says: "I want you to be my guest at Owosso as well as at my home in ——. I hope you can spend Sunday with us. I want my wife and boys to see a genuine Confederate soldier."

This article is intended to apply to Americans only, and to volunteers, not substitutes.

MR. DAVIS was the last of the last to give up and he honored in his heart those on whom he implicitly relied to the end. At the dedication of the Ben Hill monument, in Atlanta, Mr. Davis, who was on the platform, said: "I came here silently, reverently, lovingly, to see unveiled the statue of my friend, as one who wanted to show him respect. * * * But I can say something of my dead friend. If he was last to precipitate the States in war he was the last to give it up. When the South was under the power of a conquering enemy his voice rang out the loudest and the clearest for the right of State sovereignty. His "Notes on the Situation" kindled the fires of the people, inviting them to renew the struggle. He was one man upon whom I could count in the days of the Confederacy, and upon whose shoulders I could put my hand and feel a pillar of marble. He had nothing to ask, and much to give.

HOME FOR FEMALE CONFEDERATES IN CHARLESTON.—This "oldest" of Homes for Confederates is in its twenty-seventh year. It is for women only, the mothers, widows and daughters of Confederate soldiers. It was founded and has been managed by women. It has housed hundreds of widows and educated nearly a thousand daughters of Confederate soldiers. The association owns a valuable and extensive building, formerly the Carolina hotel, on Broad street. At its twenty-sixth anniversary meeting, January 30th, a gift of twenty thousand dollars was announced from Baltimore. The gift is the finer because the name of the donor is withheld.

THE JOHN MILLEDGES OF GEORGIA.

The first John Milledge of Georgia was born in England, and came to America with Oglethorpe. He became a man of affairs in the new colony, and held several important trusts, civic and military. His commission as commander of a troop of rangers, dated March 29, 1742, was signed by Jas. Oglethorpe.

In 1768, while a member of the colonial assembly, he was one of a committee to correspond with Benjamin Franklin, agent "to arrange the affairs of Georgia with Great Britain."

The Captain and his family had a pew in Christ Church, Savannah, "in consideration of six pounds and ten shillings," receipted July 5, 1763.

Milledgeville, the former capital of the State, was named in honor of Gov. John Milledge.

His son, Gov. John Milledge, was born in Savannah in 1757. He commenced the study of law with the king's attorney. He was so engaged at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. When but eighteen years of age he was one of the six who broke open the magazine at Savannah and took away a large quantity of powder. Some of it was stored in Savannah, some sent to Beaufort, and a part of it to Boston, where hostilities had commenced, and with it the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. The royal Governor, Wright, offered a reward of \$150 for the capture of the raiders, but they, instead of inviting arrest, waited a month and then captured the Governor in his own house, wherein they confined him. In this he was a leading spirit. He was in Savannah when it was taken by the British, but escaped.

In January, 1780, he was appointed Attorney-General. This was the beginning of his civil career. He served in the Legislature, and was in Congress in 1792 and '93, from 1795 to 1799, and in 1801 and 1802. He was immediately elected to the United States Senate, where he served three years, the last year as its President. In this year, 1809, being only 52 years old, he resigned his seat and gave up public life.

In April, 1802, he was one of three commissioners on the part of Georgia who negotiated with three appointed by the President, a treaty by which Georgia ceded the most of her western territory to the United States for \$1,250,000 and other considerations. Although confronted by three statesmen of the highest national reputation, the Georgians made so satisfactory a settlement of a bitterly contested question that they received by a unanimous vote the thanks of the Legislature. Governor Milledge retired to his plantation on the Sand Hills, near Augusta, where he died in 1818.

While Mr. Jefferson's epitaph on his tomb is inscribed the "Father of the University of Virginia," Governor Milledge was the "Benefactor of the University of Georgia." Governor Milledge bought and conveyed to the University at Athens nearly 700 acres of land. Upon this land the college buildings and a great part of Athens now stand. Its first commencement was held in 1804.

There hangs in the State Library, Atlanta, a handsome painting of this eminent Georgian. It is the work of the late Miss Kate Elliott Milledge, the only granddaughter of Governor Milledge. She was the daughter of the late Col. John Milledge, and a sister to the present State Librarian, Capt. John Milledge, who was a Confederate soldier, serving as First Lieutenant and Captain in 1st Georgia regiment, and afterward Captain of artillery under Gen. Lee.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

UNOFFICIAL LETTER TO PRESIDENT DAVIS CONCERNING THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

The public, after thirty-two years, will read with interest the following extracts from a letter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, dated Decatur, Ala., March, 1862, to Mr. Davis, concerning movements of the army under him:

* * * I received the dispatches from Richmond, with your private letter, by Capt. Wickliffe, three days since, but the pressure of affairs and the necessity of getting my command across the Tennessee, prevented me from sending you an earlier reply.

I anticipated all that you have told me as to the censure which the fall of Fort Donelson drew upon me, and the attacks to which you might be subjected, but it was impossible for me to gather the facts for a detailed report, or to spare time which was required to extricate the remainder of my troops and save the large accumulation of stores and provisions after that disheartening disaster.

I transmitted the reports of Generals Floyd and Pillow without examining or analyzing the facts, and scarcely taking time to read them.

When about to assume the command of this Department, the Government charged me with the duty of deciding the question of occupying Bowling Green, Kentucky, which involved not only military, but political, considerations.

* * * About the middle of September Gen. Buckner advanced with a small force of about 4,000 men, which was increased by the 15th of October to 12,000, and though accessions of force were received, it continued at about the same strength until the end of November, measles and other diseases keeping down the effective force. The enemy's force was then reported to the War Department at 50,000, and an advance was impossible.

* * * Believing it to be of the greatest moment to protract the campaign, as the dearth of cotton might bring strength from abroad and discourage the North, and to gain time to strengthen myself by new troops from Tennessee and other States, I magnified my forces to the enemy, but made known my true strength to the Department and the Governors of States. The aid given was small. At length, when Gen. Beauregard came out in February, he expressed his surprise at the smallness of my force, and was impressed with the danger of my position. I admitted what was so manifest, and laid before him my views for the future, in which he entirely concurred, and sent me a memorandum of our conference, a copy of which I send to you. I determined to fight for Nashville at Donelson, and have the best part of my army to do it, retaining only 14,000 to cover my front, and giving 16,000 to defend Donelson.

The force at Donelson is stated in Gen. Pillow's report at much less, and I do not doubt the correctness of his statement, for the force at Bowling Green, which I supposed to be 14,000 effective men (the medical report showing only a little over 500 sick in the hospital), was diminished more than 5,000 by those who were unable to stand the fatigue of a march, and made my force, on reaching Nashville, less than 10,000 men.

Had I wholly uncovered my front to defend Donelson, Buell would have known it, and marched directly

on Nashville. There were only ten small steamers in the Cumberland, in imperfect condition—only three of which were available at Nashville, while the transportation of the enemy was great.

The evacuation of Bowling Green was imperatively necessary, and was ordered before, and was executed while the battle was being fought at Donelson. I had made every disposition for the defense of the fort my means allowed, and the troops were among the best of my force. The Generals, Floyd, Pillow and Buckner, were high in the opinion of officers and men for skill and courage, and among the best officers of my command. They were popular with the volunteers, and all had seen much service. No reinforcements were asked. I awaited the event opposite Nashville. The result of the conflict each day was favorable. At midnight on the 15th I received news of a glorious victory: at dawn, a retreat.

My column, during the day and night, was thrown over the river: a battery had been established below the city to secure the passage. Nashville was incapable of defense from its position, and from the forces advancing from Bowling Green and up the Cumberland. A rear guard was left under Gen. Floyd to secure the stores and provisions, but did not completely effect the object. The people were terrified, and some of the troops were disheartened. The discouragement was spreading, and I ordered the command to Murfreesboro, where I managed, by assembling Crittenden's Division and the fugitives from Donelson, to collect an army and offer battle. The weather was inclement, the floods excessive, and the bridges were washed away, but most of the stores and provisions were saved and conveyed to new depots.

This having been accomplished, though with serious loss, in conformity with my original design, I marched southward, and crossed the Tennessee at this point, so as to co-operate or unite with Gen. Beauregard, for the defense of the Valley of the Mississippi. The passage is almost completed, and the head of my column is already with Gen. Bragg, at Corinth. The movement was deemed too hazardous by the most experienced members of my staff, but the object warranted the risk.

* * * I have given this sketch so that you may appreciate the embarrassment which surrounded me in my attempts to avert or remedy the disaster of Fort Donelson before alluding to the conduct of the Generals.

When the force was detached I was in hopes that such disposition would have been made as would have enabled the force to defend the fort, or withdraw without sacrificing the army. On the 14th I ordered Gen. Floyd by telegraph, "If he lost the fort to get his troops to Nashville." It is possible that this might have been done, but justice requires us to look at events as they appeared at the time, and not alone by the light of subsequent information. It appears from the information received that Gen. Buckner, being the junior officer, took the lead in advising the surrender, and that Gen. Floyd acquiesced, and they all concurred in the belief that their force could not maintain its position—all concurred that it would require a great sacrifice of life to extricate the command.

Subsequent events show that the investment was not so complete as their information from their scouts led them to believe. The conference resulted in the surrender. The command was irregularly transferred, and devolved upon the junior General, but not appar-

ently to avoid any just responsibility, or from any want of personal or moral intrepidity. The blow was most disastrous, and almost without a remedy. I, therefore, in my first report, remained silent. This silence you were kind enough to attribute to my generosity. I will not lay claim to the motive to excuse my course. I observed silence, as it seemed the best way to serve the cause of the country. The facts were not fully known, discontent prevailed, and criticism and condemnation were more likely to augment than cure the evil. I refrained, well knowing that heavy censure would fall upon me, but convinced that it was better to endure such for the present, and defer to a more propitious time the investigation of the conduct of the Generals, for, in the meantime their services were required and their influence useful. For these reasons Generals Floyd and Pillow were assigned to duty, for I still felt confidence in their gallantry, their energy, and their devotion to the Confederacy.

I have thus recurred to the motives by which I have been governed, from a deep personal sense of the friendship and confidence you have always shown me, and from the conviction that they have not been withdrawn from me in adversity.

All the reports requisite for a full official investigation have been ordered. Generals Floyd and Pillow have been suspended from command. * * *

The test of merit in my profession, with the people, is *success*. It is a hard rule, but I think it right. If I join this corps to the forces of Gen. Beauregard (I confess, a hazardous experiment), then those who are now disclaiming against me will be without an argument.

Your friend, A. S. JOHNSTON.

This letter was read to the Congress, at Richmond, by Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi. In connection with it he said:

"I hold in my hand an unofficial letter, probably the last written by the lamented deceased, to the chief executive of the Confederacy, to whom he had long been united by the ties of friendship, and with whom he had enlisted at an early day under the flag of a Government, which, together they had abandoned when it became the symbol of a monstrous despotism. These facts triumphantly vindicate his fame as a true patriot, and an able and skillful military leader. This letter, written under most trying circumstances, shows that no trace of passion was visible in the awful severity of the pure, brave and undaunted spirit in which it originated. It is a simple recital of facts in justification of his actions, before which the calumnies of the ignorant or the wicked will flee like mist before the brow of day. He has left a noble example of magnanimity in the midst of unjust complaint, and of courage and fortitude amid disaster."

Will Hubert, Adjutant Camp L. Q. C. Lamar, Santa Anna, Texas: At a called meeting of this Camp the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was adopted as its organ. Send some sample copies; it will help to secure more subscribers.

The *Baptist and Reflector*, Nashville: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for January is full of interesting incidents and descriptions of the late war. Whatever one's sympathies as to that unhappy period, he can but enjoy reading the amusing scenes and the stories of valor which occurred on either side.

RAID THROUGH WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

MEMBER OF THE ELEVENTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

It was known that the Federals situated at Beverly, West Va., could easily be captured if taken by surprise, and Gen. Rosser, encamped at Swoope's depot,

small village of Hightown, where each man filled his surcingle with hay. That night we camped on the east side of the Alleghenies. Oh! how it did rain and freeze! We had trouble getting fires started, but with hay for pine and split rails for kindling, we succeeded. We had a ration of flour but no cooking utensils, but overcame that by spreading out gum blankets and pouring on the flour, the rain being sufficient to make dough, then taking the dough and pressing it on a fence rail before the fire to bake, with broad rails to cover it to keep off the rain. We enjoyed that supper. We then stretched out before the fire for the night.

The following morning was clear and bright, but a cold wind was blowing. We arrived on top of the Allegheny Mountains after hard travel, but found it more difficult to descend, as the snow was deeper and had melted in places and frozen into great sheets of ice. After descending the Alleghenies and arriving at the foot of Cheat Mountain, we halted and fed our



EXTERIOR VIEW OF MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

undertook it. His brigade was composed of the 7th, 11th and 12th Virginia cavalry regiments, and also White's Battalion, known formerly as Turner Ashby's Cavalry. Rosser was appointed Commander after the battle of Gettysburg. He ordered an inspection of all our horses, and finding there were not enough able horses in his brigade, he sent to other commands for volunteers. Some North Carolinians, and maybe some South Carolinians, joined us until we were 300 strong. Our camp was twelve miles from Staunton, in Augusta County. On the 12th of January, '65, we took up our march, going westward. The snow was six inches deep on the start, and we camped at the head of the "Cowpasture Valley" the first night. On the 13th we continued westward, through the mountains. That night we camped at Medowel, in Highland County, on ground where Stonewall Jackson fought in '62. The 14th being Sunday, we remained in camp. That evening, while on dress parade, Gen. Rosser made a speech, explaining what he wished us to do, and that we might have all the spoils. Monday morning we passed through Monterey, and on to the

horses. The snow here was two feet and a half deep, and we met with the same difficulty in descending it as the Alleghenies. Arriving at the foot we still had Tiger Mountain to cross. When on top of that and in descending it, the hardest hail storm I ever saw came pelting down upon us. Our horses stopped and turned around, causing a complete stand-still for some



INTERIOR VIEW OF MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

minutes. When in the little valley, we stopped at a farm house close to the roadside and fed our horses. It was now between sundown and dark, and as soon as our horses had eaten we resumed our march, although we had nothing to eat. Before reaching

Beverly, we left the public road and traveled by paths, and were so strung out that our line was perhaps a mile long. Finally, coming to an open space, we were halted until all the command came up, when we again moved in order to within a short distance of the Federal camp. Their houses were of logs and in rows, with narrow alleys between. It was now about 5 o'clock in the morning. We dismounted and tied our horses—no number fours were allowed. We fell in line on foot, the command being whispered along the line. When within fifty yards of the south end of their quarters, and when sufficient men had passed the last row of houses, making the number about equal for each alley, the command was given in loud tones, "left flank, charge!"

The yell that we instantly set up echoed from mountain to mountain in the still, dark night, and made the yankees think that five thousand Johnnies



STONEWALL JACKSON INFIRMARY, MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

and night. On the 18th we started for home, but returned by a different route, and camped one night at Warm Springs, in Bath County. When we arrived at our own camp with our prisoners, we turned them over to that part of the command that are left in camp, for we were nearly worn out.



ROOM IN MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

were at their doors. In less than twenty-five minutes they were our prisoners, and they numbered five hundred and ten. Now came the feast sure enough, and we had plenty to eat and plenty to drink. After our hunger was satisfied, we found that there were five stores in Beverly belonging to the Federals, and we opened store for awhile. We sold hats, caps, boots, shoes and clothing at a "very low profit." That forenoon we moved the prisoners on about two miles west of Beverly, and remained there the rest of that day

GEN. L. B. NORTHROP.

Friday, February 9th, Gen. Lucius B. Northrop, aged 82 years, died at the Confederate Home, Pikeville. He was born September 8, 1811, in Charleston, S. C., and was the son of Amos Boyd Northrop, a lawyer of Charleston. When seventeen years old he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and was graduated in 1831. He was a classmate at West Point of Jefferson Davis, and the friendship formed lasted through Mr. Davis' career as President of the Confederacy. * * * When South Carolina seceded from the Union Captain Northrop was among the first to resign his commission in the U. S. Army. After the Pro-

visional Government was established at Montgomery, Ala., President Davis offered him the post of Commissary General, which, after declining twice, he accepted. He accompanied President Davis and the Confederate Cabinet to Richmond in May, 1861, and he proceeded to organize the Commissary Department. He remained at the head of the department until a few weeks before the surrender at Appomattox Court House. Upon the close of the war he went to farming in North Carolina. In July, 1865, he was arrested

by order of Secretary of War Stanton, and was confined in Libby Prison, at Richmond, until the following November, when he was discharged and paroled on condition that he would not leave Virginia. He purchased a farm in Albemarle County, near Charlottesville, Va., and lived there until February, 1890, when he was stricken with paralysis. He was then removed to Baltimore County, and lived there until his death. He handled large sums of money in his official position, with clean hands, and was poorer at the close of the Civil War than at its beginning.

Among the floral offerings at the funeral there was a large cross of roses and lilies from the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home.

BRAVE P. E. DREW AND HIS FATE.

BY C. D. M'AMV, WARRENSBURG, TENN.

Gen. Hardee's Corps was ordered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton, Ga., to Demopolis, Ala., in April, 1864, to reinforce Gen. Leonidas Polk. Col. Rice, of the Twenty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, was ordered to take Provost charge of the town with his regiment. The court house was our headquarters. We found a few Confederates under guard for insubordination. Among them was a fine looking young fellow who had on a beautiful bright, new gray uniform, and was very handsome. He said his name was P. E. Drew, and that he was a Lieutenant of a Louisiana battery. We remained on post duty about a week, when we were ordered back to Dalton. During this time Lieut. Drew, by his refined manner, had become a great favorite with us. When informed that our regiment had orders to return to Dalton he expressed his attachment, earnestly asked us to let him go with us, and said he would go in the ranks as a private; so we took young Drew with us to Dalton. He joined Company G, and was in the front rank in every charge. At Resacca, Kenesaw Mountain, Dead Angle, Peachtree Creek, he was conspicuous. On the 22d day of July our Corps (Hardee's) moved to the right of Atlanta and surprised Gen. F. P. Blair's Corps and captured 3,000 prisoners, with twenty-eight field pieces of artillery. He showed great bravery in this engagement, and also in the battle of Jonesboro.

On Hood's campaign to Tennessee young Drew rushed into the jaws of death at Franklin. As we neared the second line of breastworks, after five color bearers had been shot down, he dropped his gun, caught the colors from the ground and rushed forward with them. He was pierced through the heart just as he reached the second line of works. Thus ended the life of this noble and brave young man. He was buried the next day with his comrades. My recollection is that he said he was raised in New Orleans. If you will publish this in the VETERAN his people may learn by it his fate. I would cheerfully give them information in detail.

Company G went into the battle of Franklin with eighteen guns. Fifteen of the men were killed, and the sixteenth was shot through the bowels and died the next day, so only two were left. Only seventy of the brigade were present and answered to their names the next day. Lieut. Shipley was the ranking officer present, and he took charge of this remnant of the brigade.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

Gen Jno B Gordon, General Commanding.....Atlanta, Ga.
Maj Gen Geo Moorman, Adj Gen and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

ALABAMA.

Maj Gen Fred S Ferguson, Commander.....Montgomery
Col Harvey E Jones, Adj Gen and Chief of Staff.....Montgomery
Jas M Williams, Brigadier General.....Mobile
Jno M McKleroy, Brigadier General.....Anniston

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Abner P.O.	Capt W A Handley	351	M V Mullins, H A Brown
Albertville	Camp Miller	385	W H McCord, Asa Ray
Alexandria	Alexandria	395	C Martin, E T Clark
Alexander City	Lee	401	R M Thomas, A S Smith
Andalusia	Harper	256	Jno. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.

Anniston.....Pelham.....258 John M. McKleroy, W. H. Williams

Ashland	Henry D. Clayton	327	A S Stockdale, D L Campbell
Ashville	St. Clair	308	John W. Inger, Jas. D. Truss
Athens	Thos L Hobbs	400	E C Gordon
Auburn	Auburn	236	O. D. Smith, James H. Lane
Bessemer	Bessemer	157	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall
Birmingham	W J Hardee	39	B E Jones, P K McMiller
Bridgeport	Jo Wheeler	260	I. H. Johnson, R. A. Jones
Camden	Franklin K. Beck	224	R. Galliard, J. F. Foster
Carrollton	Camp Pickens	323	M. L. Stansel, B. Upchurch
Carthage	Woodruff	329	Jno S Powers, J. A. Elliott
Coalburg	Frank Cheatham	334	J H Brock, Jas W Barnhart
Dadeville	Crawf-Kinhal	343	W C McIntosh, Wm. L. Rowe
Edwardsville	Camp Wigginton	359	W P Howell, T J Burton
Entaw	Sanders	64	Geo. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy
Evergreen	Capt Wm Lee	338	P D Bowles
Florence	E. A. O'Neal	258	A. M. O'Neal, J. M. Crow
Fort Payne	W N Estes	263	J N Davidson, A P McCartney
Gadsden	Emma Sanson	275	Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes
Gaylesville	John Pelham	411	B F Wood, G W R Bell
Greensboro	Allen C. Jones	296	A. M. Avery, E. T. Pasteur
Greenville	Sam'l L. Adams	349	Ed Crenshaw, F E Dey
Gulf	Ex-Confederate	415	W N Halsey
Guntersville	Mont. Gilbreath	333	R T Coles, J L Burke
Hamilton	Marion County	346	A J Hamilton, J F Hamilton
Hartselle	Friendship	383	Matt K Mahan, T J Shropson
Huntsville	Egbert J Jones	357	Geo. P. Turner, W M Erskine
Jacksonville	Col. Jas. B. Martin	322	J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant
LaFayette	A. A. Greene	310	J. J. Robinson, Geo. H. Black
Livingston	Camp Sumter	332	R Chapman
Low'r Peachtree	R H G Gales	370	B P Portis, N J McConnell
Lovdensboro	T J Bullock	331	J L Hinson, C D Whitman
Marion	J W Garrett	277	J Cal Moore, Thomas Hudson
Madison Sta.	A A Russell	408	W T Garner, Robt E Wiggins
Mobile	Raphael Semmes	11	Thos T Roche, Wm E Mickle
Monroeville	George W Foster	407	W W McMillan, D L Neville
Montgomery	Lomax	151	Emmett Liebels, J H Higgins
Opelika	Lee County	261	R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton
Oxford	Camp Lee	328	Thos H Barry, John T Pearce
Ozark	Ozark	380	W R Painter, J L Williams
Piedmont	Camp Stewart	378	J N Hood, L Ferguson
Pearce's Mill	Robert F Lee	372	Jlm Pearce, F M Clark
Roanoke	Aiken-Smith	298	W. A. Handley, B. M. McCon-

Robinson Spr	Tom McKelthen	398	J E Jones, W D Whetstone
Rockford	Henry W. Cox	276	F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson
Sealsboro	N B Forrest	430	I H Young, J P Harris
Seale	James F. Waddell	268	R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene
Selma	Catesby It Jones	317	Thos P Whitby, Edw P Galt
Springville	Springville	223	A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruelli
Stroud	Camp McLeroy	356	A J Thompson, J L Sreklaid
St. Stephens	John James	350	A T Hooks, J M Pelham
Summerfield	Col. Garrett	381	Ed Morrow, R B Catter
Talladega	Charles M. Shelley	246	W J Rhodes, J T Dye
Thomasville	Leander McFarland	373	Jas N Callahan, Geo B Hall
Tusculum	James Deshler	313	A. H. Keller, I. P. Guy
Tuskaloosa	Camp Rodes	262	A C Hargrove, A P Prince
Troy	Camp Ruffin	330	W. D. Henderson, L. H. Bowles
Uniontown	Tom Calamia	429	C C Carr
Verbeia	Camp Grace	291	K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell
Vernon	Camp O'Neal	358	J P Young, T M Woods
Wetumpka	Elmore County	255	J. F. Mauli, Hal T. Walker
Wedowee	Randolph	316	C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate

ARKANSAS.

Maj Gen D M Moore, Commander.....Fort Smith
Col J T Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....Van Buren
Jno M Harrell, Brigadier General.....Hot Springs
J M Hobart, Brigadier General.....Bentonville

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alma	Cabell	202	James E. Smith, J. T. Jones
Benton	David O. Dodd	325	S H Whitthorne, C E Shoemaker

Bentonville	Camp Cabell	89	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates
Booneville	Camp Evans	355	G W Evans, D B Castleberry
Centre Point	Huller	192	J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley
Charleston	Pat Cleburne	191	A S Cabell
Conway	Jeff Davis	213	A. P. Witt, W. D. Cole
Fayetteville	W. H. Brooks	216	T. M. Gunter, J. M. Patridge
Fort Smith	Ben T DuVal	146	M M Gorman, Col R M Fry
Greenway	Clay Co. V. A. S. 'n	375	J R Hodge
Greenwood	Ben McCulloch	194	Dudley Milum, M Stroup
Hackett City	Stonewall	190	L B Lake
Hope	Gratiot	293	N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor
Hot Springs	Albert Pike	340	Geo Jno M Harrell, A Curl
Huntington	Stonewall	190	L B Lake, A H Gordon
Little Rock	Omber R Weaver	354	Wm P Campbell, J H Paschal
Morrilton	Robert W. Harper	207	W. S. Hanna, R. W. Harrison
Nashville	Joe Neal	208	W K Cowling, E G Hale
Newport	Tom Hendman	318	T. T. Ward

CAREER OF THE MERRIMAC.

H. B. LITTLEPAGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Having been one of the Merrimac's officers, and with her during her whole career, I am somewhat familiar with her history. On March 8, 1862, the Merrimac, with ten guns, destroyed the Cumberland, twenty-four guns; Congress, fifty guns; riddled the Minnesota, forty-eight guns, and put to flight the St. Lawrence, fifty guns, and Roanoke, forty-eight guns. In the encounter with the Monitor on the following day, after a fearful combat of five hours, when they were frequently only a few yards apart, the Merrimac having only shell, which were not effective against the iron turret of the Monitor, succeeded in dislodging her pilot-house and blinding and otherwise disabling her commander. The Monitor then hauled over the bar into shallow water, where the Merrimac could not follow her. The Merrimac returned to Norfolk and went into the dock for repairs, two of her guns having had their muzzles shot off, her armor considerably damaged, her prow wrenched off, and her steam pipes and smoke stack completely riddled.

On the 11th of April the Merrimac returned to Hampton Roads. The Monitor was plainly in sight, together with the iron battery Naugatuck and other war ships. Seeing no disposition upon their part to engage, the Merrimac, to provoke them, sent in two of her tenders, the Jamestown and Raleigh, and they cut out and brought away one brig and two schooners in plain sight of the Federal fleet and of the French war ship *Capendé*, and of the British Corvette *Rinaldo*.

On the 8th of May following, while the Merrimac was at the Gasport Navy Yard, a tremendous fire was opened upon the battery at Sewell's Point by the iron-clads Monitor and Naugatuck, and the United States steamers *Susquehanna*, seventeen guns; *Dacotah*, six guns; *Seminole*, five guns, and *San Jacinto*, twelve guns. The Merrimac immediately got under way and proceeded to the scene of conflict, regarding the attack as an invitation to come out and fight. Upon getting in full view of the situation, we saw just beyond the attacking squadron the flag ship *Minnesota*, forty-eight guns; *Cayuga*, six guns; *Jamestown*, twenty two guns; *St. Lawrence*, fifty guns, and the powerful steamers *Vanderbilt*, *Baltimore*, *Illinois* and *Asago*, especially arranged and equipped for running the Merrimac down. The Merrimac continued on at full speed, and when within about a mile of the nearest vessel, they all, with one accord, got under way and ran below Fortress Monroe.

The Merrimac continued the pursuit until the shots from the Rip Raps (Fort Wool) were flying away beyond her. She steamed slowly about the Roads until nearly dark, and then returned to her anchorage.

The above facts are matters of record. I challenge any one to show by any authentic record or statement that the Merrimac was ever defeated, that she ever declined an engagement, regardless of the number or strength of her adversaries, or that she ever lost an opportunity to bring on an engagement if possible.

In a personal letter Mr. Littlepage says: Please publish the inclosed regarding the career of the Merrimac. It seems to be so little understood, and yet no ship ever did as much to revolutionize naval warfare and to rebuild the navies of the world.

ARKANSAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Paris	Ben McCullough	388	J O Sadler, Wm Snoddy
Prairie Grove	Prairie Grove	384	Wm Mitchell
Prescott	Walter Bragg	128	W J Blake, O S Jones
Van Buren	John Wallace	209	John Allen, J E Clegg
Waldron	Sterling Price	311	L P Fuller, A M Fuller
Wooster	Joseph E Johnston	331	W A Milam, W J Sloan

FLORIDA.

Maj Gen J J Dickson, Commander	Deaf
Col Fred L Robertson, Adj't General and Chief of Staff	Brooksville
W D Chipley, Brigadier General	Pensacola
Wm Baya, Brigadier General	Deaf
Gen S G French, Brigadier General	Winter Park

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bartow	Francis S Bartow	281	W H Reynolds, J A Arnoldstead
Brookville	W. W. Loring	13	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson
Chipley	McMillan	217	S. M. Robinson, G. W. Cook
Dade City	Pasco Co. V. Ass'n	57	Jas E Lee, A. H. Ravesles
Defunihuk Spigs	E. Kirby Smith	282	J. T. Stubbs, D. G. McLeod
Fernandina	Nassau	104	W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall
Inverness	Geo. T. Ward	148	W C Zimmerman, W S Turner
Jacksonville	R. E. Lee	58	Wm Baya, W W Tucker
Jacksonville	Jeff Davis	230	C. E. Merrill, C. J. Colcock
Jasper	Stewart	155	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hunn
Juno	Patton Anderson	214	J F Highsmith
Lake City	Columbia County	150	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives
Marion	Milton	132	W D Barnes, F Phillips
Monticello	Patton Anderson	59	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge
Ocala	Marion Co. C. V. A.	56	Sam'l F Marshall, Wm Fox
Orlando	Orange Co.	54	W G Johnson, B. M. Robinson
Palmetto	Geo. T. Ward	102	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles
Pensacola	Ward C. V. Ass'n	10	W E Anderson, R J Jordan
Quincy	D. L. Kennon	140	R. H. Davidson, D. M. McMillan

St. Augustine	E. Kirby Smith	175	J A Enslow, Jr.
Sanford	Gen. Jos. Finnegan	149	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Lefler
St. Petersburg	Camp Colquitt	303	W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick
Tallahassee	Lamar	161	David Long, R A Whitfield
Tampa	Hillsboro	35	F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane
Titusville	Indian River	47	Jas. Pritchard, A D Cohen
Umatilla	Lake Co. C. V. A.	279	T H Blake

GEORGIA.

Maj Gen Clement A Evans, Commander	Chartersville
Col A J West, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff	Atlanta

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Atlanta	Fulton County	159	Clement A Evans, J F Edwards
Augusta	Con. Surviv. Ass'n	435	P E Eve, F M Stovall
Carnesville	Milligan Conf. Vet.	419	J C McCarter, J M Phillips
Cedarstown	Polk Co. Con. Vets.	403	J M Arrington, J S Stubbs
Chilton	Rabun Co. Con. Vet.	429	S M Beck, W H Price
Covington	Jefferson Lamar	305	G D Heard, J W Anderson
Dulton	Joseph E Johnston	34	A. P. Roberts, J. A. Blanton
Dawson	Terrell Co. Con. Vet.	404	J W F Lowrey, Wm Kaigler
Harrisburg	Chattooga Vet	422	L R Williams
Jefferson	Jackson County	410	Thos L Ross, T H Nibloch
LaGrange	Troup Co. Con. Vets.	405	J L Schaub, E T Winn
Morgan	Calhoun Co Con Vet.	406	P E Boyd, A J Munroe
Ringgold	Ringgold	206	W J Whitsett, R B Trimmer
Rome	Floyd Co. C. V. A.	308	J G Yeiser, J T Moore
Spring Place	Jno. B. Gordon	50	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey
Thomasville	W D Mitchell	423	R G Mitchell, T N Hopkins
Tolbotton	J B Smith	402	B Curley, W H Philpot
Washington	John T Wingfield	391	C E Irvin, Henry Cordes
Waynesboro	Gordon	360	Thos B Cox, S R Fulcher
Zebulon	Pike Co. Conf. Vet.	421	G W Strickland, W O Gwyn

ILLINOIS.

Maj Gen Jno C Underwood, Commander	Chicago
Col Saml Baker, Chief of Staff	Chicago

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Chicago	Ex-Confed. Ass'n	3	J W White, R Lee Francee
Jerseyville	Benev. ex-Confed.	304	Jos. S. Carr, Morris R. Locke

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Maj Gen N P Guy, Commander	McAlester
Col R B Coleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff	McAlester
Jno L Galt, Brigadier General	Ardmore
D M Haley, Brigadier General	Krebs

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Ardmore	Polk H Morgan	107	W W Hyden, F G Barry
McAlester	Jeff Lee	68	N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman

KENTUCKY.

Maj Gen John Boyd, Commander	Lexington
Col Jos M Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff	Paris

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Augusta	John B. Hood	233	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson
Bardstown	Thomas H. Hunt	253	Thos. H. Ellis, Jos. F. Briggs
Benton	Alfred Johnston	376	J P Brien, W J Wilson
Bethel	Pat. R. Cleburne	252	J. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom
Bowling Green	Bowling Green	143	W. P. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell
Campton	George W Cox	433	Jos G Lykims, C C Hanks
Carlisle	Peter Bramblett	341	Thos Owen, H M Taylor
Cynthiana	Ben Desha	39	D. M. Snyder, J. Wm. Boyd
Danville	J. Warren Grigsby	214	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman
Elmencee	E. Kirby Smith	251	W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner
Flemingsburg	Albert S. Johnston	232	Wm Stanley, Jno W Hefflin
Frankfort	Thomas B Monroe	188	A W Macklin, Joel E Scott
Georgetown	George W Johnson	98	A H Snelair, J Webb
Harrodsburg	Wm Preston	96	Bush W. Allin, John Kane
Hopkinsville	Ned Merriwether	241	C F Jarrett, Hunter Wood
Lawrenceburg	Ben Hardin Helm	101	P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn
Lexington	J. C. Breckinridge	100	John Boyd, G. C. Snyder
Mt. Sterling	Roy S. Clinke	291	Thos. Johnson, W. T. Havens

THE THRILLING BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM.

F. H. Mundy, Adjutant Camp Sanders, Eutaw, Ala.: I indorse every word that H. R. Hogan says in the VETERAN concerning the Eleventh Alabama at Frazier's Farm. The Eleventh never fought under false colors. The flag taken by the yankees was their own, captured by the Eleventh at the first charge. They simply recovered their own again. It was a desperate hand to hand conflict. I was acting Orderly Sergeant of Company B, Eleventh Alabama, at that time, and distinctly remember calling the battle roll before entering the fight. Our company had been thinned in previous engagements, so that we entered the fight with only twenty-eight officers and men all told. Of those twenty-eight eight were killed on the field, including our Captain, Bratton, and fifteen were wounded. The others had slight wounds, or were shot through their clothing. Every field officer and Captain present was either killed or wounded, and the regiment was commanded by a Lieutenant the next day. One of our men, Alex. Gibers, hid under the guns when we were forced to fall back, but we rescued him in our next charge. One of our Lieutenants, W. S. Boyd, was attacked by two Federal officers, and while engaged with them was run through the body with a bayonet. We recovered him next day alive, and he is alive yet. A Federal General rode into our lines after dark, and was captured by Johnson Ridgeway, one of our company, who was promoted to Courier for our Brigadier General, Wilcox. I was captured at the second day's fight at Gettysburg.

THE EARL OF DERBY TO GENERAL LEE.

[On the fly-leaf of the copy of the *Iliad* given by the late Earl of Derby to General Lee.]

The grave old bard, who never dies,
Receive him in our native tongue;
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy has fallen; thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the grief I feel.

Oh, home of tears! But let her hear
This blazon to the end of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Are around thee; but in truth be strong.
Eternal right, though all things fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's beari, an angel's mouth
(Not Homer's), could alone for me
Hymn forth the great Confederate South;
Virginia first—then Lee.

L. P. N., in a poem on Virginia:

Her sword is shattered, not sheathed in shame;

Thank God her honor is spotless yet.

What is left to us? A deathless name—
Honor. The foe can never defame
Hearts unconquered and lives without stain,
Memories of heroes who died without blame,
Whose spirits are now in heaven.

KENTUCKY—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Nicholasville.....	Humphry Marshall	187.	Geo. R. Taylor, E. T. Lillard
Paducah.....	A P Thompson	174.	W G Bullitt, J. M. Brown
Paris.....	John H. Morgan	95.	A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines
Richmond.....	Thomas B. Collins	215.	Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage
Russellville.....	John W. Caldwell	139.	J. B. Briggs, W. B. McFarly
Shelbyville.....	John H. Waller	237.	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen
Winchester.....	Roger W. Hanson	186.	R. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler
Versailles.....	Abe Buford	97.	J C Bailey, Jas W Smith

LOUISIANA.

Maj Gen Geo O Watts, Commander	Alexandria	Col T L Macon, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff	New Orleans
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alexandria.....	Jeff Davis	6.	G.O. Watts, W.W. Whittington
Amite City.....	Amite City	78.	A.P. Richards, G.W. Bankston
Aracadia.....	Aracadia	229.	James Breece, John A. Oden
Baton Rouge.....	Baton Rouge	17.	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman
Benton.....	Lowden Butler	409.	S M Thomas, B R Nash
Berwick.....	Winchester Hall	178.	T J Royster, F O Brian
Compte.....	Cap Perot	391.	Leopold Perot, T H Hamilton
Donaldsonville.....	Victor Maurin	38.	S A Poche, P Garrel
Evergreen.....	R. L. Gibson	33.	Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson
Farmerville.....	C. V. A. of Union Par	379.	J K Ramsey, B Arent
Franklin.....	Florian Cornay	345.	W R Collins, Thos J Shaffer
Gonzales P. O.....	Fred N. Ogden	247.	Jos. Gonzales Sr, H T. Brown
Jackson.....	Felchana	264.	Zach Lea, R. H. McClelland
Lake Charles.....	Calaisieu C. Vet.	62.	W.A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings
L. Providence.....	Lake Providence	193.	J. C. Bass, T. P. McCandless
Manderville.....	Gen Geo. Moorman	270.	Jos. L. Hicks, R. O. Pizzetta
Mansfield.....	Mouton	41.	C. Schuler, T. G. Pegues
Merrick.....	Isalah Norwood	110.	D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor
Monroe.....	Henry W. Allen	182.	W. R. Roberts, H. Molse
Natchitoches.....	Natchitoches	40.	J A Prudhomme, W D Har- kins
New Orleans.....	Army of N. Va	1.	W. R. Lyman, T. B. O'Brien
New Orleans.....	Army of Tenn	2.	Gen J B Vinet, Nicholas Cuny
New Orleans.....	Vet. Con. States Cav.	9.	Wm. Laughlin, E. R. Wells
New Orleans.....	Wash. Artillery	15.	B F Eshelman, L A Adams
New Orleans.....	Henry St. Paul	16.	J. J. Demorelle, A B Booth
Oakley.....	John Peck	183.	W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell
Opelousas.....	R. E. Lee	14.	D. Prescott, B. Bloomfield
Plaquemine.....	Iberville	18.	C. H. Dickinson, J. L. Dardenne
Rayville.....	Richland	152.	J. S. Summerlin, C. T. Smith
Ruston.....	Ruston	7.	A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond
Shreveport.....	Gen LeRoy Stafford	7.	W. Kinney, W. H. Tunnard
Tangipalooa.....	Camp Moore	60.	O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor
Thibodaux.....	Braxton Bragg	196.	S. T. Grismore, H. N. Coulon

MARYLAND.

Maj Gen Geo H Stuart, Commander..... Baltimore

MISSISSIPPI.

Maj Gen S D Lee, Commander..... Starkville
Col E T Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff..... Columbus
Robert Lowry, Brigadier General..... Jackson
J R Binford, Brigadier General..... Duck Hill

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Amory.....	Stonewall Jackson	427.	W A Brown,
Booneville.....	W. H. H. Tison	179.	D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith
Brandon.....	Rankin	265.	Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey
Brookhaven.....	Sylvester Gwin	235.	J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry
Canton.....	E. Gilles Henry	312.	E. C. Postell, J. M. Mills
Chester.....	R G Previtt	439.	J H Evans, W M Roberts
Columbus.....	Isham Harrison	27.	C L Lincoln, W A Campbell
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys	19.	C. Humphries, J. M. Haley
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery	26.	W. A. Montgomery, T. H. W. Barrett
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitney	22.	W L Stephen, T B Hammett
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds	218.	R W Williamson, W A Gillespie
Greenville.....	W. A. Percy	238.	Gen S W Ferguson, W Yenger
Grenada.....	W. H. Barksdale	189.	J W Young, Julius Ash
Harpersville.....	Patrons Union	272.	M W Stamper, C A Buddiston
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg	21.	G. D. Hartfield, E. H. Harris
Hernando.....	De Soto	220.	Sam Powell, C H Robertson
Hickory Flat.....	Hickory Flat	219.	W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks
Iuka.....	Tishomingo C. Vet.	425.	Geo P Hainmorsley
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott	23.	J. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor
Jackson.....	Robert A Smith	24.	W D Holder, Win Heniger
Lake.....	Patrons Union	272.	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
Lexington.....	Walter L Keim	398.	H J Beld, F A Howell
Liberty.....	Amite County	236.	P R Brewer, Geo A McGehee
Louisville.....	John M Bradley	352.	M A Mitts, Jno H Gage
Maben.....	Stephen D Lee	271.	O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman
Macon.....	James Longstreet	180.	H. W. Foote, J. L. Griggs
Magnolia.....	Stockdale	324.	R H Felder, S A Matthew
Meridian.....	Walthall	25.	W. F. Brown, B. V. White
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir	121.	Gen J. R. Davis, E. S. Hewes
Natchez.....	Natchez	20.	F. J. V. Let and, E. L. Hopkins
New Albany.....	Gen M P Lowry	342.	C S Robertson, M F Rogers
Fort Gibson.....	Claborne	167.	A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore
Rolling Fork.....	Pat R Cleburne	190.	J C Hall, Jno S Joor
Rosedale.....	Montgomery	52.	F A Montgomery, C C Farrar
Sardis.....	Jno H Dickens	341.	R H Taylor, J B Bootbe
Senatobia.....	Bill Feeney	333.	G D Shands, T P Hill
Tupelo.....	John M Stone	131.	Gen J M Stone, P M Savery
Valden.....	Frank Liddell	221.	S. C. Baines, W. J. Booth
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg	32.	D A Campbell, J D Laughlin
Winona.....	M. Farrell	311.	J. R. Binford, C H Campbell
Woodville.....	Woodville	49.	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo	176.	S D Robertson, C J DuBuisson

MISSOURI.

Maj Gen J O Shelby, Commander..... Adrian
POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.
Kansas City.....Kansas City..... 80. Jos W Mercer, Geo B Spratt

THE FLAG OF THE FIFTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA.

The correspondence in December VETERAN concerning the recapture of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania flag by the Federals brings out this interesting reminiscence: Miss White May, whose name is worthy in the VETERAN, gives an account which will be very satisfactory to all concerned. Some years ago, while on a visit to Old Point Comfort, she was in company with Mrs. Gen. Ord, whose husband was first in command at Richmond after the surrender. Mrs. Ord addressed her, saying, "You are a rebel; I am too." [She was a Virginian.] "Come and go with me to my cottage, I have something to show you." On arrival at the cottage this flag, which has been so much discussed, was the "something" to which she called attention.

It is reported that the commander of this regiment, in an enthusiastic address of response to the presentation of this flag, pledged the lady donors that it should never fall into the hands of the rebels; that if they should be captured he would bury the flag rather than have it so "polluted." It happened that it was captured in the first engagement of the command. It is reported again by a gentleman who, on seeing it after the war at the house of Mrs. Ord, expressed great surprise, and stated that this same regimental commander, in a patriotic (?) address, said that his command had been true to its pledge, and that the flag was buried by them on finding that they must surrender.

A UNION SOLDIER WRITES OF CHICKAMAUGA.

James Greacen, Kalkaska, Mich., Feb., 19, 1894: My Dear Friend and Comrade (for I love a true soldier, no matter on which side he fought)—I have just received December CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I find an article on the Chickamauga battle, in which my regiment is mentioned. The map is the most perfect of the battlefield I have ever seen. My regiment, the Twenty-second Michigan, and the Eighty-ninth Ohio, fought on Thomas' right, on that terrible Sunday afternoon, September 20, 1863. We occupied a position near Figure 10 on map. We made and resisted charge after charge during that afternoon, until about dusk, when the Confederate infantry closed up in front to within bayonet reach, and the cavalry in our rear to about the same distance; and what was left of us surrendered with our colors, which we have never seen since. The regiments to whom we surrendered were the Thirty-fourth Virginia and the Sixth Florida, and gallant soldiers they were, gallant and humane to us, their prisoners. About a year and a half afterward, as I returned from prison, I met quite a portion of both those regiments (the Thirty-fourth Virginia and the Sixth Florida) at Louisville as they were returning from prison at Camp Chase. We spent much of a day visiting each other, and I would go a good way to one of their reunions now, as old as I am. I was in Granger's reserve, and in the division commanded by Gen. Stedman.

Gen. H. B. Stoddard, Bryan, Texas: The Commander of Camp J. B. Robinson, Maj. J. W. Tabor, is working for the VETERAN, and at the last meeting it was made the official organ of the Camp. Come to Texas in April to our reunion, and we will all help to increase your list.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Maj Gen E D Hall, Commander		Wilmington	
Col Junius Davis, Adjt General and Chief of Staff		Wilmington	
Kufus Barringer, Brigadier General		Charlotte	
W P Roberts, Brigadier General		Gatesville	
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bryson City	Andrew Coleman	301	E. Everett, B. H. Cathey
Charlotte	Mecklenburg	322	J. Roessler
Clinton	Sampson	137	R. H. Holliday, Jno A Beaman
Concord	Cabarrus Co. C.V.A.	212	J. F. Willeford, C. McDonald
Hickory	Catawba	162	J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener
Littleton	Junius Daniel	326	John P. Leech
Pittsboro	Leonidas J Merritt	387	W L London, H A London
Ryan	Confederate	117	T McByrde
Salisbury	Charles F. Fisher	309	Jno F Ramsay, J C Bernhardt
Salisbury	Col Chas F Fisher	319	Col J R Crawford, C R Barker
Statesville	Col R Campbell	391	P C Carlton
Washington	Bryan Grimes	421	R R Warren, C C Thomas
Wilmington	Cape Fear	254	W L DeRosset, Wm. Blanks
Winston	Nordest	136	T J Brown, Sam'l H Smith

OKLAHOMA.

Maj Gen Sam T Leavy, Commander			Norman
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
El Reno	El Reno	348.	
Guthrie	Camp Jamison	317.	
Norman	John B Gordon	200.	T J Johnson, W C Renfro
Oklahoma City	D H Hammons	177.	J W Johnson, J O Casler

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Maj Gen S S Crittenden, Commander.....	Greenville		
Col Thos S Moorman, Adjt General and Chief of Staff.....	Columbia		
Jno Bratton, Brigadier General.....	Winnboro		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Abbeville	Secession	416.....	W A Templeton
Aiken	Barnard E. Bee	84.....	B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall
Anderson	Camp Benson	337.....	M P Tribble, J N Vandiver
Beaufort	Beaufort	366.....	Thos S White
Charleston	Camp Sumter	250.....	Rev. J. Johnson, J. W. Ward
Charleston	Palmetto Guard	315.....	Geo L Buist, A Baron Holmes
Cheraw	J B Kershaw	413.....	Theo T Malloy, S G Godfrey
Columbia	Hampton	389.....	A P Brown, D R Flennikin
Duncan	Dean	437.....	A H Dean, J V High
Easley	Jasper Hawthorn	285.....	R. E. Bowen, J. H. Bowen
Edgefield C H	Abner Perrin	309.....	J H Brooks, Thos W Carville
Florence	Pee Dee	300.....	E W Lloyd, Wm Quick
Glymphville	Glymphville	399.....	I. P. Miller
Greenville	R. C. Pulliam	297.....	J. W. Norwood, P. T. H
Greenwood	D Wyatt Aiken	432.....	
Mt Pleasant	Thos M Wagner	410.....	S Porehes, Jas R Tomlinson
Newberry	James D Nance	336.....	J W Gary, C F Boyd
Pickens	Wolf Creek	412.....	Jas A Griffin, H B Hendricks
Rock Hill	Catawba	278.....	Cadr Jones, W B Dunlap
Socastee	Confed. S. V. Ass'n	418.....	Jeremiah Smith,
Spartanburg	Camp Walker	335.....	Jos Walker, A B Woodruff
Summerville	Gen Jas Connor	374.....	Geo Tupper, P H Hutchinson
Sumter	Dick Anderson	334.....	J D Graham, P P Gaillard
St. Georges	Stephen Elliott	51.....	R W Minus, J Otey Reed

TENNESSEE.

Maj Gen W H Jackson, Commander.....	Nashville		
Col Jno P Hickman, Adjt General and Chief of Staff.....	Nashville		
J A Vaughn, Brigadier General.....	Memphis		
Frank A Moses, Brigadier General.....	Knoxville		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Brownsville.....	Hiram S Bradford.....	426.....	H J Livingston
Chattanooga.....	N. R. Forrest.....	4.....	L. T. Dickinson, ———
Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	77.....	T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker
Fayetteville.....	Shakelford-Fulton.....	114.....	Jas D Tillman, W H Cashlon
Franklin.....	Gen. J. W. Starnes.....	134.....	S V Wall, T G Smithson
Jackson.....	Jno Ingram.....	37.....	W Holland, M B Hurt
Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollcoffer.....	46.....	Jno F Horne, Chas Ducloux
Knoxville.....	Fred Ault.....	5.....	F. A. Moses, J. W. S. Frierson
Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	55.....	W. P. Irvine, W. G. Loyd
McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	42.....	Marsh Atkinson, J. P. Cannon
Memphis.....	Confed. Hist. Ass'n.....	28.....	C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black
Murfreesboro.....	Joe B. Palmer.....	81.....	W. S. McLemore, W. Ledbetter
Nashville.....	Frank Cheatham.....	35.....	Thos H Smith, J. P. Hickman
Shelbyville.....	Wm. Frierson.....	83.....	J. M. Hastings, J. G. Arnold
Tullahoma.....	Pierce B. Anderson.....	173.....	Jno P Hickman, W J Tralls
Winchester.....	Turney.....	12.....	F B Terry, J J Martin

TEXAS.

Trans-Mississippi Department.

Lieut Gen W L Cabell, Commander	Dallas, Texas
Brig Gen A T Watts, Adjt Gen and Chief of Staff	Dallas, Texas

NORTHEASTERN TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj Gen W N Bush, Commander	McKinney
Col J M Pearson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff	McKinney

NORTHWESTERN DIVISION.

Maj Gen Richard Cobb, Commander	Wichita Falls
Col Wm Porke Skeene, Adjt Gen and Chief of Staff	Wichita Falls
Joseph Benedict, Brigadier General	Graham
W B Plammons, Brigadier General	Amarillo

SOUTHEASTERN DIVISION.

Maj Gen W G Blain, Commander	Fairfield
Col Thos J Gibson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff	Mexia
H H Boone, Brigadier General	Navasota
D H Nunn, Brigadier General	Crockett

SOUTHWESTERN DIVISION.

Maj Gen W H Young, Commander	San Antonio
Col D M Poor, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff	San Antonio
Hamilton P Bee, Brigadier General	San Antonio
Thos W Dodd, Brigadier General	Laredo

THEY HONORED HIS GRANDFATHER.—The First Arkansas Infantry was sent to the defense of Richmond early in the war, and placed with Bate's First Tennessee, in Holmes' Brigade, at the mouth of Aquia Creek, near the memorable city of Fredericksburg. Captain, afterwards Colonel, Robert W. Crockett, a grandson of the heroic Davy Crockett, commanded one of its companies. That fact was made known along the route, and crowds assembled to greet Captain Crockett, the grandson of the famous backwoodsman, whose picture had illuminated the almanacs of nearly a century ago. Captain Bob had an exhaustless fund of humor and anecdote, and enjoyed a joke. Seeing that the admirers of his grandfather were dubious of him in his trim uniform and modish appearance, he got somewhere an old coon-skin and shaped it into a rude cap, with the tail hanging down behind, and on suitable occasions produced it as his grandfather's, to the immense delight of the spectators, saying, "Those old fellows had larger heads than are fashionable at this time," as the cap came down over his ears and eyes, and flowing, black locks. At Fredericksburg he soon became a social as well as military lion. Dr. Blackman, a hospitable old citizen, took a great fancy to this grandson of the Tennessee Congressman and hero of the Alamo. He went around with him, always introducing him as such, and invariably adding that "he knew his grandfather intimately." On one occasion Captain Bob introduced one of his men to Dr. Blackman as "Mr. Crusoe, grandson of Robinson Crusoe." The good old Doctor greeted young Crusoe with his accustomed warmth, remarking that "although he did not know his grandfather personally, he had read about him, and was proud to make the acquaintance of his patriotic descendant." J. M. H.

TRIBUTE TO A SOLDIER WHO WAS SHOT TWENTY TIMES. Capt. T. B. Beall, Salisbury, N. C., writes: It is my sad duty to note the death of one of our bravest, the bravest of the brave, Robert Humphreys, of Lexington, N. C. I knew him well. He was one of the first to respond to his country's call, when the mightiest army of the world was marshaling against the Southern States. He went in a mere boy and came out a broken down man. He was in the defense of Yorktown, and that terrible retreat to Richmond; fought the battles in defense of that city, and afterward followed Gens. Lee and Jackson through their wonderful campaigns. He was shot by the enemy twenty or more times, which shows that he was always in the thickest of the fight. When his cause went down he accepted the situation and, like the true and brave man that he was, went earnestly to work to repair his fallen fortune, and prove himself in time of peace a successful and useful man. Mr. Humphreys was a member of Company I, Fourteenth North Carolina Troops, of which the writer was Captain.

Front Royal and Riverton, Va., *Gazette*: It might well be called a "History of a Nation that Fell." It is the only publication that strives to give authentic record of the events of the late war between the States. It cannot but meet the hearty indorsement of every true friend of the Confederacy, and as it deals in things as they happened, it will find the sincere approval of those who wore the blue. We love our memories, we cherish our institutions, and our dead are sacred. Then rally to the help of the enterprise that is to be the custodian of our glorious past.

TEXAS—Continued.
WESTERN DIVISION.

Maj Gen E M Bean, Commander.....Cameron
Col W M McGregor, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....Cameron
H E Shelley, Brigadier General.....Austin
Robert Donnell, Brigadier General.....Meridian

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Abilene.....	Abilene.....	72.....	T W Daugherty.
Abilene.....	Taylor Co.....	69.....	H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck.
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	160.....	Jesse W Hill, J. R. Posey.
Alvin.....	Wm Hart.....	286.....	Wm Hart, Alf B H Tolar.
Alvord.....	Stonewall.....	362.....	J M Jones, W G Leach.
Archer City.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	249.....	H J Brooks, T M Cecil.
Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65.....	D. M. Morgan, W. T. Enstace.
Atlanta.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	91.....	J. D. Johnson, J. N. Simmons.
Aurora.....	R Q Mills.....	360.....	G W Short, C C Leonard.
Austin.....	Jno B Hood.....	103.....	M. M. Brown, C. H. Powell.
Beaumont.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75.....	Tom J Russell, G W O'Brien.
Belton.....	Bell Co. ex-Com. As.....	122.....	Joe Bralster, H E Bradford.
Big Springs.....	Joe Wheeler.....	330.....	R B Zinn.
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	164.....	J. F. Holmes.
Brazoria.....	Clinton Terry.....	243.....	Wm. F. Smith, F. LeRbens.
Breckinridge.....	Stephens County.....	314.....	W F Marberry, G B Brown.
Brenham.....	Washington.....	289.....	D C Giddings, J G Rankin.
Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118.....	Carl Vincent, A D Moss.
Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	124.....	J W Tabor, S M Ierdon.
Buffalo Gap.....	Camp Moody.....	123.....	Ben F Jones, J A Ewhank.
Cadwell.....	Camp Rogers.....	142.....	J B King, J F Matthews.
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111.....	C W Hightmuth, H F Kellogg.
Cameron.....	Ben Mculloch.....	29.....	E. J. Melver, J. B. Moore.
Campbell.....	Camp Ross.....	185.....	R W Hildes, Tom G Smith.
Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	173.....	T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
Carthage.....	Horace Randall.....	163.....	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth.
Chico.....	Camp Mcintosh.....	361.....	L S Edlins, G W Craft.
Childress.....	Jos E Johnston.....	259.....	W P Jones, L C Warlick.
Cisco.....	Camp Prevaux.....	273.....	T W Neal, J S McInough.
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	87.....	O T Plummer, S C Senorlock.
Colorado.....	Albert S. Johnston.....	113.....	W V Johnson, T Q Mullin.
Columbus.....	Shropshire-Upton.....	112.....	Geo. McCormick, T. J. Dick.
Coleman.....	Jno Pelham.....	74.....	J. J. Callan, J. M. Williams.
Commerce.....	R. E. Lee.....	261.....	G G Lindsey, W E Mangum.
Cooper.....	Ector.....	234.....	Geo W Jones, R J Pickett.
Corpus Christi.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	63.....	H R Sutherland, M C Sparr.
Cor-Jean.....	C. M. Winkler.....	147.....	R M Collins.
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	141.....	Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin.
Collinsville.....	Beantgard.....	306.....	J B King, W H Stephenson.
Cuero.....	Emmett Lynch.....	242.....	V Weldon, George H Law.
Dallamfield.....	Camp Brooks.....	307.....	J N Zachery, J A McGregor.
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	31.....	J I Miller, Geo R Pearce.
Decatur.....	Ben Mculloch.....	24.....	W A Miller, A Edwards.
DeKalb.....	Tom Wallace.....	280.....	W S Proctor, J D Stewart.
Denton.....	Sul Ross.....	129.....	Hugh McKenzie, J R Burton.
Dodd City.....	Camp Maxey.....	281.....	W C Moore.
Dublin.....	Erath & Comanche.....	85.....	J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
Emma.....	Lone Star.....	198.....	John W. Murray.
Fairfield.....	Wm. L. Moody.....	87.....	W G Blain, L G Sandifer.
Floresville.....	Wilson County.....	225.....	W C Agee, A D Evans.
Forney.....	Camp Bee.....	130.....	T M Daniel, S G Fleming.
Fort Worth.....	R. E. Lee.....	158.....	A B Fraser, W M McConnell.
Frost.....	R. Q. Mills.....	106.....	A Chamberlin, M F Wakefield.
Gainesville.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	119.....	J. M. Wright, W. A. Sims.
Galveston.....	Magruder.....	105.....	T N Waul, C Washington.
Gatesville.....	Ex-C A Coryell Co.....	135.....	M S Stanford.
Goldthwaite.....	Jeff Davis.....	117.....	J E Martin, W H Thompson.
Gonzales.....	John C G Key.....	156.....	W B Sayers, H L Qualls.
Gordonville.....	J G Hodges.....	392.....	Wm Hodges, W Hsasingame.
Graham.....	Young County.....	127.....	A G Gray, Y M Edwards.
Granbury.....	Granbury.....	67.....	J. A. Formwalt, L. R. Morris.
Grand View.....	J E Johnston.....	377.....	C C Hatfield.
Greenville.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	267.....	W S Ward, A H Helner.
Hallettsville.....	Col James Walker.....	248.....	Volney Ellis, B F Burke.
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116.....	Battle Ford, L A H Smith.
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136.....	V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz.
Henderson.....	Ras Redwine.....	295.....	J M Mays, C C Doyle.
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172.....	F. J. Barrett, C. B. Patterson.
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	166.....	Wm W Fields.
Honey Grove.....	Logan Davidson.....	294.....	J H Lynn, John L Ballinger.
Houston.....	Dick Dowling.....	197.....	W Lambert, S K Longnecker.
Huntsville.....	John C Upton.....	43.....	J M Smither, E K Goree.
Jacksborough.....	Camp Morgan.....	364.....	S W Eastin, W J Denning.
Jacksborough.....	Camp Hughes.....	365.....	S H Reeves, A F Anderson.
Kilgore.....	Geo. D. Manlon.....	145.....	Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes.
Kilgore.....	Buck Kilgore.....	283.....	W A Miller, R W Wynn.
Kingston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71.....	F. E. Puckett, T. J. Foster.
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126.....	W B Merrill, J R Arthur.
LaGrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61.....	R. H. Phelps, N. Holman.
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	66.....	D. C. Thomas, T. H. Hayne.
Livingston.....	Ike Turner.....	321.....	James E Hill, A G Green.
Lubbock.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	138.....	W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Madisonville.....	Jno G Walker.....	128.....	R Wiley.
Marlin.....	Willis L Lang.....	299.....	G A King, J T Owen.
Memphis.....	Hall County.....	245.....	F M Murray, G W Tipton.
Menardville.....	Menardville.....	325.....	F M Kitchens.
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115.....	Robt Donnell, J. W. Adams.
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79.....	T. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia.....	Joe Johnston.....	94.....	C L Watson, H W Williams.
Minneola.....	Wood County.....	153.....	J H Huffmaster, T J Goodwin.
Mt. Enterprise.....	Rosser.....	82.....	T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Dud Jones.....	121.....	C. L. Dilahunty, J. C. Turner.
Montague.....	Bob Stone.....	93.....	R. Bean, R. D. Rugeley.
McGregor.....	Camp McGregor.....	274.....	W H Harris, H W Sadler.
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	109.....	T M Scott, H C Mack.
Mt Vernon.....	Ben Mculloch.....	300.....	W T Gass, J J Morris.
Navasota.....	Hannibal H Boone.....	102.....	W E Barry, Jas H Freeman.
New Boston.....	Sul Ross.....	257.....	Geo H Rea, T J Watlington.
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	195.....	C. C. Cox, T. M. Church.
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	44.....	J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider.
Paradise.....	Pat Cleburne.....	363.....	A J Jones, L T Mason.

John A. Tholens, Syracuse, N. Y.: I am a veteran of the Union army. I am glad that sectional bitterness, which has existed to some extent in the past, is fast passing away. The time, I believe, has come that the Union and Confederate veterans can sit down and talk over the noble deeds of the past, giving each due credit for the victories won. No better soldiers ever buckled on the armor than those who fought in the sixties.

Mr. J. W. Joplin, of Elizabethtown, Ky., eighty-seven years old, writes: I am wonderfully pleased with the VETERAN. I owned the farm in Franklin County, Virginia, at the close of the war on which Gen. J. A. Early was born. The General often called on me after the close of the war. I furnished him with a fine saddle horse. He left Virginia and went south on horseback. He crossed the Mississippi River above New Orleans, took a ship, I think, at Galveston, and went to Mexico. I do not think he stayed there long. He went from there to Canada, and stayed there until he was at liberty to return to the United States. He has lived in Lynchburg, Va., much of the time since. I had six sons in the Southern army, all in cavalry. They were in the first battle of Bull Run and the last battles under R. E. Lee and Joe E. Johnston. None of them were absent from their commands without leave during the war.

Richard H. Adams, Radford, Va., writes: I read with great interest your synopsis of an article of Col. Abe Fulkerson in October VETERAN, especially that part relating to the six hundred officers sent from Fort Delaware to Charleston, S. C., and placed on Morris Island under fire of their own guns. Being one of the "six hundred," I can never forget the trip on board the steamer Crescent, where the six hundred were packed in the "hold" of the vessel "a la sardine," and also when the vessel ran aground, how anxious the "boys" were to make a capture of the vessel. Assisted by the brave and big-hearted Pete Akers, who was known to everybody, I made an alphabetical list, arranged according to States, giving name, rank, command, date and place of capture of prisoners so confined. On my return to Fort Delaware I gave the list to Rev. Dr. Handy, who was confined as a prisoner there, and who after the war published it in his book. I also kept a list myself, which I now have. * * * I take great pleasure at times in pulling out my list and reading over the names, all of whom, with few exceptions (those who could not stand the pressure and "took the oath"), I formed a great attachment for; many of them intimate friends of about my own age. No men could be more admired by the bravest and truest of men than were Col. Van H. Manning, of Arkansas, and Col. Abe Fulkerson, of Tennessee, by these remaining six hundred, whose hearts were knit together by intense and continuous suffering and privations. These two officers were always brave, possessing all the qualifications necessary for leaders, and always ready to give wise council, being continually approached for that purpose, consequently the suffering was borne as men, true men, only can suffer for principles so dear to their hearts.

[Col. Manning was in Congress some years after the war, and on leaving public life resumed the practice of law at Washington, buying an elegant suburban home just across the Maryland line. He died within the past year.—Ed.]

TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70.....	O C Connor, S S Record
Paint Rock.....	Jeff Davis.....	168.....	W. T. Melton, J. W. Ratcliff.
Pearsall.....	"Gatch" Hardeman.....	230.....	R M Harkness, Henry Maney
Richmond.....	Frank Terry.....	227.....	P. E. Peareson, B. F. Stuart
Ripley.....	Gen. Hood.....	280.....	W R M Slaughter, Jno H Hood
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74.....	M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	154.....	D Speer, A P Kelley
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	141.....	John S Ford, James Clark
San Augustine.....	Jeff Davis.....	386.....	W A Field
San Saba.....	W P Rogers.....	322.....	George Harris, A Duggan
Santa Anna.....	L Q C Lamar.....	371.....	L M Cravens, Will Hubert
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86.....	T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
Sherman.....	Mildred Lee.....	90.....	J T Wilson, Robt Walker.
South Prairie.....	South Prairie.....	393.....	W L Deffner, ———
Sweetwater.....	E. C. Walthall.....	92.....	W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Sp'gs.....	Matt Ashcroft.....	170.....	R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor.....	A S Johnston.....	165.....	M Ross, Perry Hawkins
Terrell.....	J E B Stuart.....	45.....	J A Anthony, Vle Reinhardt
Texas.....	A P Hill.....	269.....	W J Allen, Charles A Hooks
Tyler.....	A. S. Johnston.....	48.....	Bryan Marsh, Sid S Johnson
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	125.....	S. E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waco.....	Pat Cleburne.....	222.....	C. L. Johnson, W. C. Cooper
Waxahachie.....	Winnie Davis.....	108.....	Tom Yates, J P Cooper
Waxahachie.....	Parsons Cav. Ass'n.....	236.....	———, A M Dechman
Weatherford.....	Tom Green.....	169.....	J. P. Rice, M. V. Kinnison.
Wellington.....	Collingsworth Co.....	257.....	J H McDowell, H M Yates
Wharton.....	Buchell.....	228.....	J N Denny, J T Compton
Whitesboro.....	Geo R Reeves.....	288.....	J W M Hughes, B M Wright
Whiteita Falls.....	W. J. Hardee.....	73.....	W R Crockett, N A Robinson
Will's Point.....	Will's Point.....	302.....	A N Alford, W A Benham

VIRGINIA.

Maj Gen Thos A Brander, Commander.....	Richmond		
Col Jos V Blgood, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....	Richmond		
T S Garnett, Brigadier General.....	Norfolk		
Meclah Woods, Brigadier General.....	Charlottesville		
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Harrisonburg.....	S B Gibbons.....	438.....	D H Lee Martz, J S Messerly
Radford.....	G C Wharton.....	443.....	G C Wharton, R H Adams
Reams Station.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	211.....	M A Moncreure, A H Moncreure
Richmond.....	Geo E Pickett.....	204.....	R N Northern, P McCurdy
Richmond.....	R E Lee.....	181.....	A W Archer, J T Stratton
Renoake.....	William Watts.....	205.....	S S Brooke, Hugh W Fry
West Point.....	John R. Cooke.....	184.....	H. M. Miller, W. W. Green.
Williamsburg.....	McGruder-Ewell.....	210.....	T J Stubbs, H T Jones
Winchester.....	Gen Turner Ashby.....	240.....	Chas W McViear, E G Hollis

WEST VIRGINIA.

Romney.....	C'nfed'r'te Veteran.....	446.....	W M Montgomery
WASHINGTON, D. C.			
Washington.....	Wash. City Confed.....	171.....	J G Moore, T W Hungerford

This singular bit of history is copied from a Philadelphia dispatch:

FEBRUARY 9, 1894.—Grand Army Posts Nos. 2 and 19 last night entered a protest against the introduction of Ellis's complete History of the United States into the public schools. The grounds on which the protest is made are in brief that its tone is biased in favor of the cause of the South; that it belittles and detracts from the fidelity, courage and patriotic work performed by the soldiers of the Union Armies, and seeks to ennoble the soldiers of the Confederacy; that it suppresses, in many instances, the names of Northern heroes and conspicuously depicts, in strong colors, the achievements of Confederate commanders; that the portrait of Jefferson Davis is given preference by some pages over that of Lincoln, as well as that of Lee over Gen. Grant. The protests were sent to the Board of Education this afternoon.

I'll give you a good one on a member the Fifth Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. He stole a skillet, broke the handle off, and burnt grease over the fractured end. The owner of the spider found his mess using it, and had him up before the Colonel and proved it clearly. The Colonel asked the prisoner what he had to say in his defense, and he said he knew it was his because his mother sent it from home to him in a letter. The Colonel told him to go back to his quarters, and added after he started: "A man who can deliver as ready a lie as that will make a good soldier."

J. A. Wheeler, Salado, Texas: I like the VETERAN better than any paper I ever read. It tells the truth.

REUNION NOTES FROM BIRMINGHAM.

The VETERAN thanks Miss Ruby Beryl Kyle, of Birmingham, for reunion notes interesting and helpful to all concerned. The following are published now:

Birmingham is again enthusiastically engaged in preparing to entertain the great gathering of veterans for the reunion, April 25th and 26th. We are expecting many thousands of veterans. The tableaux of States, in which each that was of the Confederacy will be represented by one of its most beautiful unmarried women, is a unique feature. Mr. Robert Chisholm conducts this plan. The following ladies have been selected to represent the States named: Virginia, Miss Lizzie Clark, of New Port News; North Carolina, Miss Kate Cantwell, of Wilmington; Kentucky, Miss Eleonora Graves, of Lexington; Florida, Miss Lizzie Pasco, of Monticello; Arkansas, Miss Lizzie McGee, of Van Buren; Alabama, Miss Carrie Cochran, of Eufaula; Louisiana, Miss Adah Vinson, of Shreveport; Missouri, Miss Katherine Turner, of Columbia; South Carolina, Miss Della Hayne, of Greenville; Maryland, Miss Lelia

Montague, of Baltimore; Tennessee, Miss Adelle McMurray, of Nashville; Mississippi, Miss Etta Mitchell; Texas, Miss Mary Muse Banks, of Houston.

The visiting Veterans may secure lodgings and meals in private boarding houses at 25 cents. Many residences will be opened to visitors. The Winnie Davis Wigwam, 185 x 250 feet, and centrally located, was built specially for the reunion purposes. Camp Hardee sends the following:

TO UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Camp Hardee, of Birmingham, will be pleased to hear from each Camp in the United States as to the number of delegates that will be present at the reunion in April, so that preparations may be made accordingly.

A committee of three are casting about for a plan to establish a home for disabled veterans in Birmingham. Dr. Caldwell is a member of the committee, and it is almost certain that the question will be ably realized under his administration. This is a worthy movement, and the citizens are much interested, notwithstanding the financial condition of our city.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN TEXAS, AND WHERE THEY ARE FROM.

As a matter of general interest the VETERAN makes this inquiry so as to complete historic records of the Confederate soldiers who now live in Texas. Texas Commanders and Adjutants will please give attention to this report at once, so it may be published complete. Please fill out report for your Camp below and report.

LOCATION AND NAME OF CAMP.	Alabama.	Arizona.	Arkansas.	Florida.	Georgia.	Indian Ter.	Kansas.	Kentucky.	Louisiana.	Maryland.	Mississippi.	Missouri.	N. Carolina.	S. Carolina.	Tennessee.	Texas.	Virginia.	West Virginia.	Miscellaneous.				Total.
																			Unknown.				
Belton—Reil Co. Ex-Confed. Ass'n	78	...	34	2	32	...	...	9	27	...	82	14	6	10	47	279	6	...	...	...	...	628	
Breckinridge—Stephens County Camp.....	2	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	2	...	1	...	3	8	...	...	...	...	24		
Canton—J. L. Hogg Camp.....	9	...	4	...	2	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	61	...	...	...	301	51		
Childress—Joe Johnson Camp.....	3	...	33	...	5	...	...	3	...	...	9	4	...	...	6	14	1	...	1	...	116		
Collinsville—Beauregard Camp.....	8	...	5	1	5	...	...	12	3	...	16	6	12	12	7	90	4	...	...	...	147		
Coleman—Coleman Camp.....	3	...	...	...	2	...	...	...	3	...	2	1	...	...	5	11	1	...	...	...	28		
Dallas—Stirling Price Camp.....	23	1	17	1	23	...	...	10	31	1	23	17	10	9	29	81	19	...	...	...	310		
Dublin—Erath and Comanche Camp.....	147	...	72	1	91	1	...	15	21	...	94	39	13	13	70	397	13	...	35	12	1,024		
El Paso—Jno. C. Brown Camp.....	1	1	2	...	1	...	...	1	1	...	4	4	1	1	1	12	5	...	...	...	47		
Gainesville—Joseph E. Johnston Camp.....	8	...	4	1	10	1	...	5	...	3	21	13	6	6	31	65	5	...	...	30	269		
Gonzales—J. C. G. Key Camp.....	9	...	6	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	5	109	4	...	...	...	140		
Graham—Young County Bivouac.....	4	...	3	...	3	...	...	2	1	...	9	...	...	1	11	18	1	...	...	...	66		
Grandview—J. E. Johnston Camp.....	7	...	...	...	3	...	...	...	...	...	5	...	1	1	10	7	...	...	...	...	36		
Houston—Dick Dowling.....	8	...	3	1	5	...	...	3	9	1	4	1	1	3	5	75	10	...	...	...	129		
Ladonia—Robert E. Lee Camp.....	12	2	9	...	10	...	...	1	2	...	11	5	3	3	20	51	3	...	...	...	141		
Lampassas—R. E. Lee Camp.....	16	1	...	...	4	1	1	...	1	...	8	5	2	1	8	74	3	...	...	...	133		
Marlin—Willis L. Lang Camp.....	26	...	7	1	9	...	...	...	4	...	26	2	2	3	9	96	7	...	...	...	192		
Memphis—Hall County Camp.....	7	...	1	...	8	...	...	3	...	...	4	2	1	2	17	4	...	...	1	...	50		
Mexia—Joe Johnston Camp.....	27	...	12	...	8	...	...	1	6	1	18	4	3	3	5	59	3	...	...	...	150		
Paint Rock—Jeff Davis Camp.....	2	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	1	4	1	...	1	10	...	...	...	...	21		
Paradise—Pat Cleburne Camp.....	6	...	3	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	6	...	1	...	6	12	...	...	...	...	36		
Polk County—Ike Turner Camp.....	6	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	7	...	11	...	...	2	3	86	...	...	...	...	120		
Ripley—Gen. Hood Camp.....	8	...	...	...	3	...	...	...	...	...	3	...	...	1	1	4	...	...	...	...	20		
South Prairie—J. E. B. Stuart Camp.....	4	...	2	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	...	14	1	...	...	...	26		
Sweetwater—E. C. Walthall Camp.....	2	...	1	...	...	1	...	1	1	...	5	...	2	2	...	13	...	...	...	...	28		
Terrell—J. E. B. Stuart Camp.....	14	...	6	1	5	1	...	3	2	...	9	1	5	...	2	16	40	2	...	2	109		
Tyler—Albert Sidney Johnston Camp.....	14	...	7	...	8	...	...	3	7	...	7	1	7	5	3	82	6	...	...	...	159		
Van Alstyne—Winnie Davis Camp.....	7	...	2	...	3	...	...	1	...	...	4	5	1	1	14	29	2	...	...	...	69		
Waco—Pat Cleburne Camp.....	16	...	6	...	9	...	...	1	5	2	7	4	2	3	7	53	5	...	...	...	121		
Willis Point—Willis Point Camp.....	5	...	3	1	3	...	...	1	...	...	2	...	...	...	3	13	1	...	...	...	32		

There are 1,615 subscribers in Texas at 320 postoffices. Please compare your list with the names at other postoffices. Surely all Camps will become interested in the VETERAN if they can see it. The VETERAN has been made the official organ of many Camps in Texas and in every other Southern State.

Comrades and brothers, why do you delay? Prepaid envelopes with printed blanks, at considerable expense, were sent to every Camp. Let each send statements similar to the above without delay.

Mr. Cunningham, Editor of the VETERAN, expects to attend the reunion at Waco, April 5-7, and begs that every delegate and visitor will seek to aid him in the above and in increasing the VETERAN list.

WHERE THE VETERAN GOES.

The following list includes the subscriptions at places named where there are four or more. There are 8,168 paid subscriptions, at 1,921 postoffices, in 43 States and Territories, and to 3 foreign countries. There are printed of this edition 10,500 copies.

ALABAMA.

Anniston.....	5	Fataw.....	4	Lowndesboro.....	14
Athens.....	22	Florence.....	13	Lower Peachtree.....	11
Benton.....	4	Frankonia.....	4	Montgomery.....	45
Birmingham.....	36	Fullerton.....	4	Moundville.....	5
Camden.....	8	Greenville.....	19	Piedmont.....	14
Carrollton.....	6	Guntersville.....	5	Scottsboro.....	16
Edmundville.....	6	Huntsville.....	26	Selma.....	4
Elkton.....	11	Jeff.....	5	Snowdoun.....	6
Elmore.....	4			Talladega.....	6

ARKANSAS.

Arkadelphia.....	4	Hot Springs.....	20	Prescott.....	19
Bentonville.....	11	Little Rock.....	51	Searcy.....	6
Booneville.....	8	Morrilton.....	6	Springdale.....	27
Camden.....	7	Prindle Grove.....	8	Van Buren.....	5
Fayetteville.....	26				

Santa Anna, California.....					
Washington, D. C.....					62

FLORIDA.

Brooksville.....	41	Monticello.....	17	St. Augustine.....	18
Fernandina.....	14	Ocala.....	24	Tallahassee.....	4
Inverness.....	4	Orlando.....	21	Tampa.....	57
Jacksonville.....	113	Palmtoe.....	4	Titusville.....	10
Lakeland.....	8	Pensacola.....	20	Welaka.....	4
Lake Weir.....	5	Sanford.....	19	Welborn.....	4
Mariana.....	10				

GEORGIA.

Aecworth.....	4	Eagle Cliff.....	4	Madison.....	12
Athens.....	4	Eatonton.....	17	Rome.....	5
Atlanta.....	25	Greensboro.....	8	Savannah.....	31
Augusta.....	11	Hawkinsville.....	26	Union Point.....	14
Canton.....	17	LaGrange.....	8	Washington.....	31
Cartersville.....	4	Macon.....	61		

Chicago, Illinois.....					18
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INDIANA.

Evansville.....	10	Indianapolis.....			5
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Ardmore.....	13	Indian Territory.....		McAllister.....	11
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KANSAS.

Colleyville.....	22	Hutchinson.....			5
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KENTUCKY.

Adairville.....	5	Justice.....	6	Pine Grove.....	4
Anthoston.....	4	Lawrenceburg.....	5	Richmond.....	10
Augusta.....	1	Lewisburg.....	7	Russellville.....	10
Bell.....	8	Lexington.....	28	Shelbyville.....	5
Bowling Green.....	21	Louisville.....	59	Stamping Ground.....	6
Covington.....	4	Midway.....	4	Sturgis.....	10
Elizabethtown.....	5	Morganfield.....	8	Toler.....	16
Georgetown.....	7	Owensboro.....	21	Uniontown.....	5
Harrodsburg.....	17	Owlsville.....	4	Versailles.....	12
Henderson.....	67	Paris.....	15	Winchester.....	28
Hopkinsville.....	6	Pembroke.....	21		

LOUISIANA.

Berwick.....	9	Mansfield.....	24	Shreveport.....	15
Jackson.....	13	Morgan City.....	6	Patterson.....	4
Lake Charles.....	20	New Orleans.....	25	Rayville.....	4
Lake Providence.....	7				

MARYLAND.

Baltimore.....	56	Cumberland.....	17	Pikesville.....	5
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Cheltenham.....	4				
St. Paul, Minnesota.....					8

MISSISSIPPI.

Anding.....	4	Edwards.....	4	Pass Christian.....	5
Canton.....	7	Fayette.....	7	Senatobia.....	7
Centerville.....	7	Greenwood.....	6	Utica.....	6
Coldwater.....	10	Jackson.....	4	Walthall.....	5
Columbus.....	20	McComb City.....	5	Woodville.....	21
Crystal Springs.....	11	Meridian.....	15	Yazoo City.....	20

MISSOURI.

Brookline.....	4	Independence.....	20	Moberly.....	10
Centralia.....	8	Kansas City.....	4	Nevada.....	9
Dexter.....	7	Lamar.....	7	Palmyra.....	12
Golden City.....	24	Lee's Summit.....	5	Sedalia.....	10
Hamilton.....	9	Lexington.....	7	Seneca.....	5
Higginsville.....	4	Louisiana.....	4	Springfield.....	64
Huntsville.....	22	Marshfield.....	5	St. Louis.....	28
New York City, New York.....					31

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville.....	40	Raleigh.....	9	Wilmington.....	11
Bryson City.....	5	Salisbury.....	32	Winston.....	15
Mt. Airy.....	4	Waynesville.....	13		
Cincinnati, Ohio.....					11

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

Oklahoma City.....	22	Norman.....	8
Portland, Oregon.....			6
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.....			12

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Alkin.....	23	Greenwood.....	21	Orangeburg C. H.....	26
Charleston.....	118	Longmires.....	5	Sally.....	7
Columbia.....	23	Manning.....	5	Sumter.....	10
Darlington.....	27	Newberry.....	4	Trenton.....	4
Edgefield.....	16	Ninety-Six.....	9		

TENNESSEE.

Auburn.....	4	Gallesboro.....	5	Riddleton.....	6
Bagdad.....	5	Gallatin.....	55	Rockhill.....	4
Baker.....	28	Gowers.....	4	Rogersville.....	5
Beachville.....	5	Goodlettsville.....	13	Sadlersville.....	5
Belbuckle.....	6	Greenfield.....	4	Saundersville.....	5
Billingsly.....	7	Haley.....	4	Sewanee.....	6
Bristol.....	7	Hartsville.....	14	Sharon.....	6
Burns.....	8	Hendersonville.....	4	Shelbyville.....	24
Camden.....	6	Holt's Corner.....	5	Sherrwood.....	4
Caney Springs.....	4	Hustburg.....	4	Shonn's X Roads.....	4
Carthage.....	4	Jackson.....	46	Silvertop.....	5
Castalian Springs.....	8	Knoxville.....	26	Smyrna.....	5
Cowan.....	4	Lawrenceburg.....	11	South Pittsburg.....	8
Chattanooga.....	19	Lebanon.....	8	Springfield.....	11
Chapel Hill.....	9	Leftwich.....	5	Stanton.....	6
Clarksville.....	30	Lewisburg.....	15	Station Camp.....	6
College Grove.....	4	Lynchburg.....	18	Sweetwater.....	7
Columbia.....	32	Lynnville.....	9	Tennessee Ridge.....	5
Coopertown.....	4	Martin.....	9	Tiptonville.....	11
Cornersville.....	4	Melvin.....	4	Tobaccoport.....	5
Covington.....	4	Memphis.....	80	Tracy City.....	9
Cumberland City.....	8	McKenzie.....	23	Trenton.....	18
Dellina.....	4	Monroe.....	4	Tullahoma.....	15
Dickson.....	19	Mt. Pleasant.....	15	Unionville.....	5
Dresden.....	15	Murfreesboro.....	94	Verona.....	1
Dyer.....	4	Nashville.....	463	Warrensburg.....	5
Dyersburg.....	9	Newbern.....	12	Watnise.....	9
Eagleville.....	7	Paragon Mills.....	4	Waverly.....	9
Edge-wood.....	4	Paris.....	21	White Bluff.....	4
Erlin.....	41	Pikeville.....	12	Winchester.....	17
Famington.....	4	Popo.....	4	Woodland Mills.....	4
Fayetteville.....	56	Poplin's X Roads.....	5	Woodworth.....	14
Flat Rock.....	4	Pulaski.....	19	Wrencoe.....	4
Flynn's Lick.....	4	Rankin's Depot.....	9	Yorkville.....	6
Franklin.....	31				

TEXAS.

Alvarado.....	12	Era.....	16	Memphis.....	7
Antelope.....	4	El Paso.....	39	Mexia.....	20
Archer City.....	5	Ennis.....	6	Milford.....	37
Aurora.....	5	Floresville.....	6	Montague.....	4
Austin.....	12	Forestburg.....	7	Paint Rock.....	5
Athens.....	20	Foreston.....	6	Paradise.....	4
Bartlett.....	9	Fort Worth.....	43	Paris.....	23
Belcher.....	9	Forney.....	7	Pearsall.....	9
Belton.....	39	Galveston.....	36	Petty.....	11
Bonham.....	32	Galesville.....	17	Ray.....	4
Breckinridge.....	4	Glen Rose.....	9	Rockwall.....	30
Bryan.....	42	Gonzales.....	22	San Antonio.....	11
Caddo Mills.....	8	Graham.....	21	Sherman.....	22
Calvert.....	5	Grand View.....	15	South Prairie.....	4
Canadian.....	4	Greenville.....	9	Sulphur Springs.....	8
Carlton.....	12	Groesbeck.....	5	Sweetwater.....	6
Center Point.....	7	Hamilton.....	15	Tehuacana.....	15
Chico.....	20	Henrietta.....	5	Temple.....	5
Coesfield.....	4	Houston.....	14	Terrell.....	24
Columbus.....	4	Kaufman.....	15	Trent.....	4
Commerce.....	4	Kemp.....	10	Tulip.....	5
Cleburne.....	49	Killeen.....	4	Tyler.....	12
Coleman.....	65	Kingston.....	7	Van Alstyne.....	12
Comanche.....	14	Ladonia.....	5	Vesca.....	8
Crockett.....	5	La Grange.....	11	Waco.....	16
Cuero.....	6	Lampasas.....	31	Walder.....	4
Dallas.....	34	Llano.....	4	Waxahatche.....	21
Decatur.....	9	Lott.....	5	Weatherford.....	8
DeKalb.....	4	Lubbock.....	5	Whitesboro.....	11
DeLeon.....	5	Marlin.....	13	Wills' Point.....	20
Denton.....	4	McGregor.....	6	Wrightsboro.....	12
Ellaville.....	5				

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria.....	6	Norfolk.....	15	Strasburg.....	15
Culpeper.....	7	Portsmouth.....	20	Warm Springs.....	6
Fredericksburg.....	7	Radford.....	4	West Point.....	25
Lynchburg.....	21	Richmond.....	89	Williamsburg.....	10

WEST VIRGINIA.

Huntington.....	17	Romney.....	8
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Reuben Campbell Camp, Statesville, N. C.: I see in the December VETERAN that you give Maj. S. A. Jonas as the author of "The Confederate Note." The newspapers of our State have recently had quite a lengthy controversy as to the author, and have finally decided that the author was a North Carolina lady. Will you kindly give me any facts you may have as to the true author of the lines? The "Reply from across the chasm"—did you coin the heading?—was written to me, and I have the original manuscript.

MICHAEL BAILEY--A LOST BOY.

The only son of Dr. P. R. Bailey, of Nashville, Tenn., disappeared Nov. 22, 1893, and has never been heard from by his family since.

DESCRIPTION.

Twelve years old, blue eyes, brown hair, small black mole on temple. This picture is a very good likeness, though made when the lad was eight. His only sister is Miss Marie Louise Bailey, whose superb reputation as a pianist was reported in February VETERAN. The father was a Confederate soldier. Let us all look out for his boy.



24 Out of 25.

A prominent citizen of Martin, Tenn., came to the city recently to enter his son in some one of the business colleges here. It was suggested to him that the best judges on that subject would be the business men of the city. Of these he inquired to the number of twenty-five, and he reported that twenty-four of that number recommended Jennings' Business College as being the most practical, the other gentleman expressing no preference. Of course Mr. Jennings got the young man. "Straws always show how the wind blows."

Two More Positions.

H. Blair Smith, son of R. McPhail Smith, of the faculty of Vanderbilt Law School, has secured a position in the office of the Cumberland Telephone Company, and W. A. Farriss has a good position with the Sun Life Insurance Company. They are both recent graduates of Jennings' Business College. Ask business men and bankers about business colleges. They are good judges.

AN ALLROUND BOOK-KEEPER.—A letter to Mr. R. W. Jennings, of Nashville, from W. W. McDowell, of Chicago, on the 27th ult., says: "I was glad to know that you had not lost sight of me. I am keeping books for Armour & Co., and my brother, Horace, another one of your graduates, is with Nelson, Morris & Co., of this city. I keep the Country Ledger, from D to G, and for the past three months have been the first to get my monthly balance." When Mr. McDowell graduated at Jennings' College he at once secured a position with the Capital City Bank, Nashville, where he occupied successively the positions of teller and book-keeper until the bank closed. The fact that he is now a book-keeper in a large mercantile house is evidence that his course in this noted school made him an "allround book-keeper."

COL. J. A. JOEL, whose advertisement appears in this VETERAN, is well known as the editor of the *Grand Army Gazette* and *National Guardsman*. Much credit is due for his fearless articles on pensions, in showing up frauds. Although severely wounded five times during the war, the war ended with him at Appomattox.

FORTUNE OR MISS-FORTUNE.—If you have no employment, or are being poorly paid for the work you are doing, then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to transform Miss fortune into Madame-fortune. Try it.

Spring Races at Cumberland Park.

The people of Tennessee may expect to witness the greatest racing this spring at Cumberland Park that has ever been seen in the South. There will be at least one thousand great race horses here. The first day, Friday, April 27th, will be Derby Day. The Cumberland Prize, one of the richest stakes in the West, will be run that day. It will be worth nearly \$5,000 to the winner, and all the great three year olds in the West are entered in it. It will be a great race. The management have again decided to make it free entrance to the field, so you can see this great race without paying one cent unless you want to. The management is confident of an immense gathering of horses, because it monopolizes for the time an area in which five other associations had a divide last year. The Cumberland Park track has secured such universal recognition as one of highest merit, that owners of the best horses will be diligent to secure its advantages. The officers are so favorably known that strangers will at once be convinced of fair dealing in every sense. In the racing department Van L. Kirkman is President of the Board of Governors, and Walter O. Palmer is the Secretary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—DAVIDSON COUNTY, TENN.

For County Trustee.

W. H. HIGGINBOTHAM hereby announces himself as a candidate for Trustee, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Your support cordially solicited.

W. B. CLARK is a candidate for County Trustee, subject to action of Democratic primaries, after registration. Election August 2, 1894.

For County Judge.

R. R. CALDWELL is a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to Democratic primary.

JNO. THOMPSON announces himself a candidate for County Judge, subject to Democratic primaries.

For Sheriff.

W. J. HILL is a candidate for Sheriff. Is competent and solicits your support in Democratic primaries.

For Criminal Court Clerk.

A. B. (BUSH) SPAIN is a candidate for Criminal Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primary. Election August, 1894.

For Circuit Court Clerk.

ALEX. J. HARRIS has announced himself as a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primary.

WILLIS J. SULLIVAN is a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primaries. Election August, 1894.

For County Court Clerk.

P. A. SHELTON is a candidate for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries. Election August, 1894.

JAMES F. LIPSCOMB announces himself as a candidate for County Court Clerk, subject to action of Democratic primaries.

For Register.

JNO. P. HICKMAN is competent, desires the emoluments, and solicits your support for County Register.

EWING CHADWELL is a candidate for re-election to the office of Register of Davidson County, subject to Democratic primary.

W. A. DONELSON, of the Fourth District, is worthy of your consideration, and hopes to have your approval for Register at the ensuing primary election.

For Tax Assessor.

TIM M. HANIFIN is a candidate for Tax Assessor of Davidson County, subject to the Democratic primary.

We are authorized to announce the name of JOHNSON V. LINTON for the office of Tax Assessor of Davidson County.



CONFEDERATE EMBLEMS.

Patented July 18, 1883.

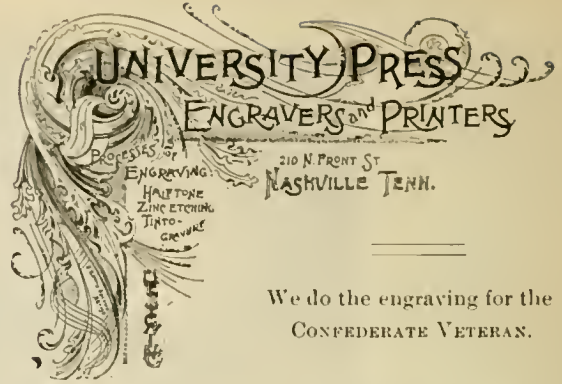
Sleeve Buttons, Pins,
Charms, Etc.



Commended by Confederate Commanders, and received by veterans everywhere as the most expressive and tasteful souvenirs of the lost cause.

Send for description and price list to

FRANK EDWARDS & CO., Dallas, Texas.



We do the engraving for the
CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The Nashville American, THE VETERAN, AND ITS SOUVENIR,

ALL FOR \$1.25. BOTH WITHOUT SOUVENIR, \$1.

The old, old American, ever true to the people of the South, under its new management with Hon. J. M. Head, President, continues its helpful influence to the VETERAN in the liberal spirit manifested by the above club rate.

WEAR

Bay State Shoe & Leather Co.'s SHOES.

Honesty. Solidity. Durability.



RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R.

The Greatest Southern System.

The route of the Great Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, composed only of Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping and Dining Cars, solid to and from New York, including Through Vestibuled Sleepers between New Orleans and New York via Montgomery, Atlanta, Charlotte, Danville, Charlottesville and Washington. Also the "U. S. Great Fast Mail," with Through Pullman Sleepers, saving twelve hours between New York and Montgomery, without change; triple daily trains between the East and Atlanta.

THE GEORGIA PACIFIC R'Y,

via Birmingham, the short and direct route East and West. All Confederates going to the Confederate Reunion, at Birmingham, should see that their tickets read via the Georgia Pacific Railway and Richmond & Danville Railroad.

W. A. TURK,
General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.
Asst. S. H. HARDWICK,
General Passenger Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

TAKE THE COTTON BELT ROUTE

— TO —

• • BIRMINGHAM • •

For the meeting of the Confederate Veterans to be held at Birmingham, Ala., April, 25-26. The "COTTON BELT ROUTE" will make a rate from all points on its lines, of **one lowest first class fare for the round trip.** Tickets to be sold

APRIL 22 and 23, 1894,

Good for thirty (30) days returning. The COTTON BELT ROUTE is the only line with through car service from the Great Southwest to Memphis, and no change of cars from Ft. Worth, Waco or intermediate points. Two daily trains carrying through coaches, free reclining chair cars, and Pullman sleepers. All lines connect with and have tickets on sale via the "COTTON BELT ROUTE." Address the following agents for all information you may desire concerning a trip and rates to the reunion of Veterans at Birmingham.

A. A. GLISSON, T. P. A., S. G. WARNER, G. P. A.,
Ft. Worth, Tex. Tyler, Tex.

E. W. LaBEAUME, G. P. & T. A.,
St. Louis, Mo.

W. G. ADAMS, Nashville, is Trav. Pass. Agt.
3-94

Every Confederate Soldier and His Family should use STOCKELL'S LIVER PILLS.

A store-house of medical force, totally different from all other pills; a simple, effectual, precious preparation. Restores the equilibrium of the molecular motion of the affected tissues. No shock to the system, no reactionary effect. Deranges no function, produces no nausea, no griping, no purging. Experience has shown them extraordinarily efficacious in diseases of the **stomach, liver, bowels and nerves**—widely adopted wherever introduced. Prepared from pure vegetable extracts only, and sugar-coated. Read what is said by those who have used them.

CASE No. 18. Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Flatulency.	Franc. M. Paul, Nashville, Tenn., writes: I take pleasure in stating that I have been greatly relieved of the troublesome effects of a torpid liver, indigestion and flatulency by your Stockell Liver Pills. They are mild but effectual in their action, and a few doses taken in the early spring have so cleansed and stimulated the natural channels and functions of the system as to secure to me a far more healthy and buoyant condition than I have enjoyed for a number of years.
CASE No. 3. La Grippe.	Mrs. — writes: I was confined to my bed for weeks with la grippe. A permanent cure was effected in a few days with your Stockell Liver Pills.
CASE No. 53. Liver & Nerves.	J. F. McDevitt, Huntsville, Ala., writes: Your Stockell Liver Pills have no rival as a remedy for chronic diseases of the liver and stomach. A renewer of the entire nervous system.

Try Them. Ask for **Stockell's Liver Pills**, and take no other. If your druggist does not have them, we will mail them on receipt of 25 cents, or five boxes for \$1, in stamps or currency. Address the **AMERICAN MEDICINE COMPANY**, or the **CONFEDERATE VETERAN**, Nashville, Tenn. Always mention the **VETERAN** in ordering.

CHARLES MITCHELL,
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.
Orders for Weddings and Parties Promptly Filled.
Home-made Candies Fresh Daily.
323 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

\$2,000 FOR VEGETABLES NOVEMBER 1, 1894. We are going to give \$500 in cash prizes November 1, 1894, on each of the following vegetables, viz.: 1. Tomato (Favorite)—\$300 for a ripe tomato in sixty days from the time the seed is sown; \$50 each for the four earliest raised in 1894. 2. \$25 each for the twenty heaviest heads of Surehead cabbage. 3. \$50 each for the five heaviest Keystone watermelons; \$250 for a Keystone weighing 100 pounds or over. 4. \$500 for the largest Moon Pansy blossoms raised in 1894, making thirty-two cash prizes of \$2,000. This is done simply to advertise our business. Send fifty cents in silver or P. O. note, and we will send one package of each of the above four vegetables and pansy seed, and record your name for competition on prizes. Terms for competition, two witnesses is all that is necessary.

EVERGREEN SEED FARM,
Towanda, Pa.

3-794-21



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 St., NEW YORK.

"We would like to see the U. S. flag in every
C. V. Camp room, and carried by them when
on parade."—A battle scarred veteran.
Send for price list.

3-794-31

\$12.00 to \$35.00 a week can
be made working for us. Parties preferred
who can furnish a horse and travel through
the country; a team, though, is not necessary.
A few vacancies in towns and cities. Men
and women of good character will find this
an exceptional opportunity for profitable
employment. Spare hours may be used to
good advantage.

B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 11th and Main Sts.,
RICHMOND, VA. 1-794-1y

JNO. C. LATHAM, JR.
H. E. ALEXANDER,
CHAS. FRASER.

LATHAM, ALEXANDER & CO.
BANKERS,

16 18 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

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IT BELTS THE EARTH AND MAKES THE MOON SPIN LIKE A TOP.

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SABLE RAWHIDE BELTING

SHULTZ
PATENT
Leather Woven Link Belt.

SHULTZ PATENT
Leather • Pulley • Covering.

RAWHIDE LACE LEATHER.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

PURE BRED POULTRY

SILVER SPANGLED HAMBURGS.
For eggs and beauty.
LIGHT BRAHMAS, for early broilers.

Eggs, \$1.50 for 15.

Stock for sale in the fall.

11

Address MRS. T. E. McDANIEL, Smith's Grove, Ky.

JNO. RAMAGE & SON

.. Fine Shoes ..

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND
ADAPTED TO ALL WANTS.

Trunks, Traveling Bags and Umbrellas.

Moderate Prices. Best Goods.

2-793-61

Dental Department

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE.

Sixteenth Annual Session

Will begin October 2, 1893, and continue un-
til latter part of February.

Infirmary, Southeast corner Broad and High
streets, is now open for the reception of pa-
tients. Patients will be charged only for ma-
terial used in operations. Competent in-
structors always present to direct the work.

Infirmary open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

11-6mos. R. B. LEES, M. D., D. B. S., Dean.

Ward Seminary,

Conservatory of Music School of Fine Arts.

For catalogue and information, address,

J. D. BLANTON, President, Nashville, Tenn.

SEEDS! WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL & DIPLOMA.

TESTED and PROVEN
THE BEST.

My exhibit of Seeds and Garden Vegetables was awarded several Premiums and a
Special Diploma by Piedmont Exposition Judges in 1891. Encouraged by this success,
I sent a collection of Seeds to the World's Fair, and was awarded Medal and Diploma
for best collection there. This is high indorsement, for the Seed met in competition
those great seed houses of this country, but mine got there beautifully. I have had
experience with the various seeds offered the farmers, and my judgment says the
collection below is the best. The collection is a choice selection of Garden Vegetable
Seeds, and is gotten up with the idea of establishing a seed business: 28 papers (extra
large) of choice Vegetable Seed; 1 package containing 200 Annuals (Flower); 1 pack-
age of my Cotton, "Kings Improved"; 1 package of my Corn, "Kings Improved"—
all postpaid for \$1.00. Circulars telling all about my Seed free.

2-794-21

Address,

T. J. KING, Richmond, Va.

NASHVILLE

BOCK BEER.

Draft and Bottles,

NOW ON THE MARKET.

LOOK

GRAY'S
NEVER-FAILING

PILE OINTMENT

Is sold under a positive guarantee to

CURE

Blind, Bleeding, Itching
and every form of

PILES,

or money refunded. All drug-
gists keep it. Price, 50 cts.

DR. W. F. GRAY & CO. Nashville Tenn.

HERE!

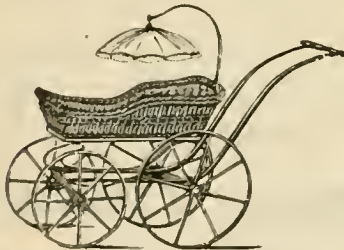
C. L. EDWARDS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DALLAS, TEX.

Invites correspondence from readers of
the *VETERAN* having business in this part of
the State. *Reference: Nat. Exchange Bank.*
12-36-6mo.

H. S. HAILEY,
WHOLESALE
FRUITS AND NUTS,
119 N. Market St., Nashville, Tenn.
Solicits' Correspondence. Telephone 1082.

All Kinds of Brushes to Order.
Nashville Brush Factory,
P. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.
COTTON MOPS, DUSTERS AND WHISKS.
BROOMCORN BROOMS.
112 South Market Street, NASHVILLE, TENN.

BEST PLACE TO BUY.
(Largest Stock in the South.)



CHINA, DINNER, and TEA SETS,
TOYS, DOLLS,
Tricycles, Velocipedes, Etc., Base Ball,
Tennis & Croquet Sets, Hammocks,
Bridal and Souvenir Presents.

MAIL orders solicited and carefully filled
THE GIBSON CHINA & TOY CO.,
309 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

"Dixie Flyer."

Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Car line, Jack-
sonville, Fla., to Nashville, Tenn., via F. C. &
P. R. R. Lake City, Macon, Atlanta, over
W. & A. R. R. to Chattanooga, and N. C. & St.
L. to Nashville, leaves Jacksonville every
evening and arrives at Nashville next even-
ing, making direct connections with trains
carrying Through Sleeping Cars to

CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, CINCINNATI,
LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS,

Etc. This line gives day light ride through
the picturesque mountains and old battle-
fields of Georgia and Tennessee, and is fig-
norous for "always being on time."
Berths reserved through at F. C. & P. ticket
offices in Jacksonville. Address

J. H. LATIMER,
Gen'l South. Pass. Agt., Atlanta, Ga.,
— or —
W. L. DANLEY,
Gen'l P. & T. Ag't, Nashville, Tenn.

3-9-11

The Editor's Investigation.

Home Testimonials—Dr. Yowell's
Letter.

MR. EDITOR—For the past twenty years I
have suffered from cancer of the face. Con-
sulted the most learned surgeons of this
country, and have tried almost every known
remedy without effect. My home physicians
said it would kill me, and my experience
taught me the seal of death was stamped on
my face. I am now 60 years old. Have been
a practicing physician in Nashville for fifteen
years, having retired a year ago on ac-
count of my disease. With doubt and with-
out hope I consulted Drs. Reynolds, discov-
erers of the Oil Cure. I was pleased to find
them honorable physicians and surgeons,
calculated to inspire hope in the hearts of
suffering humanity. After thirty days' ap-
plication of the Painless Oils I am almost
well, a large scar remaining, showing the
once diseased condition. Hoping my short
letter will save the lives of many, I am,
Faithfully yours,

DR. J. E. YOWELL,
1221 N. Vine St., Nashville, Tenn.

The editor of the *VETERAN* is well ac-
quainted with Dr. Yowell, and would accept
any statement from him.

TO THE PRESS—I am a toll-gate keeper, have
suffered since 1888 with fistula, and have been
totally unable to work. Like all men, I hesi-
tated to write for the Oil Cure. I called on
Drs. Reynolds six weeks ago, and they
placed me on the oils. I am working every
day. Have been examined by physicians
and pronounced well. I advise every sufferer
to employ this great remedy. I suffered no
pain from the treatment. I will be glad to
write to all afflicted. JOSEPH A. PEACH,
Franklin, Tenn.

Mr. L. M. Whitaker, of Sunday Times,
Nashville, recommends the Oil Cure for ear-
rath: The most pleasant, safest and shortest
road to recovery, and it affords me great
pleasure to commend Drs. Reynolds to suffer-
ing humanity as skilled physicians. My
hearing has been restored.

Hon. Neal Brown, of San Saba, Tex., writes:
After suffering ten years with five eating
cancers, involving my eyes, nose and mouth,
I learned of Drs. Reynolds' Oil Cure, and if
my infallible indorsement can establish truth
thousands can be saved pain, torment and
death.

Wilbur Close, manager of Snow-Church Co.,
Baxter Court, Nashville, says: After suffering
twenty years with catarrh of head, nose and
throat, the bane of my existence, I consider
the Oil Cure the greatest discovery of the
nineteenth century, and having been person-
ally acquainted with Drs. Reynolds over a
year, I recommend them as honorable phys-
icians. I am well.

Drs. Reynolds have perfected the Oil Cure
for the treatment of consumption, catarrh,
cancer, lupus, ulcers, piles, fistula, eczema,
scrofula, rheumatism, Bright's disease, womb
diseases, and all inflammatory diseases of the
eye, ear, nose, and throat; nervous debility
and excesses treated on the most scientific
principles. Call on or address DRs. REYNOLDS,
149 North Spruce Street, Nashville, Tenn.

Send stamp for reply.

Go to.. **VOGEL'S**
FOR
FINE TAILORING.

238 North Summer Street,
Nashville, Tenn.

DR. W. J. MORRISON,
DENTIST,
318½ Union St., Nashville, Tenn.
JUN-ly TELEPHONE 588.

PICTURES, FRAMES,
EASELS, SCREENS, MIRRORS.
ALL GOOD FOR GIFTS!

W. C. ORCHARD,
de-St 319 UNION STREET.

Dr. Hodge's
Honduras,
Sarsaparilla,
the Best
Blood
Medicine
of the Age.

Purifies the blood, eliminates all poison-
ous and dangerous matter, restores the
health, builds up and strengthens the
system, aids digestion, corrects an un-
healthy and deranged stomach. A cer-
tain cure for all blood and skin diseases;
rheumatism, scrofula, old sores, pimples,
blotches, eruptions, itching humors,
boils, swollen joints, aching bones, sore
eyes, tetter, scald head, dyspepsia, gen-
eral debility, tired and sore feeling in the
body and limbs.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

For sale by Druggists.

SPURLOCK, NEAL & CO.,
NASHVILLE TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.
YEARLY, \$1.

} Vol. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1894.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
Proprietor.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter
Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, ex-
cept last page. One page, one time, special, \$40. Discount: Half year,
one-issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on former rate.
Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too
important for any thing that has not special merit.

The date to subscriptions is always given to the month *before* it
ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with Janu-
ary, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber enti-
tled to that number.

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

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Kindly look at the date of your
subscription. If the time is out please write at once.
If you can't send renewal and want it continued, say
so. Statements of accounts will not be sent nor plea
made in any other way than this. The VETERAN can-
not be sent without pay, and yet subscribers can take
advantage of getting it beyond the time paid for until
I shall feel obliged, however reluctant, to discontinue.
The present is a very important period with the pub-
lication. The cost of Souvenir is a very large sum,
the stringency in finances considered. Please let me
have a reunion by mail with all who have so kindly
worked for the VETERAN. You can't conceive the ben-
efit that will accrue if you will write *five letters to adver-*
tisers who would do well to use the VETERAN. Tell such
advertisers how devoted are patrons of the VETERAN,
and that they, as a rule, feel especially friendly to
those who advertise in it. If you don't go to Birming-
ham send greetings to me there with such words of
commendation and encouragement as you feel. Ad-
dress all letters to Nashville except such as would not
reach here before the 24th, then for two days let me
hear at Birmingham. As you believe in the VETERAN
let it be known individually or by organizations at
Birmingham, if not at Nashville before reunion time.

Extracts from "Roll Call" published in last VETERAN:

Comrades, don't forget that life is a struggle from
the first sound of the bugle to the last "tattoo." The
VETERAN is as powerless to accomplish its patriotic and
holy purposes as would have been our army com-
manders to win victories without the co-operation of
the soldiers. This statement must meet your approval.
Your reputation and the memories of your comrades
who never returned are involved. The VETERAN is
the most important medium that has ever been printed
to represent the principles for which you suffered. If
it be worthy you should stand by it, and if not you
should protest against its use of the sacred name.
Roll call is at hand. Please answer, "Here!" You
can tell by reference to the date of your subscription.

If it indicates that your time is out you should answer,
"Here!" The VETERAN will be sent to those who can't
pay, as long as practicable, but they should write.

It is useless to appeal to the noble women whose
enthusiasm kept them animated to the end of the
struggle. To the daughters and sons of Confederate
soldiers who answered to their names faithfully, but
can't do so now, the merit of this plea is made. Let
all who believe in the good faith of Confederates rally
now to their advocate, and the world will yet honor
them more and more in what they did.

This organ of the Southern soldiers in the war of
'61-'5 has been amazingly popular from the first issue.
It was started in January, 1893, with an edition of
5,000 copies, and for the past six months more than
10,000 average issue have been required to meet de-
mands. Every public spirited and patriotic person
South should take pride in its prominence and merit.

Don't respond to this with simply good intentions.
Take the money from your pocket and send it. The writer
knows full well his own fault in this respect, and for
this reason he earnestly asks of you. Commend others
to join you.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Accept profound thanks for
what you have sent to go in the VETERAN. Be patient
for literal production or liberal extracts. Preference
has been given so far specially to those who had never
written for publication. It is the greater compliment
for them to write, and they seem to remember better
than the educated. The VETERAN does not intend
partiality toward any person or any section of our
own dear Dixie. It prays for long life in the faith of
doing great good. Write concisely, and only facts.

EDITOR HENRY CLAY FAIRMAN, of the *Sunny South*,
will recite his poem, "The Veterans of the South," to
the United Confederates at Birmingham. Mr. Fair-
man has written a thrilling serial, entitled, "The
Third World; a Story of Romance and Strange Ad-
venture," which will begin in the *Sunny South* with
the issue of April 21st. Write for a free sample copy
of the number containing the opening installment.

CAPT. B. F. HALL, Santa Ana, Cal., who recently
sent six subscribers to the VETERAN, says in his letter:
"I commanded Company A, 55th Tennessee Regi-
ment, Quarles' Brigade, Walthall's Division, in the
battle of Franklin. Every man of my company who
went into the fight was either killed or wounded ex-
cept myself. Most of them lay in front of the old
gin not far from where the brave Cleburne fell.

MR. ROBERT CHISOLM, of Birmingham, formerly of South Carolina, and who had charge of the tableaux to be comprised of a young lady from each Southern State, wrote, after the VETERAN had secured a picture of Miss Chisolm: "My daughter Lelia had been selected to represent South Carolina. * * * I have finally persuaded the South Carolina people to select a resident, and consequently Gen. S. S. Crittenden writes me that he has selected Miss Della Hayne, a descendant of the great Hayne who was a compeer of Webster and other great lights in the days now gone, and a daughter of Paul Tropier Hayne. She is about seventeen years old, and a blonde." In the changed arrangement Miss Lelia Laurens Chisolm is to represent "Columbia," in the reunion tableau.



Maj. Robert Chisolm, of Alabama, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee at Birmingham Reunion United Confederate Veterans.

TEXANS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Commanders and Adjutants in Texas have not responded as fully as was expected to the request for information of where their Camp members served in the war. In the outset \$5.20 was expended in postage to secure the statistics. It would be a most interesting table, but only about one third of the 131 Camps have responded. The figures they furnish will be interesting in the aggregate. One month more will be given. The aggregate reports are as follows: Camps, 42; total membership, 6,201. Of these 2,519 enlisted from

Texas, 660 from Alabama, 540 from Mississippi, 523 from Tennessee, 311 from Arkansas, 357 from Florida, 211 from Missouri, 219 from Louisiana, 160 from Virginia, 413 States unknown. The next report will give names of the Camps and number from each State, and must then be dismissed.



S. S. CRITTENDEN, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V., S. C.

Maj. Gen. Stanley S. Crittenden, commanding the Division of South Carolina, United Confederate Veterans, is a native of his State, and is sixty-three years old. His father, Dr. John Crittenden, was one of the early settlers of Greenville. His grandfather, Nathaniel Crittenden, of Connecticut, was a Lieutenant, and one of six brothers in the Continental Army. The mother of Gen. Crittenden was Miss Stanley, a member of that well known family in the old North State. He was educated in Greenville and at Elizabeth, N. J.

In 1855 Gen. Crittenden married Miss Eliza E. Lynch, of Virginia, who died in 1868, leaving one son and three daughters. He afterward married Mrs. C. A. Bedell, of Columbia, S. C., a lady eminent for her culture.

Gen. Crittenden was a planter. He volunteered at the first call for troops, and was elected First Lieutenant of a company that became part of the 4th South Carolina regiment under Col. J. B. E. Sloan, and participated prominently in the first battle of Manassas. This regiment and Wheat's battalion, forming Evans' brigade, on our extreme left, commenced the great battle and held the hosts of the enemy in check for two hours before being reinforced. The regiment suffered severely in killed and wounded. The day after this battle Lieut. Crittenden received the appoint-

ment of Adjutant in place of the gallant Samuel D. Wilkes, of Anderson, who was killed.

In the great battle of Seven Pines, in May, 1862, when many of this gallant regiment were killed, Adj. Crittenden was wounded by a minie ball in the left breast while in front of his command. During his absence because of this wound Gov. Pickens appointed him Lieutenant Colonel of the 4th Regiment of Reserves then forming for the defense of the Carolina Coast. At the expiration of this service on the coast he volunteered as a private in Gen. Gary's mounted regiment, Hampton's famous legion, for service around Richmond. He also served on the staff of Gen. Gary.



Miss Della Hayne, representative for South Carolina in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.

After the war Gen. Crittenden returned to planting, but for ten years served in his State Legislature as Representative and as Senator. He was Postmaster at Greenville four years during Mr. Cleveland's first administration. He succeeds Gen. Ellison Capers, now Assistant Bishop of South Carolina, and has devoted much time and attention to the interests of the brotherhood, and the number of Camps has increased from six to more than thirty. He hopes to meet the representatives of at least fifty Camps of United Confederate Veterans from the Palmetto State at Birmingham.

J. J. DICKISON, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V., FLORIDA.

Born in Monroe County, Va. At an early age he was sent to South Carolina, and educated in that State. When of age he engaged in business in Georgetown, S. C., and for several years did a large business as a cotton merchant. While a resident of Georgetown he was Adjutant and Inspector General of Cavalry, which

position he filled creditably to himself and his adopted State. In 1856 he removed to Florida, was a successful planter until the secession of the State. Early in '61 he raised an artillery company, and was elected First



Lieutenant. Preferring cavalry service he organized a cavalry company, was elected Captain, and served until near the close of the war, when he was promoted to Colonel. After the war he served four years in the State Legislature of Florida. With the restoration of the Democratic party to power, he was appointed Adjutant General of the State, and served four years. As a Confederate officer he was, in the highest sense, "ever faithful to duty." His efficient and faithful services are recognized throughout Florida, and his name is as a household word in every home, identified with that sacred cause.

The historical narrative of "Dickison and his Men," or "Reminiscences of the War in Florida," is a tribute of affection and gratitude, and a valuable contribution to the history of the Confederate War. It portrays many brilliant achievements and soldierly qualities of that gallant command. True, "the bravest are the tenderest," a fact illustrated by his ever watchful interest in the "soldier boys" confided to his care by patriotic mothers. He gave his own son, a noble youth of eighteen, who was killed in an engagement with the Federals near Palatka, August 3, 1864. In distress of spirit the bereaved father and victor, though dearly bought, carried on horseback the lifeless form of his noble son, the blood still flowing from the wound, to the encampment six miles distant. This affliction was peculiarly trying, as this beloved son was the only surviving child of his first marriage.

Other sketches of Major Generals and young lady representatives in last pages of this issue.

JOHN C. UNDERWOOD, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V.

John Cox Underwood, eldest son of the late Judge Joseph Rogers Underwood and his second wife, Elizabeth Threlkeld Cox, was born September 12, 1840, in Georgetown, D. C., while his father was a member of Congress from Kentucky. His early instruction



was from his admirable mother, from the schools of Bowling Green, Ky., and at a high school in Jacksonville, Ill. Later he took a four years' course at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York. He graduated with distinction as a civil engineer in June, 1862. While a student at the Polytechnic, through his relative, Maj. John Todd, U. S. A., then on duty at West Point Military Academy, he secured the military text books used at the "Point" and studied the course in military engineering and the art of attack and defense as taught there.

His emphatic Southern sentiments, boldly expressed, got him into trouble with his Northern associates on the fall of Fort Sumter. After his graduation he returned to his home in Kentucky, but that section was overrun with Federal soldiers. Resisting all appeals to the contrary, for his father was a Union man, he mounted his horse and, running the Federal pickets, came farther South. Through his brother-in-law, Maj. A. M. Rutledge, of Gen. Polk's staff, he was given a staff position by Gen. S. B. Buckner, and afterward at Murfreesboro tendered another staff appointment by Gen. Breckinridge. On Buckner's written recommendation he was appointed a First Lieutenant of Engineers. He joined Hon. Geo. B. Hodge (afterward a General), then a member of the Confederate

Congress, in raising a regiment of Kentucky cavalry, of which Hodge was to be Colonel, Underwood receiving the provisional appointment of Lieutenant Colonel. He did not go with Buckner to the Trans-Mississippi Department, as had been intended, but returned to Tennessee early in 1863, and, having typhoid fever he fell into the hands of the enemy on Bragg's retreat from Tullahoma. After several months he was taken by his father to Bowling Green, Ky., and was paroled. Before he got well Vicksburg had fallen, Gettysburg had been fought and lost to the Confederates, and the Federal Secretary of War, Stanton, refused further exchanges.

Underwood played the "citizen dodge," and was ordered through the military lines South, but Gen. Granger, at Nashville, objected, and he was placed in the military prison at Louisville. He was afterward sent to Cincinnati, and several months later was sent to Fort Warren, near Boston. This was in October, '63, and he was kept there until the fall of '64.

Through the personal influence of United States Senators who had served in the Senate with his father, President Lincoln directed that he be paroled, but "not to enter an insurgent State without permission from the Secretary of War." He went to Washington three times, the last in February, 1865, in attempts to secure his exchange, but was unsuccessful, and he was a prisoner on parole at the close of the war.

He became a planter, and later followed his profession as a civil engineer and architect. He was Mayor of Bowling Green, State Commissioner, and Lieuten-



[Miss Etta Mitchell, representative for Mississippi in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

ant Governor of Kentucky. He was also a member of the State Democratic Committee.

Gen. Underwood is one of the most prominent Odd Fellows living, having been Grand Master of the Jurisdiction of Kentucky, Grand Sire of the entire Order throughout the world, and for the past eight years the General commanding the military branch thereof.

He has resided in the Northern States for six or seven years, and is the Major General commanding the Division of the North, U. C. V. Through his efforts the ten thousand dollar monument in Chicago has been erected over the 6,000 Confederate soldiers buried in Oakwoods Cemetery. It is the only Confederate memorial on Northern ground, and is a most beautiful material tribute to the soldier dead of the "lost cause." The money was principally raised by donations from the liberal citizens of Chicago. It will be formally dedicated May 30.

In addition to his division command, he is Commander of the Northern Department, U. C. V., embracing the States of Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and all the Northern States east of the Mississippi River. He is collecting data relating to the Confederate dead buried in the North. He organized the U. C. V. in Kentucky, selected and appointed Gen. Boyd to command that division, which has since grown so rapidly, and has done much toward perfecting the federation of Confederate veterans.

Gen. Underwood married Miss Drue Duncan, of Warren County, Ky., in 1867, and they have three grown children, a son and two daughters.

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS.

Commander Georgia Division U. C. V., is one of the most remarkable of living Confederates. At eighteen he was a lawyer, at twenty-two a judge, at twenty-five a State Senator, and at thirty-one a Major General in the Confederate Army. One of the most successful of



his heroic exploits was in leading the charge whereby Marye's Heights were recaptured. His deeds of valor secured for him rapid promotion from Colonel to Major General in the Army of Northern Virginia. Before

the end of the struggle his heart turned away from desire for military conquest, and he said: "I determined to enter the ministry when the war should end, for it was better to save men than to destroy them."

Gen. Evans is personally very popular with the best people. A Georgia paper, of the many that praise him, states:

"The people love Gen. Clement A. Evans because they recognize in him all the elements that ennoble



Miss Anne McDougald, Columbus, representative for Georgia in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.

the patriot, and all the instincts that consecrate the Christian gentleman. They love him because his voice and his pen are as eloquent and polished in advocating every thing that will build up the moral and material greatness of the community, as his record of service on the battlefield in behalf of his country and section is spotless and glorious. They love him because he magnifies any position he occupies, and is typed in the lines:

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

VARIOUS errors that have occurred in the VETERAN are to be corrected in the next number. Of these an article about fight at Paducah, and of Capt. S. D. Buck, of Baltimore. Some changes should have been made in young lady representatives at reunion. Miss Laura Boone takes the place of Miss Banks, of Texas, and a substitute, name not given, takes the place of Miss Cantwell, of North Carolina.

THE Camp list, revised carefully to reunion date, will be at reunion for general reference. Its reappearance in the VETERAN may be expected hereafter.

W. N. BUSH, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V.

W. N. Bush, Major General commanding Northeastern Division of the Texas U. C. V., is a native of Kentucky. He was born in Clark County, May 27, 1833, and was married to Miss Bettie Raney, of the same county, on April 17, 1856. They removed soon thereafter to Collin County, Texas, where he engaged



in farming and stock raising. He enlisted as a private in Company G, Alexander's Regiment of Cavalry, which served in the Trans-Mississippi Department. The regiment was dismounted in 1862, after doing hard service in Arkansas, Missouri and the Indian Territory. While in cavalry his horse was shot under him. At the reorganization of the regiment in '62, he was elected 1st Lieutenant of his company. Ere long he was promoted to Captain. Early in '63 his regiment was removed to Louisiana and put in Gen. Polignac's Brigade, Mouton's Division, where he served until the close of the war. This division did efficient service in meeting and repulsing Gen. Banks on his expedition up Red River. The Alexander regiment captured the Nims battery of Banks' army. It was the first capture of cannon at Mansfield, and Gen. Bush was the first man to reach the battery. In the second day's fight at Pleasant Hill he received a wound in the leg. In this engagement Banks was driven back to the Mississippi, but with heavy loss to the Confederates. He held the confidence of officers and comrades as a man and commander. At the close of the war he returned to his home in Collin County, Texas, and with renewed energy rebuilt his interests. In 1870 he was elected Sheriff of his county, served faithfully and efficiently for four years, when he returned again to his farm, where he has remained, being financially successful. In January, 1892, he was commissioned Major General by Gen. Gordon to com-

mand the Northeast Texas Division, U. C. V. That division has increased to fifty-eight Camps from three Camps since his appointment. He has spared neither time nor money in trying to get the old Confederates in touch with each other. He is thoroughly devoted to these interests.

Gen. Bush is nearly six feet high, weighs two hundred and ten pounds, and is still a very active man.

Late advices from Texas are that "Gen. Bush will attend the reunion at Birmingham with a full force from all of the Camps in North Texas."

BIRMINGHAM REUNION U. C. V., 1893-94.

April 25th.—Convention called to order at 9 A. M., at Winnie Davis Wigwam, by Maj. Gen. F. S. Ferguson, Alabama Division; Prayer by the Chaplain General; Address of welcome by His Excellency Thomas G. Jones, Governor of Alabama; Address of welcome by Hon. David J. Fox, Mayor of Birmingham; Response by Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief U. C. V.; Enrollment of Delegates and permanent organization of Convention.

Afternoon, 2 P. M.—Annual Oration at Wigwam. Resumption of business by Convention.

Evening, 7:30 o'clock.—Tableau of States and Concert, at Wigwam; Reception for Mrs. Davis and Miss Winnie, and other invited guests, at the parlors of the Caldwell Hotel.



Miss Carrie T. Cochran, Eufaula, representative for Alabama in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

Second day, April 26th.—Convention meets at 9 o'clock A. M. at the Wigwam; Business of the Convention resumed.

Afternoon, 2:30 o'clock.—Column formed for review, will pass the Commander-in-Chief, who will occupy the reviewing stand at the Park; Laying of Corner-stone of Confederate Monument at City Park; Address by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

Evening, 7:30 o'clock.—Tableaux of the States and Concert at Wigwam; Reception of young ladies representing the States at Southern Club.

NOTE.—Delegates and visiting veterans are requested to call at the Headquarters of Camp W. J. Hardee, No. 2014 First Avenue, and register. They will be furnished with badges. Souvenir badges will be sold at a small price.

THE first specific answer to "roll call" in March VETERAN, was from Richmond, Va., by B. W. Richardson. It was "Here!" with one dollar pinned to the answer. Comrades, is it your time to answer?

SAM. T. LEAVY, MAJOR GENERAL, U. C. V.

Sam. T. Leavy was born near Lexington, Ky., in 1842; was raised on a farm and received a common school education. He enlisted, July, 1862, in Company I, of Gen. John H. Morgan's Kentucky regiment. In September of that year he was appointed 2d Lieutenant in Company G, 9th Kentucky Regiment, com-



manded by Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge. In 1863 the 9th Kentucky remained under orders with the Army of Tennessee, while the rest of Morgan's cavalry were on the Ohio raid. During the fall of 1863 the 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky were formed into the 2d Kentucky Brigade, attached to Gen. Wheeler's corps, and served to the close of the war with the Army of Tennessee. On Sherman's march to the sea this brigade was very active, and did much valiant service.

December 1, 1864, Capt. Leavy was dangerously wounded while leading a charge in a cavalry fight near Bethel Church, in Brock County, Ga. His was a remarkable recovery, as he was shot through the bowels and hip. There is only one other case on record where a man received a similar wound and survived.

After the war he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but later followed his fancied occupation, stock raising and farming. In 1887 he was elected State Senator for the 22d Kentucky Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Woodford, Scott and Jessamine. He went to Oklahoma City and located in April, 1890, and in June, 1890, was appointed Democratic member of Townsite Board, No. 4. He was chosen as first delegate from Oklahoma Territory to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1892, and cast his ballot for Cleveland and Stevenson.

In October, 1874, he was married to Miss Lizzie,

daughter of Col. Willis F. Jones, of Woodford County, Ky., who was killed in 1864 near Richmond, Va., while serving on the staff of Gen. Chas. W. Field. Capt. and Mrs. Leavy have three children, two boys and a little girl, and are now living in Norman, O. T. Gen. Leavy is diligent for the wellbeing of comrades.

ROBERT COBB, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V.

Robert Cobb, Maj. Gen. U. C. V. for Northwestern Division of Texas, is a native of Caldwell, now Lyons, County, Ky. At the age of twenty-three he joined the 3d Kentucky Infantry. He was soon elected First Lieutenant and then Captain of his company, which was assigned temporarily to artillery duty. When retransferred the 3d Kentucky was continued in artillery service, and he was promoted by Gen. J. E.



From an old photograph.

Johnston to Major of artillery, and assigned to the command of battalion with Breckinridge's division. He participated in the battle of Shiloh, the first siege of Vicksburg in 1862, Baton Rouge, then Hartsville and Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Jackson, Miss. He was at Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and that great campaign of fighting every day between Dalton and Jonesboro, Ga. When the war was over he was married to Miss Virginia Walker, and after a few years of planting in Monroe County he removed to Kentucky, and thence to Wichita Falls, Texas, about eight years ago, where he is engaged in the practice of law.

Gen. Cobb is very popular with comrades, and is zealous for promoting the important interests of veterans. His daughter, Miss Virginia Leoma, was alternate with Miss Laura Gaston, of Dallas, in representing the great State at the reunion in New Orleans.



I'M GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

I'm gwine back to Dixie, no more Ise gwine to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, I can't stay here no longer.
I miss de ole plantation, my home and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

CHORUS.

I'm gwine back to Dixie, I'm gwine back to Dixie,
I'm gwine where de orange blossoms grow,
For I hear de children callin', I see sad tears a fallin',
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton, I've worked upon de ribber,
I used to think if I got off I'd go back dare no nebber;
But time has changed de ole man, his head is bendin' low,
His heart's turned back to Dixie, and he must go.

I'm travelin' back to Dixie, my step is slow and feeble,
I pray de Lord to help me, and lead me from all evil;
And should my strength forsake me, den kind friends come and take me,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

Miss Eliza Laurens Chisolm, Birmingham,
to represent Columbia in the Tableaux.



Mrs. W. D. Gale, nee Miss Meta Orr Jackson,
selected before her marriage to represent Tennessee in Birmingham Reunion.

"GOING BACK TO JESUS."

The sweetest rendition of Dixie ever heard is that which begins, "I'm gwine back to Dixie." The following lines, sung in the Tabernacle at Nashville in the presence of thousands of people recently, furnished a treat that would please a multitude of veterans.

I am going back to Jesus,
I can no longer wander;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
I cannot grieve him longer.
I miss the sweet communion,
The peace and heavenly union;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
And I must go.

CHORUS.

I'm going back to Jesus,
I'm going back to Jesus,
I'm going where the living waters flow;
For I hear his sweet voice calling,
Repentant tears are falling;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
And I must go.

I lived in sinful pleasure,
In riot spent my treasure;
I dreamed the world was joyful
For me without my Savior,
But O when Satan found me,
With bitter chains he bound me;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
And I must go.

I'm trav'llin' back to Jesus,
My step is slow and feeble;
I pray the Lord to lead me
And keep me from all evil;
And should my strength forsake me,
Dear Jesus, come and take me;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
And I must go.



MRS. ALBERT AKERS.

"I HAD RATHER HAVE MY PICTURE IN THE VETERAN THAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE."

Mrs. Alice Pickett Akers, on greeting the founder of the VETERAN in the dazzle of the National Capital, used the above language in a manner so natural and

sweet that her picture is given. Her handsome, eloquent, and courageous father gave his life to the Confederacy, and her husband, Maj. Albert Akers, was shot many times, and twice entirely through the body. They now reside in Washington City.

REMINISCENCES—MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The venerable Mrs. Sallie Chapman Gordon-Law, of Memphis, Tenn., dedicates some "Reminiscences of the War of the Sixties" to her children, grand children and friends, in a neat pamphlet of sixteen pages. Although "Mother of the Confederacy," she still lives to

North Carolina, was killed at Brandy Station, near Richmond, in Confederate service. And I know of over thirty brave, heroic privates of my kindred who belonged to the war of the 'Sixties.' * * *

"After the battle of Shiloh, many of the wounded were brought to our hospital. I carried many articles of clothing, etc., beyond the lines to our soldiers.

"In our hospital at Memphis, we had domestic wines, lemons, pickles, clothing, and I proposed taking them to our sick soldiers at Columbus, Kentucky. I had large boxes packed and carried them to the hospital there. I made the second trip a few weeks later with more supplies for the sick. The morning after my arrival the battle of Belmont came off. We were on the steamer 'Prince,' at breakfast, when Capt. Butler came in, saying: 'Ladies, finish your breakfast, but the yankees are landing their gunboats above.' We jumped up and ran out on the guards and saw the wildest confusion—soldiers running to and fro to get ready for the battle; then the cannonading commenced from the Federal gunboats, with Confederate artillery from the high bluffs. The cannonading was sublimely grand. My own dear boy was there in Gen. Cheat-ham's command, marching out to battle. It was a grand, victorious battle for us. * * *

"The steamer 'Prince,' on which we were staying, carried over many wounded Confederates, and among them the brave, heroic Gen. William H. Jackson, whom it was our privilege to nurse and attend. He was dreadfully wounded, and that night many officers



testify in behalf of a people who dared perform their duty as they saw it, regardless of cost, comfort or life.

The story she tells concisely begins with woman's work for our armies in Memphis. Every day but Sunday the women met and sewed for the private soldiers. When her own son went home from school, threw down his books and said, "Mother, I have enlisted for the war," she replied, "You did right, my son."

In the narrative she says: "My home has ever been in the Sunny South; my paternal ancestors, the Gordons of Virginia, my mother's, the Kings of South Carolina, were all rebels of the first revolution; my father, Chapman Gordon (in his teens), with two elder brothers, Nat and Charles, fought in the battle at King's Mountain, and through the entire war.

"My mother's father, too old for the war, sent all his sons and sons-in-law. They fought in and belonged to the command of Generals Marion and Sumpter. My second brother, Wyley J. Gordon, was an officer in the U. S. Army, in the War of 1812. My brother, Gen. G. W. Gordon, of Columbia, Tennessee, with three sons, fought in the Confederate Army of 1861. My nephew, Gen. John B. Gordon, whose record for valor and heroic deeds is too well known to call for comment, with his three brothers, all fought in the Confederate Army. My nephew, Maj. Augustus Gordon, was killed at the age of twenty-one, while leading a charge at Chancellorsville, Virginia. My brothers, Charles' grandsons and Harvey's sons, were in the Confederate Army. My cousin, Gen. James B. Gordon, of



Miss Adelle McMurray, Nashville, representative for Tennessee in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

came in to see him, Dr. Bell, Surgeon, from Memphis, among the number. Young Dr. Yandel came in, and Dr. Bell said to him, 'Yandel, I want you to go and detail so many men (I forgot the number), with buckets of water, and go to the battlefield and give those

wounded and dying men water.' I went to Gen. Polk and got an order to have four yankee surgeons taken out of prison to go to the battlefield to attend their wounded, and every one of them refused to go, but ours went. * * * * *

"Standing in the pilot-house with us was a young girl who had gone up to see her brother. She had always lived in Cincinnati with an aunt, her mother



[Miss Mary Muse Banks, Houston, representative for Texas in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

being dead and father and brother living in Memphis; when the war commenced her father had gone and brought her home. Young Star had enlisted in the same company with my son. All the way going up on the boat she had been defending the Union; and while the battle was raging, and the musketry mowing down thousands, with tears streaming down her face, she said, 'Oh! I wish I had a gun. Oh! for a gun!' 'What do you want with a gun, Alice?' 'To kill the yankees.' After the battle was over I went to the hospital to see if I could do anything for the wounded. I was invited in to see the apparently mortally wounded Federal officer, Col. Dorrity. At sight of the wounded man I lost sight of the enemy of my country. I made a glass of lemonade and fed him with a spoon, as one arm was cut off and the other paralyzed. I said to him, 'Col. Dorrity, have you a wife?' He replied, 'Yes, at Cape Girardeau.' At that moment Col. Bethel, Gen. Polk's Adjutant, came in, and I said to him, 'Col. Bethel, will you please take my compliments to Gen. Polk and ask him, as a special favor, to let Col. Dorrity's wife be sent for.' He left immediately, and a courier and a flag of truce were sent for her, by order of the magnanimous, heroic Gen. Polk. At two o'clock p. m. the next day, the wife of the prostrate, paralyzed, wounded husband, was with him.

"The morning after the battle of Belmont, I called at Gen. Pillow's office, on business, when a little boy came in with a message. He was dressed up in Confederate uniform, with a military cap. I asked, 'Why, my little boy, what are you doing here?' He said, very modestly, 'I belong to the army.' 'What can you do here?' 'Well, yesterday I was on the battle-

field, and got down in a sink hole, when I saw a yankee with his gun pointed right at my Colonel, and I fired away and killed him—now, that is what I am doing here.' 'How old are you?' 'Twelve years old.' 'Where were your father and mother to let you come here?' 'Oh! I ran away, and am staying at my uncle's tent, and if you don't believe I killed the yank, come with me and see his watch.' He said to Gen. Pillow, 'Now, I want a furlough to go home and see my father and mother.' * * * * * He got it.

"After the Federals occupied Memphis, I heard that my dear brother, G. W. Gordon, a prisoner from Johnson's Island, was on a boat anchored out in the Mississippi River, very ill. I walked up and down the river bank from nine till five, trying to get permission to go to see him. At last I met Col. Oaks, a Federal officer, who politely said he would send me in a skiff, and I was taken by two Federal soldiers. On reaching the boat, it was filled by Confederate officers, prisoners from Johnson's Island, bound for Vicksburg to be exchanged. I found my brother very ill, so ill I remained with him that night, and Col. Johnson, an elegant gentleman from Kentucky, proffered his berth to me, he sleeping on a blanket in the cabin. * * * I left for Vicksburg next day to nurse and attend to him, driven by a ten year old grandson; but when I arrived at Mrs. Vernon's, sixty miles from Memphis, I heard the sad news that he had died in ten minutes after landing at Vicksburg. * * * * *

"My noble, patriotic brother, the Christian soldier, tried to lead souls to Christ. Regularly, night and morning, he had prayers, and invited all who were disposed to attend.

"Our hospitals all broken up, I felt I must seek a new field in which to work. In our Southern Mothers' treasury was \$2,500 in Confederate money, and, with the aid of Mrs. W. S. Pickett, we laid it all out for quinine, morphine and opium, and I carried it into the Confederacy, on my person, distributing it in the



[Miss Kate Cantwell, Wilmington, representative for North Carolina in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

hospitals at LaGrange, Ga., and there I had the compliment of having a hospital called for me (The Law Hospital), which many Surgeons and old soldiers still recollect. * * * * *

"Miss Anna Hardee, General Hardee's daughter, went the rounds daily with me. We made egg-nogg every day for the pneumonia and typhoid patients, and carried coffee to sick patients. * * *

"While at Columbus, Ga., I heard of the terrible destitution of the soldiers at Dalton, Ga., in Gen. J. E. Johnston's division. Thousands of soldiers were having to sit up all night round a log fire, for want of



[Miss Ida H. Vinson, Shreveport, representative for Louisiana in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

blankets. I was so greatly troubled to hear of the great suffering of the brave heroes who were standing like a "stone wall" between the women and children of the South and the enemy, that after a sleepless night, I went directly to a Ladies' Aid Society, where a number of patriotic women of Columbus, Ga., were at work for the soldiers. I told what I had heard of the suffering, for want of blankets, by the soldiers, and made an appeal to them for aid, telling them if they would furnish the blankets, I would go in person to Dalton and distribute them to the soldiers. With generous liberality, boxes of good things—chicken, ham, sausage, butter, pickles, bread and cake were packed, and I carried them to our Memphis soldier boys at the time I did the blankets.

"On Christmas night I left for Dalton, accompanied by the noble, patriotic President of that Aid Society, Mrs. Robt. Carter. At Atlanta my boxes had to be rechecked to Dalton. I met Dr. LaGree, of New Orleans, who proposed to telegraph Dr. John Erskine to meet us on our arrival at Dalton, at three o'clock in the morning, and he did so. * * *

"At Dalton I sent a note to Gen. Hardee, Gen. Johnston being absent, telling him my mission. He came immediately. A courier and carriage were sent to us, and our first visit was to the old 154th Regiment, Gen. Preston Smith's. That night we had quite a levee of officers. Gen. Hardee said that he had in his division fifteen hundred men without a blanket; Gen. Hindman, one thousand; Gen. Cheatham, hundreds; and many other divisions in a similar condition. Gen. Pat Cleburne said socks were a luxury his men did not know; he had not had a pair on for five months.

"That evening a wagon was sent, with twenty soldiers, to receive the blankets I had brought. The boxes had been opened by order of Dr. Erskine; and I distributed the blankets and clothing to those who needed them. * * *

"I then returned to Columbus, wrote and published in the papers what I had seen and heard at Dalton, of the great need of blankets for the Confederate soldiers, and made another appeal to that Ladies' Aid Society for more blankets. And they again nobly responded to my request, and went to work with zeal unprecedented, working night and day, taking the last blanket from their beds, cutting up carpets and lining them. I went out and in one hour I collected twenty-five hundred dollars from the business houses, and laid it out in the Columbus factories for jeans and coarse cloth. The women and children worked night and day, and in ten days I returned to the army in Dalton with seven large dry goods boxes, one each for Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas, all packed with five hundred or thirty blankets and coverings, and sixteen hundred pairs of socks, for the soldiers. I then went up to Tunnel Hill where Gen. Cleburne had his division; we rode on sacks of corn, for a freight train carried the Arkansas box to his soldiers. Had the boxes opened at the General's quarters, and as he was very soon to make a speech to his men on re-enlisting, said the box of blankets would do more than anything he could say, showing them the interest the women at home felt in them. But for the generous aid of the noble, patriotic women of Columbus, Ga., I would have been powerless to take those needed stores of blankets and socks to our suffering soldiers.

"After the second effort by the ladies of Columbus, and expecting to make the second trip with blankets,



[Miss Lizzie Clarke, West Point, representative for Virginia in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

I wrote to Gen. Johnston of my intention, and asked him to send me an escort to Dalton. The difficulty in having to travel with so many boxes, and they to be transferred at Atlanta, was hazardous and annoying. Gen. Johnston sent the escort immediately and we

left again for the seat of war, this time accompanied by three ladies, Mrs. Sallie Wilkins, my niece, and a daughter and granddaughter of Gov. Forsythe. We were invited to dine with Generals Johnston, Hindman, Cumming and others, and my escort to dinner



[Miss Lula Montague, Baltimore, representative for Maryland in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

at Gen. Cumming's was the Rev. Dr. Stiles. We had four o'clock Confederate dinners, and were always sent for by the Adjutant of the General with whom we were to dine, with a carriage, and always escorted by Dr. John. Gen. J. C. Brown gave a party in honor of my lady friends. His headquarters were out about two miles in a large eight room brick house. The rooms were handsomely draped with Confederate flags, with a splendid band of music in the wide hall. There the Episcopal Bishop and the Presbyterian Rebel woman stood on the same platform under the Confederate flag. Gen. Johnston ordered a grand parade—thirty thousand brave, tattered troops—in honor of my mission to his soldiers. Mrs. Johnston invited me to take a seat in her carriage. * * *

"My poor services to my struggling, bleeding country I know was only a drop in the ocean of that gigantic, cruel civil war. Still, for all those years of the 'Sixties,' they were most cheerfully, lovingly, and gratuitously given. In all my trips with supplies for the soldiers, I paid all my own expenses, never asking or receiving so much as a railroad pass or ticket. No, no; my whole heart and thoughts and deepest sympathies were all absorbed in the destiny of my people. For that just cause I would have died, could that sacrifice have brought peace, instead of a surrender, in which all was lost, save honor.

"Could I write all the incidents of my war record of the 'Sixties' a book could not contain them—the

many reminiscences of those sad, gloomy, sorrowful years of terror and gloom. Perhaps at fifty years I might have accomplished it, but now, at eighty-seven years, I feel inadequate to the task; still, memories of suffering, blood, and tears at the bedside of the wounded, dying soldier, is indelibly stamped on my memory, and will probably last until the dreams of this fitful, checkered life are over, and I am transported to that 'House of many mansions,' prepared for all who love and serve God. I have had the honor of being called the 'Mother of the Confederacy,' a compliment I esteem higher than any that could be conferred upon me."

SENTINEL SONGS.

[Written by Father Ryan "at the refusal of permission to build a Confederate Monument."]

When falls the soldier brave,
Dead at the feet of wrong,
The poet sings and guards his grave
With sentinels of song.

Songs, march! he gives command,
Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and dead of the conquered land
Have now no guards save you.

Gray ballads, mark ye well!
Thrice holy is your trust!
Go! halt by the fields where warriors fell;
Rest arms! and guard their dust.

List, songs! your watch is long,
The soldiers' guard was brief;
Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong,
Ye may not seek relief.

Go! wearing the gray of grief!
Go! watch o'er the dead in gray!
Go! guard the private and guard the chief,
And sentinel their clay!

And the songs, in stately rhyme,
And with softly-sounding tread,
Go forth to watch for a time, a time,
Where sleep the deathless dead.

And the songs, like funeral dirge,
In music soft and low,
Sing round the graves whilst hot tears surge
From hearts that are homes of woe.

What though no sculptured shaft
Immortalize each brave!
What though no monument, epitaphed,
Be built above each grave!

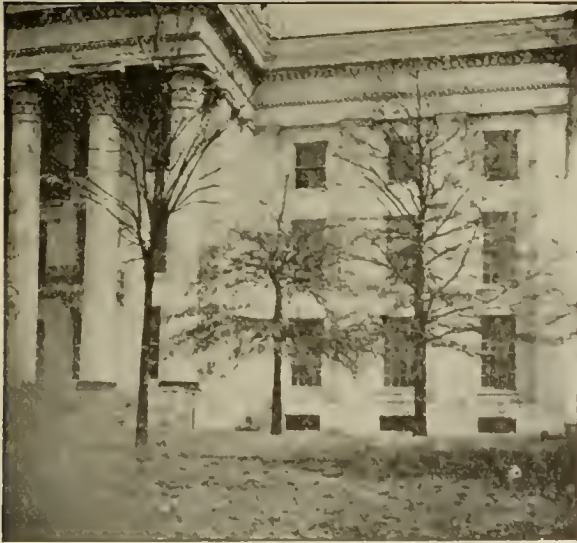
When marble wears away
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfill their trust.

With lifted head and steady tread,
Like stars that guard the skies,
Go watch each bed, where rest the dead,
Brave songs, with sleepless eyes.

Miss Minnie Harris, of Westmoreland, Tenn., writes of the successful extraction of a ball from the arm of her father, W. T. Harris, that he carried from Shiloh, April 6, 1862. His brother, T. G. Harris, was wounded at Chickamauga in September, 1863. They both belonged to Battle's 20th Tennessee.

Mr. Wm. Longworth, of Nashville, who came from England, in ordering copies of the *VETERAN* sent to his native England, explains that "I want my friends over there to know the truth."

COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN COMRADES.



FIRST CAPITOL BUILDING OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Montgomery will always enjoy the distinction of having been the first Capital of the Confederate States, for there, February 4, 1861, delegates from six seceding States assembled to organize the Government of that Republic; there its Constitution was adopted in the same year, and there, February 18, 1861, on the steps of the Capitol, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President and Alex. Stephens Vice President of a power which has passed from among the nations of the earth forever; but whose brief existence was like some brilliant meteor, and the record of whose armies is marked with a fortitude and daring unsurpassed by the trained Napoleon, or the serried columns of the Iron Duke.—*Berney's Hand-book of Alabama.*

STACK ARMS, BOYS, ALL IS O'ER.

[Affectionately dedicated, April 9th, to the Confederate Veterans, by Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine. Read on Memorial Day at Charleston, S. C.]

Ah, yes! this is the saddest day of all the blessed year,
For still the echo of those mournful words I seem to hear,
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

Though three decades have passed since then, I hear them still,
As through the portals of the past they come my soul to thrill,
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

They gave the death blow to our hopes, and left naught in
their stead
Save love for those who guided us, and reverence for our dead.
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

As thus with heads low bowed we stood, a mist came o'er our
eyes,
And something on our gray coats fell, that falls when loved
one dies.
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

For through the vista of the future years looked grim despair,
And desolated homes, in which were vacant chairs stood there;
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

And now the old gray coat and hat must hang upon the wall,
For ne'er again shall wearer answer to the bugle call.
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

Aye, yes! this is the saddest day of all the blessed year,
For still the echo of those fatal words I seem to hear,
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

Griffin, Ga., February 3, 1894.—His Excellency, Peter Turney, Nashville, Tenn.—My Dear Sir: I write to ask if you are the Col. Turney who commanded a regiment in James Archer's Brigade, and fit, bled and died in the same. If you are not, excuse me for trespassing upon your time, but permit me to say that you need not get a hump on your back for being taken for that Col. Turney, whether he is dead or alive, for no Turney was more gallant and honorable than whom when I knew him. If you are, by any possibility or freak of fortune, the same Col. Turney that I last saw in the charge upon Burnside's Corps at the stone fence at Sharpsburg, allow Capt. Flynt, of the 19th Georgia Regiment, to shake your hand severely, and then to shake and shake again, and congratulate you upon the honors which you have achieved, or had thrust upon you. If you are my old comrade of the war, and would like to hear any thing about one so humble and obscure in the war and since, drop a line T. W. Flynt, Griffin, Ga., and he will endeavor to provoke you into giving him an account of yourself since those days, so that he shall have an excuse for boring you with a short history of himself. But suffice it for the present to say that he had a romantic adventure, and passed through terrible ordeals after you all left him at Sharpsburg to die.



Richmond, looking toward Petersburg, 1865. Piérs of the James River Bridge.

"SUCH THINGS WERE."—The widow of Col. John C. Thompson, who gave his life at Shiloh, wrote of how "such things were," from which the following is a verse:

'T was here a tender husband strove
To keep my happiness in view;
I smiled beneath a mother's love,
Whose fond compassion ever knew
In them all the virtues combined.
On them with faith I could rely,
To them my heart and soul were joined
By strong affection's primal tie.
He smiles in heaven exempt from care,
While memory tells me such things were.

Mrs. Thompson died at Bowling Green, Ky., in 1885.

AN INTERESTING BATCH OF TELEGRAMS.

Mr. Geo. W. Trabue, who was telegraph operator at headquarters of the Western Army, and was general manager for the Western Union in the South when he died ten years ago, had among his papers quite a large batch of original telegrams from prominent Confederates. The VETERAN is gratified with the opportunity of copying and making extracts from them. First are telegrams from Gen. Johnston, at Shelbyville, dated February 6th, 7th and 8th, 1863. They show something of the details in the Army Commander's service and responsibilities:

Dispatches of February 6, 1863:

Gen. Bragg, Tullahoma: I am required to furnish a list of all regimental, brigade and division commanders, with the regiments, brigades and divisions commanded by them; also a list of quartermasters, commissaries and assistants, with the brigades, divisions, regiments, posts and depots where assigned. Please send such a statement as soon as possible to Col. B. S. Ewell, Chattanooga.

Gen. S. Cooper, Richmond, Va.: The reports you require are due from department commanders. I have ordered them to be made forthwith.

Gen. S. Cooper, Richmond: Brig. Gen. Donelson was ordered to Knoxville on the 4th, and is on his way. The order was given on information from Brig. Gen. Heth.

Col. Lee, C. S. A., commanding Atlanta: Ascertain if hand mills for corn can be made at Atlanta, and at what rate, and report to Col. B. S. Ewell, at Chattanooga.

Col. B. S. Ewell, Chattanooga: Send the letters to Gen. Bragg. Let Brogden report at Richmond and Maj. A. D. Banks at Chattanooga. Transfer the surgeon who accompanies Brig. Gen. Donelson to Department of East Tennessee.

Dispatches of February 7th.

Gen. Bragg, Tullahoma: Has not Brig. Gen. Donelson gone to Knoxville? If not, let him go at once and get his orders at Chattanooga.

Maj. Gen. S. B. Buckner, Mobile: Is distress or inconvenience in Mobile produced by any order of Gen. Pemberton as to transportation of corn by railroad? Cannot the rivers supply the city with corn?

Dispatches of February 8th.

Gen. W. W. Mackall, Mobile: Gov. Shorter told me that the corn crop is very large in Southern Alabama. I desired Gen. Buckner to procure his supplies there. The city can do so too sooner than by waiting the result of inspection. Tell the Mayor so.

Col. B. S. Ewell, Chattanooga: Telegraph to the Chief Engineer the size of pontoons our wagons can carry. If Brown knows any thing of the supplies of corn and meat where he has been let him write it immediately to me at Tullahoma.

Gen. Bragg, Tullahoma: If the 2d Kentucky Regiment is in your command order private John A. Lee, Company C, 2d Kentucky Regiment, to report to the Secretary of the Navy, he having been appointed Midshipman.

Lieut. Gen. Pemberton, Jackson, Miss.: Your dispatch of the 6th February cannot be deciphered. Repeat.

R. H. Slough, Esq., Mayor of Mobile: I cannot, at this distance, interfere with Gen. Pemberton's mode of supplying his troops. The State of Alabama, especially southeast of the Alabama River, can certainly furnish Mobile with corn.

*Tullahoma Tn
March 28th 1863.*

*Hon Mr Wright or
Hon J. D. C. Atkins
House Reps*

*Richmond
Va*

*War Department Assigns Genl
Marcus J Wright to Genl Lucius Polk's
brigade. Genls Bragg + Johnson
disapprove, get order Countermand
ed, it is important*

Sham G Harris

23 Chas J. G. H.

Tallahoma. 8th May. 1863.

General S Cooper

Adjutant & Inspector General.

Pemberton

Brigadier General

H. B. Amick is recommended for promotion
to Major General, vice Van Dorn, deceased.
to Command Cavalry, ~~Brig.~~ Colonel
D. D. Roddy for Brigadier General vice
Forrest, promoted.

Braxton Bragg
General.
L. E. Johnston
General

32
Mpd chg

Hon. J. Gill Shorter, Montgomery, Ala.: The Mayor of Mobile complains that Gen. Pemberton's order in regard to corn in Mississippi produced distress in Mobile. I cannot meddle with Gen. Pemberton's mode of supplying his troops at this distance. Have suggested to the Mayor that Southeast Alabama can furnish abundance of corn. Will you suggest to him how Mobile may be supplied?

Dispatch of February 17th.

Tallahoma, Tenn., March 2, 1863.—To Geo. S. Blackie, Medical Purveyor, Atlanta, Ga.: Forty barrels of good old apple brandy can be bought at ten dollars per gallon. Shall it be sent to you? E. A. FLEWELLEN, Medical Director.

Tallahoma, March 15, 1863.—Capt. I. S. Morphis, Okolona, Miss.: You are authorized to enlist men in Confederate service in all counties of West Tennessee. ISHAM G. HARRIS, Gov'r of Te.

Tallahoma, March, 23, '63.—To Surgeon F. M. McMillan, Pulaski, Tenn.: Send requisitions for medicine to Chattanooga, accompanied by this telegram. Send sick and wounded to Huntsville as fast as possible. E. A. FLEWELLEN, Medical Director.

Headquarters Department of the West, Tallahoma, Tenn., April 14, 1863.—The telegraph operator must send all official telegrams for Gen. Johnston or the Adjutant General's office inclosed in sealed envelopes. By command of Gen. Johnston. BENJ. S. EWELL, A. A. Gen.

Tallahoma, April 18, 1863.—Telegraph Operator, Tallahoma: Please have the dispatch to Gen. Jackson, which was sent by me to-night, repeated to Chattanooga. His headquarters are there. Respectfully, J. E. JOHNSTON.

Raleigh, N. C., April 29th.—Gen. Bragg: I unite with Mrs. Anderson, Tate, Miss Cameron, and many friends here in asking an extension of Capt. Wilkes Anderson's leave. They have been married one week. Answer. THOS. BRAGG.

Tallahoma, May 1, 1863.—Honorable Thomas Bragg, Raleigh, N. C.: Granted for one month. See seventh verse, twentieth chapter, and fifth verse, twenty-fourth chapter, book of Deuteronomy. BRAXTON BRAGG.

Tallahoma, May 5, 1863.—Governor Jno. Gill Shorter, Montgomery, Ala.: By a rapid concentration of forces in North Alabama I have driven out the heavy column of the enemy recently marauding there. Some 1,800 cavalry, however, passed our left and made a desperate dash to destroy our communications and depots in Georgia. By a bold and brilliant movement—not surpassed in the war—Forrest, with half their number, pursued rapidly and fought them running for five days, without forage or food, except what he could hastily gather in that wild mountain region. He has finally killed or captured the whole party. Will you receive as civil prisoners, under the President's order, such officers as were taken in your State serving with armed slaves inciting insurrection? BRAXTON BRAGG.

June 17, 1864.—Telegraph Operator, Columbus, Miss., Sir: If any telegraph dispatches come for me you will please send them to Mr. Richard Sikes and oblige. Yours, N. B. FORREST, Maj. Gen.

Press of Georgia, Proclamation:

Corinth, Miss., November 18, 1864.—People of Georgia: Arise for the defense of your native soil! Rally around your patriotic Governor and our gallant soldiers! Obstruct and destroy all roads in Sherman's front, flanks and rear, and his army will soon starve in your midst. Be confident, be resolute, trust in an overruling Providence, and success will crown your efforts. I hasten to join you in the defense of your homes and firesides. G. T. BEAUREGARD, Gen.

Chickamauga, October 9, 1863.—To Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va.: Arrived here comfortably and well. (Signed) JEFF'N DAVIS.

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

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

THE NAME OF OUR WAR.

At one of the first of Confederate reunions there was a large gathering at Pulaski, Tenn., and the eminent General John C. Brown, whose name is ever to be honored in Tennessee and at the South, was very active for the success of the entertainment. It was after his service as Governor. I wrote him a note suggesting that steps be taken there that day to designate our great war, whereby the Southern people at least would have the same expressive term. He did not get the note in time to submit it, but expressed sincere regret at failure. One of his most gallant regimental commanders, Col. J. P. McGuire, who has since died also, concurred heartily in the suggestion.

Let steps be taken without longer delay to abandon such terms as "the late unpleasantness," "the late war." Even "the civil war," and "the war between the States," are terms hardly fitting in dignity. "The Revolution" characterizes, with proper effect, the struggle of our ancestors, "The Mexican War," recalls history of which the soldiers who participated are proud. Think of "the late unpleasantness," or "the late war" as the terms sound to mature men and women who were born after that great struggle ended.

The VETERAN proposes that we adopt "The Confederate War" as our term, and exercise diligence for it. All the world would accept it, and the "rebellion" would not be remembered as a disloyal epoch when the pride of the term ceases to be understood by new generations.

Then we Confederates talk and write about "the lost cause." Are we not wrong in this? Rev. Mr. Degen, who came South from Boston, and now has charge of the Advent Episcopal Church in Nashville, used an illustration in a sermon in which he demurred to the expression and said, "What the people of the South fought for they gained." The same constitutional principles of the fathers are maintained. Slavery was abolished, but the Southern people did not make all their sacrifice for the value of slaves. True, the issue of "State rights" may be regarded as "lost," but we are too apt to refer to these things as if we had been vanquished. Dr. Degen meant that the changes brought about by the war were of greater value to the South than to have continued the former regime. Let us continue up and doing, fellow-citizens, with other tax payers and voters in the Union. Even if "all was lost save honor," that was not tarnished.

FAITHFUL and true Maryland! In the appropriations for the next two years, for this year and next, which aggregate \$125,000 annually, the second largest sum is to the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers Home, \$7,500 each year.

MANY Confederate veterans are becoming thoroughly aroused to the benefits of organization. Every man who served in the war can be helpful to his unfortunate comrades better through organization than otherwise, and no appeal, whether made in word or through his own eyes, should bestir a fortunate veteran as those of his comrades who have tried without being successful. If they have the fault of dissipation even, they have suffered long enough to bestir his helpful sympathy.

DR. J. C. STEGER, of Dover, Tenn., spoils "a good story" which relates to the appearance of a woman among the Federals in the battle of Fort Donelson, with a sword in one hand and the stars and stripes in the other, by relating how inconsistent it is throughout. There are thrilling incidents related by both sides that will not be beneficial to the historians of the future. The VETERAN seeks the truth and nothing else for its columns. If there be exaggerations, let them be unimportant as history and only for fun.

In a recent personal letter Mrs. Maggie Davis Hayes states: I have just opened the March number of your to me deeply interesting magazine, with its pathetic title page. I, too, have reverently laid aside a suit of Confederate gray, priceless to me in that my father wore it when he was captured. I shall keep it for my children as more precious than jewels, and only wish they could share with me the memory of how he looked in it as he stood a defiant, gallant Southern gentleman, proud of the cause he had striven for, and willing to be a martyr since he could not be a saviour. * * * I am still weak from a prolonged illness—this fearful and mysterious la grippe—and a slight heart trouble, which change it is hoped will relieve. I deeply regret being unable to go to Birmingham on this account, as the doctor has ordered me to go to Southern California as soon as I am able to travel, which I hope will be very soon.

Mr Louis F. Bossieux, of Richmond, Va., has kindly sent the VETERAN a register of the dead in Hollywood Cemetery. It is a volume of 117 pages, and the names are alphabetical, with company, regiment, State and date of death. I will cheerfully reply to any inquiry on receipt of stamp. The book was published in 1869, hence copies are hardly procurable. There are about 6,500 interments, about 325 of whom are unknown.

THE Souvenir, to appear this month, is expected to be the most popular publication ever issued for 25 cts

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

The fall down some steps by the Lynchburg, Va., postoffice, February 16th, was the cause of Gen. Jubal A. Early's death. It was pitiable to see that the gallant old hero was so dazed by the fall as to object to leaving the carriage on arriving home, saying it was not his home. He was taken out in a wheel chair several days in succession, but he died in two weeks.

Gen. Early was born in Franklin County, Virginia, November 4, 1816. His father, Jacob Early, was a farmer, his mother a Miss Hairston, who inherited a large number of slaves.

While Early was a student at West Point he and Joe Hooker, who made high reputation in the battles for the the Union, had a difficulty that grew out of a debate in which Early excepted to Hooker's speech upon "the atrocities of slavery." Early was a Whig of the old school, and defeated a candidate "who advocated disruption of the Union" in the memorable convention of 1861. He was the extreme member of the convention in favor of the Union, and the last to sign the secession ordinance, and then entered upon the journal his special reasons for concurring.

Gen. Early's career after the war was so identified with the Louisiana State Lottery Company that its enemies made much war upon him and Gen. Beauregard. There is a singular feature in connection with this powerful corporation which might be mentioned to their credit, now that both of them are dead and as both were such prominent Generals in the war. Much as they were abused, and anxious as were good people to defeat the legalized gambling, there was no taint of dishonesty from first to last. The VETERAN will not be misconstrued. Its editor has always been opposed to every species of gambling, but this is a creditable characteristic in the career of these two veteran officers that should not be forgotten by honest men, however much opposed to the occupation by which they made much money.

Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Chaplain of the University of Virginia, writes: But now that he has "passed over to the great majority," let us forget his faults and remember his great ability, his stern patriotism, his unpurchaseable integrity, his love for truth, his hatred of skulking "during or since the war," his unwavering devotion to the land and cause he loved so well, and his able defense of the truth of Confederate history, and manly vindication of the name and fame of our Confederate leaders and people.

As a soldier, he was unquestionably one of the ablest men we had. His service in command of Ewell's old division at First Fredericksburg, Second Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and the campaign of 1864, from the Rapidan to Cold Harbor, and the ability with which he handled A. P. Hill's corps when in temporary command of it at Spottsylvania Court House, during the sickness of Gen. Hill, gave the army and the people the highest opinion of his ability as a soldier, and there was no surprise when it was announced that

Gen. Lee had put him in command of Ewell's corps (the old "Stonewall" corps), and had sent him to meet Hunter at Lynchburg.

If Gen. Early had fallen at Cold Harbor in June, '64, or in front of Washington, July 8th, he would unquestionably have gone down to history as one of the ablest generals of the Confederacy. The subsequent disasters in the Valley did dim his fame, for the time at least, but when the future historian comes to scan all of the facts, he will do justice to this able and sturdy soldier.

Gen. Lee always spoke in high terms of Early's "ability, zeal, and devotion to the cause," and of "the fidelity and energy with which he always supported his (Lee's) efforts, and the courage and devotion he ever manifested in the service of the country."

Upon several occasions I heard President Davis speak of Gen. Early as among the ablest soldiers whom the war produced, and there can be but little doubt that this will be the calm verdict of history.

The Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 88, F. C. V., Cleburne, Texas, concerning the character of Lieut. Gen. Jubal A. Early, resolved that "it is with deep sorrow we have learned of the death of Lieut. Gen. Jubal A. Early; that we will cherish his memory as one of the great soldiers of the late war who so nobly fought to perpetuate the rights and liberties of the Southern people; and that we commend his example as a patriot to our sons as worthy of their emulation, and that we shall commit his fame as an able, pure and fearless chieftain to the keeping of the chivalrous young manhood of the South, who will be just to his memory. Also that it be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

M. S. KAHLE, Adjt.

PRISON LIFE ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND

Capt. Charles W. Frazer, a brave soldier of the Fifth Confederate, was a prisoner on Johnson's Island, and his wife, through an influential friend, procured a pass to see her husband, which was written by President Lincoln's own hand on a visiting card. After an attempted escape by the prisoners this privilege was curtailed, and she was only permitted to see him at rare intervals, at a distance, which she endeavored to partially overcome by using an opera glass. It was on one of these occasions that the Captain's baby took her first step and uttered her first expression, "I see a Yebel," having before made her first journey in an army wagon. Capt. Frazer was one of a detail to cut the grass off the graves of the prisoners who had died, and his wife, who remained in Sandusky to be as near to him as possible, having heard in some mysterious manner when he would serve, crossed to the Island and was watching him from a point as close as she was permitted to go, when the baby, recognizing her father from the picture her mother showed to her daily, clapped her hands and crawled toward him; a guard planted his bayonet between them, and as the baby pulled up by it to better reach her father, ordered peremptorily, "Take that child away!" "I do not understand the order," said Mrs. Frazer; "I thought

that this was a war of men, not one against women and babies." "She may have papers," suggested a Federal. "Well," said Mrs. Frazer, "if you think that, take her and search her." The sarcasm had its effect, and the baby was not removed, though the barrier was still held between father and child.

The poem, "My South! My South!" printed here first, and which has been justly styled her autobiography, was written by this "Captain's baby, and is one of the many tributes from her, whose love for her country has been to her a precious heritage.

MY SOUTH! MY SOUTH!

Bend low, thou loved one, to my song of love,
Thy child of battle, daughter of the storm,
Whose infant years were cradled on thy shield,
Whose wondering eyes saw first thine armored form.

For I must sing thee, though thy fallen state
Left but a sword gleam for a trusting smile,
And gave the first print of my baby feet
Unto the prison earth of Johnson's Isle.

Yea, I will sing thee, though my pipes forget
And voice sometime the strain thou knowest well;
Remember love, thou couldst not close my ears
Against the music of the whizzing shell.

But if I pain thee with a martial prayer,
Mine first in war, mine last, in mantling peace,
Lay thou thy soft hand on my throbbing heart,
And bid the plaining of thy minstrel cease.

Thou art mine own, my beautiful, my love!
I blame thee not, what cloud may come to me;
I give my faith into thy trustful arms;
All that I am, or hope, I yield to thee!

Thy foot rests on the fairest spot of earth,
Thine eyes are full of heaven's holy blue,
The sunlit kiss of peace is on thy brow,
O thou, mine own, the beautiful, the true!

Let my right hand forget her tricks of art
Ere I conceal the faith that lies in me,
And let my tongue forget to utter love
If I pay homage unto aught but thee!

I trim my taper, but to seek the shrine—
With thee I smile, with thee I breathe my sigh;
Yea, as thou goest, loved one, I will go,
And when thou diest, Beautiful, I die!

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Tullahoma, Tenn., *Guardian*, after mention of February VETERAN in its leading editorial, says: "It is working its way to a substantial patronage that is well deserved. It has continually grown in interest and popularity until it has come to be a welcome guest in thousands of Southern homes, and is watched for with a feeling akin to that which thrilled the hearts of the 'folks at home' thirty years ago, when a letter was expected from the loved ones in the tented field. Brother Cunningham is doing service in recalling from his own experience and that of his correspondents many incidents of the war for the benefit of the veterans and their descendants that would otherwise soon have passed into oblivion, and also in correcting many wrong impressions likely to go into history as facts if not now placed in proper light before those who were participants shall have gone from earth. Its pages teem with reminiscences of that stirring time, 'during the war.'"

DR. McMURRAY SANG UNDER FIRE.—Henry K. Moss, Company B, 20th Tennessee Infantry: The heroism and bravery shown in our war time by Lieut. W. J. McMurray, of Company B, 20th Tennessee Infantry, at the battle of Resaca, Ga., in the summer of 1864, should be recorded in the VETERAN. The 20th Tennessee and 37th Georgia regiments were in reserve in a ravine in the rear of Lewis' celebrated Kentucky "Orphan" brigade until about the middle of the afternoon, when the enemy advanced in our front for the purpose of making a charge, when this reserve force was ordered forward. The Federal artillery commenced a fierce cannonade upon our works, and just as the 20th Tennessee came within range of the shot and shell of the enemy, Lieut. McMurray, then a beardless youth, sang the following portion of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," which was very popular in our army:

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.

This gallant young officer, who had shed his blood on other fields, passed unscathed through that day, but was wounded the next day, and lost an arm at Atlanta afterward. At the close of the war he returned to Tennessee, where he won for a bride one of "the fairest of the fair." He is now one of the most prominent and prosperous physicians of Nashville. Dr. McMurray has been a leader in Confederate matters in Tennessee. He is an ex-President of the State Association, First Vice-President of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, for which he has done much valuable service, and is the father of the young lady who is to represent Tennessee at Birmingham Reunion.

L. P. Harling, 19th South Carolina Infantry: I send you a short account of a little scrape that I was in at Snake Creek Gap. When Johnston left Resaca there was a detail made from our division (Ed. Johnson's) to hold the Gap until the troops could get away. We were posted there in the morning and spent a quiet day, but late in the evening it was reported that the enemy was coming and we were moved a little farther back. I was one of thirty videts deployed on each side of the road. It was dark and cloudy, and we lay on watch, until we began to hear sticks cracking. They crawled and sneaked right up to us, when they rose up and made for us, but when they got there we were like the Irishman's flea, gone. According to orders we fell back to the main line, the yanks following. We did not have long to wait, as they soon came on us in force, making three charges on our lines during the night, but we held them back. When day came they made preparations to wipe us up, but they had made a miscount. We were in breastworks built by McPherson in the spring when he was flanking Johnston at Dalton. They made charge after charge on us, but we held our own until in the afternoon, having killed and wounded scores of them. About three o'clock we found that we were being flanked by a force of cavalry, when we withdrew. I think it was one of the best fights of the war. It is said that there was a corps of yankee infantry, but we had not more than five hundred men, commanded by Gen. Brantley. We marched all night, but the yankees, seeming to be satisfied, did not follow. I would like to hear from some comrade who was in that fight.

CHARLEY HERBST, OF KENTUCKY.

There was no uncommissioned soldier in the Confederate Army more faithful and constant in all duties than Charley Herbst, of the 2d Kentucky Regiment. He is worthy of high place in the VETERAN. An intimacy with its editor since prison life at Camp



Morton in 1862 enables him to give this positive testimony, and he does it with special pride and gratitude. It was intended to surprise him with the picture and sketch last month. The hundreds yet living of the four thousand fellow-prisoners at Indianapolis will recall the cultured gentleman who was so quick and so accurate in his detail work at the little postoffice in Camp Morton during the spring and summer of 1862, and how their hearts throbbed when he would call their names on letters from home. Everybody knew "Charley." The writer introduced himself, and afterward Charley's unselfishness and friendly devotion secured many returns in hospital and in camp.

When he had four holes shot into his body at Dallas, Ga., on the Johnston-Sherman campaign, and was located in a hospital, although lying on his back, he sent this message: "Now that my opportunities are better for writing, I will send you two letters for one."

Early after the war he was engaged for months in marking graves of Confederate dead between Dalton and Atlanta, and was helpful in identifying many a noble martyr who gave his life for Dixie. A letter of Mr. Herbst to some nieces furnishes the following data:

At the opening of the war he was in the hardware trade in New York City. He returned to Kentucky in April, 1861, and joined Company H, 2d Kentucky Regiment, the first regiment formed at Camp Boone, Tenn. He was made Commissary Sergeant. He was captured with his regiment at Fort Donelson and

sent to Indianapolis, Indiana. While in Camp Morton he was made Sergeant of Division 13. He was appointed assistant to Mr. Evans, the camp postmaster, by Col. Owen, commandant of the prisoners. Later he was assigned to duty at the Sergeant's headquarters. He was with his regiment in the battles of Murfreesboro, Jackson, Miss., Mission Ridge, Rocky Face Gap, Resaca, and Dallas, Ga., where he was severely wounded, and was on crutches for about six months. While convalescing was assigned to office duty under Lieut. Battey, in Macon, Ga. In November he reported to the regiment at Stockbridge, Ga., where he saw Atlanta burning, and with his mounted regiment retreated to Macon, Ga. Later he was a bearer of dispatches to Dalton, Ga., for Col. Hiram Hawkins, of the 5th Kentucky Infantry. Again he was assigned to duty, under Col. John F. Cameron, who appointed him Sergeant Major of the detachment, with whom he remained several months. Then he rejoined his regiment and remained with it up to the surrender under Gen. Johnston, April 26, 1865.

For twenty-three years he served as Librarian in Atlanta and Macon, Ga., where he now lives. He has lived in that State nearly ever since the war, but has ever registered as "of Kentucky."

PREFERRED TO SHAKE THE FARE OF HIS MEN.

M. T. Ledbetter, Piedmont, Ala.: I desire to pay a humble tribute to my Captain in the war, now Rev. E. T. Smythe. He resides in Anniston, Ala. The following incidents illustrate the love and respect between him and the privates of his company. Ours was Company C., Fifth Alabama Battalion. In November, 1861 (before the battalion was organized), our company was ordered from Richmond to Yorktown. We traveled by rail to West Point, where we went aboard an open top schooner on the York River. A Virginia winter was upon us in full blast, rain and sleet, making the weather extremely disagreeable. We reached Yorktown just at nightfall. The wind was blowing at a furious rate, and the waves were so high that we found it impossible to land, and were forced to cast anchor at a safe distance from the shore. We were without shelter, food or fire, and the elements fairly raged. After anchor was cast the Captain of the boat came around and invited Captain Smythe into his cabin to supper, but he very politely expressed his thanks for the invitation, saying his men had nothing to eat, and he would fare just as they did, and although the Captain of the boat and many of us urged him we could not induce him to change his mind, or to take even a cup of coffee, while his men were without food. I have known him, when weary and worn with marching, to positively decline the cordial, urgent appeals by superior officers to ride, those officials proposing to walk themselves.

In the winter of 1861 we were in winter quarters on the banks of the Potomac near Dumfries. One Sunday, when the ground was covered with snow to the depth of about eighteen inches, a requisition was made upon Capt. Smythe for a detail from his company to assist in building a stable for the horse of Adjutant O. Hooper. When the requisition was made and Capt. Smythe was informed of the purpose, he said to the Sergeant, "Tell Capt. Hooper my men do not build stables on Sunday. It is not a military necessity, and I do not allow them imposed upon in that way."

GENERAL JOHN R. BAYLOR, OF TEXAS.

Col. John T. Crisp, of Independence, Missouri, tells the *St. Louis Republic* an interesting story of the late Gen. John R. Baylor, of Texas. Crisp saw Baylor in El Paso not long after the war, and was so attracted to the stranger that he introduced himself and then became so interested in conversation with him that he forgot an engagement with his wife.

Baylor said that at the beginning of the war he had a company in Northwest Texas, and was surprised one morning when the picket reported to him the capture of a man who had "attempted to steal the horses of the camp." He was much surprised that a man "so far from civilization should want to steal horses." The man was ordered before him, and was asked why he wanted to steal horses away out there.

"I was not stealing them," the man replied, in the very best tone and in the openest manner. "I wanted them for a particular purpose and was taking them."

Continuing, Gen. Baylor said: "His coolness struck me with particular force, and I asked him what part of the country he was from, when he said California. For days I had been looking to the West as for a military Messiah in the person of Albert Sidney Johnston, with whom I had served in the army of the United States, and who was one of my chosen friends. Gen. Johnston was in California and I wanted to know whether or not he was coming to the East in the aid of the Southern cause. Well, when this fellow told me he was from California, I felt a renewed interest.

"I asked 'did you know any of the prominent men of your State?'

"I know them all," he replied with confidence.

"Did you ever hear of Albert Sidney Johnston?'

"Very often," was his calm response.

"When did you see him?'

"The day before I left California.'

"Did you talk to him?'

"Yes, and at great length.'

"Did you hear him or any one say whether or not he was coming East to engage in this conflict?'

"The man looked earnestly at me for two or three minutes, and then he asked, 'What is your name?'

"I told him 'John R. Baylor.'

"Well," he proceeded, 'you may or you may not be the man you say you are. But I will tell you that Gen. Johnston is not three miles from here, and it was for him that I was taking your horses.'

"We saddled up and rode off with the stranger. After going about three miles we went up the skirt of a mountain, and when we reached the summit our guide pointed to a camp about a mile distant and below us. At the same instant the camping party noticed us. Gen. Johnston stepped to one side to get a better look at us, and as he raised his glass he recognized me and I recognized him. We rode rapidly to each other, and we actually embraced in tears for minutes."

Gen. Baylor and Gen. Johnston met there on that occasion, and they stood in that vast empire like two William Wallaces on the hills of Scotland. But one died at Shiloh, the other lost courage when the war was over, and, like a mighty oak riven and torn by a storm, was broken in body and spirit, it seemed hopelessly. But he went West, where he recuperated, and

there, surrounded by his multiplying herds, became a figure in the great domain of Texas.

Gen. Baylor was a famous Texan and a powerful man in every way. He represented his State in the Confederate Congress, and was recognized long before the war as one of the brainiest, as well as the bravest physically, of its many heroic sons.

PERILOUS CROSSING OF THE TENNESSEE.

F. O., Chapel Hill, Tenn.: During the latter days of the great war Capt. Swame, his brother James, and Thos. Britton, of Forrest's cavalry, concluded to slip off from the command, which was below Huntsville, and make a trip home. They took their halters and bridles and constructed a raft and launched it Crusoe style, but were carried among the rocks by the current and the raft was demolished. They were left on a large flat rock, covered about two feet with water. Britton could not swim, so the Captain and his brother had to leave him for the night. They urged him not to go to sleep, and said they would swim over and rescue him afterward, but they found they had only reached an island, with no means of relief, so they all had to spend the night where they were. They could hear the prayers of Britton on the rock out in the river. The next morning some of the command followed after them, heard Britton and went out to his relief. He dates his conversion from that hour, and is one of the main pillars of the church to-day. The Swame brothers, seeing that Britton was safe, started for another swim. They again reached shore, to find that they were on another island, and that the main stream was still before them. Hungry and wet, they walked around until evening, when to their joy they saw a ferry-boat coming over, in which there were several men and some women. These people pulled to the shore, and the Captain, without knowing whether they were friends or enemies, very politely asked to be carried over, but they showed utter indifference to his plea, and walked off, leaving one man to watch the boat. Seeing an axe in the boat, the Captain asked if he could get it to cut some wood. He slipped a motion to his brother, and they both leaped into the boat, cut the rope and pulled for the other shore, and were soon beyond the reach of gunshot. When over they turned the boat loose and made it home safe. The Captain is now one of the leading magistrates of Marshall County and the father of nineteen children. He is a good swimmer still. Now, if any of that squad on the island should read this he will please tell how they got back home.

Caspar W. Bell, Salisbury, Mo.: I sympathize very much with the enterprise, and desire its success. My humble efforts will be cheerfully given to it. The Federals fought for the preservation of the Union, and the Confederates for the preservation of constitutional liberty as bequeathed to us by our revolutionary fathers. The Federals were successful in securing the victory for Union, and God grant that the Confederates, by their patriotic efforts, may cement that Union with the principles of constitutional liberty, thereby securing to the country Union and constitutional liberty, one and inseparable forever.

Since the above Mr. Bell has sent four, and expects more subscribers.

HARVEY'S SCOUTS.

In 1886 the survivors of this company met at Canton, Miss., and appointed a committee to raise funds for a monument to their fallen comrades. This committee, as then formed, and afterward employed, met on the 26th of last February at the Hotel Royal, in New Orleans. Present—George Harvey, Wiley N. Nash, W. H. Howcott, Wallace Wood, George Shelby, Scott Field and James L. Goodloe. These gentlemen hail from Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee. The committee has collected, principally from the surviving scouts, \$1,500, and accepted the design of F. H. Venn, of Memphis. It will be of valley granite, massive and classic, decorated with the Confederate battle flags, the Confederate States seal and sabres in copper, with appropriate wreaths and inscriptions; notably the names of those killed in battle. A young daughter of one of these soldiers, Miss Evelyn Nash, had collected copper cents since her early childhood, and donated five hundred to the fund. It is now proposed to fuse these coins into medallion, and fix it in the granite with words to indicate that it is her memorial to her father's comrades. This, probably is the only monument erected by one company to its dead, and will bear record of undaunted bravery. I think it is the only company especially mentioned by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and Gen. Claiborne devoted several chapters to it in his History of Mississippi, the records of which were lost by fire; but these chapters were saved in the hands of Wiley N. Nash, who, fortunately, had the proof sheets.

With from forty to seventy men, this command has the record of 1,969 Federal soldiers killed and captured within less than two years. It does not seem that these ever were "buttermilk rangers," as nearly every one of the original forty-six were either killed or wounded. The New Orleans *Picayune* gave accounts of the deliberations of this committee in its issues of February 27th and 28th, and March 1st, and the brilliant "Pearl Rivers"—Mrs. Nicholson—extended to them numerous courtesies. The original command was of picked men from Wirt Adams' brigade, and served, mostly, under the heroic Maj. Gen. Wm. H. Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, and Forrest. They were young, venturesome and successful; and the dignified lawyers, bankers and planters, of the survivors, hardly remind us of that hardy looking, reckless band of the fearful war time. The monument will be unveiled at Canton, Miss., next August. The survivors and their families will attend. J.

The *Chattanooga Times*: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is of concern to every one of the brave men who were engaged in that great struggle between the North and the South, and so fair, so honest, and so impartial is its conduct that one becomes deeply interested in it, no matter whether he wore the blue or the gray. The last two numbers of the journal have been unusually interesting, and it is pleasing to note the growing circulation of Mr. Cunningham's paper.

The Woodville Miss., Camp, No. 49, U. C. V.: Resolved, That this Camp approve the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., and we hereby adopt it as the official organ of this Camp. P. M. STOCKETT, Adjutant.

FORREST'S CAPTURE OF WOOLFORD.

Geo. W. Youngblood, Golden City, Mo.: I saw in the November VETERAN how Woolford was driven by the inch, as it were, from Loudon to Knoxville. Here is what I want to say: I belonged to Forrest's old brigade, Company A, 11th Tennessee Cavalry. After the battle of Chickamauga we were camped at Cleveland, Tenn., and Woolford at Philadelphia, eight miles south of Loudon. We started one morning, and rode all day and all night. The next morning we surrounded Woolford. He was ready for "the fun." The 11th was in line behind the artillery, the 4th in our rear, the 8th on our right, the 9th and 10th on the road between Philadelphia and Loudon to cut off their retreat. Forrest hadn't occupied a road running west, and when it got too hot for the boys in blue they started west. Forrest saw the gap, and ordered our regiment (the 11th) to dash across the road. It was about half a mile from us. At the same time the 4th took our place in the line. We got in about 200 yards of the road when Col. Holman ordered my company (A) and Company B to charge. We went at them like wild men, firing our revolvers, and with the old Confederate yell we went through their line, still shooting and yelling, Col. Holman at the same time coming down on the other side of the road. They whirled back for town. With the old 11th Tennessee still after them, they rushed through Philadelphia for Loudon. Here they met the 9th and 10th. The only thing they could do was to surrender. We got 500 prisoners, 7 pieces of artillery, 82 wagons, 600 stand of small arms, with all of their camp equipage. This was before the siege at Knoxville. Longstreet was then on his march from Chattanooga. He came up in a few days. Then we drove them into Knoxville, where we cut their line in two. After the battle I saw some dead yanks in the branch and pulled some of them out.

THE FUND FOR CAPT. SLOAN.

In receipting for the \$77.75 so generously contributed from El Paso, Texas, and the other sums received and forwarded since issue of the March VETERAN, Capt. J. N. Sloan, of Pontotoc, Miss., writes: "What shall I say to these good people? God bless you, my friend, and each contributor. I am proud that I was a Confederate soldier and did my duty in behalf of our beautiful Southland. Please say to each that I do most assuredly thank them for their generous contributions."

Judge Wyndham Kemp, Adjutant of Jno. C. Brown Camp, El Paso, Texas, March 15: At the meeting of Jno. C. Brown Camp, U. C. V., held the 2d inst., \$10 was appropriated for the relief of Capt. J. N. Sloan, of Pontotoc, Miss., whose appeal was published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and a committee of two appointed to solicit aid from the people of El Paso. As the result I inclose you New York draft, to your order for Capt. Sloan's benefit, of \$77.75, receipt of which please acknowledge. I also inclose a Mexican paper dollar, which Capt. Sloan may wish to preserve as a souvenir. It was contributed by a friend. We are greatly indebted to Dr. W. M. Yandell and W. J. Fewell for raising among outside friends the assistance for Capt. Sloan contributed outside of our Camp.

FLAG OF THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE.

TRIBUTE TO THIS GALLANT REGIMENT BY MRS. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

There was perhaps no honor paid a regiment in the service of the Western Army greater than that to the 20th Tennessee by Gen. John C. Breckenridge. Mrs. Breckenridge was with her husband at his army quarters much of the time, and became deeply interested in its success in every way. It occurred to her to make a flag from a handsome silk dress that she had worn in state at Washington and present it to the "bravest regiment of her husband's corps." Col. O'Hara, the Adjutant General, said at its presentation:

"I have a duty devolved upon me to-day which I esteem with honor and perform with pleasure. I am deputed to present to you a flag, wrought by the hands of the ladies of Kentucky. The inquiry may suggest itself why the distinguished gentleman charged to bestow this banner has not chosen to present it to a regiment from his own State. The noble Kentuckians who have relinquished all the ties and almost all the hope of home to devote their lives and their all to the cause are contented with the assured appreciation of their illustrious commander and countryman, and with the proud consciousness of having nobly done their duty, and their constant and equal devotion to the cause leave no criterion by which their General might distinguish among them. He and they feel that it is to a regiment of some other State that the honor of bearing this flag will be more appropriately confided, and the General has felt a delicacy and difficulty of making a selection among the various regiments which constitute his command, and many of which have won his admiration by their gallant conduct under his own eye on many a stricken field. After mature consideration, however, in view of its uniform gallantry and length of service under his command, he has concluded that it is upon the 20th Tennessee Regiment that these colors will be most properly bestowed.

"In the first memorable battle on the soil of Kentucky, in this war, the 20th Tennessee was signalized by its devoted patriotism, discipline and valor. At Fishing Creek, when the sternest were dismayed, and the timid yielded to the panic, the gallantry of the 20th Tennessee shone forth with conspicuous lustre. At Shiloh, when the reeling battalions of the enemy confessed the superiority of Southern valor, the banners of the 20th Tennessee were among the foremost in that struggle. At the bombardment of Vicksburg, throughout the sulphurous carnival that raged so many days and nights around that heroic city, the 20th Tennessee stood, baring its scarred front to the storm of shot and shell. At Baton Rouge, where our Southern chivalry rushed upon the insolent invaders of their country, the 20th Tennessee was again seen in the van of the battle. At Murfreesboro, whether on the left of Stone's River among the bloody cedars, or on the right in the fearful charge, on the 2d of January, which laid low many a noble spirit, the 20th Tennessee maintained its bright renown, and plucked new laurels from the jaws of death.

"In view of this record of its heroic service and patriotic devotion, it has been decided, I feel sure with

no offensive discrimination, to confer upon the 20th Tennessee Regiment this beautiful banner, wrought by the fair hands of the most distinguished women of Kentucky. I feel that I may safely undertake to declare that it is the opinion of those ladies that to no more deserving and loyal custody could this emblem of our cause be confided, and let me, fellow-soldiers, assure you that the men of Kentucky share their opinion and indorse their award. They feel, also, that it is to no alien hands this trust is confided; while there is pulse in the breast of a member of the 20th Tennessee they feel assured that this emblem will be cherished and guarded as more precious than life itself. In this confidence I, as their representative, commit this banner to your keeping. I believe that history has already determined the common political fate of Kentucky and Tennessee, and that this simple ceremony here to-day is but the symbol of the affections of two million people with the fortunes and destiny of the Southern Confederacy."

The following response was made by Col. Thomas Benton Smith, whose sad calamity before Nashville, after he surrendered, in having his head horribly cut by a saber until he was blinded by the blood, and was led to the rear to sink down in a line of prisoners, will be remembered. Col. Smith was the gallant commander of this regiment. He said:

"Colonel, in behalf of the officers and soldiers of my regiment, I accept this beautiful flag. My language does not permit me to express my feelings on this occasion. This unexpected compliment is doubly pleasing, coming as it does from Kentucky, the land of chivalry, and from the noblest of her daughters. It comes from a State whose name is linked with the brightest jewels of American history. Her women are as lovely as her mountain flowers. For my officers and soldiers I thank you. When the storm of battle rages fiercest, amid the wildest conflict, we will think of the fair donors and cling to this banner. For the complimentary manner, sir, in which you have presented it, I thank you.

"Soldiers! to you I commit the gift. In its folds rest your honor. Let it never be contaminated by a foe's hand. Let the Confederacy and the world see that in the hour of her darkest trials Tennessee will stand by the colors of Kentucky as they would by the standard of their native State. They feel that their honor, their safety, their people are one."

The poor foot-sore, battle-scarred boys of the 20th felt proud that day, being the chosen few of many thousands. And they would every one have died before yielding that flag. Yet it was and is lost to them at last. It was put in a trunk and started from North Carolina to Tennessee, but never arrived. It is in some one's possession. To them it is a flag and nothing more. To the 20th it is a glorious heritage beyond value. It is made of heavy silk, alternate bars of white and red, the colors being in triangles, and the points of the triangles meeting at the center, clasping a large shield.

This flag had as many sacrifices as the old one. At Hoover's Gap, the first battle it entered, in its defense was slain Ben Yeargin and Jimmie Callender, and wounded Wallace Evans and John Fly. At Chickamauga John Fly was wounded again, and Ike Hyde, Tom B. Roach and Billy Gant, and at last was carried out by John W. Morgan. At Jonesboro the color guard were killed or wounded, when Maj. John Guth-

rie, in command of the regiment, seized it, and tearing it from the staff, wrapped it around his body to carry it off. But this was the cause of his death, for no sooner had he done it than he became the mark of the enemy, and he was soon mortally wounded. But he got away with it. This officer is one whose merits have never been fully recognized in public. Of retiring disposition and bashfulness to a fault, he kept himself as much out of observation as possible. But Ney was not braver on the battle-field. At the various battles following the flag was borne as gallantly as ever, but there is no record of it until at the fatal battle of Franklin, where the color guard were all killed or wounded, and the flag was brought off by Joe J. Smith, who accidentally stumbled over it during one of the repulses. Any information about it would be gratefully received by members of the regiment, and the VETERAN would give out the good news with pride.

J. L. Gee, of the 20th, Franklin, Tenn., kept the above record. He kept a roster of his company through the war, noting who were in the battles and the casualties. It was he and his friend, P. G. Smithson, now in charge of the Tennessee Confederate Home, with whom Gen. Breckinridge divided his two biscuits at Shiloh, as reported in February VETERAN.

KEPT HIS CONFEDERATE GRAY UNIFORM.

Isaac T. Moreland, Pine Apple, Ala.: I have the Confederate gray uniform which I wore at Gen. Lee's surrender. Peace to his ashes! When I returned to my desolate home I laid this suit carefully away, intending to keep it so long as I lived as a relic of that devastating war. When I occasionally take a look at it it recalls to memory many days and nights of pleasure and sorrow—of days of trial and privation. Never will I disown or scorn the name of rebel, if the word "rebel" implies a Southern soldier.

"Far from me be that spirit" which would engender or open afresh any bitterness between the blue and gray. I have a high estimate of the soldier who wore the blue as well as the gray. The Federal soldier who was actuated by deeds of patriotism is as much entitled to honor and respect as his enemy. In many cemeteries they sleep side by side. The loving hands and patriotic hearts which decorate the Southern soldier's grave, in a like loving and kind spirit decorate the graves of the Northern soldier who fell and was buried far from home and friends defending a cause which he felt was right.

MY CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.

BY "ONE OF LEE'S MISERABLES," FORT WORTH, TEX.

When first I put this uniform on,
A Hotspur of fifteen,
Mother and sister had I none;
Brothers? Hal was the only one;
I was the Benjamin—youngest son—
Sighing for victories to be won
Ere I had turned sixteen,
As we marched proudly away.

At Petersburg my brother died,
In the crater's awful zone;
In that red hell
Of flame and shell,
He breathed farewell,
As he foremost fell;
I trod war's path alone,
And I marched sadly on.

RETURN OF MAJ. JAMES REILLY'S SWORD.

Capt. E. Lewis Moore, of Framingham, Mass., wrote a letter last October inquiring about Maj. James Reilly, to whom he wished to restore a sword captured at Fort Fisher, which he wore "so honorably" in the two fights there and in the Army of Northern Virginia. Maj. Reilly replied requesting the sword by express, "collect," saying:

"You, my brave and gallant opponent in war, fully illustrate the magnanimous character of a good soldier and a gentleman. I fought you with a determination that afternoon (from the time Gen. Whiting and Col. Lamb were wounded, about 3 o'clock p. m., command devolved on me) that would be hard to excel, but it was like unto a mole and a mountain—up-hill work. Your troops were all around my gallant little band of Tar Heels, fighting from traverse to traverse, with no hope but fighting to the last ditch. At dark, when I fell back from Fisher, I had only forty-four men and two officers with me. I formed my little command and moved to Battery Buchanan. When I saw the condition of affairs there I called Maj. Hill and Capt. Van Benthusen, and held a consultation and came to a conclusion to surrender. After waiting some time I observed the skirmish line of your troops advancing toward the Point. We three went forward about three hundred yards and stopped. I took my handkerchief and placed it on the point of my sabre and awaited your coming, when the surrender was made about 8 o'clock p. m. It was a distressing time to us. When I surrendered my sabre to you it was with a heart of the deepest depression. As a brave soldier you treated us courteously, and showed no bravado over our defeat, for which accept my sincere thanks. Of the other officers that were with me on that memorable occasion Major Hill is dead, and I have not heard from Capt. Van Benthusen since the surrender.

"Captain, if you have time come to see me, and we will visit the Fort, and see its ruins."

CAMP NOTES.

The Camp at Chattanooga has 125 members, with an interesting attendance at the monthly meetings.

At Dalton, Ga., there is a membership of 75. They are doing a good work in looking after sick and suffering Confederate veterans. Quite a pathetic incident occurred last month. Mr. G. W. Hamilton, an old soldier who was wounded in the war, and who never entirely recovered, died without a relative near him. His wife had been dead ten years or more, and his children were all married and living at a distance. But his old comrades looked after him and gave him every attention. Capt. Roberts, who commands the Post, is one of the best known men in the County. There are other citizens of Dalton, too young to be veterans, but who are interested in the welfare of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Among them is Rev. J. G. Orr, President of Dalton Female College, and Mr. A. H. Shaver, the genial editor of the Dalton *Argus*, who has always a good word for this periodical.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, "Old Tige," has appointed comrade John C. Cox, from whom a yankee bullet was extracted and referred to in last VETERAN, a member of his staff with the rank of Brigadier General. It is an honor that will gratify his friends.

Capt. Stockton Heth, during the Confederate War, served on the staff of his brother, General Harry Heth. On the eve of the battle of the Wilderness Captain Heth had a good many orders to transmit from the General to his subordinate commanders, and was very active. Gen. Jno. B. Gordon stopped to breakfast with General Heth early that morning, and was requested by General Heth to hold family prayers. General H. was calling in his staff and other officers about headquarters, and saw his brother passing on horseback in discharge of his duties, when he beckoned him to stop for prayers. The gallant Captain mistook the signal for something else, and shaking his canteen, said, "No, I thank you, brother Henry, I have just had 'one,' and my canteen is full." The General "smiled," and his head was soon bent in devotion to the God of battles. The battle was fought that day, and Captain Heth acquitted himself with great gallantry. A.

Gen. Heth was asked about the above and he replied: "During the fall, when on the lines around Petersburg, Va., I suggested to Gen. Lee that I be permitted to make an attack on a certain point of the enemy's line. He consented, and sent Gen. John B. Gordon's command to assist in the proposed attack. Gen. Gordon and I were riding ahead of our commands, accompanied by our staffs and couriers; we came to the point where we had to leave the Boydton plank road, where was situated an old cabin, or school house, where we halted for our commands to come up. Gen. Gordon suggested, as we were about going into battle, that we go into this house and have prayers, and both direct our staffs and couriers to go into the house. Looking down the road I saw my brother and aid, Capt. Stockton Heth, talking to some one. I beckoned to him to come and go into the school house. He replied, 'Thank you, brother Henry, I have just had one.'"

Rev. J. R. Deering: I had rather rear my boys barefooted than have them grow up without veneration and affection for the memory of the men who fought and fell under the tri-barred flag! Let them have the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

Mrs. Belle Lee Parkins, Landsdown, Va.: Some one in October VETERAN gave the credit for Confederate victory at Leesburg—Ball's Bluff, called by the Federals—to South Carolina troops. It is an error. There were no troops there from the Palmetto State. This victory was won by the Eighth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi Regiments. The Thirteenth was near the mouth of Goose Creek, keeping in check 4,000 of the enemy who would otherwise have crossed there and turned their flank. My home was near enough the battle for the windows to rattle fearfully. * * * We took some Howitzers from the enemy and turned on them. My brother, David L. Hixon, after being in the fight nearly all day, was one of the volunteers who was out until midnight taking prisoners. Tell W. Galt Johnson to write again. The inclosed wooden button was worn by one of Pickett's men, and was in the bravest and most daring charge made during the whole war, that of storming Cemetery Heights at Gettysburg, Pa.

The Souvenir for 1893 of the VETERAN is not stereotyped, and those who wish copies must order them soon or they may miss it.

EFFORT IS MADE TO BE IMPARTIAL.

Vic Reinhardt, Terrill, Texas, sends the following: "It rejoices me to see for once some prominence given the Army of Tennessee, which I find in the VETERAN. Not that I would in the least tarnish or diminish the wonderful achievements and bravery of our brethren in the Virginia Army, but I want to see more mention of those boys who, without shoes, clothing, or food, almost, endured the hardships and faced the enemy in the Army of Tennessee. I have so often heard it said that the yankees left their rations at the fire of the first volley. Such was not the case with those blue-coated fellows facing us from Shiloh to Bentonville, N. C. The exception is not sufficient to make it respectable. We long for statements from this branch of service because those who were in distant fields have hardly a conception of the bravery displayed during the four years all along the line of this army. They knew very little of the courage of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Chickamauga, New Hope Church, Franklin, and an hundred engagements where valor unexcelled crowned the ragged, half fed army, without murmuring or discontent, save rare exceptions. These men have so long stood by, and many of them gone on into eternity, without hearing the commendation their valor bought and the bravery and heroism their richest blood paid for. I rejoice, too, with all other veterans in their marvelous achievements, even though our flag is now lost in the folds of the stars and stripes."

HISTORY OF THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

This steamer was built to run from Aspinwall on the route to California. She was the first vessel chartered by the United States Government to take troops and provisions to Fort Sumpter, in Charleston harbor. At daylight on the morning of January 9th, 1861, she crossed the bar at Charleston and was fired on by the Confederate steamer "Gen. Clinch." Failing to relieve Fort Sumpter, she returned to New York, and was again chartered by the Government to proceed to Indianola, Texas, to bring off the United States forces that were being withdrawn from Texas, but was captured on April 17, 1861, by Confederate volunteers from Galveston; was taken to New Orleans, and there loaded with stores for Vicksburg, and was subsequently sent up Yazoo River to prevent capture by the Federals, and finally sunk at Fort Pemberton, on the Tallahatchie River, to prevent the Federal fleet from passing down into the Yazoo River. It still lies at Fort Pemberton, and has, for many years, been a serious obstruction to steamers navigating that river. Capt. P. R. Starr, in command of the United States snagboat "John R. Meigs," has succeeded in removing a large portion of this wreck, and now there is a good and safe channel around it.

The "Star of the West" carried Walker and his filibusters to Nicaragua; it was the first vessel chartered by the United States Government in the Confederate War; it was the first vessel fired upon by the Confederates; and it was the first vessel in the service of the United States Government captured by the Confederates.

JOHN BOYD, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V.

John Boyd, Major General U. C. V. for Kentucky, was born in Richmond, Ky., January 7, 1841. At eleven years he emigrated to Texas and resided about a year in Indianola, and afterward the same time in Richmond. He was at the latter place during the yellow fever scourge in 1853, his family suffering great loss. He returned to Lexington, Ky., in 1854, where, with the exception of the war, he has ever since resided. His education was limited, and obtained wholly from the public schools. He joined the army of the Confederate States at the time it occupied Central Kentucky, in 1862, and served as a private in the Buckner Guards of Cleburne's division throughout the war. He participated in every battle in which that illustrious division was engaged, and was surrendered with the Army of Tennessee by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensborough, N. C. His parole is dated May 1, 1865, and he has preserved it.



In addition to being the commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., he is also the President of the Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky, an organization which has done and is still doing a vast amount of good in aiding the living and burying the dead Confederates of his State. This Association has a liberal admission fee, and its bank account has hardly been under two thousand dollars at any time for years. He has recently done a work for the South that entitles him to the gratitude of every man who honors the cause for which the Southern people sacrificed so much. He has a complete list of the Confederate dead buried in the Confederate cemetery at Lex-

ington, and has recently begged the money and erected a beautiful monument over them. He has had their names cut on the monument and numbered, and a corresponding number at the head of every grave. Every Southern State is represented.



[Miss Elenora Graves, Lexington, representative for Kentucky in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

Gen. Boyd is so diffident that the VETERAN thanks him for the sacrifice of allowing this prominence. He rarely ever goes from home. He stays there and works for his devoted wife, and, as indicated above, for Confederates living and dead.

DEDICATION OF CHICAGO MONUMENT.

Gen. John C. Underwood writes from Washington City, April 12, that the dedication of the Confederate Monument at Oakwoods Cemetery, Chicago, will take place on May 30, 1894. Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, will deliver the dedicatory address, and Maj. Henry T. Stanton, of Kentucky, will read a poem, and other ceremonies will be announced in next issue. He adds: "The monument cost ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars, and is the only Confederate monument erected in a Northern State. By authority of the United States Government four cannon will be parked, and piles of shot made on the Government plot in said cemetery in additional ornamentation thereof, a recognition which should be fully appreciated by the veterans. I will announce railroad transportation rates, by circular, in the near future."

The superintendent of transportation at New Orleans will give round trip ticket to Birmingham for \$7, and the Trans-Mississippi agents have promised to meet any railroad rates made east of the Mississippi. This would make the round trip from Dallas to Birmingham about \$15. It is expected that an Alabama State organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans will be effected at time of the Birmingham Reunion. Camp Clayton, of Birmingham, is sending many letters to the Camps throughout Alabama, and is meeting with most cordial responses. This is as it should be. The Sons of Veterans must be able to take up the work as the older men lay it down.

Camp Clayton has chosen the VETERAN for its organ, and the State organization is expected to do so.

REUNION OF TEXAS VETERANS AT WACO.

The division of Texas United Confederate Veterans had an interesting and profitable gathering at Waco, April 5th, 6th and 7th. The parade was seriously dampened by a shower of rain, but in the Assembly Hall spirits revived. Rev. Frank Page, one of the youngest Confederates, having been sworn in as a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, Chaplain of



[Miss Elizabeth Pasco, Monticello, representative for Florida in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

the Pat Cleburne Camp, at Waco, introduced the service with this significant prayer:

Almighty God, the creator and governor of the world, we ask thy blessing and direction upon this assembly. We thank thee for the love of country and of home with which thou hast endowed mankind, made in thine own image. We thank thee for the noble men thou hast given us in times past, and that so many of their companions are with us to-day. May the memory of our fallen heroes ever be dear to us. May we always honor these brave soldiers of our country who survive. Our Father, comfort and bless them in their declining years. Look with mercy upon them and their families, and supply their wants. We have no bitterness against any. We pray for all the soldiers of our common country, both North and South. Bless this country, especially this great commonwealth. O, Lord, save the State, and mercifully hear us when we call upon thee. Give peace in our time, O Lord, for it is thou, Lord, only that maketh us to dwell in safety. And as in times past these men have been faithful, so may they be true soldiers of the cross in the great battle of life, following Jesus Christ, the great Captain of our salvation, against sin, the flesh and the devil, and may peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, flourish in our borders. We ask it all for Christ's sake.

The welcome by Judge George Clark so emphasized the position taken by the VETERAN on the "Lost Cause" that it is given in full:

Comrades and Confederate veterans, I need not say

friends, I need not extend to you a formal welcome to Waco, because you knew in your hearts that you had that welcome before you came in our midst. The pleasant but unnecessary duty has devolved upon me to open to you the hearts and the homes of this good city, and I stand here, comrades, to bid you a royal welcome to royal hearts that beat in the home of Granbury and of Harrison and of Ross.

As I look upon this sea of faces, and hear the yell that is not unfamiliar to my ears, my thoughts, fellow-soldiers, go back many, many years. Without bitterness and without malice I stand here to claim the proud honor which belongs to us all—that we were Confederate soldiers.

It is sometimes said that our cause is lost. Some causes are never lost. They may be crushed in defeat, they may go down in seeming ignominy, but in the end, like truth crushed to earth, they rise again. The Confederate soldier is always and under all circumstances true to principle. There was no selfishness in his heart, no thought of the morrow with him. He put all upon his country's altar, and went forth and gave his time and his heart and his life to the cause. What did that cause represent? I said it was not lost, and I repeat the assertion. It could not be lost.

It stood first for the rights of the States. Upon its solid foundation hangs the liberty and prosperity of the whole of America. Inside of eleven years after the surrender of our armies, before the grandest tribunal that ever sat upon earth, it was decided that the States were supreme in this nation. We are not indebted to our friends, soldiers, for this decision, but it came from those who had been our enemies.

They went upon record with the solemn declaration that no matter what might be the action of a State in the selection of a President its action was final. So that part of our cause, instead of being lost, is triumphant throughout the north and the south, the east and the west as the highest law in the land. There was another great principle for which we stood, and that is that we fought against the interference of the government with the rights of the property of the individual. Our contest was broad upon the idea of individual rights of life, liberty and property. The fight is still upon us, fellow-soldiers, the fight for constitutional guarantees in this country, the fight for the enjoyment of our lives, the right of the enjoyment of our liberty and that equal dignity of right to enjoy the fruits of our labor. Tell me not that the cause is lost when hosts of Americans are marshaling in defense of these rights, and that flag [pointing to a Confederate banner], the flag of the old Confederates, typifies the fight. Turn it loose and let them all see it! [The man holding the flag shook it out, and the whole building rang with cheers.] Brave men have followed it, patriots have died under it, lovely woman has blessed it with her prayers and consecrated it with her tears. It stood for the rights of life, liberty and property from 1861 to 1865. It didn't tell a lie then. It speaks no lie to day.

We stand to day with our brethren of the whole country, marshaled now under a different flag [taking hold of the Union banner], and we will be as true to this as we were to that. With our faces firmly set, fellow-soldiers, against the aggressions of government, against the aggressions of anarchy, against the aggressions of communism in every shape, come from whatever quarter it may, standing true to the Constitution

and the flag of our country, in defense of the rights and liberties of this people, we would not join any band that would march upon Washington now. We marched upon Washington once before in a manly fight and under the true flag, and the next time we march upon Washington we will take this flag with us [pointing to the United States flag amid cheering] to cover us, and we will raise it against the hosts of communism, let them be led by whom they may. Am I not right when I say it's a misnomer to call our cause lost? It could not be lost. God, in his inscrutable wisdom, if we were untrue to principle for which we contended, and of which we are not ashamed, would raise up another race that would prove better men than we were. The cause is triumphant, and the Confederate soldier will go down into history occupying the proud page he should occupy, and we every year will turn aside one day at least to weep over our dead and talk over the trying times of the past.

We meet in no spirit of malice or of strife, standing as we have ever stood, true to the flag of our country and to the institutions of our government, and I know we will ever stand true to the principles of our cause, which are eternal.

Now, welcome again to Waco; welcome to our homes. Let enjoyment rule all of our hearts; but, comrades, let us not forget in our moment of joy those old heroes who have crossed the river. Let us make it a point, according to our means, to rear to their memories grand monuments, to show to all future eyes the deeds done by them, the cause for which they fought and the cause for which they died.

Gen. L. S. Ross, an honored ex-Governor of Texas, delivered a very interesting address upon that section of Texas, remembering when the first cabin was built, and when the postoffice was in a "bee gum" hat. He paid beautiful tribute to his faithful comrades of the war. Judge Reagan, who was Postmaster General, and is the only member of the original Confederate Cabinet living, gave an address, held over for May VETERAN.

This issue of the VETERAN greets scores of thousands who will consider for themselves its merit. It is largely biographical, and in consequence has less of general Confederate history, humor, etc., than usual. With an increase of eight pages over any former number there is much left over unavoidably. Its indorsement by Camps is so extensive that their reports are withheld, except a few which were in type before so many individual sketches were prepared. One Camp in Texas reports that a member objected to adopting the VETERAN to "avoid partiality between the two." The name of this comrade, as reported to me, does not appear on the VETERAN list, and he is ignorant or untrue. I reply to two letters of inquiry from the Camp by comrades who espoused the VETERAN. This would be written to them instead of publication being made, but this issue will be read by thousands who are not familiar with the facts, and a brief review seems best.

The VETERAN was started in January of last year. Its purpose was to make sure and clear record of sacred funds put into my hands that could in no other

way have been so clearly established. The first issue was without cover, or any advertisements, but the sentiment of its need inspired the projector to do what he could to supply a creditable periodical. The name, as in letters of fire, thrilled patriots throughout our Southland, clubs of from three to over one hundred were raised by friends, and most loyal devotion was manifested to the little CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"Across the chasm" there are people noted for enterprise in making money as well as noble men who fought us and delight now in our honor. Then there is a rendezvous at the national capitol for people who have feasted on government patronage. The "long-felt want" that has been written to this office a multitude of times, caught the attention of the Frank Leslie printing concern, and it began to remodel pictures from plates made at great expense which animated foreigners during the war who flooded the country as substitutes. The Leslie people got a "Confederate Brigadier" who had been favored by appointment in the War Records Department to appear as editor. This was one of the most fascinating schemes that has ever been started. The insolent enterprise of palming off these old second-hand pictures upon the intelligent or "illiterate South," was undertaken deliberately. The idea of making "big money" was full of promise. The price was put at double that of the VETERAN, on inferior paper, and but half the pages. Now that the VETERAN has been increased to \$1, including Souvenir, it furnishes about five hundred pages, with original Southern pictures, while the other contains in a year but one hundred and ninety-two pages, independent of the *grayish* cover. But it has not captured the Southern people. Some of my friends were deeply concerned because of its immense supply of picture material, their monied resources, and the advantages of the Confederate officer who had "been engaged to write occasionally." They argued that it could pay in commission much more than the subscription price to the VETERAN, but I believed in the Confederate soldiers and their families as I do in eternal justice. I believed they would repudiate the insolence to them if the fires of truth could be made to destroy these falsehoods, and I have made them burn as the God who has spared me through many dangers has given me the wisdom and the strength.

The thing has a diversity of locations. Its Republican "Associate," located at Lexington, Ky., wrote me very fraternally (?) apprizing me that our interests did not conflict, and that he wished the VETERAN success, and I printed his letter in the VETERAN. They pursued patrons of the VETERAN through its published subscription list. The *gray* paper, with false print, showed its cloven foot at once by its manner of commenting on the "rebellion," etc., until resentment of those who saw it South subdued its tone, but it could not make the old war pictures appear except as be-

hind the yankee lines. Through the zeal of noble men and women the VETERAN has been able to sling its shot, like David of old, so that in every section of the South and in every State of the Union it has as loyal support as was ever given to a periodical.

Last fall an entertainment was given in its interest in the parlors of a large hotel at the national capital, and this man who poses as "of the late C. S. A.," so threatened to make things unpleasant if any thing was said for the VETERAN, that the managers of the entertainment, there being many ladies present, did not even present the guest in whose honor it was given. This aggravating circumstance may have induced severer personal comment than it was wise to print from motives of policy. The soldier record of the man who has given his name to these false representations for more than a year, has been shown in some degree, and this unpleasant duty has been performed exactly as like duty was done in the war. The VETERAN has never had a more sacred duty before it than to expose that infamy. The "Associate," whose partisan sentiment as a Republican I have never heard questioned, stays at Lexington, Ky., and has published that *he is the most capable person living to write a great Confederate war book, of which a prospectus indicates that he has the co-operation of all the great Southerners who lived in that war period.* Lexington, Ky., is advertised as the place whence these "great" things emanate, "or 110 Fifth Avenue, New York." That is the Judge Building—Judge! The Leslie concern moved into the Judge Building when it was finished several years ago. While that is the office, the principal part of the work has been done down town near Franklin Square. I make these statements from knowledge obtained in person. A Union veteran, who believes in the truth, and was long with the Leslie house as an engraver himself, took me to the places and introduced me to the publishers who are doing the work. They explained how very simple the process of making reductions from the old plates. Good friends say don't advertise the thing any more, but it seems well now to make these explanations. The patronage of those who sympathize with that thing is not wanted. It is the most insolent and hypocritical sheet in existence, and I had rather be found, if dead on the battle field, covered over with playing cards, than for a scrap of that lying sheet to be about me. Such a thing called CONFEDERATE!

Mention of that man has been made where he left his command during time of danger, did not return, and could not be found. Men are so differently constituted that some have not the nerve to go through battle, but there is no excuse whatever for being a traitor, and on that score the Frank Leslie people cannot induce the South to accept their remodeled pictures

through the influence of any man who sells to them the use of his name, even though they pretend that the publication is issued from another city. Months ago the VETERAN asserted that if these people would print the truth about themselves it would let them alone. Please do not mention the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in comparison with any thing so infamous!



[Miss Lillie McGee, Van Buren, representative for Arkansas in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

Charles Todd Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee who has ever been an honor to comrades at home and abroad:

SEWANEE, TENN., March 7, 1894.—Dear Mr. Cunningham: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN comes to me full of good things, and I wish to thank you for your faithful work in giving to the Confederate soldiers such an admirable and accurate record of the days that "tried men's souls." The typography, the illustrations, and the whole "get-up" of the paper, leave nothing to be desired. The editorials and letters of correspondents are full of interest to one who took part in the struggle to preserve the constitutional rights of the States. I am yours with all good wishes.

Lt. Gen. S. D. Lee, Agricultural College, Miss.: I consider your last two issues as splendid, and had made up my mind to write you especially commending the February number. The material is just what it ought to be, and I wish you eminent success in your work. I wish you had started such a monthly ten years ago.

A singular publication appeared recently in the New York *World*. It is dated as a telegram at Atlanta, and said, "Judge Samuel B. Herit, who is now seriously ill at Suwanee Springs, Fla., while reclining upon his bed to-day," etc. He then goes on to repeat what Mr. Stephens is reported to have said about the Hampton Roads Conference, viz., that Mr. Lincoln would agree to any terms the South would make, provided the Union was restored. How a correspondent in Atlanta could hear a conversation that day in Florida strengthens doubt concerning reports which are so resolutely denied. Of one thing all honest men must agree, that Mr. Davis believed that the cause of the South would ultimately prevail.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

CHANGES IN ORDER OF DEPARTMENTS CONSIDERED.

GEN. JOHN C. UNDERWOOD, CHICAGO.

In consequence of the rapid growth of the United Confederate Veterans, the department east of the Mississippi River, formerly commanded by the late Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, will, at the Birmingham meeting of the Federation, probably be divided into two, and may be three, departments, and in view of such possible legislation it may be well, and can certainly do no harm, to consider the following suggestions. It seems to me that the territory east of the Mississippi River should be divided into three departments, as follows:

1. The "Atlantic" Department, representing in the main the Army of Northern Virginia, and comprising the States of South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the Northern States east of Ohio, to be commanded by either of the distinguished Generals, Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, or Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.

2. The "Gulf" department, largely representing the Army of Tennessee, and composed of the States of Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, to be commanded by one of the eminent Generals, W. H. Jackson, of Tennessee, or Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi.

3. The "Northern" Department, embracing Kentucky and the Northern States east of the Mississippi River and west of Pennsylvania, to be commanded by Gen. S. B. Buckner, of Kentucky.

At present I command the provisional department of the North, comprising the States of Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia and the Northern States east of the Mississippi River, and having in a manner introduced and organized the U. C. V. where possible therein, I think it propitious to divide my department, and in fact all the territory east of said river, as outlined above, and to place in command the most distinguished and popular of the living Confederate Generals, that the U. C. V. Federation may receive the benefit of their official connection with it as members high in command.

The "Trans-Mississippi" Department should remain as now organized, with its several divisions, in the large State of Texas, where the U. C. V. membership is so numerous as to make such an organization not only possible, but advantageous and desirable; and Gen. W. L. Cabell, who has done so much toward recruiting the Federation and perfecting its organization, should be made a full General in recognition of his services; and besides retaining his departmental command, he should be made second in command to the illustrious Gordon, who, for the present, at least, ought to be kept at the head of the Federation.

The reason for making a fourth permanent department by adding Kentucky to the Northern States previously designated is, that thereby there will be embraced a first-class division of living Confederates with the scattered Camps throughout Northern States; and, all being under the command of the officer having charge of the many thousands of dead Southern soldiers buried at Indianapolis, Columbus, Johnson's

Island, Chicago, Madison, Rock Island, Alton, etc., he will, by such means, be the better enabled to care for their graves and the cemetery grounds in which they are located.

The U. C. V. Federation having become a great organization throughout all the Southern States and the entire country where Confederate veterans are resident, I believe the present to be the proper time for bringing to the front the greatest possible number of the living Confederate heroes who, because of their illustrious deeds, possess extraordinary military renown, and thereby will be enabled to work the advancement of the Federation more successfully than if they were less distinguished personages.

Personally, I have lost none of my enthusiasm, zeal and willingness to labor for the advancement of the movement, but, recognizing the advantage to be derived by placing the Generals named in command, I am perfectly willing to surrender my department command to the chivalric Buckner. I do not think that the selection of *division* commanders should be made alone on the basis of the past honorable services and the military renown of officers, but more particularly on account of the availability of the men and their activity and enthusiasm in recruiting and otherwise working for the Federation.

Again, the life of the organization is undoubtedly vested in the annual meetings of the regular council of the Federation and general reunion of veterans from all sections of the Southern country, and in furtherance of such necessity a centrally located and thoroughly Southern city should be selected as the permanent headquarters of the Federation. With that object I would suggest New Orleans as the most advantageously located point, and the week previous to "Mardi Gras" as the propitious time for holding such annual reunions. By such a course the meetings of the veterans would always take place in a large, conveniently located city, commodious in its appointments, liberal in its hospitality, and lavish in its truly Southern pulsations. By selecting the time named for the reunions, the veterans and their families could enjoy the Mardi Gras festivities, meet during the most pleasant month of the year in the South, and easily avail themselves of the half rate for round transportation, always made for the New Orleans Mardi Gras occasions throughout the whole South and larger portion of the North, and thereby insure a greater attendance than could possibly be obtained any other way.

I trust that these suggestions will receive such favor as to secure place in your valuable columns.

A BRAVE SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

Notices of a few of the many brave men of the Confederate Army have appeared in your columns. I send you a record of one whose name I have forgotten, if I ever learned it, in the hurly burly of the day, and I write with the hope that the recital of the incident may recall it to some of the actors in the scene.

About eight or ten days before Gen. Lee evacuated the lines at Petersburg he had been preparing for the inevitable by throwing boards across the trenches, covering them with earth and blankets, and quietly withdrawing his guns from the lines. These were parked near the reservoir at Petersburg, and the preparations would have been completed for a successful retreat if the judgment of the President had not over-

ruled that of the General. Deserters, however, reported these preparations to the enemy, and they opened a fire upon us that lasted some time before we made any reply. When our batteries and mortars responded the enemy concluded that they had been deceived. A South Carolina battery was stationed about where the plank road crossed our lines, and it did splendid service. A Lieutenant was in command of the guns, and in the heat of the fight a shell fell a short distance in advance of this officer, and plowed up the ground under him, so that he seemed to have had his legs cut off as he fell into the hole. As he sunk down he noticed that one of his guns hung fire: he gave the command which sent the proper man to the front of the gun with his priming wire, and before he touched the vent the gun was discharged, and none of the gunners were hurt. I have often told the story as an evidence of the cool gallantry of an officer who saved the lives or limbs of his men, when he thought himself to be mortally wounded. He escaped, however, unhurt. What is his name?

*FLAG OF THE FIRST REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA
REGULAR ARTILLERY.*

CLAUDINE RHETT, CHARLESTON, S. C.

One of the most interesting incidents of the winter of 1892-93 to the veterans of Charleston has been the recovery of the long lost regimental colors of the 1st Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery and their presentation by the surviving officers of that command to the city of Charleston.

In the early days of the civil war the ladies of Charleston, by the hands of Mrs. Gen. R. S. Ripley, gave a handsome silk flag to the artillerists who then garrisoned Fort Moultrie. During the bombardment of Fort Sumter the hot shot fired from Moultrie caused Maj. Anderson's surrender of Fort Sumter to the Confederates, April 13, '61. A detachment of these artillerists was then placed in charge of Fort Sumter, and was thenceforth known as the 1st Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery. The flag went with them, and was used daily on parade.

Iron-plated ships of war are now in use all over the world, but they were first tried in Charleston harbor, April 7, 1863, when Ericsson's fleet of monitors attacked Fort Sumter. They were confident that they would take Charleston, but our artillerists gave them such a warm reception that in the course of two hours the much vaunted iron-clad fleet withdrew from the contest badly worsted.

Fighting for Charleston began again on July 10, 1863, and the guns of Sumter were employed by day and by night until that fortress was reduced to the condition of a silent, dismantled earthwork, when it was placed in charge of an infantry guard, and the artillerists were withdrawn and sent to man other batteries around the harbor, after forty-eight days of continuous service, exposed to hunger and great fatigue. Gen. Beauregard, in recognition of their services, issued the following complimentary order:

Charleston, S. C., August 27, 1863. General—The Commanding General has witnessed with genuine pride and satisfaction the defense made of Fort Sumter by Col. Rhett, his officers and the men of the 1st

Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery, noble fruits of the discipline, application to their duties, and the soldierly bearing of officers and men, and of the organization of the regiment. In the annals of war no stouter defense was ever made, and no work ever before encountered as formidable a bombardment as that under which Fort Sumter has been successfully held. Respectfully your obedient servant,

THOMAS JORDAN, Chief of Staff.

To Brig. Gen. Ripley, Commanding First Military District South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.

When Charleston was evacuated in 1865, Lieut. Col. Yates, who commanded the regiment (Col. Alfred Rhett being in command of the brigade of regulars), left the flag in Charleston, no other flag than the Confederate battle flag being allowed in the field. Upon his return to that city, after the surrender of Johnston's army, he was informed that the flag had been hidden in a garret for safe keeping, and had been destroyed by rats. Recently it was found in the hands of a relic seller, and was immediately bought by two of the officers of the 1st Artillery for \$100.

Col. Yates' widow resides in Bessemer, Ala., with her daughter, Mrs. Roberts, who was born on the 13th of April, 1861, and was baptized Belle Sumter, in memory of her father's participation in the capture of Fort Sumter. No sooner did these noble women hear of the finding of the old flag than they claimed the right as Col. Yates' representatives to bear the expense of procuring it for the city of Charleston, and forwarded the money for that purpose. The recovered emblem of the 1st Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery was then formally presented to the City Council, and has been placed alongside of the full length portrait of Gen. Beauregard, and just above Charleston's proudest historical treasure, the sword of Beauregard.

NEED OF A UNITED STATES HISTORY.

REV. J. H. McNEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

One of the pressing needs of our whole country is a history of the United States, for schools and for popular use, written from the Southern standpoint. We do not want a prejudiced, partisan account of our political and social life, and of our civil war, but a clear, vivid story of the difficulties, efforts and growth of our people, in the light of those great ideas and principles which controlled the actions of Southern statesmen from the origin of the Republic.

Hitherto Northern men have written the history, and naturally in the light of Northern ideas and principles. Of course our great civil war has been treated as a "wicked and causeless rebellion," as a war stirred up by a few ambitious spirits for personal ends, and for the maintenance and extension of the institution of slavery. Our children are taught to believe that we were rebels and traitors against "the best government the world ever saw." Now, a movement so widespread, so nearly unanimous, and which called forth the enthusiastic devotion and the heroic efforts of millions of people for four years, is not causeless. But the causes lie far back in our history. The contest was between two different conceptions of the nature of our government. The Southern people made their desperate struggle to maintain the government which

they believed its founders established. When they were defeated they accepted in good faith the government as it now is, and are loyal to it, but they do not believe that it is the government according to the idea of the framers of the Constitution. It may turn out to be better. Certainly they have no idea of trying to establish by force their idea of State's rights. But they will always contend that they fought for the Constitutional rights of the people, as originally guaranteed to them.

Now, the histories written by Southern men, as far as I have seen, do not set forth clearly the idea and purpose which animated the South in all the years before 1860, when it controlled the government. Our historians are usually content to give our side of the civil war, with some of the causes that led up to it; but for all the period preceding that fearful contest they differ little from Northern writers.

How few of our children know that Jamestown, Virginia, was settled before the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country, or that the vast domain which forms four-fifths of the United States was won by Southern men, or that slavery was forced upon this country by England, seconded by New England, or that in 1860 one-tenth of the slaves were communicants in churches.

What we need is a history of the country from the beginning, which shall show the wonderful part the South had in its conquest and development, and the patriotic spirit and great sacrifices made by the South for the Union. It can only be written by one in thorough sympathy with the ideas of the South, as well as with thorough knowledge of the great facts of history.

The history of this country to the close of the civil war is not the "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," as Vice President Wilson wrote it, but the history of the overthrow of the Constitution as it was originally adopted. While giving hearty devotion to the government as it now is, and while laboring to make it a glory and a blessing to the world, we yet owe it to our ancestors, and to our dead, to show in history that government, as we believe it was intended by its framers, and as it made such wonderful progress under our administration of it until the opposing idea triumphed.

Upon our Confederate veterans lies the duty of securing this vindication of their cause from the facts of all our past history. We owe it to our fathers, to ourselves and to our children that the history of our common country should not be left to be told by those who are out of sympathy with our spirit and principles, and so are unable to do justice to our motives or actions; and who therefore fail to record the glorious part we had in winning and developing the country, and fail to understand the meaning of the heroic struggle we made, not to preserve slavery, but to preserve our rights under the Constitution.

OLD HICKORY—REMARKABLE RAILROAD.

Maj. J. W. Thomas, President of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, one of the most important systems in the country, and noted for its success and popularity, responded to a toast given to Alabama Guests, in Nashville recently. The event was brought about by the Nashville Board of Trade, and in compliment to business men and their families living between the Tennessee and Coosa Rivers in Alabama.

"Upon my return from New York yesterday, I found my friends of the Board of Trade had complimented me with an invitation to address you upon the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway. I presume they thought as I had been connected with that road for thirty-five years, I might be able to tell something about it, or, it is more probable they thought as I had been on that road so long I did not know anything else. I shall not, however, speak of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, but shall speak of a more remarkable railroad, the Tennessee & Coosa, upon the line of which our guests reside. A road, the need of which was felt and appreciated eighty years before it was built. After the slaughter at Ft. Mimms, volunteers were called for and 2,500 Tennesseans responded. A leader was needed, and Governor Blount asked Jackson, who was confined at the Hermitage with a broken arm from Benton's bullet, if he would take charge of the volunteers. Jackson replied, "It's no time for a man to be sick when his country needs his services, and I will go if I have to be carried on a stretcher." Jackson with his forces, crossed the Tennessee River near Gunter's Landing and marched across the Mountain to Double Springs, now Gadsden, and he so felt the need of this road, that in 1813, he recommended the building of a road connecting the waters of the Tennessee and Coosa Rivers, and in 1819, an appropriation was made by Congress to aid in the construction of this road, which however was not chartered until 1841, not commenced until 1854, and not completed until 1893. Is it not remarkable that the need of this little road was felt eighty years before it was built, and seventeen years before there was a mile of railroad in the United States, and that forty years should elapse during its construction, longer than the people of Nashville have been waiting for a Union Depot? [Applause]. It is remarkable, too, from the fact that it connects more miles of water transportation than any road of equal length in the World. The water-ways connected by this little road, furnish water transportation to more than one-half of the States of this great country, and in length more than three times across the Atlantic Ocean. A steamboat leaving Guntersville, down the Tennessee, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans, through the Gulf, up the Alabama and Coosa Rivers to Gadsden, would make a distance of over 1,600 miles, and lack only thirty-seven miles of reaching the starting point.

"This little road is also remarkable from the topography of the country through which it runs; leaving Gunter's Landing, we pass five miles through a valley, then climb the mountain over rugged cliffs and deep ravines seven miles, until an altitude of 1,040 feet is reached; thence along the table lands with fine timber, and well tilled farms ten miles, and then descend through a narrow gorge known as the Dungeon, on account of the rugged walls on either side, through which Line Creek runs and over which we pass fourteen times, until Wills Valley is reached, through which we go nine miles to Gadsden, at the southern base of Lookout Mountain.

"This road is also remarkable for the products of the section through which it passes; corn, wheat, cotton and fruits are raised in abundance, and there are also large deposits of coal, iron ore and magnificent forests of timber. So diversified are the products of this section, it has been said that the people along this line make what they live on, and live on what they

make. The annual product of cotton is about 25,000 bales, and the annual trade about \$7,000,000, and it is this trade which the merchants of Nashville should endeavor to secure, by offering the best goods at the lowest prices, and the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway will aid them to do so, by giving the lowest possible rates. We shall endeavor, not only to bind these sections together with bars of steel, but with the stronger and more enduring bonds of mutual interest."

MISS A. C. CHILDRESS,

OFFICIAL STENOGRAPHER AND TYPEWRITER OF THE
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The VETERAN presents to its readers the picture and a short sketch of this young lady, who has done so much for the VETERAN, and who is so prominently identified with the great organization of the United Confederate Association.

Miss Childress' family are originally from Nashville, Tenn. She was born in New Orleans, and is the daughter of a veteran. Her father, Mr. Geo. P. Childress, was a member of Scott's Cavalry, and served in the army from the beginning to the end of the war.



Like many other Southern women, to whom the war is as a dream, she is an ardent believer in the sacred principles her father and friends fought for, is a worshipper of the memories of the "lost cause," and is devoted to the story of its victories and defeats, and the valor of its brave soldiers and heroic leaders.

Possessed of a good mind, well educated, being an expert in figures, a rapid and tireless worker, she is a very valuable assistant in the organization of such a great enterprise. She had exceptional advantages for this peculiar work, having assisted Adj't Gen. Moorman through all his labors in the organization of the Veteran Confederate States Cavalry Association, which was his conception, and embraced a division in each Southern State, commanded by a Vice-President, with one President commanding the body. That organization was effected by him in 1888, and the two great cavalry reunions, under his direction, took place in New Orleans in 1888 and 1889, bringing together veterans from every State. Miss Childress, as stenographer and Secretary, assisted in these memorable reunions, familiarizing herself with names and places of all leading veterans. When Gen. Moorman was appointed Adj't to Gen. Gordon he at once secured her

valuable services, and to which duties she has applied herself ever since with the devotion of an Eastern worshiper. She reported the proceedings of our last great reunion at New Orleans.

A sketch of Gen. Moorman was requested, with picture, and he replied: "I do not send mine, as I naturally feel modest about it. My work will speak for me—only thirty-three Camps when I took hold, now over five hundred. I have done it simply out of my devotion to and love of the old veterans and our glorious cause."

S. W. Meek, Manager and Treasurer Southwestern Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., January 1, 1894: In answer to request for verification to your assertion that you have the most influential publication in the South, I would say that my only experience has been with your advertising department. I have used nearly every large paper in the South, and the VETERAN is the best medium that I have used.

Books Supplied by S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

- John Esten Cook's complete works, time payments. \$9.
- "The Southern Cross," by Mrs. L. R. Messenger. \$1.
- "Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," by J. O. Casler, \$2.
- "That Old-Time Child Roberta," by Mrs. Sophie Fox Lea, \$1.
- "Immortelles," by Maj. S. K. Phillips, Chattanooga, 50 cents.
- "The Other Side," a thrilling poem of 900 lines, by Virginia Frazier Boyle, Mr. Davis being her theme. \$1.
- "Sketch of the Battle of Franklin, and Reminiscences of Camp Douglas," by John M. Copley. \$1.
- "How It Was, or Four Years With the Rebel Army," a thrilling story by Mrs. Irby Morgan, of Nashville. This is a charming book. \$1.
- "Hancock's Diary, or History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry. A large octavo book, with many portraits and biographic sketches. The frontispiece is a fine steel engraving of Gen. N. B. Forrest. \$2.50.
- "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Henry M. Field, D. D. \$1.50. This book comprises a series of letters on the South. Fifty pages are devoted to the battle of Franklin, and the author is especially complimentary to this editor. The closing chapters are on Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

"The Civil War."

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Agricultural College, Mississippi, writes to Mrs. Ann E. Snyder, author of "The Civil War": Your history has very important information in it. The facts are pleasantly and strongly presented, and I think it should be used as a supplementary reader in all classes studying the history of the civil war.

Confederate Veterans' Reunion, Birmingham, Ala., April 25-26, 1894.

The Richmond & Danville Railroad and the Georgia Pacific Railway will make special reduced rate of one fare for the round trip for all persons attending the Confederate Veterans' Reunion at Birmingham, Ala., 25th and 26th of this month. This is going to be a great gathering of the old soldiers and their friends, and the people of Birmingham are expecting many thousands to be in attendance.

The Richmond & Danville and the Georgia Pacific are making preparations to handle the veterans from all along the line in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia Alabama and Mississippi, and the low rate of one fare offered makes it within reach of all to enjoy the great pleasures on that occasion.

Call on ticket agents of the lines named for full information

PATRIOTIC AND PROGRESSIVE.

Confederate Veteran.

Mrs H Marshall
Cedar st corner High
dec. 94

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PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. Vol. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1894.

No. 5. S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Proprietor.

SOUTHERN BEAUTIES AT BIRMINGHAM.

The young lady representatives of States at the reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Birmingham, are as follows:

The top row of five in picture, from left to right.

ANNIE McDUGGALD, Ga.
CARRIE COCHRAN, Ala.
LIZZIE CLARKE, Va.
ELEANOR GRAVES, Ky.
ELIZABETH PASCO, Fla.



The middle row of five, from left to right.

LELIA MONTAGUE, Md.
ETTA MITCHELL, Miss.
ADELE HAYNE, S. C.
LAURA BOONE, Texas.
ADA VINSON, La.

The two lower in front.

ADELE McMURRAY, Tenn.
BESSIE HENDERSON, N. C.

This list does not comprise all who were selected but simply those who were present and participated.





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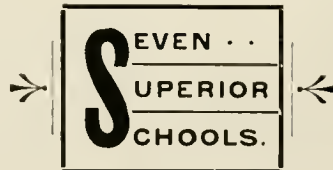
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Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.
YEARLY, \$1.

} Vol. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1894.

No. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
Proprietor.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter
Advertisements: Two dollars per line one time, or \$20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$10. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on former rate.

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

The date to subscriptions 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 entitled to that number.

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

THE SOUVENIR.

Many beautiful testimonials to the merit of the Souvenir have been received, and extracts of commendation would be cordially approved by patrons. At present but one testimonial is given. It is from Mr. John C. Latham, Jr., of the well-known Southern Banking House in New York, Latham, Alexander & Co. In sending a yearly advertisement to the VETERAN the extraordinary compliment is paid it, being almost the only journal used by that firm to advertise in a quarter century. They advertise annually by a superb volume filled with valuable cotton statistics, etc. Mr. Latham erected, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, a few years ago, a monument to the "unknown dead" in the cemetery at his old home, Hopkinsville, Ky. In a congratulatory letter about the Souvenir, he says: "You are doing an excellent service in thus attractively compiling the records of those memorable days when romance and tragedy combined under the name of the Civil War to make the most eventful epoch in American history. Your magazine must commend itself to every surviving Confederate soldier."

The Souvenir is due to all subscribers who pay \$1. Those who paid 50 cents will, on renewal at the dollar, be entitled to it as long as the edition lasts.

The State Association of the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Alabama, organized April 26th at Birmingham, is composed of wide-awake, energetic young men, who will do a good work in perpetuating the memory of their fathers' valor. The VETERAN would like to print a full report of the organization, but it is unable to give the required space this issue. That the Association will be a success goes without saying, with such officers as Commander Rufus N. Rhodes, Inspector General Roundtree, Second Brigadier General R. P. Kelly and others.

In conversation with Judge George R. Sage, United States District Judge for the Southern District of Ohio, who is now holding Court in Nashville, he said that he was quite interested in an article in the last number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN under the title "The Name of Our War." The Judge said it struck him that it would be very difficult to fix upon any new name that would be generally recognized and adopted, and that, in his view, "The Rebellion" was the best and strongest name. He said there was something sturdy and brave and manly in the word "Rebel," and that it indicated one who had the courage of his convictions and was ready to fight for them; that he never liked the term "Confederate" because, especially to a lawyer, there was a suggestion of something concealed or furtive or in the nature of a conspiracy about it, while "Rebellion" was open and above-board.

The Judge further remarked that the difference between Rebellion and Revolution was simply the difference between failure and success; that the government of the United States was born of rebellion and baptized in repudiation; that our forefathers were all rebels until they succeeded, and the war they waged was a Rebellion until by their success they made it a Revolution. He said that of course he was not thinking of the terms Rebellion and Rebel as expressive of derision or reproach, but simply as definitive of the real condition.

In the same conversation with the distinguished gentleman—he was an old line Whig, and is a conservative Republican—he related these singular facts: "The oath of office was administered to me by United States Judge Hammond, of Memphis (then holding court in Cincinnati), on the 7th of April, 1883, the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh, in which Judge Hammond fought on the Southern side. When Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, was making the tour of the United States in the fall of that year he stated, at Cincinnati, that Queen Victoria would have made Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State, who went to England after the war and engaged in the practice of law, a judge of the Queen's Bench but for the suggestion by Mr. Gladstone that it might be regarded by the United States as an unfriendly act. When the fact that the iron clad oath of office had that very year been administered to me by United States Judge Hammond, an ex-Rebel, was mentioned to Lord Coleridge, he was greatly surprised and gratified, and said that such a thing could not happen in any country on the globe except the United States."

PROVE YOUR FAITH.

AN APPEAL TO FRIENDS OF THE VETERAN.

For many months I have believed that should an emergency come one thousand persons would volunteer to furnish five dollars each as substantial support to the VETERAN. There are more than a thousand in arrears now on subscription account, and, besides, expenses are crushing these hard times. Thousands of comrades seem to have forgotten the countersign, and the Sergeants have neglected roll call, although twice summoned. Now, comrades, this won't do.

Attention! Note this extraordinary fact: This little VETERAN is commended officially, yea, sacredly, by more organizations of noble men than has ever been any periodical, no doubt, in history. Refer to the list comprising nearly three pages, with but one line to an organization, with many more to come, and think of the thousands all over the South who, after bending the stiffened knee in prayer during their business proceedings, while providing for afflicted comrades and other sacred duties, say, upon their love of country and sacred honor, that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN deserves the support of all good men. Think, then, of your duty. Are you getting the VETERAN and letting the time for renewal pass month after month without a word in explanation? Don't you know that disaster would follow quickly upon such conduct?

Comrade, answer, "Here!" If you can't pay say so. There are about 500 whose subscriptions are in single wrappers, and with the wrapper goes the date of subscription. If you have neglected to observe the date write at once for information. All others can tell at a glance below their names whether it is time to renew. Now for a remembrance roll:

I appeal for a thousand volunteers who will furnish \$5 with six names to whom the Souvenir (now ready) and VETERAN for a year may be sent. To you who have supplied many subscriptions, as well as to you who have done nothing beyond paying your own subscription, I appeal to write me at once and say that you will secure a half dozen subscribers within thirty days and remit \$5 for the six. Are you too busy to attend to it? If so, confer with friends and decide upon some one who ought to have the VETERAN but can't pay for it, and see that he or she secures five subscriptions at \$1 each, and an extra copy will be sent to him or her free, including Souvenir.

Friend, this is to you. Please send your name for my remembrance book. I couldn't tell you in a single VETERAN the good that would come through such co-operation. Your general co-operation is necessary now. Your co-operation can, in a week, place the VETERAN in royal attitude from a business standpoint. To you, good friends, who have already done much,

please write me, if only to say you can do no more. To you who have done nothing but hand fifty cents to a voluntary solicitor, please come to the front now and send your name to be entered on my remembrance book, saying you will secure six subscriptions and send \$5 right away. The Souvenir to be sent as above.

Let there be no exceptions in this appeal. If each friend of the VETERAN will do what he or she can to promote its interests during the first week in June, including the ninth, and report by that day, the result will put the VETERAN on a basis commensurate with its high indorsement throughout the South. Comrades, brothers, friends, will you act in this matter? Will you write and report, if only to say you could do nothing in the time designated? You was asked to write five letters to advertisers in last VETERAN. If you did so report it, and a year's subscription will be credited to any one you will name. If this co-operation be given I can make the VETERAN far better than it has yet been. May I have from you the letter containing assurance of your continued devotion to the greatest of issues in our generation? The VETERAN, by such co-operation, would glisten in the sunlight of truth, and its popularity would make it an honor to Southern and to American patriotism. Answer, "Here!"

DEDICATION OF THE CHICAGO MONUMENT.

Gen. John C. Underwood sends out under date of May 11th, special order No. 1, in which he states that owing to the fact that the monument erected over the Confederate dead buried in Oakwood's Cemetery, Chicago, has a debt upon it of nearly \$2,500; and because of late subscriptions to the said monument fund by various Camps, U. C. V., aggregating over \$1,800, with promises of enough more to enable the paying off of all obligations, when collections shall have been made, it is deemed expedient to defer the dedicatory ceremonies. "Therefore, the public dedication of the Confederate monument in Oakwood's Cemetery is hereby postponed, from May 30, 1894, as originally contemplated, until such time as the structure shall be free of debt."

Maj. J. B. Briggs, Commander of the John W. Caldwell Camp U. C. V. at Russellville, Ky., reports assuring plans for a reunion of the Orphan Brigade at Russellville, Sept. 4th. The organization includes Morgan's Cavalry. Commander Briggs was directed by the Camp to invite the Tennessee Division of Confederate soldiers specially as its organization has ever been embraced in its annual and official reports. Arrangements are being made for a royal entertainment to every Confederate who can be there.

Col. R. B. Coleman, of McAlister, Indian Territory, reports the death of Comrade Treadaway, who served in the 4th Mississippi Cavalry and was a member of the U. C. V. Camp at McAlister.

BIRMINGHAM REUNION REPORTS.

It was the purpose of the VETERAN to print, in regular order, the proceedings of the United Veterans at Birmingham, official. Request was made of General Moorman, who did not reply, but a few days since the Secretary wrote that his "accident was of a most serious nature, and unless the greatest care is exerted he will lose his eye-sight." Cause of accident not given.

Reasons are given elsewhere why a full, fresh, spirited account was not prepared at the time. The notes that do appear, however, will be interesting of themselves, and ere long it is expected that all the transactions of importance will find place in the VETERAN.

It is with pride and gratitude that this number will contain sketches and pictures of comrades who, from the body of the Convention, secured the opportunity for the brotherhood to declare its wish in behalf of this little periodical. The precise record has been compiled through much expense and care. It was fully intended to give the leading points in the report of Historical Committee, but a revised report has not been procured.

TABLEAUX ENTERTAINMENT AT THE WIGWAM.

Concerning the tableaux entertainment there was disappointment by the veterans, who expected a complimentary admission both nights. It was so ordered the second night. The original purpose in charging admission was evidently for protection against an over-crowded audience, as well as for revenue. The receipts were about \$1,600, with about \$400 expenses. The reunion cost about \$2,500, aside of private help. The entertainment given in the two evenings at the Wigwam was novel object lessons in history. Fourteen Southern States each sent an attractive young lady to take her place in the tableaux of the States, in the laudable desire to illustrate the history of 1860-5, in the secession 1860-1. Then by another and most beautiful tableaux, representing the condition of the Confederate States after Lee crossed the Potomac from the disaster at Gettysburg. In this the eleven States appeared in deepest black. As the curtain rose they were seen working in sadness of spirit for the soldiers in the army. Georgia had grown restive and threatened to withdraw, when beautiful Majestic Virginia was seen to approach her sister State and gently draw her back again. At the time the dead were being brought home, a silver cross descended over the body, by which five of the afflicted States were seen to kneel, two at the foot and head each, one on the side, while the rest of the States, with eyes cast above, showed whence alone hope could come. It was an impressive, beautiful scene, and could not fail to illustrate its meaning to those who remembered that eventful time in our past. The ladies next appeared after the war was over, when reunited to Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, appeared the "Solid South." In this picture each lady was dressed in the beautiful, simple Greek costume, with new hope—Peace in the Union. That there should be no lingering suspicion of disloyalty to the old flag, the whole ended with a

union of the gray and the blue. Maj. Tate, in an old, tattered Confederate uniform, resting his hand upon the stacked arms, with Maj. Hunter, G. A. R., in blue, on the other side. Above, and in the rear, with the stars and stripes unfurled, was the beautiful "Columbia," resting her left hand on a shield of gold, on which was painted the eagle and coat of arms of the United States.

This entertainment suggests a new and beautiful feature in future reunions, and cannot fail of good influence.

THE BRAVE HONOR THE BRAVE.

Capt. Creed Milstead, of Ohio, had prepared an address as requested, but saw the Convention was so busy he simply paid his respects. These are of his notes:

I have been surrounded, but this is the first time I was ever captured, and if I had had the assurance of receiving the same hearty and generous treatment during the war that has been accorded me by all of you old soldiers since my arrival in Birmingham, I don't know but what I should have let you scoop me up in my first engagement.

Comrades, I am here in response to a cordial invitation sent me last June by your Honorable Adjutant General, Moorman, of New Orleans, La., in which he urged me earnestly to meet with the United Confederate Veterans, at this reunion. He also gave me every assurance of receiving a hearty welcome by the brave survivors of the Southern Army. All of his promises have been more than verified.

I am here to commingle with the brave survivors of your army who marched and fought for a cause with as honest convictions and as pure motives as were my own. But the primary cause of my coming here is to meet one of the bravest survivors of the Southern Army, a man, who to-day is fighting life's battles on one limb—the other he gave as a sacrifice to the cause he loved. I allude to Capt. R. H. Phelps, of LaGrange, Texas, whom I found on the field in the carnage of the battle near Lynchburg, Va., on June 17, 1864. Our good Chaplain, Joseph Little, who long years ago crossed the dark river, and to-day is bivouaced on "Fame's eternal camping ground," and I kept Capt. Phelps at our headquarters, and did all we could through the long hours of that eventful night to alleviate his sufferings. We cut his boots off his feet, and kept his frightful wounds bathed constantly in cold water. We were lying close up to your line—so close, indeed, that we could not build fires without having them extinguished by lead from your guns. The next morning we fell back into a woods to reform our lines for the second day's battle, and with us we carried Capt. Phelps, whom we delivered to our hospital department, and we went on into the fight of another day. That afternoon our army was forced to retreat towards the Kanawha Valley, and our Confederate friend was left behind.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since we, in the dismal woods in front of Lynchburg, delivered Capt. Phelps into the hands of the hospital attendants, and this is the first time we have had the pleasure of meeting each other, and to-day we are as happy "Johnny" and "Yank" as the most fastidious could wish to see. Every 17th of June, from 1864 to 1891, I have never failed to think of this incident, and would wonder

whether my friend Phelps had survived with his wounds and was still living.

On June 30, 1891, I sent a detailed account of the incident to the Wheeling, West Va., *Register*, which was published, and Sergeant Joseph C. McMohen, one of Capt. Phelps' comrades, seeing it, wrote me at once, giving me his post-office address. The remainder of this history is easily told. We have been corresponding with each other regularly ever since 1891, have exchanged photographs of ourselves and families, and our correspondence will be continued as long as we both live.

While here and before you, comrades, I desire to say a word for the Union soldier. Having had the honor of serving two consecutive years as Inspector of the Department of Ohio, during which time I have met and conversed with nearly every soldier in the State, and you may believe me, when I say that I have yet to meet one who bears any animosity or ill feeling towards the true soldiers of the Southern Army.

We stand ready and willing to receive you as brothers of our United Republic.

I shall bear to my Northern home but the pleasant recollections of the courteous manner in which I was received and treated by the members of your organization, and trust that our commingling together may be instrumental in producing a good effect.

It has afforded me great pleasure to be with you on this occasion. The years are rolling rapidly by; in a very short time the last soldier of the two great armies that confronted each other in battle from 1861 to '65, will have received orders to report on the parade grounds of heaven, there to march in grand review before the great Commander of us all, who will judge alike both the blue and the gray.

Gen. Jackson, of Tennessee, eloquently introduced to the audience Gen. Miller, the Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of Alabama, who was there with a token of regard for Gen. Gordon, who saved the life of Gen. Francis C. Barlow. Commander Miller presented, in the typical manner of an American soldier, a cane cut from the place which is known as Barlow's Hill, to Gen. Gordon. [All during this time continued cheers for the blue and the gray.]

Gen. Gordon, in accepting the cane, said:

Gen. Miller, it would be idle for me to attempt to express in words what I feel upon this presentation. I can only say that in that war there did never come into my breast, or in the breasts of any of these brave men here to-day, a single feeling of animosity, but that they were inspired by that one word, duty, only duty. And now, looking back over that war I can say, and I know I express the sentiment of all these veterans, that it matters not what flag a soldier followed, it matters not what uniform he wore, since he was there through a conviction of duty and consciousness of the call of his country had inspired him, and he was willing to lay down his life at the call of duty. As such we welcome you here to-day. I welcome you as a one time foe but now a friend, and I stand to pledge to you the loyalty of as brave a people as the sun ever shone upon. And now, sir, in behalf of this brotherhood I bid you most hearty welcome.

Gen. Gordon's reply to Gen. Miller was pathetic and most appropriate.

Upon notice of his re-election as Commander of the United Veterans, Gen. Gordon said:

Comrades, I have no language at my command capable of conveying to you the sentiment which wells up in my heart at this honor you have given.

It had been my purpose to retire from this office and leave it to some one worthier than myself. [Voices: "Couldn't be found."] I accept the honor, comrades, with all the love and loyalty to you and your cause that ever throbbed in a Southern heart. I want to say one thing before I take my seat; I won't detain you long. [Voices: "Go on, go on."] In my opinion, and this opinion is based upon long thought and investigation of history and inquiry, there never existed in the history of the world, and there may never exist in the history of the world, an army that, from a standpoint of courage and in other particulars, equaled the Confederate Army of the South. Whether led by great leaders or not, whether thirsty or hungry or haggard, they marched into the gloom with a courage unparalleled in the history of all the ages that have passed. That reminds me of an occasion when a one-legged old Confederate veteran had been discharged on account of the loss of his leg. He went into a prayer-meeting where Brother Brown was leading in prayer, and in the course of that prayer Brother Brown said: "Heavenly Father, we pray thee to give us more courage in this strife that is now going on, give us more manhood," when this old soldier cried out, unable to contain himself any longer, and said, "Hold on, Brother Brown, hold on there, you are all wrong. Pray for more ammunition and provisions. We have manhood and courage enough."

Every man of that army, a hero, was willing to march to the front and win victories, whether he had a leader or not. May God care for and protect each of these Confederates to the day of his death. The man who marched into front of battle and made his leaders and his Generals.

God go with you when you leave here, and remain with you through the days that are to be yours. May his bright skies cover you, and his sunlight gladden your old hearts through those days.

Commendable zeal is exercised by the people at Calhoun, Ga., in caring for the Resaca Confederate dead buried near there. That is a cemetery in which Southerners from many sections should be interested. Mr. J. O. Middleton sends the following list of some of the Tennesseans buried there, with their company and regiment: J. H. Waddy, 32d; F. Russell, Co. A, and J. A. Gilmore, Co. B, 45th; J. W. Lester, Co. C, 29th; J. H. Savage, 20th; A. Thelton, 18th; A. V. Simonton, and three unknown soldiers belonging to 9th; J. Lipsheets, Co. G, John Ingles, Co. D, and J. W. Rathens, Co. C, 8th.

Give something to this worthy cause, no matter how small the amount. J. O. M.

The nephew of the gallant John Pelham, whose name was changed by the Legislature to Charles Thomas Pelham, is a resident still of El Paso, Texas. An error in printing notes by L. B. Giles, who was one of Terry's Texas Rangers, suggests this note.

Mark Cockrill, Jr.: " * * * Yes, we are indeed a good ways off, but the VETERAN comes like a voice from Dixie." He writes from Lucille, Montana.

RECORD OF VOTE BY THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

On Saturday, May 5, 1894, request was mailed to the Confederate organizations for written information as to whether represented at Birmingham in the Convention of United Confederate Veterans, and if so, whether they voted for the VETERAN as official organ of the United Veterans; also as to whether they had made the VETERAN their own organ, or contemplated doing so. It will be seen, on examination, that there is not one word of unkindness expressed from any source. The "don't know," "think not," etc., don't in a single instance indicate disfavor. The only declination to make the VETERAN "its own organ" by any Camp is by one of 23 members, whose Secretary states that while it appreciates the good work the VETERAN has done and is doing, it declines since the action of United Confederate Veterans at Birmingham to vote for any as an official organ. Its reason for such position is misunderstood. Theirs is the only report not in the list.

ALABAMA.

POSTOFFICE.	NAME OF CAMP.	No. Members.	If represented at Birm'gham did it vote for Veteran as its official organ?	Has it made the Veteran its own organ?	If it has not, does it contemplate doing so?	NAME OF OFFICER.
Alexandria	Alexandria	44	yes	yes		C. Martin, Com.
Anniston	Pelham	110	yes	no action		F. M. Hight, Com.
Auburn	Auburn	41	yes		yes	Gen. Jas. H. Lane, Adj.
Bessemer	Bessemer	90	yes	yes		W. R. Jones, Com.
Birmingham	W. J. Hardee	350	yes	yes		R. E. Jones, Com.
Coalburg	Frank Cheatham	15	yes	yes		F. P. Lewis, Com.
Dadeville	Crans-Kimbal	150		no action	may do so	W. C. McIntosh, Com.
Florence	E. A. O'Neal	131	yes	yes		A. M. O'Neal, Com.
Fort Payne	W. N. Estes	60	yes		yes	J. M. Davidson, Com.
Hartselle	Friendship	76	yes	yes		Matt K. Mahan, Com.
Greenville	Sam Adams	44	didn't vote	not yet	yes	Ed. Crenshaw, Com.
Lowndesboro.	T. J. Bullock	42	don't know	yes		C. D. Whitman, Adj.
Lower Peach Tree ..	R. H. G. Gaines	34	yes	yes		B. D. Portis, Com.
Moundville	Woodruff	18	it did	we have		John S. Powers, Com.
Oxford	Camp Lee	97	yes	yes		Thomas H. Barry, Com.
Pearce's Mills	R. E. Lee	40			don't know	J. Pearce, Com.
Piedmont	Stewart	78	yes	yes		J. N. Hood, Com.
Roanoke	Aiken-Smith	194	yes		yes	W. A. Handley, Com.
Scale	J. F. Waddell	36		not yet	yes	R. H. Bellamy, Com.
Springville	Springville	68	yes		yes	A. W. Woodall, Com.
Thomasville	Leander McFarland ..	92	don't know	not yet	yes	G. B. Hall, Adj.
Wedewee	Randolph	74	don't know	don't know	can't say	C. C. Enloe, Com.

ARKANSAS.

Hope	Camp Gratiot	80			think so	N. W. Stewart, Com.
Hot Springs	Albert Pike	125		yes		A. Curl, Adj.
Huntingdon	Stonewall Jackson ..	210		yes		L. B. Lake, Com.
Morrilton	Robert W. Harper	136		no	yes	W. S. Hanna, Com.
Oxford	Oxford	25			can't say	F. M. Gibson, Com.
Prescott	Walter Bragg	125			yes	W. J. Blake, Com.

FLORIDA.

Brooksville	W. W. Loring	44	yes	yes		Fred L. Robertson, Adj.
Chipley	McMillan	65	yes	yes		S. M. Robertson, Com.
DeFuniak Springs ..	E. Kirby-Smith	40	yes	no	not sugg't'd	J. T. Stubbs, Com.
Jacksonville	R. E. Lee	109	yes	yes		G. T. Maxwell, Com.
Lake City	E. A. Perry	109	yes	yes		W. Ives, Adj.
Ocala	Marion Con. Ass'n ..	100	yes			J. M. Mays, Com.
Pensacola	Camp Ward	110		yes		W. E. Anderson, Com.
Sanford	Gen. Jos. Finnegan ..	30	yes	yes		C. H. Lefler, Adj.
St. Augustine	E. Kiiby-Smith	32	yes	yes		J. W. Spitler, Com.
Tallahassee	Thomson B. Lamar ..	28			can't say	D. Lang, Com.

GEORGIA.

Carnesville	Millican	75	no	no	don't know	J. C. McCarter, Com.
Dalton	J. E. Johnston	67	yes	yes		A. P. Roberts, Com.
Hawkinsville	Con. Vet. Associat'n ..	150				W. L. Grice, Com.
LaGrange	Troup County Camp ..	97	yes	yes		J. L. Schaub, Com.
Macon	Bibb County	100				C. M. Wiley, Com.
Rome	Con. Vet. Associat'n ..	125	don't know			J. G. Yeiser, Com.
Summerville	Chattooga Co. Ass'n ..	32	no	no	don't know	L. R. Williams, Com.
Talbotton	L. B. Smith	115	yes	not yet	hope so	B. Curley, Com.

KENTUCKY.

Augusta	John B. Hood	6	yes	John S. Bradley, Com.
Benton	Alfred Johnston	40	little interest	J. P. Brian, Com.
Bethel	Pat Cleburne	12	yes	Jo. Arrasmith, Com.
Campton	George W. Cox	6	yes	C. C. Hanks, Adj.
Carlisle	Peter Bramblett	8	yes	Thomas Owens, Com.
Eminence	E. Kirby-Smith	6		W. L. Crabb, Com.
Georgetown	George W. Johnson	35	yes	A. N. Sinclair, Com.
Harrodsburg	William Preston	20	yes	Bush W. Allen, Com.
Henderson	Con. Soldiers' Ass'n.	64	yes	R. H. Cunningham, Adj.
Hopkinsville	Ned Merriwether	47	yes	C. F. Jarrett, Com.
Lexington	John C. Breckinridge	200	yes has indorsed it	John Boyd, Com.
Paducah	Lloyd Tighlman	40	no action	J. V. Greif, Adj.
Paducah	A. P. Thompson	71	yes	J. M. Browne, Adj.
Russellville	John W. Caldwell		yes	J. B. Briggs, Com.

LOUISIANA.

Benton	Loudon Butler	52	yes	S. M. Thomas, Com.
Bernick	Winchester Hall	45	yes	it will do so
Compte	Cap. Perot		yes	Leopold Perot, Com.
Jackson	Feliciano	45	yes	Z. Lea, Com.
Lake Charles	Calcasieu	250	yes	Dr. W. A. Knapp, Com.
Merrick	Isaiah Norwood	22	no	don't know D. T. Merrick, Com.
Rayville	Richland	47	yes	J. S. Summerlin, Com.
Ruston	Con. Vet. Associat'n.	105	don't know	will lay before Camp. A. Barksdale, Com.
Tangipahoa	Moore			O. P. Amacker, Com.

MISSISSIPPI.

Anguilla	Patrick R. Claiborne	49	not yet	yes J. C. Hall, Com.
Canton	E. Giles Henry	75	yes	James M. Grafton, Adj.
Chester	R. G. Prewitt	20	don't know	think not ... will see J. H. Evans, Com.
Columbus	Isham Harrison	46	yes	yes W. A. Campbell, Adj.
Grenada	W. R. Barksdale	50		would like to do so J. W. Young, Com.
Hickory Flat	Hickory Flat	35	yes	think so J. D. Lakey, Com.
Iuka	Lamar	102		will bring before Camp. G. P. Hammersley, Com.
Kosciusko	William Barksdale	64	can't say	C. H. Campbell, Com.
Lexington	Walter L. Keirn	65	don't know	try to do so next meeting. H. J. Reid, Com.
Maben	Stephen D. Lee	10	yes sir	O. B. Cooke, Com.
Okalona	W. F. Tucker	50	don't know	B. J. Abbott, Com.
Senatobia	Bill Feeney	90		think it will G. D. Shands, Com.
Woodville	Woodville	21	yes	yes P. M. Stockett, Adj.

MISSOURI.

Exeter	Sterling Price	44	yes	yes James Montgomery, Com.
Morley	Maj. James Parrott	50	not present	it may. A. J. Gupton, Com.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Charlotte	Mecklenburg	15	hope so	D. G. Maxwell, Adj.
Clinton	Sampson	22	hope so	R. H. Holliday, Com.
Hickory	Catawba	110	yes	yes J. G. Hall, Com.
Pittsboro	Leonidas J. Merritt	10	hope so	W. L. London, Com.
Salisbury	Col. Chas. T. Fisher	178	yes	yes C. R. Barker, Adj.
Statesville	Col. R. Campbell	37	yes	yes P. C. Carlton, Com.
Wilmington	Cape Fear	143	yes	not formally. yes W. L. DeRosset, Com.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aiken	Barnard E. Bee	250	yes	yes B. H. Teague, Com.
Charleston	Palmetto Guard	40	yes	yes A. W. Lanneau, Adj.
Columbia	Hampton	91	yes	yes A. P. Brown, Com.
Edgefield C. H.	Abner Perrin	75	yes	yes J. H. Brooks, Com.
Greenville	R. C. Pulliam	130	yes	yes P. T. Hayne, Adj.
Hymen	Hampton	22		don't know M. L. Munn, Com.
Newberry	James D. Nance	186	yes	yes C. F. Boyd, Adj.
Pickens C. H.	Wolf Creek	59	yes	not yet J. A. Griffin, Com.
Rock Hill	Catawba	52		yes I. Jones, Adj.
Simpsonville	Manning Austin	36	yes	not yet W. P. Gresham, Com.
Spartanburg	Camp Walker	85	don't know	will bring before Camp. Joseph Walker, Com.
Summerville	Gen. James Conner	112		yes George Tupper, Com.

TENNESSEE.

Alamo.....	Joseph E. Johnston...	65		yes		J. B. Humphreys, Com.
Brownsville.....	H. S. Bradford.....	68		not yet		George C. Porter, Com.
Chattanooga.....	N. B. Forrest.....	122		yes	yes	L. T. Dickinson, Com.
Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	170		yes	yes	Butler Boyd, Com.
Fayetteville.....	Shackleford-Fulton...	100		not advised	no express'n	W. A. Miles, Com.
Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollicoffer...	55			yes	Charles Ducloux, Adj.
Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	52		yes	yes	S. T. Hardison, Com.
McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson...	56		yes	yes	J. P. Cannon, Com.
Nashville.....	Frank Cheatham.....	350		yes	yes	John P. Hickman, Adj.
Pikeville.....	H. M. Ashby.....	87		yes	yes	L. T. Billingly, Com.
Winchester.....	Turney.....	111		don't know	yes	J. E. Jones, Com.

TEXAS.

Abilene.....	Abilene.....	92		has not	think so	T. W. Daugherty, Adj.
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	55	yes	yes		J. R. Posey, Adj.
Archer City.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	65		yes		T. M. Cecil, Adj.
Aurora.....	R. Q. Mills.....	20	yes	yes		G. W. Short, Com.
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....		yes		yes	J. P. Holmes, Com.
Brazoria.....	Clinton Terry.....	36	yes	yes		W. F. Smith, Com.
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	200	yes	yes		C. W. Higginbotham, Com.
Canton.....	J. L. Hogg.....	140		yes		W. D. Thompson, Adj.
Chico.....	McIntosh.....	86		yes		L. S. Eddins, Com.
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	70	yes	think so	yes	J. D. Mitchell, Com.
Coleman.....	John Pelham.....	61	yes	yes		H. L. Lewis, Com.
Commerce.....	R. E. Lee.....	38	yes		think so	G. G. Lindsey, Com.
Corsicana.....	Winkler.....	120			don't know	R. M. Collins, Com.
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	182	yes	not yet	yes	Enoch Braxson, Com.
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	316	yes	yes		Geo. R. Fearn, Adj.
Dodd City.....	Maxey.....	20		has not	can't tell	W. C. Moore, Com.
Forney.....	Camp Bee.....	52	yes	yes		T. M. Daniel, Com.
Gonzales.....	John C. G. Key.....	145	yes	yes		H. L. Qualls, Adj.
Gordonville.....	J. G. Hodges.....	20	don't know	yes		Wm. Hodges, Com.
Graham.....	Young County.....			it has		A. T. Gay, Com.
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	40	yes		some time ago	J. C. Skipwith, Com.
Hillsboro.....	U. C. V. Association.....	450	yes		think it will	B. Knox, Com.
Houston.....	Dick Dowling.....	200	yes	yes		Will Lambert, Com.
Ladonia.....	Robert E. Lee.....	176	yes	not yet	can't say	T. C. Reed, Adj.
Lagrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	35	yes	it will		R. H. Phelps, Com.
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	132		yes		D. C. Thomas, Com.
Marlin.....	Willis L. Lang.....	205	yes		yes	G. A. King, Com.
Menardville.....	Menardville.....	20		has not been considered		F. M. Kitchens, Com.
McGregor.....	McGregor.....	100	yes	yes		W. H. Harris, Com.
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	40			yes	J. T. Tucker, Com.
Navasota.....	H. H. Boone.....	100		no action		W. E. Barry, Com.
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	24		not yet	yes	Alex Coker, Com.
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	60		has not	can't say	J. W. Ewing, Com.
Paradise.....	Pat Cleburne.....	40	suppose so	yes		L. T. Mason, Adj.
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	380	yes	yes		O. C. Connor, Com.
Richmond.....	Frank Terry.....			no	can't say	P. E. Peareson, Com.
Ripley.....	Gen. Hood.....	21			it will	John C. Hood, Adj.
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	110	suppose so		yes	Taylor McRae, Adj.
Santa Anna.....	L. Q. Lamar.....	27		yes		Will Hubert Adj.
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	25		yes		T. H. C. Peery, Com.
Taylor.....	A. S. Johnston.....	50	yes		yes	M. Ross, Com.
Terrell.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	75		yes		Vic Reinhardt, Adj.
Texarkana.....	A. P. Hill.....	35	not present	no action yet		C. A. Hooks, Adj.
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	56	can't say	no action	can't say	S. E. Hatchett, Com.
Waco.....	Pat Cleburne.....	151			contemplates doing so	J. G. Fennel, Com.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria	R. E. Lee.....	132		yes	W. A. Smoot, Com.	
Charlottesville	J. B. Strange.....	100		 don't know	J. M. Garrett, Com.	
Harrisonburg.....	S. B. Gibbons.....	50		 can't tell.....	D. H. Lee Martz, Com.	
Petersburg.....	A. P. Hill.....	280		 don't know	W. G. McCabe, Com.	
Radford	G. C. Wharton.....	81		yes	yes	R. H. Adams, Adj.
Reams' Store.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	35		 not yet.....	 will be considered.	A. B. Moncure, Adj.
West Point.....	John R. Cooke.....	32		yes	yes	W. W. Green, Com.
Williamsburg	Magruder-Ewell.....	48			yes	H. P. Jones, Adj.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Charlestown John W. Rowan G. A. Porterfield.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore John H. Morgan 120 yes yes W. W. Hyden, Com.
McAlester Jeff Lee 77 yes not yet yes R. B. Coleman, Com.

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

Norman John B. Gordon 34 yes S. J. Wilkins, Adjt.

WHERE THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN TEXAS ARE FROM.

As a matter of general interest the VETERAN made these inquiries so as to furnish historic record of the Confederate soldiers who now live in Texas. Inaction on the part of many Camps prevented its completion.

LOCATION AND NAME OF CAMP.	Alabama.	Arizona.	Arkansas.	Florida.	Georgia.	Indian Ter.	Kansas.	Kentucky.	Louisiana.	Maryland.	Mississippi.	Missouri.	N. Carolina.	S. Carolina.	Tennessee.	Texas.	Virginia.	West Virg'a.	Miscellaneous.					Total.	
																			Unkn'wn						
Alvarado—Alvarado Camp	13	...	1	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	4	2	...	1	9	13	4	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	50
Belton—Bell Co. Ex-Confed. Ass'n	78	...	34	...	32	...	...	9	27	...	22	14	6	10	47	279	6	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	628
Brazoria—Clinton Jerry Camp	6	...	6	...	1	...	3	5	...	3	...	...	...	...	...	6	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	36
Breckinridge—Stephens County Camp	2	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	7	...	1	...	...	8	...	...	...	2	...	...	...	...	24
Canton—J. L. Hogg Camp	...	...	4	...	2	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	61	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	116
Chico—Camp McIntosh	7	1	...	...	3	...	...	4	1	...	...	6	3	1	19	19	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	90
Childress—Joe Johnston Camp	3	...	3	...	5	...	...	3	...	...	9	4	2	...	6	14	1	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	51
Collinsville—Beauregard Camp	8	...	7	...	1	...	...	2	...	...	10	6	2	2	7	90	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	147
Coleman—Coleman Camp	3	...	...	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	2	1	...	...	5	11	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	28
Cuero—Emmett Lynch Camp	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	3	1	1	...	...	75	2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	96
Dallas—Stirling Price Camp	23	1	17	1	23	...	...	10	31	1	23	17	10	9	29	81	19	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	310
Dublin—Erath and Comanche Camp	147	...	72	1	91	1	...	15	24	...	94	39	13	13	70	397	13	...	...	35	12	5	10	...	1024
El Paso—Jno. C. Brown Camp	1	1	2	...	1	...	...	1	1	...	4	4	1	1	1	12	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	47
Galveston—Joseph E. Johnston Camp	8	...	4	1	10	1	...	5	...	3	21	13	6	6	31	65	5	...	...	...	30	...	...	...	209
Galveston—Magruder Camp	10	...	1	...	2	...	...	31	...	...	7	...	4	1	4	98	13	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	171
Gatesville—Ex-Confederate Veterans	29	...	22	...	23	...	...	3	16	...	29	7	5	5	23	157	9	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	328
Gonzales—J. C. G. Key Camp	9	...	6	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	5	109	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	140
Gordonville—J. G. Hodges	...	...	1	...	3	...	...	...	1	...	3	1	...	...	1	8	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	20
Graham—Young County Bivouac	4	...	3	...	3	...	...	7	1	...	9	8	...	1	11	18	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	66
Grandview—J. E. Johnston Camp	7	...	...	...	3	...	...	2	...	...	5	1	...	1	10	7	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	36
Houston—Dick Dowling	8	...	3	1	5	...	...	3	9	1	4	1	1	3	5	75	10	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	129
Klingston—A. S. Johnston Camp	19	...	8	...	4	...	...	1	8	...	9	3	1	...	16	27	8	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	104
Ladonia—Robert E. Lee Camp	12	2	9	...	10	...	...	1	2	...	11	5	3	3	20	51	3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	141
Lampasas—R. E. Lee Camp	16	1	8	...	4	1	1	...	1	...	8	5	2	1	8	74	3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	133
LaGrange—B. Timmons Camp	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	2	...	...	...	2	27	2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	37
Madisonville—John G. Walker Camp	8	1	3	1	7	...	...	6	3	...	22	...	2	2	2	65	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	123
Marlin—Willis L. Lang Camp	26	...	7	1	9	...	...	...	4	...	26	...	2	3	9	96	7	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	192
Memphis—Hall County Camp	7	...	1	...	8	...	...	3	...	...	4	2	1	2	17	4	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	50
Mexia—Joe Johnston Camp	27	...	12	...	7	...	...	1	6	1	18	4	3	3	5	59	3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	150
Mt. Vernon—Camp Ben McCulloch	13	...	1	...	7	...	...	1	1	...	2	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	29
Paint Rock—Jeff Davis Camp	2	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	1	4	1	...	1	10	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	21
Paradise—Pat Cleburne Camp	6	...	3	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	6	2	1	1	6	12	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	36
Polk County—Ike Turner Camp	6	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	7	...	11	...	...	2	3	86	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	120
Ripley—Gen. Hood Camp	8	...	...	...	3	...	...	...	...	...	3	...	...	1	1	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	20
Seymour—Bedford Forrest Camp	4	...	1	...	2	...	...	2	...	...	4	1	...	1	3	12	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	32
Sherman—Mildred Lee Camp	20	...	15	...	17	...	...	6	9	2	21	32	6	8	18	70	11	...	...	138	...	...	...	...	376
South Prairie—J. E. B. Stuart Camp	4	...	2	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	2	...	1	...	14	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	26
Sweetwater—E. C. Wallball Camp	2	...	1	...	...	1	...	1	1	...	5	2	...	...	13	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	28
Terrell—J. E. B. Stuart Camp	11	...	6	1	5	1	...	3	2	...	9	1	5	2	16	40	2	...	...	2	...	...	...	...	109
Tyler—Albert Sidney Johnston Camp	14	...	7	...	8	...	...	3	7	...	7	1	7	5	3	82	6	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	159
Van Alstyne—Winnie Davis Camp	7	...	2	...	3	...	...	1	...	...	4	5	1	1	14	29	2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	69
Waco—Pat Cleburne Camp	16	...	6	...	9	...	...	1	5	2	7	1	2	3	7	53	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	121
Waxahatchie—Winnie Davis Camp	51	5	30	...	27	...	...	12	13	...	33	10	7	6	74	79	10	...	...	40	...	...	...	...	377
Wills Point—Wills Point Camp	5	...	3	1	3	...	...	1	...	...	2	...	...	...	3	13	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	32
	667	12	311	12	336	5	4	116	214	14	547	217	178	90	519	2448	162	...	...	220	66	35	10	1	6222

The 44 out of 131 Camps in Texas furnish the above record. Confederates inherit Texas.

Chipley, Fla., May 12, 1894: Camp McMillan, No. 217, U. C. V., unanimously adopted the VETERAN as its official organ.

R. B. BELLAMY, Adjt.

J. W. Wright, Commander of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp at Gainesville, Texas, in reply, wrote: The delegates to the reunion at Birmingham have not yet returned, and therefore I am not prepared to say what they did in reference to indorsing the VETERAN, but I am sure of one thing, and that is they will indorse the VETERAN every time they are called upon. You can be assured that my Camp will do all that we can to aid you and the great cause that you are so ably espousing.

It is said that the last shot was fired on the Confederate side by C. H. Montgomery, at West Point, Ga.

Springfield, Mo., May 9, 1894.—You will please stop the VETERAN. I see the time is out in this month. Mr. Granade died the 13th of September last—was sick fifty-four days with typhoid fever, and being left with two children to care for, and but little to live on, I will have to give up the dear Confederate book as we did our dear old Southern home after the war was over. May God bless all the old Confederate veterans. My husband was with the first company that left Memphis, and was a faithful soldier to the last.

MRS. J. A. GRANADE.

HOW WE WENT TO SHILOH.

LUDICROUS STORIES OF OFFICIAL BLUNDERS IN THE GREAT BATTLE.

A great deal has been written about Shiloh, but there is much to be known yet, as plainly appears from the following interview by a friend of the VETERAN with Gen. F. A. Shoup. Gen. Shoup has resided at Sewanee, Tenn., as a professor most of the time since the war, and although he has been repeatedly requested to give the public the benefit of his unusual opportunities for knowing the inside history of the Confederate war, he has heretofore quite steadily declined. He has lately taken charge of the Columbia Institute for Young Ladies, and so has been brought in touch with the old Confederates of Maury County, which he seems to enjoy very much. Readers of the VETERAN will be interested in the following chatty story of Shiloh:

"General, you were Chief of Artillery at Shiloh?"

"Not exactly. I was the Chief of Hardee's Corps, and was the senior artillery officer on the field. There was no army organization of the artillery."

"Was the enemy surprised at Shiloh?"

"I'll tell you about it, if you like. Things were looking pretty blue. We had lost all of Kentucky and Tennessee. A concentration of all the available troops in the West had been made at Corinth to resist the gravitation of the Federals toward the Gulf, and something had to be done. Gen. Sidney Johnston had long before foretold that a decisive battle would be fought somewhere in that locality. The question was whether we should wait and receive the enemy or advance upon him. The art of war was in an exceedingly plastic state in '62, and it was a case of 'pot and kettle' between the two sides. The Federals, under Grant—though he did not select the place—had put themselves in a very exposed position. In the first place, they were on the wrong side of the river for a rendezvous encampment. In a beautiful open country, only a little over twenty miles from us, and without the slightest artificial protection in the way of field works or grand guards, they simply invited attack. Our Generals saw this, and determined to take advantage of it. But there was a serious trouble at the start, which I do not think has been made public. It was the distrust on the part of the corps commanders of the military capacity of Sidney Johnston. I came to know it through Gen. Hardee, with whom I was on the most confidential terms. Johnston's loss of all that region from Bowling Green down to the Mississippi line had set the press howling to such an extent that he wanted to resign his command. There never was a grander man, and I love his memory, but his movements are open to serious criticism. He was not a man of expedients, and had been so long used to the slow routine methods of the old army that he did not adapt himself readily to the new, extraordinary condition of things. He was too magnanimous and modest, and did not know how to seize authority and knock people over. At any rate, the corps commanders were nervous about going into battle with him in command. They patched up a curious expedient. They got Bragg appointed Chief of Staff with

plenary powers. Bragg accepted upon condition that he should retain the immediate command of his own corps. It does not seem that any use was made of this extraordinary arrangement. I find only one communication in the War Records from Hardee, dated Camp near Mickey's, April 4th, to Gen. Braxton Bragg, Chief of Staff. Beauregard, however, says in his report, that "Bragg, in addition to his duties as Chief of Staff, commanded his corps." I think every one was rather ashamed of the thing after the battle, and let it quietly drop.

"Well, a plan of operation was worked out by Beauregard, and we were to surprise the enemy at once. It was known that Buell was moving down from Nashville to join Grant on the Tennessee River. He was making a "forced march," but his rapidity was very like ours. What could have been done, and would have been done toward the latter part of the war in a few days, took weeks. We at last got under way on the morning of the 3d of April, and it was expected that we should be able to surprise the enemy on the 5th, and as we had only about twenty miles to march it did not seem unreasonable. Our methods of surprising the enemy, however, were—or rather are now—amusing enough. It rained during the first night out, and as the men were not sure their guns would go off after a wetting, they proceeded to try them, in which operation they were assisted by the officers, as the firing was by volley; and then the general officers, one would think, wanted to make sure that the enemy was still there, since a reconnaissance in force was sent to stir them up and keep them on the alert! The result was a great row in front of the enemy. A picket stand, six or eight men, was captured and a heavy force was sent out to recover them, and Sherman, who lay with his command nearest us, sent out an additional cavalry force, and finally followed in person with two regiments of infantry. There was quite a little battle in front, in which some fifteen rounds were exchanged. The cavalry drove our people in upon the main army, which, by this time, the second day, had got as far as Mickey's house, six miles from the battle-field. The Federal cavalry ran in upon us, and we opened upon them with infantry and artillery, killing and wounding some of them and taking some prisoners. I, myself, opened fire with the artillery. It was random work, under excitement, and the execution was not much. Sherman reports all this to Gen. Grant that night, and says, 'I infer that the enemy is in some considerable force at Pea Ridge.' He goes on to give excellent reasons for his opinion.

"Now comes the almost incredible part. Our confusion has got itself straightened out down at Mickey's, and on the 5th we move on with the quiet assurance of troops moving out to a practice ground. Hardee's Corps is in front, and we move by the flank, two abreast, along a common woods road, the General and his glittering staff in front. When we were within about three miles of the enemy's camp the General and his staff were brought to a sudden halt at the command of a gentleman in front of us half hidden in the bushes, with a gun pointing in our direction in a very suggestive way. The question was, 'Who is that?' We agreed that he was too polite for an enemy, and that it must be one of our own men on picket duty; but the more important question was how to get past him without an accident. After a little parley I sung out, 'We are all right, meet me half

way!" He assented, and when we were within easy distance I said, 'This is Gen. Hardee and his staff, and the whole army is following.' 'Well, haven't you got the password?' 'No,' I said, 'but you don't intend to stop an army?' 'Well,' he answered, 'I suppose I'll have to let you pass, but I wish you had the word.' I don't remember that I thought at the time that there was any thing particularly funny in a single man on outpost halting an army. As a result of this episode I suggested to Gen. Hardee that it might be well to cover our advance with some light troops. He replied that he intended to throw out skirmishers as soon as we began to form line. In the course of time Hardee became one of the most careful, and in every way best, corps commanders we had. I don't remember that I ever reminded him of this extraordinary incident. He would have been amused, and readily granted that we were all very green.

"We continued our advance along the narrow country road, winding like a snake through the woods to within a mile of the Federal camps, and without encountering another soul. The General then deployed some light troops, and the column filed to the right, and we quietly formed line of battle, extending from Lick to Owl Creek. This was about the middle of the day. The first line consisted of Hardee's Corps, together with a brigade from Bragg's Corps. The rest of Bragg's Corps, with part of Polk's, strung out, made a second line. The remainder of Polk's Corps and Breckinridge's Corps were held in reserve. The front was rather more than three miles in length, and only a little over a mile from Shiloh Church, which was on the edge of the Federal camps.

"Now, the puzzle is to know what Gen. Sherman and the Federals were doing on the 5th of April. Sherman had reported to Grant that the Confederates were in force within six miles of his encampment the day before, and yet we were permitted to move up and form, as I have described, without seeing or hearing a single blue coat. If we had been resisted with any sort of spirit it would have gone hard with us; it would have been impossible for us to gain the position we did. Indeed, I don't know what would have been the result."

"Do you mean to say that the Federals did not know a whole army was forming in line of battle within a mile of them?"

"That is just what took place. Hardee's line was fully formed, batteries in place, and every thing ready for action by the middle of the afternoon, and we lay on our arms all the rest of that day and all night long, and there was not a soul seen or heard of from the yankee camps."

"Hadden't you driven in any pickets or outposts?"

"Not one. They seemed not to have had any that day; or if they had they did not extend out a mile from their camps. This has always been a wonder to me, and especially so when it is remembered that they were West Point men in command."

"Are not you a West Point man yourself?"

"Yes; and I am not saying any thing against West Point, I am showing you the seamy side of things, and it is simply tomfoolery to deny that we were all ignorant of war, in spite of our training, in the beginning. Nothing but experience will teach that business. But it is marvelous that common sense and natural timidity should not have taught Grant and Sherman to look out for danger when they had reason to know it was so close at hand."

"Did not Sherman expect an attack that morning?"

"Sherman certainly did not expect attack on the morning of the 6th, as may be seen from his report. The reports of Grant, Sherman, and all the rest of them, show that not a step had been taken in any direction in anticipation of an attack. They knew nothing of our being in front of them until early in the morning. They were simply surprised, in spite of all we did to let them know, and they did the best they could. Grant says somewhere that he was not surprised, because he knew the rebel forces were in his front in force two days before. That is true, and it is just what makes the surprise so inexcusable for him and Sherman."

"Well, we lay all the afternoon in line of battle, and had plenty of time to look at the dogwood blooms, of which the woods were full. I never see them now that I do not think of Shiloh. We lay all night, and heard distinctly the drums beating in the enemy's camps. They kept up a continuous rattle almost all night, and we wondered what in the world could be the meaning of it. It has since been explained. The innumerable military bands were serenading their officers, and everybody was having a merry time without a thought of our thirty or forty thousand men who were listening with such peculiar interest."

"Didn't you yourself expect them to be all ready for you in the morning?"

"Well, that was an anxious question. I could hardly hope they did not know that we were encircling them, though there was not a sign of any sort to show it. The general officers thought that the 'surprise' business was all up, at least Gen. Beauregard told Gen. Polk so in a rather excited interview late in the afternoon of the 5th—that is, some time after we were in line of battle. Beauregard was taking Polk to task for his delay in getting into position. Polk, in his report, says: 'He (Beauregard) said he regretted the delay exceedingly, as it would make it necessary to forego the attack altogether; that our success depended upon our surprising the enemy, and this was now impossible, and we must fall back to Corinth.' Late at night a conference of the corps commanders was held, and at it (as Gen. Hardee told me immediately after the conference) the general feeling was that the attack was then hopeless, especially as the men were without rations. After listening for some time Gen. Johnston cut them short by saying, 'Gentlemen, return to your commands; the attack will be made at dawn. If the men have no rations they must take them from the enemy.' We came that near turning tail, even at the last moment."

"Well, we did move at dawn. It seems that the enemy was just sending out some scouts, at any rate our skirmishers were engaged very early. Sherman acted promptly, and by the time we got to the outer edge of their camps we found a line formed against us, and the resistance was very creditable for an impromptu. We had no particular difficulty, however, in pushing the greater part of the army out of their camps. It was all haphazard—line against line—patching up weak places with troops from anywhere they could be got. For several hours the firing was constant. I dare say there was more powder burned both by infantry and artillery at Shiloh than on any field of the war. Luckily it was very wild, or the carnage would have been more awful than it was."

"One little incident will show how ignorant we were practically of the effect of flank fire. We knew

enough about it theoretically. I was on the lookout for advantageous positions for the artillery, and I saw that by a little detour a raking fire could be got on the enemy's right. I ventured to take a section of Sweet's Mississippi battery, and conducted it to where the position could be seen, and they came into action. I returned at once. The enemy's right gave way about this time. When the guns got back the officers said they did splendid work for a few minutes, but that the enemy fell back so that they couldn't get at them. They did not claim, and I did not suggest to them, that their fire had had any thing to do with their change of position. It was a long time after, when I had seen the immediate effect of even a little flank fire, that I put things together. However it may have been, the enemy's whole right fell back, but the center and left held. The bend was at the little eminence held by Gen. Prentiss.

"About this time Gen. Beauregard ordered me to attend to removing the captured artillery, which lay scattered in every direction, to the rear. I put a number of parties at work, using stragglers chiefly. They did remove a large number of pieces, which we finally secured; but I have always thought if we had finished up the work that day we could have removed them at our leisure. I went to the front as soon as I could, and struck the point from which the enemy's line bent back toward the landing. There was a little old field just to the right of this point. I saw the opportunity for some more flank fire, and set to work to gather the fragments of our batteries, scattered about in all directions, and held them under cover of a skirt of woods on the further side of this little field until all were ready. I suppose there were over twenty pieces, but hardly a whole battery together. The order was that when the piece on the left advanced and fired all were to come into action. The fire opened beautifully, but almost immediately the blue coats on the heights over against us began to break to the rear, and we soon saw white flags. It was here that Prentiss surrendered his command. Really, I did not at the time, nor for a long time after, think that this artillery fire had much to do with the enemy's confusion. I remember a distinct sense of disappointment, feeling that if they had only stayed there a little while we should have punished them handsomely. Later we all learned that a flank fire like that took effect with great rapidity. By the way, I find in the War Records that Gen. Ruggles claims the credit of making this concentration of artillery. I remember that he was there at the time, but I thought he was a spectator, and I was really under the impression that I conceived and executed it myself. I had told the story that way so long before I saw Gen. Ruggles' report that I had at least come to believe it myself. The sentences referring to this in Gen. Ruggles' report appears in italics, with an explanation that it was an amended report, the amendments being in italics, and made a year after the original. No reports were called for until a long time after the battle, and I was then in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and so never made any report at all.

"When we found the enemy retiring I limbered up this composite battery and followed up at a gallop, coming into battery again across the road leading down to the landing. Gen. Breckinridge's infantry occupied the line at this point. They were in two lines, in fine condition. As I was coming into battery

Gen. Breckinridge said, 'Hold on, I am going to charge.' I said, 'All right, I will shake them up for you till you move.' We could see the Federal colors down the road four or five hundred yards off. There happened to be a great stack of fixed ammunition just in rear of us which fitted our guns exactly. We fired away in the direction of the enemy furiously for some time, when I said to Gen. Breckinridge, 'If you are going to charge now is your time.' He moved his line forward a few paces beyond our pieces and halted. This was the most advanced position occupied by us on the field."

"Do you think you could have finished up the Federals if you had moved upon them?"

"Without doubt. The sun was still about an hour high. I do not doubt that we could have been in possession of the landing in twenty minutes, with very small loss."

"Do you think Gen. Beauregard was to blame for not following up the victory?"

"Beauregard was sick, and in truth he seemed not to know the condition of affairs. He was back at Shiloh Church. At least Col. Sam Lockett, of the Engineers, told me that he was there with him, and heard the order given which closed the action on the first day. He repeated the very words, which were about as follows: 'Order the firing to cease. The victory is sufficiently complete. There is no need to expose the men to the fire from the gunboats.' However, Beauregard knew that Buell was at hand, and that no time was to be lost in preventing a junction with Grant. There was really nothing to be feared from the gunboats, for, as I am informed, the bluff is so high their fire would have had very little effect. It was a fearful blunder, and the way in which it was executed made it worse. I took the miscellaneous batteries back to what I thought a safe distance and prepared to camp for the night, but I found the infantry whirling past me to the rear, and I had to move farther back till I got some infantry camps in front of me. Nobody knew where anybody else was. I waited a long time expecting an orderly or staff officer to give information as to where headquarters were, and calling the Generals together for consultation. At last, tired to death though I was, I mounted my horse and started out to find somebody's quarters. I rode up and down in every direction, but the only General I found was Pat Cleburne. He was sitting on a stump drinking coffee out of a bucket, and was as utterly in the dark as I was. He knew where nobody was, had a few of his own men with him, and didn't know who was next to him. I gave it up and went back to my camp. The fact is, there was no conference of any sort that night."

"Do you think it would have been different if Johnston had lived?"

"It would indeed. He would have been up with the line, and he would not have hesitated a moment about pushing on. In my opinion Johnston was a new man from the moment he sent his Generals whirling to their posts with orders to advance at dawn. In his humility he had deferred too much to them in the past. That battle won, he would have shown himself the great man he was."

"From what you say we must have been at great disadvantage the second day?"

"That we were. The commands were all mixed up. We were simply blown into line by the enemy's fire.

I wanted to find Gen. Hardee. I made my way to Shiloh Church, where I found Beauregard with an enormous staff. Just as I arrived Pickett, Hardee's Adjutant, rode up with a message to the commanding General. He had a hard time trying to make the General understand where Hardee was. * * * It was astonishing how well we fought, and how well we held them, considering the horrible state of ease with us the second day, and the new troops they had. Buell's force had crossed the river in the night, and Lew Wallace had found his way to the field. They really did not drive us from the field. It was plainly impossible for us to regain our advantage, and so we simply retired."

"Was there any pursuit?"

"Not the least in the world. The fact is, there was something comical in the way we got off, at least on our part of the line. Hardee told me he was going to retire, and directed me to keep up a cannonading to cover his retreat. I had six or eight batteries, or parts of batteries. Luckily, the enemy stopped firing and fell back out of sight at the same time. That left me to do the sham firing at my leisure. I fixed prolonges—that is attached long ropes between the trails of the guns and the limbers—so that the firing could go on while the guns were moving to the rear, and in case of emergency could get away rapidly. I then retired the batteries alternately. It was very interesting. Level ground, open woods, no fire to dodge, we were very much absorbed in a movement we never before had had a chance to practice on the field. All at once I bethought me of our supports. I looked to the rear and there was not an infantryman or cavalryman in sight. To make it worse there was a ravine to cross on a causeway. I didn't even know what one of the many roads the infantry had taken. Selecting the most promising one, I put spurs to my horse, thinking the best way would be for me to find out for myself while my train was crossing, but in a few minutes I found myself back where I had started from. There I was, abandoned by the army and at the mercy of the enemy, with all those guns! For once in my life I experienced that feeling of 'goneness' called loss of mind. Every thing was a blank for a moment, but I took the same road I had started on and avoided the turn that had carried me back on myself. I nearly jumped out of my boots with joy when we came up with the infantry. There was not a gun fired by way of pursuit, and we made our way through rain and mud with loads of poor wounded men, painfully back to Corinth.

BEST NAME FOR THE WAR.

Col. William H. Stewart, Portsmouth, Va., April 27th: I have read your editorial on a name for our Confederate war with great interest. I have often thought of the many objections to "Civil War," "War between the States." As it was a war between the Northern and Southern sections of the United States, I have ventured to suggest "INTERSECTIONAL WAR" as an appropriate name, which ought to be unobjectionable on both sides of the sectional line. If our G. A. R. fellow-citizens would adopt some such name instead of "War of the Rebellion," it would be a fraternal greeting worthy of the chivalry of American soldiers, and a lasting peace offering which Confederate soldiers would prize.

THE ALABAMA-KEARSARGE FIGHT.

CAPT. W. P. MONTAGUE, BALTIMORE.

Since the loss of the Kearsarge on Roncador Reef so much has been resurrected relative to the Alabama-Kearsarge fight, and almost without exception inaccuracies and misstatements forming the subject-matter, that one almost despairs of having any thing approaching truth about it. Indeed, we have been forced to the conclusion that very much of history is a fairy tale. First, we have it the 11-inch guns that did such good service on that memorable 19th of June, went down with the old Kearsarge, when in fact the real ones are now at Mare Island Navy Yard. As the old ship has had her battery changed several times since this eventful action, any number of her 11-inch guns are to be found scattered here and there "ticketed" at the New York Navy Yard, Annapolis, etc., like the peddler's razor straps, "a few more left of the same sort." While all this commendable affection for the old Kearsarge and Hartford is occupying the nation's heart, what has become of "old ironsides" (Constitution)? It cannot be our people would nurse the memories of fratricidal war and forget the glories of 1812. Hear how the London *Telegraph*, of February 9th, has it, editorially: "On the morning of June 19th, 1864, the Alabama, with her wooden sides covered with chains and scraps of old iron, came out of Cherbourg Harbor to accept the challenge of war." Now how shall we dispose of this statement? The *Telegraph* must confess to most lamentable ignorance of history, or stand self-convicted of spite and malice, or at least an unworthy desire to find favor with the winning side. Charity would cover the editor with the folds of ignorance, for a filthy toad is the sycophant.

Another English correspondent states, "Mr. Lancaster, owner of the yacht *Deerhound*, succeeded in saving forty-odd officers and men of the sinking Alabama, and most dishonorably refused to deliver them up to the Kearsarge." Need the reader's attention be called to the utter ignorance of international law displayed by this writer, or else his dull perception of what constitutes honor? Does this writer suppose Mr. Lancaster would lend himself to Capt. Winston in the saving of life only to turn these men, struggling in the water for their lives, over to the tender mercies of an enraged nation? And so we find it here and there in our own press. Is it possible, Brother Jonathan, you have established, with John Bull, a mutual admiration society? No, there is glory enough attached to the old ship, whose bones are now bleaching on Roncador, by sticking to truth. In the endeavor to belittle your enemy you rob yourself of proportionate glory.

Dr. A. Clarke Emmert, Bluff City, Tenn., May 1st: I showed the *VETERAN* to a Federal soldier this morning, and he borrowed my entire file, and said that he was certainly going to subscribe for it. I wish to make a correction in your article on Wolford's capture at Philadelphia, Tenn. It was the 12th Tennessee Cavalry instead of the 11th regiment in the engagement. I was a member of Company A of said 12th battalion, and have a scar on the head from a sabre cut received there in the field on the center of our lines.

Mrs. O. M. Spofford, of Tennessee, sends her check for ten dollars to pay for subscriptions for friends.

FOUNDER OF THE FIRST CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL.

MRS. ALICE TRUEHEART BUCK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Among the Southern veterans residing in the National Capital are some noble women, whose sacrifices and devotions to our cause have never been recorded in history. The frosts of time have whitened their heads like the old soldiers, but the purity and beauty of their hearts is not marred. One of these, Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, daughter of Ex-President Tyler, established the first hospital in the South. When the war commenced she was in New York with



her husband, who was Paymaster in the United States Navy, stationed at New York. They immediately came South and cast their fortunes with our people—he taking a position on the Alabama and she on another, and sometimes the more trying battle ground. In Philadelphia, on her way south Mrs. Semple met a friend who suggested to her that more soldiers died from sickness than the bullet, and that she inaugurate a movement for the establishment of hospitals, which she did as soon as she reached Richmond, in May 1861. She arrived there the day the blockade set in. There she met her father who was a member of the Confederate Congress, and he obtained permission of Mr. Pope Walker, Confederate Secretary of War, to establish a hospital at Williamsburg. Mrs. Semple's appeal to the ladies of Williamsburg was heartily responded to. Col. Benj. S. Ewell was in command of the Peninsular, and with other gentlemen encouraged and assisted the move. The Female Seminary which

stood upon the site of the Colonial Capitol, was selected for the purpose desired. The ladies went to work diligently, Mrs. Semple making the first bed with her own hands. Very soon seventy-five cots were in place. Dr. Tinsley, now a practicing physician in Baltimore, and Dr. W. C. Shields were the surgeons in charge. Very soon troops from different points were centered there. About that time Mrs. Semple left Williamsburg and returned after the battle of Bethel, June 10. There were then so many refugees from Hampton and other places, and so many sick soldiers (none wounded as yet) needing attention and comforts, that William and Mary College, the Court House, and several churches were taken for hospitals. Dr. Willis Westmoreland in charge. Dr. Westmoreland sent a message to Mrs. Semple's residence asking her to inspect the situation, which she did, and when she found so many needing more than the kind citizens could immediately supply, she went to Richmond the next day for supplies. General Moore rendered all the assistance he could, and the people of Petersburg, Pittsylvania and other places contributed liberally of food, clothes and bedding. The first death in the hospital was that of young Ball, Company A of Fairfax County, Va. The young hero gave up his life for his country, and that was all that was known of him there, but the lady who received the tender look from the soft blue eyes, and smoothed his golden hair for the last time never forgot him. It is to be hoped his family found his remains. The New Orleans (French) Zouaves, and Captain Zachary's troops were stationed there at that time, and the ladies made and presented a flag to them, the address being made by Mr. Edwin Talliaferro. General Magruder now took command of the troops. Among them was a brigade from Georgia under General McCaus. Colonel Ewell also was there with his regiment awaiting orders. All of them gallantly assisted the ladies in their work. Knowing the part Mrs. Semple had taken in the noble work, Colonel Ewell asked General McCaus if he had called upon her. He answered, "No, but I'll go directly." When he returned from his visit to Mrs. Semple and the Colonel asked him what he thought of her, he said, "Why sir, I hadn't been in that room five minutes when, if she had said to me, 'McCaus, bring me a bucket of water from the spring,' I would have done it."

So the women of that day helped the cause by cheering the living and caring for the sick and wounded, and the beautiful woman who inaugurated such a glorious work still smiles encouragement to every generous and loyal deed for the good of our loved Southland. The women of this generation also have a work to do, and they are banding together for the purpose. In Washington, besides the soldiers and their families, there are needy ones from every State who have been shipwrecked on the sea of life. Our Southern Relief Association is composed of about three hundred women who labor zealously in caring for this class, those who have no friends to help them. It is refreshing to meet with an organization so generous and loyal in spirit and practice. When preparing for entertainments wealthy women don their aprons and work by the side of those who are poor, oft times without knowing each others name. Every Southern heart that beats over a well filled pocket should open it now, for soon our veterans will "pass over the river." There they will neither want nor suffer. While honoring the dead let us not forget the living.

BATTLE GROUND OF SHILOH.

Col. E. T. Lee, Monticello, Ill., Assistant Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, composed of the old soldiers North and South, writes to the VETERAN:

The Shiloh Battlefield Association, at their recent meeting, adopted a charter which gives equal rights to all. The following is, in substance, one of the paragraphs of the charter: "The survivors of both sides of this great struggle, and their friends, are hereby to have an equal and untrammelled right to perpetuate the memory of their dead and the location of their several positions in the progress of the battle in such way and manner as seems most desirable, subject only to such rules as may from time to time be enacted by the Association, it being the intention that this historic field, forever memorable for daring attack, stubborn resistance, gallant and persistent struggle, shall always be the common and sacred heritage of our whole people, and a lasting link of brotherhood and long-desired reconciliation."

The Association is composed of the blue and the gray in equal numbers. A complete roster of all the survivors will be made, and annual reunions held on the battlefield. On such occasions the positions of all the various commands will be marked.

The bill for the purchase of the Shiloh Battlefield for a National Memorial Park is now before Congress. Col. Lee requests that you write your Congressmen and Senators asking them to give it their hearty support.

The membership fee of this Association was placed at \$5, which entitles all those paying that amount to a vote in all the proceedings, and to all privileges of the Association.

Col. Lee concludes with an appeal for membership. Application should be made to James Williams, Savannah, Tenn.

MEMORIAL DAY IN FLORIDA.

Under the auspices of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Monticello, their Memorial Day was fittingly observed. The graves of the Confederate dead were adorned with flowers and garlands. Rev. B. L. Baker opened the exercises with prayer, after which Prof. B. C. Bondurant made the memorial address. He said:

Thirty eventful years have passed away since the star of that young nation, which rose so pure and fair above the battlements of Sumter, went down in darkness and defeat behind the gray hills of Appomattox. When we draw aside the shadowy curtain of those years and the mighty vision of that past rises up before us, we still feel our hearts beat quicker and our blood flow faster at the shining deeds in battle done by men who offered up their stainless lives upon the sacred altars of their country's freedom, and on the field of carnage purchased immortality with death. In all these years of calm retrospect, when, at first, the Southern people saw their fields wasted, their homes desolated, their cities burnt to ashes, and their fortunes wrecked; when their slaves sat smiling in the seats of power, and the itching palms of plunderers grasped the reins, and when in later years the South has burst the bands that bound her, when her cities have sprung up from their ashes, when her waste

places have blossomed as the rose, and when she has arisen from the dust of disaster and put on the beautiful garments of prosperity, rebuking the minions of power that sought to lay their unhallowed hands upon her altars, and to fatten upon the spoils of her ruined fortunes—in all these years, when she has felt the conqueror's power, and when she has listened with breathless interest to the conqueror's generous dying prayer for peace, in shadow and in sunshine, she has ever remembered above her chief joys the men who, for her cause, on a hundred fields, "foremost fighting fell."

* * * I would that my untried tongue could tell the story of their triumphs and their sorrows; of how they hurled back the fierce tide of invasion at Manassas; of how they swept the Union lines at Fredericksburg; of how they stepped boldly and lightly up the hill to death and glory at Gettysburg; of how, in ten minutes, 13,000 Union men went down before their guns at Cold Harbor; of how, in charge after charge, they weltered in their blood at Chickamauga; and of how, in those dreary trenches before Richmond and Petersburg, when the black shadows of despair hung over a devoted people, they held at bay the grandest army ever assembled on this continent. It was such courage as this, my friends, that has made that tattered gray coat and that ragged gray cap the immortal emblems of a people's glory and the consecrated symbols of a people's sorrow. The suffering and destitution of our soldiers exceeded that at Valley Forge, yet it was borne with something of that sublime patience with which the meek and lowly Saviour, in the garden of Gethsemane and on the cross of Calvary, lit up the annals of a dying world.

Wherever a Southern hero sleeps Southern woman will guard and beautify his grave, reminding the world of her devotion to a glorious cause; of how she lived and loved and worked and prayed for that cause; of how, by the untiring labor of her hands, she fed and clothed vast armies; of how she moved, a ministering angel, among the wounded and dying; of how, by her gentle words and noble deeds and wholesouled prayers, she transformed many a dreary hospital into an outer court of Paradise.

Dr. E. W. Parker, now of Sutherland, Iowa, who was a private in the 7th Wisconsin Infantry, furnishes the following: On July 1st, about 5 o'clock p. m., after the 1st Army Corps had passed through the town of Gettysburg, Pa., the 47th Virginia Regiment formed a line of battle north of the Cashtown pike in rear of a one-story brick house. On a hill southeast of the town a battery of 12-pound howitzers opened on the 47th Virginia, one of the shells exploding in their immediate front, a fragment striking the Major under the chin, cutting a semi-circular flap, also tearing the flesh from the left shoulder. The Major remained standing, and repeatedly pressed the loose flap of flesh back in place with the back of his right hand. He had stood there some minutes when the Colonel called, "Here, boys, here; some of you come and help the Major off." I was a prisoner at the time, helping care for some of our wounded, and barely escaped a part of the shell that hurt the Major. Did he get well?

Capt. R. H. Phelps, LaGrange, Texas, writes, upon his return home from Birmingham: I congratulate you on the VETERAN having been made the official organ, and wish you unbounded success.

ASHES OF GLORY.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
Above its place of rest.

No trumpet's note need hardly blare,
No drum funereal roll,
Nor trailing sables drape the bier
That frees a dauntless soul!

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
From Fate's empyreal Palm;
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now,
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered, not outdone,
And they shall shuddering tell
Who struck the blow; its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded Ensign! not the breeze
That smote the victor tar
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar;

Not Arthur's knights, amid the gloom,
Their knightly deeds have starred;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless born Bayard.

Not all that antique fables feign,
And Orient dreams disgorge;
Nor yet the silver cross of Spain,
And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep in thine own historic night,
And be thy blazoned scroll;
A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul!

A STORY is going the rounds, credited to *Blue and Gray*, to the effect that Gen. Leonidas Polk and another General, not a bishop, were both knocked senseless by a common shot in the Georgia campaign (during which campaign Gen. Polk was afterward killed), and as they recovered consciousness Gen. Polk exclaimed, "O Lord, where am I?" "In hades," remarked his companion, and then, "have mercy on me," followed, with the explanation, "If — is here it must be true."

This story may have been made out of a fact told me by the late Chief Justice Turney, of Tennessee, now Governor of the Volunteer State. In the awful battle of Fredericksburg he was Col. Turney, and commanded the 1st Tennessee Regiment. His Major, Felix G. Buchanan, was shot down, a cannon ball dishing the top of his soft black hat, the jagged edges and brim being thickened by his life blood. He was carried off for dead. Col. Turney gave specific orders that Buchanan's grave be well marked, as he felt certain the Major's father would send after his body. The battle raged fiercely on, and a bullet entering Col. Turney's mouth passed through the neck. It was an awful wound, and the gallant officer was expected to die. He was carried to the rear, and was unconscious for a long time. His brain rallied to reason, however, just as he was carried into a Richmond hospital. He says, "I thought I was dead. I saw Buchanan, and I knew he was dead."

THE LATE SENATOR VANCE.

The death of Senator Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina, should have been mentioned in the last VETERAN, for he was prominently connected with the Confederacy. The story is credited to and may have originated with him, that when he and his command were awaiting some minutes before going into a severe charge upon the enemy, a rabbit jumped and was making to the rear, he said, "Go it, Molly Cotton Tail; if I had no more reputation at stake than you I would run too." When the war was over and every thing was in confusion, and misrule was rampant, it was Gov. Vance who put things right and saved the State.

In the Democratic campaigns for many years he was the central figure, and when it was known that Vance would speak in any corner of the State great crowds would flock to hear him. He was perhaps the funniest man in the Senate before his health became so impaired that he was compelled to be more serious. He was not only funny, but broadminded and solid on the great political questions of the period. He was often invited to speak on important occasions in the North and East, and was ever highly appreciated, and reflected honor upon the "Old North State."

Senator Vance was in bad health for two or three years before his death. He was three times Governor, and as often chosen United States Senator.

REMINISCENCES BY F. E. EVE.

Augusta Chronicle: While on a scout in King and Queen Counties, being pursued by a detachment of Federal cavalry, we took to the woods, and dodging down the banks of the Rappahannock, found a dug-out concealed in some bushes, but no paddles. Tearing some clap-boards off the roof of a deserted house close by, "Sandy," Guedron Coleman (one of the Roswell troopers), and myself shoved the canoe into the river and pulled away for Port Royal, but before we had gotten two hundred yards out the yanks rode up and ordered us back. "Sandy," who was in the stern, passed me his "Enfield"—we were all paddling for dear life with the clap-board paddles, and kneeling down at that—with "Cap., you do the shooting, Coleman will load and I will paddle." No thought of surrender there. I had to do the firing lying on my back. Coleman loaded kneeling, while "Sandy" and the current that we had just struck carried us to the other side. It was rather ticklish work—"Sandy" said he had to "shift his quid to balance the boat;" but my firing made them dismount and take to cover, and that gave us time to get farther off. We always thought I hit one, as they dismounted almost as soon as I fired and hurriedly moved their horses back from the bank. I only had their smoke to fire at afterward, as they laid down on the grass on the bank. All honor to the Confederate soldier who, like "Sandy" Guedron, always did his duty.

J. L. SCHAUB, LaGrange, Ga., publishes a card stating that he served in the 14th North Carolina Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia; enlisted in April, '61, served to April, '65, and names twenty-five battles in which he participated, beginning at Yorktown and ending with Appomattox, and forty skirmishes.

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at S. E. Corner Church and Cherry Sts., Second Floor.

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

THE VETERAN refers editorially to the Grand Army matter mentioned in the proceedings at United Confederate Veterans Reunion at Birmingham. Dr. Jones' explanation will be approved and disapproved by good men. There is no other phrase so disagreeable as the "G. A. R." and the three measured huzzahs, to the average Southerner, whether a Confederate veteran or not. Politicians have taken advantage of their connection with the organization to do some of the vilest things known. We of the South wonder how good men have remained in the organization, when it has been insolent even to our tattered and blood-stained cross, which their true men must respect, and which is the most sacred of all earthly emblems to those who suffered under and for it. The "unreconstructed" could hardly wish stronger emphasis than this.

But there is another view to take of it. Veterans of both armies are proud of their war associations and of their sacrifices for principle. This pride has caused many thousands to continue in the organization despite their indignation against political leaders, while many other thousands have withdrawn from it. As an organization the Grand Army of the Republic may not merit the consideration shown it by the resolution, and yet the Southern people, who have made greater sacrifice than any other people on the earth, can consistently enough invite them to come, in the hope that better sentiment will prevail, and that a better element may yet get control and exert its powerful influence for the good of our common country. The VETERAN took position long ago that the Confederate soldier was more patriotic than the average soldier for the Union. The Confederates fought through the four years without pay and through far greater privation. Again, they were almost all of American ancestry.

Let us prove true to the end. It is comforting that thousands of Grand Army veterans are realizing the truth as they have not heretofore, and we must do every thing possible for the glory of those who went down in the struggle, and for blessing to the generations after us.

It is a coincidence that just as the foregoing was finished this letter comes from W. E. Chidester, Commander of a Grand Army Post at Alexandria, Minn.:

Permit me to add, we feel that did you not revere the memory of your dead comrades you would be unworthy of the name of brave and honorable men; that the action taken by the people of various Southern States in granting pensions to the men who sacri-

ficed so much at their call, are fulfilling their sacred pledge; that the bitterest enemies of the Northern soldier are those who became rich during and through the conditions resultant of the war, and the Northern and the Southern stay-at-homes, while some of their most loyal friends are among the "Southern brigadiers" (so called) of Congress, as well as among the whole body of those who wore the gray in the front ranks of the Confederates.

HONOR to Houston, Texas, for her zeal in securing the next Annual Convention of United Confederate Veterans! The committee appointed to secure the selection of that city comprised the Mayor, Hon. Jno. T. Browne, R. M. Johnston, editor of the *Houston Post*, Norman G. Kittrell, the gifted lawyer, Will Lambert, Commander, and C. C. Beavans, Adjutant Dick Dowling Camp. In a circular they say, "Do you know Houston?" and comment as follows:

Population of Houston, 61,530; area of Houston, 9 square miles; taxable values, \$20,350,000; scholastic population, 9,403; registered vote, 8,381; bank clearings, 1893—average per day \$862,457, average per week \$5,184,742, total for year \$269,549,060; cotton receipts, 1892-93, 1,068,528 bales; cotton receipts, 1893-94, with four months to come, 1,015,101 bales; five compresses, and one of them the largest in the world; five cotton seed mills; real estate transfers, 1893, 2,658; valuation, \$10,366,049; building permits, 1893, 607; estimated value of buildings, \$930,305; center for eleven railroads, with mileage of 8,500 miles; largest hotels in the South; thirty-eight miles of electric street railway.

Confederates should plan to go to Houston. The great State has done so much for the U. C. V. cause that a superb representation should go to their reunion in 1895. Her people have made up their minds to excel in royal entertainment. Let thousands be there to share it.

Work on the Government Park at Chickamauga is progressing nicely. Over \$200,000 has been expended on roadways, and from \$300,000 to \$400,000 in acquiring and clearing lands. The government possessions at present embrace about six square miles. The monuments so far are about equal in honoring Confederate with Federal heroes.

THE venerable W. Gart Johnson writes, with tremulous hand, from Orlando, Fla.: Your last number is just splendid. It is growing better in size, in make-up, and in popularity. Here's three rebel yells for the success of the VETERAN, and here's the money for the Souvenir.

MISS ETTA MITCHELL, Mississippi representative at Birmingham Reunion, incloses subscription with this note: "Jackson, Miss., May 2—I beg that you number me among the subscribers to your delightfully patriotic CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT FOR BIRMINGHAM.

Much praise is due Commander R. N. Rhodes, who has championed the movement for a Confederate Monument at Birmingham. During the reunion its corner-stone was laid. [The VETERAN for April and Souvenir were of the articles deposited.] Gen. Stephen D. Lee made the address. In it he said:

Loyalty to the past is a duty. Feeling that we were right we staked all on the uncertain chances of battle, and we lost. We were overpowered, and we had to submit to the result, but we cannot be otherwise than proud of the history we made while a nation. We are here to-day not to praise the victorious, but to claim imperishable renown for the vanquished.

When we look backward from the zenith of life we see things with a clearer vision. We see many causes that brought on the struggle. For slavery, the indirect cause of the war, the North is as much responsible as the South. As to the doctrine of "States' rights," the right of a sovereign State to withdraw from the Union, the question is decided forever against us. If we are not convinced we are quieted. We accept the inevitable with such grace as we can, but we cannot blot it from our recollections. We cannot yield the belief in the principles we inherited from our revolutionary forefathers. We fought for what they did, but they had better luck. War was forced on us. Constitutional and sacred guarantees agreed on in one union of sovereign States were trampled under foot under the theory promulgated by Mr. Seward and accepted by the North, of a "higher law than the Constitution." We were invaded. We were forced to defend our hearthstones and our property and the inherited rights of local self-government bequeathed us by our forefathers. We need no justification for our conduct. It is a universal law that a man should defend his own. We did that and that only. We would have deserved to be trampled on if we had not resisted. See how gloriously we did it. Look at our record. Never did a nation contend against such odds. I defy contradiction. Read for yourselves the war records now being honestly published by our government.

My young fellow-countrymen, young gentlemen, young ladies, listen to me—you who have lived since the war and have only heard of it from others. Learn now what this monument, the corner-stone of which is now to be laid, is intended to commemorate. Look at these gray-haired veterans. Who are they? I will tell you. They are some of the survivors of an army of 600,000 men who fought and kept back from our Southern soil an invading army of 2,864,272 men (not including three and six months volunteers), or with the odds of 2,264,272 men more than they had to confront them. To this great odds must be added 600 vessels of war blockading our coasts and occupying our rivers, manned by 35,000 sailors, preventing our getting supplies of arms, provisions, clothing, medicines, and necessities of all kinds. In this unequal contest the Confederate Army did not lay down its arms until it was completely overpowered, and it had only 100,000 effective fighting men for duty in the field left of that army of 600,000, while the Federals had over 1,000,000 men for duty, or ten men for every Confederate soldier, and all our arsenals, munitions of war and supplies were exhausted or captured.

Before the end of the conflict the Confederate army

had lost over one-half of the 600,000 men, or 325,000 men on the death roll. It had fought over our beloved Southland almost foot by foot, on nearly 2,000 battlefields. It had inflicted a death roll on the enemy of 359,528 men, 275,000 of whom lie buried beneath our Southern soil. Conrades of the gray, we made a record unsurpassed in the annals of war or history.

REV. A. T. GOODLOE, author of "Some Rebel Relics," has a letter from a gentleman in South Carolina complaining at the title of his book. Mr. Goodloe quotes from a memorable speech made at a Tennessee reunion by Hon. Ed. Baxter in reply, in which he said:

"The history of the English people is a history of rebels struggling to maintain their rights and liberties against the tyranny and oppression of the governing powers. To the American citizen who has carefully read the history of the race from which we sprang, the term rebel conveys no suspicion of dishonor or reproach. It is a term which tyrannical governments have at all times applied to people who have the courage to resist their oppression, and while tyrannical governments may intend to use the term, rebel, as one of reproach, every true lover of liberty who knows his history must regard it as a title of honor; history proves that it is a title of liberty which is older and more honorable than the king's prerogative; it is a title which was originally won by the sword, it has been maintained by the sword, and unless it be defended by the sword, liberty will perish from the face of the earth. All the rights, privileges, and immunities now enjoyed by the American people were acquired for them by rebels and will be bequeathed to them by rebels. There cannot be found to-day in all this world a man in whose veins does not flow the blood of a rebel, whether of English descent or not. Allow me to add that any man deserves this honorable title who is ready to fight, regardless of doubts or consequences for the rights of life, liberty, and property. These are the things for which we fought, and we counted not the cost when we bade defiance to the enemy's forces that undertook to despoil us of them."

The promptness with which nearly \$2,000 of the \$2,500 wanted to finish paying for the Confederate Monument at Chicago was raised was animating and delightful to veterans. Gen. Underwood had made in Chicago a plaster cast of the statue and had it erected in the Wigwam as a surprise—a magnetic sensation. It is the statue of a private soldier with folded hands, uncovered in solemn meditation, but manly and noble in bearing.

THE Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, for the State of Maryland, will participate in the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the "Monument to the Private Soldiers" in Richmond on May 30th. They will go by the York River Line, the committee having chartered the steamer Baltimore for the trip. Tickets for the round trip \$5, and good to return for five days. The members of the Society are urged to make this excursion a success by going themselves and bringing it to the attention of their friends. The fact that the monument is erected to the memory of the private soldier of the Confederacy should induce every member to go. Much interest is manifested in the event.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, who is the only surviving member of the original Confederate Cabinet, attended the reunion at Waco last month, and in an address upon the causes of the war, said:

This presence revives many hallowed memories of the past. It calls up the memory of the days when husbands separated from wives and children; when sons separated from fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; when loving and loved ones left their homes to enter the armies of the Confederacy, with hearts proudly responding to the calls of patriotism, and aching for those who were left at home. It calls to mind the forming of military organizations, and their march to the seat of war, buoyant with hope under bright new banners, in the presence of smiles which came through tears, the waving of handkerchiefs, the silent prayer of hope and love, and the soulful good-bye—God bless you. It calls to mind the long marches, the scenes around the camp fires, and anxious preparations for battle. It brings before the mind anew the panorama of battle. It calls up the memories of first Manassas, of Seven Pines, of the seven days in front of Richmond, of Fredericksburg, of Second Manassas, of Sharpsburg, of Gettysburg. It reminds us of Fort Donelson, of Shiloh and Corinth, of Chickamauga, of Lookout Mountain, of Elkhorn, of Vicksburg, of Stone's River, of Atlanta, of Murfreesboro, of Franklin, where Pat Cleburne and other heroes fell, and of a hundred other fields on which Confederate skill and courage and constancy were displayed. It causes a renewal of our admiration and love for such great Captains as Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Longstreet, Hood, Kirby-Smith, Gordon, Cleburne, Polk, Price, Breckinridge, Granbury, Randall, Scurry, Ector, Cabell, Ross, Waul, Ben McCulloch, John Gregg, Tom Green, W. H. F. and Fitzhugh Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, Forrest, Wheeler, and a hundred other heroic leaders in the lost cause.

Great as was the ability and courage and purity of our Generals, who deservedly achieved a world-wide fame, and proud as we were and are of their characters and virtues, we turn with still greater pride and holier reverence, if such a thing be possible, to the memory of the subaltern officers and private soldiers who, for four weary years of privation, suffering, carnage and death, carried the banners of the Confederacy and offered their lives on the altar of their country's liberty; because they served and suffered without the incentive of office and rank, animated solely by their love of home, country and liberty, and their devotion to a cause dearer to them than life. There were features in the struggle of the Confederacy which must hold their place in history as long as the admiration of genius and courage and virtue shall survive.

Of late years we frequently hear the inquiries as to what caused this great war, with all its sacrifices of life and property? Sometimes this inquiry is doubtless made by those seeking information, but others make that inquiry in order to belittle the war and those who were engaged in it. A struggle which cost hundreds of thousands of valuable lives, and by which many billions of money was spent and property sacrificed, could hardly have been engaged in without sufficient cause. * * *

During colonial times in this country the political authorities of Great Britain, Spain, and France, and the Dutch merchants planted African slavery in all the North American colonies. At the time of the declaration of American independence, 1776, African slavery existed in all of the thirteen colonies. At the date of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, 1787, African slavery existed in all of the States except one. The commercial reason for the planting of African slavery in this country was no doubt stimulated by the hope of ease and gain. It was at the same time justified by the Church on the ground that the negroes were taken from a condition of heathenish barbarism and cannibalism and brought to where they could be taught the arts of civilization and industry, and where they could be instructed in the doctrines and practices of the Christian religion. I am not discussing the question now as to whether this practice and these views were correct: I am only telling you what was done and thought to be right by our ancestors and by the great governments of the world. When the Constitution of the United States, the compact of union, was adopted it recognized the right of property in African slaves. The African slave trade was then still being carried on, and the Constitution of the United States provided that it should not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808, twenty years after the adoption of the Constitution. It also provided that slaves escaping from one State into another should not be discharged from service or labor, but should be delivered up to the owner. There were differences of opinion as to the rightfulness of slavery among the men who formed the Constitution. Subsequently, and before 1861, a number of the Northern States, where slave labor was not thought to be profitable, abolished that institution, and by degrees a strong prejudice grew up against slavery, first among philanthropists and religionists, and then in a number of States it became a political question. The agitation of this question was not at first entirely sectional, but it became so subsequently. Its agitation, as early as 1820, threatened the perpetuity of the Union. The agitation went on until it resulted in civil war and bloodshed in Kansas. This was followed by the invasion of Virginia by John Brown and his deluded followers for the purpose of inaugurating civil and servile war in that State. And when he was executed for his crimes Northern churches were draped in mourning, and their bells tolled in token of their sympathy with him and sorrow for his fate. In the Thirty-fifth Congress, when the agitation was threatening the peace of the country, thirty-odd propositions of compromise were made for the purpose of averting the danger of disunion; all of these, without exception, were made either by Southern members or Northern Democratic members. And every such proposition which was presented in the House of Representatives was received by the Republican members with hooting and expressions of derision, and the Southern members were often told that they had to submit to the will of the majority. The Constitution was denounced by some of the agitators as a league with hell and a covenant with death, and the agitators claimed that there was a higher law than the Constitution. In the campaign of 1860 the Republicans nominated as their anti-slavery ticket both their candidates for President and Vice President from the Northern States, a thing which had not occurred before that time, ex-

cept in the election of Gen. Jackson as President and Mr. Calhoun as Vice President, both from Southern States, in 1828, when there was no sectional issue.

In 1832 the peace of the country, if not the integrity of the Union, was threatened on the question of the revenue policy of the government, which led to the steps taken by South Carolina to nullify the acts of Congress by which duties on imports and for the protection of home industries were levied in a way which, it was believed, did not bear equally on the different parts of the country, and which was believed to involve a violation of the Constitution. Both these were questions which came up under the broader and greater question of the proper construction of the Constitution of the United States. In the Federal Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States, the question as to the character of the government we were to have, and of the powers which were to be conferred on it, and in the conventions of the States which ratified the Constitution, were very ably discussed, some of the members in each preferring a strong Federal Government, and others, jealous of the rights of the States, and more solicitous for the liberties of the people, preferring a government with limited powers.

The States represented in the Federal Convention were each free, sovereign and independent. The Constitution formed by that Convention and ratified by the States conferred on the government so formed certain specified and limited powers necessary to enable it to conduct our foreign and federal relations, reserving to the States respectively and to the people all the powers not so delegated. The question was discussed in the Convention as to what should be done in case of disagreement between the Federal Government and one or more of the States. A proposition was made by Alexander Hamilton to confer on the Federal Government power to coerce refractory States, and it was voted down. So this power was not expressly given by the Constitution, and was not embraced in the powers which were given.

During President Washington's administration, being the first under the Constitution, the question as to whether the Constitution should be strictly construed so as to preserve the reserved rights of the States, or should receive a latitudinous construction, looking to strengthening the government beyond the powers delegated by it, was sharply made between Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State, contending for its strict construction, and Alexander Hamilton, contending for a broader construction.

During the administration of the elder Adams the Congress, with the approval of the President, passed what is known in the history of the times as the alien and sedition laws. The strict constructionists, under the lead of Mr. Jefferson, denied the constitutionality of these laws, and charged that they endangered the liberty of the citizens. Under this issue the American people agreed with Mr. Jefferson, and elected him President in the year 1800, and again in 1804.

In the year 1798 the Legislature of Kentucky, and in the year 1799 the Legislature of Virginia, passed resolutions denouncing the alien and sedition laws as violative of the Constitution and dangerous to liberty, and asserted the right of the States to protect themselves against unconstitutional laws and acts of the Federal Government. And in these resolutions they asserted the right of the States to protect the people

against the unconstitutional acts and arbitrary power of the Federal Government, and that they were the judges of their rights and remedies, but that this power was not to be exercised by them except in extreme cases, when there was no other remedy. Under this issue what was known as the Federal party went out of power and out of existence. And under this, as the doctrine of the then Republican party, which afterward became the Democratic party, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe, successively held the office of President of the United States for twenty-four successive years. It was always the doctrine of the Democratic party down to 1860, and was specifically indorsed by its national conventions in several canvasses for President and Vice President preceding the war.

I am not saying whether this is or is not the doctrine of the Democratic party now. I am only reciting these facts to show the opinions which prevailed before the war between the States, and in a large measure guided the people of the Southern States when they passed their ordinances of secession. They believed a public opinion had been created in the Northern States which threatened the peace of the country and the rights of the people. They believed the Constitution of the United States had ceased to be a shield for their protection, and that their safety and welfare made it necessary for them to withdraw from the Union and form a government friendly to their people, and under which their rights would be secured to them. They were in part led to this conclusion by the facts I have stated, and by the additional facts that the people of the Northern States had repudiated the provisions of the Constitution and of the acts of Congress, which were intended to protect them in the enjoyment of their local, social, and domestic institutions, and which were intended to protect \$3,000,000,000 of property in slaves; that they had repudiated a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which affirmed the doctrine of the Constitution and laws of Congress on this subject; that some of the Northern States had passed laws forbidding their authorities and people from aiding to execute the provisions of the Constitution and laws requiring the rendition of fugitive slaves.

These things and others of like character caused the Southern States to attempt to withdraw from the Union. And the principles I have called to view and the facts I have referred to led to the great war which cost so much blood and treasure. And these principles and facts are the answer to the new generation as to why their fathers gave their services, their property, and their lives in that war; and why brave men fought and died, and why holy men, pure and noble women prayed for their success. Why Senators and Representatives in Congress, and officers of the army and navy surrendered their offices and emoluments, and abandoned a condition of peace and security and offered their fortunes and their lives in so unequal a contest; and why the people at large in these States, with remarkable unanimity, staked every earthly thing which was precious and dear to them in so unequal a war, rather than submit to the degradation of living under a violated Constitution and laws, and being compelled to accept only such rights in the Union as might be accorded to them by the grace of a hostile popular majority.

A number of persons who are specially wise after

the fact have said we had better have compromised than to have accepted battle with such a preponderance of population and wealth and the power of an organized government against us. Can any one point to an instance in history where principles of such magnitude and property of such value were settled by a compromise? As well have asked why our revolutionary fathers did not compromise with King George. It was one of those cases which, under all the circumstances, could only be settled by appeal to the god of battles. And those who think a settlement could have been made by a compromise certainly cannot have been familiar with the facts which led to the war. Horace Greeley, in the preface to his history of what he calls the rebellion, said: "The war might have been brought on a little earlier or it might have been postponed to a little later date, but sooner or later it was inevitable." And he spoke the truth. It is unreasonable to assume that statesmen, philanthropists, citizens in the ordinary walks of life, the ministers of religion, and the women of the country, would needlessly and without great provocation have consented to engage in a war of such magnitude, and that, too, when numbers, the materials of war and a powerful government was to be encountered by a people without a general government, without an army, without a navy, and without a treasury. I do not believe that any people, in any age, ever entered into a war with higher, purer or holier purposes; nor do I believe that any people in the world's history ever displayed more patriotism or made greater sacrifices, or exhibited greater endurance and courage than the soldiers and people of the Confederate states.

You will understand that in making these statements I am not doing so to renew the passions and prejudices of the war, or to question the patriotism of the men who fought for the Union. I doubt not that their patriotism was pure and their belief that they were in the right as strong as ours. I am discussing these as the facts of history, which, if not kept in view by our people, might make posterity question the patriotism and virtue of the noble men who fought in that and of the pure women who prayed for their success. No one can feel more gratification that the war is ended and that peace and fraternal good will is restored between the people North and South than I. And I can meet and greet the soldier who wore the blue as a friend and brother, and am glad that many of them have made their homes among us. We are now under the same government flag. We have the same laws and language. We read the same Bible and worship the same God, and we are the same people, with the same hopes and aspirations and destiny.

One of the proudest memories of that great war is of the conduct of the women of the Confederacy. They willingly gave their fathers, husbands and brothers to the service of the Confederacy. In very many cases they took upon themselves the burden of supporting their families, both aged parents and children, by their own labor. And in the struggles to take care of home affairs they would spin and weave and knit and make up garments for their loved ones, both at home and in the ranks of the army. They denied themselves the ordinary comforts of life in order to help to supply the army, to take care of the sick and wounded soldiers, to feed and clothe such as were in their reach. Many good women who before the war were only engaged in such indoor and delicate employment as

the customs of the country had assigned to women, in the absence of the male members of their families in the army, to support their families planted and cultivated and gathered the necessary field crops, chopped and hauled wood, and fed and attended to the stock, cheerfully accepting such duties as their part of the sacrifices necessary to achieve the independence of the Confederacy.

If time permitted, this might be illustrated by many striking instances of the grand heroism of our women, a moral heroism even greater and grander than that of the soldier who fell in the excitement of battle. I am tempted to mention one such incident, as told me by Governor Letcher, of Virginia, during the war. He had visited his home at Staunton, and returning had stopped at the house of an old friend. Seeing none but the good lady at home, he inquired about the balance of the family. Her reply was that her husband, her husband's father, and her ten sons were in the same company in the army. He said to her that having been accustomed to have a large family around her she must feel very lonely. This noble matron replied: "Yes, it is very hard to be alone, but if I had ten more sons they should all be in the army." Can any one be surprised that a country whose women were capable of such sacrifices and sufferings willingly endured, and devotion to and prayers for their country's cause, should have prolonged the struggle for independence after its army had been reduced by casualties in battle and otherwise to a mere skeleton, whose money had been depreciated until it had but little purchasing power, whose soldiers were half naked, with barely food sufficient to sustain life, and whose country had been desolated by the ravages of war?

The world's history can hardly show an instance in which such courage and constancy and devotion has been shown by both men and women, in the face of so powerful an enemy. And I predict that in the not distant future some Macaulay will be found who will do justice to their patriotism and skill and courage; and that the citizens of all parts of the Union, North and South, will feel a just pride in the facts that such men and women and their descendants form a part of the population of this great republic; as we of the South shall feel a just pride in being citizens of a country which produced a Davis and a Lincoln, a Lee and a Grant, a Stonewall Jackson and a Sherman, and their respective compatriots. With all our pride on account of the qualities exhibited by our people during the war, perhaps the most striking illustration of their capacity for self-government is shown by their conduct since it ended. Their country desolated by the war; their wealth and resources exhausted; tens of thousands of their best men filling honorable graves on the fields of battle; their social and domestic institutions destroyed; their local governments annulled under the policy of reconstruction; denied the blessings of civil government; the military made paramount to the civil authorities; the right of the writ of habeas corpus suspended; arrests without affidavits of guilt and without warrant; citizens liable to be tried by drum-head military courts; freedmen's bureaus established everywhere, under the control of the military and of a set of lawless camp followers of the army, stimulating the negroes to hostility to the whites; with an alien race made dominant who were unused to the exercise of the duties of citizenship, and

unqualified for self-government; with no security for life, person or property; overwhelmed by all these calamities, that the people should have been able to reorganize society, and to reestablish civil government, revive the ordinary industries of the country, and in less than thirty years, reach the condition of general prosperity which now prevails throughout the Southern States, furnishes the strongest possible proof of the capacity of our people for the preservation of social order and for self-government; and cannot fail to secure for them the good opinion of the civilized world.

I wish to say something about reunions, like the present, of the soldiers of both the Southern and the Northern armies. Some persons object to them because they fear the effect will be to revive and perpetuate the passions and prejudices of the war. I think this is a mistaken view. That they cause a revival of the memories of the war is true, but it does not necessarily follow that such meetings will revive the passions and prejudices of the war. Many instances have occurred in both the South and the North in which the soldiers of the two sides have met together, and in fraternal kindness recounted the triumphs and glories of their respective armies, those of the one side feeling that those of the other were entitled to their respect, and all feeling that they were now fellow-citizens and brethren.

That war will go down in history as one of the great wars of the world—the officers distinguished for skill and the soldiers distinguished for courage rarely equalled in ancient or modern times. As long as patriotism and love of country and admiration for skill and courage survive, the memory of the achievements on both sides will gratify American pride and stimulate American patriotism and valor.

A people without a history cannot command respect. One of the offices of history is to perpetuate achievements in religion, in the arts, in the sciences, in arms, and in government, and so to cultivate the love of country and the glory of a people.

Whatever lingering prejudice may still exist, preventing any of the people of either side from doing justice to the memory and motive of those on the other side, must in a few more decades entirely give way, and then the sons and daughters of the late Confederates will be proud of the valor and achievements of the Federal officers and soldiers, and the sons and daughters of those who served in the Federal armies will be equally proud of the achievements of the late Confederates. And each side, in my judgment, does well to perpetuate the remembrance of the virtues, the skill, the courage, and the achievements of its statesmen, its Generals, its soldiers and its noble women.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT COVINGTON, TENN.— The Confederate Monument Committee want the name of every Tipton County Confederate soldier, and with information as to whether still living or dead, what regiment and company he belonged to, and his rank; what battles he participated in; if killed in battle, when and where; where buried, and any special act of heroism or any incident in his career. These facts are to be properly arranged and placed in the corner-stone of the monument. Any person familiar with any thing of interest in regard to any Tipton County soldier should communicate with Col. J. U. Green, Covington, Tenn.

WHO LIVING PARTICIPATED IN THIS?

So many stories are told about the capture and transfer of a railway locomotive during the war that the VETERAN would like an account from a participant.

Said T. C. DeLand, of the Examining Board at the Treasury: The Confederacy was very much in need of a railway locomotive in order to operate their supply system. It was in 1864, and they had not the means to buy an engine, so the invariable alternative arose—steal one. A band of one hundred men was selected from Lee's army and placed under the command of a big six-foot-four Georgian, who had been foreman of a stone quarry, and was more or less skilled in the use of derricks, etc. He took his men up into Maryland and they tore up a section of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway track, flagged the next train, and with nothing on earth save plenty of rope, those hundred men carried the locomotive fifty-two miles over hills, across streams, through bogs and woods, until they struck a line the Confederacy had built. Then they ran the engine down to Virginia.

When Robert Garrett, then President of the Baltimore and Ohio, heard of the feat he couldn't believe it. He went out and personally inspected the scene, went over the route and declared it the most wonderful feat of engineering ever accomplished. After the war he delegated a man to find the leader of the band. He was located in Georgia. Garrett sent for him, and on the strength of that single feat made him road-master of his entire system of railroads.

LIST OF PRISONERS AT FORT DELAWARE.

Judge D. C. Thomas, Lampassas, Texas, writes: I have a roll of Texas prisoners released from Fort Delaware at the close of the war. I was a prisoner there for more than a year, and was not released until some weeks after Lee's surrender. I was in three different prisons, and of course know something of prison life.

The VETERAN is grateful to Judge Thomas, and contemplates giving this list ere long.

J. L. Gee, of Williamson County, Tenn., who preserved the record of proceedings when Mrs. John C. Breckinridge gave the 20th Tennessee a flag made from her own silk dress, published in April VETERAN, kept a detailed account of the members of his company, "D." Its total membership, officers and men, was 129. There was one substitute. Fifteen were honorably discharged, ten were transferred, five promoted to other commands, twenty-five were captured, and one was captured while on secret service and killed; nine "joined the cavalry" and were paroled at the surrender, twelve were transferred to other commands, five were paroled while wounded, and five stacked arms at Bentonville, N. C. During the war eleven were killed, thirty-five wounded, and two died of wounds.

During the Birmingham Reunion J. W. G. and friends were visiting the Missionary Ridge Cyclorama, and several veterans were looking at it, when one of them expressed much disgust at the unfavorable showing the Confederates were making in one part of the picture. But walking around the old soldier saw something to please him, and in an exultant tone he sung out, "Come here, boys; look at this; arn't we giving them h—?" C.

THE GALLANT GEN. LANE.

Gen. James H. Lane, of Alabama, is a native of Virginia—Mathews Court House. A "star" graduate with distinction from the Virginia Military Institute, he afterward took a scientific course at the University of Virginia. He served as Assistant Professor of Mathematics at his Alma Mater, the Virginia Military Institute. He was afterward Professor of Mathematics in the Florida University at Tallahassee. When the war begun he was engaged as professor in the North Carolina Military Institute at Charlotte. He took an active part at once, and was made Major of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, and was in "the first battle of the war," according to D. H. Hill. He was dubbed



the "Little Major" of "the Bethel Regiment." With a handsome outfit of sword, bridle, saddle and stirrups from this command, he left them to serve as Colonel of the 28th North Carolina, of which he was unanimously chosen Colonel. This same compliment was paid him by this regiment upon its reorganization and volunteering for the war—the first twelve months to so enlist, according to Gen. Holmes. When Gen. Branch was hastening to the right in the great battle of Sharpsburg, A. P. Hill dashed up to the command and called out, "Who commands this regiment?" Lane stepped forward and saluting, said, "I do, General." Hill replied: "Take your regiment, Colonel, at a double quick, deploy it along that road, defend that unsupported battery and drive back the enemy advancing through that corn." About dark Branch ordered Lane to rejoin him, and that, doubtless, was

the last order of that brave officer; for, as Lane approached his line he recognized Maj. Englehard, and asked, "Where is Gen. Branch?" Englehard, in a voice which betrayed his emotion, replied, "He has just been shot: there he goes on that stretcher, dead, and you are in command of the brigade." Two days afterward Branch's brigade, under Lane, and the brigades of Gregg and Archer, constituted the rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia, when Gen. Lee recrossed the Potomac without the loss of a wagon.

The brigade petitioned for Lane's promotion, and on the recommendation of Lee, Jackson and A. P. Hill he was appointed Brigadier to succeed the lamented Branch. Gen. Lane was wounded on the head at the first Cold Harbor at the same time that the noble Campbell was killed in front of his regiment with its colors in his hands. He received an ugly and very painful wound a few days afterward at Frazier's Farm, when his regiment was charging a battery, but he refused to leave the field, though advised to do so by the Division Surgeon. At the second Cold Harbor he was dangerously wounded, and was borne, profusely bleeding, from the field.

This noted North Carolina brigade took an active part in every important infantry battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and Gen. Lane was in active command from Sharpsburg to the surrender at Appomattox Court House, except about two months when confined by serious wounds.

After the surrender Gen. Lane begged his way to the home of his childhood, which had been in the enemy's lines, to find his aged parents ruined in fortune and crushed in spirit at the loss of two noble sons. He remained there huckstering and working his father's garden and a small lot in corn until he could borrow \$150 to enable him to leave his old home again in search of employment more congenial to his habits and to the physical ability of a wounded soldier.

This "Little General" enjoyed the confidence and respect of President Davis, as is seen from the following beautiful and touching tribute: "I willingly bear witness to his character and general capacity. Endeared to me as he is by his services to the South when he was the youngest Brigadier in the Confederate Army, I admit that I feel a warm interest in his success, not for himself only but also as a good example for the youth of the State I love so well."

Gen. Lane married miss Charlotte Randolph Meade, of Richmond, Va., who died several years ago. He has four daughters, and lives at Auburn, Ala., where he is Professor of Civil Engineering in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. The VETERAN will print soon an address of his about our women in war times.

Lowndesboro, Ala., March 19, 1894.—At a meeting of Camp T. J. Bullock, No. 331, U. C. V., Adjutant C. D. Whitman offered the following resolution, which was adopted: That we heartily indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and accept it as our official organ, and cheerfully recommend it to all soldiers, regardless of whether they wore the gray or the blue. It is worth the price, \$1 a year.

Graham Hughes, Secretary, Owensboro, Ky., March 10: "Sir—I am commissioned by the Confederate Association of this place to notify you that your magazine has been indorsed by it as an able and true representative of Confederate interests."

HUMORS OF WAR TIMES.

A. C. McLeary, Humboldt, Tenn.: A friend sent me two numbers of the *VETERAN*, December and January, and I read both of them through the first night, and was reminded of many funny things said and done during the war. I was a private in Company G, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest. The greater part of our company were boys from sixteen to twenty, and we were a jolly set. German Tucker took a Confederate cracker to show to some ladies living near camp, and they wanted to know how we ever got them to pieces. He told them that we put one corner of the cracker in our mouth, placed the chin on a stump and got some one to hit us on top of the head with a maul. Bill Combs, when discussing the crackers as an article of food, said, "I can get full of the 'dad gum' things, but can't get enough."

Late one night we were cooking rations for one of our Middle Tennessee raids. Two of the boys, one in the 14th Tennessee Regiment on another hill, and one of my company, were "jawing" at each other, when the 14th man yelled out, "You go to h—." Our man answered, "There's no way of getting there now, the yankees have burnt the bridges." Fourteenth answered, "They did a good thing for you, then."

While on that raid we marched and fought for days and nights in succession. Late one dark night we were on the march, it was raining, and we were all wet, cold, tired, sleepy and hungry. We were bunched up in a creek bottom waiting for those in front to cross the stream. Not a word was being spoken. Old sore backed horses were trying to rub their riders off against some other horse. We knew we would have fighting to do as soon as day broke, and we had the blues. All at once Joe Leggett said: "Boys, I have become reckless; I've got so I don't care for nothing. I had just as soon be at home now as to be here." The effect was magic. While the skill and bravery of our Generals and the fighting qualities of our soldiers could not have been excelled, if it had not been for those jolly spirits to animate others the war would have come to a close much sooner.

Let us have something more from Capt. Hord. I laughed more while reading his Mike Kelly article than any thing I have seen concerning the war. It reminded me of my experience when Hood's army left Nashville. Not in Mike's charging qualities, but in trying to mount a frightened horse when the yankees and their bullets were coming fast. I was a good rider, and when at myself could mount a horse as quick as an Indian. But I had sprained my left ankle so severely I could not stand on it to put the other foot in the stirrup. Six or eight of us were on guard—I was a volunteer. We were at an old brick house on the bank of the Cumberland river five or six miles below Nashville. Our horses were over the hill out of the range of the gunboats three or four hundred yards from us. The first thing we knew our boys were running the yankees, our boys in front, down the Charlotte pike below us. As they passed they sent R. B. Bledsoe, one of our company, to tell us to get away if we could. The rest of the guards left me at once. Bledsoe saw me, run his horse some two hundred yards to where I was, jumped from the saddle, threw me the reins, and was gone like a flash, hoping to get to my horse and then make his escape.

Well, I must close, as I have already called for more space than I expect to get. However, Mr. Editor, I must tell of the uneasy ride this same old ankle caused me to take. When we got back to the Tennessee River our time came to cross the pontoon bridge about midnight, and it was very dark. Gen. Cheatham was there to see that every thing started on the bridge in proper order. Orders were to dismount and lead across, but there was no walking for me, so I kept my seat and was on the bridge when Gen. Cheatham railed out, "Why in the — don't you dismount?" "I have a sprained ankle, General, and can't walk." "All right, if you are a mind to risk it I will." When a boy I rode bucking mules, jumping horses, young steers, and a railroad train with wheels jumping the ties, but all this was pleasure compared with that pontoon ride. The river was bank full, the bridge in a swing, jumping up and down. My eyes being up above the rest, the lights on the bank in front blinded me like a bat. It seemed to be the widest river in the world.

LETTER WRITTEN IN WAR TIMES.

The following letter was recently sent to the writer with request for its return. The company referred to was B. 41st Tennessee Regiment:

In the Ditches near Atlanta, July 30, 1864, 8 o'clock A. M.—My Dear Friend C. H.: As I commence this every thing is comparatively calm, though there was "heavy" skirmishing all night, so reported, and it has been intense this morning on the left. Our brigade is a "support" for the cavalry on the right.

Day before yesterday, I understand, there was a "lively" engagement on the left. We did not hear any thing except the artillery. I suppose that our loss was quite heavy, but do not credit near all that I hear in regard to it. We hear that the yankees burned the supply train of our corps.

The papers were thankfully received that you gave me. There has not been a late paper here in about two weeks. We get no news.

I arrived safely to my command with the onions. The boys were eager for them, and say I must get another furlough. In the engagements during my absence some of our truest soldiers, and my near and dear friends, gave their lives for their country. One of my company, a good soldier and steady young man, was shot through the head. The yankees never seriously wounded one of my company, but have shot three through the head, killing each instantly. Of all that were killed in my regiment I fear that neither one was prepared to die. How strange that men will go blindly into eternity, when a light is offered that will show them the way! My dear friend, I desire that you so live as that all may be well with you under all circumstances.

The onions referred to, a two bushel sack full, were bought in Macon for \$60, and the purchaser declined \$300, but had the pleasure of their distribution to comrades in his regiment.

Lt. Gen. S. D. Lee, Agricultural College, Miss.: I consider your last two issues as splendid, and had made up my mind to write you especially commending the February number. The material is just what it ought to be, and I wish you eminent success in your work. I wish you had started such a monthly ten years ago.

SAM DAVIS, THE HERO MARTYR.

Extracts from an address by J. M. King, Jr., before a Literary Society at the University of Nashville.

It is not of the words of a statesman, nor of the deeds of a great general, but of the actions and death of a noble Southern hero that I beg you to listen to. A short time before the battle of Mission Ridge Gen. Bragg had planned a campaign through Tennessee into Kentucky. It was important to know the exact strength of the Federal forces occupying the sections through which he was to pass. For this information, which had been promised by a Federal officer at Nashville, a courier was to be sent. This perilous undertaking, to pass through a country swarming with Federal soldiers, required a man of the coolest courage and unflinching devotion to duty. Sam Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, a youth of nineteen years, was chosen for the hazardous journey. He went dressed in his gray, and accomplished his task, but on his return was taken prisoner near Pulaski, Tenn. A search of his person revealed the important papers he carried, and from their accuracy and minuteness of detail it was at once suspected that he had secured them from a Federal officer of the engineering department. It was highly important to detect the name of the traitor, and to that end Davis was questioned. His answers were straightforward. Frankly admitting that he had received the papers as suspected, he firmly declined to give the name of the officer. The commander pressed him, offering him pardon and safe return into his lines, or would subject him to trial by court martial, to result in death on the gallows. He was unmoved, and stoutly refused to sell his friend. A commission being appointed, he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy Friday, November 23, 1863, in the town of Pulaski. When his fate was made known to him he expressed some surprise at its harshness [being dressed in his army colors and wearing his Confederate arms when captured—he was no spy], but he showed not the least fear or weakness—not the quiver of a muscle. In writing to his mother he realized full well the end. Death was certain. These are his words to her:

"Dear Mother—O how painful it is to write to you that I have got to die to-morrow morning. I will be changed by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me, I must bid you goodbye for evermore. Mother, I do not hate to die. Give my love to all. Tell the children all to be good."

A nobler heart never beat! Think of his grief-stricken mother as she read those lines. The simplicity, the sincerity expressed in them illustrates his character. Directly after writing this he was again visited by the Chaplain, but he remained firm not to reveal the confidence given him. At the time appointed for his execution, seated on his coffin, his arms pinioned at his back, he was driven to the scaffold which had been erected on an elevation overlooking the town. He saw the soldiers move the coffin from the wagon, and, turning to the commander, inquired how long he had to live. "Just fifteen minutes," was the reply. Then, without a tremor or the slightest change of countenance, he said, "The rest of the battles will have to be fought without me."

As he ascended the steps of the scaffold in company with the Chaplain, after committing a few keepsakes to a friend, his mind evidently turned back to his home. Familiar scenes and trying recollections thronged upon him. He recalled his dear mother as she bade him farewell at the gate, giving to him her treasured Bible, asking God to take care of her precious boy. He saw his father, his frame trembling with emotion as he took his hand and said, "My son, go and fight for our Southland, and, if need be, die in her cause;" and no doubt he recalled the tender words of his dearest one as they knelt at the altar and vowed to be all and all to each other. At this moment a messenger, dispatched in haste from headquarters, arrived at the scaffold. It was the last offer of pardon. He was told that such fate might be avoided by giving the name of the officer from whom he had the treasonable documents. Though standing upon the brink of eternity, he turned upon the messenger and, with a glowing indignation, said, "No! I would die a thousand deaths first. I will never betray the confidence reposed in me." After a short prayer the black cap was drawn over his head and he stepped upon the trap, and with the calmness of a philosopher, the sternness of a patriot, the sincerity and courage of a Christian martyr, paid the severe penalty of unswerving devotion to duty and honor.

Far and wide his death was mourned. His executioners wept. The common soldiery stigmatized the deed as a cruel assassination. Among his own lines his comrades resolved to erect a monument to mark the resting place of one who deserved the title of Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave."

Noble Sam Davis was admired by his enemies and loved by his friends. No one ever awakened greater sympathy. His youth, his courage, his coolness under the trying circumstances, endeared him to all. Even now, after the lapse of twenty-nine years, at the mention of his name to a comrade or friend, a tender sympathy causes the tear to rise unbidden to the eye. He was a martyr to what he conceived to be his duty.

Capt. Samuel D. Buck, Baltimore, calls attention to some errors in his article in the VETERAN for March, page 75, in which he states: I am made to call "Massanutton Mountain" "Maurerton Mountain," "Hite's Lane" "Hill's Lane." Then the charge made on the battery says "charged across the river," should be, "charged across the run." Then the article says, "We remained north of Middletown over night." I certainly did not intend to so state, but that "we were halted north of Middletown in line of battle until we fell back in the afternoon." Our brigade, under the personal command of Gen. Pegram himself, kept in perfect alignment until we were forced to break to cross Cedar Creek bridge. I read the VETERAN with great pleasure, and look for it as a personal friend.

Thomas D. Ransom, Commander Stonewall Jackson Camp at Staunton, Va., recently called a meeting of its members to protect from mob violence a negro under trial during popular excitement. He appointed a committee and charged it with the duty of aiding the authorities of the county and city in the preservation of order, as representatives of the Camp, and of giving immediate notice to all members of the Camp accessible to them, of any emergency calling for its further action.

CAPT. GEORGE B. LAKE.

Thanks to James T. Bacon, editor of the *Edgefield, S. C., Chronicle*, for notes concerning Capt. George B. Lake, of Edgefield Court House, who started the movement for having the *VETERAN* made official organ of the United Confederate Veterans at Birmingham. Capt. Lake is a native of the Edgefield District, born January, 1841. His father was an eminent physician and a zealous Christian. His mother excelled in brilliant literary achievements.

The son enlisted in Company C., Gregg's First South



Carolina Regiment, the first organized for the great Confederate conflict. It was the first regiment that went to Virginia, and evidently fired the first gun on the Southern side in the war. The Gregg regiment was disbanded at the end of six months, the time for which it enlisted, and young Lake immediately re-enlisted in the 22d South Carolina, and was made a staff officer of the regiment. He was healthy, active, and was constantly on duty until his burial at the Crater by Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864, when he became a prisoner. His men were so situated there that they fired over a four-gun Confederate battery. When the mine, charged with 8,000 pounds of powder, was fired they were all buried, and thirty-one of his thirty-four men, including himself, were killed. Capt. Lake and the other three survivors were dug up by the Federals after two hours. He was sent to Fort Delaware where he was kept until the end came. Capt. Lake had never missed a battle in which his command engaged. Confrere Bacon concludes:

"Capt. Lake, with a lovely, noble wife, promising children, and a happy home, is now one of the most honored, beloved, and useful citizens of the town of Edgefield. He thanks God that it was his privilege to go to Birmingham, and there to cheer "Dixie" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag" as lustily as, when a boy, he followed Lee and Johnston in Virginia, and fought under J. E. Johnston in the West."

Desiring the experiences of Capt. Lake in that awful disaster, the explosion of the Crater, request for an account was written to him and this is his reply:

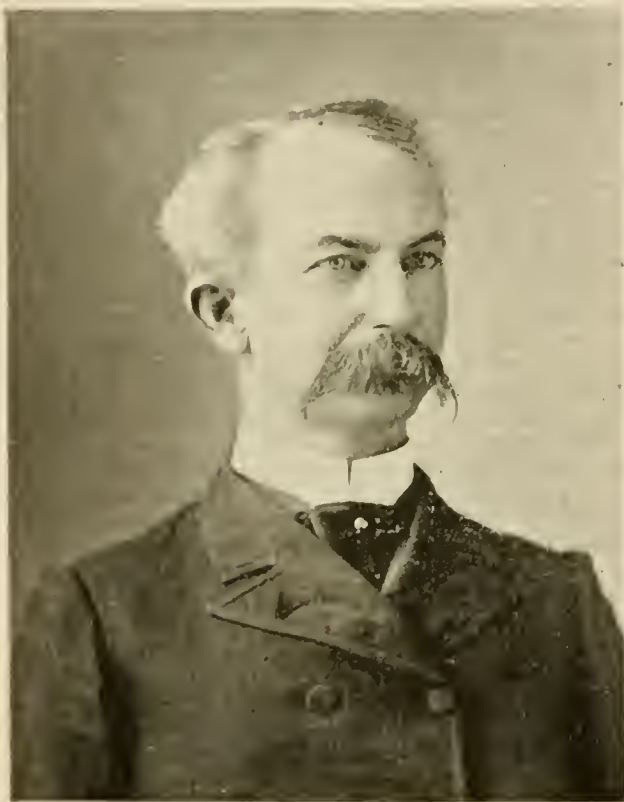
* * * "That would be hard to put on paper. The Federal troops had been mining for some time. We knew it, and to prevent the destruction of the battery and the breaking of our lines, we sunk a shaft on each side of the battery about a dozen feet deep, and then tunnelled out twenty feet or more to the front, but the enemy's mine was under our tunnel a good many feet. Our officers around the mine believed that we were going to be blown up. My command was in the rear line of works, and we were all asleep. I knew nothing of what had happened until the most of the dirt had been taken off of us. Before I was taken out, however, I came to consciousness, and talked to Lieut. W. J. Lake, of Newberry, S. C., a Lieutenant in my company, who was lying on my side. We knew we were buried, discussed the probabilities of getting out, and thought they were very slim. His thigh was broken, and he was otherwise badly injured, but finally recovered. The brave fellows who took us out of the ground, working away while exposed to shot and shell, I think were members of a New York heavy artillery regiment. They showed other evidences of their courage, for they soon turned one of our guns, that had been blown out of the trenches, upon our men, and handled it as only brave men can in such a place. When I found that nearly all my men had been killed, and the remaining few, with myself, were prisoners, it was gloomy indeed. We were kept in the Crater for a considerable time, exposed to shells from our own batteries. These shells made terrible havoc with the Federal troops who had charged through the break, but after being driven back stopped in the Crater for protection.

"I was in some of the hardest fought battles of the Confederate war—was at one time for two weeks in Fort Sumter, when all the Federal iron-clads would steam up to within eight hundred or a thousand yards of the fort, and they and the land batteries on Morris Island would hurl shell and shot in the fort by the ton, but I never saw any thing to equal the horror of the Crater."

T. C. Monroe, of Auditor's office, Little Rock, Ark., who was of Company K., and acted as Adjutant 8th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, desires to learn of Col. John P. Emerich, if living, who commanded this noble little regiment in its last days. The regiment was first commanded by Col. John A. Winston, then by Col. Y. L. Royston, the "Tall Sycamore of the South," then by Col. Hillery A. Herbert, now Secretary of the Navy, then by our Dutch Colonel, John P. Emerich, a noble soldier, who, at the organization of the regiment, was Captain of a company, the German Fusiliers, from Mobile, Ala. Maj. Monroe desires to hear from Col. Emerich, if living, as well as any other member of that noble old regiment, through the *VETERAN*. He adds, "Success to the *VETERAN* at any price."

CAPT. B. H. TEAGUE.

Capt. B. H. Teague is a native of Aiken, S. C. His early years were spent in Charleston. While at school he became a member of perhaps the most youthful military company in service, the Pickens Rifles, of Charleston. At the age of seventeen years he volunteered in Company B, Hampton Legion Regiment, Mounted Infantry, Gary's Cavalry Brigade, Army Northern Virginia.



Young Teague was a brave and faithful soldier to the end, and surrendered with his command at Appomattox. He boasts that he never "held horses during a fight." After the war he joined his State militia as soon as organized, and has advanced through the grades of officer until he is now Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry.

Commander Teague organized the second Camp of United Confederate Veterans in his State, that of Barnard E. Bee, No. 84, and his comrades, appreciating his zeal in their behalf, have kept him in command. He is a dentist by profession, and is held in high esteem as a skillful practitioner. He is an inventor of several useful appliances in dentistry, upon which he has letters patent. Dr. Teague is ex-President of the Dental Association of his State, a place of honorable distinction; and he is President of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, which position he now holds. His standing among his people is that of an exemplary and honorable citizen, and though he sought not political preferment, he was made President of the Central Democratic Club of his county for nearly ten years after the overthrow of radical Republicanism in his State.

As a labor of love, and for the purpose of preserving them from oblivion, Commander Teague has for many years been collecting relics and souvenirs of the Confederate war. He has filled a suite of rooms with these precious treasures, many of which are of historical and inestimable value, contributed by his many friends and his comrades. To these rooms all veterans are welcomed, and they have been visited by hundreds. He affirms he is a crank at collecting, and at the parting at the Birmingham meeting he said, "If you want to make a fast friend send me a Confederate war relic."

THAT GRAND ARMY INVITATION.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION FROM DR. J. WM. JONES.

I have not cared to correct the many misstatements concerning my position on inviting the G. A. R. to hold its session in Atlanta, which have appeared in the papers. But I avail myself of the columns of the *VETERAN* for a brief explanation, in order that my comrades may know just where I stood on the question. I opposed the proposition to send a committee to the Grand Army and invite them to hold their next session in Atlanta on the ground that it was a question with which *we* had nothing to do—that just as we would consider it an impertinence for the G. A. R. to send us a commission to suggest where we should meet, so they would regard such a commission on our part as an impertinence.

After there had been a good deal of fine rhetoric about "fraternity," "forgetting the bitterness of the war," etc., I replied, in substance, that I did not mean to revive bitter memories of the stormy past—that I had no sort of objection to meeting old soldiers who fought against us, and, as a matter of fact, had frequently done so—and that if we could eliminate from the G. A. R. all who were not soldiers I would be glad to welcome and fraternize with the true soldiers who wore the blue. But, I added, truth compelled the statement that very many of those most prominent in the G. A. R. reunions were men who never smelt gun powder, who were soldiers "for revenue only"—who were only solicitous to have their names on the pension rolls, and who belonged to that class of whom Ben Hill, of Georgia, had wittily said that they were "*invisible in war and invincible in peace.*"

The convention voted the other way, though it was very far from being the "unanimous" vote that some of the papers claimed, and I acquiesced in the decision. But from the thanks which have since been showered upon me for the stand I took, I incline to the opinion that I expressed the sentiments of a *very large minority*, if not a majority of Confederate veterans, and of our Southern people.

I am quite sure that if the G. A. R. *does* meet in Atlanta and conduct their meetings in their usual style, that it will be the well-nigh unanimous verdict that this invitation was exceedingly unwise, and that it will be many a long day before it is renewed.

University of Virginia, May 7, 1891.

Dr. Cicero R. Barker, Salisbury, N. C.: Please ask if Harry Love, a member of the 42d North Carolina Regiment, who moved to Texas in 1870, is still alive. If so, send me address.

CAMPS THAT INDORSE THE VETERAN.

The reports of a multitude of Camps, Bivouacs, etc., are published in this VETERAN. It is a remarkable compilation. The indorsement is unstinted, and practically universal; besides, the circumstances under which it was given make it all the stronger. A prominent member of the organization was in Nashville a few days before the meeting, and introduced the subject of making the VETERAN the official organ, and said he would take pleasure in presenting it. He afterward concluded it would be better for the leading Confederate in Tennessee to offer the resolution, and said he would make a speech in its advocacy; but the gentleman mentioned said he thought it would be in better taste for the motion to be made from another State. These two gentlemen were occupied constantly in the general work of the Convention, and time passed on until the first day was gone. The next day they were busy as ever, and others less prominent in the Convention, knowing the situation, wanted the resolution offered, but I advised them to wait. Thus matters continued until just before the Convention closed, when Capt. George B. Lake of South Carolina, conferred with Capt. B. H. Teague, of that State, and it was determined that the latter offer the resolution, which he did. Without concert of action the motion was seconded from nearly every part of the Convention, and was "carried without a dissenting voice." After the vote had been announced a Chattanooga delegate arose to oppose the resolution, saying there are other Confederate (?) papers, and he was opposed to discriminating. But he was "too late," the resolution had "already passed." [This gentleman is very enterprising. He has been at the head of his city government, and active in Democratic committee work, but some time since he was left out of the committee entirely, and in complaining bitterly about it he said, "I know one thing, I'm no d— fool."]

As editor and proprietor of the VETERAN I passed through an ordeal at the reunion which it is necessary to explain to the many comrades who had written they expected to see me at Birmingham. The reunion to me was like a battle in war times. I had not "a good time," as has been so often presumed by correspondents. The "cat in the meal bag" was fed at defiance, and by a few who have had every favor that I could bestow since the VETERAN has existed. A "General" on the platform, who was not "made by the private soldier," but by a politician, was conspicuous, and he was put on an important committee. His presence seemed, at least, to influence General officers who make official reports of the war, and the VETERAN was *not mentioned* from the platform any more than if it had never existed. The long and able report read by the Chairman of the Historical Committee, and a gentleman who had stated previously that the VETERAN

"material is just what it should be," and, "I wish you had started such a monthly ten years ago," never had mention of it, but it should.

The able and illustrious Commanding General had ever carefully avoided committing himself in any sense to the VETERAN. He had not, however, forgotten to commend another publication which has been so faithfully exposed by the VETERAN. He had not forgotten, either, to write an earnest commendation of a publication in his own State which has a *department* similar to the warp and woof of the VETERAN. I had even written a request for a word of commendation, but failed to secure it. Readers of the VETERAN all over the South will bear testimony that the VETERAN has honored him above any other living man. It gave him first prominence at the grave of Mr. Davis, and quoted his words about the scene. When he delivered his splendid lecture here on the "Last Days of the Confederacy"—better suited to New England than Old South defenders—I did as I have ever done, what I could do for his success. I could not have done the consistent thing to print his picture in April VETERAN but for his generous-spirited brother, whose friendship has ever been openly demonstrated.

Then another General, who is a candidate for office, and whose claims have been pressed through his war record under the title, "United Confederate Veterans," although prohibited by the Constitution, has ignored the VETERAN entirely, but it has served him just as if he had done his duty. Do I dare, the dastardly thing, to complain at these dignitaries? They know that my work has deserved commendation, yes, and their money too, to the value of one dollar a year. [But that I have never asked directly of anybody.] It is an insult to justice that so much be done to honor fellow patriots by an individual whose high aim to meeting obligations is so involved, who is doing a work that they in their hearts commend, and yet who have not the courage to do and to dare as they had thirty years ago. They did not merit equal credit for valor then, with fame's shining temple open before them, to the equally patriotic who rushed into the jaws of death equally bold, and no such reward promised. I am not discriminating against our gallant, patriotic leaders, but I am just in these criticisms. It is not right to exalt eternally comrades, however worthy of honor, above their equals, unless they show reciprocal appreciation of what is done for them. The VETERAN would go out as a lamp without oil, yea, famine, fire and death would come quickly if the noble heroes of the rank and file were to do as some of these have done through the unpatriotic policy of keeping favor with an agent who has drawn, according to report, *more than forty thousand dollars* during the past twenty years, by liberality of the United States Government in compliment to the South, and in its effort to secure true history. Everybody knows I am

right. This could not be more disagreeable service to anybody. I am in the responsible position, indorsed by the many thousands of Confederates, impelled to a duty as sacred as when I carried a gun. I would be untrue to every holy memory if, with the VETERAN, I did not expose this "inwardness." From the morning I saw the Federal thousands—a picture of the British in my childhood horror—march into Fort Donelson, I have been as loyal as any soldier who gave his life to the cause. I have the comfort now of knowing that I did my entire duty on every occasion, and cost what it may now, I intend to continue in that line until the end comes.

I may err often and seriously, but I will surely continue to have the consciousness of loyalty to duty in these matters. It has been my good fortune ever to have the candor to apologize for mistakes, and the columns of the VETERAN are wide open now of right.

COMMENT OF GEN. UNDERWOOD ON THE REUNION.

Since the grand reunion at Birmingham, Ala., I have naturally thought much of the United Confederate Veteran movement, of how its great success has been brought about, and cannot resist the temptation to write you on the subject.

Undoubtedly the establishment of a federation of Confederate veterans was a cherished wish of the Southern soldiery that participated in the great war for Southern independence, but the maturing of such a bud into the full blown flower now presented by the United Confederate Veterans is more the work of the Chief of Staff, Gen. Geo. Moorman, than of any other one or dozen men connected with the movement. His constant labor in effecting the organization of Camps, assiduous attention toward the irksome but necessary details of formulating a federation of Southern veterans, painstaking courtesy and general urbanity toward those with whom he came in contact, won for him the favor and confidence of all, and made the arduous task a possibility that has now become a blooming achievement, successful beyond expression.

It is true that he had the assistance of his lady Secretary in the tedious machinery of office work, and Miss Childress performed her part most loyally, enthusiastically, and in a manner every way admirable, and for which she was heartily and unanimously recognized by the Birmingham Convention, but while she is entitled to every meed of praise, still his (Moorman's) was the directing hand, and all will join in acknowledgment of its inestimable value to the federation.

I write the foregoing because of the circumstances which, as Secretary of the Committee on Nominations, made me aware of the enthusiastic unanimity of that committee in presenting Miss A. C. Childress' name to the Convention for Chief Clerk and Stenographic Secretary at general headquarters of the United Confederate Veteran Federation; and also, on the adoption of the new Constitution, of having been selected by the General commanding to present his compliments to Gen. Moorman, and tender to him appoint-

ment to the position of Lieutenant General and Chief of the General Staff, with full appreciation of his past services and great expectations for the future.

Again, the VETERAN has done much and exceedingly well for the Confederate movement, and in its interesting publications and bright pages it has evidently revived a great deal of the past that was slumbering, and brought to the surface the vivid recollections of the realities of the magnificent Southern record, all evidenced and acknowledged by the fullest indorsement from the Legislative Council of the Federation.

There is another element which formed the principal initial link of the chain of organization, viz.: The reception of the veteran soldiers by glorious old New Orleans two years ago, with such an open, old-time and lavish hospitality, unsurpassed anywhere under any conditions by any people, that it brought to every one a smile of approval, culminating in a general desire for perfecting the U. C. V. organization.

The conditions enumerated still exist, and in addition thereto can now be added the bringing forward to take position in the foremost rank, with the illustrious Gordon as Commander, such a renowned General as Wm. H. Jackson as second in command, with the three departments, having as their heads, respectively, Generals Fitzhugh Lee, Stephen D. Lee, and W. L. Cabell, all distinguished for services in the field, for natural and acquired abilities, that the ultimate uniting, under the federated head, of every ex-Confederate Association and detached veteran is assured.

As a conclusion to this article I desire to personally return thanks to the members of the Birmingham Convention, severally and collectively for their courteous indorsement, and for the material aid given and promised toward liquidating the debt on the Confederate Monument at Oakwoods Cemetery, Chicago, with the assurance that when all the subscription and other promised contributions have been paid but little debt will remain.

I believe that the many thousands of your readers will be glad to join in the foregoing, and wish the U. C. V. cause prosperity and perpetuity.

THE CONFEDERATE REUNION.

BY L. J. C., HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

These stanzas were written as I sat by a one-legged veteran at the Birmingham Reunion with tears running down his cheeks while Gen. Gordon called the "honor roll" of the battles in which his men had followed him:

Off with your hats, men of renown
Let out the silvery gleam
That, shining as night's star-set crown,
Lights history's changing stream.

Look down on us from that grand plain
Where, heroes, ye did climb
Out of the din and battle smoke
To earthly heights sublime.

And now, before the lights are out,
Look in our eyes once more;
Send out your ringing battle shout
Like thunder's mighty roar.

Our veterans, our honored ones,
Your noble work is done;
Though conquered, ye are conquerors,
Our hearts, our cause, are one.

Report of Historical Committee at U. C. V.
Reunion, Birmingham.

* * * We also recommend the following suitable to be used as a supplementary reader in our schools: "The Civil War," by Mrs. Ann E. Snyder, of Tennessee. All of which is respectfully submitted by your obedient servants,

J. W. NICHOLSON, W. R. GARRETT,
J. N. STUBBS, S. D. LEE, Chairman,

When Gen. Lee finished his report amid thunders of applause, Dr. J. William Jones moved the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

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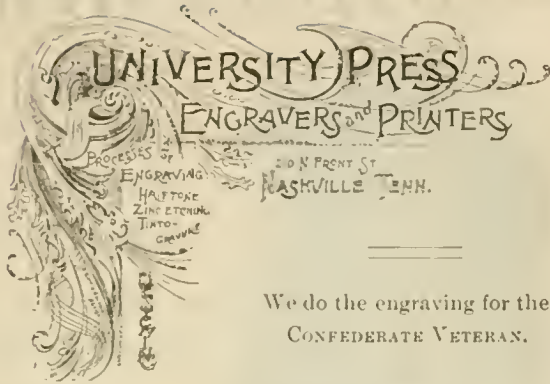
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W. B. CLARK is a candidate for County Trustee, subject to action of Democratic primaries, after registration. Election August 2, 1894.

For County Judge.

R. R. CALDWELL is a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to Democratic primary.

JAMES L. WATTS, primary election July 16th.

JNO. THOMPSON announces himself a candidate for County Judge, subject to Democratic primaries.

For Sheriff.

W. J. HILL is a candidate for Sheriff. Is competent and solicits your support in Democratic primaries.

For Criminal Court Clerk.

A. B. (BUSH) SPAIN is a candidate for Criminal Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primary. Election August, 1894.

For Circuit Court Clerk.

ALEX. J. HARRIS has announced himself as a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primary.

WILLIS J. SULLIVAN is a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primaries. Election August, 1894.

For County Court Clerk.

P. A. SHELTON is a candidate for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries. Election August, 1894.

JAMES F. LIPSCOMB announces himself as a candidate for County Court Clerk, subject to action of Democratic primaries.

For Register.

JNO. P. HICKMAN is competent, desires the fees, and solicits your support for County Register. Subject to Democratic primaries.

EWING CHADWELL is a candidate for re-election to the office of Register of Davidson County, subject to Democratic primary.

W. A. DONELSON, of the Fourth District, is worthy of your consideration, and hopes to have your approval for Register at the ensuing primary election.

For Tax Assessor.

TIM M. HANIFIN is a candidate for Tax Assessor of Davidson County, subject to the Democratic primary.

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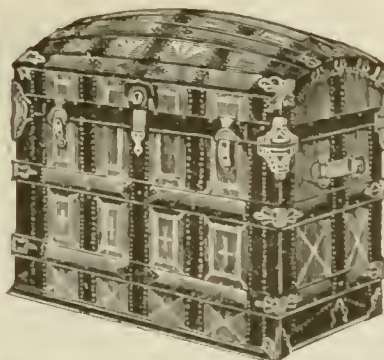
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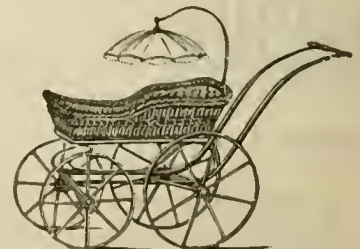
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} Vol. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1894.

No. 6. {S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
Proprietor.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter
Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$40. Discount: Half year, one-issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on former rate.

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

The date to subscriptions 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 entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success.

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

THE SOUVENIR—TO WHOM IT IS SENT.

In the prospectus of *Souvenir*, published in the VETERAN, the statement appeared that to stereotype the forms of *Souvenir* was contemplated. It was not done, however, and only the edition printed can be supplied. There are about 3,000 copies on hand. It is sent free to new subscribers or to those who renew. Those who subscribed before increase of price from fifty cents get the *Souvenir* now by renewing. To illustrate, John Smith subscribed in December, '93, so that his time will not expire until next December, but he can renew to December, '95, and get the *Souvenir*, whereas if he waits for his time to expire he will certainly miss it.

The *Galveston (Texas) News*, in its review of magazines and periodicals, gives first preference to the VETERAN *Souvenir*, and mentions it as "extremely interesting and valuable," and says, "it surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted in the South."

"If a suggestion from the *News* is in order, it will say that Mr. Cunningham has it in his power to do a much needed work for the Lost Cause, and for the whole South, as the South exists to-day, and as it will always exist. It is now thirty years since the flag was furled, and the dear emblem became only a hallowed memory. One might have naturally expected that something like a true history of the war would have been written by this time, and yet no one need be told that this is not the case. Partisan stories, vile distortion of facts, colored and untruthful accounts of skirmishes, marches and general engagements pass current for history, and in these days of public schools and free and general education there is every likelihood in the world of having not one but two or more generations of the South grow up imbued with false ideas of what the South's glorious history really is. Those whose fathers and brothers followed Lee, Jackson, Johnston and other great leaders need not be feared for, but all were not so fortunate, particularly the younger generation, and they—the Southern men of a few years hence—should be taught the truth. If Mr. Cunningham will add to his excellent magazine a

department of history in which nothing but truthful, and, if possible, official documents shall appear, it will make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN perfect. The reminiscences, camp fire stories, etc., are charming, and will never grow old or uninteresting. They should be continued by all means, but there should be something more substantial, and that the historical department will supply. The VETERAN is so good and so interesting all the time, however, that the *News* hesitates to make even a suggestion that it can be improved."

The VETERAN bows meekly to the very kind comment of this first paper in Texas. It will certainly gratify that author to know that the VETERAN has at this writing 1,782 subscribers in that great State, although it is but seventeen months old. There is much room for improvement, but it shall be made if comrades generally and others will continue to co-operate for it. Let each Southerner do his part.

In one of Bill Arp's patriotic letters, kindly published by the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Sunny South*, he noted the correction of an error that has historic dignity, and says: "And yet in the April *Souvenir* number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that most admirable magazine, there is a handsome," etc. He concludes his articles as follows:

"Is it not high time that our youths were being educated in Southern literature? Let the good name of our ancestors go down to posterity untarnished by the foul breath of slander. Let every loyal man subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that is now well established and is published in Nashville by S. A. Cunningham for one dollar a year."

THE Southwestern Lyceum League, of Memphis, on seeing the article on "How We Went to Shiloh," by Gen. F. A. Shoup, telegraphed for his address, and promptly visited him at the Institute, Columbia, to procure a lecture on that subject. He will deliver it at the Memphis Auditorium July 4th. While returning to Memphis, Mr. Levy, General Manager of the League, called at the VETERAN office and reported the high favor in which the "Old Veterans" were held for their recent successful drill in the Bluff City.

UNITED STATES SENATOR PATRICK WALSH, of Georgia, took part in the "Silver Jubilee" held in honor of the quarter-century's pastorate of the Tabernacle by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. He paid tribute to the uncle of Dr. Talmage, Rev. Samuel K. Talmage, who was pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Augusta and President of the Oglethorpe University, near Milledgeville. I think DeWitt Talmage told me that his uncle was Chaplain of the Confederate Senate.

HONORING THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

*ORATION OF REV. R. C. CAVE, AT RICHMOND, AND
OTHER FEATURES AS REPORTED.*

The occasion of dedicating the monument to private Confederate soldiers, at Richmond, May 30th, is described as one of the most interesting that ever occurred in that historic capital city of the Confederacy. The two thousand veterans in the procession created much interest in the great assembly. The line of march was ninety minutes long.

The Confederate Society of Maryland was well represented. Its large delegation, headed by its President, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, was met at the depot by the Richmond Grays. The Maryland Line did honor to the occasion.

It was a great occasion, though rain interrupted the pleasure of the event. The elegant monument occupies a commanding position.

Mr. W. L. Sheppard, who designed the monument, is a native of Richmond. He had gone to New York, and was ambitious in his chosen profession, but he came South to serve in the Confederate army, and continues his residence in his native city, though he does much designing for the New York magazines.

Caspar Buberl, who enlarged the model, is a sculptor of eminence. The bronze statue of a Confederate soldier at Alexandria, Va., is his. Though an Austrian, he has had much experience with the Southern people. In a note about this work, he says: "It will, I hope, be liked by the public, as I did this work with a feeling of thanks for all the kindness I had received from the generous people of the South."

Mr. James Netherland, the builder of the monument, deserves special distinction for having gone right ahead with the work of construction, although there was no money in sight, and no assurance of any except in that assured sense of loyalty which he possessed from long and intimate association with the Southern people.

The oration was by Rev. R. C. Cave, of St. Louis, Mo. He appreciated the responsibility of the selection, and his carefully prepared address has been commented upon by the press and people of the entire country. Dr. Cave is "pastor of a fashionable non-sectarian church in the West End, and is well known as a prominent advocate of the movement begun in the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair in favor of the establishment of a non-sectarian church. Mr. Cave entered the service of the Confederate States a few hours after Virginia passed her ordinance of secession. He enlisted as a private in Company A, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, Gen. A. P. Hill's regiment, and was at the first battle of Bull Run. He served with Jackson through the Valley campaign, the seven days' fighting around Richmond, the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, second battle of Bull Run, in which he was wounded, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg." The following selections are copied:

"I am not one of those who, clinging to the old superstition that the will of heaven is revealed in the immediate results of 'trial by combat,' fancy that right must always be on the side of might, and speak of Appomattox as a judgment of God. I do not forget that a Suwaroff triumphed, and a Kosciusko fell;

that a Nero wielded a sceptre of empire, and a Paul was beheaded; that a Herod was crowned, and a Christ was crucified; and, instead of accepting the defeat of the South as a divine verdict against her, I regard it as but another instance of 'truth on the scaffold, and wrong on the throne.'

"Appomattox was a triumph of the physically stronger in a conflict between the representatives of two essentially different civilizations, and antagonistic ideas of government. On one side in that conflict was the South, led by the descendants of the Cavaliers, who, with all their faults, had inherited from a long line of ancestors a manly contempt for moral littleness, a high sense of honor, a lofty regard for plighted faith, a strong tendency to conservatism, a profound respect for law and order, and an unflinching loyalty to constitutional government.

"But, it was not to perpetuate slavery that they fought. The impartial student of the events leading up to the civil war cannot fail to perceive that, in the words of Mr. Davis, 'to whatever extent the question of slavery may have served as an occasion, it was far from being the cause of the conflict.' That conflict was the bloody culmination of a controversy which had been raging for more than a generation, and the true issue in which, as far as it pertained to slavery, was sharply stated by the Hon. Samuel A. Foot, of Connecticut, when, referring to the debate of the admission of Missouri to the sisterhood of States, he said: 'The Missouri question did not involve the question of freedom or slavery, but merely whether slaves now in the country may be permitted to reside in the proposed new State, and whether Congress or Missouri possessed the power to decide.' And from that day down to 1861, when the war-clouds burst in fury upon our land, the real question in regard to slavery was not whether it should continue in the South, but whether the Southern man should be permitted to take his slaves, originally purchased almost exclusively from Northern slave-traders, into the territory, which was the common property of the country, and there, without interference from the general Government, have an equal voice with his Northern brother in determining the domestic policy of the new State. The question was not whether the negro should be freed or held in servitude, but whether the white man of the South should have the same privileges enjoyed by the white man of the North. It was not the desire to hold others in bondage, but the desire to maintain their own rights that actuated the Southern people throughout the conflict. * * *

"That Union was dear to the Southern people, but the Union which the men of the South loved, and which they were willing to make concessions and sacrifices to perpetuate, was that formed by the fathers, 'to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty.' It was a fraternal federation of sovereign States, guaranteeing equal rights to all, and leaving each free to regulate its domestic affairs in its own way. It was a Union in which, in reference to questions of foreign policy, every citizen would echo the sentiment expressed by Patrick Henry, when, after Concord and Lexington, in a message to Massachusetts, he said: 'I am not a Virginian, I am an American;' and yet it was a Union in which, in reference to questions of domestic policy, every citizen, like that same great orator and patriot,

would recognize the right of his own State to his highest allegiance. It was a Union in which the people of each State would enjoy the blessings of local self-government, and find in home rule a safeguard against any possible attempt of the Federal power to interfere with their peculiar interests. * * *

"Virginia, Mother of States and statesmen and warriors, who had given away an empire for the public good, whose pen had written the Declaration of Independence, whose sword had flashed in front of the American army in the war of independence, and whose wisdom and patriotism had been chiefly instrumental in giving the country the Constitution of the Union—Virginia, foreseeing that her bosom would become the theater of war, with its attendant horrors, nobly chose to suffer rather than become an accomplice in the proposed outrage upon constitutional liberty. With a generosity and magnanimity of soul rarely equaled and never surpassed in the history of nations, she placed herself in the path of the invader, practically saying: 'Before you can touch the rights of my Southern sisters you must cut your way to them through my heart.'

"From the Potomac to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande, the sons of the South sprang to arms. From stately mansion and humble cottage, from the workshop and from the farm, from the store-room and from the study, from every neighborhood and vocation of life, with unanimity almost unparalleled, they rallied for the defense of the land they loved, and of what, in their inmost souls, they felt to be their sacred and inalienable birthright.

"They were true-hearted patriots, worthy to rank with the noblest souls that ever battled for freedom. They fought for home and country, and to maintain the fundamental principle of all free government—that the right to govern arises from and is coexistent with the consent of the governed.

"And if patient self-denial and cheerful self-sacrifice and unquailing fortitude and unfaltering devotion to country and unwavering loyalty to duty and dauntless courage in defense of the right make heroism, the men whom we honor to-day, and whom we would not have our children forget, were sublime heroes. History has no more illustrious page than that which tells of their achievements. Poorly equipped, poorly clad, poorly fed, and virtually without pay, they confronted at least three times their number of as well equipped, well clothed, well fed, and well paid soldiers as ever marched to battle; wrested from them a series of victories unsurpassed in brilliancy; and for four years, stormy with the red blasts of war, successfully resisted all their power. In dangers and hardships that 'tried men's souls,' the defenders of the South were tried, and always found 'true as tempered steel.' Laboring under disadvantages which even their friends can never fully appreciate; supplementing their scanty rations with weeds and grasses; their bare feet oftentimes pressing the frozen ground or blistered on the burning highway; their garments as tattered as the battle-torn banners that they bore, they bravely fought on for the cause they loved, and sealed their devotion to it with their blood. * * *

"In intelligence and thought they were, from training and association, far above the average soldiery of the world. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the illiteracy of the South, I believe that no country ever had a larger percentage of intelligent and

thinking men in the ranks of its army. Thousands of them were highly educated, cultured, refined, and in every way qualified to command. Sitting on the brow of the mountain overlooking the winding Shenandoah, and the little town of Strasburg, and the beautiful valley stretching away toward Winchester, and, at that time, dark with the blue columns of Federal soldiery, a Louisiana private, idly talking of what he would do were he in command, gave me almost every detail of the plan, which, afterward perceived and executed by the commanding officer, carried confusion and defeat to the Federals. Had the need arisen, as in the case of the Theban army at Thessaly, more than one Epaminondas might have been found serving as a private in the Confederate ranks.

"And I believe that no army was ever composed of men more thoroughly imbued with moral principle. As a rule, they were men who recognized the obligations to be just and honest and merciful, and to respect the rights of others, even in the time of war. Never flinching from conflict with armed foemen, their moral training and disposition forbade them to make war upon the weak and defenseless. To their everlasting honor stands the fact in that their march through the enemy's country, they left no fields wantonly laid waste, no families cruelly robbed of subsistence, no homes ruthlessly violated. 'In no case,' says an English writer, 'had the Pennsylvanians to complain of personal injury, or even discourtesy at the hands of those whose homes they had burned, whose families they had insulted, robbed, and tormented. Even the tardy destruction of Chambersburg was an act of regular, limited, and righteous reprisal.' The Pennsylvania farmer, whose words were reported by a Northern correspondent, paid to the Southern troops no more than a merited tribute, when he said of them: 'I must say, they acted like gentlemen; and, their cause aside, I would rather have forty thousand rebels quartered on my premises than one thousand Union troops.' And they acted like gentlemen not merely because the order of their commanding General required them so to act, but because the spirit within themselves was in harmony with, and responded to, that order.

"It was Jackson's line of Virginians, rather than Jackson himself, that resembled a stone wall standing on the plains of Manassas, while the storm of battle hissed and hurtled and thundered around them; and if I mention the name of Jackson rather than that of the ruddy-faced boy who fell, pierced through the brain, and who was buried on one of Virginia's hills, in a lonely grave, over which to-day the tangled wild weeds are growing, it is not because one was more heroic than the other, but because Jackson, by his greater prominence, more fully embodies before the eyes of the world the patriotism and courage and heroism that glowed no less brightly and steadily in the heart of the beardless boy. These noble qualities, possessed by both, and displayed by each as his ability and position permitted, bind them together in my thought, not as officer and private, but as fellow-soldiers and brother patriots. Exalted virtue, like deepest sham, ever obliterates rank, and brings men into a common brotherhood.

"As my mind recalls the persons and events of those years in which the Confederacy struggled for life, there rises before me the majestic figure of the great Southern chief—the peerless soldier and the stainless gen-

tleman; the soldier who was cool, calm, and self-possessed in the presence of every danger, and who, with marvelous foresight and skill, planned masterly campaigns, directed the march of war, ruled the storm of battle, and guided his men to victory on many a well-fought field; the gentleman who was as pure as a falling snow-flake, as gentle as an evening zephyr, as tender as the smile of a flower, and as patient as the rock-ribbed mountains. I need not name him, for his name is written in ever-enduring letters on the heart of the South, and honored throughout the civilized world. Around him I see a company of intrepid leaders whose achievements have surrounded their names with a glory which outshines the luster of coronets and crowns. I would not pluck one leaf from the laurel with which they are garlanded. I would, if I could, lift to a still higher note and sing in still loftier strains the paeans that are chanted in their praise. But I see, also, the men whom these Captains led—men unswerving in their devotion to a noble purpose; self-forgetful in their fidelity to what they saw to be right, and sublimely self-denying and self-sacrificing in their adherence to the cause they espoused; men who loved their country with a love stronger than a love of life, and, with no thought of compensation beyond that country's freedom and honor and safety, bravely toiled and suffered and endured, and gave their bodies to be torn by shot and shell, and poured out their blood like water to the thirsty ground: I see the private soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, and, with uncovered head and profoundest reverence, I bow before those dauntless heroes, feeling that, if the greatest suffering with the least hope of reward is worthy of the highest honor, they deserve to stand shoulder to shoulder with Lee and his Lieutenants in the brotherhood of glory.

"The heroic soul greets all heroes as kindred spirits, whether they are found fighting by its side or leveling lance against it. It is the narrow, ungenerous, and selfish soul that can find nothing to admire in the courage, devotion, and heroism of its enemies. * * * In the world's life, wrong has often triumphed for a season. There have been many times of oppression, where human rights were trampled in the dust by despotic power, and the hopes of men seemed dead. But the student of history will find that every chaos has been followed by a cosmos. The agony and sweat and tears and blood of every age have brought forth a new and better era.

'Step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.'

"And reasoning from what has been to what shall be, I believe that not in vain were the battles, and not in vain was the fall of those who battled and fell under the banner of the Confederacy. Having, by their glorious deeds, woven a crown of laurel for the brow of the South, that drew to her the admiring mind of the world, by their fall they entwined in that crown the cypress leaves that drew to her the sympathizing heart of the world. The land in which we live is dearer to our hearts since it has been hallowed by their sacrifices and watered by their blood. Though dead, they speak, admonishing us to prove ourselves worthy of kinship with them, by being heroes in peace as they were heroes in war.

"In our country 'the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled.' The quiet stars that,

thirty years ago, looked down on sentineled camps of armed men, resting for the morrow's conflict—

—midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan and saber-stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast,

now look down, night after night, on quiet homes, where the sleepers, disturbed by no call to arms, peacefully slumber until singing birds wake them to the bloodless labors of a new-born day. Fields that, thirty years ago, were clouded by the smoke of battles, and trampled by charging thousands, and torn by the hoof-beats of the war-horse, and plowed by the shot of cannon, and drenched with the blood of the dead and mangled men, are now enriched by tillage, and contributing their fruits to nourish the life and increase the prosperity of the people. 'Peace folds her wings o'er hill and valley.' But peace, as well as war, demands of us high devotion and unswerving loyalty. If, with peace, we have decay of patriotism and loss of virtue and the triumph of private over public interests, and the sacrifice of law and justice to secure partisan ends; if, with peace, we have the accumulation of wealth at the cost of the country's welfare and the honest manhood of its citizens, our peace must prove but the downward path to the ruin in which so many nations, once great and prosperous, have been swallowed up. Better far the desiccations and horrors of war than such peace."

CONFEDERATES CAPTURED AT FORT DONELSON.

Capt. J. H. George, Howell, Tenn., writes: My dear old comrade in arms: Years have passed since we last viewed each other's face. But when the VETERAN puts in its appearance it is like a visit from some old friend who wore the gray. Then we sit down for an enjoyable chat of trials and deeds of valor in days gone by. How vividly are brought to memory scenes and incidents of the camp and field while reviewing the pages of this monthly visitor. May it still increase and continue to grow better and better.

I enclose the names of the regiments and commanders, as I remember them, that were captured at Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862: Tennessee regiments—3d, Col. Brown; 10th, Col. Heiman; 18th, Col. Palmer; 26th, Col. Lillard; 30th, Col. Head; 32d, Col. Cook; 41st, Col. Farquharson; 42d, Col. Quarles; 49th, Col. Bailey; 50th, Col. Sugg; 51st, Col. Browder; 52d, Col. Voohies; 53d, Col. Abernathy. Kentucky regiments—2d, Col. Hanson; 8th. Mississippi regiments—1st, 3d, 4th; 14th, Col. Baldwin; 20th, 26th. Alabama regiment—27th. Arkansas regiment—7th. Texas regiment—8th. This last was commanded by Col. Gregg, afterward General, who was killed in Virginia.

Curtis Green, Leon Junction, Texas, gives the following concerning the scouts commanded by Lieut. J. J. O'Neil, Co. K, 6th Ga. Cavalry: "They dressed in blue and went through great perils." Lieut. O'Neil lives at Rome, Ga. The addresses of the others are given in part: Sergt. Wm. Chaney; Curtis and Lee Green, Leon Junction, Texas; Z. T. Lawrence, Cedar Bluff, Ala.; A. T. Thomas, Riverside, Ala.; Jo Wilson (one eye out), Mancel Hawkins, Oscar Chateen, Wm. Andrews, James Milican (deceased), John W. Mattox, now in U. S. Congress, from Georgia. Comrade Green cannot recall now the names of the other two.

SERVICES OF A MARYLAND COMMAND.

WAR RECORD OF PRIVATE L. T. DICKINSON, OF CHATTANOOGA.

In reply to a request that L. T. Dickinson, Commander of N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, furnish some data concerning his career as a soldier, that modest gentleman declined, saying he was "only a lousy private;" but there was no distinction in that. Thousands of us were like the young pickaninny, who, after much abuse by his associates, said: "All



de tings whut you say I is, you'se dem." However, Commander Dickinson, who has given pleasure to many thousands by his varied illustrations in the *VETERAN* and elsewhere, has yielded to importunities to tell the story, and in it he gives much war history that will be read with interest now and hereafter:

I enlisted at Charlottesville, Va., August 25, '62, in a company of Maryland cavalry. This company was attached to the 2d Virginia Cavalry, and was made Company A. It was actively engaged from the day of enlistment until after the return from the battle of Sharpsburg, Md. At Winchester, a battalion of Maryland cavalry was recruited, and our company was transferred from the 2d Virginia, and made Company A of the 1st Maryland, with Ridgely Brown as Colonel, and put in the brigade of Gen. W. E. Jones. Through the winter of '62 and '63 we were used continuously in scouting and raiding through Western Virginia. In the spring of '63 we made the memorable raid through Western Maryland, on through Western Virginia, beyond Clarksburg, passing down the Kanawha Valley, coming out at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, and thence back to the Shenandoah Valley. We then entered the Gettysburg campaign. When Gen. J. E. B. Stuart took all the cavalry for a raid on Baltimore, our company was detailed as scouts and couriers for Gen. Ewell. During the battle of Gettysburg I acted as his courier. I believe our company was the last to leave the front of Gettysburg. It was at daylight of July 5th. The infantry, artillery, everything had gone, and we sat on our horses throughout the night, firing as we thought we saw a yankee vidette move, and receiving return compliments. We hastened to join the rest of the cavalry, several miles ahead of us. Covering the rear of a retreating army is not a funny thing to do. We did it after Sharpsburg, and now we had it again to do. It was one continuous fight until we reached Hagerstown, Md.; and even after that, for we had skirmishes every day until Gen. Lee recrossed the Potomac. After this campaign, we were taken from Gen. Jones' brigade and placed with Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, east of the Blue Ridge. Here we had

fighting all along the Mattaponi, Pamunkey, and Rappahannock rivers. In October, when Gen. Lee drove Meade back on Washington, we had desperate fighting. October 11, '63, I was wounded at Morton's Ford, on the Rappahannock River, but continued in action until we reached Brandy Station, on the O. & A. R. R., where I was captured, with a number of our company, while fighting on foot. I was taken to the Old Capitol prison, in Washington, D. C. Here I remained until February, '64, when I was moved to Point Lookout prison, at the junction of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. After a five weeks' sojourn here, I was taken to City Point, on the James River, and exchanged. I joined my regiment at Hamilton Court House, where I found it making ready for an active campaign, under command of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson. Our first work was to attack Gen. Kilpatrick, who was moving on Richmond, in conjunction with Dahlgren. Our little battalion destroyed the combination between Dahlgren and Kilpatrick, and, by vigorous and incessant harrassing of the latter's rear, conveyed the impression that he was attacked in force, causing him to change his movements into a retreat. For this gallant exploit, Gen. Elzey, in command of the defenses of Richmond, issued a general order complimenting the command, and Gen. Wade Hampton, in his report to Gen. Lee, distinctly gave the credit of saving Richmond to the little battalion.

After this came the fighting from Beaver Dam to Yellow Tavern, where we lost our gallant Stuart.

Until June 1st we were engaged in almost daily skirmishes in and about Hanover County. June 12th and 13th we were in the midst of that greatest of cavalry battles—Trevillian's—in which Gen. Wade Hampton defeated Sheridan. July 3, '64, we took the advance of Early's army into Maryland. We were hotly engaged in our approach to the Potomac. Crossing into Maryland, we had an every-day brush with the yankees. July 7th I was severely wounded in the right shoulder in front of Frederick City, Md. Here I was left in the hospital until Early had evacuated Maryland, when I was taken to West Building hospital, Baltimore, remaining there until October, then to Fort McHenry, then to Point Lookout, from which place I was sent, together with about 6,000 sick, wounded, and disabled, to Savannah, Ga., for exchange. The history of this trip would make a long story of itself. I arrived in Richmond about December 1, '64, and was placed in the hospital, as I was still disabled, having a minie ball somewhere inside of me. My shoulder would not heal; if it did, it was only temporary, as an abscess would form, and it would break out again. Anxious to be back with my regiment, I left the hospital and joined my command at Gordonsville, but the first night in camp gave me a back-set, and I was sent to the hospital at Gordonsville, where I remained until Gen. Lee's surrender. Eighteen months after the close of the war, I had the minie ball cut out of me by Prof. N. R. Smith, the most eminent surgeon of Baltimore.

Capt. W. C. Moore, Commander of Camp Maxey, Dodd City, Texas: I was a member of the McCulloch Rangers as we soldiered from the frontier of Texas to Salisbury, N. C. Five companies of my regiment came out of the Murfreesboro fight commanded by non-commissioned officers, of which I was one. At the end we were Wade Hampton's Escort,

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES.

Judge G. R. Sage, of the United States District Court, whose expressions concerning the name of our war were printed in the last *VETERAN* delivered an address at the National Cemetery near Nashville, May 30. There is so much in it to commend that liberal extracts are given in the *VETERAN*:

"This year makes a third of a century since the beginning of the great conflict of arms in which those whose graves we are here to decorate, and those over at Mt. Olivet whose graves were decorated a few days since, and hundreds of thousands of others, of the North and South, gave up their lives. Since then a new generation has come upon the stage of action. To-day not a voter in all the land who is less than forty years of age has any personal recollection or knowledge of the events of that conflict. The old Greeks had a law that there should be no monument of a civil war of any material more enduring than wood. Their philosophy was to consign to oblivion all the signs and tokens of civil war. But we have, as I earnestly hope and trust, a higher and better philosophy. The events of this, the greatest of all civil wars, will never be forgotten. Its monuments will be permanent.

"The Fifty-first Congress of the United States, by an act suggested by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, composed of officers and soldiers of the Federal army, through Gen. Grosvenor, of Ohio, who introduced the bill, which was passed by the aid of votes of members sent there from the North by the party that was dominant in the war, and by the aid also of ex-Confederate members of Congress, acquired and devoted to the purposes of a national park the battlefield of Chickamauga, providing in the act of dedication that the men of the South, as well as the men of the North, might there erect monuments to the memory of their fallen heroes. Similar provisions were made in an act passed by the Forty-ninth or Fiftieth Congress, providing for the acquisition and dedication as a national park of the battlefield of Gettysburg, and from then until now and henceforth, monuments could have been and can be there erected by the people of the South in honor of their dead who fell upon that field. In the same spirit the State of Ohio, upon the recommendation of Gov. Foraker, provided by law for the inclosure and care, at the public expense, of the cemetery near Columbus, the Capital City, where the deceased of the Confederate prisoners were buried, and that care, at that expense, is still maintained. In many places, especially in New England, and in the State of Illinois, the Government purchased burial plats of limited extent, where both Union and Confederate dead were interred and alike cared for.

"Over 9,000 Confederates in all are buried in the National cemeteries, principally, however, at Woodlawn and Finn's Point, and at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Camp Butler, Ill., City Point, Va., London Park, Md.

"The above acts of legislation, and the facts above stated, are significant of the temper and disposition of the Government and of the people of the nation. The events of the war have passed into history. Out of them will come, sooner or later, a stronger and closer union of these States than we have yet known. It may come slowly, it may come through trials and difficulties, and bitter clashings of opinion, but depend

upon it, it will come, it must come, as surely as there is a Providence presiding over our national destiny.

"I am not here to discuss the causes or the merits of the war, but to speak briefly of the present and of the future. A few days since a Southern lady of the vicinity of Nashville told me how on various occasions when the pickets of the opposing armies were thrown out so near each other that the men could hold converse, they laid down their arms and made interchanges of tobacco and coffee and other articles, and as "Yanks" and "Rebs" came into such daily intercourse that the officers on both sides were compelled to break it up for the reason that the men were losing heart for fighting.

"It was not the first time I had heard of the fact, but it never before struck me with such peculiar force. It seemed to me that it must have been that the angel of mercy and love, or it might have been the spirit of God, was whispering into the hearts of those men that they were not enemies, but brethren, and they ought not to be engaged in fratricidal strife. * * *

"Above all, let us cultivate that charity that suffereth long and is kind, that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up nor easily provoked, that thinketh no evil, that envieth not but rejoiceth in the truth, that hopeth all things and that never faileth. So shall we put aside criminations and recriminations, bickerings, heart burnings and dissensions, and present the grandest spectacle of the perfect restoration of a great nation from civil war that the world has ever seen.

"The time is coming when this Government may be put to a test more severe than any it has hitherto undergone, and when it will need the utmost support of every intelligent and conservative citizen. A little black cloud already appears above the horizon, scarcely larger than a man's hand, but what it portends no one living can tell. How soon the crisis may be upon us, or how long delayed, we do not know, but thoughtful men are anxious and the future looks dark and stormy. We can weather the storm, but that we may do so we must, both in the North and the South, put aside all sectionalism, and rising above mere partisan politics, stand shoulder to shoulder and present a united and solid front against the vicious and revolutionary and communistic elements which threaten the public safety.

"Whenever that time comes the nation will have to look to the South in great part for the conservative influence and strength that will enable it to overcome.

"And now, my friends, as taking the first step in the preparation for that or any other crisis that may be in store for us, let us set about the redemption of politics. I have neither the right nor the disposition to speak as a partisan. I trust that I have no partisan or sectional feeling in this matter. I do feel that there is great danger in leaving the management and control of the politics of this country to cliques or gangs, or sets, or classes of men. We complain that politics is a dirty pool, and we denounce politicians. It is our own fault if the pool is dirty. We ought to condemn ourselves rather than denounce politicians. They are emphatically representative men. They study closely and understand accurately the wish and the will of the element that is dominant in politics, and they adapt themselves to it perfectly.

"If good citizens wish to purify politics let them take a hand in politics, not to become professional politicians, but to give enough time to insure the

selection of proper men as delegates to nominating conventions, which would insure good nominations, and then enough time to vote for good men when they are nominated. There is not a city in the land in which the capitalists and business men can in any other way so effectively contribute to their own material interests, in the same length of time, or at the same expense, as by attending whenever there is occasion to the selection of delegates to make nominations, and on every election day giving say an hour to depositing their votes for the best candidates. Let them do that, let them vote upon their consciences and not upon prejudice or any other unworthy feeling, and let them also give to their employes the opportunity to vote without docking their pay, and their taxes would be reduced, the police regulations would be improved, disorder and crime repressed, general confidence stimulated and maintained, the value of property increased, and general prosperity would be unexampled and uninterrupted. Let it be understood that the good citizens of the land, in the city and in the country, are alike to become and to continue to be thus interested in public affairs, and the transformation would be something marvelous. In less time than it would take to tell it, almost, politics would become clear as crystal and pure as the sunlight of heaven: for the people would be their own "bosses," and that is an essential thing in free government. But this mere material view is the lowest.

"In the days of the revolution the men who made this a nation pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to politics, not from mercenary, but from patriotic motives. It was a sad day for the country when their descendants began to stray from following in their footsteps.

"The old commandment, the commandment with promise, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," was never understood by the Jewish rabbis, nor is it construed by theologians in our day, as promising long life to obedient children. In that sense the promise has not, as a rule, been fulfilled. Their rendering was, and is, that the promise was that the children who honored the precepts and followed in the footsteps of their parents should long continue to enjoy the patrimony which they had acquired by habits and methods of life necessary, also, for its preservation.

"I tell you, my friends, we are to-day too near the danger point. We have lowered the standard. We have come to disregard, almost to despise, the precepts and the examples of the fathers of the republic, and we are in peril. We are drifting away from the old anchorage. There are two periods in the history of a nation when the mere form of its government is of comparatively slight consequence. The first period is when it is young and weak, and struggling through poverty for recognition. Then, whether a republic or a despotism, it prospers, because the people make the republic their first care, and if the despot does not act for the best interests of his subjects they will rise in their might and put him to death. The other period is when the nation has become strong and rich, and ambition and avarice rule the land. Then the passion for wealth and the desire for place supplant patriotism, and the period of decadence sets in. Then demagoguism and place hunting and favoritism abound, and it avails little what may be the form of government.

What we need to-day in this country is the revival of the old respect for the old landmarks.

"Here, in the presence of these graves of men who gave their lives for their opinions and for their country, let us resolve that we will in truth be American citizens, that we will show ourselves worthy to be the sovereigns of the Union, preserved for us and our descendants, and that we will profit by the examples and precepts and the teachings of those who founded and those who preserved our liberties. So shall we best honor ourselves, and so shall we best honor the dead who here and elsewhere lie buried."



Daniel Crockett

Born at STRONG'S SPRINGS on the
Watauga River, near LIMESTONE, Tenn.
Aug. 17th 1786.

Copied from a photograph sent to the Ladies' Hermitage Association, at Nashville, through Mrs. H. G. Hollingberg, of Little Rock, by Mrs. Mary Field Crockett, of Arkansas.

The *Southern Christian Herald*, of Kenansville, N. C., states: The first soldier killed on the Confederate side during the late war was private Henry Wyatt, of Edgecombe County, N. C., who belonged to Capt. J. L. Bridges' company.

W. J. Blake, Prescott, Ark.: About a year ago we organized with nearly one hundred names. We will have our annual camping in July next, when we expect a good turn out of all veterans in this section. We will go into camp on the 19th of July. At a called meeting we elected delegates to Birmingham, but do not know whether any of the three elected attended. I will, at our meeting in July, do what I can for the VETERAN.

UNION AND CONFEDERATES IN OKLAHOMA.

At the decoration service, in Oklahoma City, the gray and the blue united. The service was in every way pleasant. Col. A. T. Stone was orator for the Confederates. The following notes are from his speech:

"We meet to-day in memory of a common sorrow. We meet upon the day set apart by the Grand Army of the Republic, and adopted by the Confederate veterans of this section, to be observed in decorating with flowers the graves of our departed comrades.

"The Confederate welcomes the Federal soldier at these services. If we were ever enemies, we are friends now. There are many reasons why we should be. * * * History records no instance in which a war of conquest has not been followed by a bitterness of feeling against the despoiler, that has lasted for generations, or for centuries.

"The Confederate war—and such, comrades of both armies, let us call it, is expressive of a fact and inoffensive in its application, either to him who wore the blue or to him who wore the gray—the Confederate war was not a war of conquest. It was a war which proceeded from and grew out of a cause which the war itself eliminated from the controversy. Its results were anticipated, or hoped for, by few, at its commencement, but acquiesced in by all at its close.

"Great events bring to the front the master spirits of the times. The Confederate war produced a Grant and a Lee, a Stonewall Jackson and a Sherman. In perilous times you cannot relegate to the rear born leaders of men. It is the same in civil affairs. Half the fault lies at the door of indifference. Politics becomes a trade, office-holding a profession. The truest, the bravest and the brainiest men shun political strife.

"The political condition of our country, since the Federal and Confederate soldier left the field and returned to the peaceful pursuits of civil life, has not been altogether such as the soldiers on either side would have had it. Although this is not, perhaps, the time or place to say it, conditions do not seem to have improved.

"But let us, ex-Federal and ex-Confederate soldiers alike, ignore the past, pledge ourselves anew over the ashes of our dead, that come what may, we will in the future stand shoulder to shoulder, as in the past we stood front to front, in whatever betides us, and strive to better the condition of our own people in this our own land.

"Comrades, the sun for us has passed its meridian. We are looking backward now; and in reviewing the past, the battles' array, the mad conflict, the glory of victory or terror of defeat, and all the circumstances of grim war, we have a common memory. We know, now, it was terrible—terrible to all; doubly terrible to us—terrible in its blasted hopes, its blighted fields, its ruined fortunes, its desolate hearth-stones—our dead comrades.

"We are friends now, and we are comrades. This land that was purchased by the blood of our fathers, North and South alike, is our land—that flag which was up-borne by our fathers on land and sea, at home and abroad, for a hundred years triumphant, is ours.

"If the Confederate soldier has regrets, he also has pride—the pride of glorious achievements. He remembers with pride that nine tenths of every foot of soil that has been added to the national domain since the Revolutionary War, was acquired under the administration of Southern Presidents and Southern men. He stands to-day on no alien soil."

HISTORICAL CURIOSITY.

It is a singular fact that a complete general outline history of the Confederacy is embraced in the names of all the States composing it, to wit: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia, and is obtained in the following manner: Any one of the large type paragraphs, as indicated below, letter for letter, without using a letter in the whole list of States but once, can be formed, and these several paragraphs so found together furnish a full outline history in itself from the foundation of the government to the close of the great struggle for Confederate independence:

National Title:
CONFEDERATE STATES IN AMERICA.
Capital:
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
Government Instituted:
FEB. EIGHTEEN, EIGHTEEN SIXTY-ONE.
Administration:
DAVIS (Pres't), STEPHENS (V. Pres't), HUNTER (Sec.),
MEMMINGER (Treas.).
Embassadors:
MASON, SLIDELL.
Army:
CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.
Navy:
CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY.
Ensigns:
THE STARS AND BARS, THE STARRY CROSS.
Cause of the War Combined:
NATIONAL INTERFERENCE IN STATES' RIGHTS.
When the War Commenced:
APRIL FOURTEENTH, EIGHTEEN SIXTY-ONE.
Where the War Commenced:
FORT SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA.
Three Leading Generals:
LEE, BEAUREGARD, A. P. HILL.
Three Great Battles of the War:
MANASSAS, GETTYSBURG, SHILOH.
Three Leading Naval Officers:
SEMMES, BUCHANAN, MITCHELL.
Three Best Naval Vessels:
MERRIMAC, ALABAMA, ARKANSAS.
Three Distinguished Naval Actions:
HAMPTON ROADS, CHERBOURG, GALVESTON.
Three Noted Sieges:
VICKSBURG, PORT HUDSON, LEXINGTON.
Three Destructive Bombardments:
CHARLESTON, MOBILE, SAINT PHILIP.
Three Distinguished Private Soldiers:
CHESTNUT, PELHAM, MUMFORD.
Three State Capitals not Captured during the War.
TALLAHASSEE, FLA.; AUSTIN, TEXAS; MONTGOMERY, ALA.
Three of the oldest Southern Newspapers not Suppressed during the War.
• MERCURY (Charleston), EXAMINER (Richmond),
REGISTER (Mobile).
When the War Closed:
APRIL NINTH, EIGHTEEN SIXTY-FIVE.
Where the War Closed:
APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA.
War and Peace are met together,
Gray and Blue salute each other.

J. PHIN WILLSON,
Paducah, Ky., Volts., C. S. A.

Concise reports, say from ten to fifteen lines, of Decoration Day throughout the South would be interesting.

GENERAL AND GOVERNOR ROSS, OF TEXAS.

The *Bryan (Tex.) Eagle* gives a brief but very entertaining sketch of the career of the Confederate veteran commander of Texas. It says:

Gen. Lawrence Sullivan Ross was born in Bentonport, Ia., September 27, 1838. In the following spring his father, Capt. Shapley P. Ross, moved to Texas, and became Indian Agent at Waco, which was then a mere Indian village. His sister, now Mrs. Kate Padgett, of Waco, was the first white child born in McLennan County. His early boyhood was spent surrounded by hostile Comanches, and inured to hardships and dangers, thus



fitting him for deeds of bravery which afterward characterized him. In 1858, while at home on a summer vacation from Florence Wesleyan University, of Alabama, he won his spurs and the sobriquet of the "boy captain" in a desperate battle with the Comanches, slaying ninety-five of their number, capturing three hundred and fifty head of horses, and recovering from the brutal redskins a little girl whose parents were never known, but whom Ross brought up and educated, naming her Lizzie Ross. A dangerous wound received by young Ross in this engagement almost put an end to his brilliant career. On his recovery he returned to his *Alma Mater*, where he graduated with distinction the following summer. [He named the little girl Lizzie, in honor of Miss Lizzie Tinsley, who became his wife in May, 1861. This *protégée* was reared in refinement, and married a wealthy California merchant, but she and a child both died, leaving no trace of race or lineage.—ED. VETERAN.]

Immediately on his return to Texas in 1859 he was placed in command of the frontier by the clear-sighted Governor, Sam Houston, and, organizing at once a faithful band of followers of like mettle with himself, he defeated the Comanches with great slaughter, destroying their principal village and stronghold, captured over four hundred horses, and rescued Cynthia Ann Parker. In this memorable battle Ross killed in a hand to hand combat the chief, Peta Nocona, whose shield, lance, buffalo

horns, etc., were sent as trophies to Gov. Houston at Austin, where they were deposited in the State archives. The incidents of this desperate struggle have been related with pride by old Texas settlers, and listened to with thrilling interest by the young around many a Texas fireside, and form one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of our State.

Entering the Confederate army as a private, he rapidly rose to major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, and at the age of twenty-five was brigadier general. He participated in one hundred and thirty-five engagements of more or less importance, and had seven horses shot from under him. But it was at the battle of Corinth, when in a charge upon Battery Robinett, within a short distance of three hundred yards, he lost fifty out of three hundred and fifty men before the fort could be reached and taken, that he won his greatest distinction as the "hero of Corinth." In response to a letter from the Confederate War Department, Gen. Dabney H. Maury gave L. S. Ross as the name of the man who displayed the most distinguished gallantry on this memorable occasion.

After the war, which had left him penniless, he went to farming. In 1873 he was sheriff of his county, and as such succeeded in putting down lawlessness; in 1875, a member of the Constitutional Convention; and in 1881 was elected to the State Senate, in which body he served as Chairman of the Finance Committee. Often solicited to become a candidate for Governor, he only consented in 1886, when he was nominated and elected, and was reelected in 1888 by a majority of 152,000! He retired from this high office with the plaudits of friends and opponents, having given universal satisfaction by his conservative, patriotic policy. He had the honor of affording the State two of the most popular administrations that it has ever had. In January, 1890, he stepped from the Governor's office to the President's chair of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, of Texas, where he is having ample opportunity to display his fine executive and administrative ability.

Gov. Ross has written a thrilling sketch of early life in the Lone Star Republic, including the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker, notes of which may appear in the *VETERAN*.

At the last Confederate reunion for the State of Texas, held at Waco, Governor Ross declined to be a candidate for reelection, but his old soldiers and other comrades would not have it. No other man was considered, and the yoke of servitude was again put upon him, but the yoke was easy. Such fellowship is exactly suited to his taste. In an address the Governor gave interesting and thrilling reminiscences of early times in Texas.

W. C. Woodruff, who was a member of the First Mississippi Regiment in the Mexican war, was also in the Confederate war. He relates that the feeling toward Col. Jefferson Davis was not kind. His discipline was too rigid for the volunteers, but that after the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista he was very popular. He was a hero in strife.

Dr. L. C. Campbell Camp and Daughters of the Confederacy at Springfield, Mo., are raising funds for a monument there. In their circular they say: "Can you help us?"

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

SKETCH BY HIS FRIEND, REV. JAMES R. WINCHESTER, D.D., NOW OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

The facile pen of this brilliant writer, following the romances of the mountains and the legends of the rivers in the Old Dominion from earliest colonial days to the present decade, has enshrined him in the affections of the people of Virginia as their Sir Walter Scott. It is to be hoped that, with such sentiment prevalent, the State he loved so well and for whose welfare he fought with



sword and pen shall erect a monument to this gifted son.

"The Stories of the Old Dominion" and "The Commonwealth of Virginia" are text-books of history, fascinating to old and young. It would be appropriate to place this memorial to John Esten Cooke either in the beautiful capital city of the James, which he loved with poetic affection, or in the historic town of Winchester, the sacred shrine of his birth and early years.

In the "Old Chapel" cemetery of Clarke Co., Va., among many illustrious heroes, sleeps this brave Confederate, the prose-poet of Virginia. On the footstone is the inscription, "Credo." It reminds the reader of his simple Christian faith as a communicant of the Episcopal Church. On the headstone, a marble cross, is a wreath of laurel, indicative of his military and literary success; and under it are the exquisite lines from Tennyson:

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far;
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

This selection was chosen for two reasons: (1) Be-

cause Mr. Cooke was an ardent admirer of the poet laureate of England, and when the first American edition of Tennyson appeared, and critics *en masse* spoke disparagingly of the poems, pronouncing them vapid sentiment and juvenile effusions, Mr. Cooke and his brother almost single-handed fought for the true poet whom the world now recognizes as England's sweetest bard; and (2) because the special lines expressed his heart's own sentiment, for he lived and died a firm believer in his own immortality, with the certain hope of seeing the Saviour who had guided him through many trials.

BORN NOV. 3, 1830;

DIED SEPT. 27, 1886.

Between these dates are fifty-six years marking off a useful life that found pure thought in every landscape and made it reappear on the pages of his books.

It was a privilege to know this fascinating Christian gentleman in his home, "The Briars," of Virginia, where, surrounded by his library and relics, the welcomed guest found the hours quickly speeding. It was there I ministered to him in his last moments on the morning of September 27, 1886. On account of close intimacy with his family I gladly present this sketch of his life to the *VETERAN*, to which he would have contributed many interesting reminiscences of the war, being more familiar with all the details of the great leaders and private soldiers than any other man I have known.

His family is an honorable one in Virginia. In "The Manual of American Literature," Hart, the impartial critic, thus describes John Rogers Cooke, the father: "A lawyer of the highest order of ability, a man of much sweetness of disposition, elegance of manner, and one greatly beloved by his eminent associates, among whom were Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Tucker Watkins Leigh, and Judge Stannard."

In his diary, speaking of his father, John Esten says: "My first recollection shows him on horseback coming from Winchester, telling me, 'No humming tops could be had,' but giving me a common top, which I was soon spinning. My father was rather a dignified and most affectionate being, of superior nature to the rest of the world." The diary also describes the home, "Glengary," which was destroyed by fire, at which time reckless servants and visitors madly dashed mirrors from the upper windows to the ground. His brother's little baby was discovered safely tucked away between two feather beds, carefully carried to one side. He describes his father as the one calm figure amid the terror and dismay at the burning of his boyhood home, likening him to a king whom danger and destruction could not affect, whom ruin could not daunt, whose brow was neither pale nor flushed; a man "with a pleasant voice, a ready smile, a bold, calm eye." These allusions show the son's admiration for the noble father from whom he caught inspiration for his own life's work, and to whose gentlest wish he responded with filial devotion.

The diary again refers to domestic troubles after the destruction of the home: "The surge and the big waves took us." The death of his brother Edmund, a brilliant and lovable boy, just rounding off for college, cast a shadow over the father that was never taken away. John Esten began his education in the academy at Charlestown, W. Va., and continued it in Richmond under Dr. Burke, a very excellent master of languages. At sixteen years of age he began not only to support himself, but to assist his father. At this early age he began also to study law, being admitted to the bar before he

was of age. During this time he showed extraordinary literary talent, his first regular production being a novelette called "The Knight of Espalian," published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1847. His last work, yet an unpublished novel, "The Strange Adventures of Dr. Favart," is now in the hands of the publishers. Mr. Cooke not only read most of the magazines, but contributed to a number of them.

Judge Bassett French, of Manchester, Va., with access to the official records of the Confederacy, has furnished the military promotions of Mr. John Esten Cooke in the following: "Entered the service with the Richmond Howitzers, April, 1861; lieutenant and ordinance officer to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, April, 1862; captain and ordinance officer to same, July, 1862; inspector general to Brig. Gen. Pendleton, 1864 (after Gen. Stuart was killed); recommended by Stuart and approved by Gen. Lee for promotion; frequently favorably mentioned in official reports for gallant and meritorious conduct." The literary work of this Southern patriot is a library of fascinating history, charming romance, and graceful biography, which the *VETERAN* can furnish to all promoters and lovers of Southern literature.

The picture in my mind giving constant pleasure of this true gentleman is that of a tender father with three motherless children, being to them both father and mother, going with them to church and other places; reading, writing, and conversing for their sake. The country home had its "old mammy," where hospitality greeted every visitor, and where the time, interspersed with reviews of books, choice quotations from classical authors, and amusing anecdotes, left the fragrance of pleasant flowers. Among the most highly educated and charming women of Virginia to-day is his daughter; among the young men with bright prospects are his two sons.

E. T. Tollison, of Belton, S. C., wishes information of T. M. Tollison, of Company E, Hampton's Legion, who served in Jenkin's Brigade, from South Carolina. He has been missing since the battle of Sharpsburg, September 16, 1862.

GEORGIA IN TABLEAU AT THE REUNION.

F. M. Stovall, Esq., of Augusta, demurs to the description of the tableaux at the Birmingham reunion. He quotes from a report furnished the *VETERAN* the statement that "Georgia had grown restive and threatened to withdraw," etc.:

Under what was Georgia supposed to be restive? and from what was she presumed to have been desirous of withdrawing? Surely it does not mean that she contemplated withdrawing from the sisterhood of the Confederate States! If that was the idea intended to be conveyed by the tableau, it was a most unwarranted aspersion upon the honor of a State that stood the peer of any in patriotism and loyalty to the cause of constitutional liberty for which the South fought. If the tableau was intended to suggest that Georgia had, even for a moment, entertained the dastardly thought of deserting her beloved sisters in the hour of their sorest need, I wonder that any Georgian who might have witnessed it did not rise up in righteous indignation and denounce the insult to his native State. I can only account for this not having been done upon the

supposition either that the tableau must have had some other meaning or that the meaning was not understood at the time.

The people of Georgia never faltered in their devotion to the cause which we still believe to be just. Her troops did the last fighting at Appomattox and were driving the enemy before them when the truce was announced. They were largely represented, and did gallant service in the battles immediately preceding Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's surrender in North Carolina. Her militia, composed of old men and boys, were the only militia that ever went out of their own State to fight the battles of the Confederacy. When Sherman was marching through Georgia, they confronted him at Griswoldville and stood up nobly before an overwhelming force of his veterans, losing heavily of their own number and inflicting severe loss upon their opponents. The Charleston and Savannah railroad having been threatened by a large column of the enemy from the coast of South Carolina, this same militia hastened to that State and by their heroic conduct contributed largely to the repulse of the enemy. These events occurred when the fortunes of the Confederacy were on the wane. Do they indicate that the dear old State of Georgia entertained any purpose of deserting the Confederacy or the noble sisterhood of States that composed it? No! From first to last her heart and hand were with them, and to-day she loves them all for the sufferings they endured alike with her to the end in a righteous cause.

The foregoing was submitted to the author of the article, and he replied:

No one in or out of the Confederate army ever questioned the magnificent gallantry and fighting qualities of all the Georgia troops. They were always where the fight was thickest, and stayed there. So nothing at all about Georgia troops was even hinted at. In the tableau referred to the State is all in black, Georgia rises and goes a little way by herself, Virginia goes to her puts her arm around her and together they walk to their places in the group. This idea was suggested by a rumor current about that time that Gov. Brown was dissatisfied with the condition of then existing affairs. He was Governor of the State, and his attitude, as I recall, gave rise to discussion. Small matters are emphasized in pantomime because there is no speech. One person may see a meaning by an act not intended. It is the mystery which gives rise to speculation without which a scene might be flat. It was no reflection on the other State to magnify the importance of and bequeen the State of Virginia after she cast her fortunes with her sister States, and yet that was attempted in the tableau. No one might have so construed it as shown. The person who presents a tableau must have an idea to manifest. It is the unseen spirit of an acting.

R. H. Cunningham, Adjt. of Henderson, writes: "At a meeting of the Henderson Confederate Association held May 30, 1894, the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* was endorsed and adopted as its organ. It was also decided to convert the Association into a regular Camp."

Mrs. L. A. Witherspoon, Columbus, Miss.: "You are certainly doing a noble work in collecting the records of that wonderful and eventful period of our nation's history. The "Souvenir" number has also been received, and I must add my praise for its excellence."

VICKSBURG.

SOME NEW HISTORY IN THE EXPERIENCE OF GEN. FRANCIS A. SHOUP.

The May VETERAN contained an interview with Gen. Shoup about Shiloh which was well received. Indebtedness is again acknowledged to Mr. Lynch Perry, of Columbia, for another chapter from the same gentleman. Although Dr. Shoup was closely engaged in preparation for Commencement at Columbia Institute, of which he is rector, he was pleased to talk again for "love of the old Confederates" through the VETERAN.

"General, you were in the siege of Vicksburg. Would you tell me something of your experience? The people, young and old, are showing an increased interest in the details of the war."

I was ordered from Mobile to Vicksburg only a few days before Grant crossed the Mississippi against that place, and was assigned to duty in command of Gen. S. D. Lee's old brigade of Louisiana troops, consisting of Col. Hall's Twenty-sixth, Col. Marks's Twenty-seventh, and Col. Thomas's Twenty-eighth regiments, all very full and all splendid bodies of men.

Almost immediately after my arrival Pemberton moved out to the Big Black to meet the approach of Grant. I say nothing of previous operations. My brigade was left in the city as a garrison, so that I was not in the somewhat ridiculous battle of the Big Black. All I need say is that through heat and dust the troops came tumbling back into Vicksburg in utter confusion. The man I remember most distinctly in it all was Gen. Bowen, whom I knew well. He was commanding Missouri troops, and they were in an awful plight. They were in utter confusion, and he represented the rest of the army in like case. He said that every thing was lost. Of course it was not so, but there is no denying the fact that the retreat was very disorderly, and that many of the commands were rendezvoused by establishing centers at which they could assemble.

I do not now remember exactly how long it was before Sherman made his appearance—I think the next day. I have no time to look up the records now, but I have this remarkable story to tell: I received an order from Maj. Gen. Smith, who commanded my division, to send a regiment out on the Graveyard Road to cover a party sent out to drive in cattle from the Yazoo bottoms. I directed Col. Marks to move with his regiment, but it was such a precarious business, and it was such a large body of men—over a thousand, as I remember it—that I thought it prudent to go with it myself. We moved with the least possible delay, and just as the head of the column reached the line of rifle pits, which constituted the famous fortifications around the city, a man came in on that road at full speed on a gray horse with bat off, yelling that the enemy was upon him. He was brought to me, and disclosed that he had been chased and shot at just a few hundred yards outside, and that the enemy in force was at hand. He did not appear to be a soldier, and I am now sorry I did not ask who he was and how he came to be there. There was no time for curious inquiries, however, though I have often wondered since if it could be possible that there were no picked guards, nothing between Pemberton and the Federals. I never heard of anybody but the terrified countryman, as he seemed to be. I acted upon his information; halted the command, and, deploy-

ing the two flank companies as skirmishers, manned the breastworks with the remaining companies. This was all done in a very few minutes, but by the time the skirmish line had reached the crest of the opposite ridge, a distance of less than two hundred yards, they were engaged. I had sent the man who had brought the news on to Gen. Smith, and a courier to Gen. Pemberton with a report of what the citizen said. The news reached Pemberton and Smith at the same time, for Gen. Pemberton had assembled all the general officers to communicate the orders of Gen. Joe Johnston, directing Pemberton to retire from Vicksburg at once. When Pemberton received my communication he told them that the question was settled and read them my note. He ordered them to their commands at once, directing them to move their forces to the line of breastworks.

"Do you mean to say that the lines were not manned?"

There was not a man in the trenches or near them, from the Jackson road to the river on the left. I cannot say how it was on the right. There were some men at the point where the Jackson road passed out of the lines, but I doubt if there were any to the right of that point.

"What would have been the effect if you had not happened to be where you were?"

The probabilities are that Sherman (for it was his corps which had struck us) would have quietly marched in and taken possession of the lines.

"Did he press you after he did encounter your skirmish line?"

Not at all. The firing continued till dusk. It was about the middle of the afternoon when it began. This delay on Sherman's part saved us. If he had pressed us, there would have been no question of his success. It was a long time (at least it seemed so to me) before my flanks were secured. It was in one respect fortunate that the news found all the general officers assembled. They got their orders at once, and their movements were much expedited.

"What did Sherman do?"

Well, of course I could not see how things went on with him. Our troops were rushed to the lines as rapidly as possible. There was a system of outer works on the left of the position I occupied. I was not much more than half a mile from the Mississippi on my left. Immediately to the left of my position, and something like a quarter of a mile in front, extending to the river, is another ridge. This also had on it a line of rifle pits, and troops were sent to man them. Sherman moved to his right, and as darkness came on the firing was continuous all along our front almost to the river. It was a beautiful sight, and continued late into the night. The junction between my left and the right on the ridge in front was topographically very poor, and Pemberton very prudently abandoned that front line before morning. But this long line of environment shows that Sherman was in sufficient force to have made his way into Vicksburg at once if he had had enterprise enough to force me. He always showed a lack of this excellent quality in a soldier.

The fortifications about Vicksburg were a poorly run and poorly constructed set of earthworks, but there was no point of the whole line which could not have been carried by a simple assault without ladders or any sort of machines.

"Didn't the Federals try to carry them by assault?"

They made several attacks, but not one that had any promise of success, or was worthy of being called a serious assault. The first one was on my line the third day after that. Sherman formed assaulting columns, and moved out far enough to get a great many of his men killed, but he did not get near enough to make it seem anything more than a gratuitous slaughter. Young Florence, of New Orleans, who had volunteered as an aid on my staff, was killed that day. We were standing together in a battery of six-pounders and howitzers, when he turned to me in great excitement and said: "See, General, they are running!" He fell, and never uttered another word. My adjutant was shot, too, while looking over my shoulder. Poor fellow! a minie ball struck him in the neck, and he died at once. I had two others wounded, but the fatality was not serious with my command. The most shocking sight I ever beheld was of a young man who was acting as my clerk. He had amused himself in gathering every variety of shell thrown at us by the enemy. He had a number of shelves filled with them in a hole in the ground covered by a tent-fly, just adjoining my quarters of similar structure. I had often cautioned him of the danger; but one fatal day he was engaged in opening one of the 64-pound shells the Federals complimented us with every afternoon for a few hours, when I thought the world had come to an end. It was in the heat of the day, and I was lying down when the explosion took place. The poor fellow was mangled so as hardly to retain the semblance of a man. There was very little harm done by these heavy shells of the enemy, however, during the siege.

I did a thing one night which I do not feel particularly proud of, but which I thought then, and still think, was right. The enemy were approaching my salient with a sap-roller, which is a great roller made of withes and saplings about six feet long and four high, which is pushed along in front of a sapper who is digging a trench running up in the face of the enemy. Word was brought me one night that this operation was going on in our front, and they did not know how to stop it. I went to the point, and found that the Federals were uncommonly bold, exposing themselves very freely. I ordered the colonel in command at the point to put an entire company on the parapet silently and take aim at the object. They fired at the word, and immediately afterward we heard one of the yankees say: "That was a shabby trick." I hope nobody was hurt, and do not wonder that they were surprised; but we were not troubled any longer with the sap-roller.

They were very industrious, however, under ground. It was not many days before they had moled up to within a few rods of the ditch of the lunette. We had not been idle on our part. We had run galleries out in all directions of their possible approach, and soon we could hear them working underground, and after awhile we could almost hear what they said. The question was which would get the move on the other in the explosion. We worked very silently and allowed them to get very close to us. So long as they were working we felt pretty safe, but it was rather uneasy in those galleries, not knowing at what moment they might fire their mines. At last we thought it best to put in our charges, and we got them all tamped while they were still working and only a few feet distant. At last we touched the match, and the earth trembled. I have never heard how much damage we did, though really the object was not so much to kill as to stop their operations. They were ended at that point with that explosion.

They then resorted to a new expedient. Turning to their right, they ran along the face of a hillside to reach a long stockade which connected two points about fifty yards apart. They constructed a covered way parallel to the stockade by digging a deep ditch and covering it with fence rails, two or three deep, to prevent us from throwing hand grenades and other destructive missiles and explosives over upon them. When they had gained the middle of the stockade they began to run galleries in under it. We were fully alive to their operations, and were hard at work with our counter galleries. This was the state of case when Pemberton opened negotiations for capitulation. All the day of the 3d of July, during the cessation of hostilities, both sides were hard at work on their mines at this point; and we should have been ready to explode far in front of the stockade the moment they were resumed; so that the stockade would have still stood, and no breach would have been effected by the enemy; but the anxious moments of their construction were never to be brought to the issue.

Gen. Pemberton took the initiative for capitulation by sending out a flag to Gen. Grant by Gen. Bowen. It was received by Grant in a disconcerting and surly spirit. Pemberton proposed that a commission be appointed to arrange terms. Grant declined, declaring that he had no terms except unconditional surrender. Then Pemberton blundered horribly by going out in person to see Grant. He was received with scant courtesy and made to feel that no interview was desired by Grant. Pemberton was about to retire, telling Grant that hostilities would be immediately resumed. This brought the Federal general to some sense of the magnitude of the matter in hand, and he suggested that two of his officers, Gens. McPherson and Smith, with two of Pemberton's, Gen. Bowen and Capt. Montgomery, should step aside and confer upon terms. They had a short conference and reported, upon which Pemberton retired, with the understanding that Grant would send him his *ultimatum* by ten o'clock that night.

It seems obvious that if Pemberton had stopped at home when Grant told him he had no terms to offer, he would have had the whip hand. Grant would never have dared to order an assault with a proposition to surrender in his hands, and he would have been compelled to offer terms and beg that they should be accepted or wait the process of starvation.

As it was, Pemberton called his general officers together in anticipation of Grant's *ultimatum*. It was a pretty large assembly. The chiefs of the several staff departments appeared and made statements with regard to the state of case in their several domains. These statements were dismal enough. The commissary reported that he had only two or three days' rations; the engineers reported the condition of the lines very bad, and all the rest presented a hopeless outlook.

Gen. Pemberton asked for propositions. Some one urged that we should cut our way out. It was fully discussed, and I do not remember that there was any one who really thought there was any tolerable probability of success. No one denied that we should be starved out in a short time, but there was a strong feeling against unconditional surrender and against surrender at all on the 4th of July.

I was young and perhaps a little bumptious, but as nobody was ready to propose anything definite, I undertook to formulate terms of surrender. I am sorry the paper is lost, but I can give the main points very nearly, I am sure. They were, that on — day at — hour the

Confederate forces should abandon the line and retire fifty paces within and stack arms. Leaving only a guard, they should then retire to the city, where they should remain until the necessary papers for parole could be prepared and signed. After this was done, the garrison should resume their arms and be permitted to march out, with drums beating and colors flying. That having passed the lines the column should be halted and arms stacked and then abandoned. It was also to be provided that side arms, horses of mounted officers, private property, etc., should be allowed to pass. The object of leaving the date blank was to tide over the surrender by negotiating until after the 4th of July.

While this paper was under discussion Grant's letter stating his terms arrived and was submitted to the council by the commanding general. He proposed to march in one division at eight o'clock in the morning and take possession. After paroles were signed, troops were to march out, the officers with side arms, mounted officers with one horse each, thirty wagons and such provisions as we pleased from our own stores.

My paper had been actually signed by all the officers except Gen. S. D. Lee, who stood out that he would not surrender, though he offered no solution.

It was handed to the commanding general. He said Grant would never consent, and that if the surrender was not made on the next day Grant would assault. He proceeded to alter and amend the paper by scratching out and interlining, notwithstanding it was over the signatures of a score or more of officers. Finally, not getting it to suit him, he dismissed the council, saying that he would attend to it.

A faint semblance of this proposition appears in the letter he wrote Grant in reply to his proposed terms. Grant answered that the amendments could not be accepted, and that if he was not notified of the acceptance of his terms by nine o'clock in the morning he should regard them as having been rejected, and act accordingly. Would that he had been allowed to "act accordingly!" He never would have dared to send multitudes to destruction while he had an offer of surrender in his pocket.

Pemberton accepted Grant's terms unconditionally, and white flags were flying all along the line by nine o'clock in the morning. Guns were stacked just inside of the parapets, and the men retired to the town. Grant sent in his division and a bedlam of confusion reigned for several days while the paroles were in preparation. We finally marched out with sad hearts, deeply humiliated, and the siege of Vicksburg took its place among the stories of gallant but unsuccessful efforts of history.

"A great deal has been said about Gen. Pemberton's character for fidelity. What do you think?"

Gen. Pemberton was as gallant and as loyal a man to the cause he was sworn to support as Gen. Lee himself. He was not a great general, but he had a hard place to fill and has had hard measure. I sympathize with him deeply, but no stain will rest upon his character when all is known."

"Tell me a little about the sufferings of the soldiers.

Well, of course there was much hardship, but it was not intolerable nor to be compared to what many garrisons have endured in times past. Food was short and poor. Pea bread is not the most palatable diet in the world, but it did not much hurt the men, and we who had favor with the commissaries were never without

some flour and meal. We had a great abundance of sugar, and I for my part—or rather my caterer—managed very well. He brought a stove out from town and had a bombproof kitchen in which our colored artist produced an abundance of slapjacks and sirup from our sugar ration. We always had what purported to be fresh beef—it may have been mule, some said it was—but there was no perceptible difference at the beginning and the end. I should like to tell you many details, but I suppose this will do for the present. The siege lasted forty-eight days, the enemy having made his appearance on the afternoon of May 18, 1863, and the surrender took place the 4th of July, following.

William Miller, Commander Camp 229, United Confederate Veterans, Arcadia, La.:

"I put our chaplain to work yesterday morning to raise a club, supposing it would take him all the week. He is quite a *young* man for a Veteran, being *only* eighty-two, and has only been in *two* wars besides the "*late*" one. To my surprise he came in this evening with five names and five dollars. He expects a copy for himself of the VETERAN, and also the "Souvenir;" and he also wants to know whether or not another club of five will entitle him to another extra copy of each, which he wants to present to a Confederate's widow." Reply: Yes.

B. D. Portis, Lower Peach Tree, Ala.:

I should have notified you that our Camp, R. H. G. Gaines, No. 370, United Confederate Veterans, at our regular meeting in February, by unanimous vote, adopted the VETERAN as the official organ of our Camp.

Messrs. Houghton, Melling & Co., of Boston, are the first Northern publishers to advertise in the VETERAN.

THE NAME OF THE WAR.

William J. Fewel, Esq., of El Paso, sends subscription renewal for Mrs. J. A. Grenade, of Springfield, Mo. Maj. J. W. Sparks sends a like order from Piedras Negras, Mexico, where he is engaged as Consul for the United States. El Paso has shown more generosity to unfortunate Confederates than any other place in Dixie. Next comes an order from C. L. Edwards, of Dallas, Tex.

Mr. Fewel opposes Judge Sage's name for the war:

I take issue with Judge George R. Sage as to the name of our war. He suggests "Rebellion." No; no, never. If secession was right, we were not rebels; if it was wrong, then we were. Now what are you going to do with those gallant fellows that believed in the right of secession? Let us be consistent. Don't let us belittle our conquerors who, during the four years of war, never admitted that we were out of the Union; but just so soon as we had furled for the last time the stars and bars, then we found out that we were out of the Union. During the war we thought that we were out; but, no, no. When it closed we thought that we were back; but, no, no. "Consistency, thou art a jewel." The name of "rebel" is all right for our patriot fathers of seventy-six, but the Confederate soldier was never a rebel.

Rev. John R. Deering, Versailles, Ky., writes about it:

As to name, I protest against "Rebellion." Yankee use has intensified its inherent hatefulness. I approve heartily your choice: "Confederate War;" so it *was* in *fact*. The States waging it were confederated States.

JUDGE JOHN H. BELL, OF ARKANSAS.

NOTES ABOUT A SCOUT OF RARE ACHIEVEMENTS.



The open, frank face in Confederate uniform received months ago induced inquiry about this veteran, and the following notes have been furnished by a "Brother Reb," Capt. F. W. Lee, now of Nashville, Tenn.

Judge John H. Bell, of Nashville, Ark., is a native of Cooper County, Mo. When quite young he moved to White County, Tenn., and from there to Howard County, his

present home in Arkansas. Judge Bell is of lineage dating to the early days of colonial history whose gallant deeds were reproduced by this manly scion in the trying days of our loved Confederacy. He enlisted, in 1861, in the "Davis Blues" and took a gallant part in the Battle of Oak Hill, Mo. This being a State company, he enlisted in Company I, Nineteenth Arkansas Infantry. Upon his record are inscribed the battles of Oak Hill, Arkansas Post, and with Price on his raids through Arkansas, Missouri, and Kansas. He and his comrades on one of their raids subsisted without a mouthful of bread for thirty days, living as Indians on meat. At the battle of Oak Hill he protected the body of the gallant Lyon after he fell. He surrendered at Washington, Ark., in July, 1865. Lieut. Bell was one of those daring spirits of the sixties whose heroic deeds would fill volumes. As a scout he had no equal, perhaps; as an officer his care of his men was unsurpassed. Built like a giant, he went on when others stopped.

Here is an incident worthy of note: Once when at home for a few days he was surrounded by a company of bushwackers, and singly he faced and bluffed the whole company. By his daring talk he made them believe that he had his company at hand. At the close of the war he retired to private life and earnestly labored to retrieve his fortunes, caring for the many dear ones left to him, and as gallantly as of old has he borne the brunt of life.

Capt. Bell was captured at the surrender of Arkansas Post January 11, 1863, but while held at Memphis he and four comrades (James T. Anderson, Cnn. Polk, John A. Turner, and Serg. Castle) made their escape in a skiff, and crossed the Mississippi, landing at Crittenden, Ark.

Many deeds of daring and hairbreadth escapes might be given. No man could live in Arkansas at an early day without a "bear experience," so I note one of the many with him worthy of note. A friend of Capt. Bell's, in looking over his desk, found two enormous ivory tusks, and remarked their sizes. "Yes," said Capt. Bell, "that bear came near getting the best of me. I was on my way home during the war, near the close, and in going down a steep hillside I heard a fearful noise among some hogs, and on riding near, and enormous he bear left them and climbed up a big whiteoak. I had only my revolver with four loads, so I got off my horse and took good aim and let drive. He did not fall, but came down that tree

in a hurry and made for me. I shot him again, but had to jump round a tree to get out of reach of his paw. Round and round we went, too close to turn and shoot. I could feel him scrape my pants, so I broke down the mountain and got another shot, when we had it round another tree. By this time I was getting mad and had my last shot, so I turned and got about five steps ahead of him, wheeled round, and saw him coming, mouth open, and foam and blood all over his head. I took as good aim as I ever did at a "yank," and let him have it in the curl of his head, and jumped out of the way as he rolled over dead."

Recognizing his worth, his friends made him constable, then County and Probate Judge, and now he is honored with a seat in the Arkansas Senate by the counties of Little River, Polk, Sevier, and Howard as a Democrat.

The Confederate Veteran Reunion to take place July 18-20, at Mexia, Tex., will be interesting and peculiar. The privilege committees have ruled from the grounds the sale of beer or whisky and the shooting gallery. The Building Committee will erect a pavilion fifty by seventy feet. The committee asks that all friends and comrades who will contribute labor or money are requested to confer at once with that committee and give their names and the number of days that they can work at the grounds. As soon as the names are all enrolled a detail of ten men will be taken for the first relay, ten for the second, and so on. The idea is to have only such number on the grounds at one time as can be utilized as a pioneer corps. Comrades will attend to the giving of their names at once. It is thought that each detail should be kept at work from two to three days. Cooked rations will be furnished at the expense of the camp. "Bring along a blanket and oilcloth, such as you used to capture from our old-timed friends, the 'yanks.' We will make it pleasant for you."

Confederate Decoration Days were more largely attended this year perhaps than during any season since the war. At Carthage, Tenn., a plain but faithful Confederate who had never seen so many people in the town said, "They don't forget that."

At old Fort Donelson thousands gathered at the Stewart County reunion, and the people of that section glorified themselves in abundant provision for the multitude. Dr. J. C. Steger is to be congratulated heartily for his rich reward in its complete success. He inaugurated the movement, and at first he didn't succeed; but tried again, and the last time brought about such influences as secured its success with his paper, the *Courier*.

The Editor of the *VETERAN* was present and visited the beautiful cemetery on the highest hill, upon which are buried the Federal dead. There is, of course, no ornamented place in honor of the Confederates who surrendered their lives in defense of their homes.

The scene of three steamboats loaded with visitors, largely of young men and pretty girls, with frolicsome buzzes, as all were ready to steam up the river, was pathetic.

Reminiscences of the day in February, 1862, when Tennessee soldier boys, and from the other States, too, by the thousand, went up from that landing into their first battle, and many to martyrdom or to prison and suffering nigh unto death, all contrasted pathetically with the innocent glee of the new multitude.

Comrades through our Dixie Land will instinctively view the contrast. They don't forget those awful times.

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

OFFICE AT THE AMERICAN, CORNER CHURCH AND CHERRY STS.

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

THE VETERAN AND THE SOUTH.

No other publication in the history of the country, perhaps, has had such general acceptance throughout any section as the VETERAN. It of course pertains to the war, and is of more interest to the Confederate soldier element than to any other. There are thousands doubtless who would like the VETERAN, but do not take it because they were not in the war, or did not stay to the end. Let comrades say to such that the VETERAN has never contained a criticism against them, neither has Confederate organizations criticised them. They cannot share equally honors paid uncompromising Confederates, but as Southern people they share richly in the heroism that makes their section justly the pride of the bravest and best who fought for the Union, and of brave men everywhere.

The editor of the VETERAN can afford to suggest this coöperation. He was captured, and stayed in prison when comrades took the oath and went home, despite appeals from himself and others. On two occasions afterward he took the peril of making his escape from battlefields when his associates and officers surrendered. At another time, when cut off from his command and a detachment of Federals had him in their power, he was offered liberty if he would take the oath, but he said no, that he was a soldier for the war and would suffer death before he would do any such thing. There never was a minute that he would not have died before being untrue to the cause of the South. Confederates who were faithful to the end deserve highest honor, and the VETERAN will never pay equal tribute to others.

But the war is over now, and every Southerner shares the glory of these sacrifices. Hence it would seem fitting for all to coöperate for the comfort of those whose individual fame will be eternal, but are unfortunate, broken down with disease or maimed for life, in their faithfulness to the South. Let every man who accepts these suggestions show his willingness by an interest in the VETERAN. It speaks for them and their welfare.

GEN. WILLIAM H. JACKSON.

The picture on the front page is an excellent likeness. Next after the name of T. J. Jackson in the memorandum of Confederate commanders published by the United States Government is that of William H. Jackson, who is recorded as commanding a cavalry division under Gen. S. D. Lee, in the department of Mississippi and East Louisiana.

As second in command of the United Confederate Veterans a brief sketch of him will be read with the greater interest by the comrades who were not familiar with his important career since as well as during the war.

Gen. Jackson's parents were both of Virginia, but he was born at Paris, Tenn., in 1835. His only brother, Judge Howell E. Jackson, is an ex-United States Senator, and is now a member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A West Point graduate of the class of 1856, he entered the regular army and was in the service of "Uncle Sam," on the Western frontier in 1861, when he resigned and in company with Col. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and Maj. Longstreet he returned to his native State and was made at once captain of an artillery company.

While leading an infantry charge in the battle of Belmont, Mo., he received a bullet which he has since carried. He was made colonel and brigadier general in quick succession, and then succeeded to the command of Forrest's old division, with the Texas brigade added. At the close of the war Gen. Jackson was made commissioner by Dick Taylor for the parole of prisoners at Gainesville, Ala.

To these brief notes of his military career we add his remarks on accepting the honor conferred upon him at the Birmingham reunion: "I have eschewed politics so far as never to seek or hold any political office, but I appreciate more highly my selection to this high office to which you have called me than I would to have been Governor of the State of Tennessee or even to be President of the United States. I prize it above any honor that could be offered by citizens of America."

Gen. Jackson's remarkable career since the war, and he is now in the zenith of importance as a citizen, will be read with interest by comrades and by the public. He and his brother, Judge Jackson, married the two daughters of Gen. W. G. Harding, who lived near Nashville. Gen. Jackson took charge of the well-known Belle Meade estate as the venerable Harding became, in firm of age. Belle Meade is entitled to the pride of its owner and of the country. It is located west of the city. The residence is about six miles by the Harding Pike, and it has been in the Harding family since about 1800. The acreage is 5,300. All the outer lines are of stone fencing, thirty-five miles in all, which cost one dollar a running yard to build it.

The place is noted for its thoroughbred horses. The figures will stagger credulity, and yet they are accurate. The yearlings sold at the annual sales at Belle Meade from 1875 to 1893 inclusive brought in the aggregate \$615,000. And these colts have realized for their owners on the American turf \$2,777,000.

One horse, Iroquois, is now regarded the most remarkable horse in the world. He is the only American-bred horse that ever won the three great events of En-

Confederate Veteran—(SUPPLEMENT.)

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, Embracing all these Camps and many other Organizations.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

This list of its many Camps, Bivouacs, etc., has been published quite regularly, but there is so much need of the space it will be discontinued for the present. Hence it will be well to preserve this Supplement.

Gen Jno B Gordon, General Commanding..... Atlanta, Ga.
Maj Gen Geo Moorman, Adj Gen and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

ALABAMA.

Maj Gen Fred S Ferguson, Commander..... Birmingham.
Col Harvey E Jones, Adj Gen and Chief of Staff..... Montgomery
Jas M Williams, Brigadier General..... Mobile
Jno M McKleroy, Brigadier General..... Anniston

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Abner P.O.	Capt W A Handley	351	M V Mullins, H A Brown
Albertville	Camp Miller	385	W H McCord, Asa Ray
Alexandria	Alexandria	395	C Martin, E T Clark
Alexander City	Lee	401	R M Thomas, A S Smith
Andalusia	Harper	256	J F Thomas, J M Robinson, Sr.
Anniston	Pelham	258	F M Hight, W H Williams
Ashland	Henry D. Clayton	327	A S Stockdale, D L Campbell
Ashville	St. Clair	308	John W. Inger, Jas. D. Truss
Athens	Thos L Hobbs	400	E C Gordon
Auburn	Auburn	236	O. D. Smith, James H. Lane
Bessemer	Bessemer	157	W R Jones, T P Waller
Birmingham	W J Hardee	39	R E Jones, P K McMiller
Bridgeport	Jo Wheeler	260	I. H. Johnson, R. A. Jones
Brookwood	Confed. Veteran	130	R D Jackson
Camden	Franklin K. Beck	224	R. Gaillard, J. F. Foster
Carrollton	Camp Pickens	323	M. L. Stansel, R. F. Peluurch
Carthage	Woodruff	339	Jno S Powers, J. A. Elliott
Coalburg	Frank Cheatham	134	F P Lewis, Jas W Barnhart
Dadeville	Crawf Kimbal	343	W C McIntosh, Wm. L. Rowe
Edwardsville	Camp Wigginton	359	W P Howell, T J Burton
Eataw	Sanders	61	Geo. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy
Evergreen	Capt Wm Lee	338	P D Bowles
Florence	E. A. O'Neal	298	A M O'Neal, A Brown
Fort Payne	W N Estes	263	J M Davidson, A P McCartney
Gadsden	Emma Sanson	275	Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes
Gaylesville	John Pelham	411	B F Wood, G W R Bell
Greensboro	Allen C. Jones	296	A. M. Avery, E. T. Pasteur
Greenville	Sam'l L. Adams	349	Ed Crenshaw, F E Dey
Guin	Ex-Confederate	415	W N Halsey
Guntersville	Mont. Gilbreath	333	R T Coles, J L Burke
Hamilton	Marion County	346	A J Hamilton, J F Hamilton
Hartselle	Friendship	383	Matt K Mahan, T J Simpson
Huntsville	Egbert J Jones	337	Geo. P. Turner, W M Erskine
Jacksonville	Col. Jas. B. Martin	292	J. H. Caldwell, W. L. Grant
LaFayette	A. A. Greene	310	J. L. Robinson, Geo. H. Black
Livingston	Camp Sumter	332	R Chapman
Low's Peachtree	R B G Gaines	370	B D Portis, N J McConnell
Lowndesboro	T J Bullock	331	J L Hinson, C D Whitman
Marion	I W Garrett	277	J Cal Moore, Thomas Hudson
Madison Sta.	A A Russell	408	T T Garner, Robt E Wiggins
Mobile	Rapha'l Semmes	11	Thos T Roche, Wm E Mickle
Monroeville	George W Foster	407	W W McMillan, D L Neville
Montgomery	Lomax	151	Wm B Jones, J H Higgins
Opelika	Lee County	261	R. M. Greene, J. Q. Barton
Oxford	Camp Lee	329	Thos H Barry, John T Pearce
Ozark	Ozark	380	W R Painter, J L Williams
Piedmont	Camp Stewart	378	J N Hood, L Ferguson
Pearce's Mill	Robert E Lee	372	Jim Pearce, F M Clark
Roanoke	Aiken-Smith	293	W A Handley, B M McCon-
			naghy
Robinson Spr	Tom McKeithen	396	J E Jones, W D Whetstone
Rockford	Henry W. Cox	276	F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson
Scottsboro	N B Forrest	276	F. L. Young, J P Harris
Seale	James F. Waddell	268	R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene
Selma	Catesby R Jones	317	Thos P Whitby, Edw P Galt
Springville	Springville	223	A W. Woodall, W J Spruiell
Stroud	Camp McLeroy	356	A J Thompson, J L Strickland
St. Stephens	John James	350	A T Hooks, J B Pelham
Sumnerfield	Col. Garrett	381	Ed Morrow, R B Cater
Talladega	Charles M. Shelley	246	W J Rhodes, J T Dye
Thomasville	Leander McFarland	373	Jas N Callahan, Geo B Hall
Tusculum	James Deshier	313	A. H. Keller, E P Gny
Tuskaloosa	Camp Rodes	262	A C Hargrove, A P Prince
Troy	Camp Ruffin	329	W D Henderson, L H Bowles
Uniontown	Tom Calena	429	C Carr
Verben	Camp Gracie	291	K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell
Vernon	Camp O'Neal	358	J P Young, T M Woods
Wetumpka	Elmore County	253	J. E. Maul, Hal T. Walker
Wedowee	Randolph	316	C C Enloe, R S Pate

ARKANSAS.

Maj Gen D M Moore, Commander..... Fort Smith
Col J T Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff..... Van Buren
Jno M Harrell, Brigadier General..... Hot Springs
J M Bohart, Brigadier General..... Bentonville

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alma	Cabell	202	James E. Smith, J. T. Jones
Benton	David O. Dodd	325	S H Whitthorne, C E Shoe-
			maker
Bentonville	Camp Cabell	89	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates
Booneville	Camp Evans	355	G W Evans, D B Castleberry
Centre Point	Haller	192	J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley
Charleston	Pat Cleburne	191	A S Cabell
Conway	Jeff Davis	213	A. P. Witt, W. D. Cole
Fayetteville	W. H. Brooks	216	T. M. Gunter, I. M. Partridge
Fort Smith	Ben T DuVal	146	M M Gorman, Col R M Fry
Greenway	Chas Co. V. Ass'n	375	J R Hodge
Greenwood	Ben McCulloch	194	Dudley Milum, M Stroup
Hackett City	Stonewall	199	L B Lake
Hope	Gratiot	203	N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor
Hot Springs	Albert Pike	340	Gen Jno M Harrell, A Curl
Little Rock	Omer R Weaver	334	Wm P Campbell, J H Paschal
Morrilton	Robert W. Harper	267	W. S. Hanna, R. W. Harrison
Nashville	Joe Neal	208	W K Cowling, E G Hale
New Louisville	Sam Hill	144	A H Sevier
Newport	Tom Hindman	318	T. T. Ward
Oxford	Oxford	455	F M Gibson, Ransom Guley
Paragon	Confed. Survivors	449	
Paris	Ben McCullough	388	J O Sadler, Wm Snoddy
Pocahontas	Confed. Veteran	447	W F Beshpan
Prairie Grove	Prairie Grove	284	Wm Mitchell
Prescott	Walter Bragg	428	W J Blake, O S Jones
Ultima Thule	Confed. Survivors	118	
Van Buren	John Wallace	269	John Allen, J E Clegg
Waldron	Sterling Price	414	L P Fuller, A M Fuller
Wooster	Joseph F. Johnston	431	W A Milam, W J Sloan

FLORIDA.

Maj Gen J J Dickison, Commander..... Ocala
Col Fred L Robertson, Adj General and Chief of Staff..... Brooksville
W D Chipley, Brigadier General..... Pensacola
Wm Baya, Brigadier General..... Jacksonville
Gen S G French, Brigadier General..... Winter Park

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Barlow	Francis S Barlow	284	W H Reynolds, J A Armistead
Brooksville	W W Loring	13	F E Saxon, F L Robertson
Chipley	McMillan	217	Gen Wm Miller, R B Bellamy
Dade City	Pasco Co. V. Ass'n	57	Jas E Lee, A H Ravesties
Defuniak Sp'gs	E. Kirby-Smith	282	J. T. Stubbs, D. G. McLeod
Fernandina	Nassau	104	W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall
Inverness	Geo. T. Ward	148	W C Zimmerman, W S Turner
Jacksonville	R. E. Lee	58	W D Matthews, J A Enslow, Jr
Jacksonville	Jeff Davis	230	C. E. Merrill, C. J. Colecock
Jasper	Stewart	155	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna
June	Patton Anderson	244	J. F. Highsmith
Lake City	Columbia County	150	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives
Marianna	Milton	132	W D Barnes, F Phillips
Monticello	Patton Anderson	59	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge
Ocala	Marion Co. C. V. A.	56	J. M. Mays, Wm Fox
Orlando	Orange Co.	54	W G Johnson, B M Robinson
Palmotto	Geo. T. Ward	53	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles
Pensacola	Ward C. V. Ass'n	10	W E Anderson, R J Jordan
Quincy	D. L. Kenan	140	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. Mc-
			Millan
St. Augustine	E. Kirby Smith	175	W J Jarvis, M R Cooper
Sanford	Gen. Jos. Finnegan	149	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Leffer
St. Petersburg	Camp Colquitt	303	W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick
Tallahassee	Lamar	161	David Lang, R A Whitfield
Tampa	Hillsboro	36	F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane
Thusville	Indian River	47	Jas. Pritchard, A D Cohen
Umatilla	Lake Co. C. V. A.	279	T H Blake

GEORGIA.

Maj Gen Clement A Evans, Commander..... Cartersville
Col A J West, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff..... Atlanta

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Atlanta	Fulton County	159	Clement A Evans, J F Edwards
Augusta	Con. Surviv. Ass'n	435	F E Eve, F M Stovall
Carnesville	Miligan Conf. Vet.	419	J. C. McCarter, J M Phillips
Cedartown	Polk Co. Con. Vets	403	J. M. Arrington, J S Stubbs
Clayton	Rabun Co. Con. Vet.	320	S M Beck, W H Price
Covington	Jefferson Lamar	390	G D Heard, J W Anderson
Dalton	Joseph E Johnston	34	A. P. Roberts, J. A. Blanton

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP LIST.

GEORGIA—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Dawson.....	Terrell Co. Con. Vet.	401	J. W. F. Lowrey, Wm. Kalgler
Harrisburg.....	Chattooga Vet.	422	, L. R. Williams
Jackson.....	Jackson County	440	Thos. L. Ross, T. H. Nibloch
LaGrange.....	Troup Co. Con. Vets.	403	J. L. Schaub, E. T. Whinn
Macon.....	Bibb County	404	C. M. Wiley, S. S. Sweet
Morgan.....	Calhoun Co. Con. Vet.	408	P. E. Boyd, A. J. Munroe
Ringgold.....	Ringgold	406	W. J. Whitsitt, R. B. Trimmer
Rome.....	Floyd Co. C. V. A.	368	J. G. Yelzer, J. T. Moore
Spring Place.....	Jno. B. Gordon	350	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey
Thomasville.....	W. D. Mitchell	423	R. G. Mitchell, T. N. Hopkins
Talbotton.....	L. B. Smith	402	B. Curley, W. H. Philpot
Washington.....	John T. Wingfield	391	C. E. Irvin
Waynesboro.....	Gordon	369	Thos. B. Cox, S. R. Fulcher
Zebulon.....	Pike Co. Conf. Vet.	421	G. W. Strickland, W. O. Gwyn

ILLINOIS.

Maj Gen Jno C Underwood, Commander.....	Chicago
Col Saml Baker, Chief of Staff.....	Chicago

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Chicago.....	Ex-Confed. Ass'n.	343	W. W. White, R. Lee France
Jerseyville.....	Benev. ex-Confed.	304	Jos. S. Carr, Morris R. Locke

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Maj Gen N P Gay, Commander.....	McAlester
Col R B Coleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....	McAlester
Jno L Galt, Brigadier General.....	Ardmore
D M Haley, Brigadier General.....	Kaebis

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Ardmore.....	Jno H Morgan	107	W W Hyden, F G Barry
McAlester.....	Jeff Lee	68	N. P. Gay, R. B. Coleman

KENTUCKY.

Maj Gen John Boyd, Commander.....	Lexington
Col Jos M Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....	Paris
J B Briggs, Brigadier General.....	Russellville
James M Arnold, Brigadier General.....	Newport

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Augusta.....	John B. Hood	23	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson
Bardstown.....	Thomas H. Hunt	235	Thos. H. Ellis, Jos. F. Briggs
Benton.....	Alfred Johnston	376	J. P. Brian, W. J. Wilson
Bethel.....	Pat. R. Cleburne	252	J. L. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom
Bowling Green.....	Bowling Green	143	W. F. Perry, Jas. A. M. Mitchell
Campton.....	George W Cox	435	Jos C Lykins, C C Hanks
Carlisle.....	Peter Bramblett	341	Thos Owens, H M Taylor
Cynthiana.....	Ben Desha	99	D. M. Snyder, J. Wm. Boyd
Danville.....	J. Warren Grigsby	214	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman
Emilinee.....	E. Kirby Smith	251	W. L. Crabbe, J. S. Turner
Flemingsburg.....	Albert S. Johnston	232	Wm Stanley, Jno E Hedfin
Frankfort.....	Thomas B. Monroe	188	A. W. Macklin, Jno E Scott
Georgetown.....	George W Johnson	98	A. B. Sinclair, J. Webb
Harrodsburg.....	Wm Preston	96	Bush W. Allen, John Kane
Hopkinsville.....	Ned Merriwether	241	C. F. Jarrett, Hunter Wood
Lawrenceburg.....	Ben Hardin Helm	101	P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn
Lexington.....	J. C. Brockbridge	140	John Boyd, G. C. Snyder
Maysville.....	Jos E Johnston	142	Dr A H Wall, Jno W Boulden
Mt. Sterling.....	Roy S. Clinke	201	Thos. Johnson, W. T. Havens
Nicholasville.....	Humphry Marshall	187	Geo. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard
Paducah.....	A. P. Thompson	174	W G Bullitt, J. M. Browne
Paducah.....	Lloyd Tighman	461	Thos E Moss, J. V. Grief
Paris.....	John H. Morgan	95	A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines
Richmond.....	Thomas B. Collins	215	Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage
Russellville.....	John W. Caldwell	139	J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty
Shelbyville.....	John H. Waller	257	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen
Winchester.....	Roger W. Hanson	186	B. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler
Versailles.....	Abe Buford	97	I C Bailey, Jas W Smith

LOUISIANA.

Maj Gen Geo O Watts, Commander.....	Alexandria
Col T L Macon, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....	New Orleans

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alexandria.....	Jeff Davis	6	G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington
Amite City.....	Amite City	78	A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston
Arcadia.....	Arcadia	229	Will Miller, John A. Oden
Baton Rouge.....	Baton Rouge	17	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman
Benton.....	Lowden Butler	49	S. M. Thomas, B. R. Nash
Berwick.....	Whichester Hall	178	T. J. Royster, F. O. Brien
Compte.....	Cap Perot	397	Leopold Perot, T H Hamilton
Donaldsonville.....	Victor Maurin	35	S. A. Poche, P. Garrel
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Col E T Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.....	Columbus
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JR Blinford, Brigadier General.....	Duck Hill

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Maj Gen E D Hall, Commander.....	Wilmington
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Rufus Barringer, Brigadier General.....	Charlotte
W P Roberts, Brigadier General.....	Gatesville

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Col Thos S Moorman, Adj General and Chief of Staff.....	Columbia
Jno Bratton, Brigadier General.....	Windsboro

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Augusta..... 13	Hawkinsville..... 25	Union Point..... 14
Canton..... 16	LaGrange..... 8	Washington..... 31
Cartersville..... 4	Macon..... 70	White Plains..... 5
Chicago, Illinois..... 23		

INDIANA.

Evansville..... 14	Indianapolis..... 5	
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Ardmore..... 12	McAlister..... 11	
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Coffeyville..... 19	Hutchinson..... 5	
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KANSAS.

Adairville..... 7	Justice..... 6	Pine Grove..... 4
Anthoston..... 4	Lawrenceburg..... 5	Richmond..... 10
Augusta..... 1	Lewisburg..... 28	Russellville..... 11
Burdstown..... 4	Lexington..... 7	Shelbyville..... 5
Bell..... 7	Louisville..... 59	Slaughter'sville..... 6
Bowling Green..... 22	Midway..... 1	Smith's Grove..... 4
Covington..... 5	Morganfield..... 9	Stamping Ground..... 6
Danville..... 7	Owensboro..... 27	Sturgis..... 9
Elizabethtown..... 7	Owingsville..... 5	Toler..... 14
Georgetown..... 7	Paducah..... 7	Uniontown..... 5
Harrodsburg..... 17	Paris..... 16	Versailles..... 12
Henderson..... 47	Penbrooke..... 20	Winchester..... 26
Hopkinsville..... 7		

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge..... 4	Lake Providence..... 7	Shreveport..... 16
Berwick..... 9	Mansfield..... 24	Patterson..... 4
Jackson..... 13	Morgan City..... 6	Rayville..... 4
Lake Charles..... 20	New Orleans..... 30	St. Patrick..... 5

MARYLAND.

Baltimore..... 61	Cumberland..... 17	Pikesville..... 4
St. Paul, Minnesota..... 9		

MISSISSIPPI.

Anding..... 4	Edwards..... 4	Port Gibson..... 7
Booneville..... 7	Fayette..... 7	Senatobia..... 7
Canton..... 7	Greenwood..... 6	Utica..... 7
Centerville..... 8	Jackson..... 6	Vicksburg..... 1
Coldwater..... 9	McComb City..... 5	Walthall..... 5
Columbus..... 23	Meridian..... 21	Woodville..... 20
Corinth..... 4	Pass Christian..... 5	Yazoo City..... 19
Crystal Springs..... 11		

MISSOURI.

Brookline..... 4	Independence..... 21	Nevada..... 9
Centralia..... 13	Kansas City..... 5	Odessa..... 9
Columbus..... 4	Lamar..... 6	Palmira..... 12
Dexter..... 7	Lee's Summit..... 4	Salisbury..... 6
Exeter..... 1	Lexington..... 8	Sedalia..... 10
Golden City..... 21	Louisiana..... 5	Seneca..... 5
Hamilton..... 8	Marshfield..... 5	Springfield..... 70
Higginsville..... 5	Mexico..... 1	St. Louis..... 47
Huntsville..... 21	Moberly..... 10	

New York City, New York..... 36		
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville..... 41	Mt. Airy..... 4	Waynesville..... 14
Bryson City..... 5	Raleigh..... 8	Wilmington..... 14
Goldsboro..... 4	Salisbury..... 33	Winston..... 15

Cincinnati, Ohio..... 14		
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OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

Oklahoma City..... 20	Norman..... 10	
Portland, Oregon..... 7		
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania..... 12		

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Alkin..... 20	Greenville..... 5	Ninety-Six..... 8
Bradley..... 4	Greenwood..... 33	Orangeburg C. H..... 27
Charleston..... 150	Longmires..... 5	Pineopolis..... 5
Cheraw..... 4	Manning..... 5	Sally..... 7
Columbia..... 25	Marion..... 1	Sumter..... 10
Darlington..... 27	Newberry..... 4	Trenton..... 5
Edgefield..... 17		

TENNESSEE.

Auburn..... 5	Flynn's Lick..... 4	Poplin's X Roads..... 5
Bagdad..... 5	Franklin..... 40	Pulaski..... 22
Baker..... 18	Gainesboro..... 6	Rankin's Depot..... 9
Beachville..... 5	Gallatin..... 56	Riddletown..... 7
Bellbuckle..... 5	Gowers..... 8	Rockhill..... 4
Bellevue..... 5	Goodlettsville..... 13	Rogersville..... 8
Billingsly..... 6	Greenfield..... 4	Rome..... 5
Bristol..... 8	Haley..... 4	Rutherford..... 4
Brownsville..... 4	Hartsville..... 16	Sadlersville..... 6
Burns..... 7	Hendersonville..... 4	Sandersville..... 7
Camden..... 5	Holt's Corner..... 5	Sewanee..... 6
Caney Springs..... 4	Humboldt..... 6	Sharon..... 6
Carthage..... 7	Huntingdon..... 6	Shelbyville..... 31
Castalian Springs..... 7	Hustburg..... 4	Sherwood..... 4
Cowan..... 4	Jackson..... 49	Shonn's X Roads..... 4
Chattanooga..... 29	Knoxville..... 28	Silvertop..... 5
Chapel Hill..... 9	Lawrenceburg..... 12	Smryna..... 5
Clarksville..... 36	Lebanon..... 8	South Pittsburg..... 14
Clifton..... 5	Leftwich..... 5	Spring Creek..... 1
College Grove..... 4	Leiper's Fork..... 1	Springfield..... 11
Columbia..... 40	Lewisburg..... 15	Stanton..... 7
Coopersville..... 4	Linton..... 4	Station Camp..... 6
Cornersville..... 4	Lynchburg..... 22	St. Bethlehem..... 1
Covington..... 7	Lynnville..... 9	Sweetwater..... 8
Cowan..... 5	Martin..... 10	Tennessee Ridge..... 7
Cumberland City..... 6	McKenzie..... 22	Tiptonville..... 11
Decherd..... 4	Melvin..... 4	Tobaccoport..... 5
Delina..... 4	Memphis..... 83	Tracy City..... 13
Dickson..... 19	Monroe..... 1	Trenton..... 18
Dixon Springs..... 4	Morrisstown..... 1	Trzevant..... 4
Donelson..... 4	Mt. Pleasant..... 16	Triune..... 4
Dresden..... 12	Murfreesboro..... 91	Tullahoma..... 12
Dyer..... 4	Nashville..... 401	Unionville..... 5
Dyersburg..... 10	Newbern..... 11	Verona..... 4
Eagle Creek..... 4	Newson Station..... 1	Walter Hill..... 4
Eagleville..... 10	Nolensville..... 1	Warrensburg..... 6
Edgewood..... 5	Paragon Mills..... 6	Wartrace..... 10
Elmwood..... 4	Paris..... 22	Waverly..... 9
Emon College..... 5	Petersburg..... 1	White Bluff..... 4
Erin..... 43	Porterfield..... 1	Whitesboro..... 19
Exell Springs..... 4	Port Royal..... 5	Woodland Mills..... 4
Farmington..... 4	Pikeville..... 14	Woodworth..... 12
Fayetteville..... 52	Pope..... 4	Wrenoe..... 5
Flat Rock..... 4		Yorkville..... 10

TEXAS.

Alvarado..... 17	Eliasville..... 5	McDade..... 4
Antelope..... 4	Ela..... 16	McGregor..... 6
Archer City..... 5	El Paso..... 39	McLendon..... 4
Aurora..... 5	Emmils..... 6	Memphis..... 6
Austin..... 12	Flotinsville..... 6	Mexia..... 20
Athens..... 20	Forestburg..... 7	Milford..... 36
Bartlett..... 9	Foreston..... 6	Montague..... 4
Becher..... 10	Fort Worth..... 54	Paint Rock..... 5
Belton..... 40	Forney..... 13	Paradise..... 4
Bonham..... 30	Gainesville..... 36	Paris..... 23
Breckinridge..... 4	Galveston..... 88	Pearsall..... 9
Bryan..... 41	Gatesville..... 19	Petty..... 11
Caddo Mills..... 8	Glen Rose..... 9	Ray..... 5
Calvert..... 5	Gonzales..... 22	Rockwall..... 31
Canadian..... 4	Graham..... 24	San Antonio..... 13
Canton..... 13	Grand View..... 15	Sherman..... 24
Cedar Creek..... 6	Greenville..... 9	South Prairie..... 4
Center Point..... 9	Groesbeck..... 4	Sulphur Springs..... 8
Chico..... 20	Hamilton..... 14	Sweetwater..... 5
Coastfield..... 4	Henrietta..... 4	Tehuacana..... 15
Columbia..... 9	Houston..... 16	Temple..... 6
Columbus..... 4	Italy..... 5	Terrell..... 22
Commerce..... 4	Kaufman..... 22	Trent..... 4
Cleburne..... 49	Kemp..... 10	Tulip..... 5
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Comanche..... 15	Kinston..... 7	Van Alstyne..... 16
Crockett..... 4	Ladonia..... 5	Waco..... 20
Croero..... 6	La Grange..... 16	Walders..... 4
Dallas..... 35	Lampasas..... 31	Waxahatche..... 21
Decatur..... 11	Livingston..... 1	Weatherford..... 9
DeKalb..... 4	Lott..... 5	Whitesboro..... 11
DeLeon..... 5	Lubbock..... 6	Wills' Point..... 21
Denton..... 4	Marlin..... 13	Wrightsboro..... 12

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria..... 5	Lynchburg..... 22	Richmond..... 112
Charlottesville..... 4	Norfolk..... 17	Strasburg..... 15
Culpeper..... 7	Portsmouth..... 22	Warm Springs..... 6
Fredricksburg..... 5	Radford..... 5	West Point..... 24
Harrisonburg..... 5		Williamsburg..... 10

WEST VIRGINIA.

Huntington..... 16	Romney..... 9	
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gland: the Derby, the St. Leger, and Prince of Wales stakes. It is a source of gratification to Americans, and causes their great pride in Iroquois, that being American he has achieved such victories on English soil, and has demonstrated the fact that an American horse that can win the English Derby is as successful a sire as the English horse that wins the English Derby. Iroquois is so successful a sire that ten of his produce sold in 1892 for an average of \$8,500 each, or \$85,000 cash for the ten.

One of the luxuries worthy of note, among the many that are not used, is a park of 500 acres, in which hundreds of deer roam as free as if in an unlimited forest.

The success of Gen. Jackson in building up Belle Meade to its present renowned reputation is evidently due to the very liberal outlay of money for the best stock and for the best improvements, the General subscribing to the idea that "nothing short of the best in anything will prove an eminent success."

Gen. Jackson has steadily become more and more interested in public matters. He is the father of the "farmer movement" in this country, having organized at an Exposition here the first National Farmers' Congress ever held in America. And he held the position as President of that Congress for several years.

He also organized the first agricultural paper in this part of the country, the *Rural Sun*, favoring the idea that "agricultural journals, like almanacs, should be calculated for the latitude they are designed to serve."

He is at present President of the Nashville Gaslight Company. He is the President of the Electric Railway, which was recently purchased for over a million dollars and reorganized.

An enterprise of special interest to Nashville people is his erection of a fireproof building here, on Church Street, just across from the First Presbyterian Church.

It will be strictly a fireproof building, with all the modern improvements. In speaking of it the General said: "There may be larger buildings in other cities, but there is no building better finished than this will be." There are four hundred tons of steel in the structure of the building. The first story is built of what is known as fire stone from his Belle Meade quarry. The other stories will be built of fire brick and terra cotta and cut stone trimmings, to be same color as the stone of the first story. The steel frame to the fourth story is up and the stone part of the wall is nearly completed. The building will contain a nine foot basement, seven stories, and a garden roof lighted by electricity. The garden is not to be for the public, but for the benefit of guests and their friends, and its management will be regulated by them. All Nashville is proud of the magnificent structure.

A CONFEDERATE AT A FEDERAL CEMETERY.

Elsewhere there is printed a speech of United States Judge George R. Sage at the National Cemetery here.

After the conclusion of the address of Judge Sage, Mr. Ed Baxter, a comrade of whom all who know him are proud, in response to an earnest invitation made a brief extempore address.

Mr. Baxter said, in substance, that though he was an ex-Confederate soldier, he was glad the government of the United States had established and maintained the National Cemeteries, which beautify and adorn the

country. He was glad that the government had recognized the debt of gratitude which it owed to the gallant soldiers who followed its flag. Those who confronted the Union soldiers for four long years of battle were the best witnesses of their valor and devotion to the cause for which they fought.

He honored the Union soldiers. He felt the highest respect for the gallant men who lay buried around him. They were American citizens of the highest type; for they lost their lives in the defense of what they thought to be the constitutional principles of their country.

It is easy to talk; but when a man risks his life in defense of his convictions of right, he presents the best specimen of manhood, whether he wore blue or gray.

Though the war had resulted in the abolition of slavery, Mr. Baxter felt no regret at the loss of his former slaves. When he entered the army he left his wife and child at home, and his former slaves remained with them. Several of those who were once his slaves are now his servants; and for all of them he cherished the most kindly feelings. If any one of them harbored the least ill feeling toward him, he had never heard of it.

The soldiers in the opposing armies, even in the heat of conflict, always treated each other with personal consideration and respect. No instance has been recorded where a soldier of either army refused to share his canteen of water with his wounded foe.

At the close of the war the devastated condition of the South rendered it impossible for her people to provide suitable cemeteries and monuments for the Confederate dead; but, with such means as were at their disposal, they gathered together, in their public cemeteries, the treasured relics of their heroic dead, and tenderly cared for them, as best they could.

While the Confederate dead have not received the honors due to their courage and devotion, the fact that the Union soldiers who fell in battle have received the honors justly due them excites neither envy nor regret. There is no leaf too green, no bud too bright, to be laid on the graves of heroes.

The day will yet come when some great-hearted man of the North will say, in the halls of Congress, of his own volition, and without solicitation from the South, "the Confederates were brave American citizens, who died in the defense of their ideas of constitutional principles. Let the nation gather up their relics, and accord to them the honors which they so richly deserve."

There is not a foot of territory belonging to the Union which has not been acquired or defended by the aid of Southern valor. During the war the South fought in good faith, and at its close she returned to her allegiance with equal good faith.

The flag of the Union is now, as before the war, the only flag to which the South yields her allegiance; and where she gives her allegiance, there also will she give her loyalty.

JAMES G. HOLMES, OF CHARLESTON.

Capt. James G. Holmes, one of the delegates to the Birmingham reunion of United Confederate Veterans, from Camp Sumter, No. 250, was born in Charleston, S. C., June 17, 1843, in his ancestral home that faces Fort Sumter, after which his Camp is named. At the time his State seceded he was a member of the fourth class of the South Carolina Military Academy; then at the "Arsenal" in Columbia, S. C., where the fourth class spent the first year of their academic education before being transferred to the "Citadel," the January following and promoted to third class men. Hence it was that Cadet Holmes took no part in firing on the "Star of the West" from the battery on Vinegar Hill, Morris Island, Charles-



ton Harbor. His class, being the youngest class at the "Citadel," was required to do garrison duty. In June 1862, Cadet Holmes was one of some forty cadets who formed a camp known as the "Cadet Rangers," and who left their *Alma Mater* because they deemed it their imperative duty to take the field. They were suspended by the Superintendent, and later expelled by the Board of Visitors for rebelling. After the war, however, the survivors were received by the "Association of Graduates, South Carolina Military Academy," as members in good standing. Private Holmes served with his company, which was F. Troop, Sixth South Carolina Volunteer Cavalry, in South Carolina, until May, 1864, when the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth South Carolina Volunteer Cavalry were ordered to Virginia, and known as Butler's Cavalry Brigade, of Wade Hampton's command. Private Holmes served with his command until July of the same year, when he was ordered to reorganize the 300-500 dismounted men of Butler's Brigade into a battalion of three companies, known afterward as the "Dismounted Battalion of Butler's Brigade," or in the parlance of the mounted portion of the brigade as the "Stud-horse Battalion."

As adjutant of this command he served until the battalion was disbanded at Charlotte, N. C., after the fall of Columbia, where the battalion served under the com-

mand of Lieut. Col. Napier, and fell back before Sherman. They were of the last troops to leave Columbia.

At Charlotte, N. C., Brig. Gen. E. M. Law, later promoted to Maj. Gen., took command of all the remounted men of Butler's Cavalry Division, and invited Lieut. Holmes to serve as his aid-de-camp, acting as assistant adjutant general until the two portions of the two brigades, Butler's and Young's, were reunited under Maj. Gen. Butler's command, when Gen. Law took command of Butler's Brigade and retained the same until the second day's fight (first day's infantry fight), when Brig. Gen. T. M. Logan took command the same night Gen. Law assumed command of Butler's Division, Gen. Butler being sick, and Capt. Holmes was assigned to duty as acting assistant inspector general. This position he maintained until the end.

At the last he joined Gen. Hampton's escort, seeking to gain the trans-Mississippi department. At Yorkville, S. C., Gen. Hampton decided to go no farther. Capt. Holmes with his younger brother, C. R. Holmes, joined Capt. Shadborne, Hampton's chief of scouts, still endeavoring to cross the Mississippi to continue the fight, but on reaching Athens, Ga., found it useless to continue the effort. Capt. Holmes took part in all the fights of his command, and was only furloughed when ill with typhoid fever in South Carolina in 1863.

On the field and in the camp he showed the effect of his military and moral training at the South Carolina Military Academy, where duty and discipline are ever the watchwords. Capt. Holmes has in his possession recommendations for promotion for gallantry at the battle of Gravelly-run, August 23, 1864. Working quietly in his home, Charleston, S. C., Capt. Holmes takes a keen interest in everything relating to his old comrades, including their exponent, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and is always to be found, if possible, at Confederate reunions; also on memorial occasions, and especially as a worker for Memorial Day, May 10th, in Charleston.

It is due to say more of Capt. Holmes as a practical friend of the VETERAN: When *en route* to Richmond to witness the final interment of Jefferson Davis, I sought a gentleman in the special car from Charleston at the request of a niece of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, and the one of whom I inquired said, "Holmes is here," and he went about finding that gentleman, whose first words were: "I have just taken nineteen subscriptions for you." Since then he has gone ahead of all the many noble comrades and friends who have done so much for the VETERAN. There are 170 subscribers in Charleston.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

BY J. A. BOOTY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The last gun was fired, the last roll was called,
Half-starved, half-naked, grim, gaunt, unappalled,
Stained with blood and powder the old army stood.
"I have done, my brave soldiers, all things for your good."

Thus spake their great leader, deep grief on his face,
While a halo of glory illumined the place.
Some trailed their muskets and some sheathed their swords,
They had smiled at Grant's cannon, they wept at Lee's words.
And Grant was as courteous as the grand knights of old;
No glad shouts were uttered, no loud drums were rolled.
And the victors saluted those gaunt men in gray,
And the fire-winged tempest died slowly away.

BRAVE AND TRUE OLD SOUTH CAROLINA

At a reunion in Summerville, S. C., there were present about three thousand people. Addresses were made by Gen. Huguenin, Senator Butler, Col. Coward, Col. Tupper, Commander of the Gen. James Conner Camp, and others. Many tributes were paid to the gallant Conner, for whom the Camp was named. Gen. Butler said, speaking of him, that it was a special pleasure to be among men whose Camp bore the name of one dear to every Carolinian, one who was so distinguished in war, who was also distinguished in times of peace: James Conner, whose beautiful blue eyes always filled with an expression of love as he spoke of South Carolina; Conner, who, in 1876, next to Hampton, was the man who did most to liberate the State, and who was one of his earliest comrades in arms. "No honor could be too great for him, no memory too dear."

In continuation Senator Butler said that it was impossible to conceive what a relief it was to him to come—after months in Washington, spent in the midst of political turmoil, where the air was impregnated with politics and political schemes—to a meeting such as this; not to talk politics, but merely to look once more into the eyes of the men with whom he had fought shoulder to shoulder in the days gone by, and to clasp once more the hand of the few who remained. It was delightful, he said, to lay aside all thoughts of differences of opinion, if only for the day, and meet as brothers on the common ground of love for the State for which they had fought and for which their brothers had died. It was at Gravelly Run, he said, that he had seen Col. Tupper guilty of as cool a piece of impudence as he ever heard. A man who had been firing his piece all day said to Capt. Tupper: "My piece is getting fouled." "Shut your mouth, you fool," said Tupper; "that man next to you will get killed in a minute, and you can take his gun."

After Col. Coward's patriotic address Col. Tupper introduced "Major" Dibble. This gentleman, after making his bow, said that now the old French saying, "All comes to him who waits," was borne in upon him. In Virginia during the war he had been sergeant major, and always called "Sergeant Dibble;" that he had waited long for the "Major," but it had "come at last."

A more extended account is given of the address by Col. George Tupper. He emphasized the peril of United Veterans through "dabbling" in politics as an organization and read from the Constitution that those who did would forfeit their charters.

He paid high tribute to the heroism of the men and boys of the South who astonished the North and the world by the awakened vigor with which they surrendered every habit of ease and entered the service of their own Southland.

He described the noble manner in which men who had advocated the rights of the States went forth to battle for them. And continuing he said of others:

Who among us cannot remember some fair-haired boy who threw away books and toys to take up arms in our cause? His life had been like a summer day all genial and sunshine, but when the struggle came his hot blood ran wildly through his veins, his pure, young heart beat high with noble hopes, and forgetting all the ties at home he breathed a fervent prayer for those he

loved and marched to fields of strife. And when the battle raged at a furious height we have marked his steady step and watched with pride his steadfast eye as he walked in the path of death, with the smoke curled up from the crimson field, and have found him foremost among the dead, his brave heart stilled forever!

But far grander than the faith and fortitude and courage of our men was the calm endurance of our heroic women. Where under the sun can be found daughters of any land who were more tenderly guarded, more kindly revered, and more indulged than the women of the South? Every wish gratified, every hope realized, every want supplied, they were nursed as delicate flowers that a rude wind would blight and a want of care destroy; and yet, how brave and enduring they were! They saw father and son, husband and brother go forth, and they were proud that they went. The doting mother gave her heart's pride to the cause with many a secret pang, but not a murmur of complaint. The devoted wife, whose existence was interwoven as it were with that of her manly lord, would see him go with a sorrow too sacred for us to know, and yet she would not bid him stay. The maiden, all youth and tenderness and love, would twine her snowy arms about her brother's neck and weep until her heart would almost break; and she, too, would have him go. Freely would she have given her pure, young life to shield him from the slightest harm; but she knew that he was brave and true, and she would rather have him die a thousand deaths than he should bear a coward's name or falter in a noble cause.

And so, throughout the length and breadth of the entire South, the greatest sacrifices that brave hearts ever made were offered up by our devoted women. They saw those they loved go forth to battle and die, and, although they felt it hard and terrible to bear, they nerved themselves for every blow and proved equal to every trial.

They will never tell and we can never know how many dreary hours of the silent night they spent in the agony of their hidden grief, praying for those who were battling far away or who, perhaps, were lying dead beneath Virginia snows.

Who of us did not believe that the faith and fortitude, courage and devotion of our people would give to our arms success complete and most triumphant? And yet, now when we look back to those four years, we are amazed to know that we suffered so much and endured so long.

In that fatal but most glorious struggle great deeds were done, which in after years history will proudly record and of which poets will be pleased to sing. Impartial men will write of the bleeding feet, the scanty rations and wasted forms, of the toil and trouble, care and sorrow of our noble braves; and they will tell how, forgetful of every pain and pang, they courted danger as a thing of sport, and fought as though it was a boon to die on their native soil for their native rights. And history will tell of warriors such as the world has rarely known.

As long as valor and genius are revered his memory will be green in our land and we shall look back to his blameless life and splendid achievements with hearts overflowing with gratitude and love.

We had in our own little State men whose deeds should make them immortal, and their names should occupy a conspicuous place in the temple of fame. Can we recall the magnificent courage of Bee, Gist, Jenkins,

and Donovan without a thrill of admiration, and remember without a pang too painful to express the names of Frank Hampton and Hugh Aiken, Robert Jeffords and George Cuthbert, Allen Miles and Sumter Brownfield, and the thousands of other comrades who fought, bled, and died as they did.

South Carolina—God bless her!—was full of pure and noble blood, and she poured it out like rain. Like the Spartan mother, she sent her sons to battle with a proud faith in their manhood and zealous care for their glory; and when they were brought back to her dead and cold she took them to her arms, for she knew that they had fought for her cause and had died that her name might be honored.

Comrades, let us stand by the dear old State as long as we live, let us guard her interest and protect her rights the best we can, and above all things maintain her unsullied name.

It was determined by resolution of the assembly to erect a monument in the town near the line between the counties of Berkeley and Colleton to the Confederate dead of the two counties.

CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS IN MISSISSIPPI.

P. M. Savery, of Tupelo, furnishes the following information about the Northeast Mississippi Confederate Veteran Association. The officers of the State Association are Gen. S. D. Lee, commanding; E. T. Sykes, Adjutant General; and P. M. Savery, Inspector General.

TUPELO, MISS., June 7, 1894.

The oldest organization in the South is in Northeast Mississippi, and is known as the Northeast Mississippi Confederate Veteran Association. It was organized by five ladies and three veterans April 26, 1866, at Baldwyn, Miss. Annual flower decorations have never failed since 1866. Decoration day now 10th of May. It was first known as Baldwyn Confederate Memorial Association, but after completion of monument it was changed to Northeast Mississippi Confederate Veteran Association.

Its membership now is composed of veterans from the counties of Lee, Prentiss, Alcorn, Tishomingo, Itawamba, Monroe, Chickasaw, Pontotoc, Union, and Tippah, and honorary members are from other different portions of Mississippi. Its President since 1882 has been Maj. Gen. John M. Stone, now Governor of Mississippi. P. M. Savery, of Tupelo, is its Adjutant General. Each county has an organization subordinate to the District Association, and they are known as Lee Division, Prentiss Division, etc., taking name of the several counties where organized. Each division is regularly organized, and the membership is now about 1,250 veterans.

Daughters of the Confederacy are also organized as auxiliary to the association, with county organizations like the veterans, and their roll has about 1,000 members, including the floral roll. Mrs. Jose Frazer Cappleman, of Okolona, is its present President. There are Presidents for the county organizations. Miss Willie Tyson, of Baldwyn, is President of Lee County. The name of the ladies' department, as above noted, is "Fidelia Circle, No. 1, Daughters of the Confederacy," and it is composed of the county divisions.

Sons of Veterans are also organized, and have been for

years. Senior Commander and acting Grand Commander is J. W. Keyes, of Tupelo; also Commander J. M. Stone Camp, No. 1, Sons of Veterans, in Tupelo. The general roll of Sons has over 1,000 names.

"Little Confederates" was the name of a band of young ladies that several years ago organized a semi-military troupe, and gave drills and concerts to obtain funds wherewith to build the monument in Baldwyn cemetery. Each girl is an honorary member of the Circle.

Memorial exercises are held at each annual meeting for those who have passed over the river; and every year the names of all who have at any one time been members, and have "entered rest," are called at memorial services, and a floral offering to each is placed in the urn of remembrance.

Next annual meeting at Okolona, Miss., in July, 1894. Date to be announced hereafter.

These dots are to show that Mississippi has not been asleep all the long years since the stars and cross were sadly furled and laid in the treasury of Southern hearts.

EPITAPH ON STONEWALL JACKSON.

[Written by J. B. S. Dimitry, while in South America, author of the epitaph on Albert Sidney Johnston.]

This monument—
The gift of friends in England—
Was brought across the sea and raised
In the city of Richmond,
In the State of Virginia,
His mother,
To the memory

of
THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON,
Who,

Living in an age of principle,
Chose what was a losing cause;
But to that cause

He gave a faith so true, a spirit so pure,
A genius so grand in a mold so heroic,
That his countrymen revered him,
Even his enemies honored him,
And a distant people, reading a lofty nature in lofty works,
Called him great!

His life was one of many and sharp contrastings,
Yet the meek simplicity that marked his character
Welded these into harmony.

A devout Christian, he was none the less a bold soldier;
In peace, tender of the humblest; in battle, his was a sword
that

Conjured victory.

Strong in the qualities that shine most titly in civil life—
A mild teacher gathering the peaceful harvest of youthful
minds,

In war, approved of conscience, he towered a prayerful giant.
And, on historic fields, rivaled the choicest deeds of his

Most famous predecessors;

In every phase of his stainless career,
In his home, among men, with his pupils,
In his State's brightest hour, in her darkest,

He stood, ever, in himself,
The type of a noble race's noblest teachings;

And his fame,

Rounded in all, guarded from wrong by the verdict of his contemporaries,
Shall, when men's places come to be fixed by the recurrent generations,

Stand, before its judges, firm like a -

STONE WALL.

W. L. Stephens, Fayette, Miss., writes this statement:

The private soldier never made a mistake. He was always foremost in battle, always in the right place.

THE RUSSELLVILLE (KY.) REUNION.

Maj. J. B. Briggs, Russellville, Ky.: You say that Commander Briggs was directed by the Camp to invite the Tennessee Division of Confederate soldiers specially. As its organization has never been embraced in its annual and official reports, the contrary is the case. The Tennessee Camps have always put the John W. Caldwell Camp No. 139 in its official publications, for which the Camp feels very thankful. Aside from this our Camp No. 139 has always been invited by the Tennessee Camps to all of their reunions, and have usually been well represented—and we appreciate it—and wish, therefore, that all the Tennessee Camps will come to Russellville, Ky., on September 4, 1894, and meet the Orphan Brigade and enjoy an old-fashioned barbecue and Kentucky Burgoon on the campus of Bethel College, one of the most beautiful spots in Kentucky. Every preparation is being made to entertain every one who will come, and it is expected that it will be the largest gathering of "old Confederates" that was ever held in Kentucky.

The error corrected above was made through the use of the letter "n" before "ever."

A YANKEE BEHIND A BIG PINE TREE.

On the 27th day of May, on the New Hope or Dallas line, our regiment, the Twentieth Tennessee, was ordered from our left toward the right for a mile or so to support some cavalry. We arrived at the place of destination about sunset, and found the cavalry dismounted and skirmishing and retreating until they were in our rear and nothing between us and the enemy but a few bushes and some large pine trees. It was now almost dark, and the skirmish line of the enemy had gotten uncomfortably close, in perhaps fifty or sixty feet of us. One of our boys, J. J. G——, exclaimed, "There goes a yankee!" and with the words bang, bang from perhaps a dozen Enfield rifles rang out on the stillness of the night. Brother yankee exclaimed in a loud voice, "You are mighty right it is a yankee!" and launched himself behind one of those big pine trees untouched and unhurt. He was doubtless a brave fellow, for he had not been there behind the big pine long before, hearing some of our boys laughing, he said: "O Confed., Confed., what makes you cough so? We will make you cough worse than that in the morning. O Confed., Confed., come over and give us a whirl. O Confed., come over and get a good cup of coffee and a good blanket to sleep under."

Some one of our boys here said to him: "You had rather have a negro under that blanket with you than one of us." Our officers forbade us talking further with him, and during the night he fell back to safer quarters. Next morning just at the dawn of day the "Bloody Tenth" (Tennessee) passed over our line and soon captured some thirty prisoners without firing a gun, but whether our pine tree neighbor of the night before was among them I have never known. WEAVER.

Maj. Fred C. Low, Gloucester, Mass.: "I have never been able to find any of the Confederates who were in front of us at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. My regiment, First Maine Heavy Artillery, are to dedicate a monument on the O. P. Hare field, at Petersburg, June 18, 1894. It is the same field Gen. Gordon came over and captured Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865, when he caught the Ninth Army Corps napping."

Miss Sue M. Monroe, living on the Manassas battle ground, in sending subscription renewals and for the "Short History of the Confederate States," by Jefferson Davis, writes of a visit by herself and her guest, Mrs. Messenger, to the Henry House by which Jackson stood "like a stone wall," saying:

It looks now like it did then, only there is a fence. . . . You know the old lady was killed during the first battle. She was wounded in five places and was eighty-five years old. Her daughter lived to be eighty-two years of age, and her son is about that age now. He does not look so old. He lives at the old home, and the only other person who lives there is a colored man who works the farm. Mr. Henry has marked the places where different officers fell.

Capt. R. R. Foster, writing from the Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass., inclosed a clipping from the *Boston Globe* containing a compliment on the elocutionary attainment of Miss Mayme A. Leahy, of Richmond, Va., and Miss Carrie Mead, of Dallas, Tex., saying: "I send because of the deep interest the VETERAN seems to take in the young ladies of the South."

PROOF THAT SOUTHERNERS WERE HEROES.

In its plea for consistency in behalf of pensions the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., censures "soldier-hating papers" for failure to depict the awful conditions in war times. It says among many illustrations:

They never expatiate on the fact that the government moved against the rebels in opening the campaign of 1861 the enormous number of 700,000 effective men, probably twice or thrice the number of effectives ever moved before into battle, that within thirty days after the operations began fully 100,000 of these were either dead or wounded, and that another thirty days saw another 100,000 killed or wounded, and that Virginia and Northern Georgia became vast charnel houses, with new-made graves as common as the bullet-scarred trees, that everywhere along the long fighting line there was an unceasing tide of stalwart, brave, enthusiastic young men ever pressing onward to the battle front, and an equally ceaseless tide of shattered, maimed, broken men struggling painfully to the rear and the shelter and help of the hospitals. The homes, farms, and factories of the North were constantly drained of their youths to supply the gaps made in the ranks by the merciless storms of war. Myriads of recruiting officers could not gather in men as fast as the fighting devoured them.

It is these facts that the young men and women of to-day find as hard to understand as they do the fury, the wreck, and ruin of a tornado in some distant State. They shudder at the report of a half-dozen killed in a railroad accident or a score swept away by a tornado; but they do not remember that 10,000 men went down in twenty minutes before the merciless storm of death that beat upon them from the rebel breastworks at Cold Harbor, and that regiments which went into the Wilderness 1,000 strong left from one-half to two-thirds of their number lying in its gloomy shadows.

To the *Tribune* these words are commended:

"The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less."

Maury County, Tenn., has done well in honoring the dead buried in the Columbia cemetery. At the recent reunion there "it was pathetic to see the tears actually stealing down the bronzed and battered cheeks of the 'old boys' as they looked up at the 'stars and bars,' and then down upon the greensward with the simple white stones which mark the resting place of dead heroes. The ceremonies were opened by the chaplain, Gen. Shoup, who laid down his arms in one sacred cause to take up those of one more sacred. A choir of ladies and gentlemen sang 'My Country,' and afterward the 'Bonny Blue Flag.' The speech of Judge Patterson was a plain and honest putting of facts and expressions of simple emotion."

WHY HE WOULD BE A CONFEDERATE.

Echoes of the South contains a pathetic story of a little Southerner with his mother in a Brooklyn theater, when the play was "Held by the Enemy."

During a brief intermission he asked: "What did the yankees fight for, mother?"

"For the Union, darling," was the answer.

Just then the curtain fell, and the orchestra struck up "Marching through Georgia." An expression filled with painful memories, brought up by the air, swept over the sad face of the mother.

After a brief pause the little fellow asked: "What did the Confederates fight for, mother?"

The second question was hardly asked before the music changed, and the ever-thrilling strains of "Home, Sweet Home" flooded the house with its depth of untold melody and pathos.

"Do you hear what they are playing?" she whispered. *That* is what the *Confederates* fought for, darling."

Then he asked quite eagerly: "Did they fight for their *homes*?"

"Yes, dear; they fought for their *homes*."

Was it the touch of sorrow in the mother's voice? was it the pathos of the soft, sweet notes of "Home, Sweet Home?" or was it the *intuition of right*? No matter. The little boy looked up at his mother with adoring eyes, burst into a flood of tears, and, clasping his arms around her protectingly, sobbed out: "O mother, I will be a Confederate!"

The mother's tears mingled silently with those of her true-hearted boy as she pressed him to her heart and repeated softly:

"Yes, they stood for home and honor;
Yes, they fought for freedom's name."

This bright monthly for May contains a well-written article by Rev. J. William Jones on the battle of Cedar Run. When the Federals, under flag of truce, were burying their dead, a spirited discussion arose between him and a Federal colonel concerning prospects ahead, when the yankee drew a roll of greenbacks from his pocket and offered to bet \$100 that in twenty-four hours Stonewall Jackson would be in full retreat toward Richmond, and Pope in his pursuit. The Confederate declined to bet, as he had never done so on any account, and besides he said:

If all other conditions were favorable, we could hardly find a stakeholder who would be satisfactory to both of

us. You may remember the story of John Randolph, of Roanoke, at the race course. A man stepped up and offered to bet him ten dollars on a certain horse, and said: "My friend, Mr. Smith, will hold the stakes." Randolph squeaked out in his most emphatic tones: "But who will hold Mr. Smith?"

It turned out that Lee reënforced Stonewall that night, and "Old Jack" went around to Pope's rear, making a "Second Manassas," and the colonel on his way to prison saw Dr. Jones, owned up like a man, and was very severe upon Pope's "bungling."

Members of the Eighth Confederate Cavalry living about Columbus, Miss., inquire why it was that they did not receive any of the silver paid to some of the Confederate soldiers near the close of the war. It was evidently because they were not accessible to it. There were certainly no favorites with the government, but earnest effort was made to pay all fairly of the small fund of silver on hand.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S WILL.

"I GIVE TO THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, S. C., IF ACCEPTABLE TO IT, THE SWORD WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO ME BY THE LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS IN 1861, FOR THE CAPTURE OF FORT SUMTER."



The City Council of Charleston sent a committee to New Orleans for the sword, and when they returned, it was formally presented to the citizens by the Mayor at a large public meeting. All the survivors; the militia, bearing draped flags; the Mayor; and aldermen brought it to the hall where the citizens had assembled, while the church bells were tolled and cannon fired.

Adj. Fred L. Robertson, Brooksville, Fla., writes of a matter that deserves attention by Camps:

Some correspondents in the *VETERAN* suggest a traveling card for comrades. The idea is timely. True, any man "can buy and wear the Confederate Veteran's badge," and while this is true I do not like the card. It is troublesome to get and to keep. I think a countersign issued annually would accomplish all that the card would and entail no expense. The Commanders of Camps would of course not issue the countersign to any one not entitled to it; and they and the adjutants being the only officers authorized to give out the countersign, would make it in fact a better protection than the card could possibly be.



MEMBERS OF TENNESSEE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

A demand for the picture of the editor of the *VETERAN* comes with such friendly regard as to merit attention, and it became the incentive for publishing a group of the Tennessee Press at the recent annual meeting in Jackson. It may be modestly claimed that the figure referred to is that of the politest man in the crowd—proof given in the picture. The sunlight was not as painful as is apparent by the squinted eye. The picture is not a good one; but bad subjects rarely make good pictures.

The Association had a very pleasant reunion at Jackson, and were shown through the John Ingram Bivouac quarters there, the finest lot of war relics to be found perhaps in the country. They went by special train to Paducah, Ky., as guests of the Tennessee Midland and P. T. & A. railroads. Col. Moss bade them help themselves at an elegant dinner. A singular and very interesting event occurred in the response for the Press by Capt. J. Harvey Mathes, as both were wounded at the same time in the war, and had never met afterward until that day.

Subscribers at Washington, Ga., are informed that Miss Gertrude Cordes, daughter of the late Henry Cordes, is authorized to take renewals for the *VETERAN*. Honor to the memory of that faithful patriot. Washington for some time had a larger list than any city of Georgia through his work. Let every one of the old list renew in compliment to the first solicitor if the *VETERAN* is at all worthy.

In the July *VETERAN* it is designed to devote considerable space to an epitome of many articles that cannot well be delayed longer. They contain many thrilling and pathetic incidents. Correspondents whose articles have been delayed are informed that there is good in every one, and by and by it is designed to give the cause the benefit of what they have contributed.

John R. Carwile, Bradley, S. C.: "The four years I spent in the army are the proudest in my humble career, and I can candidly say that I did my duty to the best of my ability. I served as adjutant of the Seventh Regiment, South Carolina Infantry, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. After Kershaw's promotion to major general he honored me with a position on his staff. My first year's service was in the ranks. I do not give my positions in a boastful spirit, for above all others I honor and doff my hat to the heroic privates of the Confederate infantry."

J. C. Birdsong, Raleigh, N. C.: "The *VETERAN* has enabled me to find army friends whose whereabouts were unknown. As a practical printer I think the *VETERAN* is all that any one can desire in make-up and presswork. By the way let me say that I claim the honor of having returned to work sooner than any comrade that was with 'Mars Bob' at Appomattox. Arriving home (Petersburg, Va.) late Saturday afternoon, I secured cases on the *Daily Express* in less than two hours, and returned to the same stand that I had vacated four years before when I left with the boys for Norfolk."

KILLED TWO ARTILLERYMEN WITH HIS SABRE.

Joshua Brown, who was of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, writes: New York, April 7, 1894—I give you an incident of the second battle of Manassas, in which the Colonel of the 1st Virginia Infantry killed two Federal artillerymen with his sabre, as it was told me by an eye witness:

When orders reached Longstreet's Corps it moved forward, forcing an almost impregnable, though illy defended, pass of the Bull Run range, and marching



COL. F. G. SKINNER.

all day, part of the time under heavy artillery fire. The men occupied in the evening the position assigned them on the field of the second Manassas. They remained in position until about three o'clock the next day, when Corse's Brigade, Kemper's Division, was ordered to charge the enemy's line and take a battery which was very annoying. Tired with the monotony of long suspense, at the order the men sprung forward with irresistible alacrity, broke the hostile line, and carried the battery on a run.

Here occurred an act of gallantry worthy of note. The field officers of the brigade, so destructive was the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters to all mounted men, had been ordered to dismount, and all had done so save Gen. Corse and the commander of the 1st Virginia Infantry, Col. F. G. Skinner. When the regiment got within twenty or thirty yards of the guns the Colonel dashed ahead of them into the midst of the hostile battery and cut down one gunner just as he seized the lanyard of a gun heavily charged with grape, which would have been fearfully destructive to his men. Col. Skinner carried the heaviest sabre in the army except that of a Prussian friend, Von Borke, of "Jeb" Stuart's Staff. The Federal gunner was cut through his collar bone, and his head almost severed from his body; hence the Colonel's reputation with the Army of Northern Virginia of having severed a man's head at a single blow. Immediately after this an artilleryman seized the bridle of the Colonel's horse, checked him up and fired a pistol in his face. The Colonel turned his face to one side in time to escape with a slight wound on his ear. His assailant dodged to escape the sabre, but the heavy weapon passed under his shoulder and through his heart, and

the man was dead before he fell to the ground. This is probably the only instance in battle where Federals were killed by the sword of a Confederate infantry officer. When the Colonel's men picked him up, he having been shot through the right side, the ball shattering in its course three ribs and the breast bone, the first words he uttered were, "Didn't old Fox (his horse) behave splendidly?" To show how close was the action, in addition to the above wounds mentioned, his left arm was struck between the elbow and the wrist by an explosive ball which broke both bones. This incident is mentioned in the report of Gen. Corse.

I went down on Staten Island from the city to see the old gentleman the other day, and found him very feeble, being now in his 81st year. He is living with his son-in-law, Capt. Thomas G. Green. When I told him I had heard of this incident the old fire was fanned to flame in his bosom, and as he raised himself from his couch his eyes flashed, and he seemed to feel that he was mounted upon his old charger again leading his men to fame. Col. Skinner is a perfect type of those few remaining highly cultivated, elegant and courtly gentlemen of the old Southern school.

Since the foregoing was put in type Mr. Brown has sent a clipping from the *Turf, Field and Farm*, which contains interesting notes:

Col. Skinner died in Charlottesville, Va., May 21. He had spent the winter in New York, where his feeble frame suffered from the cold wind, also an attack from indigestion, and he asked to be taken to Virginia, where his lungs could inhale the invigorating air and his eyes rest upon the Blue Ridge which he loved so well. At Charlottesville he lingered for some weeks surrounded by loved ones. He calmly closed his eyes when the white-robed messenger entered the sick chamber. He had passed his 80th birthday. Col. Skinner was born at Annapolis, Md., March 17, 1814. When twelve years of age he was taken to France by Gen. Lafayette, and there educated with the grandchildren of that distinguished man at the castle of Lagrange. He returned to Maryland, and on the death of Lafayette was sent by President Andrew Jackson to France as the bearer of letters of condolence voted by Congress to the family of the deceased General. While a planter in Mississippi he found delight in riding to hounds. He entered the army as Colonel of the 1st Virginia Regiment. He had lost his property, and resolutely faced the future, and went to New York in 1865. He joined the editorial staff of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, worked with energy, and rapidly made friends throughout the North. In the spring of 1871 he went to Egypt, and remained there until December, 1872, a trusted friend of the Khedive. The train which bore the remains to Baltimore on Wednesday forenoon was met on its arrival there by an escort from the old Maryland Line, and taken to the family vault, where sleeps the dust of the ancestors of Col. Skinner.

W. C. Zimmerman, Commander Camp at Inverness, Fla., May 7, 1894: I am truly gratified at the action of the Birmingham Convention in reference to the *VERERAN*. Thus far I have not secured many subscribers, but shall soon issue an order for a reunion in this county, when I shall make it a point to obtain subscribers. Your paper improves with age, and ought to be in the hands of every old Confederate, or his son or daughter, if he has gone over the river.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS ENTER A DRILL CONTEST AT MEMPHIS.

Biscoe Hindman, President Tennessee Sons of Confederate Veterans, furnishes this memorandum of the Memphis drill between Confederate Veterans and the Chickasaw Guards:

About 5,000 people present, the grand stand being crowded to overflowing, and seats being placed in double rows around the entire grounds, and hundreds of people were compelled to stand up. Splendid brass band in attendance. The "stars and bars" and the old Confederate "battle flags" were conspicuously seen over and around the camp of the old veterans, while the veteran Chickasaw Guards carried a beautiful silken flag—"stars and stripes"—won by them in one of their many victories. The old Confederates drilled according to Hardee's Tactics, and the Chickasaw Guards according to Upton's. The veterans had been practicing several weeks, and executed all movements with the utmost precision, calling forth from the vast audience present continued bursts of enthusiastic applause. The Chickasaw Guards made a most magnificent showing, and upheld the splendid reputation they have always borne.

After a most earnest and painstaking consultation the judges—all "impartial" men—unanimously awarded the prize to the Confederate veterans.

Great interest was shown from start to finish, and although the sun's rays came down scorchingly, the enthusiasm continued throughout.

Object: To erect a monument to the illustrious Gen. N. B. Forrest.

After the drill was over both parties marched through the city to the Peabody Hotel, where eloquent speeches were made by a number of the soldiers present.

LAST DAYS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

J. T. C., IN SUNNY SOUTH.

"Halt! camp at full distance, unload your guns, stack them, and rest at ease."

At this all field officers seemed to retire into the thick woods that surrounded us to hide their faces for a time, and left us to draw full rations from our imaginations. We looked and listened in the death-like silence for an answer to our hungry thoughts. We saw our guns left without a guard; our cannon was left alone in open ground. No picket had been put out to herald the approach of our enemies, who had been following us for two days. We listened closely and expectantly for orders to build breastworks, but no orders came. We sat and dreamed. We walked around. What was happening in that once jubilant army? Now it was so still. Only the neigh of hungry horses broke the death-like silence. In this awful stillness and stupor the trees, the shadows, seemed to sigh "Death, Death."

The stillness is broken as if by magic! The thunder-tones of the enemy's cannon, familiar, oft repeated, echo over hill and dale, and through the woodland, on the right and on the left, behind us. We rush to our posts and wait for orders to fall into line. We listen for the bugle and breathlessly wait for the long roll, but no bugle sounds, and no orders to fall in. * *

We see the field officers as they ride slowly about and seem to be dreaming. When one is asked to ex-

plain what this awful suspense means, he only answers, "I don't know; but something will be known to-night on dress parade." The suspense only increases as time passes until dress parade is called. Each eager to be first, a line is formed in less time than ever before. All are ready and eager to hear, yet afraid to hear. The Adjutant walks out in front of the line, but he looks downcast. His walk, his features tell that unwelcome news or some evil forebodings await us. When he pulls from his pocket a piece of brown paper, he says:

"Soldiers, this is hard to read; not because it is not well written, but because of what it contains." His voice is husky as he reads: "Robt. E. Lee has surrendered, and we are now entering a ten days armistice." That's all. Officers return your companies to their respective quarters."

Ah, yes! The cannon that have thundered all day is the rejoicing of the enemy! Will we also have to give up? If so, where will we be carried? What is the end? Will we go home to see the dear ones that we have not seen in so long? Will we ever know whether they are yet alive, or will we, must we, fill the prisons of the conquerors? "Yes;" "No;" is answered. In this strain we are left until the thunder tones of Lincoln's death resound from end to end of our army. Ten thousand men join Joe Wheeler to cut through the enemy and try to escape to Texas. But soon the order, declared a hopeless undertaking, is cancelled. * * *

We made out our muster rolls and drew our rations. Joe Johnston issued to us the thirty thousand dollars in silver that Jefferson Davis had given him for his services to the Confederacy.

We started home without even seeing the United States Army, with our colors floating in the breeze, not knowing yet that it was a conquered banner. Then, as we did pass outside the enemy's line, our sad faces received sympathy from the "boys in blue," and bidding them a comrade's farewell, we marched on homeward. But, oh, the heartaches on that march!

DECORATION DAY, CLEBURNE, TEXAS.—On May 15th, according to the annual custom, the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried in the Cleburne Cemetery were decorated under the auspices of Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 88, U. C. V. The fire department, children of public schools, citizens and old ex-Confederates formed column on public square, and, with the Cleburne Cornet Band at the head of column, marched to the cemetery. At the decoration fourteen beautiful young ladies represented the States of the Southern Confederacy. Speeches were made by comrades J. M. Hall, E. C. Towns, A. F. Johnson, L. B. Davis and J. F. English. Their theme was about the valor and heroism of those who gave up their lives for the South.

JOHN D. MITCHELL, Capt.

M. S. KAULE, Adjt.

Dr. N. B. Kennedy, who was surgeon of the 27th Alabama Regiment, writes from Hillsboro, Texas, May 16th: The Hill County, Texas, Camp, No. 166, United Confederate Veterans, headquarters at Hillsboro elects the following officers: B. Knox, Captain Commanding; J. W. Morrison, First Lieutenant; J. T. Harris, Quartermaster. T. D. Carney, Adjutant. The annual reunion will occur at Hubbard City, Texas. Date not yet fixed.

PROF. WILLIAM D. CABELL, Principal of Norwood Institute, Washington, D. C., which has been so liberally advertised in the *VETERAN*, is ever zealous for the interests of his people at the South. Prof. Cabell is the head of the Union Hill branch of his distinguished family, and was born there in 1833. Until after the war he remained there and possessed a large portion of the ancestral estate. He named his place



Norwood. In 1855 he married Miss Bettie Cabell, a distant relative. One of the two daughters by that marriage is the wife of A. Moore, Jr., a distinguished lawyer and statesman, of Clark County, Va., and the other is Mrs. Stephenson, of Virginia.

In 1868 Prof. Cabell married Miss Ellet, a daughter of Col. Charles Ellet, Jr., a distinguished civil engineer, who built the first suspension bridge in this country—at Niagara. By this second marriage there are two sons and three daughters; Ellet, the elder son, is a graduate of one Virginia military institute. A published account of Prof. Cabell says:

"He gave his best efforts and devoted his whole life to the service in which the people were engaged. His two brothers served in the Confederate Army, but he was not permitted by his fellow-citizens to do so. His was the more difficult and equally perilous task of conducting the home defenses, arresting deserters, controlling the negroes, transacting general business for the county, and checking the progress of the enemy. In the performance of these duties he was tireless, in the saddle by night as by day, visiting the recesses of the mountains, ferreting out the men who sought refuge there and sending them back to the field, while he provided for the support of their families. His house was the refuge of all who needed help; his private means were exhausted in providing for

all who came to him. He had unlimited powers from the County Court, and was known through the country side as the "red fox," so energetic was he, so active and almost ubiquitous. He shared the last crust with the wives and children of the soldiers, and the close of the war found him with a ruined and devastated farm and homestead, a shattered constitution, and a county debt to him of forty thousand dollars, not one dollar of which he has ever asked or received in return."

After the war his brother-in-law, Rev. T. F. Martin, an Episcopal rector, now of Nashville, opened a school at Norwood. This institution was soon enlarged, and free tuition given to young men who had served in the Confederate Army. Board and clothing and books were furnished by Prof. Cabell as he was able.

Several years ago Prof. Cabell opened the Norwood Institute in Washington, and with Mrs. Cabell as associate principal, has an institution suited to the finish of girls in education, and at the same time giving that training in society which makes the thoroughly educated woman.

D. J. Wilson, Era, Texas: I was a member of Capt. J. E. Simmons' Company, A., 33d Mississippi Regiment, Featherston's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Capt. Simms would always give his company a big dinner of pork and potatoes once a year when it was possible for him to do so. He was loved by his men. At the battle of Franklin he said to me, as we were going into the charge, November 30, 1864, "Dan, I will beat you to those yankees over yonder." Says I, "Captain, I will get there by the time you do." The first line of works was soon reached. I fired my gun at the enemy as they were leaving these works, and was reloading when I saw our Captain on the works waving his hat to his company to "come on." He leaped off of the works and called to his company, "Come on, my brave boys, let's drive them from the field!" He went over the main line of works at the gin house and was captured. I was wounded in the hip just at their abatis. The smoke soon settled on us with the darkness, so we could only see by the light of the guns. Our flag bearer was killed on their works. The enemy got the flag. If the old regiment could get our flag returned to them it would be a pleasure to have it at our reunions. I wish to correspond with Mr. Yarber, of a South Carolina regiment, and a Georgian of the 5th Georgia Cavalry, whose name I have forgotten. They were with me at Saulsbury in 1865, when we made our escape from Stoneman's soldiers. If either of them sees this he will bring back to mind anew the narrow escape we had of our lives.

Dr. J. T. Wilson, Commander of Mildred Lee Camp, Sherman, Texas, May 10, 1894: Our Adjutant represented the Camp at Birmingham. He was sick and at his hotel. If he had been present he would have cast the entire ten votes in favor of the *VETERAN*. At a meeting of our Camp last winter I offered resolutions making the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* the official organ of the Camp, and it was unanimously adopted.

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: We are getting up an entertainment now to assist in putting headstones over the graves of the dead soldiers who are buried here in our cemetery, at least 1,200 in number.

MISTOOK EACH OTHER FOR AN ENEMY.

DR. J. H. STINSON, SHERMAN, TEXAS.

Gracie's Alabama Brigade occupied a position in the trenches in front of Petersburg to the left of the "Crater," near where the Norfolk & Western Railroad crossed the lines. A ravine that passed through the breastworks, and had thus been dammed up by them, became filled with water for a considerable distance and made quite a pond. Between this pond and the railroad above mentioned was a space of perhaps two hundred yards, where Confederate and Federal picket lines were very close together, in fact uncomfortably so. While on a tour of inspection along the lines one day Gen. Lee, seeing the close proximity of the two picket lines, both being but a short distance from our main line, remarked to Gen. Gracie, "Those fellows are too close there." Gen. Gracie construed this into an order for him to capture the line of Federal pickets. When night came he directed Capt. John C. Moorhead, of the 41st Alabama Regiment, to take his company, numbering about sixty men, and select ten more men from the regiment and go over and capture the line at the point of the bayonet. He did not wish to bring on a general shelling, hence the order was not to fire a gun, but to effect the capture at the point of the bayonet. In Moorhead's company there were two men named Sparks and Glenn, I think mess-mates. Leaping the works and approaching the enemy the boys began "taking them in" as fast as they came to them. The night being very dark, and owing to the noise produced, Sparks and Glenn, above named, mistook each other for enemies, and, true to their orders, tried their bayonets on each other, and getting in too close quarters to use their guns they clinched, and took it "fist and skull." In the scuffle they got into the water of the pond. It occurred to Sparks, the older and stouter of the two men, that if he could get his antagonist into the water he would drown him. So, dragging Glenn out to where the water was about waist deep he "souzed" him under. By a strong effort Glenn got his head above water and called for help. When he did this Sparks recognized his voice and said, "Why, Jim Glenn is this you?" "Yes, by —, it is. I reckon we had better quit, hadn't we?" Turning each other loose they went back, recovered their guns, and each captured a prisoner and came back over the works dripping wet.

COMPLIMENT TO MISS A. C. CHILDRESS, NEW ORLEANS, SECRETARY OF THE N. C. V.—The Survivors' Association, of Charleston, showed their appreciation of that young lady's work for Veterans, by sending her a souvenir of the Birmingham reunion. It consists of two mother of pearl plaques set in silver frames; upon the one is a photo likeness of Fort Sumter after the South Carolina troops had bombarded it in 1861; in the other a photo of St. Michael's (Episcopal) Church, showing side views of the City Hall and county court-house, the last named built of brick brought from England. These plaques are very handsome, and were made in Germany, to the order, and from the designs, of one of our leading jewelry firms. A solid silver bon-bon souvenir-spoon, showing on inner side of bowl Fort Sumter in 1863; on outer side, St. Michael's Church; and on end of handle, in bas-relief, coat of arms of South Carolina. *Multum in parvo* truly for a spoon.

A SOUTHERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The American Life Annuity Co., of Nashville, Tenn.—
Mr. Edgar Jones, President, Sends Out
This Important Letter.

MY DEAR SIR—I herewith hand you literature setting forth the plans of the American Life-Annuity Company, to which I respectfully invite your especial attention.

The object of this new company is to give to the people of the South perfectly safe and reliable life insurance, at a less rate than is charged by Northern and Eastern companies, and by this means keep our money at home. When we consider that the South pays annually to Northern and Eastern companies for life insurance about Twenty Million Dollars, Eleven Millions of which never in any way returns, it is certainly time for Southern people to call a halt and think. Tennessee alone has, in the last three years, sent to these companies over Two Million Dollars more than was returned in death benefits or otherwise. No wonder we are a poor people. * * *

We propose to give as good value in the way of protection as you can find elsewhere, and at less cost; and again, in patronizing home enterprise you, in a sense, patronize yourself. I know the company to be on a solid basis, and will state that its strength is far beyond the \$100,000 resources. It is more than able to carry out any and all its contracts.

The success of this new enterprise depends largely upon the endorsement given it by the business men not only of Tennessee but the entire South. We would be pleased to furnish plans of the Company to any persons interested. Insurance agents throughout the South are requested to investigate them.

EDGAR JONES, President.

The foregoing letter from Mr. Edgar Jones, President of the American Life-Annuity Company, recently organized at Nashville, was at once interesting to the VETERAN. That Mr. Jones commends its reliability is enough. When the editor of the VETERAN, a country boy, first came to Nashville he met Mr. Edgar Jones. He has known him these many years, and is gratified with an opportunity to testify to strangers that they may rely implicitly upon any statement Mr. Jones may make. When Nashville banks were in great jeopardy, a year or so ago, Mr. Jones was selected to plan adjustments, the bank of which he was President not being embarrassed. He has always held the confidence of this city and section.

The American Life-Annuity Co. seeks business from the South alone. Let every Southerner in the business of Life Insurance investigate its plans. It is unqualifiedly commended in these columns so far as the integrity of its management is concerned. See that your friends, Insurance Agents, apply to this Company for its plans. The result would be beneficial, doubtless, to the South, and it would help the VETERAN for its real power to be thus made known.

THE BEST OF ALL.

Partnership in a Wholesale Shoe House Secured by a Jennings Graduate.

Marion Smith, son of Prof. R. McPhail Smith, of the Vanderbilt Law School, has accepted a partnership with Parrish & Mason, shoe manufacturers, of this city. Marion is a recent graduate of Jennings' Business College, and this partnership was secured through the influence of the Principal of that School. Now is the time for young men to qualify themselves for business in a school which business men recommend. Blair Smith, a brother of the preceding, also a Jennings graduate, is one of the bookkeepers in the Cumberland Telephone Company.

Cheap summer rates now offered. Enter now and get ready for business for the fall. Ask prominent merchants, bankers and business men about a business college.

**Books Supplied by S. A. Cunningham,
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- "The Southern Cross," by Mrs. L. R. Messenger. \$1.
 "Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," by J. O. Casler, \$2.
 "Capt. Phil and Yaller Phil," paper, 25 cents.
 "Immortelles," by Maj. S. K. Phillips, Chattanooga, 50 cents.
 "The Other Side," a thrilling poem of 900 lines, by Virginia Frazier Boyle, Mr. Davis being her theme. \$1.
 "How It Was, or Four Years With the Rebel Army," a thrilling story by Mrs. Irby Morgan, of Nashville. This is a charming book. \$1.
 "Sketch of the Battle of Franklin, and Reminiscences of Camp Douglas," by John M. Copley. \$1.
 "Hancock's Diary, or History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry. A large octavo book, with many portraits and biographic sketches. The frontispiece is a fine steel engraving of Gen. N. B. Forrest. \$2.50.
 "That Old Time Child Roberta," by Mrs. Sophie Fox Sea, \$1.

CREDITABLE zeal is exerted by the authors of Southern war books. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson contemplates having future editions of her life of the General printed in Nashville. It is expected to reduce the price from \$2.

John O. Casler, of Oklahoma, is selling "Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade" in nearly every part of the South.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe's "Rebel Relics" find ready sale among Tennessee veterans and their families especially.

Mrs. Annie E. Snyder's "Civil War" is suited to all sections of the South.

Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyle's poem, "The Other Side," merits and will receive profound attention wherever the American conflict is known.

THE "Military Annals of Mississippi" from original and official sources is soon to be published by J. C. Rietti, of the Tenth Mississippi Regiment, of Jackson, who desires that the captains of individual Mississippi companies in the service of the Confederate army give him all the information on the subject in their possession. The publication will contain the rosters of each and every company and regiment organized for Confederate States' service of Mississippi volunteers, from each city, county and village, from every branch of service, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and all independent or detached commands, giving each soldier's record, with his descriptive roll, showing age, rank, killed, wounded or captured, number of battles and general record of army service.

Cooper's Coffee Cooler,

of Sturgis, Mich., is a lively monthly. It don't mop the floor with Johnnies, nor cry BLOOD, BLOOD. The editor got his food emporium stuffed full while in the war down in Old Virginia, and now goes for peace. Some son of a gun put a bullet through him, but he got even by stealing a hen or two. We furnish the above daisy with the VETERAN for only one dollar, including the Souvenir.

STEADY PAYING WORK.—Work for workers! Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they cannot help you.

The Other Side—Mrs. Boyle's Poem.

Quartermaster Gen. J. F. Shipp, U. C. V., presented a paper at the Birmingham Convention upon the historical poem of our National relations before the Confederate war. It is an account of the prison life of President Jefferson Davis, as "the prisoner of state," and a history of the days of reconstruction.

"The title of this historical poem is 'The Other Side,' suggestive of the very truth that there is no great question without two sides, not excepting the causes that led to the great war. It is to this 'Other Side' I wish to call the attention of the United Confederate Veterans. It was written by a daughter of a comrade of this Association, who commanded a Tennessee regiment in the Army of the C. S. A. He has been for many years a leading attorney in Memphis, a man of culture and literary attainments. Both he and his family were intimate friends of President Davis for a number of years immediately following the latter's release from prison. This daughter, then but a young girl, bright, gentle, noble, and endowed with literary tastes, received under those environments the inspiration which in after years led to the story of 'The Other Side.'

"The comrade to whom I refer is Col. C. W. Frazer, and the author is Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn. Therefore, I wish to submit the following resolution, to-wit: That the thanks of the United Confederate Veterans be tendered Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyle for the beautiful and historical poem, a tribute to the noble women and heroic men of the South, and for its value to the literature of the age."

CAPT. PHIL AND "YALLER" PHIL—By Terah Ewyn. In paper, 25 cents. In this well printed and nicely bound novel of a hundred pages the reader will find more of history than fiction. The words are those of real characters, and to the many Confederate veterans who followed the fortunes of the Star⁸ and Bars in the memorable campaign through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia the incidents will be recalled as part of those that cluster around the memory of Capt. Thos. F. Perkins, whose dash and daring often carried consternation to the foe, as did his generous sympathy extend hope and succor to hosts of weary and despondent lads in gray.

The perilous events and tender love episodes in these pages will create an absorbing interest in the romantic hearts of the younger generation of readers; while the fine sketch of negro life dexterously interwoven will sustain the attention of all classes, from opening page to closing chapter.

THE June number of "The Southern Traveler's Railway Guide," published by J. R. Watts, Manager, Atlanta, is a neat and most convenient publication. It combines the very latest schedules of all leading Southern roads. It is a good index for the hotels and summer resorts, and contains other valuable information pertaining to railway travel throughout the South. It also contains a sectional map of the Southern railroads, and is an excellent encyclopedia of useful information to the traveler and business man.

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W. B. CLARK is a candidate for County Trustee, subject to action of Democratic primaries, after registration. Election August 2, 1894.

For County Judge.

R. R. CALDWELL is a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to Democratic primary.

JAMES L. WATTS, primary election July 16th.

JNO. THOMPSON announces himself a candidate for County Judge, subject to Democratic primaries.

For Sheriff.

W. J. HILL is a candidate for Sheriff. Is competent and solicits your support in Democratic primaries.

For Criminal Court Clerk.

A. B. (BUSH) SPAIN is a candidate for Criminal Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primary. Election August, 1894.

For Circuit Court Clerk.

ALEX. J. HARRIS has announced himself as a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primary.

WILLIS J. SULLIVAN is a candidate for Circuit Court Clerk, subject to Democratic primaries. Election August, 1894.

For County Court Clerk.

P. A. SHELTON is a candidate for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries. Election August, 1894.

JAMES F. LIPSCOMB announces himself as a candidate for County Court Clerk, subject to action of Democratic primaries.

For Register.

JNO. P. HICKMAN is competent, desires the fees, and solicits your support for County Register. Subject to Democratic primaries.

EWING CHADWELL is a candidate for re-election to the office of Register of Davidson County, subject to Democratic primary.

W. A. DONELSON, of the Fourth District, is worthy of your consideration, and hopes to have your approval for Register at the ensuing primary election.

For Tax Assessor.

TIM M. HANIFIN is a candidate for Tax Assessor of Davidson County, subject to the Democratic primary.

We are authorized to announce the name of JOHNSON V. LINTON for the office of Tax Assessor of Davidson County.

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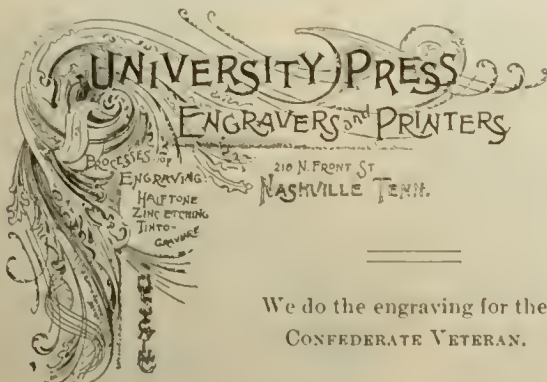
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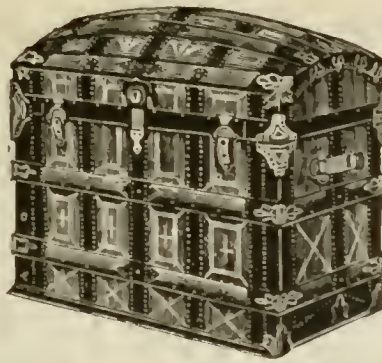
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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1894.

No. 7.

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

The date to subscriptions 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.

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

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

There are more copies of the Souvenir than expected in a former notice. Subscribers, old and new, through August may expect it.

Comrade! a word to you specially: When you shall have read this VETERAN through, if you find more in it than has ever been printed of value to the South PLEASE get your home papers to make good notices of it.

Regard merit rigidly in connection with the VETERAN. If you believe it worthy, stand strong by it. If you decide that it is unworthy, discard and have nothing more to do with it. If you like it, don't be stingy with it.

Do you realize that the success of the VETERAN depends upon what you do? It has enough subscribers now to make a superb success. If all of you renew promptly when your time is out, the result will insure lasting success.

Friends of the VETERAN have been urged to commend it to advertisers for over a year, but they neglect it, while they could be more helpful to it and secure advertisers efficiently with very little trouble. Without doubt it is the best medium in existence for the entire South.

The attention of subscribers is called to the date on the label of their VETERAN. Each person is entitled to the number specified by the label. If you wish to renew, even though not able to remit at once, please so write, and it will be continued; otherwise it will be dropped from the list after due time has been allowed for renewal.

A few confidential words to delinquent subscribers: It was believed when you subscribed for the VETERAN in the early part of last year that you were friendly to its purposes. Soon after it was started explanation was made that a better publication was demanded than could be furnished for fifty cents a year, but that price was continued until January last. The fine growth of the VETERAN and its universal acceptance induced the as-

sumption that, as you did not order it stopped, you would like to have it continued, and hence no names have been erased from the list. Within a month a postal card has been sent to two thousand persons whose time had expired, asking renewals. Not more than one in every ten has responded. Three-fourths of these have renewed. One man in Little Rock complimented the VETERAN upon its merits, but was unkind enough to write: "I won't be a 'constructive' subscriber," and declined to pay anything. He received it from February, 1893, to July, 1894, for fifty cents, a good deal less than cost.

While no names have been erased from the subscription list until this time, much loss has been sustained through inability to supply samples outside. Now, if after a year and a half at fifty cents the appeal for renewal is not worthy of attention, then sadly, but necessarily, the name must be dropped. The VETERAN has been continued to every person who promises to try to pay for it, and to every other person who says he or she cannot pay for it.

Those who have not been considerate enough to write a line in regard to continuing the subscription, and fail to receive the VETERAN after this month, can tell whenever they see a copy that they have received what they owe by deducting the expiration date from the date of their July number.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THE VETERAN.

Nashville Christian Advocate, organ of the M. E. Church, South: "The adoption of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, as the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans, in their annual meeting at Birmingham, was a deserved compliment, and it gives such prominence to the Journal as should insure a large advertising patronage. Such prominence to a publication only fifteen months old is unusual, and yet the well-known fact that it has given satisfaction from the first to ultra Southerners, and is cordially received by Union veterans, indicates that its high character promises great usefulness to the historian, and much pleasure to the veteran who enjoys inexpressible pleasure in the public record of his valor and his patriotic endurance. . . . The circulation of the VETERAN has not fallen below 10,000 in the last six months. This is a fact within our knowledge, not a mere surmise."

George N. Ratliff (County Collector, Randolph County), Huntsville, Mo., July 24, 1894:

Inclosed you will find exchange for sixteen dollars and fifty cents for your appreciated CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I love the name and I love the cause that is sealed to my memory by the best blood that ever flowed for our beloved common country. I want to help support the VETERAN, and am ready to do for it at all times.

MR. IRBY MORGAN.

A very remarkable man was Irby Morgan, whose picture, an excellent likeness, is given herewith.

Mr. Morgan was for many years a leader in the mercantile interests at the capital of Tennessee. He associated with him several young men who also have attained distinction in business circles.

It is, however, concerning his career in the war and his charming traits with his family with which readers of the *VETERAN* are to be entertained. The book written by his wife, from memory after thirty years, tells of these things. Her thrilling and pathetic story of "How



It Was" during the four years tells how Mr. Morgan went about procuring materials for the army. He visited New Orleans, Louisville, and other cities, procured material and established a percussion cap manufactory in Nashville. He next went to Texas and bought 450,000 pounds of wool, shipped it to Nashville, and then re-shipped it to factories farther South. He procured in this way for the Confederacy a half million yards of Confederate gray at seventy-five cents per yard when it was selling in the market at five dollars.

Greater zeal was never shown by man for his country. Besides these great enterprises, Mr. Morgan volunteered as a private soldier in the regiment of his brother, John T. Morgan, now United States Senator from Alabama. His services in procuring supplies for the army were so valuable that Merideth P. Gentry and others secured for him the appointment of Division Quartermaster, but

he sent the commission "post haste" back to Richmond, and went on a private soldier to the end. He carried to the grave a bullet from a gun of the enemy. He was afterwards nearly killed by the fall of his horse when the command was near Augusta.

In a letter to his wife, Senator Morgan, who had news that the illness would be fatal, wrote of his last visit to Nashville, saying: "He was then so weak and had lived so many years in the midst of so much of toil and trial, and the wounds of battle still sapping his vitality, that I was not surprised he should feel that he could not live a great while." Continuing, Senator Morgan wrote, not knowing the end had come: "His life from childhood has been filled with honorable and dutiful toil, in which he has done more and suffered more than any man I ever knew. He has never done a willful wrong to anybody, and charity and loving-kindness have inspired every deliberate act of his life. . . . I have no doubt of his acceptance with our merciful Father any more than I have that our parents will be glad to welcome him to their glad embrace. Hence I telegraphed him: 'Be not afraid; it is God who calls you.'"

The *VETERAN* has access to other charming and pathetic letters of this eminent man, and many notes have been made from Mrs. Morgan's thrilling book, with interesting reference to his cousin, Gen. John H. Morgan, but space is denied, now at least, and this brief tribute is concluded with an extract from a letter of his venerable sister, Mrs. Sayre, of Montgomery, Ala., nearly eighty years old, written upon notice of Mr. Morgan's death: "It awoke in me a long train of pleasant recollections of that sweet time, so long ago, when we were inseparable as playmates, and I was always ready to help him in any undertaking from the making and flying of a kite to a ramble through the woods in search of nuts and flowers. I have not forgotten those happy days, but they are pushed out and turned aside by the sterner realities of life. It makes me very sad."

BRIEF NOTES OF JOHN MORGAN'S RAID.

One of the most extraordinary expeditions of the war was the raid of Gen. John Morgan through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. One of his soldiers writes:

Our entire command consisted of about one thousand five hundred men, all brave and resolute, well armed and mounted, and eager for the race. Gen. Basil Duke and Col. Dick Morgan were in the van, Capt. McFarland, of the Second Kentucky Cavalry, being the senior captain and acting as major.

From Burksville we proceeded on through Columbia, Campbellsville, and Lebanon, where the command fought from early dawn till late in the evening, putting to route the enemy and capturing many of them and destroying the government property. Thence to Springfield and Bardstown, whence the Yankees trailed their banners and fled at the sight of the stars and bars; thence through Bloomington, Garnettsville, to Brandenburg, on the Ohio River, where the command captured two steamboats

and one-half of the command were crossed over to fight out and disperse about one thousand men ensconced in a wheatfield on the Indiana side, while the other half were engaged with two gunboats that had come down the river to prevent the crossing.

Gen. Morgan had brought his artillery to bear on them, and in the engagement one of the gunboats was badly crippled, while the other had to assist it to save the crew, and they skeddaddled up the river. The army all crossed over to a man, and the enemy in the wheatfield were captured and dispersed; all prisoners being paroled.

Being on the Indiana side, strict orders were given to keep in line and have no straggling. They moved on to Corydon, where the enemy, made up of citizens and

allowed, and none of it was done. Only provisions for men and provender for stock were taken, and Confederate money offered, which was refused. The command was kept under strict orders and discipline enforced. The Yankee women had no smiles for us and treated and looked upon us as savages.

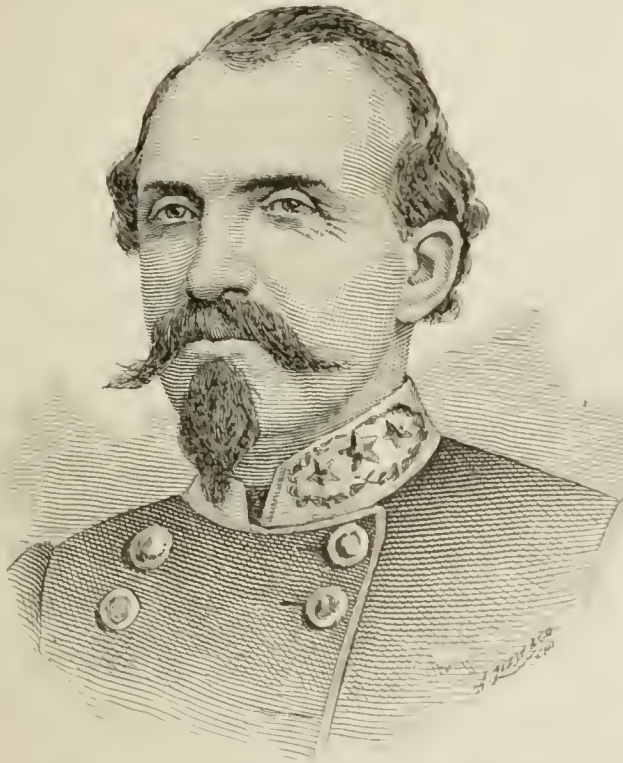
The command had fighting and skirmishing through the towns of New Boston, New Baltimore, Williamsburg, Sardinia, Winchester, Jacksonville, Locust Grove, Jasper, Packville, Beaver, Jackson, Butland, Chester, and Buffington's Island. Here it attempted to cross the Ohio River in the face of all the gunboats on the river and forty thousand cavalry and citizens, and held them in check for three hours, when Gen. Basil Duke and half of the command were taken prisoners and sent down the river to Cincinnati. There the people, it is said, treated them to all manner of abuse they could devise. The little boys were allowed to spit in their faces. From there they were sent to Camp Morton, Ind., where they were stripped, their clothes searched, and not as much as a button left them.

At Buffington's Island Gen. Morgan and the other half of the command cut their way through the Yankee files and went on till the 26th of July, passing through the following towns in Ohio: Portland, Harrisonville, Nelsonville, Cumberland, Greenville, Washington, Moorefield, Smithland, New Alexandria, Richmond, Springfield, Mechanicsville, West Point, and Salineville. Near the last place Gen. Morgan and his brother, Col. Morgan, were captured with the rest of the command, the chief officers being sent to the penitentiary at Columbus, O., and the rest of the command to Camp Chase, receiving the same treatment as the others. The General and his part of the command were in about ten miles of the Pennsylvania line, fighting all the way.

The number of towns passed through in the raid was fifty-two in all—nine in Kentucky, fourteen in Indiana, and twenty-nine in Ohio.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES—Milton McLaurine, of Ballsville, Va., writes an interesting account of his family in the war. He was a student in the Richmond (Va.) College, and enlisted from it at eighteen. His father was an ardent Union man, but furnished all of his six sons to the Confederacy. But two escaped wounds or death. The eldest, Lewis McLaurine, served in the Barksdale-Humphrey Brigade and was wounded at Ball's Bluff, at Malvern Hill, and then mortally at Gettysburg. Christopher, the next, served in the Seventeenth Alabama and was wounded at Shiloh, and the last knowledge his family had of him was that he was shot while leading his company at Franklin. His cap was recovered afterwards with a bullet hole through it. Mr. McLaurine would be gratified for any information by members of his company. The next brother, George, was awfully wounded in Grant's last advance at Spottsylvania. The other was wounded by a shell in one of the forts near Richmond. He afterwards died in Texas. The writer, concluding his letter, gives an account of his services under J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, S. D. Lee, Wickham, and Mumford. Frank Stringfellow, the famous spy, was in his company, and John S. Mosby was his kinsman, Mosby's mother being a McLaurine.

Edwin Marks is Commander of Camp No. 1, Army of Northern Virginia, New Orleans. Col. W. R. Lyman was his predecessor. Correction should have been made in the published camp list.



soldiers, had the foolhardiness to send out a flag of truce and demand an immediate surrender, but it was promptly returned with the order to surrender at once or the town would be torn to pieces with shot and shell.

They surrendered without much fighting. About one thousand two hundred were captured, and a large amount of government stores were destroyed. The command proceeded to Palmyra, where a short fight took place and more government stores were destroyed. Occasionally some parties would cheer the command; they were evidently Southern sympathizers. This, however, was in the Hoosier, but not in the Buckeye State. The command moved on to Canton, where more prisoners were taken and more property destroyed; thence to New Philadelphia, with more prisoners and a skirmish. In fact the command was never out of the sound of arms or the flash of gunpowder.

The command then moved on through Vienna, Lexington, Paris, Vernon, Dupont, and Versailles. There the command had a pretty good skirmish, and more government property was destroyed.

The country passed through was well cultivated and in fine crops, and the citizens moved and looked as if no war was on hand. . . . No pillaging or thieving was

In sending twelve subscriptions for the *VETERAN* from Greenwood, S. C., W. R. McKinney states:

My legacy at close of the war was ability to talk, and I will give some of it to the *VETERAN*: I had nothing left but my old gray coat and knapsack, so I came to the conclusion the quickest way I could procure something I could call my own was to get a wife. We had nothing then and have nothing now but thirteen children. It has been a "force march" with me all the way, without any commissary following. I have not gotten over the reunion at Birmingham yet. It was a love feast I will never forget. I am glad I met you, and hope every veteran will send you five subscribers. I will send you more next month. May God speed your enterprise! I was wounded three times, was scared all the time, and can't help dodging from lightning bugs now.

MRS. SALLIE CHAPMAN GORDON LAW.



A few weeks ago the "Mother of the Confederacy," the patriotic and venerable Mrs. Sallie Chapman Gordon Law, of Memphis, whose thrilling career for Confederates during the four war years was published in the *VETERAN*, fell into peaceful sleep. Her stay of four score and ten years in the flesh presented a well-rounded life. Her son, Rev. John Gordon Law, of Darlington, S. C., wrote on seeing her picture in the *VETERAN*:

"The sight of my dear old mother's face in the *VETERAN* awakens tender memories of the past, when Southern blood flowed like water in defense of the "lost cause," and stirs me up to diligent discharge of duty.

In her last note to this office, February 5, 1894, the venerable lady stated: "I am still pleased with the *VETERAN*, and would not like to be without it. I would solicit subscribers, but I have been confined to my room the

past nine months, and at my advanced age, now in my eighty-ninth year, I cannot do much. I show it to all visitors and try in that way to procure subscribers."

Mrs. Law died about the middle of June. Her funeral, in the Second Presbyterian Church, Memphis, was largely attended. Dr. E. A. Ramsey used the text, "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved," etc. He gave a sketch of her life and work.

The Southern Mothers, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Confederate Veterans were present officially. The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association passed resolutions in her honor, as did the Southern Mothers. The latter concluded as follows:

Resolved, That, having been deprived of our head by the death of our only President, we, the "Southern Mothers," will remain united only by the tenderest ties of love and sympathy, and will not elect a successor to our venerable leader."

A personal letter from Memphis since the above was made ready for the press states that at the funeral:

The ceremony was one of the most impressive I ever witnessed. The entire community seemed to unite in the desire to do honor to her past beautiful life. The floral offerings were profuse, handsome, and appropriate. The "Southern Mothers' Association's tribute represented a reaper's sickle and sheaf of ripe wheat, above a pillow of soft, white blooms signifying rest after harvest. Our Association, the "Confederate Memorial," offered a cross and crown—very handsome—of white roses; the Confederate Historical Society, a pillow, etc. Hers was a character truly deserving of respect and honor from her fellow-men. During one of her last conscious moments she was told that her picture was in the *VETERAN*. She asked to see it, and said: "They have made a good-looking woman of me! The dear old *VETERAN*."

MRS. WINFIELD SCOTT'S KINDNESS.

Dr. N. B. Kennedy writes this interesting letter:

My brother, Dr. John F. Kennedy, was surgeon of the Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment of the Confederacy. He was captured at Fort Pillow, and sent to Camp Chase, Chicago. When he reached St. Louis, on his way to prison, a Northern man named Peter Roberts, who formerly lived at our childhood home and from whom my father had purchased thousands of dollars' worth of goods, recognized him, and after soundly berating him for being on the Confederate side, lent him twenty dollars which enabled him to have cabin passage on the steamboat. On reaching Chicago he was met by a messenger, who, he afterwards learned, was sent by Mrs. Gen. Scott, and was conducted to one of the best hotels in the city and assigned to a splendid suite of rooms. The next morning at the breakfast table he found under his plate three hundred dollars, all in gold, with a note in a lady's handwriting telling him to live well as he should have all the money he wished. The note was signed "Rebel Sympathizers."

He was placed on parole and allowed the freedom of the city, and was placed on duty in the hospital in which sick Confederates were confined.

He soon formed the acquaintance of that noble, chiv-

alric soldier, Col. W. S. Hawkins, colonel of a Tennessee regiment, who had been installed as a nurse in the same hospital. Col. Hawkins was nursing a fellow-prisoner who was engaged to be married to a most beautiful young lady. She proved faithless, and her letter came breaking the truth soon after the prisoner died. Col. Hawkins sent the following reply:

Your letter came, but came too late,
For heaven had claimed its own.
Ah! sudden change from prison bars
Unto the great white throne.
And yet I think he would have stayed
For one more day of pain,
Could he have read those tardy words
Which you have sent in vain.

[The remainder of the reply is omitted because it was published in the VETERAN some time ago.]

FIRST SOLDIER KILLED IN DIXIE.

James G. Holmes, of Charleston, S. C., furnishes the VETERAN with some remarkable facts about the service of members of the Holmes family in the war:

In the VETERAN for June, page 16, will be found the claim, made by the Southern Christian Herald, of Hensonsville, N. C., that Henry Wyatt was the first man killed on the Confederate side in the Confederate war. This may be true; but the first man killed in the effort to secure Southern independence was before there was any Southern Confederacy to fight for.

Robert Little Holmes, of Charleston, S. C., a private in the Carolina Light Infantry, First Rifle Regiment, Col. J. Johnson Pettigrew (afterwards Brig. Gen.) commanding, was killed about ten o'clock on the night of January 7, 1861, at Castle Pinckney, Charleston Harbor. This was two days before the cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy (now being advertised in the VETERAN) fired upon the "Star of the West" from the twenty-four-pound gun battery on Vinegar Hill, Morris Island, commanded by Maj. P. F. Stevens, Superintendent of the Academy. Maj. Stevens was afterwards the conspicuously gallant colonel of the Holcombe Legion who greatly distinguished himself in Virginia, especially at second Manassas. This gallant soldier and brilliant teacher of mathematics is now Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church; and, alas for the white youth of South Carolina! is a professor of Claflin College (for colored youths), Orangeburg, S. C. He should be, like Gen. Shoup, at the head of a grand college for white youths, where his profound learning, his high mental and moral traits would produce the best effects. But my admiration for Bishop Stevens, my old commandant at the South Carolina Military Academy in 1861, who, to my pained regret, has through his modesty hid his brilliant light under a bushel, has caused me to digress. However, Maj., Col., and Bishop Stevens, serving as he did, under the cross that won no crown, and now the soldier of the cross that will surely win him a crown, deserves a whole page of the VETERAN, for he was a typical Confederate soldier.

Private Holmes was accidentally shot by a sentinel as he was on his way to the guard room to report for his hour of guard. He had left his own quarters because he disapproved of gambling, and some of his messmates and friends were about to start a game of poker. The

sentinel, in challenging, came to the "charge bayonets," as then required by Hardee's Tactics, and his gun was accidentally discharged. A ball and three buckshot entered Holmes's body, and in twenty minutes this gallant soldier and Christian gentleman of the old school was dead. Unfortunately the sentinel belonged to another company than Holmes's, and hot-headed partisans accused him of shooting intentionally, and in consequence the companies had to be assigned to different posts in the harbor. The sentinel was exonerated by the coroner and by military officers who investigated the case.

This tragedy, before a hostile gun had been fired by either the South or the North, led to the wise change of tactics, with sentinels. After that came "arms apart," "port arms" as to-day, when challenging; not only to avoid accidents, but to give the sentinel a better chance for defense if an enemy was allowed to get too near and endeavored to spring upon the sentinel. Holmes had two brothers killed in the army: Thomas G. Holmes, of the Charleston Light Dragoons, Fourth South Carolina Volunteer Cavalry, at Hawes's Shop, near Richmond, Va., in May, 1864; and Phillip Gadsden Holmes, of the Carolina Light Infantry, Gregg's Brigade, at Seven Pines. And yet another brother, William E. Holmes (the only survivor of six brothers), of the Washington Light Infantry, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Infantry, Hagood's Brigade, was wounded at Swift Creek, and captured at Fort Fisher, N. C. By a strange fatality in this family of Holmes, only two of the six brothers survived the war; while nine first cousins of the same name, who went into active service, came out alive, and only two of them were seriously wounded: Capt. Charles Rutledge Holmes, the cool and intrepid assistant adjutant general of the knightly Kershaw (both adjutant and general now dead), and his only brother, William P. Holmes. The first was shot through the thigh while inspecting pickets in front of Petersburg, in 1864; and the latter through the arm at Bentonville, N. C.

Capt. C. R. Holmes was "a man among men," one to be loved and trusted by both men and women, and the reputation he made for himself as a soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, from the first bombardment of Sumter to Bentonville, is an inheritance treasured by his widow and five children. Capt. C. R. Holmes's wound was doubtless the ultimate cause of his sad death, in 1891.

An artesian well has been bored at Marlin, Tex., to the remarkable depth of 3,330 feet, which supplies 180,000 gallons of water per day with a temperature of 141 degrees Fahrenheit. Comrades in that section are proud of it, and frequently send notice.

VERY COMPLIMENTARY.—The Spectator (W. H. Peck) in Sunday Times: "Everybody in Nashville is, or ought to be, interested in the success of S. A. Cunningham's CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This success has really been phenomenal, and it is a fair illustration of the importance Nashville is to the South as a newspaper center. Starting but little over a year ago without money and without even a complete plan of operation, it has, in this short time, reached a circulation that was 9,130 by actual count two weeks ago. Mr. Cunningham owes his success partly to the unparalleled extent of his acquaintance, not even excepting Pat Donan, of Washington; and in part to the fortunate coalition of the enterprise itself with the desire of the Confederate veteran and his descendants for a truthful and accessible organ."

DIBRELL'S VICTORY OVER WOOLFORD.

J. T. Martin, Thompson Station, Tenn.: "There is an article in the April VETERAN by George W. Youngblood, of Golden City, Mo., that contains an error which, in justice to one of the most gallant soldiers of the war, should be corrected. The honor of surprising and capturing a large part of Woolford's command at Philadelphia, E. Tenn., in October, 1863, does not belong to Gen. Forrest, but to Gen. George Dibrell. A few days before that Gen. Forrest had been ordered away to West Tennessee, and we did not see him again until Hood's raid.



The expedition against Woolford was both planned and executed by Gen. Dibrell, and was his first venture on his 'own hook.' The result proved his ability as a leader, and that he was a worthy successor to Forrest and to Starnes. The affair would have been a complete success, and would have ended in the capture of Woolford's entire command, but for one of those mishaps which could not be foreseen. The fight was hot for a while and when the enemy began to give way Gen. Dibrell sent an order to Col. D. W. Holman, who commanded the Eleventh Tennessee, to move up across the road, spoken of by Youngblood, and cut off their retreat. But the courier by whom the order was sent delayed so long at a yankee wagon that had a barrel of whisky in it, that the order did not reach him in time to get to the road until a large number of the flying enemy had escaped. That was a bad barrel of whisky for us. But didn't Woolford and that part of his command which it enabled to escape have as much right to bless as we had to curse it? It should be mentioned that a regiment of Georgia cavalry was with us, actively participating in the fight, and is entitled to a full share of the honor attached to the affair. I am sorry I cannot remember the number of the regiment nor the name of its gallant commander."

ASSOCIATE AND HONORARY MEMBERS, U. C. V.

The following plan for admitting the descendants of our worthy comrades, who are in sympathy with the principles for which the Confederate soldier fought, into the Camps, Bivouacs, and Associations of the United Confederate Veterans, was formulated by a special committee from N. B. Forrest Camp, of Chattanooga, Tenn., composed of J. R. Shaler, W. P. McClatchey, T. J. Dement, and J. E. Shipp. It was presented to the United Confederate Veteran Convention at Birmingham by J. E. Shipp, and was referred to the Committee on Constitution and By-laws, who gave it their unanimous approval and recommended its adoption as an *addendum* to the revised Constitution and By-laws, which was done.

In order to perpetuate the memory of Confederate veterans, and continue the purposes of this organization, all subordinate Camps, Bivouacs, or Associations are hereby authorized to admit associate members and associate honorary members under the following rules and regulations:

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

SECTION 1. Any male person who is in sympathy with the principles for which the Southern soldier fought, of good character, having attained the age of eighteen years, who is a relative or a descendant of a person who was regularly enlisted in active service and served honorably in the Confederate States army or navy shall be eligible to admission as associate member.

SEC. 2. Associate members shall be entitled to all the privileges of the subordinate Camps, Bivouacs, or Associations; excepting that no associate member shall be eligible to hold the office of President, Vice President, Commander, or Lieutenant Commander, until there remains on the roll of the subordinate body less than ten active members in good standing; but there may be a minority of the Executive Committee selected from the associate members in good standing. Associate members shall have no voice in the election, suspension, or expulsion of active members.

SEC. 3. Every application for admission to associate membership shall be made in writing, and shall give in detail, upon the blanks furnished by the subordinate Camp, Bivouac, or Association, the applicant's age, birthplace, residence, occupation, and the name of the relative on whose services the applicant bases his right to membership, and if practicable, the company, regiment, and general command to which the relative was attached, where and when he received his final parole or discharge from service, and whether or not he had at any time a substitute in the army, and the application shall be indorsed by two members of the subordinate organization. It shall then be referred to a committee (of which the members recommending shall not be members) for investigation, who shall report thereon at the next regular meeting, when the candidate shall be balloted for with ball ballots. If not more than two black balls appear, the candidate shall be declared elected.

SEC. 4. When an application has once been rejected, it cannot be again considered for six months thereafter.

SEC. 5. The initiation fee and dues of associate members shall be the same as regular members.

ASSOCIATE HONORARY MEMBERS.

To the end that there may be both charitable and so-

cial coöperation in the work of the Confederate veterans, the wives, sisters, daughters, and nieces of Confederate veterans may become associate honorary members.

SECTION 1. The application for associate honorary membership shall be the same as that prescribed in Section 3 for associate members, excepting the age of the applicant, and the candidate shall be elected as therein prescribed.

SEC. 2. Associate honorary members shall have all the privileges of associate members, excepting the right to vote. The sole purpose of adding female members being to get the benefit of the enthusiasm, and refining influence so characteristic of Southern womanhood, in developing and carrying on the social and charitable features of the organization of United Confederate Veterans.

SEC. 3. The dues of associate honorary members shall be one dollar per annum if paid in advance, or ten cents per month.

SEC. 4. Associate members, and associate honorary members shall be allowed to wear the badges adopted by the United Confederate Veterans for associate members, or auxiliary associations.

T. B. Sproul writes from Strother, Mo.:

I see in the VETERAN for June a chapter from Gen. Shoup in regard to Vicksburg, in which he says: "The Missourians came into Vicksburg in an awful plight." I expect, if Gen. Shoup had been there, he would have been in an awful plight too.

We fought the battle of Baker's Creek on the 15th of May, 1863. Our brigade cut into Grant's army until we were in sight of his wagon train and had to make one terrific charge there to save Pemberton's army. While making that charge some person asked a general what troops we were, and he said: "They are Missourians going to their death." So much for Baker's Creek.

We retreated to Big Black that night and took position in the works there. The Federals struck our line next morning, when it gave way. They came swarming down upon us, and had cut us off almost entirely from the bridge. A large part of our brigade had to swim Big Black, and some of us had to go down the river some distance before we could get a chance to swim even. So you see we had cause to be "in an awful plight." We were scattered, but not demoralized, and every man of us was ready to fight to the death.

I am not finding any fault with Gen. Shoup. He is a good man and a good fighter. I saw him tried. In one of those charges on the works in Vicksburg we were ordered to relieve his men. We were going at a double quick, and when about fifty yards in their rear heard him give the order: "Fix bayonets!" They were out of cartridges, but were holding their position at any cost.

Inclosed find one dollar, for which send the VETERAN.

OPPOSED TO THE NAME REBELLION.

Rev. J. William Jones, University of Virginia, July 18:

Let me add my earnest and hearty protest against calling our war the "Rebellion." It was not a rebellion, and we were not rebels or traitors. George Washington was a rebel because he fought against properly constituted and legal authority, and if he had failed he would probably have been tried as a rebel, and executed as a traitor. But Jefferson Davis was no rebel when he led the great struggle to maintain proper authority, to uphold law and constitution; and when the Federal

Government held him as a prisoner they never dared to bring him to trial, because they knew, under the advice of Chief Justice Chase and the ablest lawyers at the North, that they could never convict him of treason under the Constitution and laws of the United States.

I remember that one day down at Beauvoir, several years before his death, the grand old chief of the Confederacy said to me alluding to this question: "Rebellion indeed! How can a sovereign State rebel? You might as well say that Germany rebelled against France, or that France, who was overwhelmed in the conflict, rebelled against Germany, as to say that the sovereign States of the Confederacy rebelled against the North or the government. O that they had dared give me the trial I so much coveted, and for which I so earnestly begged, in order that I might have opportunity to vindicate my people and their cause before the world and at the bar of history! They knew that I would have been triumphantly acquitted, and our people purged of all taint of treason, and they never dared to bring my case to trial."

Is it not time, then, for those people to cease talking about treason and rebellion, and to stop their insults in calling us rebels? If there were any rebels in that great contest, they were north of the Potomac and the Ohio—the men who trampled under foot the Constitution of our country and the liberties bequeathed us by our fathers.

Gen. Lee always spoke of the war as the "great struggle for Constitutional freedom," and that is a truthful and distinctive title which I prefer. "The War Between the States" was the title given by A. H. Stephens, and is a good one. "Confederate War" would do, but that implies that we made the war, which, of course, we did not, our policy being peace. The "War of Coercion," or the "War against State Sovereignty" would express it; but the "Rebellion," never!

REUNION OF STONEWALL JACKSON BIVOUAC.—McKenzie, Tenn., July 21, 1894.

This Bivouac, and Camp No. 42, United Confederate Veterans, held its fourth annual reunion here to-day. It was organized November 20, 1889. There have been admitted eighty-eight members, four have died and twenty-nine have been dropped from the rolls, so there are fifty-nine members now.

Our reunions are held on July 21 of each year. We always have from three thousand to five thousand with us and never miss a good time. The Bivouac has complete control of the grounds, and gets the benefit of all receipts from refreshment stands, lemonade, etc. The proceeds are held by our treasurer as a fund strictly for charitable purposes.

Since 1891 we have donated to the

Jefferson Davis Monument	\$106 00
Confederate Soldiers' Home.....	40 00
McGavock Cemetery, (Franklin).....	25 00
Gen. Kirby-Smith Fund.....	10 00
Oakwood Monument (Chicago).....	10 00

Total.....\$191 00

and in addition to numerous smaller charities.

The citizens generally attend our reunions and patronize us liberally. Receipts from lemonade stands to-day were \$126.60.

Dr. J. P. Cannon, President of the Bivouac, who is very zealous in the great cause, enrolled to-day twenty-three names for the VETERAN.

PROUD OF HER STATE.

Miss Bessie B. Henderson, Salisbury, N. C.: "I have just returned from my charming visit to Birmingham, and have exactly one dollar left. I most fittingly devote that to the VETERAN."



This excellent picture of the popular representative with veterans and the general public in the Old North State was designed for an earlier issue.

DIED IN THE LAST DITCH.

The Goldsboro (N. C.) Argus of June 12 contains an article of much interest by M. H. Bizzell, of Bizzell, N. C., who lives ten miles west from Goldsboro and near Bentonville. He is "familiar with all the incidents." When this last battle had been fought and the armies left the field, Mr. Bizzell states:

Fifty-four Confederate wounded were left in the residence of Mr. John Harper, on the battlefield, four miles from Bentonville, and for three months his residence was a hospital. Those suffering, dying men were ministered to by him and his faithful wife and children out of their scant means left them by the two armies. Of the fifty-four, thirty-one recovered and went home. Twenty-three died there: two were carried home by friends before burial, one was buried there and afterwards taken up and carried home, and twenty lie buried there at this time, all except one in unmarked graves, though their names and commands are preserved by Mr. Harper, and they are as follows:

Capt. T. C. Taylor, Company A, 1st N. C. Bat.
 Capt. J. W. Laramer, Company I, 42d Ala. Regt.
 Capt. J. A. Latham, Company B, 40th Ala. Regt.
 J. R. Stringfield, Company D, 6th Ga. Regt.

Hardy Nance, Company K, 1st N. C. Bat.
 J. H. Edwards, Company B, 26th Tenn. Regt.
 T. J. Nail, Company H, 27th Ga. Regt.
 J. F. Chambers, Company B, 40th N. C. Regt.
 Jacob Sowers, Company D, 1st N. C. Bat.
 Willie E. (or D.) Reed, Company D, 13th N. C. Bat.
 A. B. Watkins, Company A, 34th Va. Regt.
 J. W. Glover, Company F, 6th Ga. Regt.
 T. J. Dearing, Company K, 23d Ga. Regt.
 M. A. McPhauls, Company C, 1st N. C. Bat.
 Duncan Brown, Company A, 1st N. C. Bat.
 S. F. Smithson, Company D, 32d Tenn. Regt.
 L. B. Flack, Company D, 50th N. C. Regt.
 R. W. Webb, Company D, 45th Tenn. Regt.
 T. L. Smith, Company F, 28th Ga. Regt.
 William C. East, Company F, 54th Va. Regt.

The burial ground is inclosed with an ordinary rail fence, with nothing durable to mark it or to distinguish it from any other spot of earth.

Through all these twenty-nine years since the war Mr. Harper has watched over the last resting place of the bodies of those twenty brave men who so gallantly died in defense of the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper are nearing the end of life, she being 73 and he 91 years of age. It does seem a matter of simple justice to the dead, before those aged people pass away who watched over them while they suffered, buried them when they were dead, and who know more of their last moments than all others, that a suitable monument, properly inscribed, should be erected to designate the place and to perpetuate their memory.

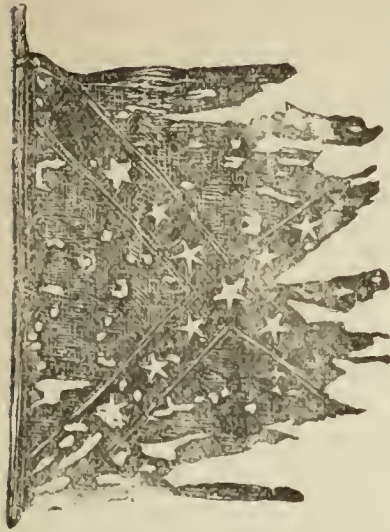
Since the above was put in type Capt. T. H. Baine, of the Goldsboro Rifles, has furnished a more elaborate account. His report includes a list of those who were wounded and recovered. Comrades, this is a pathetic story. We should build a granite monument and carve their names, also those of Mr. and Mrs. Harper, upon it. What say you?—Ed.

In commenting upon the history of the flag of the Third Georgia Regiment, W. A. Wiley, of Madison, says: "The St. Andrews Cross flag was not adopted until the spring of 1862. Each regiment or battery had its own peculiar flag or waved the stars and bars. No two were exactly of the same size or pattern. It was Gen. Beauregard, I think, who suggested having a uniform battle flag. At any rate the design is his. When Congress adopted the suggestion, the Secretary of War at once had made and distributed to each regiment the 'new flag,' as it was then called, requiring them to retire all other flags. Say something about having seen this old flag borne aloft by one-armed Sergt. R. W. Bagby in Augusta last fall. Old Bob lives in Covington, Ga., and it will do him good."

In his address of welcome to the gathering for reunion at Belton, Tex., reported in this VETERAN, Commander Joe Bruster, in spirited and patriotic fervor, said:

When I glance over this immense throng, all wearing the garb of peace, all animated with good will to men, all hand and heart with every veteran, whether he wore the blue or the gray, in commemorating the virtues of our heroic dead; when I reflect on the baptism of blood and fire through which we have passed, I am overpowered with gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, for the blessings so bountifully showered upon us.

FLAG OF THE THIRD GEORGIA REGIMENT.



BATTLE FLAG THIRD GEORGIA REGIMENT.

C. H. Andrews, of Milledgeville, captain of Company D, and historian of the Third Georgia Regiment, gives this interesting sketch:

The Third Georgia Regiment (Infantry) rendezvoused in Augusta April 26, 1861, and at Portsmouth, Va., May 8, organized by the election of field officers.

Mrs. Wright, the wife of Ambrose R.

Wright, first colo-

nel of the regiment, later brigadier general and then major general, presented the command with a handsome stand of colors, painted from an original design submitted by a celebrated artist in Norfolk.

The Third Georgia Regiment was actively engaged in outpost and on detached service during the first year of the war, and this handsome regimental flag was much used.

When Norfolk was abandoned to the enemy, and the Third Georgia moved to the vicinity of Richmond, it became necessary to have the uniform flag then just adopted. Col. Wright secured from the proper department this now tattered banner, and it was the only battle flag this regiment ever had. It waved over every battlefield upon which the regiment appeared, from May, 1862, to the surrender, in April, 1865. The hand of an enemy never touched it.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, May 18, 1862, when this glorious flag was flung to the breeze on the heights at Petersburg. Its colors were then bright, fresh, and pure. Some two years passed, and this flag floated again on these heights; but its folds were torn with shot and rent by shell, and these "tricolors of liberty" were made dim by the smoke of battles and stained with the blood of the brave. In its worn and tattered condition, it was the more glorious in the love of its defenders for the victories at Richmond, Manassas, and Chancellorsville; and no less sacred for the struggle at Sharpsburg, the slaughter at Gettysburg, and the defense at Cold Harbor.

It would be a pleasant task to recite the names of all the heroes who carried the flag during the four years of bloody strife, but the writer can only give the following:

Serg. A. L. Langston, of Company C, fell with this flag in his hand at the lines in the Emmittsburg road at Gettysburg. Adj. S. L. Alexander then grasped and carried the flag to the enemy's position on Cemetery Hill. Alexander was there disabled, and when Wright's brigade, including the Third Georgia, was compelled to retire, T. J. Hinsey, of Company H, took the colors, and, with E. J. Horton as color guard to defend them, brought the flag back to our position on Seminary Hill. On the retreat into Virginia, and in the all day defense of Manas-

sas Gap against Meade's army, E. F. Hughes, of Company F, bore the colors. The Confederate Congress commissioned the color bearers ensign, and in the spring of 1864 Dennis L. Ryan, of Company B, was appointed and given the colors. At Spottsylvania Court House, May 14, Ensign Ryan was wounded, and Serg. J. T. Dupree, of Company F, one of the color guard, seized the flag and bore it to victory. Recovering from his wounds, Ensign Ryan carried the flag on the heights at Petersburg, and was killed in the charge at the crater made by the explosion of "Burnsides mine," July 30, 1864. The colors were then given to R. W. Bagby, of Company H, but on August 21, 1864, he lost an arm, and the flag was then given to B. F. Barnwell, of Company B. In the battle of "Hatcher's Run," February 6, 1865, Barnwell was severely wounded, and Serg. J. C. Hicks, of Company I, was given the flag, and he carried it until the surrender at Appomattox, in April, 1865. In some way, when it became known that Gen. R. E. Lee would surrender, the flag as we now have it became detached from its staff, and in the surrender only the staff was given into the hands of the Federals.

The daughter of Col. Claiborne Shead, the last commander of the regiment, was made by the veterans "Our Daughter," and made the keeper of this flag; and at each of our reunions we few who survive march with it again in our front.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Portsmouth, Va., the city which sent to the field more Confederate soldiers than it had qualified voters, held memorial exercises over the dust of its fallen soldiers on the 25th of May, 1894.

There was an outpouring of the good people to participate in and witness the grand annual tribute of decorating the graves of the dead heroes with flowers.

The loveliest feature of all was thirteen little girls, daughters of Confederate soldiers who are members of Stonewall Camp, robed in spotless white, each ornamented with a miniature Confederate flag, and each hatband lettered with the name of one of the Confederate States, and with a beautiful bouquet in each right hand, marching to the soldiers' burial lot in the cemetery, through the open ranks of Confederate veterans and armed soldiers, led by a little boy bearing a silk banner on which was inscribed:

"DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY."

They gracefully deposited their flowers on the graves of the known and unknown alike, and then passed on for the soldiers to close up and fire their salute.

Such a testimonial of love is worthy of perpetual custom at the annual gathering in memory of our dead all over the South.

The "Daughters of the Confederacy" at Portsmouth are Clara Ashton, Willie Ashton, Carrie Barlow, Etta Beatan, Florence Hawkes, Marie Hume, Fannie Langhorne, Mary Nash, Janie Peters, Mary Peters, Fannie Slater, Jennie Watts, and Winnie Watts.

J. E. Hunter, Dixon, Ky.: "Any relative or friend of J. R. Stanley can, by writing to Jacob Haas, Santa Claus, Ind., get a gun which was captured in the battle of Wartrace, Tenn., with 'Major J. R. Stanley' engraved on it. Having been a Confederate soldier, I was requested by a friend to send the above."

PEMBERTON'S SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

BY JESSE WADLINGTON SPARKS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS, MEXICO.

[Major Sparks served from Texas during the war, but has been a Tennessean nearly ever since the war closed.]

CERTAIN officers of the Confederate army were selected to read, write, and translate cipher dispatches for transmission from one general to another. None of the generals, however, could read, write, or translate these cipher dispatches. They were required to write out in plain English the dispatch to be sent. It was then turned over to the experts, who would translate them into cipher, and send them on their way to be translated to the officer for whom they were intended. The "key word" was all that these officers had, and a table of the alphabet so arranged as to begin on the first line with "A" and the next line with "B," and so on throughout the whole alphabet; so that the last line would have "Z" at the top and the first line "A" at the top. With the table and the "key word," it was an easy matter for any one with ordinary intelligence to write and translate cipher dispatches. But the "key word" was the main feature in it all; without it no officer could write or translate cipher dispatches. The War Department compelled every officer selected to write and translate these cipher dispatches, to go to Richmond, Va., and get the "key word" from the officer in charge of such affairs in the office of the Secretary of War. I went there by order of Gen. Kirby-Smith, having been selected by him for that purpose. I was sworn to secrecy and that I would never divulge the "key word" to any one—no general, or officer, or private, or citizen. The "key word" was then given to me, and it was the same used by all of the Confederate generals and the War Department of the Confederate States. The solemnity with which the occasion impressed me, when I received the "key word," will cause me to remember it as long as I live. "Manchester Bluffs" were the words.

I was with Gen. E. Kirby-Smith when he was making an effort to relieve the garrison at Vicksburg, under command of Gen. Pemberton. I wrote many of the dispatches—that is, put them in cipher—from Gen. Kirby-Smith to Gen. Pemberton, and translated many dispatches sent by Gen. Pemberton to Gen. Kirby-Smith. Lieut. Ned Cunningham, an aid-de-camp on Gen. Kirby-Smith's staff, was another officer who had received the "key word," and took the same oath, etc.; so that he wrote and translated some of these dispatches. The dispatch that I am writing about now was translated by Lieut. Cunningham and myself at Gen. P. O. Hebert's headquarters, at Monroe, La., Gen. Kirby-Smith being there then conferring with Gen. P. O. Hebert about matters pertaining to the military of that department.

To make sure of the correctness of the dispatch, I wrote Gen. Kirby-Smith January 15, 1892, the following:

"Copy of a dispatch from Gen. Pemberton to Gen. E. Kirby-Smith as remembered by J. W. Sparks, then a captain on the staff of Gen. P. O. Hebert, who translated the dispatch for Gen. Kirby-Smith with the aid of Lieut. Cunningham:

"VICKSBURG, JULY 2, 1863—Gen. E. Kirby-Smith: I can hold out until the 14th. Hurry up the Texas beeves. PEMBERTON, General."

I asked Gen. Kirby-Smith to say if he remembered this dispatch, and if so to give me what he remembered

about it, whether or not I had stated it correctly, etc. Here is his reply written on the back of my copy:

"SEWANEE, JANUARY 23, 1892.—My remembrance of Gen. Pemberton's dispatch to me, just before the fall of Vicksburg, is that the within is its purport.

E. KIRBY-SMITH."

This was inclosed in the following letter:

"SEWANEE, JANUARY 23, 1892.—Mr. J. W. Sparks—My Dear Sir: I return the paper with my recollections of Pemberton's dispatch. Ned Cunningham is a successful lawyer in St. Louis, Mo. A letter ought to reach him: Col. Ned Cunningham, Attorney at Law.

"Very truly yours,

E. KIRBY-SMITH."

To understand the dispatch of Pemberton's, dated July 2, 1863, I explain that Gen. Kirby-Smith was on the opposite side of the Mississippi River from Vicksburg, with a force of about three thousand men and a large number of Texas beeves, probably one thousand or more. Gen. Grant had a small force on the same side of the Mississippi, probably one thousand men.

The object of Gen. Kirby-Smith was to drive this small force of Gen. Grant's before him, until he reached the river opposite Vicksburg, and then rush in the Texas beeves, which he was driving along just in the rear of his army, and make them swim the Mississippi; calculating that half of them, at least, would cross safely. Gen. Pemberton had boats and men ready to catch those that were unable to swim the river and haul them ashore by ropes that had been prepared for the purpose on all of these small boats, as I understood at that time. There were at least one thousand of these small boats, and after the Texas beeves were safely crossed, then Gen. Kirby-Smith's army was to cross, each boat carrying five soldiers and plenty of caps, of which article Gen. Pemberton was short, as nearly every dispatch that I translated from him asked for more percussion caps.

Upon the receipt of this dispatch from Gen. Pemberton, dated July 2, 1863, saying that he could hold out until the 14th; Gen. Kirby-Smith put everything in motion, moving slowly and cautiously toward Vicksburg, carrying the beeves along with him.

We could hear the firing at Vicksburg; some days it was terrific, then there would be a lull on other days. All this time we were driving the Federals slowly ahead of us, and by the 4th of July I suppose that we were within ten miles of Vicksburg. We heard but very little firing during that day, but that was nothing strange, as it had happened on other days, just previous to that, that there was very little firing.

The message bearer was a large mulatto named Henry (I never learned any other name). If I remember correctly, Col. Harrison vouched for Henry as being trustworthy, etc. Henry carried all these cipher dispatches to Gen. Pemberton in Vicksburg, and brought the answers.

Gen. Kirby-Smith answered Gen. Pemberton's dispatch of July 2, and I translated it into cipher. It merely informed Gen. Pemberton that he was near Vicksburg with the beeves and plenty of caps, and that he would reach the opposite bank of the Mississippi in a very short time. This dispatch, after being put into cipher, was given to Henry. He had also swung over his shoulders several large canteens filled with caps, well corked up, which he was to deliver with the dispatch. Henry left our camp soon after dark on his way to Vicksburg. He told me that he generally struck the river above the city, and with a good-sized log he would float down to the city unobserved by the "yanks." But

that night, about one o'clock, Henry came to our fire and waked us up. We asked him what he was doing there, saying: "We thought you were in Vicksburg by this time." "Good Lord," said Henry, "there are five hundred gunboats lying at Vicksburg." (Negroes had a great horror for gunboats.) As soon as I heard that, I was satisfied Vicksburg had surrendered. We went to hunt up Gen. Kirby-Smith and tell him the news. We found him sleeping in an empty wagon. I asked him why he got up in the empty wagon bed to sleep. He said that he was afraid of snakes, and got up there to be away from them. But it was not long before he was up and giving orders for his army to begin retreating toward Monroe, La. He did this none too soon, for Gen. Grant threw a force of ten thousand men across the Mississippi the next day, and this force followed Gen. Kirby-Smith as far as Monroe, La., fighting and skirmishing nearly the whole distance.

There were rumors at the time that Gen. Pemberton had sold out. I said nothing then, but knowing that he had dispatched on the 2d of July that he could hold out until the 14th, and asking Gen. Kirby-Smith to hurry up the Texas beeves, it looked very suspicious; and now I believe it firmly, and think Gen. Kirby-Smith believed it. This is the first time that this has been made public. I have thought for several years that it ought to go into history, and I have held it back so long because I hated to do anything that would cast odium on Gen. Pemberton. But the truth of history should be preserved, and from this proof I firmly believe that Gen. Pemberton sold out to Gen. Grant on that memorable day.

The foregoing was prepared for the June VETERAN, but held over. Since Gen. Shoup's letter, Maj. Sparks expresses stronger than ever his belief in the bad faith of Pemberton. Gen. Shoup, on being asked about Pemberton's loyalty to the South, expressed full faith in it. Maj. Sparks, however, states in a personal letter:

Gen. Shoup's article confirms me beyond any doubt now that Gen. Pemberton sold out. Gen. Shoup shows how he was arranging mines to be exploded, from July 1 to July 3, and says: "This was the state of the case when Pemberton opened negotiations for capitulation." Now Gen. Pemberton, on the 2d day of July, was opening negotiations with Grant for capitulation, and on the same day dispatching Kirby-Smith that he could hold out until the 14th, and asking Gen. Smith to "hurry up the Texas beeves." Gen. Shoup says, further on: "Then Gen. Pemberton blundered horribly by going out in person to see Grant." Yes, he may think so, but Pemberton knew what he was doing. That personal visit closed the deal by fixing the price and day of surrender, July 4, 1863. Of course Grant would never tell it, because that would have detracted from his fame, and then, my friend, remember that all the balance of our generals went home poor. General Pemberton was a poor man before, but after the war, without any apparent effort on his part, he turned up in Philadelphia, or near there, and lived like a nabob.

In giving place to the foregoing the VETERAN does not design to express any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Gen. Pemberton. That he was unpopular and not successful is well known, but other good men were alike unfortunate who deserve all honor for sacrifice in their loyalty to the South.

Gen. Pemberton had a remarkable career. He was born in Philadelphia in 1817; graduated at West Point in 1837. He was aid to Gen. Worth during the Mexican War, and promoted for gallantry at Monterey in 1846. He resigned his position as captain in the United States army, April 27, 1861, and on that day was assigned to duty as adjutant general under Joseph E. Johnston. In November, 1861, he was ordered to report to Gen. R. E. Lee, who sent him to South Carolina. He was in command of "Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida," until October, 1862, when he was assigned to "command of the army in the field," for Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana. He was in command at Vicksburg from May 17 to July 4, 1863. In May, 1864, he reported to Gen. Robert Ransom, to command the artillery defenses about Richmond. October 27 of that year he commanded the artillery defenses of Richmond, with rank reduced from lieutenant general to lieutenant colonel. The last record procurable of his military career is that, July 7, 1865, he was made general inspector of artillery and ordnance in the armies of the Confederate States. In 1875 he was farming in Fauquier County, Va.

HIS LEG AMPUTATED AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS.—J. Ples Griffin served in the Thirty-seventh North Carolina Regiment, Lane's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division. He was wounded in the second battle of Manassas, August 29, 1862, in the leg between knee and ankle. He was in the hospital at Lynchburg until April, 1863, when he was furloughed. He has been a farmer since the war. He moved to Weakley County, Tenn., in 1877. On April 10, 1894, he had that wounded leg taken off, after a period of nearly thirty-two years, having suffered very much at times from the old wound, but he had worked when able on the farm. Before having his leg amputated he made for himself a wooden leg and had it ready. He is now well, cheerful, and happy, and sends greetings to old comrades who remember him. He is so much relieved as to look twenty years younger. Mr. Griffin's address is Dresden, Tenn.

J. B. Milam, who served in the Fifth Tennessee Infantry, but who has been in Florida thirteen years: "At a meeting of our Camp, No. 229, Lake County Confederate Veterans, held on the 10th at Tavares, Fla., we had a large and enthusiastic meeting. I introduced a resolution indorsing the VETERAN and making it our official organ. I also received a club of ten subscribers to same. Inclosed find P. O. money order."

W. C. Zimmerman, Commander George T. Ward Camp, Inverness, Fla., sends subscribers, and adds: "I issued this day general order for a reunion to take place at Shell Island, mouth of Crystal River, August 14th. We go into camp on an island in the Gulf of Mexico, taking our families with us, and shall spend several days. We will have fine sea bathing, fishing, and hunting. We would be glad to have you with us, as well as any other of our old comrades. There will be no limit as to room in camp and as old soldiers we can live on fish and hardtack."

SNOWBALL BATTLE AT DALTON.

BY S. R. WATKINS.

The following story is reproduced with this picture:

It was in the spring of 1864, about the 22d of March; a heavy snow had fallen during the night; the hills and valleys were covered with the flaky white. Joe Johnston's army was in winter quarters at Dalton. Two

regiments of infantry were camped near each other, and in a spirit of fun began in somewhat military order to throw snowballs at each other. The effect was electrical, boyhood frolics were renewed, and the air was full of flying snowballs. Brigades and divisions were soon involved, and such a scene was never before witnessed on earth. Many thousands of men were engaged in a snowball battle. It began early in the morning; generals, colonels, captains, and privates were all mixed up. Pri-

private soldiers became commanders and the generals were simply privates, and the usual conditions were reversed. The boys had captured the generals' horses and swords, and were galloping through the flying snowballs giving orders and whooping things up up generally. Verbal orders to different portions of the field were sent on flying steeds. Gen. Patrick Cleburne was noted for his strict discipline, and whenever he caught a straggler from any regiment in the army he would make him carry a fence rail. Well, the boys had captured "Old Pat," when some fellow yelled out: "Arrest that soldier, and make him carry a fence rail." The surgeon of our regiment was calm and even-tempered, but would get out of patience with a lot of whining fellows who would report on the sick list day after day. The doctor would look at his tongue, feel his pulse, and say: "Well, there is not much the matter with him; just put him on light duty." They captured the old doctor, and a soldier had hold of each leg, another his head, and others his arms, and as he was brought in as terribly wounded, Fred Domin ran to him, felt his pulse, looked wise, and said:



CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED IN A SNOW BATTLE NEAR DALTON, GA., 1863. Reproduced by Shaw & Sons, Engravers, Jacksonville, Fla.

"Well, there is not much the matter with him; just put him on light duty." This same doctor was noted for having had the same affliction as the soldier who complained. If a man went to him with the toothache, he would say: "Shucks, that's nothing; I've had the toothache a thousand times." One day Kenan Hill got a bug in his ear and went to the doctor, hallooing in great agony. The doctor said: "O shucks, that's nothing; I've had a thousand bugs in my ears." One day a soldier got a nail in his foot, and the doctor said: "O shucks, that's nothing; I've had a nail in my foot a thousand times." The doctor had one of his eyes nearly knocked out by a snowball, when Fred Domin ran up to him again, and said: "O shucks, that's nothing; I've had my eye knocked out a thousand times." There was a great deal of this kind of fun and take-off in imitation of some general or other officer, but we were kept too busy throwing snowballs to take it all in at the time. Infantry boys would capture cannon and caissons, and take the horses from the artillery and go dashing through the crowd. They would also hitch to the caissons and dash off somewhere else. This snowball battle lasted all day.

TENNESSEANS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE SUNDAY'S FIGHTING.

Elijah Wiseman, Hilltop, Tenn., March 7, 1894:

George E. Dolton, of St. Louis, asks for information concerning the battle of Chickamauga, and especially of Sunday's fight on Snodgrass Hill, on September 20, 1863.

On Sunday morning, September 20, 1863, Col. John S. Fulton, of Fayetteville, Tenn., commanding Gen. Bushrod Johnson's old brigade, composed of the Seventeenth, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth, Forty-fourth, and Sixty-third Tennessee Regiments, captured the nine Federal guns in the Dyer field, spoken of by Dolton. At that time the Seventeenth (my regiment) and the Twenty-third had been consolidated, and were commanded by Cols. Floyd and Kibble. Just as we got to the edge of the field Col. Floyd said: "Boys, do you see that battery?" We hurraed: "We do." Then the old colonel said: "That's ours." Just at this time Gen. Bushrod Johnson rode up and called for Col. Fulton and held a short consultation with him. Then Col. Fulton shouted: "Attention, old brigade!" (meaning Johnson's old brigade). The command "Attention" was passed rapidly down the line; then the command, "Forward! Double-quick!" was heard. We started on a run, raised the old "rebel yell," and in a few minutes those guns were ours.

Johnson's brigade was on the extreme left wing of the command, supported on the right by Gen. Gregg. After capturing the guns we halted, reformed our lines, and threw out skirmishers. J. C. Ray, Robert Foster, and I were the skirmishers who volunteered from Company A, Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment. We advanced through the woods toward the Vidito House, spoken of by Dolton. I came to the Crawfish Springs road, with Ray and Foster in the woods to my right. While stationed in the road I captured three yankees, one of them being a courier. I carried them to the rear, giving the courier's horse to Capt. Terry, of Company A, Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, who was slightly wounded on Saturday. He rode it the remainder of the day. The command then advanced and captured the wagon train and knapsacks near the Vidito house. As the Federals retreated from this house we came up on the opposite side. The ladies

of the house came out meeting us, waving their aprons and bonnets. We were almost worn out, but managed to give them a few cheers.

From the Vidito house we advanced up to the summit, where we planted our artillery. Johnson's brigade was in support of this artillery when Granger's Union reserve brigades, under Gen. Steadman, were advancing toward the west along the road to the north of the ridge. When they were well abreast of us, we charged them, but were repulsed, and fell back to our guns. Then we charged again, and were repulsed a second time. About this time Gen. Johnson rode up and called to Col. Fulton to hold his position until he (Johnson) could get a reserve there. The reserve came up and rushed to the front, but was soon driven back. Seeing this, Gen. Johnson shouted to Col. Fulton: "Forward my old brigade." The "old brigade" charged the third time, and utterly routed Granger's men.

These are the men that Dolton asks about. A few of them are still living in this community, and can testify, in the main, to what I have written.

That night, after the fight was over, Cols. Floyd and Kibble formed and counted their men. There were 46 of the Seventeenth and 36 of the Twenty-third Tennessee Regiments. The colonels congratulated themselves and their men. Col. Floyd's words to his men on this occasion were: "Here are forty six of the bravest men that ever marked the soil."

A TRIO OF BRAVE STAFF OFFICERS.

F. M. Kelso writes from Greenville, Tenn.

I notice in the February number of our beloved VETERAN a communication from Comrade James Archer, of Stanton, Miss., asking what became of Cpts. Snowden, Blakemore, and Black, of Bushrod Johnson's old brigade. The members of Johnson's old brigade feel a great interest in these gallant staff officers.

I remember with admiration the courage of Col. Snowden in front of Petersburg and Richmond. Capt. Blakemore had his beautiful snow-white horse shot almost in two in front of Petersburg while he was inspecting our lines; and I will never forget Capt. Black in the battle of Chickamauga. Johnson's old brigade, commanded by Col. John Fulton, supported Everett's battery in heated contest Sunday evening, on Snodgrass Hill.

Gen. Thomas' corps were in our front putting such a deadly fire into us that at times it seemed impossible for us to hold the ridge much longer, when Capt. Black rushed up to the battery, and assisted in loading and firing the guns. He was shot through the mouth. The blood spouted out, his under lip hung down, and in a few seconds he was the bloodiest man I ever saw. He tried to encourage the gunners, but they could not understand a word he said. Notwithstanding this terrible shot, he stayed there in the face of death, until from the loss of blood he could stand no longer and was carried to the rear.

Col. Snowden lives in Memphis. I have never heard from Capt. Blakemore since the war. I heard that Capt. Black recovered from his wound, but that he was killed in Mississippi after the close of the war. I do not know whether it is true or not.

R. Heber Screven, Charleston, S. C.: "Our ever glorious battle flag stood, and still stands, not for a 'lost cause.' It is patriotic and progressive. Its principles cannot die; they are broad enough for the whole human race."

VINDICATING REV. DR. CAVE'S ADDRESS.

Martin Williams, of Bland Court House, Va., has written to the Richmond Dispatch a reply to the attacks upon Rev. Dr. Cave's address delivered at the unveiling of the private soldiers' monument in Richmond. He justifies the speaker's bold utterances on that occasion:

Not a single Southern historian has presented our cause in its true light. Even Mr. Stephens wrote more in a spirit of apology than of justification, and we have sat supinely by and waited for an Englishman to, in part, vindicate us. For this lack of self-assertion, it has been said that we were justified by reason of the conciliatory spirit of the North toward us, both in sentiment and practice, and particularly the latter.

It has been urged that the Northern people have come amongst us and, in part, built up our waste places. Granting this, who have been the recipients of the gains? Our lands have been sold in many instances for \$2.50 per acre that are now worth \$500 dollars per acre. In almost all instances the principal office is in some Northern city and the principal officers, who get the profits of these investments, live in Northern cities. Thus the profits derived from the so-called "building up of waste places" do us no good. Our lands have been "boomed" by Northern people, who always secured their interests on the ground floor. They have bought our lands at wholesale, sold them to us at retail, and the profits have gone north. Thus, we have had the Palace Car Brigade superseding the carpetbaggers. Of course there have been honorable exceptions, but these have been the rule. Up to the first inauguration of Mr. Cleveland hardly a public office in the government of any prominence was given to the South. Our ministers to foreign courts were all taken from the North, and thus foreign sentiment was manufactured against us, and the tide of immigration and capital turned from our doors.

With all that has been said about President Hayes, his was the first inaugural address after the war that did not vilify the South. He was the first President after the war to recognize the South, and this only in a limited way. And for even this he was ostracised by his former admirers and almost utterly ignored and forgotten by them. I do not hold with those who believe that he was ostracised by reason of his having been the recipient of a stolen Presidency. I do not believe that those who committed the theft so far repented of their action as to have ignored Mr. Hayes because he accepted the result of their action; but it was because they could not use him as a tool, as they had former Presidents, and as they have subsequently. In 1892, twenty-seven years after the war, we find that out of nearly one hundred officers in and attached to Mr. Harrison's Cabinet, with salaries ranging from \$4,000 to \$8,000, one was from Mississippi, two from Missouri, and the remainder from the North.

Northern histories have been published and distributed in all parts of the world, in which we have been portrayed as "traitors guilty of treason," "rebels" and "murderers." At every meeting of the Grand Army this is repeated; at every unveiling the same is true. Their press in daily concert heaps upon us slanderous vituperations commensurate with the mental power of the writer to express, and in all this we have acquiesced.

I do not hold to retaliation as a rule, and certainly do not at the sacrifice of any principle; but when retaliation

is the only means of vindicating a correct principle, then I say retaliate.

Thirty years of acquiescence have proved fruitless, and we have impliedly admitted, by acquiescence at least, for the time that our fathers were "traitors guilty of treason," were "rebels," and that we now are "murderers." So, viewing Mr. Cave's oration merely as an experiment, it cannot hurt anything. I have heard a great deal about the recuperative power of the South, derived from Northern assistance. I rejoice at this, but what is all this worth if it is to be received at the sacrifice of those principles which go to make men and nations great?

I would abhor that condition which would even give me a dollar with its hand and slander me with its tongue. So let it be understood that unless they let us alone we will in the future reply in kind. Let Mr. Cave's oration be the groundwork of the sentiment that whatever may have been the past, henceforth if you slander us we will retaliate; henceforth we will play the part of the lion instead of the cur; henceforth we will assert our manhood at least; and if this be treason, you must make the most of it you can. We do not court controversy, but simply ask to be let alone. We are willing to coöperate in sentiment and practice with Maine and Texas alike. We have acquiesced for thirty years. We think this is enough; and, to be plain about it, in the future we propose to give you as good as you send on this line, and the sooner you find this out the better it will be for all.

CONFEDERATE VALOR AND DEVOTION.

At the reunion, U. C. V., of John C. Key Camp, Gonzales, Tex., July 4, Commander Hon. W. B. Sayers made an interesting address, in which he described the devotion of comrades in the Confederate war. He said:

No man can properly and fully appreciate the strength and tenderness of those ties that are born of comradeship in war and continued unbroken and undiminished in vigor and activity through four of the most eventful years of our country's history. The story of the Confederate soldier is full to the overflowing of touching history and intense tragedy, and when fully completed by the impartial historian will present to the world an illustration of valor, fortitude, and endurance under the most striking circumstances, such as has never before adorned and illuminated the annals of any people. Without munitions of war, either for service on land or water, without means of transportation except such as was known to primitive warfare, without the moral or material support of a single nation in the world, unaided and alone, unable to recruit their armies exhausted by death and sickness save from themselves, the Southern States conducted a war for four years in a manner that has no counterpart in the world's history.

He then described the power of the Federal Government in contrast, strengthened by the popularity of abolition sentiment in other lands. He paid special tribute to the valor of Texans, telling with fine effect the loss of the First Texas at Sharpsburg, where it was 82.3 per cent. of its men, the greatest loss sustained during the war by any regiment on either side.

James D. Lidinger, Guyandotte, W. Va., reports the death of Comrade Wm. Simonton, Co. E, Eighth Virginia Cavalry, Payne's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's Division.

THE CONFEDERATE GRAY UNIFORM.

W. H. Bemiss writes from Shelbyville, Ky., about it:

I notice in the *VETERAN* that a correspondent sends an extract from an article by Gen. Rufus Saxton in regard to the origin of the Confederate uniform. The General says: "It is not generally known that the Confederate uniform was designed at West Point. It happened in this way: I was an instructor of artillery at the academy from May 1, 1859, to September, 1860. Gen. S. B. Buckner, who was adjutant general of Kentucky, came here for the purpose of obtaining a new uniform for the troops of that State. We agreed that the handsomest uniform was the cadet gray. He and I worked on it for several days. . . . Buckner went South, and the uniform we had decided upon became that of the Confederate army." Now, I do not know whether Gen. Saxton is right about it, but am inclined to think he is. I do know, however, that Kentucky had State troops (State Guards) at that time (1859-60), under Gen. Buckner, and they (at least some of them) were uniformed in cadet gray. The uniform was not furnished by the State. Each man paid for his own uniform. I was a member of a company of State Guards (Stone Rifles) at Bloomfield, Nelson County, Ky. Most of us went South, wearing our cadet gray uniforms, as they did from other parts of the State. A few joined the Northern army, but most of our citizen soldiery favored the South. I have now a picture of a brother and myself in this gray uniform, taken in 1860, or perhaps in the early part of 1861. These companies were all broken up by the war, as we did not attempt to carry our organizations intact into the Southern army."

GALLANTRY UNDER TRIAL.

"Alfred Arnold" writes of a "hilt to hilt" engagement between Hon. John G. Ballentine and a Federal, when the former was a captain in the regiment commanded by Col. (afterward Gen.) W. H. Jackson. The details of the incident are given by a former member of Company A, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry:

In the spring of 1862, not long before the battle of Shiloh, Col. Jackson left Jackson, Tenn., in pursuit of some Federal raiders under command of Maj. Schaeffer, of the United States army, who came from Paducah, Ky., for a raid through West Tennessee. The Federals had gone into camp when overtaken by Col. Jackson, and many of their horses were unsaddled. The Tennesseans came in sight of the enemy on the top of a gentle incline, half a mile or more away, about 4 p.m. Col. Jackson immediately gave the order to charge, which was done with a vim. The enemy had only time to re-saddle their horses and get into the road in wild disorder. Then ensued a running fight for about four miles over a corduroy road in bad condition. Many of the Federals were captured, and among them Maj. Schaeffer, commanding the battallion. Probably all would have shared a like fate but for the darkness. Just before dark Capt. John G. Ballentine, of the Seventh, being well mounted on a swift, thoroughbred horse, got in advance of his companions and overtook a powerful Federal soldier who had fired his gun and pistols. Capt. Ballentine, with a navy six-shooter in his hand, commanded the soldier to surrender. The latter gave a signifi-

cant look at Capt. Ballentine and tapped his saber with his right hand, but said nothing. It was a challenge which so gallant a gentleman as Capt. Ballentine was compelled to accept, and sheathing his pistol in the holster he drew his sword, which was a small officer's saber. The Federal had a large, regulation cavalry saber, probably six inches longer than the sword of his enemy. The men were also unequally matched, Capt. Ballentine being of slight build, weighing about 135 pounds, but very active and skillful. The Federal weighed about 180 pounds. The fight occurred while both horses were in full gallop side by side. Capt. Ballentine received a cut in the brim of his hat in front, and a saber thrust which pierced through the breast of his coat; while he succeeded in unhorsing his antagonist by a thrust through the small of his back, thus securing the victory without a fatal result. The soldier was carried back to a hospital, his wound dressed, and he was otherwise well cared for.

Mr. Ballentine was born and reared in Pulaski, Tenn. His father was in early life an officer in the British army, and taught him so he became expert in the use of the saber. He afterward became a colonel, commanding a regiment he raised himself, and served with great gallantry and distinction during the remainder of the war with the Army of Tennessee. He served two terms in Congress since the war. Mr. Ballentine was educated at Yale just before the war, and he was perhaps the most typical Southerner in his manner of life as a student that ever graduated from that college.

Dr. J. P. Cannon, McKenz'e, Tenn. "As the *VETERAN* is published in the interest of veterans, and believing that you want to do everything you can for their pleasure and profit, I offer the suggestion that you devote one page to the name and present address of all who desire it. By this means I think we can learn the whereabouts of many old friends and comrades whom we had lost sight of."

W. S. Hix, Flat Creek, Bedford County, Tenn. "For the information of his family or friends I write that Capt. Clark, of a Texas cavalry regiment, was wounded at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was brought to the home of my father, D. D. Hix, five miles from Shelbyville, Tenn., on the Lynchburg road, where he died, having been well cared for. He was buried in the Hix family burying ground. I think his home was in Clark County, Tex."

L. T. Dickinson, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "The *VETERAN* unearthed an old friend of mine, Lieut. W. S. Evans, of La Grange, Ga., wounded with me in Maryland. He lost his leg at the battle of Monocacy, July 9, 1864. This is the anniversary of that event. I was wounded two days before. We were in the hospitals of Maryland for many weeks. I got a long letter from him saying he had seen the *JUNE VETERAN*. Veterans will always learn something to their advantage in its pages."

Pat and Mike, two brave and faithful Confederates, have been attached in times of peace, but they are not "inseparable." One day in passing a coal shaft Pat fell into the dark pit, and Mike was deeply grieved. He called out piteously: "Pat! if you are dead, spake to me!" The fall was severe but not fatal, and response was returned: "I'm not dead, but I am spacheless."

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

OFFICE AT THE AMERICAN, CORNER CHURCH AND CHERRY STS.

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

The VETERAN has been sent heretofore after date of expiration, anticipating renewal. Those who fail to get it hereafter may know why by date with their address, and that they owe from that date, including this.

While the VETERAN for June was several days later than usual, incident to a change in the publication office, together with a number of other misfortunes, and consequently caused serious regret, it was gratifying to realize, by extensive correspondence, the interest of the multitude in regard to it. The work of the VETERAN is such that, under the circumstances, its thousands of patrons are trusted to forbearance and patience. If they could realize their power to help in subscriptions and advertising, their cooperation would not be delayed, and the result would be an honor to the entire South.

W. H. McCord, in the Marshall County (Ala.) News, tells an interesting story of the late Senator A. H. Colquitt, of Georgia. Comrade McCord had a dream that caused him to foretell (?) the death, which he describes, and then relates war experiences in which Gen. Colquitt was thoroughly self-possessed in the greatest danger, and of his patriotic appeal to his soldiers when they all surrendered. The tribute is well merited, and by a Confederate who served enough on his staff to know him perfectly, and "to know him was to love him."

"The late unpleasantness" was the term used by an able advocate for office in Nashville recently. The speaker was not old enough to have been a soldier, but was much the senior of a young lady who heard him, and who expressed sharp disapprobation to the friend standing by her. She said: "The expression does not show sufficient courtesy or dignity to the event." It is repeated here not only in compliment to the young lady, but as a plea to correspondents. Even veterans will write of it as "the late war."

The new Chief Justice of Florida, Hon. Benjamin Sullivan Liddon, recently appointed by the Governor to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Bench of that State, and confirmed Chief Justice, is a self-made man. When he was but twelve years old his father, first sergeant of Company D, Third Georgia Regiment, was killed at the battle of the Crater, near Petersburg, Va., leaving a wife and five helpless children at his home in Madison, Ga. The devoted widow, left almost penniless, gathered her little flock and removed to the home of her nativity, Marianna, Fla. Benjamin was the oldest boy. He was

very bright, and it is not surprising to his friends in Georgia that he arose to the distinction so lately conferred. The honor of his appointment is the greater from the fact that he never sought any office. He was appointed from the bar.

His father, it can be truly said, was prominent for special acts of bravery. He was a native of Wilmington, N. C., married Miss Susan Sullivan in Marianna, Fla., shortly after attaining his majority, and removed to Georgia soon afterward, where he continued to reside until the war called him from home.

The VETERAN has made serious error by incidentally publishing that May 30, adopted by the Union side, is "Memorial" day, and that the days fixed by the Southern people for their tributes to Confederate dead were "Decoration" days. It should have been more careful.

The first issue of the VETERAN ever published gave an account of how these annual events were brought about. Mrs. John A. Logan told that Gen. Logan could not join a party to visit the battlefields about Richmond because of the impeachment trial of President Johnson, but that she went and on her return she told Gen. Logan how impressed the party were by seeing the graves of the Confederate dead all marked by little white flags, faded wreaths of laurel, and similar tributes placed there by their friends. She added: "His tender heart was deeply touched, and he said that it was most fitting; and that, as Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, he intended to 'issue an order for decorating the graves of every soldier in this land,' and that if he could he would have the date made a national holiday."

The beautiful idea occurred to Mrs. Williams, of Columbus, Ga., and its faithful execution has been kept up by millions of people.

The Grand Army Gazette, published in New York, refutes the story that has often been told of the Southerner who saw a Union veteran begging, and gave him a five dollar gold coin. The unfortunate man, who had "lost both arms and both legs," as the story goes, thought the gentleman made a mistake, and asked him if he meant to give so much, and he replied: "You are trimmed up according to my taste." The Gazette analyzes the story, saying if the man had lost half as much as claimed he would be getting \$72 per month. The editorial then ridicules the story of a Confederate using such insolent language, and concludes:

The Southern ex-soldiers to-day are showing us of the North a noble example. In 1865 their land was desolate, with all that implies. To-day it is in splendid condition, with all the old trammels taken off, and travelers report a buoyant temper and an indomitable spirit of progress prevalent among the people. They are up and doing in every department of activity, mental, social, physical, and material, and an empire is upbuilding in the Southland which will beyond all question make it in the near future one of the most important of the subdivisions of this mighty republic.

GRAND REUNION AT BELTON, TEX.

The Bell County ex-Confederate Association of 628 members, the largest Camp in that great State but one, had its annual reunion July 11 and 12. The venerable H. M. Cook sends seventeen subscribers with a report of the reunion signed by Jo Brewster, Commander, and H. E. Bradford, Adjutant. It states:

The attendance was from eight thousand to ten thousand. The entire time of both days was consumed in patriotic speeches alternating with music, both instrumental and vocal, and interspersed at intervals with the booming of our twelve-pound cannon.

An important feature of the second day was a magnificent barbecue which furnished an abundant supply for all, both white and black, and still it was not consumed.

The Bell County ex-Confederate Association in reunion assembled on the 12th day of July, unanimously adopted this resolution offered by Col. H. M. Cook:

"Whereas the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a paper published in Nashville, Tenn., by Comrade S. A. Cunningham, in the interest of Confederate Veteran Associations, and their interest in particular, with facts of history, war incidents, and reminiscences in general, has by patriotic zeal and indomitable courage breasted every difficulty and overcome every opposition until it has now become an assured success; therefore,

"Resolved, That the Bell County ex-Confederate Association, No. 122, takes pleasure in adopting the said CONFEDERATE VETERAN as its official organ."

This action is the more appreciated because there was once a voice in opposition to it. Other resolutions were adopted, one denouncing the "Encyclopedia Britannica" as an enemy to the South, and requesting all Southern people to refrain from admitting it into their homes. It is right to make these discriminations.

Confederate Veteran Associations have taken action, in various sections, concerning the lamentable condition of controversies between capitalists and laborers. In Georgia the Richmond County Survivors Association:

1. *Resolved*, That the Confederate Survivors Association, of Augusta, Ga., assembled at the base of the beautiful Confederate monument, heartily indorses the patriotic and noble utterances of our illustrious comrade, Gen. John B. Gordon, in the Senate of the United States, on the 10th day of this month.

2. That we fully indorse the action of Grover Cleveland, President of these United States, in every step he has taken to enforce the laws, and we pledge ourselves and "our sacred honor" to sustain the Executive in every effort he may make to maintain the dignity of our great republic and suppress lawlessness in every section of the country.

3. That this Association believes that it is the duty of every liberty-loving American citizen to uphold the dignity of the United States and suppress mob violence and any infringement of the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

4. That we know no North, no South, no East, and no West, when a common enemy, either foreign or domestic, threatens our institutions.

Col. Augustus C. Hamlin, a well-known writer, in sending subscription from Bangor, Me., commends the great value to history of Gen. Shoup's article on Shiloh. He concludes: "Your photograph of the Southern beauties at Birmingham is a very pleasing and instructive picture, and I can only say that if the young ladies had appeared in Virginia and demanded the surrender of the Army of the Potomac the war would have been ended in ten seconds. 'Ground arms!' would have been the order at once."

The White House of the Confederate States has been turned over to a committee of Richmond ladies, who have taken steps to put it in perfect repair. The design is to retain the characteristic features of the place as when occupied by the Confederate President and his family.

The *National Tribune*, overzealous to strengthen popular sentiment concerning pensions, tells much to strengthen the claims of Confederate valor:

But what was left of them, reenforced by thousands of new recruits, went on up to Shiloh, where they met in sanguinary battle all the host that Albert Sidney Johnston could gather from the Confederate portion of the Valley of the Mississippi. When that two-days' battle ended, fully one-third of Grant's army was dead or wounded.

In another connection the *Tribune* makes a comparison that does not agree with official records:

"The North did not 'hurl an army of 2,772,402 on the South.' The entire number of men in the service of the government, from first to last, was not in excess of 2,000,000; and against these the rebels opposed a force of between 1,500,000 and 1,700,000 men. The nation spent actually about \$6,500,000,000 in putting down the rebellion."

This is given to show how unreliable is this severely partisan journal.

Dr. Thomas W. Pierce, of Knoxville, Ala., favors the *VETERAN* with a diary that has had an eventful history. Upon the outside cover were the words "A Rebel's Diary, taken from a captured train at the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by E. F. Hayes, a member of the One Hundred and Twentieth New York Volunteers." It belonged to Beverly B. Pierce, with headquarters Wilcox Brigade, and was bought December 5, 1863. Mr. Pierce was in the quartermaster's department. His record began January 1, 1864, and continued just six months. "As the month of June closes to-day, and I have written this book through, I think I had better close." Then he adds two verses of poetry, which explain that he was betrothed.

At Jackson, Tenn., a beautiful memorial service was held. John W. Gates, in an address, paid pathetic tribute to the memory of those who had given their lives for the Confederacy.

GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR HOME AND COUNTRY.

The following response by Gen. S. G. French at a reunion of the Orange County Camp of U. C. V., at Orlando, Fla., June 2, to a sentiment offered by the Chairman, contains philosophy and patriotism:

It appears to me that the sentiment just offered is, in a measure, answered in a convincing manner by the assembling of this audience here to-day. For what more important purpose are we here than to honor the Confederate dead and to publicly proclaim that their memory is cherished in the hearts of our people? You state, Mr. Chairman, that these men gave their *lives* for their *homes* and their *country*; and if this be true, then there must have been some great principle or wrong involved in the issue, because men will not peril their lives and fortunes for an abstraction nor die for a metaphor.

We were a peaceful and quiet people, practicing the courtesies of an age that is past, and rose in arms only when our homes were threatened with invasion; and in doing so we did but exercise the first law of nature, an instinctive law that pervades all life. To have acted otherwise we would have lost self-respect, been untrue to ourselves, unworthy of our homes, false to our country, irreverent to God, who created man in his own image, conferring a nobility—a title above all created by the breath of man.

But I will pass on to the second part of the sentiment, which expresses the hope that "the *memory* of the Confederate dead may rest securely in the hearts of the Southern people."

I know of no better way to establish how deep-seated in the heart of the present generation is the respect for the Confederate dead than to illustrate it by some recent events; and before I do this I wish you to bear in mind that there is a tendency in men to condemn and to abandon their agents and leaders who have failed, and thereby blasted the hopes of their supporters and followers—whether in private enterprises or in military affairs—notwithstanding their labor and devotion to duty. The masses only look at results. If this test be applied to the Southern people, it will be found that they have ever been true to their leaders, alike in adversity as in prosperity; and this fidelity establishes their character as men, just as the field of battle has stamped their character as soldiers; and combined we have the highest known type of manhood.

This adherence of the Southern people to their leaders is illustrated in their devotion to the memory of Davis, Lee, Johnston, Jackson, Stuart, Pelham, and others.

Behold the Confederacy dissolved! Its chieftain captured, a prisoner in irons; accused of treason, murder, inhumanity to prisoners; the unreasoning mass, impatient ignorance, a partisan press, blatant politicians, one and all clamoring for his death more vehemently than did the demoniacal mob at the tribunal of Pontius Pilate! In all this his people did not forsake him. You know the verdict. All the world held him guiltless, the manacles dropped from his wrists, he became a wanderer, homeless.

In after years he found a shelter by the side of the sea, and there detraction followed him. With trenchant pen he successfully defended himself and his people until, with age, it fell from his trembling hand; and when it became known that his eyes were closed on all earthly scenes and that all the glory of this world had been exchanged for those promised in the prophetic vision of

revelation, the voice of lamentation was heard alike in costly mansion and lowly hut, while sorrow, like an eclipse of the sun, overshadowed the land.

Many of you may remember the honors shown his remains as they were carried from New Orleans to Richmond, how cities contended for the privilege of guarding them; and the final ceremonies at his grave, where every head was bowed in silence so profound that the gentle heart of the South was heard throbbing at the door of his tomb.

I was introduced to Mr. Davis late in the evening of February 23, 1847, when I was placed by Gen. Taylor, Col. May, Dr. Hitchcock, and others, in a common baggage wagon between two wounded men and carried from the hacienda of Buena Vista to Saltillo. One of these men was Col. Jefferson Davis, and the other was Lieut. Pickett, of Illinois. So my acquaintance with Mr. Davis runs back over forty years. I think he combined in a high degree the three great qualities of soldier, orator, and statesman. His life was pure, and nothing could swerve him from the path of honor. From the continued assaults of a nation of enemies more bitter even than that of the English people against the character of Napoleon, he arose triumphant, and has left a notable instance of a man, while living, obtaining a victory over error and silencing the tongue of slander.

Surely his memory "rests securely in the hearts of the Southern people." . . . I could go on and tell you of the reverence and respect shown to the remains of Senator Vance by the people when the casket was being carried from Washington City to Asheville, N. C., but my time is limited. And yet I am sure you will permit me to refer to the gallant boy soldier, John Pelham. [He tells the story of Pelham at Fredericksburg already published in the *VETERAN*.]

After quoting from Gen. Lee about Pelham, in how, with one gun, alone, on the plain between the two armies, "he delayed the battle one hour," Gen. French added:

There was a deed performed that rivals Horatius on the bridge of Rome, of whom Macaulay sung in his "Lays of Ancient Rome."

The Confederate dead, in its largest sense, means the men who carried the musket. They met the first shock of battle and bore the brunt of the fight, and went down to death in the front ranks. The world does not know and comprehend the true character of the Confederate soldier. Mainly they were men of education, thoughtful, self-reliant, at home neighbors and friends. Each knew his right and left hand comrade—knew they could be depended on not to desert him or abandon a position given them. This individuality of the soldier and fidelity to his comrade beside him gave repose and confidence to the line, confidence to the officers, and strength to our army beyond mere numbers. They were not a heterogeneous mass of humanity from all nations, serving for pay, for bounty, for pensions and spoils. The census report shows that little wee Rhode Island has a *foreign-born* population nearly equal to *seven* of the Southern States. There were more negro soldiers in the Union army than Gen. Lee ever mustered on any field of battle, and Massachusetts recruited some of her regiments in South Carolina and Georgia with negro slaves.

The cause for which so many Confederate soldiers perished is *not lost*. It still lives in the *autonomy* of the *States* as they now manage home affairs. Appomattox shattered the Confederacy; but it was *not* a judicial tribunal to determine the rights of a State under the Con-

stitution. All honor then to the private soldier who died that his cause might live. The Confederate Government was only an adjunct to organize defense. It perished.

Sons of Confederate soldiers, cherish the memory of your fathers. You are citizens of a great republic—the one country on which the eyes of distant peoples are turned and their hopes centered. There is no nobility here created by government, but there is a craving for distinction in many ways. One is wealth; others are seen in the formation of such societies as the Society of the Colonial Wars, Society of the Cincinnati, Sons of the Revolution, Aztec Club, Grand Army of the Republic, Association of the United Confederate Veterans, and many others. It is a pride of ancestry and a distinction to be a member of some of these societies. You should all become members of the Association of the Sons of the Confederate Veterans. It is a distinction that will be more highly prized with age.

I have only referred to the part borne by the men during the war. I have been in the hospital where wealth and beauty nursed the wounded, and I have heard the dying soldier sing the song of life, but, like the dying swan's, the last notes were the sweetest as they blessed the women who nursed them. I have seen the dying dolphin on the deck of a ship change his somber colors for the bright hues of the rainbow, and I have seen the dying soldier's face illumined with the dawn of heaven as he said: "Tell them at home I give my life for them." I am not unmindful, ladies, of the power you possess and can exercise in preserving the true story of the war and the memory of the Confederate soldiers. Tell the true story to your children. If you do not, your nurses will tell them theirs. They will walk with your little ones to the national cemeteries, and the children will ask: "What are all these white stones for?" The answer is: "They mark the graves of the Union soldiers killed during the war." "Well, who killed them?" And then follows the stories of the war from the lips of the nurse, and thus every stone also becomes a monument to some unknown Confederate, by perpetuating his memory.

It was woman that instituted Decoration Day, and, as it is immediately connected with the pleasing duty of preserving the memory of the soldiers of the South, I am sure you will annually meet and place floral tributes on the graves of those that rest in our cemeteries, whether of the blue or the gray. You were a potent factor in the war, and the world knows but little of your labors or the sacrifices that you made. Where the strength of man fails, you can lead with a single hair. One beautiful Grecian face, in days of yore.

"Launched a thousand ships,
And fired the topmost towers of Illion."

In a personal note Gen. French states:

The reference to the dying swan is true. One day in the winter of 1850, being on duty in Texas with Lieut. Williams, U. S. A., we went to some salt lagoons near Indianola. The swans were there by thousands. As one came flying by me I shot it and our dog swam in and brought it to the shore. I pulled the bird out and put it on the grass and commenced loading my gun. The poor bird commenced singing its death song, and it became so sad and heartrending that I had to go some distance off until its notes died away. The song of the dying swan is not a myth, but a reality, and the same is true of the echoes of the dolphin when it dies.

THOSE GRAND ARMY RESOLUTIONS.

E. W. Strode, Camp Halloway, Independence, Mo.

I was on the Committee of Resolutions, from this State, at Birmingham. The motion was made that a committee be appointed to extend the Grand Army of the Republic an invitation to hold their next meeting at Atlanta. It was discussed without any decision being arrived at, the majority opposing. The sentiment expressed by the majority was that if the Grand Army of the Republic wished to fraternize with us, it would be proper for them to first extend the hand of fellowship, as they were the successful in the war. Some of the committee insisted that something should be done with it, and we called in Gen. Gordon; and the decision was to authorize Gen. Gordon, if he saw proper, to appoint a committee to invite them. A majority of the committee was opposed to the resolution coming before the assembly with their indorsement. Col. Ellison, of Virginia, our Secretary, will, I think, bear me out that the above is correct.

This from a Northerner by birth and parentage, G. P. Hart, East Lake, Ala.: "May the CONFEDERATE VETERAN grow in circulation and popular favor until it shall have taught the whole civilized world to understand and appreciate the principles for which the South contended, the privations she endured, the heroism displayed, and the patriotic loyalty with which her sons and daughters now cherish the imperishable glory of our Federal Union."

Dr. H. T. Jones, Williamsburg, Va.: "Since the days of Appomattox I have read with great avidity everything which comes before me bearing upon our eventful struggle, but nothing has been heretofore seen which puts in so concise form the events and personal reminiscences of those four years as your journal, which you kindly sent. I look forward with increasing pleasure to each issue."

G. W. Crosby, Holston Depot, Tenn.: "I have long recognized the fact that we have never yet had written a true history of the war, and it is quite refreshing to read the publications found in the VETERAN. I think it the duty of every Confederate soldier to sustain you in your efforts to stand at the helm and proclaim the glad tidings to the old, feeble soldiers who wore the gray."

At the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans at Alexandria, Va., June 6 and 7, the address of welcome was by K. Kemper, of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 2, and responded to by Col. Hugh R. Smith, Grand Commander. Alexandria Confederates are ever zealous in good works.

CONFEDERATES IN CHICAGO.—The Chicago Record of July 10 states: "The only Camp of Confederate veterans in Chicago offered its services to Mayor Hopkins yesterday. This is Camp No. 8 of the United Confederate Veterans, and has seventy-five active members. It is commanded by R. H. Stewart, and R. Lee France is its adjutant."

T. O. Aushuts, Jacksonville, Fla., who was of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, desires knowledge of Dr. Joseph Jones, who was chemist at the Medical College of Georgia and lived in Augusta during the war.

A ladies relief association in Indiana writes to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* to inquire about why it was that Confederates were buried in Chicago. That paper gives a history of prison life there, etc., and describes the monument, and it says:

On Decoration Day the graves of those who wore the gray are strewn with flowers by those who wore the blue, and on the graves of the Union soldier the ex-Confederate lays a tribute. The Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans march side by side.

"LAND OF BEAUTY" TO A VETERAN.

Maj. John E. Dromgoole was born in Brunswick County, Va., in August, 1831; and died in Tennessee October 21, 1893. His parents came to Tennessee in his first year and settled near Murfreesboro, where the lad grew to manhood. He was a graduate of Union University, of the Kentucky Military Institute, and of the Lebanon Law School. About 1858 he moved to Indiana, in which State he married Miss Lily Cook, and there at the commencement of our late troubles was practicing law. His independence and loyalty to his Southland soon got him into trouble. He was assaulted and cruelly beaten. He returned to his former home, and enlisted as a private in the Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. He was captured at the surrender of Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Douglas. By the aid of a few noble ladies, and the liberal use of money, he made his escape from Camp Douglas, was conveyed safely by Federal aid to the Federal outposts south of Murfreesboro, and he again joined his command near Shelbyville.

He was in many severe conflicts, and was wounded three times. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., at the end of the war, when he returned to Indiana and resumed the law. His health failed him, and he returned to Tennessee.

These last words written by him were found by the bed after his death:

What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow warmer;
Land of beauty, fare thee well!
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shadows round me hover;
Land of beauty, fare thee well!
Through the mists that float above me
Fondly sounds the evening bell
Like a voice from those that love me,
Breathing fondly: "Fare thee well!"

BURIAL SERVICE SUGGESTED.—J. W. Simmons, Commander of Camp Joe Johnston, Mexia, Tex., inquires if there has ever been any form of ceremony adopted by the United Confederate Veterans for the burial of comrades, and says: "Our Camp has seen the necessity of this by being called upon as a Camp to perform the burial ceremony over some comrade. We have an informal ceremony gotten up by ourselves which we have been using, but I think it would be much better to have something appropriate adopted by all Camps."

The National Cemetery at Fort Donelson was established in November, 1867. It is on the highest eminence by the town of Dover, and contains 670 graves. Of these, 158 are known and 512 are unknown.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION OF OLD.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, addressed the joint Jefferson and Washington Literary Societies at the University of Virginia recently, when he said:

Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Lee, who saw the dangers of slavery, and earnestly desired its abolition, died with gloomy forebodings for their country from the existence of a system which they were powerless to destroy. Jefferson, in that broad generalization which was the habit of his mind, promulgated the doctrine which nearly seventy years afterward realized for his countrymen his aspiration. He did not utter it for this purpose, but it became, in the hands of Providence, the weapon of death and the spark of the resurrection. It strained the bonds of union to the point of breaking upon the one question, which the fathers feared might end their republic, and in removing the cause of our weakness and decay it reunited the States for an eternity of mutual progress and patriotism.

The great debate continued for more than two-thirds of a century, and kept the nation in the throes of revolution. The expounders and defenders of the warring ideas of indissoluble union and Federal compact were Daniel Webster, of Dartmouth, and John C. Calhoun, of Yale.

American liberty is the solvent which blends into one people all nationalities and tongues and creeds. We have to-day the living witnesses of its beneficent power. Many of us were in the heat and fury of the strife, and though it is hardly more than a quarter of a century since our lines of battle were drawn, you and I can cordially clasp hands under the same flag, and rejoice in being citizens of the purest republic and most powerful nation in the world. We can do more: without prejudice or fear, with calm judgment, and common pride we can extol the genius and compare the merits of Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee, of Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Sherman, and hail them as brothers in the free and open guild of liberal education.

REUNION NOTES FROM ORLANDO, FLA.

W. Gart Johnson, Orlando, Fla., June 2, 1894:

This has been our annual reunion day. The 3d is the day selected, it being Jefferson Davis's birthday; but as that came on Sunday this time, we took to-day.

The "old Vets" from town and surrounding country, with their wives and children and friends, amounting to several hundred, brought baskets loaded with good things to eat.

A delegation went early to the cemetery and dedicated a plat of ground as a burial lot for the use of our Camp, and decorated the graves of comrades who have already been buried there.

After the speaking was over your humble servant stepped to the front, with the May VETERAN in his hand, and in a short but I trust telling manner called the attention of comrades to the great importance of not only indorsing it as the organ of our Camp, but of subscribing for it. They did the former unanimously and with a vim, and I hope they will do the latter.

Now a word about my age and extreme feebleness. That footnote of last summer in the VETERAN did the work. I am afraid my friends in Mississippi and other States will think there is something wrong. Put a plaster on it some way. I am full of life and vigor.

THE SHILOH BATTLEFIELD.



Col. E. T. Lee, of Monticello, Ill., Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, has been in Nashville arranging for the next grand reunion and encampment of the survivors of the battle of Shiloh, to be held there next April 6 and 7. He had just returned from the battlefield, where he had been closing up some contracts on land for the Memorial Park. The bill for the

purchase of this famous battlefield is now before Congress, and if it is reported favorably it is hoped it will be passed at the present session, when work will begin and the battle ground be put in good shape. It is desired to have all the survivors of that battle present next spring.

Col. Lee will visit Mobile, New Orleans, and other points in the South in the interests of the association. He hopes to secure the attendance of many distinguished speakers and Confederate leaders who were at Shiloh, and have them assist him in locating the correct place where Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston fell, and other disputed points of interest. Col. James Williams, of Savannah, Tenn., who was a gallant Confederate, was elected Assistant Secretary of the Association. Capt. James Irvin and Senators W. B. Bate and I. G. Harris were elected Vice Presidents. Col. Lee very much desires that comrades take an active part in this reunion and in the Shiloh Battlefield Association. He requests that they send their names, company, and regiment, with their post office address, to Col. Williams, at Savannah, Tenn.

Tents will be erected on the battlefield for the next April meeting, and all will be welcome to camp on the old camp ground where they may talk over the scenes of long ago in peace and good will with each other.

Note this request: We desire that you write your Congressmen and Senators asking them to support the bill for the purchase of the Shiloh battlefield, now before Congress, and known as House of Representatives Bill No. 6,499, introduced in the House on March 30, 1894, by Hon. D. B. Henderson, of Iowa.

The old army of the West and South are entitled to Shiloh, and it is but justice to them that the government purchase this historic battlefield as a National Memorial Park, and care for the dead buried all over the battlefield.

Col. Lee, the originator of the above movement, entered the army in July, 1861, and served the four years in the Forty-first Illinois, participating in the battles and marches of his regiment, including Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, in both days' battle, Corinth, Hatchie River, Vicksburg, and Jackson, Miss. Then he was on the march to the sea, and through the Carolinas. He entered the service in his sixteenth year. He was wounded in the right hand and shoulder in the terrible charge at the second battle of Jackson, Miss., on July 12, 1863, when Pugh's Brigade was almost annihilated. At the recent meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, of Illinois, he was chosen a delegate to the National Encampment at Pittsburg, Pa., in September.

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES IN CHARLESTON.

The News and Courier gave an interesting account:

The people of the city, which was the cradle of the cause for which they died so gallantly, paid fitting tribute and reverence to the memory of the soldiers who once wore the gray, and many hundreds of whom are now making their last, long bivouac beneath the spreading live oaks of Magnolia Cemetery.

Memorial Day was celebrated in Charleston with impressive solemnity. The day was an ideally lovely one, and thousands of men and women made the pious pilgrimage to Magnolia to gather about God's acre which holds in its loving embrace the sacred ashes which once gave vitality to a nation's rights.

The programme of the service was conducted under the auspices of the Ladies' Memorial Association by a committee appointed by the Survivor's Association to act with the former association. This committee consisted of Capt. James G. Holmes, Chairman; Col. Zimmerman Davis, Maj. A. W. Marshall, Capt. Hall T. McGee, and Col. John Kinloch. All of the arrangements for the day were made under the special supervision of Capt. Holmes, and they were most complete and well executed.

THE OBELISK IN THE SQUARE.

It is customary for four of the young ladies from the Confederate Home School, accompanied by a committee from the Washington Light Infantry, each year before starting for the cemetery to march to Washington Square and place wreaths about the monument to the Washington Light Infantry's dead. The schoolgirls, forty-two in number, accompanied by their teachers and the gentlemen of the committee, formed in line and marched to the railway station. At the cemetery the long line of white shakos appeared above the green shrubbery of the walks, and the Snunter Guards, who acted as escort, filed silently into the square and took their stand behind the young ladies of the Home. They were followed by the Carolina Rifles in full uniform. Later still the Citadel Cadets marched into the grounds and broke ranks in front of the monument.

A memorial was read by the venerable Thornton M. Niven. The prayer and benediction were offered by Rev. Mr. Blackburn, and the oratory by Col. Asbury Coward. It abounded with patriotism and loyalty to the Southern people.

Chairman Holmes said in his introductory address that those who still revered the cause dear to all Southern hearts had for twenty-nine anniversaries gathered there in memory of the dead who slept in that plot of earth. To those who had served on the field or in the hospital it was no idle pageant. It meant that the principles which had been so gallantly contended for upon the field were still alive and dear to many hearts. If there were any within the sound of his voice who looked idly upon the observance, he would request them, with all due courtesy, to retire. This observance of Memorial Day was no idle pageant for the South.

Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., at Huntington, Ark., adopted resolutions cordially indorsing the VETERAN as its official organ, "believing it will faithfully expound the principles so dear to us," etc. Resolutions were adopted also in honor of Rev. Thomas R. Markham and Gen. Jubal A. Early. Copies of the resolutions officially signed are acknowledged by the VETERAN.

SCOUTING IN WEST VIRGINIA.

BY JAMES M. McCANN, OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

After the battle of Rich Mountain, and the retreat of Gen. Garnett from Laurel Hill, July 4, 1861, all that part of Virginia lying between Cheat Mountain and the Ohio River remained through the war in possession of the Federals. From this section of the Old Dominion had gone forth many gallant men to do battle for the Southern land; and now their only means of communicating with their homes was through the scouts, who were at all seasons of the year coming into this region, and returning from it through mountain fastnesses to the Confederate lines beyond the Alleghanies. As all the roads were carefully guarded by the Federals, the only route possible for these devoted Southern scouts was through the pathless mountains.

Many were killed, but few were captured, as they were ever ready to take most desperate chances to escape from the enemy. They were the mail carriers between the exiled Confederates and their friends beyond the Western Mountains. A single scout would sometimes carry one hundred letters or more, in addition to five or six days' rations, his blankets, and heavy arms. The scout traveled only at night through disputed sections, resting by day in the house of some devoted Southerner. When the welcome darkness came again, he resumed his journey, traveling always unfrequented paths through woods and fields. Thus night after night he penetrated deeper and farther into the Federal lines, distributing mail from Dixie land, and receiving in return those letters intended for the boys in gray. He was also a recruiting officer for the Confederate army, and painted in glowing colors the splendid achievements of Stonewall, and the glory that enveloped those gallant riders who followed the plume of Stuart. Sometimes he remained within the Federal lines for months, then marched away some dark night with a hundred men or so. He rarely assumed any disguise, but wore the uniform of a Confederate soldier, and was always kept informed of the movements of the enemy by the Southern people among whom he was concealed. Often in sections where the Southern sentiment prevailed a party would be given in his honor, and he was always the lion of the night. The young men did not question his right of supremacy, and the Southern belles made no secret of their preference for the dashing young soldier in gray. To him was confided many a tender message for those absent loved ones who were in the Confederacy. A scout was seldom betrayed to the enemy. On his return to the Confederacy there was always a wild rush of soldiers to receive their letters, and get verbal tidings from home.

His reports to his commander were implicitly relied upon. The hiding places prepared by their Southern friends for the security of the scouts, while surrounded by the Federal armies, often displayed great ingenuity and were very rarely discovered by their enemies. A straw rick would be tunneled to the center, a little room carefully excavated; a long box made of fencing boards run up through the rick for ventilation, the top concealed by a light covering of straw; or a rail pen would be built, a plank floor laid down, a little door cut out, and ventilation provided for; and then a great rick of hay built over all. A few calves, or flock of sheep feeding on the hay, would obliterate all tracks made by the scouts in coming to or going from their retreat. The houses of Southern men frequented by scouts usually

had special facilities for their concealment or escape. There was a fascination about this adventurous life within the enemy's lines quite irresistible to some.

Granville Shafer, a noted scout, made more than twenty successful trips through the lines. He was repeatedly surrounded by the enemy, but always broke away. He was a scout through the entire war, and took enough recruits through the lines to form a regiment. He was sitting one night in a mountain cabin when a detachment of Federal cavalry threw open the door and marched in. He wore the Confederate uniform, but they did not know that he was the daring scout for whom they had sought so long. Covering him with their cocked carbines, they demanded his surrender. He gave up his rifle, and asked permission of the officer in command to step into the other room to get his hat. This he was permitted to do, a guard being sent with him. Once alone with the Federal, he drew a revolver, shot him through the head, bounded through an open window, and escaped.

Deer, bears, cougars, and wolves became plentiful on Cheat Mountain during the war, as they were not hunted then. Alone one night in a laurel thicket, far from any settlement, I came suddenly upon a flock of sleeping deer. They whistled loudly and bounded into the air all around me, making such an infernal din that I thought at first, I must have run into a Yankee outpost! One night a cougar followed me for a mile or more, keeping some distance away, his eyes alone visible, and uttering occasionally a low purring, catlike sound. Growing tired of his company, I opened fire on him with my Henry rifle, and was annoyed by him no more.

Accompanied by two other scouts, I crossed the mountains in the winter of 1863. The snow was two feet deep, and we had struggled through it all day long, and it was ten o'clock at night before we saw the welcome light from the cabin window where we had rested on previous journeys. Slipping quietly up to the window and looking into the room, we saw a dozen men lying before the fire, apparently sound asleep. Thrown over them were blankets, on which the letters "U. S." were plainly visible. In one corner of the cabin stood their rifles, leaning against the wall. They were four to one; but we were quite worn out with marching, and the next house where we could safely stop was ten miles away, and the snow was deep and drifting. After brief consultation, we threw open the door, and with cocked rifles dashed between them and their guns. Demanding their surrender, one of them turned lazily over, slowly raised his head, and seeing me, exclaimed: "What the devil's the matter with you, Jim? Do you suppose that any but Confederates would be out in such a storm?" He was Mortimer Johnson, one of our most successful scouts, coming through the lines with a party of recruits. Poor fellow! He was shot dead by the Federals on his next trip over the mountains.

While a scout was always ready for a fight, he avoided it when possible; his object was to slip through the Union lines, gather what information he could concerning the numbers and movements of the enemy, and take back with him any volunteers who might wish to join the Confederate army. But when necessary they were most desperate fighters, and were seldom taken alive.

John Anderson, a noted scout, was once surrounded in a wood by a company of home guards. He was armed with a Henry rifle, and was a celebrated marksman. He opened fire on them, killed several, and routed the rest. It was said that he killed twenty men during the war.

John Righter, a scout of remarkable daring, was taking out a party of recruits in the summer of 1863, stopping for the day at a cabin at the foot of the mountains. His men, leaving their guns at the house, had gone down to a brook to wash. He was alone in the cabin when it was suddenly surrounded by ten Federal cavalrymen, commanded by Lieut. Cowan. The men at the brook dashed off into the woods, under a heavy fire from the yankee carbines. Cowan, who knew that Righter was within the cabin, demanded his surrender. Instead of this, however, he threw open the door, and shot the lieutenant dead from his horse; and so sure was his aim, and so rapidly did he work his repeating rifle, that in a few moments one-half of the command were dead, and the remainder scattered in disorderly flight. He brought all the recruits safely into the Confederate camp, and for many a day the diamond ring of the lieutenant blazed on the finger of the scout.

Romance, too, played its part in the tragedy of the border. Young Henry Rader was home from Dixie on Christmas Day, 1865. In some mysterious way his presence there became known to the enemy, and as he was an intrepid and successful scout, who had annoyed the Federals at Beverly for years, they determined to either kill or capture him. A mile away lived a neighbor named Peterson, who was now home from the army of the Potomac on furlough; and he told his sister of the plan to capture Rader that Christmas night. Now Annie Peterson's lover was a young lieutenant who followed the flag of Lee, and she determined that Rader should be saved. The Federal party was to start on their expedition at ten o'clock that night; and as the desperate courage of the scout was well known, it was not expected that he would ever be taken alive. As evening came on a fearful hurricane was roaring among the mountains, and a blinding snowstorm darkened all the valley; but Annie did not falter in her purpose. Stealing quietly away from her home at nightfall, she fought her way through the great drifts and the bitter cold until, tired out and half frozen, she came to the home of the Raders.

"The Federals are coming! Tell Henry to fly, but let me see him before he goes?" she said to his mother.

"We thought you were for the Union," replied Mrs. Rader to the daring girl.

"I don't know; perhaps I am; but I love the South, and Henry shall not die," she exclaimed passionately.

Five minutes later the scout, fully armed and ready for a journey, stood before her. Drawing him aside, she slipped a letter into his hand, saying: "Please give this to Lieut. Hardy when you are safely back in Dixie."

"I will indeed, Annie, if I have to walk all over the Confederacy to find him. But you will see him sooner than you think," he replied, as he stepped out into the darkness and the storm. He remained in the neighborhood long enough to locate every Federal outpost; and ten days later he and Lieut. Hardy guided the "Laurel Brigade" over the mountains, captured every picket without giving an alarm, and had the satisfaction of seeing the garrison of Beverly lay down their arms at the feet of Gen. Rosser.

"And what of the brave Annie Peterson?" Ah, yes; Rader was best man when Lieut. Hardy married her on Christmas Day, 1866.

Commander W. A. Knapp, of Calcasieu Camp, at Lake Charles, La., has made a strong appeal in behalf of comrades in the Soldiers' Home at New Orleans.

A GEORGIAN AND PENN. BUCKTAILS.

L. Hughes, Dyersburg, Tenn., June 21, 1894:

Bell Jones came here from Georgia some twenty years ago and went to farming. We only knew that he was a Confederate soldier by his having one eye shot out, and his statement that he answered at roll call for Lieut. A. B. Jones, Company C, Eighth Georgia Cavalry.

Bell and I went to the reunion at Birmingham together, where he introduced me to Capt. J. C. Smith, formerly commanding Company C, Eighth Georgia Cavalry, who asked me if Bell had ever told me how he alone stamped the famous Pennsylvania Bucktail Brigade. I said he had not. "Well, it is a fact," said the captain. "We had been guarding the railroad at Petersburg, Va., and had been driven back by the Bucktails, supported by cavalry and artillery. Bell told me that he was going back to see what the yankees were doing, and bring in with him a man, a horse, a gun, or at least to have some fun. After going some distance he was joined by two of his men. They rode up to the crest of the hill and saw the cavalry deployed on the near side of the railroad, the infantry tearing up the track, and the artillery in battery beyond. Bell told his men that when he yelled 'Charge!' to fire their guns and yell as loud as they could. Bell gave the word and dashed down the hill, but the two men went back. The yankee cavalry broke back and ran in the infantry and broke them all up. But they soon rallied, and Bell saw that he was in for it. He could not go back over the hill, so he veered to the right behind a house to a road, while the whole Federal force opened on him, the artillery knocking the house about his ears. He kept the road, which led down across the railroad by a little cut, where he ran upon a picket with a cocked gun, the cap appearing to Bell as big as his thumb. There was no getting away, and the yankee was rattled by the noise and firing; so Bell dashed up to him, grabbed him by the collar, and told him to get up behind or he would be captured. Then he put one arm around his prisoner to hold him, and rode off. The yankees kept after him, but dared not fire for fear of killing their own man. After riding back about a mile he met his colonel and captain with a squad of men to look him up, as they had heard the firing. Bell had captured the best bottle of brandy in Petersburg."

He never told this here, he said, because nobody would believe it, and that his silence was not due to modesty.

At Birmingham there was a very pretty sunny-haired girl canvassing for a journal, who tackled Bell for his subscription. I warned him against the paper, but the young Eve got him away from me and booked his subscription. I asked him why he did so after what I told him, when he sighed and said: "She was such a pretty girl." Ah me! "The bravest are the tenderest."

THE SHORT HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, by Jefferson Davis, heretofore advertised by the Southwestern Publishing House, is now the property of the VETERAN, and it is offered with a year's subscription and the "Souvenir" for \$3. If the merits of this superb volume were comprehended, orders for at least one thousand volumes would be sent in two days from this notice. It is a superb volume in every way, by the highest authority, and there will never be another edition printed, the publishers having failed. The book, \$5; and VETERAN, \$1; both for \$3.

BUILDING CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

Extensive methods have been inaugurated at Dallas, Tex., by the Daughters of the Confederacy toward building a Confederate monument there, and to make its dedication a prominent event in connection with the United Confederate Veterans reunion at Houston. Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, President, writes at length about it:

We have two hundred members, and of that number one hundred have obligated themselves to raise five dollars by September 1. Each week the ladies hold receptions, and though a dime is all we ask, twenty-eight dollars was added to the fund as the result of the first reception. Thursday will see the second one, and I know even more will be added to the treasury. The Sons of Veterans will give a grand entertainment on July 23, and during the Democratic State Convention, beginning August 12, the ladies will serve dinner. Gov. and Mrs. Gibbs will give a grand lawn fête. We have petitioned the Fair Association to give us one day at the Fair to be called the Daughters of the Confederacy Day. They have given their consent. We will give them the greatest crowd ever seen in Dallas. October 25 is the day designated. You know the veterans will come from far and near to answer our call, for a woman's prayer was never unheeded by the gallant sons of Dixie.

I inclose a letter "to the children." I long to have the monument ready for dedication, and have the statue ready to adorn the granite column.

Mrs. Currie, President, sends this letter to the children:

The ladies of Dallas have organized an association called the "Daughters of the Confederacy," which is striving to build a monument commemorative of Southern bravery, and they want your aid.

I know you like to hear of brave deeds, and you listen with hearts of love while father or grandfather tell what they did on many a hard-fought battlefield, and you brush away the tears as mamma or grandma tells what these brave men suffered for you. How they suffered hunger and cold, and many long marches over hill and dale were taken by their barefooted boys in gray to answer the trumpet's call to duty, and many times to death. Yes, it was your loved ones who suffered, so we want the children to build the bronze soldier that will picture the Southern hero, grand and noble of form, but with raiment tattered and torn.

We want the monument ready for dedication when the veterans come in the spring to attend the reunion at Houston. We want them to come to Dallas. We want all Texas to come and welcome these heroes of a hundred battles, and join us in showing our love for Confederate heroes. And what could tell our admiration so eloquently as the bronze soldier bearing this inscription:

"The children of Texas, sons and daughters of Confederate veterans, place this soldier to tell the passer-by that our soldiers were brave."

It will take \$2,000 to place the bronze soldier on the granite column, but we feel confident that 20,000 children are willing to send their dime, which will be added to the children's statue fund. Vacation has come, so won't each lad and lassie constitute himself or herself a committee of one to solicit dimes for this purpose, and they will soon find their names enrolled on a list that has raised on high, as a symbol of heroism and honor, the statue in bronze to the memory of the tattered and brave private, the "noble nobody" of the war.

Any contributions to this fund will be cheerfully received by Katie D. Cabell Currie, Dallas, Tex.

MONUMENT AT CAMDEN, ARK.

Judge W. F. Avera, Camden, Ark., June 21, 1894.:

I send you by mail to-day a photograph of our monument. On Decoration Day in 1885 a movement was started to erect a monument to the memory of the Confederate soldiers buried in our city cemetery. The following persons comprised the committee to raise funds: Mrs. P. Lynch Lee, Mrs. A. P. Puryear, Mrs. A. A. Tufts, Dr. J. W. Meek, C. D. Gee, J. R. Young, and myself. On May 29, 1886, the monument was unveiled with great ceremony. Gov. S. P. Hughes delivered the oration in the presence of the largest crowd ever seen in Camden. Confederates came from fifty miles around to participate.



This monument, together with the iron fence around the plot of ground, cost about \$1,200. When you remember that it was built nine years ago by the people of a town having less than 1,500 white inhabitants at that time, I think you will agree that we did very well.

Capt. J. R. Young, of the committee, was a Union soldier, and Mrs. A. A. Tufts is the wife of Capt. Tufts, who was also an officer in the Federal army, and no others worked more faithfully than these for its success.

Mrs. Julia A. Garside, Fayetteville, Ark.:

The Southern Memorial Association of this place is putting forth its best efforts to place in the near future a monument to the memory of the Confederate soldiers in our cemetery. It was set apart specially for the Confederate dead. It contains over six hundred graves, and is inclosed by a substantial stone wall with iron gates. Everything has been done by the ladies of the Association. We want to get our monument from a Southern firm. We also want to give a Confederate entertainment for the benefit of the monument.

MRS. LOULIE M. GORDON, ATLANTA, GA

Mrs. Gordon is the youngest daughter of a Confederate major, the wife of the youngest captain in the Confederate army, and sister-in-law of one of the most celebrated of Confederate generals. Her husband, Walter S. Gordon, raised and commanded a company at fifteen. He was afterwards on the staff of Gen. C. A. Evans, who was ardently devoted to him and testifies to his "absolute fearlessness, originality, and clear-headedness." The proud wife and daughter of these worthy



men says she belongs with the Confederates. While she is happy in her Atlanta home with their two young daughters, Lute and Linda, thirteen and eight, the mother is so full of life and hope that she has become very prominent, especially in literary circles.

Although mentioned occasionally as a "society woman," she takes her religion to a reception just as she wears it in her daily life. She is of sterling Scotch-Irish and Welsh ancestry: the McLenden and Blakes, Virginians and South Carolinians. She is of revolutionary stock. Her grandfather was with Andrew Jackson, and she is an ardent member of the Ladies' Hermitage Association. Her father, Maj. John Jackson McLendon, held his rank in both the Thirty-fourth and Forty-second Georgia Regiments. She is related to Kirby-Smith, and farther back to Thomas Jefferson and President Tyler. This fair lady is a Trustee of the Georgia Baptist Orphans' Home. She is Second Vice President of the International League of Press Clubs, and a member of the Liberty Bell Executive Committee. She is Representative at Large and is one of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Department at the coming Cotton States and International Exposition. "She does

not want to vote and cannot make a speech," but is thoroughly womanly in all things.

The incentive to give this brief sketch is to show what one woman has done recently for the South. As a modest writer for the press she joined the Woman's Press Club, which has done much in developing the literary talent of Southern girls. She was sent to the Convention of Press Clubs at St. Paul last year, and she soon became impressed that that great company of editors knew almost nothing of the South, and she went about bringing them to Dixie. In the name of the Georgia Woman's Press Club she invited them to hold their next meeting in Atlanta. Mr. Murat Halstead gallantly represented her cause on the floor of the Convention. Governor Northen and representatives of the daily press telegraphed approval. Well, they went to Atlanta and "were conquered." Mrs. Gordon urges the formation of Press Clubs South, and that they be well represented in the League at Philadelphia next spring. She is confident that these organizations can be made very helpful to literary talent in the South, especially among women.

Mrs. Minor Meriwether, President of the Southern Woman's Historical Association, St. Louis, made emphatic reply to the criticisms of that Association for commending Rev. Dr. Cave's address at Richmond when the Confederate monument to private soldiers was dedicated. In its account of it the St. Louis Republic quotes:

I had an interview with Gen. Grant in Memphis, Tenn., in 1862, and he said to me that the war had no reference to slavery. It was to keep and save the Union. The freedom of the negro was the one and only good result of the war. Therefore the North seeks to cover and keep out of sight the awful horror of its wicked war of conquest under that one accidental good. . . . The North lost by the war 279,376 men. The South lost 133,821, making in all 413,197 men killed in wicked battles, or by disease that was the direct outcome of the war. . . . The object of the Southern Woman's Historical Society, she said, is to keep the truth before the public, and correct the errors that are made with regard to the causes of the war. And another object of our society is to teach our children the truth regarding that series of battles. We don't want to have them taught in the schools that their parents and grandparents were rebels. We want them to understand the situation as we understand it, and as it really was.

Mr. J. P. W. Brown, of Nashville, recalls some reminiscences in the preparation for removing the Tennessee penitentiary beyond the city limits, a few miles west, which are of interest to many Confederates who were imprisoned there. Comrade Brown is one of fourteen who escaped from there in October, 1862. He remembers three: Capt. John Goodrich, Samuel Y. Brown, and John Kirkman, Jr., all of Middle Tennessee, and the last named of Nashville. Mr. Brown would be gratified to know what can be ascertained of the other ten. His address is Nashville.

Valuable and Interesting Southern Books.

The Best Southern History. In his last HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, by Jefferson Davis, he says:

My next purpose was to show, by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people in their unequal struggle, how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause; that by their humanity to the wounded and captives they proved themselves the worthy descendants of chivalric sires, and fit to be free; and that in every case—as when our army invaded Pennsylvania—by their respect for private rights, their morality, and observance of the laws of civilized war they were entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind.

In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable; but this did not prove it to be wrong; and now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth—the whole truth—should be known, so that extermination and recrimination may forever cease; and then on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Eato perpetua*.

This best history of the Southern Cause that ever will be written and the VETERAN a year for \$3. Satisfaction guaranteed. The edition is limited. Order soon, or you may miss it. Address S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

HANCOCK'S DIARY; OR, HISTORY OF THE SECOND TENNESSEE CAVALRY. A large octavo book, with many portraits and biographical sketches. The frontispiece is a fine steel engraving of Gen. N. B. Forrest. \$2.50.

A MODERN COOK BOOK, embracing more than 1,000 receipts and practical suggestions, richly illustrated. The book contains 320 pages. Price 25 cents.

SOME REBEL RELICS. By Rev. A. T. Goodloe. A memorial volume of 315 pages; price \$1. Commemorates mainly the spirit, speech, and manner of life of the invincible "Old Reb" of the rank and file during the war, and of the genius and splendor of "Dixie Land." Dr. Goodloe served in the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment.

Charles Henry Lee, of Virginia (an older brother of Richard Henry Lee, whose address upon the "Causes of the War" was in the "Souvenir"), has published a refutation of charges against Arthur Lee by Benjamin Franklin. This work (a fifty-cent pamphlet supplied by the VETERAN) gives a valuable historic version of controversies during the years 1770-81.

CAPT. PHIL AND "YALLER" PHIL. By Terah Ewyn. In paper, 25 cents. In this well-printed and nicely bound novel of a hundred pages the reader will find more of history than fiction. The perilous events and tender love episodes in these pages will create an absorbing interest in the romantic hearts of the younger generation of readers; while the fine sketch of negro life dexterously interwoven will sustain the attention of all classes, from opening page to closing chapter.

In her interesting account of "How It Was" during the four years' war, Mrs. Irby Morgan tells how she and a lady friend buried \$12,000 in gold in a yard at Fayetteville, Tenn. They conceived the idea of dividing a fine rosebush with a lady in another part of the town, and after digging up the bush part of it was detached and the servants sent to carry it. While they were gone a box containing the gold was put down and the other part of the bush was reset without the help of the servants. She tells of how nicely Mrs. Stubbs entertained Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at her Nashville home, and of interesting talks about the war by Gen. Beauregard and Father Ryan. Before starting South, they entrusted their slaves, Henry and Martha, with the care of burying silverware, etc. These slaves went to Washington with the family of President Johnston and served in the White House, but no account is given of betrayal of their confidence to master and mistress.

HANCOCK'S DIARY; OR, HISTORY OF THE SECOND TENNESSEE CAVALRY, is not merely a regimental history, but it is a daily account of the movements of the army with which the author served. He gives an account of Gen. Zollicoffer's two Kentucky campaigns; the union of Crittenden and A. S. Johnston at Murfreesboro; the Shiloh Campaign; Gen. Frank Armstrong's raid in West Tennessee in the fall of 1862; again under Gen. Price at Iuka and Corinth, with Col. C. R. Bastian at Palo Alto, Tupelo, Birmingham, and Mud Creek, Miss. The campaigns of Gens. Ferguson and S. D. Lee in North Mississippi, and in front of Sherman and at Cherokee, Ala., are vividly described; as are Forrest's movements at Okolona, Union City, Paducah, Fort Pillow, Brice's Cross Roads, Harrisburg, Memphis, Athens, Ala., Sulphur Trestle, Tenn., and at Johnsonville, Tenn. At the latter place he destroyed immense supplies. He tells of Hood's campaign and that memorable retreat from Nashville to the

Tennessee River, of the engagements between Forrest and Wilson on the way to and at Selma, Ala., and of the final surrender at Cainsville, Ala., May 9, 1865. "Hancock's Diary" is a large octavo volume of 644 pages, twenty portraits, and thirty-six biographical sketches. Price \$2.50.

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Mr. Robert Robinson, formerly of the Capital City Bank, has been appointed District Manager of the Nederland Life Insurance Co., for Middle Tennessee. This old company, which has been doing business in Holland for the past forty years, has recently entered the United States for business.

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THE GALLANT PELHAMS—OTHER HEROES.

L. B. Giles, of Laredo, Tex., corrects an error in the *VETERAN* concerning the Pelham whose name was changed from Ten Eyck. Mr. Giles served in the Eighth Texas Cavalry, and knows all the facts. After reference to the "gallant John Pelham" and to Charles T. Pelham, who served in Terry's Rangers, he states that these noble men were first cousins.

Charles T. Pelham was indeed "the hero of every engagement in which he was an actor." He leveled his pistol like firing at a target, and died in the front of a cavalry charge in Northern Georgia, in the spring of '64.

His aged father and mother, grieving at the loss of their only son, asked the Texas Legislature to change the name of a beloved grandson, Charles Pelham Ten Eyck, to Charles T. Pelham, which was done. This gentleman, together with his mother and brothers, were until recently residents of El Paso. Mr. Giles states:

If I remember correctly, it was near Norvell's Station, in front of Dalton, early in the morning. The Rangers, Col. La Grange's Indiana Brigade, some were mounted and others on foot. We took about sixty prisoners, including their gallant commander. La Grange's horse was killed, and falling caught his rider, holding him fast. John Haynie, the quickest soldier in the Confederate army, dismounted to relieve and then captured him.

I did not know that the Rangers had arrived from East Tennessee. We had often met his command the previous winter, and on one or two occasions he had been very kind to some of our boys, and the big-hearted Haynie determined to return his kindness. Mounting him on a captured horse, he escorted his prisoner to Col. Thomas Harrison, Brigade Commander, and introduced him, without depriving him of even his side arms. The prisoner was a handsome, young fellow of martial bearing, but withal a philosopher, and told Col. Harrison that he was in command of the brigade.

These facts were given to me the last time I met Gen. Harrison, who has since "crossed over the river." I wonder if Col. La Grange is living. John Haynie was drowned in North Carolina just before the close of the war. His was as gallant a spirit as ever answered the call of his country.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN MISSOURI.—Schuyler Lowe, Adjutant, writes from Independence: "We have just completed the organization and received charter for Camp (Col. E. B.) Holloway, at this place, with fifty-seven members. Number in U. C. V., 533. We expect to increase our membership to one hundred or more very soon. We meet the first Tuesday in every month. We have adopted the *VETERAN* as our official organ. Ed W. Stroud is commander.

Col. E. J. Harvie, War Records Office, Washington:

I want to keep on with the *VETERAN*, every issue of which pleases me more. No matter how lonely and desolate a man may be in the world, there is a great source of comfort in the sympathy he has for himself. Joys of the past, "pleasant and mournful to the soul," still remain, and those of us who gave the best years of our lives to the Confederate cause want to see Southern history perpetuated. I am well pleased with the *VETERAN*, and trust its success is now assured. The "Souvenir" was unique. I read every line of it. I never miss an opportunity of commending your enterprise.

Col. Harvie has long held an important place in the War Records Office at Washington. He served in the war on the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee, and succeeded Gen. F. A. Shoup as chief of staff to Gen. Hood.

The delay of last two issues was unavoidable. Work is well advanced upon August number, and its receipt may be expected in about three weeks.

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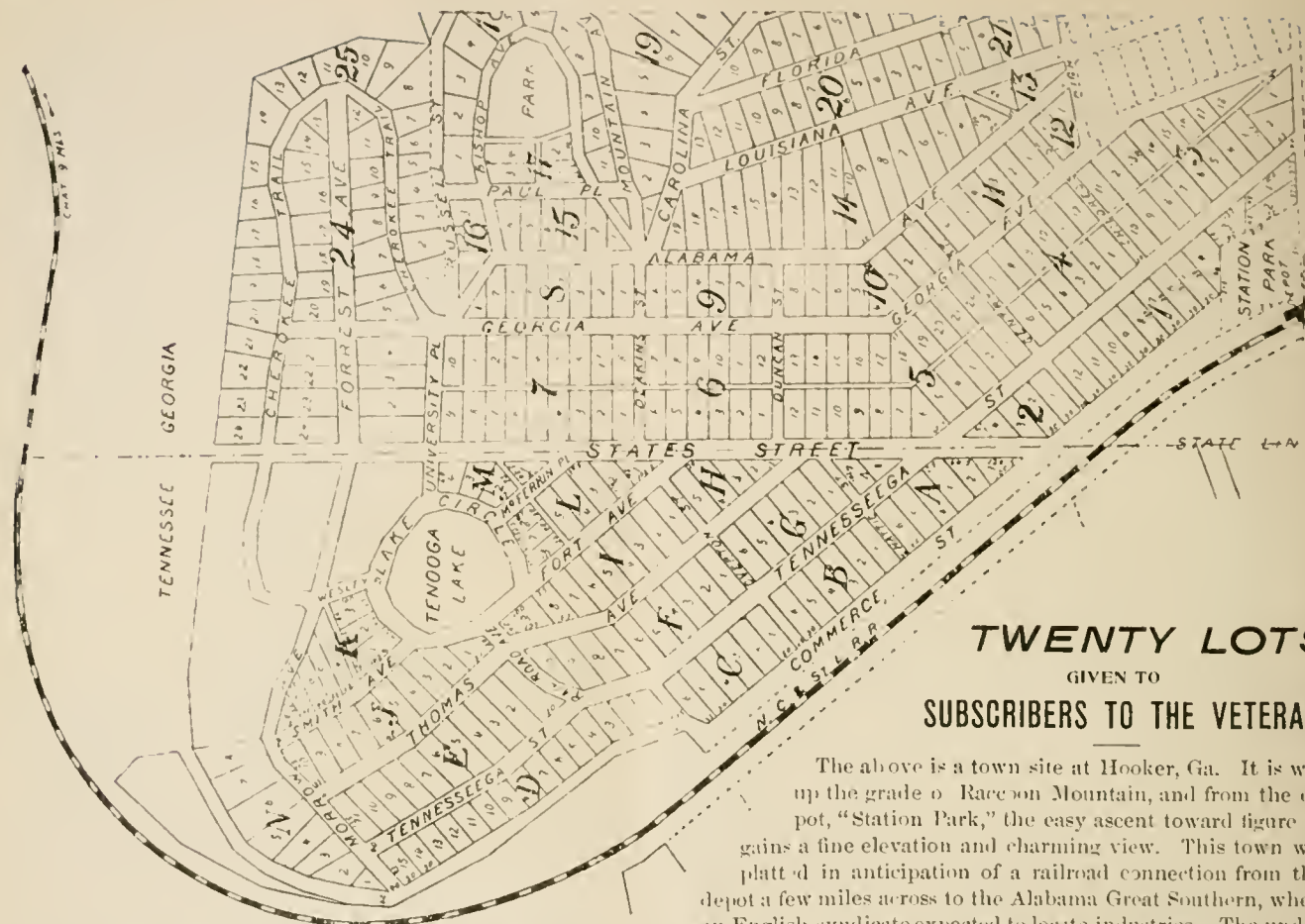
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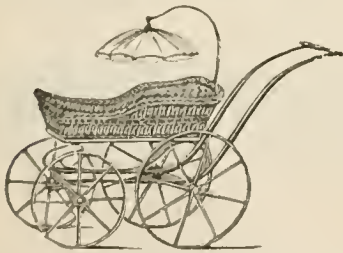
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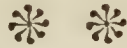
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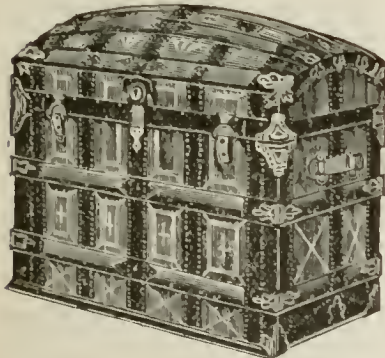
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The biennial report of the Secretary, R. Garth, made to E. B. Craig, Insurance Commissioner for Tennessee, July 31, 1891, shows total assets of \$12,929,76, with total liabilities of \$11,915,90, leaving a surplus of \$38,883,86, and an actual safety fund of \$35,899,19, or more than four times its liabilities. The report shows that on December 31, 1890, there were twenty-six claims, aggregating \$18,806,20, while this last report shows only one unpaid claim of \$1,300. Policies in force, December 31, 1890, aggregating \$2,100,000.

In the written report is the extraordinary statement that no claims have been compromised or resisted.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1894.

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Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$10. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

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

The date to subscriptions 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.

Nichols & Holliday, Eastern Advertising managers, Atlanta, Ga.

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

Though men deserve, they may not win success.

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

WANTED: BACK NUMBERS OF THE VETERAN.—Copies of the VETERAN for January, March, April, May, June, July, and November, 1893. Friends having copies of these who do not file them will confer a special favor by sending to the VETERAN.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The VETERAN for February, August, September, October, and December, 1893, will be sent complimentary to subscribers, not having these copies, who are keeping a file.

Copies of May and June, 1894, are wanted.

NAME OF THE WAR.—Hon. S. P. McCormick, of Henderson, Ky., has an argument for September VETERAN, a short paper suggesting as a title "War of Secession."

A CALL has been sent out for a convention of Daughters of the Confederacy at Nashville September 10, 1894. The attendance expected is small, and yet the cause is most worthy. The objects are to advance the cause of true history, especially to establish the record of Southern women in the war and to adopt general methods for organization. The selection of a badge will be considered, if not made. Let all who are interested and can't attend write to Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Pres., Nashville.

THE VETERAN is gratified in being able to announce that Mrs. Stonewall Jackson has arranged for future editions of her book to be published in Nashville by Barbee & Smith, Agents for the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. This splendid work was originally published in New York, and put on the market at \$2. By the new arrangement it will be furnished at \$1. At this popular and fair price an earnest effort will be made to put it in more Southern homes than any other book after the "Book of books." Send orders to the VETERAN, and the "Life and Letters of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson," will be sent as speedily as they can be put out by this strong Southern Publishing House, postpaid for \$1 per copy.

The desire to show the strength of the VETERAN, which

would do much good, has often been manifested, and yet good friends have been negligent. There has been nothing more at heart by the VETERAN, after its own success, than to secure due interest in the history written by this noble woman of that wonderful military genius. The arrangement having been perfected, the VETERAN appeals now to every loyal Southerner to take an interest in its success. Please secure orders for the book, and write on a separate piece of paper that you and they will send for it by November 1. Please send orders to S. A. Cunningham, whether accompanied by the money or not.

CERTAIN Grand Army publications are so bitter and so unkind that the VETERAN is more and more inclined to peace. Its mission will fail unless it creates a kinder feeling between the sections. The perusal of their publications tends to sadness and depression. The Grand Army Gazette, of New York, is an exception to the rule. Let us maintain the patience and zeal which is characteristic of good women, and by and by results will be helpful to posterity in all sections.

A REASON why every Southern patriot is appealed to for strength to the VETERAN is that it may heard a vicious lion in his den (the title-page picture is not the kind) and expose an infamy that is harmful to the common people. It is a vile hypocrisy that is corrupting to an outrageous degree. The scheme is known only to the editor, who is encouraged to hope that continued zeal and enthusiasm may finally give that Herculean strength whereby he can render the greatest conceivable service to his fellow-man and his country. One infamy has been rebuked and crushed, but a still greater service awaits. Please rally to the VETERAN, and it will be faithful and a power to the end.

CAN you guess how you can do the VETERAN the most good with the least effort? Here it is: Go to the editor of your paper and tell him about it. Tell him how useful it is to the surviving Confederate veterans. Tell him of how it has grown from nothing to more than ten thousand circulation in twenty months. Tell him copies will be sent to him for the asking. Show him yours. He will publish a notice for nothing that will do much good. Be assured that if there ever comes a time for "evening up" publishers of newspapers will have long credits for labor without pay intended solely for the good of others. The VETERAN would be sent in regular exchange to thousands if it were practicable.

OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS U. C. V.

THE extraordinary condition exists that official copies of the proceedings of the convention of the United Confederate Veterans at Birmingham have never yet been procured for publication in this official organ. Recently application was made to the secretary of the Adjutant General, who reported having seen him but three times since the reunion. His affliction has prevented his getting out the report so far. The VETERAN, however, is promised "the first copy from the press." Gen. Underwood has been requested to furnish a copy of the new Constitution which was submitted by him and adopted, and in reply he writes from Washington, D. C., that "the Constitution has long since been in type, but the free distribution of copies to Camps *et al.* has been prevented by restraining instructions from the general commanding. I have written Gen. Gordon urging that I be allowed to send out sample copies of the Constitution, and will be more than glad to furnish you with same on receipt of instructions from him."

The delay has not been a fault in the VETERAN office.

HITHERTO the VETERAN has appealed for patronage solely upon its merit. It is not ashamed of that yet, but surely there is another if not a broader field for its claim to zealous support. Its founder stands alone and is *compelled to press with vigor on*. The VETERAN is a credit to its kind of journalism far beyond what many suppose. It is the only publication of the kind in the South, while the *Grand Army Record*, of Boston, and the *Grand Army Gazette*, of New York, are both together hardly equal to it in size and are \$1 each. They are both eight-page monthlies of four columns each, without illustrations, and on paper but little over half the size and half the quality of the VETERAN. It is decidedly superior to any publication of its kind in America, and it represents the entire South. Comrades, friends, stand firm. Now that times are hard, money scarce, remember that it *needs your help all the more*. Your one comrade is in the breach. Stand by him, and results will be glorious. Let him go down, and worse than death will result. Try in every instance to persuade those who have had the VETERAN so long to pay for it.

SOME very interesting statistics have been compiled from the last census concerning the religions in this country. There are 148 sects or denominations; and of the 63,000,000 inhabitants, 35,000,000 (a little more than half) are considered Christians, over 20,000,000 are so registered. The aggregate, however, includes 6,000,000 children of Catholics. In the groups, Methodists are numbered at 4,500,000, the Baptists at 3,700,000. The Catholic Church is third in numerical order, while Presbyterians and Lutherans are fourth and fifth, with nearly a million and a quarter each. The Disciples of Christ, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists come next in num-

bers. Texas has the largest number of Church organizations, Georgia of church edifices, and Massachusetts the greatest value in Church property, while "Old" North Carolina provides the greatest seating capacity in proportion to population. Territories, especially the Oklahomas, are rated lowest in Church statistics.

HON. SPENCER C. JONES, who was a member of the First Maryland Cavalry Regiment from first to last, is now the Treasurer of Maryland.

A REUNION at Centerville, Tenn., to take place September 6, concerning which several comrades have worked heroically, promises to be quite a success.

THANKS to Louis Tieman, of Messrs. Hettermann Bros. Co., of Louisville, for a box of fine cigars, named "Confederate Veteran." The proprietors sagaciously use the picture of Gen. John Boyd, of Lexington. The question is what to do with them. Please advise.

COMMANDER L. T. DICKINSON, in one of his inimitable cards to N. B. Forrest Camp, of Chattanooga, of which he is commander, gives a good "hard-tack" picture with hungry consumers, and under it the inscription, "Ant Eat 'Em, September, 1862." The appeal to comrades is: "Rally on treasury. It needs your support. Our hard-tack is nearly consumed."

THE September VETERAN will contain an excellent picture and a life sketch of Mrs. Ellen Adair Beatty, known in the early history of the country as "Florida White," a lady who was honored more abroad than has ever been any American woman. She was loyal to the South, and had teachers for her two hundred slaves who taught them to read and write.

THE strange fatality of Q. C. Rust is reported from Indianapolis. He was lying at the foot of an embankment, his head crushed under his buggy and his horse dead. The event is noted here because Mr. Rust always claimed to have fired the fatal shot at Gen. Zollicoffer in the Fishing Creek battle. Rust was a Mexican war veteran, as well as of the Confederate war. He came within a single vote at one time of securing a congressional nomination.

TOM W. NEAL, the gifted editor of Neal's State Gazette: "Find inclosed one dollar for another year's subscription to the patriotic and progressive CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is a splendid publication and thoroughly covers its field of usefulness. Every Southern man should be a reader of it."

PLEASE ascertain if any of your readers know anything of Columbus Deacon and P. O. Phason, of the Washington Artillery, N. O.; and Sandy Loyd, of West Point, Ga., who were in Rebel Retreat, Point Lookout Prison, in 1864. They will please write to Jacob S. Allen, No. 704 East Leigh Street, Richmond, Va.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

ISAAC A. CARTER, Darrington, Miss.: "The writer enlisted 'for the war' in May, 1861; served in Company D, Twenty-first Mississippi Regiment, in the Barksdale-Humphrey Brigade; did full duty to the end; had three bullets pass through his apparel at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864; was seriously wounded at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864; was furloughed; returned that fall; grounded arms, "muzzle foremost," at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865; was prisoner at Point Lookout, Md., to June 6, 1865; reached home July 20, 1865, having walked most of the way from City Point, Va."

J. W. Manier, Chapel Hill, Tenn.: "I see in the last VETERAN that J. P. W. Brown, of Nashville, wishes to learn something of the Confederate soldiers who made their escape from the penitentiary at Nashville in October, 1862. Mr. H. H. Estes tells me that he and six others escaped from there in February, 1863—there may be a mistake in dates—by tearing their blankets to strings and making a rope by which they let themselves down on the pavement next to town. They were Tip Smith, Hal Short, Catacine Swanson, H. H. Estes, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry; Capt. Pike, from Robertson County; Daniel Leatherman, and Andrew Fletcher, from Rutherford County. Leatherman and Fletcher were recaptured and placed in a dungeon. Leatherman is living near Murfreesboro. Fletcher is dead. Estes resides in Chapel Hill, Marshall County."

W. H. Albertson, Lake Charles, La.: "I was a Texan soldier and a member of that famous command, 'Terry's Texas Rangers,' or Eighth Texas Cavalry. I was not with the boys in the first year of the war, only joining them in 1862; but have heard in camp and story their exploits in and around Nashville, more especially of the kindness and partiotic spirit of its lovely women. They *always* had our prayers and best wishes. It seems to me that there are yet enough of us left to make you strong in the effort to set forth the true principles for which we struggled from 1861 to 1865, and set before our children and the world the fact that we were neither rebels nor 'traitors,' and that we are still strong in the faith that we were right. Never stop my VETERAN, for as long as I live I want it, and when I cease to be able to pay for it I will advise you and then I know you will send it to me still."

R. S. Jones, Tax Collector, Canton, Tex., Aug. 11, 1894: "Inclosed find one dollar for the VETERAN another year. I volunteered in May, 1861, from Lauderdale County, Miss. My company was K, Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment. We went to Virginia in July, 1861. I was wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862, losing my left collar bone. I was wounded twice at Chickamauga September 20, 1863. I was wounded again at Berryville, between Harper's Ferry and Winchester, September 3, 1864; and then I was wounded at the Wilderness May 6, 1864. Our first brigade commanders were Nathan G. Evans, then Griffith. Griffith was killed on Friday of the seven days' fight before Richmond. Col. Barksdale was promoted to brigadier and was killed at Gettysburg; and then Col. Humphries, of the Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment, was our commander until Gen. Lee's surrender at Appomattox April 9, 1865."

W. A. ANDERSON, Cassville, Mo.: "A word from an old Confederate in Southwest Missouri will be of interest to some of your readers. I was born in Arkansas in 1836, enlisted November 3, 1861, in Company A, of the Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry, and was in the Third Arkansas Brigade, commanded by Gen. McIntosh, who, together with our commanding general, McCulloch, fell in battle at Elk Horn. It was our first engagement. . . . In the fight at Corinth, on the second day of the latter engagement, I found an Irish Federal soldier wounded on the field, his left thigh being broken. With a pocket knife I removed the bullet, and with the assistance of a comrade carried him to the hospital. At this engagement our brigade crossed the railroad into the town. We then fell back to the Hatchie River, and were met by the enemy from Bolivar, twelve thousand strong. That portion of our army which crossed the river were captured, and but for the strategy of that grand old soldier, Gen. Sterling Price, the remainder of us would have been taken. A road cut through the sand hill to the southeast of us enabled us to make our escape."

T. A. Manahan, who was of Company G., Thirty-first Mississippi Regiment, Fairfield, Tex., August 11, 1894: "I tried to get up a club for *our* paper, CONFEDERATE VETERAN, but did not succeed. Our reunion came off on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of August. I then determined to have it adopted as our official organ if possible, in which I was successful. I handed the copy to our editor at this place, who is a noble man. He has taken a few subscribers, and will recommend it through his paper, the *Recorder*. We had a grand reunion; nearly five thousand people were present. I could say some things to substantiate Maj. Spark's opinion of the surrender of Vicksburg. I was under Gen. Loring at the Baker's Creek or Edwards Depot fight. When our army became demoralized, and after the battle about dusk, Gen. Bowen was fighting on our left and I suppose was retreating. Gen. Loring came riding down our lines close up to us, and was encouraging the boys and told us that we had been sold, but he would be — if we should be delivered, and called on all to follow him and he would take us out. We marched all night and all next day."

J. A. Holman, Comanche, Tex., recalls Nashville ladies: "On the 31st day of December, 1863, my regiment (Terry Rangers) was on the extreme left of Bragg's army at the battle of Murfreesboro, and in the flank movement was thrown on the pike in the rear of Rosecrans's army, where we captured a battery of six guns. I was given a detail of twelve men and ordered to take the battery out to our lines. In the attempt we were all captured, I think by the Third Kentucky Cavalry. They got two six-shooters, a good horse, and a fine fifty-dollar Spanish blanket from me. We were marched on foot next day to Nashville and confined for nine days in the second story of an old house at the foot of the suspension bridge, and certainly would have starved had it not been for contributions of boxes and baskets of provisions sent in by the good ladies. In one consignment was a book (have forgotten the title) on the fly leaf of which was written in a neat feminine hand in pencil: 'To J. A. Holman, from Miss Elizabeth Holman, Edgefield.' I would like to communicate with her if yet alive. Our old regiment was the recipient of many favors from the good ladies of Nashville and Gallatin, and we hold them in grateful remembrance."

HAND TO HAND FIGHT IN THE ARMY.

L. G. WILLIAMS, Memphis, Tenn., gives an account of which the following are extracts, concerning a fight between Corporal McBride and Maj. Rosegarten:

During Christmas week of 1862 the Forty-fifth Mississippi Regiment Infantry, of Wood's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, was on picket duty near Triune, Tenn. Rosecrans and Bragg were advancing their armies and maneuvering so as to make Murfreesboro or its vicinity the scene of battle, where was fought one of the bloodiest and most stubborn engagements of the great war. It was fought December 31, 1862, and January 1 and 2, 1863, and the Confederates were defeated.

The writer, then a youth of eighteen, was second sergeant of Company A, of the Forty-fifth Mississippi. J. T. McBride was first corporal of the same company. This fight actually took place, and I trust that other witnesses on both sides are still alive who will be able to correct me if I make mistakes. I write from memory.

At the time mentioned, our company was deployed as skirmishers to meet an advance of cavalry of Gen. McCook's Corps. We engaged with a body of horsemen from a Michigan regiment, I think it was the Fifth. When the crack of carbines and rifles got to be pretty lively, our colonel gave the command: "Skirmishers retreat!" The entire company heard and obeyed except Capt. Connor and Corporal McBride, who were too far away to hear and too busy at the time to heed.

To the rear of our skirmish line, some seventy-five or eighty yards, was a ten rail worm fence which would have to be climbed in the retreat. McBride had his eye on some ten or twelve cavalrymen, led by an officer, who were advancing at a gallop, and at the same time realized that his company had fallen back. He determined to make their leader, who was some distance ahead of his men, a target, fire, and then join his command, which by this time had almost passed out of view. Waiting till the officer got within twenty or thirty feet, he took deliberate aim and pulled trigger, when his gun snapped. The major, for that was his rank, dashed forward, almost standing in his stirrups, his saber raised to cleave his enemy's crest, confident of victory, when McBride clubbed his gun and before the major could strike he was knocked from his horse and badly stunned. This was the corporal's chance to retreat, as the men had not reached him, having stopped to capture Capt. Connor and talk to him, so McBride made for the rear in "double quick time." Arriving at the fence, he attempted to get over, but being rather clumsy, and the day damp and drizzly, on grasping the top rail to aid him in getting over, it would slip or be drawn toward him, causing him to let go and fall flat on his back. Three times he made efforts to go over the fence, but each time it was a slip and a fall. Rising for the fourth time, the major, having recovered from the blow and still on foot, was upon him savagely cutting and thrusting at him with his saber, making his mark in good shape across the front of McBride's body. This infuriated the corporal, who sprang at the major like a bulldog, caught him around the body, threw him down, straddled him, and nearly pounded the life out of him with his fists. At this moment the major's troopers, a sergeant and eight or ten men, came up, excitedly and angrily shouting: "Shoot the rebel! shoot him! kill him! No, don't shoot, boys, you'll kill the major! take him off! jerk him off!" interspersed with other expressions more profane than

polite. At last they got him off the major, who was beaten into insensibility almost and was powerless. But McBride had his "dander up," and struck and kicked at the sergeant and his men ferociously, who threatened to kill him if he didn't give in at once. His own captain finally commanding him, "Surrender, Joe; surrender, you fool!" caused him to submit, but even then reluctantly. The cavalrymen were very much incensed at such pugnacity and nearly frenzied at the condition of their commander, whom they seemed to love very devotedly. They put irons on the corporal as a mark of disgrace as well as a means of safety, and marched him with other prisoners to Gen. McCook's headquarters. On the way to the general our prisoner was still belligerent and unconquered, fighting the yankees with his tongue, saying: "Ef yer'll turn me loose, I kin lick every one uv yer, one at er time!" When they reached headquarters, the sergeant saluted Gen. McCook, and said: "General, I bring you some prisoners."

After returning the salute, the general asked: "What's the matter with that man's hands?"

"I had to put irons on him, general."

"What for?"

"Because he wouldn't surrender."

"Take them off instantly, sir. It's the duty of a soldier not to surrender."

After questioning Capt. Connor as to Bragg's strength, etc., and receiving from the captain the somewhat flattering as well as politic answer: "Why, Gen. McCook, you are too good a soldier to expect me to answer your question, even if I knew," the general dismissed the sergeant with his prisoners. Shortly after this incident commenced the tramp, tramp, tramp of the captured "rebs" and their escort or guard toward Murfreesboro.

Ah, how many brave lives went out with the midnight knell of the old year on that memorable December 31, 1862, in that battle of Murfreesboro or Stone's River!

The temptation for reminiscence and retrospection is great, but I won't indulge. I rejoice, however, that

The lines which the wheels of artillery had traced
In the blood-softened loam long since are effaced;
And the footprints the enemies left on the mold
Are lost 'neath the harvest fields surfeit of gold.
May the bloom of the wild flowers by the clear river's side
In sweetness and beauty mark the spot where each died.

But to our hero. By the time they arrived in the neighborhood of the battlefield the number of prisoners had increased until there were two hundred or three hundred, they having been picked up here and there. Here McBride was pointed out to the Federals and others who came to see the prisoners as the vicious rebel who killed Maj. Rosegarten, it having been reported that the gallant major had died. I have often wondered if he did die, or was it rumor? The morning of the battle the prisoners and their guard (which had been increased in numbers) were grouped around fires trying to keep warm. Among them was a tough-looking, stoutly built Irishman, who was full of fun, guying everything and everybody, scoring the Southern Confederacy and Confederate soldiers, and in a spirit of banter said he could "lick the devil out av any bloody Confetherate from Jeff Davis down to the lowest private, be dad!" Finally McBride, seeing that the remarks were to him, said he couldn't lick him. So the guard and guarded, being in for fun, gathered around the champions, exclaiming: "Make a ring, boys! make a ring, and let 'em have it out!" A ring was formed, and at it they went, the cor-

poral terribly in earnest, the Irishman indifferent and smiling. McBride was soon "knocked out."

In the midst of the battle that raged that morning, McBride would shout to his friends, the enemy, as they ran and dodged, "What yer runnin' fer? why don't yer stand and fight like men?" and tried his best to rally Rosey's men, until his fellow-prisoner, Capt. Connor, interposed, saying, "For God's sake, Joe, don't try to rally the yankees! keep 'em on the run. Do anything to continue the demoralization, and let's make our escape."

With all the disorder, however, the guard kept their prisoners well in hand, escorting them to a place of safety. Corporal McBride was sent to Camp Douglas. The following spring he was exchanged, and you may be sure his return was greeted with hearty welcome by his comrades of the Forty-fifth. He returned in time to take part in the campaign beginning at Tullahoma, Tenn., passing unharmed through the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold Gap. In all these engagements Corporal McBride added fresh laurels to his fame for courage and devotion to duty as color bearer. At last, however, after bearing our colors fearlessly through Resaca, at New Hope Church, on the Kennesaw line, Marietta, Atlanta, and Jonesboro, he bravely planted them on the fateful breastworks at Franklin, Tenn., on that awful November evening in 1864, and there gave up his life.

Corporal J. T. McBride was mustered into service at Jackson, Miss., November 4, 1861, Company A, Third Mississippi Battalion of Infantry. He was from near Westville, the county seat of Simpson County, where he owned a little farm on which he supported himself and family. He was a devout Methodist.

Is war wrong? God knows.
Only one Judge is just, for only one
Knoweth the hearts of men, and hearts a'one
Are guilty or guiltless.

VETERANS IN OLD NORTH CAROLINA.

COMRADES at Pittsboro, N. C., had a good time recently. It was the occasion for the annual reunion of Leonidas J. Merritt Camp (387 U. C. V.). The platform was gracefully decorated. In it was the last flag placed upon Jefferson Davis's coffin before his burial at Richmond. Capt. W. L. London, Commander of the Camp, officiated in the proceedings, and the old chaplain of the Fourteenth North Carolina led a prayer. Oran A. Hanner, who was a lieutenant in the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, gave a vivid account of prison life on Johnson's Island, speaking from twenty months' experience. He read a poem on the battle of Gettysburg, written by a Texan, who was his fellow-prisoner. Col. J. R. Lane made an address upon the war record of the late Senator Vance. Vance was the first colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, and Lane the last. The address was replete with tender recollections and interesting incidents in the career of the "great war Governor," and many instances were mentioned which illustrated the deep affection of the soldiers of his regiment for him while their colonel. Col. Lane received a severe wound in the mouth, while leading that regiment, with its flag in its hand, at Gettysburg, in which battle it lost heavily in killed and wounded.

H. A. London gave a sketch of Chatham's companies in the Confederate army, and also gave some official statistics of the losses at Gettysburg, showing among other things that of the 15,299 Confederates killed and wounded in that battle more than one-fourth (4,053) were North

Carolinians. He eulogized the valor of North Carolina's soldiers in that great battle, and cited as an illustration the storming of Cemetery Heights by the Sixth North Carolina Regiment, which broke through the enemy's line and captured and held for a time their artillery. Mr. J. H. Williams, who was in that charge and who was loading his musket, while standing by one of the captured cannon, and firing at the retreating Federals, was called on to tell of that gallant charge, which he did with a modesty that was equaled only by his valor. Mr. W. W. Edwards, of the old Twenty-sixth, the "Orator of the West," spoke. He was frequently interrupted with



MR. WILMER M'LEAN'S RESIDENCE.
[Where Gen. Lee surrendered.]

applause and laughter, alternating with tender and touching pathos and amusing anecdotes.

Mr. John M. Edwards, of old Chatham Rifles, was the last speaker and pictured the bright side of things. The members of the Camp reassembled and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Commander, John R. Lane; Lieutenant Commanders, O. A. Hanner, T. B. Laster, and J. H. Williams; Adjutant, Henry A. London; Quartermaster, Abram J. Lane; Surgeon, Dr. L. A. Hanks; Chaplain, Rev. A. H. Perry; Treasurer, John M. Edwards; Color Sergeant, J. M. Burnett.

L. HUGHES, Dyersburg, Tenn.: "Shake hands across the bloody chasm? Can't do it, injury too great. I was hospital steward with Surgeon Rice, Chief Surgeon of Cheatham's Division. When we were before Nashville in December, 1864, between the lines was the residence of Maj. Vaulx's father. They had to vacate it suddenly, and left lots of provisions behind. That night Maj. Vaulx organized a raid, went in and brought out sugar, coffee, hams, canned goods, etc., galore. A can of oysters fell to our lot, which I carefully stowed away in our medicine chest to stuff a turkey for our Christmas dinner. Now you can imagine the pleasurable anticipations. Our cook, a genius, had secured a turkey and hid it to fatten. But then the 16th and 17th came along, and we went quickstepping toward the shore of Tennessee River; and on Christmas day, weary, worn, depressed, and hungry, while waiting our turn to cross the pontoon, about three o'clock, Dr. Rice came around and said: "Pony, haven't you that can of oysters?" He and I had oysters for dinner with hard-tack, but not with turkey. Forgive, not much; forget, never."

MR. POLK MILLER, OF RICHMOND.

POLK MILLER has become very popular through the ingenuity whereby he makes Sambo an improvement upon his unregenerate ancestry in the peculiarity of his language. Thomas Nelson Page, Dr. Moses D. Hoge, and other prominent Southerners write highly complimentary letters about his dialect.

Mr. Miller's father was a large slave owner, and growing up on the family plantation, the son had a good opportunity of learning the peculiar traits of character of the negro race. He entered the Confederate army and served as a private in the First Virginia Artillery, and surrendered at Appomattox in 1865. He is President of the Polk Miller Drug Company, Richmond, Va.



Mr. Miller is a typical Virginia gentleman, refined and genial in manner, sympathetic and magnetic by nature, dignified and easy in presence, and possessing that rare combination of fluent speech, vivid imagination, and gift of mimicry which places him at once *en rapport* with his audience. He is unquestionably conceded to be the best delineator of the negro character, as well as the best "Story Teller" in negro dialect in the country.

Mr. Miller, like most young Southerners, acquired a taste for field sports when a boy, and has lost none of his old time fondness for hunting. He is at this time the President of the Virginia Field Sports Association, the largest organized body of sportsmen in the United States; and "the man who loves the dog and gun" is always welcome.

"CALL ME A REBEL."

REV. A. T. GOODLOE, author of "Some Rebel Relics:"

Dr. J. William Jones insists that Confederates were not rebels, though holding that Washington was one. Did we not fight for just what Washington did—our rights of life, liberty, and property: he against a tyrannical king, and we against an insufferable governing majority? Both fought, as a wronged minority, to be extricated from the unrighteous dominance of controlling powers, and for separate national independence. What if we of the South did not stand related to the Lincoln government exactly as Washington did to that of George III.? In both cases our inalienable rights were being infringed upon by those at the head of govern-

ment, representing the dominant majority; and in both cases we were moved by the same impulse, to stand for freedom at all hazards. And George Washington is good company to be in, I am pleased to remark.

The term "rebel" was applied to us by our assailants as an opprobrious epithet, just as "tyrannical governments have always applied it to people who have had the courage to resist their oppression;" but why need we disturb ourselves about that, since "history proves that it is a title of nobility older and more honorable than the king's prerogative?" For my part I love to speak of Southern soldiers as Rebels, which "entitlement" I always spell when writing with a big R.

If we spurn this "title of nobility," as Capt. Ed Baxter calls it, into what phraseology are we going to transform the mighty *rebel yell* with which our impetuous heroes rushed to battle against Lincoln's invaders?

MAJ. FRED C. LOW, Gloucester, Mass.: "I have never been able to find any of the Confederates who were in front of us at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. My regiment, First Maine Heavy Artillery, is to dedicate a monument on the O. P. Hare field at Petersburg, June, 1894. It is the same field Gen. Gordon came over and captured Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865, when he caught the Ninth Army Corps napping."

Since the above, Maj. Low, in sending renewal for the VETERAN, with which he is still well pleased, writes:

The monument was not dedicated on the 18th of June last, as it was found impossible to locate and finish it in time for that event. It is to be dedicated the latter part of the week of the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held in Pittsburg, Pa., in September. This regiment is notable for several reasons. It lost more men on this field than any regiment lost in one battle of killed and died of wounds, of any regiment in the war. Of about 900 men (many of our officers think there were but 850 men in the ranks), 604 were killed and wounded in about five minutes; 210 killed and died of wounds. It was the largest regiment in the war, there having been 2,202 men enrolled. The killed and died of wounds were 23 officers and 400 men, making 423. It had the largest number of officers killed and died of wounds of any regiment of the war. Its percentage of killed and died of wounds was 19.2. This was only exceeded by one regiment, Second Wisconsin, Gen. Fairchild's regiment of infantry, which numbered 1,203, and lost 238. Its percentage was 19.7, or 1 in 200 more than the First Maine Heavy Artillery. In the July VETERAN I notice my friend's, Col. A. C. Hawkins, remarks of the beauty of Southern women. He is a good judge, as his wife was the handsomest woman so Bangor, Me., when he married her thirty years or in ago, daughter of Judge Cutting, of the supreme court of Maine. I am anxious to find some Confederates that opposed us June 18, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.

W. C. NIXON, Dyersburg, Tenn.: "After several attempts we have perfected an organization with about forty members, and have named it Camp Dawson for Col. Bill Dawson, one of Forrest's most gallant officers who was killed at Franklin while leading his regiment in that memorable charge."

Comrade Nixon reports that after a very complimentary prelude the Camp by resolution adopted the VETERAN as its official organ.

TEXANS RELEASED FROM FORT DELAWARE.

JUDGE D. C. THOMAS, of Lampasas, kindly sends an alphabetical list of Texas prisoners released at Fort Delaware in June, 1865. The list included company and regiment of each soldier, but these important features are omitted for lack of space.

Ralph Arnold, John Amsler, L. P. Amsler, F. W. Armstrong, D. C. Arnet, A. B. Allison, S. P. Allison, W. A. Autrey, P. P. Allen, W. A. Allen.

S. R. Briley, B. F. Butler, H. D. Boozer, R. A. Brantley, Ephraim Burke, Henry Bullard, G. W. Blair, W. Blydenburg, U. J. Bell, C. P. Banks, J. J. Beck, H. Briden, G. W. Bull, E. Bryan.

J. H. Chapman, Garland Colvin, J. J. Cotton, B. W. Clepennan, John W. Carroll, J. W. Clayton.

J. E. Denprece, J. B. Daniels, M. Deathridge.

H. J. Epperson, L. L. Evans, A. F. Erwin.

T. H. Fort, Cyrus Farris.

W. H. Gray, B. G. Godby, J. H. Grigsby, J. H. Garrison, L. Gilliam, G. W. Gallup.

R. P. Henderson, J. J. Haggarty, W. S. Hare, J. P. Hutchison, Garrett Igo.

C. J. Jackson, J. M. Julian, Sam H. Jones.

Calhoun Kearsce, H. Klopsteck, August Keng, W. C. Kerr, D. F. Loyd, J. B. Lewellen, J. C. Latimer.

W. G. Middleton, A. W. Miller, R. S. Miller, T. J. Moseley, W. T. McGilvory, L. A. Mitchell, N. B. McKinnon, W. H. Matthews, J. W. Matthews, John McCallister, J. M. Maize, J. A. Moore, Daniel Murrah, A. A. G. McDougall, John McLean.

Frank Neal, J. J. Nash.

G. H. Owen, S. H. Oliphant, J. Orman.

B. Pfeffer, W. E. Preyur, J. J. Patterson, W. R. Pair, G. W. Pryor, W. H. Pickett, John Pickens, T. A. Pritchard, E. M. Pugh, B. F. Pickering, W. O. Quinn.

G. W. Reese, A. C. Roco, B. W. Riley, L. Roscoe, T. N. Roach, L. Roscoe.

J. B. Streety, G. Steck, H. Stolee, J. W. Stone, J. C. Smedley, A. J. Stokes, W. C. Starnes, W. H. Stanfield, W. P. Smith, G. A. Shilling, J. B. Scott, W. B. Smith.

L. B. Todd, R. D. Tucker, Daniel Thiel, D. C. Thomas, Jeff Thompson, T. B. Turner, J. C. Terry, H. T. Terrell, John Traynor, J. R. Thomas, John R. Towns, G. M. Taylor, A. Tompkins, Urpankee, Thomas Vann.

W. T. White, W. Whitehead, A. Wilson, Reuben Webb, C. D. S. Wilkins, M. S. Wommack, P. Woodhouse, R. O. Woods, S. A. Woods, W. Walker, J. T. Wright.

Charles Young, G. T. Yellock.

CAPT. JAMES STINETT, now in his seventy-seventh year, sends from Paradise, Tex., response to Maj. J. B. Briggs's general invitation to the Russellville reunion, September 4. This venerable veteran served much in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi during the four years, and yearns to be face to face with surviving comrades. He gives vivid accounts of certain battles. At Perryville he tells of Gen. Polk's mistake so vividly reported in the VETERAN by his own account of going over to the enemy through mistake. On that occasion, Capt. Stinnett adds to the reverend General and Bishop's story that when he got back he told his men, "Draw low, and cut them off at the knees;" and adds, "You should have seen the yankees run."

Capt. Stinnett cared for a Federal on that battlefield by Perryville, doing what he could for him, and would

be glad to know his fate. He had knowledge of his being sent to a hospital at Harrodsburg, and that he was a member of the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin Regiment, the same number as that to which he belonged from Tennessee. The old veteran sends regards to the family of Gen. Polk, and pays high tribute to Kentucky's statesman and soldier, John C. Breckinridge.



HOOD'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR NASHVILLE.

This is said to be the first frame residence erected in Davidson County. The nails used were made by blacksmiths. The present occupant, Hon. John Overton, who is the father of the almost venerable John Overton, of Memphis, was born in it. The mistress in this ancestral home, which was built by Judge Overton, an associate of Andrew Jackson, and has ever been known as "Traveler's Rest," continues an inspiration and a blessing to all who revere sacred memories. Col. Overton has well maintained his prominence in Tennessee, which was so great in war times that he was persecuted for being rich.

KNIGHTS OF DIXIE.

JUDGE P. C. W. writes of the Knights of Dixie:

It is the first regularly organized effort to preserve the war and pioneer records of the Southland, to encourage the study of Southern history, to teach the children and young people of the South what it has done for itself and what it has done to make and preserve us as a nation, to correct the willful and malicious errors of history and preserve the true history of the struggles of the South from 1770 to 1865, and since. It designs to unite in one social and fraternal organization the men and women of the Southland and enables them to point with pride to what they and their ancestors have achieved. In view of our Centennial, now is a most auspicious time for organizing such a society. The headquarters of the Knights of Dixie are at Little Rock, Ark. This truly Southern order is rapidly growing and becoming popular in the South. It now has lodges actively working in nine States. There is a fine lodge, N. B. Forrest No. 1, in Memphis, with one of Gen. Forrest's Staff as Commander, and another one will soon be organized. There should be at least two active, prosperous lodges in Nashville, and wherever there is a Bivouac or Camp there should be a lodge of the Knights of Dixie.

REUNION OF TENNESSEE VETERANS.

JAMES W. BLACKMORE, Esq., Gallatin, Tenn., Receiver Commercial National Bank of Nashville writes that the annual reunion of the Confederate veterans in Tennessee will take place at Gallatin September 12 and 13. Committees composed of ladies and gentlemen in all parts of that section are busily engaged in making preparation for the entertainment of the guests who will honor Sumner County on the occasion. The people of Sumner will delight in showing their appreciation of Southern valor and their respect for the "lost cause," and extend a hearty welcome to all ex-Confederates, their families and friends. The programme for the entertainment will be elaborate and unique.

Hon. J. A. Trousdale sends the following account:

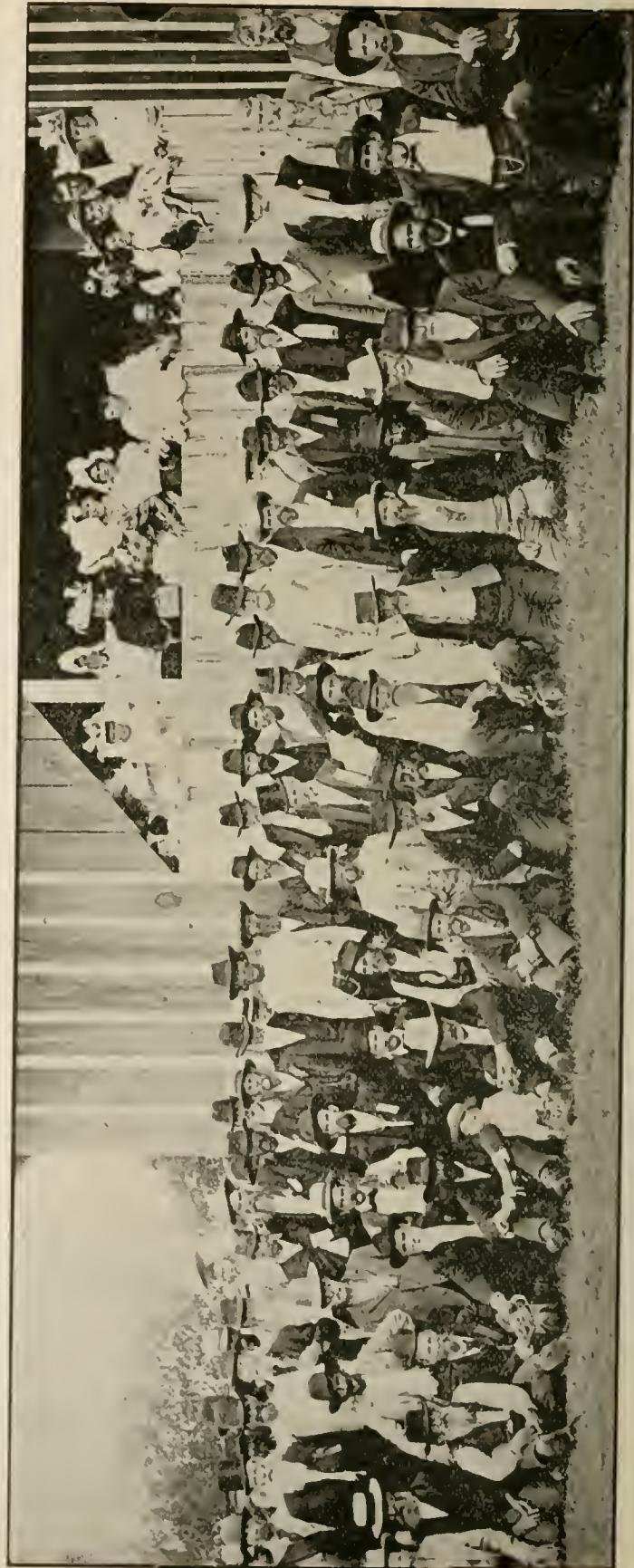
On the 12th the delegates, representing the several Bivouacs in the State, will meet in convention and attend to the business of the Association. Delegates will be met upon their arrival and assigned to homes provided for them, where they will be hospitably entertained. The ladies will give an amateur concert at the Opera House, and after it is over a banquet at the Sindle House. These entertainments will occur on the night of the 12th, and will be for the benefit of the delegates.

The reunion will occur on the 13th. This will be open to all old Confederate soldiers with their families. They will understand that no special invitations are at all necessary. They know that the reunion is theirs, let them come whence they may. The citizens of Sumner, men, women, and children, are already busy preparing for the reception and entertainment of the veterans.

The programme for the reunion on the 13th will include, among other things, a grand parade through the principal streets of Gallatin, headed by one of the finest bands in the South—Eichorn's, of Louisville. The procession will be composed of a column of horsemen, a cavalcade of young ladies and gentlemen, a number of floats filled with young ladies representing Liberty, the Southern States, the Bivouacs in Tennessee, the County, and the twenty-nine companies Sumner County sent to the Southern army; the teachers and pupils of our city schools; and citizens on foot, horseback, and in carriages. The reunion will be in Col. Baxter Smith's wood, less than a mile south from the courthouse. Speakers of note will deliver addresses, and a basket dinner will be spread for an indefinite number, the calculation being that the crowd will be immense.

Railroad Rates to Gallatin Reunion.—John P. Hickman, Secretary Tennessee Division Confederate Soldiers:

Arrangements have been made with the Louisville and Nashville and Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railways, for a one fare rate to the Convention and Reunion of the Association of Confederate Soldiers, Tennessee Division, to be held in Gallatin on September 12 and 13, 1894. Tickets to be sold on the 11th prox., good returning to leave Gallatin on the 14th. I have further made arrangements with the Louisville and Nashville Railway to run a special train from Nashville to Gallatin on the morning of the 12th, said special to start at 8:30 o'clock. However, I must know how many will go on the special so as to procure a sufficient number of coaches. Therefore all Bivouacs in the State should notify me, at their earliest convenience, as to how many will come from their counties, and who desire to avail themselves of the special.



PARSONS BRIGADE IN REUNION.

NOTES from the recent reunion at Waxahachie, Tex., are given briefly. Along with them was sent a photograph which has been reproduced for the VETERAN, and on the opposite page many a familiar face will appear to readers in that section of Texas:

On August 1st, Parsons Brigade held their annual reunion with Camp Winnie Davis, United Confederate Veterans. The event began under a bright and sunny morn. By eleven o'clock a large crowd had assembled at the pavilion at East End. The stage was appropriately decorated with battle flags and war relics, a portrait of Jefferson Davis was conspicuously prominent, as was also a large and well-executed oil painting 36x57 inches, the attack on Sumter, by Commodore Dupont, United States Navy, in 1863. This painting was made by Prof. Laurence L. Cohen, an artist, native of Charleston, whose address in explanation of the scene was graphic and humorous in part, so as to awaken memories of fun that the boys in gray often had during the carnage and strife. The addresses of welcome by Mayor Du Bose elicited a fine response from President Getzendaner and was worthy the occasion. The addresses by Comrades Marchbanks and Kemble were glowing tributes to the heroes and men of the present as well as of the past. Nor was the VETERAN forgotten, for mingling with comrades could be seen Dr. Hyam Cohen, sounding its praises and securing many subscribers. We are glad to say that in every respect this reunion will remain as an oasis in the hearts of the searred and hoary-headed men who once wore the gray. After some excellent music by the band, the annual election resulted unanimously as follows: President, W. H. Getzendaner; Vice Presidents, B. F. Marchbanks, Carr Forest, H. M. Rhodus, A. A. Kemble; Secretary, A. M. Dechman; Treasurer, W. A. Calfee. President Getzendaner next introduced an ex-union soldier who made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and read a short poem of fraternal greeting to the blue and the gray. The memorial service in honor and in memory of fallen comrades was performed in the usual impressive manner, and with it closed the Fourteenth Annual Reunion of Parsons Brigade of gallant Texas soldiers. The place of meeting next year has been left entirely with the Executive Committee. It was very cheering to the old soldiers to listen to the sweet voice of Miss May Boyce, as she recited a thrilling war poem. Miss Lizzie Burk and Miss Ross contributed to the pleasure of the occasion.

REUNION AT COLEMAN, TEX.

THE Old South, Coleman, Tex., reports the reunion of John Pelham Camp, U. C. V., No. 76, at Pecan Grove August 15 and 16. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: J. J. Callan, Commander; M. M. Callan, Adjutant; J. R. Chadwell, Quartermaster; C. W. Thompson and M. Zehner, Bannerettes.

The Sons of the Confederacy were received, and Daney Ledbetter in an appropriate address submitted their constitution to the Veteran Camp, which was by a unanimous vote approved. The address was responded to by J. J. Callan.

The Daughters of the Confederacy were received, and their organization completed by the election of Mrs. J. R. Chadwell, President; Mrs. W. P. Rascoe, Secretary; and Mrs. W. Y. Price, Treasurer.

An excellent and patriotic address was delivered by P. P. Powell.

After supper a short address was made by James Williams in his interesting and patriotic manner. After a recitation, "The Jacket of Gray," by Perry Rascoe, several beautiful tableaux were given.

The second day's entertainment contained several interesting features. Miss Omi Polk was elected Daughter of John Pelham Camp to go with the Veterans and Sons to the Houston reunion. Memorial services in honor of departed comrades were held at 4 p.m. The farewell address and benediction were by Rev. R. F. Stokes.

The programme was interspersed with music by the Coleman band, and by Jesse and Dudley Johnson. The next meeting will be April 9, 1895, Memorial Day.

A NOTABLE COLORED VETERAN.

BY C. M. DOUGLAS, OF COLUMBIA, S. C., PRESS.

ONE of the best-known freedmen in Columbia, S. C., is old William Rose, who has been messenger for the Governor's office under every Democratic administration since 1876. His history is worthy a space in the VETERAN. He is now eighty years of age, but is still active and vigorous enough to be at his post of duty every day, and nothing delights him more than to take part in any Confederate demonstration.

William Rose was born in Charleston in 1813, and was a slave of the Barrett family of that city. He was brought to Columbia when only twelve years old, and was taught the trades of carpenter and tinner. In his younger days he went out to the Florida War as a drummer in Capt. Elmore's company, the Richland Volunteers, an organization which is still in existence, and which has made a proud record for itself in three wars. Subsequently he went through the Mexican War as a servant for Capt. (afterwards Col.) Butler, of the famous Palmetto Regiment.

But the service in which he takes the greatest pride was that in the days of the Confederacy. He was the body servant of that distinguished Carolinian, Gen. Maxey Gregg, and as soon as he heard that his beloved master had fallen on the field at Fredricksburg he rushed to his side as fast as a horse could take him, and remained with him until the end came. His description of the death of Gen. Gregg, of his reconciliation with Stonewall Jackson, and his heroic last message to the Governor of South Carolina are pathetic in the extreme and are never related by the old man without emotion.

William saw Cleveland inaugurated, and was present at the unveiling of the soldiers' monument at Richmond, and at the recent grand Confederate reunion at Birmingham. From the latter he returned laden with badges which he cherishes as souvenirs of the occasion.

For sixty years he has been identified with the Richland Volunteers, and they never parade without him. About two years ago he presented a gold medal to the company, which is now shot for as an annual prize. He never forgets Memorial Day, and no 10th of May has passed by since the close of the war without some tribute from him is placed on the Gregg monument at Elmwood. Recently he has been given a small pension by the United States for services in the Florida War.

Old "Uncle" William is of a class fast passing away. They will not have successors, but all the world may witness benefactors in Southern whites until the last of them crosses the "dark river."

REMINISCENCES OF SHILOH.

A. S. HORSLEY, well known to the Tennessee press, now in Virginia, writes of an incident which took place in the movements of "Maney's First Tennessee Regiment." It is an interesting scrap of history.

Its left wing only was in the battle of Shiloh. It had served in the mountains of Northwestern Virginia under Gen. R. E. Lee, and afterwards in Northern Virginia under Stonewall Jackson. After the fall of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, in the early part of 1862, Maney's Regiment was ordered by the War Department to join Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army, which was then moving out of Tennessee and assembling at Corinth, Miss. The Memphis and Charleston railroad, from Decatur to Corinth, Miss., was so taxed with business for the army that Col. Maney had gotten only transportation for one wing of his regiment, and thus the right wing was left at Chattanooga, where it did provost duty. At that time, however, one-half of the regiment was larger than the average regiments were a year or two later. The battle of Shiloh came on before the right wing came up and before Col. Maney was assigned to any regular brigade. I suppose it was on this account that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, on the morning of April 6, 1862, rode in front of the left wing of Maney's Regiment and spoke somewhat as follows, amid the sound of cannon and musketry from the opening battle:

"My countrymen, I have selected you for the post of honor to-day. As our army forces the enemy down the river, which I confidently expect, our rear becomes exposed from a possible attack from the river at or near Hamburg. Should Gen. Buell, whose army is moving rapidly to Gen. Grant's assistance, cross the Tennessee at Hamburg, under cover of the gunboats, and attack our rear from that point without successful resistance, he would place our army in jeopardy, and probably wrest from us the great victory which we hope confidently to win to-day. I have heard good accounts of your campaigns in the mountains of Virginia, and on that account have selected you for this post of honor. Col. Forrest, of whom you have doubtless heard, and his regiment will be with you.

"I have made this frank statement to you, my countrymen, in order to impress upon you the importance of holding your position at all hazards. No matter in whatever numbers the enemy come, hold your position until I can get to you. It is important for every man to have plenty of ammunition. Have you all got forty rounds of cartridges?"

Of course this was only meant as a caution to every soldier to see that he had a good supply, and no response was expected. The spectacle was an imposing one. Gen. Johnston, "the very king of men," as Henry Waterson calls him, was sitting on a fine Kentucky thoroughbred horse, surrounded by a staff composed of splendid-looking men; the roar of musketry and boom of cannon were accompanied occasionally by the "rebel yell" in the near distance; and the soldiers were deeply impressed by the majestic presence, the noble and kindly face, and impressive words of the commanding general. I would give much, hard as times are, for a picture of that scene.

At this juncture there occurred one of those humorous incidents which verifies the truthfulness of the old adage that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. A yellow-complexioned soldier, whose face

and coarse black hair reminded one of a Choctaw Indian, was an inveterate smoker of black, strong tobacco, and on this occasion he took from his mouth his short pipestem, and in a drawling but penetrating voice ejaculated: "No, General, I ain't got but thirty-eight!" Though some distance off, the General heard him distinctly, and smiling kindly, said: "Very well, my friend, see your orderly sergeant and get your full number." Then, with a graceful salute, the "king of men" turned the head of his horse toward the battle's opening roar, and, followed by his staff, went rapidly in the direction of where the firing was heaviest and thickest. It was not many hours before his noble form was cold in death, but for which all the histories of America to-day would have to be rewritten.

The soldier who unwittingly caused a ripple of humor at a very solemn time was named Dave Adams. Like Gen. Grant and other inveterate tobacco smokers, it caused his death. It gave poor Dave heart disease, and one evening about eight years ago he rode up to a house on the high ridge between Maury and Hickman Counties, Tenn., and asked the good woman of the house if she had any "camfire," as he was deathly sick. She hastened to get it and take it out to him, but not before he was in the agonies of death.

THE INVENTION OF TORPEDOES.

GEN. GABRIEL J. RAINS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, BEARS THE HONOR.

NOTICING frequently many claims in different Southern newspapers and magazines as to who is entitled to the credit of inventing the torpedoes so successfully used in the Confederate War, the following is gathered by one of his daughters from an old diary and scrapbook kept by Gen. Gabriel J. Rains, who died at Aiken, S. C., August 6, 1881:

During the Seminole Indian War in Florida, in April, 1840, Capt. Rains, then of the Seventh U. S. Infantry, was stationed at Fort Micanopy, Fla., about twenty-five miles from Fort King. His men were so waylaid and killed that it became dangerous to walk even around the fort. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and as the preservation of the lives of his command required it, the following was resorted to by Capt. Rains: The clothing of the last victim of the Indians was made to cover a torpedo invented by him. A day or two elapsed, when early one night the loud, booming sound of the torpedo was heard, betraying the approach of an enemy. Capt. Rains with a squad of men went to the spot, and upon investigation found that the Indians, in removing the clothes, to which the torpedo was attached by a wire, had exploded the torpedo. Yells were heard in the neighboring woods, but whether the explosion proved fatal to any of the Indians is not known. From this time on Capt. Rains was continually experimenting with torpedoes of his own manufacture.

Upon the breaking out of the Civil War he resigned his position as lieutenant colonel of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, and was made at once a brigadier general in the Confederate army.

Soon after the battle of Seven Points, in which he took an active part, Gen. Robert E. Lee sent for Gen. Rains and told him that the enemy had upward of one hundred vessels in the James River and he thought they were about to make an advance that way upon Rich-

mond, and expressed confidence that if any man could stop them he could, and asked him to undertake it.

This is from his diary: "Observing that the ironclads were invulnerable to the cannon of all caliber we were using, and were really masters of rivers and harbors, I determined that it required submarine inventions to checkmate and conquer them, and on the James River, opposite Drury's Bluff, I made and placed the first submarine torpedo, the primogenitor and predecessor of all such inventions."

Gen. Rains was placed in charge of the entire submarine defenses for the coast and harbors of the Southern States, and personally supervised the laying of torpedoes in the harbors of Charleston, Richmond, and Mobile. In Charleston Harbor there were laid one hundred and twenty-three torpedoes, which prevented the capture and probable conflagration of that city.

There were fifty-eight vessels sunk and destroyed by torpedoes during the war, many of them of large size. As has been well said, "the invention of the torpedo has entirely changed modern warfare," and Gen. Rains's daughter is proud that her father, a Southern man, was the first to invent and utilize such a valuable means of defense.

PENALTIES FOR DESERTION.

THOMAS OWENS, Carlisle, Ky., relates some sad stories:

During the spring of 1864, while the army of General Johnston was encamped near Dalton, Ga., there were several military executions. Desertions had become so frequent as to seriously threaten the integrity of the army; and it became necessary to make examples of the few, that the many might be deterred from committing so grave an offense.

A soldier belonging to the — regiment in Hardee's Corps, was arrested for desertion, tried, and condemned to be shot. In order that the awful example might have its full effect, the entire division was ordered out to the drill ground to be witnesses of the spectacle, and was formed into a hollow square of three sides facing inward, the fourth side being open. The culprit, surrounded by his spiritual advisers and an armed guard, was made to march around the entire square on the inside, and was then led to the middle of the open side, where a grave had been dug and a low cross had been erected near its edge. He was bound to the cross kneeling. His eyes were bandaged, and the officer in charge stepped off the regulation twelve paces, where he stationed the firing squad. A delay of some moments ensued, during which the officer stepped up to the doomed man, apparently for the purpose of adjusting the bandage over his eyes. The poor wretch gathered hope from this trivial circumstance, and quickly raised his head, which had been before bowed upon his bosom, and strove to peer out from under the bandage. The buoyancy of hope stood out in every feature of his face. But it was brief—to him, O how brief—for a moment later the fatal order was given, "Ready, aim, fire," and the leaden bullets went crashing through his brain. The whole top of his head was blown off.

The division was then caused to march in double file past the body as it hung upon the low cross to view the ghastly spectacle, and thence back to camp to ponder on the horrors of war and "man's inhumanity to man."

There were sixteen men shot, each by a stake, near Dalton. I saw the stakes, all in a row, after the execu-

tions; saw the blood stains, but did not witness the event. This note of comment is added to Mr. Owens's account. His story recalls an execution on the line of march July 21, after the siege and abandonment of Jackson, Miss., following the surrender of Vicksburg.

There came near being a mutiny in the army at Dalton for a more aggravating punishment than shooting. It was the keeping of men in stocks for hours at a time. Two posts would be erected and planks fastened in mortices from one to the other, one above the other, and at the joint a large hole cut for the neck and then smaller holes for the arms of the deserter. The top plank would be raised and then let down, making a close yoke for the neck and arms; and the poor fellow would have to stand in this position for hours at a time. This punishment is about the only thing that detracted from the popularity of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

These stories are the saddest in the history of the war.

Mr. G. F. Bush, living near Nashville, on calling to renew his subscription was asked if he was in the war, and he told this interesting story: While returning from a trip for Gen. Wheeler to Waverly and letting his weary horse drink at the crossing of Little Harpeth, he was astounded at a clatter of horses just back of him. He was just ahead of the Seventy-fourth Illinois Regiment, and four mounted officers dashed on ahead to take him in. With all the power he could put into his jaded animal he increased the distance between them, although his chances were practically hopeless. As the men entered the creek the horse of one fell and broke the leg of his rider. Another of the party became horse holder, and the fourth, Lieut. Col. James B. Kerr, dashed on in pursuit of the Confederate, shooting at him until his pistol was about empty. Then, springing out of his saddle and over a rock fence, he got "the drop" on the lone officer and demanded that he dismount quickly. The Confederate was soon in that officer's saddle, and he in double quick following the loose horse, urged on by Bush, who didn't intend that any time should be lost. Kerr couldn't bribe the Confederate, so he went to Wheeler's headquarters a prisoner because he couldn't help it. Bush was sent with him to Gen. Bragg, where he was well treated. Col. Kerr was soon exchanged. Mr. Bush would like to hear from him or any member of his family. His post office is Wrenco, Tenn.

A VETERAN IN NEED.—J. H. Gregory, Scottsboro, Ala.: Thomas Welch, aged fifty-two years—leg shot off at Fredericksburg—was in Capt. J. H. J. Williams' company, Col. Woodstock's regiment. He has no relatives. He has lived with his old commander, Capt. Williams, since the war, but the Captain is getting old and feeble himself. He was compelled to see his old comrade placed in the county poorhouse. If any of the veterans would donate a small amount to purchase a few things for the old veteran, it would make his lot much better, and it would stimulate and encourage him to know that he was remembered by the people for whom he lost his leg. They can send contributions to William B. Bridges, Judge of Probate, Scottsboro, Ala.

Since the above Comrade Welch has died.

GREETING FROM A UNION SOLDIER.

ADDRESS of Rev. Clark Wright, D.D., representing the (Ninth N. Y.) Hawkins Zouaves, welcoming a delegation from the Third Georgia Regiment Veteran Association to a banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, New York City, on the thirtieth anniversary of their enlistment, and the twenty-ninth anniversary of the first meeting in battle of the two commands:

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Third Regimental Association of Georgia: A private soldier who carried a gun, who was the least of all the men who surround you to-night, is to tell you what you have already learned in your intercourse with the members of the Hawkins Zouave Association of this city: that we are glad to see you, and take great pleasure in bidding you a most



REV. CLARK WRIGHT, D.D., NEW YORK.

cordial welcome to this the thirtieth anniversary of the organization of the Ninth N. Y. Vols. (Hawkins Zouaves).

We most kindly appreciate the hospitality shown our representatives who visited you one year ago last August—who returned declaring that Georgia grapes and water-melons were not only large, but delicious, and were given by the men of the old Third Georgia with lavish hands at Fort Valley, thus manifesting your cordiality and regard for the boys (now old men) of the Hawkins Zouaves, for which we are sincerely thankful.

It is very pleasant to have the opportunity to grasp the friendly hand of those who thought so diametrically opposite thirty years ago. It proves that time not only heals, but cools the blood, gives more mature judgment, enabling each to overlook the past, and while we do not claim to forget those dark hours in our life, nor withdraw an iota, nor impugn the motives or sincerity of an opponent, we can each forgive, and while we let the dead past bury its dead, rejoice in the sunshine of the present, that brings comfort and happiness to all parts

of our native land as we remember above and over all else we are American citizens. As such this remnant of Hawkins Zouaves sit down and break bread with, and most gladly greet the survivors of the gallant Third Regiment of Georgia.

And while the professional politician may rave about the rights of the South, or the rights of the North, we calmly step aside from these noisy windmills of both sections to clasp the hand of these brave heroic men of the South, and bid them a joyful welcome to the metropolis of the Empire State of New York.

Honored as we are, by the presence of men who fought in the ranks (the true heroes of every war) and by others who commanded regiments and brigades, yet above and over even these we acknowledge ourselves especially honored by the ladies of the different households of our guests, who, with father, husband, brother, relative, favor us with their presence in New York on this festive occasion.

There are several remarkable parallels incident in the history of the two regiments whose representatives gather around this board. Both were organized in April, 1861: both were composed largely of very young men, who were impressed with the righteousness of the cause they represented, and feeling sure they were right, dared those causes to maintain.

The fortunes of war brought these regiments repeatedly face to face, time after time in most deadly strife, and while each did its best, as soon as the battle ceased humanity took the place of conflict, and the wounded and distressed were cared for without regard to the color of their clothes, whether it was blue or gray, or gray or blue. Few regiments of that great war lost a larger per cent. of those engaged, yet neither of them lost a stand of colors, nor were the colors touched by hostile hand; and although the flags of both have been shot into tatters, there is still enough left of each for the survivors of these regiments to annually gather around and show our regard for one another and our love for those who fell fighting beneath their folds.

Hail! all hail! our brothers from Georgia; the Hawkins Zouaves bid you a thousand welcomes to the metropolis of our beloved State!

We rejoice that the hour has come when we can converse about our early intercourse. Ours was not a hasty acquaintance, most of us grew to manhood before we got within gunshot of each other, and even after we spent a season of varied interest at that breezy watering place on the coast of North Carolina called Hatteras, it was some time before we learned that you gentlemen from Georgia were in the vicinity of Hatteras lighthouse. Learning this, we started one day up the coast to seek an introduction to you. Although some of us have since become gray-haired, we still remember that walk by the side of the poetical, dark blue sea.

We had read Clark Russell's description of the fascinations of the dark blue sea, but I think we never realized before how blue it really was; yes, the sea was blue, and before we had walked ten miles in the sand up to our ankles we were blue too; but we trudged on, tired, weary, determined to make your acquaintance. No lover in pursuit of his coy lady could have been more determined than we on our march to Chicamecico. From this you may judge how we loved you.

But alas! we were to prove the truth that

The best-laid plans o' mice and men gang aft aglee,

for on our arrival we found that you had changed your mind and concluded to defer the matter and let us wait before you would consent to an introduction to the Ninth New York. Like the foolish virgins, we learned that we were too late for the festivities you had enjoyed that day with the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, and after a pleasant time had quietly returned from whence you came—not, however, until like a thoughtful friend you had compassionately relieved the aforesaid regiment of most of their camp equipage, and eased them of the burden of carrying their heavy overcoats to Hatteras. And so back we went, like a jilted young man, over the same route by the side of the aforesaid deep blue sea, sad and lonely, to wait a more propitious opportunity for an introduction. How often we thought of you!

We knew you were well-dressed gentlemen, for clothing had been sent you from Indiana, and we fancied you went sailing each pleasant afternoon on Albemarle Sound, else you would not have needed the steamboat "Fannie" which a kind Providence and the foresight of Indiana friends placed at your disposal.

I can't tell all we thought and said about you while we enjoyed our savory mullets and sweet potato pies served at our hotel by the cooks of Hatteras until at last, becoming disconsolate, we ourselves took steamer and sailed up the sound as far as Roanoke Island, where, fortunately for us it may have been, you still concluded to defer the first interview.

We, however, saw your work, and finally occupied the "French Flats" (barracks) you had built. They were the best quarters we had during our term of service, and when we took possession of those suburban residences and learned that they were built by the Third Georgia for our especial use, we knew you loved us, and that you would leave nothing undone to make the Ninth happy.

Concerning that interview at Sawyers Lane (we designated it Camden) it is unnecessary to dwell. We met, exchanged the compliments of the season, and parted each with increased respect for the other, thoroughly convinced of the stubborn tenacity and grit characterizing both the men who defended their battery and those who charged for a half-mile in front of it.

You left us in possession of the field, but that field was like holding a hot poker while you were in the neighborhood. So noiselessly, under cover of the darkness, we gently folded up our haversacks (not having much else to fold), and like the classic Arab silently took our weary march back to the place from whence we came. I assure you not many songs were sung that night, not many stories were told; for we were not quite sure that you were satisfied, and it was barely possible you might request another interview.

With mingled feelings of respect and regard we look in your faces to-night. One brave man always respects another who stood manfully for what he believed the right. We recollect the scenes you passed through. While battling a foe in front, you were assailed by starvation in the rear. No nobler instances of courage and self-abnegation can be found than where ill-clothed Confederates left wife and children to raise a little corn and tend the flock whereby they might exist.

Our forces experimentally knew nothing of the agony endured by the men in your ranks. We met, fought, buried our dead, cared for our wounded, and gloried in whatever triumph might come. But you not only fought, but you fought amid want.

Of tea and coffee we had the best in the world; but a

pound of tea from Nassau cost you \$500. Our army was well shod. If a pair of shoes were worn out after a long march, the quartermaster would issue another pair, but you were often obliged to go barefooted. Of hard bread we generally had plenty. It is said a Southern captain found one of his soldiers up a persimmon tree eating green persimmons, and on asking the reason for such strange action was told he was eating green persimmons in order to tit his mouth to the size of the rations.

We of the Union army think of the triumph of our arms, and to us they were grand; but it were well for us to ponder over the fact that while our armies were fighting the Confederates in front, Gen. Starvation was assaulting them on the flank and rear. In January, 1863, the Virginia newspapers quoted flour at \$25 per barrel, January, 1864, \$95 per barrel; and in January 1865, \$1,000 per barrel. For you heroes of Georgia, there was death at the cannon's mouth in front and starvation in the rear. In September, 1861, \$1.10 of Confederate money was equal to \$1 in United States gold, but in January, 1865, it took \$60 Confederate money to buy \$1 in gold. It seemed that while the money market was going down lower and lower your courage and pluck mounted higher and higher. A Southern paper gave a list of the dead and wounded, and alongside were directions for the use of boneset as a substitute for quinine. You made pencils to mark roll call from molten bullets poured into the cavity of small reeds from the canebrakes. The juice of the poke berry, compounded with vinegar, furnished ink while the goose quill (it was all the yankees left of the goose) took the place of the steel pen to write to the girl you left behind you. Raspberry and sassafras took the place of Hyson, parched rye and dried sweet potatoes took the place of Mocha. Scuppernong wine did not continue plentiful after the Ninth New York left North Carolina. While the ladies used devices known to themselves, the men skewered their trousers with wooden pins or locust thorns. We defy the world to show greater pluck and more indomitable courage than was manifested by the South in those four years of terrible war.

But I have thought it was during the holiday seasons of the year the disappointment was keenest, when the little homespun stocking hung on the chimney place at Christmas, when your ingenuity was put to the test to devise so the deprivations you were enduring should not be felt by the little ones around the fireside. Aye, you might have told them that Hawkins's Zouaves had way-laid Santa Claus as he was coming through the lines; you might have told them the Noah's Ark, with its menagerie, the jumping jacks, wagons, and dolls, had been captured by the yankees. And it might have been true, but it could not soften the feeling of regret in your heart, that at the holiest season of the year, Christmas time, you could not give your little ones the best the world afforded.

Brave souls that you were, you went forward in the performance of what you conscientiously considered your duty, and so those years passed—years of self-sacrifice, years of devotion to what you felt was principle, years of sorrow, of pain, of death, of graves; but they were also years of valor, of courage, of consecration to a given work such as the world never witnessed before, and I doubt if it ever will again. Your bulldog tenacity, your determined resistance, your courageous valor won from your enemies the highest encomiums of praise.

Now the rancor of the strife is over, and we are enabled to carefully study your history in the light of con-

temporaneous events. We remember your homes desolate by fire and sword, your bodies illy clad, exposed to the elements, your haversacks empty, while hungry and desolate you sank upon the bare ground to forget for a few moments in sleep the struggle through which you were passing. When we recall these things, and then remember the courage exhibited to our eyes as we met you on the field of battle, we declare we are proud to call you this day brothers, countrymen, Americans!

Well may Georgia honor you with the noblest and best she possesses. Well may her orators who meet you at your annual reunions, and were their voices as silvery and sweet as those of angels, were their powers of description as vivid as the lightning's flash, they would yet be unable to tell the whole story of your faithfulness to that grand Empire State of the South, as we of Hawkins Zouaves who took your fire and saw your determination and valor as you contended even to the death for every inch of land you were placed to defend.

Historians and poets are yet to be born who will justly tell the world the whole story of the bravery and heroism of the men of iron nerve from Georgia. Of the number of men you had engaged, and the loss you suffered, at the battle of Antietam I have not the record; but from your determined stand and the withering fire you poured into our regiment at that battle, Hawkins Zouaves lost sixty-three per cent. of those who met you in that one engagement. At the famous charge of the Light Brigade, Lord Cardigan took 673 men into action, and lost in killed and wounded 247 men, or thirty-six and a fraction per cent. of those engaged of this much-praised Light Brigade. Your bravery at Antietam exceeded the world-renowned charge of the Light Brigade.

Does the State whose name you bear, or whose flag you defended, need stronger evidence of your fidelity to the trust they reposed in you? If they do, let them visit the battlefields of the South, and, standing by the hallowed graves of your sacred dead as they mark the different places of conflict where they fell, let these witnesses testify by the very eloquence of their silence, to the integrity, intrepidity, fortitude, and courage of the Third Regiment of Georgia Volunteers.

Your State abounds in great wealth, and we rejoice with you for its possession; but its greatest glory, its most priceless gems, its choicest treasures, are the men who, in the face of fire and smoke, starvation and desolation, wounds and death, stood for their convictions.

I know you will pardon me when I say the best men we had in each of these two regiments are not visibly present with us to-night; the best and truest of our number lie buried on the battlefields of the South, some clad in gray, some in blue. No towering monument marks their resting place, nor massive monolith stands sentinel.

But beneath a cedar or a pine, in solitude austere,
Unknown, unarmed, but not forgotten, rests a faithful volunteer.

Buried where they fell, baptizing the soil with their blood, forever consecrating the ground and making it holy, while their life and death tell the world the story of how an American will fight and die for what he believes to be the right. While I have talked I have thought that these unseen but not unwelcome guests are here in our midst to-night: visionary it may be on my part, but I know you will forgive me as I think of these heroes of the Third Georgia and Ninth New York, who have long since mingled together in fraternity and love as we mingle here this hour. They pass before us

like a procession coming from their camping grounds amid the cemeteries, the battlefields, the graveyards of the South. To us they are no longer dead—they live. We can almost hear their well-known voices as with flashing eye, active limb, courageous lion hearts they are with us once more, side by side, the blue, the gray, the private, the officer; on they pass, those who died at Roanoke, at Camden, at South Mountain, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, and the battlefields of the South; Hayes and McComas, Kimbal, Sturges, Gadsden, Hamilton, Barnett, Wright, Reno, Jackson and Burnside, Grant and Lee!

O ye comrades of '61, friend or foe of those days, we gladly welcome you all, as friends, to this fraternal board! As memory recalls your heroic achievements while with us, unseen, you gather here a reunited band of a reunited country beneath the folds of our own starry flag!

You who went forth with a mother's benediction; you who bade farewell to the children who received your last embrace at the place of embarkation; you who faced the enemy so boldly in the charge; you who died amid the carnage of battle alone—alone, while the very stars of God seemed to look in pity upon you. O yes, you, you my countrymen, whether from Georgia or New York, to-night these—the remnant of more than 2,000 men—these your comrades gathered here, salute you as we bring to mind your faithfulness as soldiers, and rejoice with you that our country has passed from the hurricane to the calm; from out of all that crash, of which we were part, to liberty, union, brotherly love, and peace!

But our mind recalls others not present, who, sitting in their quiet homes here in New York or Georgia, think of this reunion with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. I seem to look into the mind of dear old gray-haired mother, sitting in yonder home, thinking of the boy on whose head she showered her blessing, around whose neck her arms were clasped, and on whose lips she printed her farewell kiss, as in 1861 he bade her his last good-bye. God bless her to-night, is the prayer of every one around this board, whether she be of Georgia or New York.

Could we speak to each of these homes to-night, we would tell them of the fidelity and courage of their loved one in the days of the past, and assure them of our undying regard for their memory. We would tell them as we tell you—we shall meet again. Our comrades are not gone forever, for

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, power, and fame are laid
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we all meet again.

And now, my friends of the Third Georgia, I from the left of the line, a private soldier of the Ninth New York, have tried to speak fitting words on this historic occasion, and before I again step back and take my place in the ranks do here salute you, and in the name and in behalf of the Ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers, "Hawkins Zouaves," extend to you, individually and collectively, a cordial greeting and a most hearty, royal welcome. Welcome to the old Empire State! Welcome to the ranks of the Ninth New York! Welcome to this our thirtieth anniversary! Welcome, thrice welcome, Third Georgia Regimental Association, to our city, to our homes, and to our hearts!

The occasion was one of the pleasantest of the kind on record, and deserves this prominence in the VETERAN.

FORTY-EIGHTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

THE heroes of this old regiment who long served as a battalion of sharpshooters for Polk's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, should ever preserve this testimony from their illustrious major general. When they had been ordered to report to another department of the army, Gen. Cleburne gave this official recognition of their services on July 15, 1864, in camp near Atlanta. The order was preserved by a private: "As a battalion of sharpshooters its courage, skill, and endurance have been tested and proven in innumerable bloody skirmishes. The handful to which it is reduced attest how conspicuous a part it must have borne in building up the glorious reputation of the brigade and division which it is about to be separated from. Gen. Cleburne bids you a soldier's farewell, and trusts he may deserve and retain through life the good will and kind feelings which he bears to each surviving member of the Forty-eighth Tennessee."

FROM THE UNION SIDE AT FRANKLIN.

DR. J. N. BEACH, West Jefferson, O., writes of it:

Your story of the wounding of Gen. Strahl and death of Col. Stafford is full of pathos, and indicates the fearful struggle at that point in the battle. Your paper interests me all the more that I was a spectator, not a participant, of the battle from our side. One fact that perhaps makes any history of the battle or incidents attending it interesting to me is that this field was the scene of the first and last battle participated in by my regiment, the Fortieth Ohio. On the 10th of April, 1863, the reserve corps of the Army of the Cumberland lay at Franklin, and our regiment was picketing the front south of the town, the Carter house being our reserve, when Van Dorn with a large mounted force attacked us suddenly, pressing us back through the village. It was a lively experience, and a bloody one while it lasted. It has never been apparent to me what his object was in such an audacious movement, unless it was a hope to take in our regiment as Forrest did at Brentwood three weeks previous in the capture of the Twenty-second Wisconsin and Nineteenth Michigan. Running his guns up to the Carter house, Van Dorn opened fire, while his rough riders swept through the village and down to the pontoon bridge across the Harpeth. Of course this did not occupy much time. The guns of Fort Granger and the movement of ten thousand men on the north bank of the Harpeth caused "our friends, the enemy," to get out of Franklin faster than they came in, leaving eleven of their dead to be buried by us next day. By the way, I believe that the untimely death of Gen. Van Dorn deprived the South of one of its ablest cavalry leaders.

There is one statement in your paper that surprises me. I have no recollection of Hood using artillery in the battle. In fact, I have always thought he did not, and have accounted for this failure on the supposition that it had been left behind at Columbia, perhaps from difficulty in crossing Duck River promptly, or that its use was avoided from an indisposition to open fire on a town doubtless the home of many in his army. This only proves, however, that men may be mistaken. Your statement that your artillery was used vigorously is undoubtedly correct. [I learn that we really did not use but two cannon.—ED.]

Our division, Kimball's, reached Spring Hill at 2 A.M. on the 30th, and left there at 5 A.M., taking the road to

Franklin, reaching there at 3 P.M. My regiment's position in the line was on the extreme right, the tip of the crescent-shaped line of defense, and as the assault was on the center of the line on the Columbia pike, we were not to any great extent participants in the struggle. I think the attack there and then was unexpected to us. Certainly Schofield had no wish to fight then, and I think he was more apprehensive of trouble north of the Harpeth than he was of an attack at Franklin. I was standing in a brick house on our line looking out over the plain when your line of battle emerged from the timber. Certainly it was not preceded by any artillery firing. From my comparatively unexposed position I watched the advance, and it was worth a year of one's lifetime to witness these first steps of the assault. Emerging from the woods in the most perfect order, two lines, I think, nothing could be more suggestive of strength and discipline and resistless power than was this long line of gray advancing over the plain. Massing on the Columbia pike, the great wave came rolling on, pushing away the two brigades holding our advanced position, and, following them closely, poured through one line of works, and almost without a struggle Hood had thus gained a lodgment in the very center of our line. What followed is familiar to all participants and students of the history of Hood's campaign.

MILITARY DISABILITIES.

GEN. H. V. BOYNTON to Washington Post: "In view of the patriotic speeches of Senators Gordon and Daniel, and the enthusiastic responses to them from all parts of the South, does it not seem as if the time had fully come for removing the legal disabilities which still prevent those who served the Confederacy in a military capacity from so serving the country now? When ex-Confederate officers of such distinguished military service rise in the Senate and pledge their former comrades in arms and their whole section to the support of the one flag against all domestic enemies, and when the press of that section rings with applause at such utterances, the least that can be done in recognition would seem to be to make it legally possible for such men to aid their country, if need be, under its flag. Their universal approving response in Congress and throughout the North clearly indicates that the action here proposed would be deemed timely and fitting. The joint resolution for the repeal of that section of the statutes which prevents ex-Confederate officers from entering the military service should come from the Republican side in the Senate and in the House, and from some of the many most distinguished ex-Union officers which each body contains."

MR. CHARLES HERBST, who served in the Second Kentucky Infantry, states that after the surrender at Fort Donelson he and four or five others put their guns up through a stove hole in the ceiling of a doctor's shop in Dover. He was hopeful that the guns had never been disturbed. Inquiry has been made of Dr. J. C. Steger, a prominent Confederate and citizen of Dover, who writes: "After the war there were only five houses left in Dover, and not one of them was an office."

THE Irish Volunteers, of Charleston, have erected a handsome monument to their comrades who died for the South. District Attorney William Peter Murphy delivered a fine address, Rev. Father P. L. Duffy led the prayer, and J. E. Burke, Esq., read a beautiful ode prepared by Father Duffy.

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

OFFICE AT THE AMERICAN, CORNER CHURCH AND CHERRY STS.

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

"DIDN'T ORDER THE VETERAN BUT A YEAR."

MR. S— writes to say that he didn't order the VETERAN but a year, and declines to pay for the six succeeding months to date. The statement is void of expressed sympathy, and he deliberately cuts loose with an indebtedness that is crushing in its results. Mr. S— has paid attention neither to the courtesy of continuing his subscription nor to the polite note requesting him to renew or to give notice if name is to be erased and pay eight cents per copy for the numbers received since his time expired. This conduct by these residents of the South has entailed painful anxiety and much loss of needed rest and sleep. It has caused the taking of special life insurance as protection to the patriotic men who have unhesitatingly cooperated with or without money for the success of the VETERAN. Now these names must be erased from the subscription list. The loss they have entailed upon the VETERAN is deplored. In all this broad, sunny land where the VETERAN is found with the subscription date months behind the month of issue it is a record of the fact that the person whose name appears has crippled the most important publication that ever has existed to the South. They have cramped and seriously injured this interest. How unfortunate that so many strangers were presumed to be in sympathy with the cause so faithfully advocated by the VETERAN, and have been willing to receive it not only for the time at less than it cost, but to continue to take it from the office for a *year and a half* for *fifty cents*, and then not have the courtesy to return thanks for having been supplied with so much for so little! They have not been fair. This comment is not directly to them, for they are not supplied with this number. Their patronage was an injury, not a benefit. It will take months of vigorous work and economy to make up for these losses. Good friends now and then write to stop their subscriptions until times are better. They do not realize that such general action would be disastrous, and that such a publication requires steadfastness and zeal through such times. Such enterprises *must keep right on*, or disaster and death will result.

Besides, the VETERAN must go to many heroic fellows who helped to make our history and cannot pay for it.

Over and over appeal of another kind has been made to friends whose earnest desire for success is as undoubted as their loyalty to the South, and yet they have never seemed to realize that it was to them. It is this: If you want to help the VETERAN, turn to its advertising pages and see who seek its influence, and give such

advertisers a word of encouragement if no more. Write them that their patronage is being appreciated by the Southern people at large. Friends seem to have no conception of how much they could do of benefit to the VETERAN in this way. There are hundreds of friends as loyal to its interests as the writer, who have business interests with men who advertise, and who could not procure a better medium, but it seems cannot be persuaded to say a word or write a line. These same friends too are so anxious to help its interests that they would make much of sacrifice for it. It is humiliating to make these appeals, but the results are of too great consequence to be otherwise than candid.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE VETERAN.

MUCH care has been exercised in preparing the list of VETERAN representatives, although it may contain many errors. The list doubtless comprises more names of prominent people than were ever before published in such connection. Judges, ministers, lawyers, bankers, physicians, mechanics, farmers, and noble women are in the list. The names are of those who have done much for the VETERAN, or have shown such friendship as to induce the liberty of strengthening the list by using their names. Some of these accept commission, and use it in sending the VETERAN to those who can't pay for it; others accept the deduction of cost of remittance simply; while others still make no deduction whatever. Compensation is given where necessities require it.

Request is made of those in the list who cannot serve to write promptly to report the fact, and in every instance where it is practicable secure the most efficient substitute possible. At some places a blank is left for the name of the person who sent the list from that office, as it was not always possible to remember who had so kindly worked for the VETERAN. All such will please send in their names, so that they can be added next time.

THE speech of Rev. Dr. Clark Wright, published in this VETERAN, will surprise and please thousands. His testimony to the honor of Confederates is well told. Although delivered many months ago, it reads with freshness, with patriotic fervor, and attests his sincerity in offering his life for the preservation of the Union. The copy was supplied by W. A. Wiley, Secretary of the Third Georgia Regiment Association. To general readers it may seem that the prominence given the Third Georgia Regiment is in excess of what can be given to others equally worthy, but Dr. Wright's humor is too good for greater abridgment of his greeting. It is gratifying to be able to record so deserved a tribute to Confederates as this worthy divine pays them. Honor to him for his welcome. He knew it was deserved. If all Union heroes would speak out so nobly, it would look as if the millennium were dawning.

PAYNE'S "HOME, SWEET HOME."

FRANK T. RAYMOND writes for the Atlanta Journal an account of John Howard Payne's arrest about Red Clay, Ga., near the Tennessee line, and between Dalton, Ga., and Cleveland, Tenn., for befriending the Indians against paying tax. He relates that an Indian chief, who was being marched away under guard, got possession of a bayonet and, while passing near the grave of his wife and child, broke away, ran to it, fell upon the point of the bayonet, and secured his death, which he craved rather than leave his home.

While being conveyed to trial by the sheriff, Payne sang the words, "Home, Sweet Home," which so touched the sheriff that he gave him his liberty. The quoted words as furnished by Mr. Raymond are these:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that come at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all!

The editor of the VETERAN was riding on the cars in that section some years ago with Bill Arp, who told the story quite similarly. Later, he was also one of many thousands who viewed Payne's body in the city hall, New York, when the benefactor, W. W. Corcoran, brought it from Egypt some ten years ago. The old, old casket was covered with a United States flag, while, strange to relate, there were no flowers about it.

THE Pat Cleburne Camp, at Cleburne, Tex., adopts resolutions in honor of the late Senator A. H. Colquitt, "a loved comrade, gallant soldier, and a patriot." They express sympathy to his family and to the Southern people in their loss of a pure statesman and brave defender.

This Camp did a fitting thing recently in honor of Miss Jessie Belle Odell, whom they had adopted as "daughter of the Camp." They went in a body to the family residence and then to the church to see her married. In presenting a silver pitcher Capt. O. F. Plummer spoke for the members of Pat Cleburne Camp, composed of Confederate soldiers from the thirteen States:

Five years ago you were adopted as the "daughter of the Camp." From the beginning you gave your heart to the cause, and since then you have contributed much to make the meetings of the Camp interesting. Many of the members have known you from early childhood, and with pride have watched you like an unfolding flower, developing into lovely womanhood. We know your heart is unalterably fixed upon your dear Southland, and we esteem you as a typical Southern lady possessing all the charms and accomplishments that grace and distinguish true womanhood. Now, on the eve of your marriage, we come to bestow our blessings upon you. We bring with us a memento, as a token of our respect, which you will please accept and let it continually remind you that our hearts will follow you to the end of life.

A NEW book by Ruby Beryl Kyle will go to press in a few weeks. It is entitled "Paul St. Paul, a Son of the People," and is an attractive romance "built from blocks of adventure and love which serve to enrich the architecture." The plot is laid in the dreamy land of Spain, and in the stately heart of "Merrie England." An exchange says: "There is a spirit in her writings which indicates marked talent and versatility. They are fluent and exciting. She has proven herself the Sunny South's most zealous correspondent, and deserves the recognition we have given her. Her singularly successful efforts at reporting without experience have done her credit."

ARCADIA CAMP No. 227, U. C. V., August 11, 1894:

"Whereas S. A. Cunningham, as proprietor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly at Nashville, Tenn., chaste, instructive, and interesting, is doing a great work as the organ of the United Confederate Veterans; therefore,

"1. *Resolved*, That our Arcadia Camp No. 229 adopt, and also recommend said publication to the favorable consideration of our comrades, and ask all our members and other Confederate soldiers to patronize said organ.

"2. That we recommend the A. M. & F. College, and E. A. Seminary, schools being taught in Arcadia, to secure and keep on hand said CONFEDERATE VETERAN to be used in their reading rooms.

"3. That we, as a Camp of Confederate veterans, present the claims of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to all the sons, grandsons, and granddaughters of Confederate soldiers, and all others who may desire to perpetuate the sacred names and heroic deeds of an ancestry whose chivalry, patriotism, and unselfish devotion stand peerless in the annals of history.

"4. That we earnestly solicit all comrades to write brief sketches of incidents coming under the personal observation that would serve to establish a correct historical record of such in the arms of the service as they were engaged."

The foregoing resolutions were unanimously adopted.
WILL MILLER, *Com.*; JOHN A. ODEN, *Adj. and Sec.*

EAST TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.—The annual reunion of these noble fellows is to occur at Rodgersville September 6. All of these veterans are cordially invited, as are many distinguished comrades from other sections, and the Federal veterans who will be asked to participate. The Board of Directors have appointed efficient committees. F. A. Shotwell is President, and J. H. McLister Secretary of the Association.

COMRADES in Mississippi desire the address of Capt. Henry Bibb, of Company A, of the Fifty-sixth Alabama Cavalry. Capt. Bibb went from Columbus to Texas some years ago, and his post office address is not known. Reply to J. Warren Gardner, Columbus, Miss.

THE people of Madison, Ga., have just completed a Confederate monument at that place. Of the many things deposited in the zinc box, the corner stone, were copies of the VETERAN and a collection of pictures appearing in its pages, supplied by Comrade W. A. Wiley.

ADJUT. CICERO R. BARKER, of Col. Charles F. Fisher Camp, Salisbury, N. C., reports the death of Comrade A. H. Heilig from the effects of a minie ball in the head.

PRISON LIFE AT HARPER'S FERRY AND ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

CAPT. W. GART JOHNSON, Orlando, Fla., writes of it:

It was my earnest prayer during the war that I might never be wounded, and while on several occasions my hat, clothes, and accouterments showed marked signs of rather intimate relations to minie balls and grapeshot, and many of my comrades were killed and wounded all around me, I never received even a scratch.

I never gave much thought to being captured—at least not enough to make it an object of prayer. When the command was given to fall back, my legs—always alive to the behests of the head on such occasions—generally carried me out of danger. But on one occasion my ears failed me. I didn't hear the command, and stayed at the front too long. It was in a skirmish on September 4, 1864, at Berryville, a village near Harper's Ferry. No mention is made of the fight in any history of the war that I have read. My orderly, Peyton Wales, and Second Sergeant Sam Finley, the best soldier I ever saw, had been killed, besides several privates killed and wounded. Our general (Humphreys) had been wounded, the support on our right had been removed without my knowledge, and the command had been given to fall back, but I didn't hear it. We were cut off and surrounded. The alternative was surrender or die. I chose the former, and threw my sword as far as I could send it.

Right there, in the language of Othello, I bade "farewell to the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, Johnson's occupation was gone." They took us, about seventy-five in number, South Carolinians and Mississippians, to Harper's Ferry, and kept us two weeks in one of the factory buildings standing out over the water of the Shenandoah. The building was three stories. The guard occupied the first or ground floor. The second contained, in addition to our squad, other Confederates and some citizens from the surrounding country, put in there on various trumped up charges. The third story contained the meanest, most liest crew imaginable. They were a mixed lot of bounty-jumpers, thieves, deserters from the Federal army, roughs, and toughs from Northern cities, put in there to await trial by court martial. It was the only time I ever saw men punished by being hung up by the thumbs.

There were just one hundred of us in our room—officers, privates, citizens, and negroes. At the end of two weeks of treatment more like hogs than human beings we were taken to Baltimore on box cars. How I did watch for a chance to jump from the train and escape! It never came. The cars were lined with bluecoats, inside and out.

At Baltimore they separated the officers from the privates, the former to go to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, the latter to Camp Chase, O. We were sent from Baltimore to Harrisburg, and then over the Alleghenies to Pittsburg. There I ate a piece from the thick edge of a side of pickled pork (raw) with as much relish as I ever did chicken pie. At Cleveland, O., we spent the night, locked up in a real jail. The next day, September 23, 1864, one of the hottest days I ever experienced, we landed at Sandusky City. Three miles and a quarter from the shore, in full view, lay the island that was to hold us "in durance vile" for the next nine months. It was three months after the surrender before I got out.

Huddled onto the little steamer, we were transferred

to the island and ushered through the little gate into an eighteen-acre inclosure, called by us the "Bull Pen."

I was sadly, not gladly, welcomed by a number of my former comrades and old college mates who had been captured and sent there from different portions of the South months before. After handshakes and greetings, one of them yelled out: "Say, Johnson, got any bugs about your clothes?"

"Of course. What else could you expect from a fellow who has been lying around for a month in the same clothes and with no chance to wash?"

"I thought so. Right this way to the washhouse before you go into any of our rooms. See that kettle of boiling water? Off with all your duds, except hat and shoes. Pile them in there. See that tub? Get into it and scrub."

So it was that, in a few minutes, I was transformed from the dirty, l—y, ragged *Capt. Johnson* into a kind of hybrid officer holding three ranks at once, having on Col. Henry Luse's coat, Capt. Jim McCaskill's pants, and other articles of wearing apparel belonging to Lieuts. Maury and Pope. These clothes were old and well worn, but they were clean, and I felt good.

I was put into a room containing already fifty-two, most of whom were from Pickett's Virginians, captured at Gettysburg over a year before. I had witnessed their gallant charge on that memorable day, July 3, 1863, and their capture.

That night, when we were about to crawl into our bunks, and taps had beaten for "lights out," a severe gust of wind struck the shell of a building, causing a crash. There was a tall tree standing just in the rear of the building. The next gust brought a large limb from it across the house. We could hear the prison wall go down, then the tops of adjoining barracks were blown off, and by the time I got to the head of the stairs leading to the ground there were about forty of the "unterrified" ahead of me. A large portion of the prison wall went down, and the tops of seven barracks were blown off. There was much confusion and noise, both on the inside and outside of the "Pen."

In the midst of the darkness and confusion attempts were made to escape. One fellow from my room, a hardy mountaineer from Virginia, tied three rails together, and on them buffeted with wind and waves for several hours trying to get to land, but failed.

Close to the main entrance to the "Pen" there was kept always ready a cannon. The officer of the guard sent word round that if quiet was not restored immediately he would shell us out, and we quieted.

The island contained, I was informed, about 250 acres. It certainly was about as safe a place for a prison as the Federal Government could have selected. Think of it! Over three miles from land, a stockade fifteen feet high, a ditch eight feet deep and eight feet wide on the inside of that wall, and more men to guard us than we numbered, in addition to a full battery of artillery. Besides this, a \$50 reward was offered to citizens in the vicinity for every escaped prisoner.

I think only about three men ever escaped for good. Many tried it in many ways. My friend, Col. Luse, got out, got over to Sandusky, took a train, and went as far as Newark, but a detective being informed by telegraph brought him back.

Lieut. Pierce, of New Orleans, tried seven times, sometimes alone, sometimes with others, running great risk of his life. In one of his attempts to scale the wall, Lieut. Bole, one of John Morgan's men, was shot dead

by his side, but Pierce, undaunted, fought the sentinels with rocks. [He was the best baseball player in the prison.] He got over the wall, got onto the ice (the lake being frozen over), and succeeded in getting to land. But there a citizen, being warned by the signal gun, was ready with well-aimed shotgun at close range to take him in. The officer returning him to the "Pen" next morning said: "Pierce, I wish you could get away. You certainly deserve to be free."

Gen. George, now Senator George, from Mississippi, used to say "the pen was built around me and a few others brought here," I think, "from Fort Donelson." He was exchanged after that, but unfortunately was recaptured and taken back to stay to the end.

The first prisoners there had comparatively a good time. If rations were not right in kind or quantity, they could buy from the sutler. They enjoyed more privileges, could get newspapers and other luxuries, and their barracks were more comfortable. When I got in there, six months before the surrender, all luxuries were refused; the rations had been lessened, and the sutler was not allowed to sell or give, if he would, a thing in the way of eatables. The milk of human kindness seemed to have been squeezed out of Uncle Sam's official heart.

I was hungry just six months. I could tell a sad story of overcrowded rooms, scant clothing, and want of fire in that bitter winter climate, but *cui bono*. I could stand all that—didn't expect any better—but to be hungry, night and day, for six months, and that, too, in the midst of plenty, was hard, to say the least of it. This is history. But enough on that line.

However, the picture had its bright side. In spite of these things, and the additional depressing thought that we were to remain cooped up there to the end of the war, we had our fun.

There were three thousand of us, all officers except about a hundred privates, who were sent there, it was said, to be servants to the officers. Of course such an idea was spurned by us. And there were among us some spies, employed to report attempts to escape, etc.

All grades of society, all degrees of intelligence, and all occupations and professions were represented. The country hoosier and the polished gentleman, the ignoramus and the profound scholar, the crossroads storekeeper and the wealthy commission merchant, the tenant and the planter numbering his acres by thousands, lieutenants and major generals. There were machinists who could make anything from a toothpick to a steamboat, authors, M.D.'s and D.D.'s, poets, orators, story-tellers, and wags. It is said that "variety is the spice of life." If so, we had it. In the midst of such company one could not be depressed long. After being in there a few months I got into a better room with only seven. Among them were Col. D. B. Pen, of Louisiana, afterwards lieutenant governor under McHenry; Col. J. C. Humphreys, Port Gibson, Miss.; Col. W. H. Luse, Yazoo City, Miss.

The wits and yarn-spinners from the "Wild West," the Trans-Mississippi Department, would come in, tell their stories of life on the plains, and sing their jolly cowboy songs. I remember only one soldier song. It was sung by Col. Slemmons, of Arkansas, and began thus:

Rains, he taken the Bentonville road;
McCulloch, he taken the right;
But Price, he taken the straightest shoot
To lead us in the fight.

Rules of grammar were ignored.

When the news came of Lee's surrender, we were sad

and glad at the same time: sad to know that it had to be, and glad to know that we would soon see our own loved ones at home. That was on the morning of April 10. On the 14th, when the steamer left the wharf at Sandusky, her flag was at half mast, and she whistled the whole way. There was no means of communication except by steamer, so the most intense excitement prevailed, both in the "Pen" and on the outside, while she was coming. Every prominent point was occupied by men stretching their necks to see what it all meant. When she struck the landing the news flew like lightning that President Lincoln had been assassinated. . . .

"The cruel war was over!" What a change in the looks, expressions, and spirits of the men! What a wonderful effect it had upon their bodily conditions! Before that, while a few were cheerful, the prison presented an



HARPER'S FERRY, LOOKING UP THE POTOMAC.

air of gloom, sadness, and despair, a good many had died, and many seemed to be pining away; but now all was joy and gladness. Some had been in there two years.

I never saw men increase in flesh as they did. The rations were not increased, but the sutler was allowed to sell provisions, and those of us who had money with which to buy provisions divided with those who had it not, so every one got enough, and to my certain knowledge some fattened from a half to one and a half pounds a day. On April 15 I weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. In three weeks from that time I weighed one hundred and eighty-five. I left there on the morning of June 15, put up at the Burnett House, in Cincinnati, that night, had my hair cut, paid a dollar for a bath, washed all the Johnson's Island dirt off, put on some brand new clothes, and felt again like a white man.

J. S. THOMAS, Dalton, Ga.: "In the January VETERAN Gen. Cabell had a list of all the surviving brigadier generals, but my father's name, Gen. B. M. Thomas, was not given. He is Superintendent of the Dalton Public Schools, is a graduate of West Point, and was made brigadier general in August, 1864. He commanded a brigade under Gen. Maury at Mobile; was captured when Mobile fell. My grandfather was Maj. Gen. Withers, also a West Pointer. He died about two years ago.

COL. H. G. EVANS, Columbia, Tenn.: "The Maury County Confederate Veteran Association will have a reunion on August 30 and 31, at Hurricane, five miles south of here. Hope you can come out and be with us."

REUNION AT HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

D. G. FLEMING, SECRETARY CONFEDERATE VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

THE Pulaski County Confederate Veterans Association met in annual session at O'Brien Park, Hawkinsville, Ga., July 19, and the roll call showed a good attendance. Four deaths during the year were reported. Eulogistic remarks were made by Comrades W. L. Grice and L. C. Ryan. A committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions to be forwarded to the respective families of the deceased comrades, and published in the *VETERAN* and local papers.

In the absence of the chaplain, Dr. W. A. Nelson, Comrade W. H. Singletary offered prayer.

The annual election of officers resulted in the choice of R. W. Anderson, President; J. O. Jeeks, First Vice President; L. C. Ryan, Second Vice President; D. Rhodes, Treasurer; D. G. Fleming, Secretary; Dr. W. A. Nelson, Chaplain. W. L. Grice, former President, declined reelection.

By unanimous vote the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* was chosen as the official organ of this Association.

The question of uniting with the general organization, the United Confederate Veterans, was discussed, and it was decided to remain a separate and independent organization until the next annual meeting, Thursday after the third Sunday in July, 1895.

A beautiful and most tempting basket dinner, spread by Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and their friends, was enjoyed as old soldiers only know how to enjoy a good dinner.

In the afternoon the Sons of Veterans met, and one part of their business was the unanimous choice of the *VETERAN* as their official organ.

The Veterans had invited Col. W. L. Calhoun, and the Sons Mr. T. R. Cobb, both of Atlanta, as orators, but both were unavoidably absent. Col. T. C. Taylor, of Hawkinsville, eloquently filled the place of Mr. Cobb.

REMINISCENCES OF VICKSBURG.

TOM J. FOSTER, Athens, Tex., July 28, 1894:

I have read Gen. F. A. Shoup's letter about the siege of Vicksburg. Gen. Shoup says that after his arrival from Mobile, Ala., Gen. Pemberton moved his forces out to Big Black, and in the fight there the Confederates "came tumbling back into Vicksburg in utter confusion." Readers not familiar with the movements of that part of the army may conclude that Pemberton only fought at Big Black River. Gen. Shoup has let it escape his memory that Gen. Grant, after cutting that canal on the opposite side of the Mississippi River, and running his gunboats and transports through this canal down to Grand Gulf, where, and at Warrenton also, he crossed his army to invest Vicksburg. Gen. Shoup should remember too that there was some heavy fighting done near Warrenton, at Champion Hill Church, and still heavier at Baker's Creek, where the gallant Gen. Tilghman was killed while manning a cannon, the "Lady Richardson," which belonged to a battery in "Waul's Legion," of which I was a member. After Baker's Creek our next stand was at Edwards Depot, on the railroad toward Jackson, where we had a skirmish near Big Black bridge.

It is true, there was some confusion in a Georgia brigade, Barton's, I think. They suffered awfully at Baker's Creek, where we had our worst fight and where that noble man, Gen. Thomas Loring, cut his way out via

Raymond and went to Gen. J. E. Johnston. My regiment was sent to the stockade and held in reserve to Green's Brigade of Missouri troops. After staying there awhile we were sent south of the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad to the support of Gen. S. D. Lee.

On the 22d day of May, 1863, about 10 A.M., there was a general onslaught made on our lines from Chickasaw Bayou south of the railroad and still on south as far as I could see. We were in reserve to support a command that soon gave way, so that part of our works were in the possession of the enemy until late that evening, when volunteers were called for out of Waul's Legion, and Capts. Bradley, Hoague, and Boling, with their respective companies, responded to the call. Col. Peters, of an Alabama regiment, took a gun and said he was going to show the Texans that an Alabamian would go as far as any of them; but our captains demurred, and Col. Peters was finally persuaded to take command of the three companies. And as to what we did, I will refer to Gens. Stephen D. Lee and T. N. Waul, who are still living. I remember well that after the works were all retaken Col. Peters made the remark that he was an Alabamian by birth, but that he was going to be a Texan by adoption.

Gen. Shoup must have been a pet of Gen. Pemberton if he did not eat any mule, for after the first few days of the siege that was all that we got, and very little of that, with red cow peas, rice, and musty corn meal.

Gen. Pemberton virtually surrendered on the 2d day of July, 1863, about 10 A.M., for at that time the flag of truce was hoisted, when all firing ceased and thereafter, although the yankees did not take possession until the 4th. On that day Gen. Grant with his gunboats and transports dropped down alongside of the city and they fired their 4th of July salutes.

Let us hear from Gen. Shoup again.

EVERY MAN TO HIS HUMOR.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, AUGUSTA, GA.

THE story goes, an old "Confed," once tackled by a "yank," (One of New England's raw-boned sons, an officer by rank), And asked the reason why he fought, referring to the war,

Replied—twelve dollars pay a month was what he did it for.

"And now, my friend," he, turning, said, "do tell me how you came

To risk your life and safety in the battle's treacherous flame?"

"'Twas principle that prompted me to undertake the cause Of my dear country, and protect her interests and her laws!"

Was the proud rejoinder of the "yank." "'Tis very true," agreed

The other, "that we strove for that for which each found most need.

The things our homes were barest of, our people seldom had, The lack of which, we well foresaw, would drive us nearly mad; And, viewing our respective wants, there's nothing very funny That you should fight for *principle*, while I, instead, for *money*."

ADJT. E. O'BRIEN of Berwick, La., tells a funny story of his mistake in calling Dr. J. B. Cowan, of Tennessee, who was medical director of Forrest's Cavalry through the war, the Governor of Texas. The Doctor told him that he killed two men at Birmingham for calling him a "Hogg." The two Confederates had a pleasant journey over the battle ground of Chickamauga, and the Louisianian realized much benefit through Dr. Cowan's familiarity with the battle.

A RAINBOW FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BY L. G. R.

I stood on the cliff at twilight,
 The cliff that o'erlooks the plain,
 And I said: "There fought they the battle,
 And there lie buried the slain."
 And I gazed far over the valley
 To the mountains that girdle the plain,
 And I said: "Those mountains so lofty
 Will ever stand guard o'er the slain."
 Then I stood on the cliff at midnight,
 But naught could I see of the plain,
 For a soft sea of mist floated o'er it,
 And enveloped the graves of the slain.
 On this mist, so like a white ocean,
 There floated a ship in the night,
 It moved without sound or commotion,
 So softly—I gazed in affright.
 Then I heard mid the stillness a murmur
 Borne gently across the white main:
 "For the right *we* all fell in this battle,
 For our country *we* fought on this plain."
 I stood on the cliff as the rain fell,
 A rainbow arched over the plain,
 And its opaline tints made glorious
 The spot where lie buried the slain.
 I said: "'Tis a sign sent from heaven,
 To tell us that never again
 Will the hand of brother 'gainst brother
 Be raised on this far-reaching plain."

Lookout Inn, August 9, 1894.

HE GOT HIS OWN TURKEY.

T. M. DANIEL, OF CAMP BEE, FORNEY, TEX.

WHEN Gen. Grierson made his famous raid from Memphis to West Point, Miss., I was at home on a short leave of absence from the army, to secure better horses. I had succeeded in purchasing two, one for my trusty army servant, Wesley. A Federal raid was expected, and Wesley was on the lookout. While at breakfast pistol shots were heard toward the village. I saw Wesley coming at full speed, and a squad of Federals behind him. As quickly as possible I hurried to the barn for my horse, and just had time to mount as my wife reached me through the back yard with my carbine, pistol, and overcoat. Wesley, and then the Federals, dashed by me as I wheeled my horse behind a negro cabin and dashed away in the open plantation. The Federals soon halted and commenced to plunder my home, but Wesley saw and followed me. When out of range I halted and deliberately took in the situation. I could see my wife on the gallery pleading for valuables that they were appropriating, and in the yard a large drove of turkeys were being rounded up; a huge smoke from the kitchen chimney told that the cooks had been put to work. A mile away I could see the heavy column advancing—ten thousand mounted men—determined upon devastating that rich region of country between Okolona and West Point, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Imagine my feelings with my young and tender wife in the hands of a ruthless enemy. The true soldier I did not fear, but these were plunderers of the worst order. For safety, I went to the woods the balance of the day. By night I had become desperate,

and decided to brave all danger to learn what had been done at home. I had no fear of capture, and all confidence in my servant Wesley, who had been with me the two years, faithful in all things. He could have had his freedom any day. He had often been in the Federal camp. At one time he captured and brought back the body servant of our colonel, who had deserted and gone to the enemy with his best horse. A book should be written on the Southern army servants, who, in devotion to their master, would go even where the battle raged, carry his bleeding body from the field, and guard it to his far-off home.

But to my story. As we rode out into that large prairie, we had a scene that no pen can picture. It was one long, lurid flame, made by the conflagration of hundreds of palatial homes, barns, and corn pens, for miles along the railroad. I reached the vicinity of my home easily without contact with the Federals. I was glad to see that the house was spared the torch, but the large plantation fence was a ring of fire. Part of the army was encamped there. As I neared my home the fires had burned low, and thousands in blue were wrapped in their blankets dreaming of home. I evaded their pickets by a large ditch as deep as a man on horseback, which ran through the farm in the direction of the home building. Reaching the gin house, we dismounted a short distance from my residence, and led our horses inside the old log pick room. I sent Wesley to learn the situation, and report as soon as possible. He divested himself of all military apparel, so that he might be taken for one of the home negroes if seen by the Federals. It seemed he would never return. About midnight all seemed quiet and still. Wesley finally returned from the opposite direction unexpectedly. He told almost breathlessly that Miss Laura was all right. He said she was then sitting by the fire knitting. Our two little ones and their grandpa were on a lounge in her room asleep. All the other rooms were full of soldiers, who were asleep. A back door from my wife's room faced the gin house where we were secreted, and as the picket fence had been burned, nothing prevented me from reaching the door on horseback. I hastily mounted and told Wesley to follow, and rode quietly as possible to the door of my wife's room. The door was partly opened, and I was face to face with my wife. She threw up her hands and whispered: "Have you come to surrender?" I told her no, but to see her, and learn how she had been treated. Except that she had been robbed of all valuables, she had been treated respectfully. The guard at the hall door, ordered to keep all out of her room, was then asleep. I leaned over and kissed her good-bye. When asked if I was hungry, Wesley answered. She said that there was under a large pot on the kitchen table the last turkey, ready cooked, but that there was no bread. Handing my bridle to Wesley, I peeped through a crack of the old log kitchen. All was still. On the floor were several Federals asleep. I gently opened the door, reached the pot, quietly took the turkey by the leg and handed it to Wesley. I thus kissed my wife, and off we went in darkness. I learned afterwards that the next morning inquiry was made as to "who got that turkey." She proudly informed the yanks that her husband had been at home and had taken it for his supper. In a few days I joined Gen. Forrest and had the great pleasure of helping to drive the Federals from my own yard, and capturing one who had appropriated the pair of woolen gloves that my wife was knitting the night I got the turkey.

JIMMY, AN INVINCIBLE IRISHMAN.

Mr. C. C. Rhodes, Esq., of Baltimore, writes the *Sun*:

Noticing in your paper several interesting war stories I am reminded of one that came within my personal knowledge and which is well remembered by my mother and other members of our family. My father was arrested on his farm, in Frederick County, Md., and taken down the Valley of Virginia, where for several weeks we lost trace of him. We then learned that he was imprisoned in Fort Melleny. My mother immediately came to Baltimore, bringing me, a lad of eleven years, with her, and began to seek sufficient influence among her personal friends to secure his release. Some days after our arrival she succeeded in obtaining permission for me to visit the fort daily to carry better food, etc., to my father. I became very well acquainted with many of the prisoners there. Amongst the number was a young and sprightly Irishman who had joined the Federal army on first coming to the United States, but, as he said, when he found "they were fighting to free the d— nager" he deserted and joined the Confederate army. He had been captured and identified. Whenever the guard was around, or it was about time for his round, Jimmy, as the Irishman was called, sat with handcuffs on his wrists and ball and chain to his ankles, but as soon as the guard had passed Jimmy would throw off his handcuffs and ball and chain and move around at will with the prisoners. He was tried by court-martial on the day before my father was released, and sentenced to be shot on the day following the release. All the prisoners were attached to Jimmy, and took a deep interest in his fate. As my father was saying "good-bye" he said: "Jimmy, I am sorry to leave you in such a sad condition." He replied: "What! You don't think I am going to be shot? Do you think I've been bog trotting in Ould Ireland till I'm twenty-nine years old to be shot in an open country like this?"

They then went to that side of the stable in which they were imprisoned looking toward Federal Hill, and looking through a hole Jimmy pointed out a small tree on the Federal Hill side, and said that he would be at that tree at nine o'clock that evening, but that he could not swim so far with his clothes on; that the only difficulty in the way was the lack of clothes when he reached the tree. My father said: "That will be all right." As soon as we had left the fort we hunted up Mr. Samuel Ford, who had formerly lived on our farm, and who was a staunch Republican in politics, but a warm admirer of my father. Together we drove over on Federal Hill and located the tree, and then came back to Baltimore Street, where a suit of clothes, shoes, and hat were bought and given to Mr. Ford. About 9:30 on the same evening Mr. Ford came to the hotel and, calling my father aside, said: "It's all right; he made the landing." The next day we took train for home, about forty-five miles from Baltimore, near Urbana, in Frederick County. We arrived about four p.m., and to our surprise and delight found Jimmy eating dinner. He had taken accurate directions of the route when at the fort. No signs of recognition passed between us in the presence of the colored folk, lest their suspicions should be aroused. He remained about a week working on the farm, until one evening a Federal wagon train drove into the meadow in front of our residence. There was a new fence around the field which my father preserved by sending wood from the woods to any band of soldiers

that might encamp there. On that afternoon I was sent to the lieutenant in charge of the train to say that we would send the wood and to request him to spare the fence. Jimmy went with the wagons to haul the wood. As we returned to the house he said to me: "Did you see the lieutenant's roan mare: ain't she a beauty? Do you think they could bring me down if I had a second's start?" I said: "No, not if you had a half-second." He said: "If that mare's gone in the morning, don't help hang the thief if he's caught; and if you don't see me to-morrow, try to be as good a man as you are a boy." That night he gave good-bye and God bless you to us all, and we never heard from him again. Next morning the roan mare was gone.

REGARD MANIFESTED FOR THE VETERAN.

THE Shackelford Fulton Bivouac of Fayetteville, Tenn., sent official notice in June signed by W. A. Miles, President, and W. H. Cashion, Secretary, that the *VETERAN* was indorsed and made the official organ of the Bivouac. There was coupled with the resolution a request that an excellent paper by Captain Talley upon the Hampton Roads Conference be printed. The paper referred to was read at the Birmingham reunion.

Col. A. T. Gay, of Graham, Tex., presented to the Young County Camp, United Confederate Veterans, a series of resolutions highly complimentary to the *VETERAN*, in which it was stated that it has the true ring of a Confederate soldier and stands as a watchman on the tower, ever ready to defend truth and to give a true history of those who fought in the "unequal fight," and concludes the resolution with the assertion that it is a journal that no soldier, whether he wore the gray or the blue, need be ashamed of.

Camp Sumter, of Charleston, in a series of resolutions refers to "the truthfulness and steadfastness of the *VETERAN* to the lost cause so dear to us," and says that it is beyond all publications in gathering and preserving data for the future historian.

Charles DuCloux, Adjutant, Knoxville, Tenn.: "At a regular meeting of Felix K. Zollicoffer Camp No. 46, U. C. V., the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* was adopted as its official organ, and cordially indorsed as being a very interesting and valuable periodical. It contains historical facts and personal reminiscences which cannot be obtained from any other publication."

Camp Lee, No. 329, United Confederate Veterans, Oxford, Ala., reports through its Commander, Thomas H. Barry, the adoption of the *VETERAN* as its official organ, and they send a memorial concerning which attention has been delayed unavoidably.

Cumberland Presbyterian: "It is rich in reminiscence and replete with hitherto unpublished history of the war, its causes and consequences. Its motto is "Patriotic and Progressive," and the sentiments of its entertaining pages are in full accord. Veterans of the Civil War, whether they fought for the Union or the Confederacy, will find this magazine pleasing and instructive."

Dr. O. T. Dozier, Birmingham, Ala.: "Every number serves to refresh my memory, quicken my devotion, and inspire a greater love for that holy cause now lost, but which will ever survive in the hearts of those who love the right and hate the wrong. For as God is just that cause can never die."

BRAVE LITTLE PATRIOT REWARDED.

THE authorship of the following story is not known:

The clouds of war and desolation hung over the land. The long-dreaded enemy had come. A large number of Federal troops, "vandals" we called them in those days, had encamped on the outskirts of a Virginia valley in the heart of the lovely valley of the Shenandoah.

For several days following their coming the excitement among the citizens was intense.

After a time, nervous mothers who had kept ceaseless watch over their little ones, as if fearful of their being captured and made prisoners of war, relaxed their vigilance and allowed them their usual liberty to roam.

The children, glad of a release from unusual restraint, and realizing that the dreadful yankees showed no craving to gobble up little folks, soon gained courage to go about the camp and watch proceedings.

One day one of the officers, among a group of lounging soldiers, noticed the children hanging around, and thinking to have a little amusement out of the young rebels, called them to him. Some of them took fright and ran away, but the rest reluctantly drew near, with faces more expressive of anxious wondering than pleasure at finding themselves in such close proximity to the foe.

After talking with them for awhile, the colonel said he wanted to know whether they were loyal to the Union or not, whether they were yankees or rebels in feeling, promising that the little girl who gave the best answer should have a nice present. "What shall it be? What do you want above all other things?" he asked.

This was a difficult question for the little Confederates, to whom the possession of a new toy or book was beyond their wildest dreams—yea, and to whom even a new calico dress would be a rare luxury.

After much whispered consultation with each other, it was announced with perfect seriousness that the majority wanted a hoop skirt more than anything else in all the world, though a few decided in favor of "a pair of store-bought stockings that ain't homemade."

Then they formed into line ready to give their answers. But poor little rebels! Partly through an eager longing for the present, but more through fear of giving offense to the big soldiers, all but one of them turned traitor. Each one in the primmest little speech declared her loyalty to the United States. Then the colonel, seeing one little tot standing aloof and keeping silent, a shy-looking little thing with bare feet and a faded, tattered dress, called her into the line. "Come up, little one! Are you a rebel or a yankee?"

Her cheeks glowed and her bright eyes flashed under the limp, old sunbonnet as her answer came in no uncertain accents, "I'm seecesh;" then, raising her voice, "I'll live seecesh and I'll die seecesh!" ending almost in a scream. This outburst was received by the soldiers with hearty cheers for "Little Seecesh, the brave Little Seecesh!" and none were more enthusiastic than the colonel, who hastened to declare her the victor.

Then, taking her on his shoulder, he carried her in triumph to the village, followed by the crestfallen little traitors, where he bestowed upon "Little Seecesh" a pretty and useful present.

DAN C. BEARD, at 110 Fifth Avenue, New York, has a Confederate flag captured at Camp Cotton, La., by the Thirtieth Missouri Infantry. In the little "fracas" three Federals and several Confederates were killed.

In one of its many clever reminiscences of war times the Gallatin Examiner says:

The Seventh Tennessee had a brilliant war record and stacked arms at Appomattox. It numbered over 1,000 men at the start, and came back almost decimated.

The commanding officers were Col. Robert Hatton, Col. J. F. Goodner, Col. John A. Fite, Lieut. Col. W. G. Shepherd, who took command after Gettysburg, Col. Fite having been captured. Only two of the colonels are alive: Col. Shepherd, of Wilson County, who is a Baptist minister; and Col. Fite, who has been circuit judge of the Carthage District and is now Adjutant General of the State. Col. Hatton was killed the first day at the battle of the Seven Pines, and had been promoted to brigadier general just before his death.

Capt. Foster's Company C commenced with 100, and there are only nine here that can be heard of.

J. M. JACKSON, a plain, unassuming Tennessean, tells how he retaliated for the death of Gen. Starnes. He happened to see the smoke from the sharpshooter's gun when the fatal shot was fired, and keeping some tree top between them he made his way to within about fifty yards, when he shot him from his perched place in a tree, the body "falling like an ox" to the ground. He procured his Whitworth rifle and took it away with him.

J. W. CORMAN, Q. M., Camp Loring, Brooksville, Fla.: "The VETERAN is highly appreciated here, and is considered the best publication ever offered to this people. If I can't send a big list, I will forward one at a time."

MASONIC APRON FOR CAPT. LITTLE'S FAMILY.—A. R. Courtney, Esq., Dumbarton, Va.: "Please obtain information as to the family of Capt. Little, of an Alabama regiment, who was killed in the fight at Jonesboro, Ga., August 30, 1864. Capt. Little, being a zealous and accomplished Mason, organized an army lodge of A. F. and A. M. in our camp, near Dalton, Ga., while in winter quarters, 1863-64. When we broke camp in the early spring of 1864, to commence active operations in the field, he put in my charge the Masonic apron he had worn while presiding as Master of this army lodge, and I have managed to hold on to it to this time. It is a very fine piece of workmanship, and elaborately ornamented with the emblems of that ancient and honorable institution which it represents. While I highly prize this memento of a most pleasing episode in my war life, yet I will cheerfully give it up to Capt. Little's family if I can learn where to reach any of them."

REV. C. W. W., of Kentucky, received request to renew for the VETERAN, or to kindly send eight cents for the copies after his time had expired. He sent thirty-two cents and adds:

Now I scarcely know what to say to you about sending it any longer. I was chaplain of Dibrell's Eighth Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's command. I became afflicted and had to resign before the close, and have been suffering from the same disease ever since. I am not able to work and am without means, having lost what I had in the war. I have lived a destitute life. I love the cause for which we fought. I love the VETERAN, and pray for its success. If it comes on, I will try to pay for it; but if you think best to mark me off, I will submit in silence.

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

T. L. LANIER, Esq., Waverly, Tenn., who was in Vicksburg during the siege, a member of Cockrill's Missouri Brigade, writes in defense of Pemberton:

In the July VETERAN Maj. Sparks makes a serious charge against Gen. Pemberton. For the truth of history I regret the publication, because I feel sure the charge has nothing to rest upon except the unsubstantial basis of the public clamor of the day.

In making the surrender I do not believe that Pemberton was guilty of any treason to the Confederacy; nor that any such opinion was at any time seriously entertained by any one in his command. Pemberton did not command the confidence of his army, but this want of confidence did not grow out of any belief that he was untrue to the cause he had espoused in tendering his sword to the South. That he was unfit for the command to which he was assigned was an opinion generally entertained in his army, and it was greatly strengthened after the disastrous defeat at Baker's Creek and Big Black. But his integrity and patriotism were at no time questioned by his army so far as I know.

Pemberton was compelled to surrender. He held out against tremendous odds as long as he could. The wonder is, all things considered, that he maintained the unequal struggle as long as he did. When the surrender occurred there were not more than twelve thousand effective men in the ditches. The works were held by a mere skirmish line. In many places the enemy's approaches had reached our lines. He could have moved his army under cover to within a hundred yards or less of our works. In my opinion, there was not a day from the time of the investment until the surrender that Vicksburg should not have been taken by the splendidly equipped army of Grant, flushed as it was by two recent victories.

When Vicksburg was first invested, the defenses were wholly inadequate for defense. True, our works were greatly strengthened as the siege progressed, but at no time were they so formidable as to have prevented the enemy with his greatly superior number from walking over them and capturing the place. The opinion, I believe, was general that a determined effort would be made on the 4th day of July to storm the works, and that the effort, if made with courage and resolution, would succeed. Hence I believe the army was in favor of surrendering. Effort after effort had been promised and made to relieve the army without avail. So often had these promises of relief been broken or failed in their execution, that the garrison had no longer any hope of success from without, and felt that all had been done that could be done for the defense of the city. Some other day would have been preferable for the surrender, but the inevitable was submitted to without a murmur.

If Gen. Kirby-Smith had succeeded in reënforcing the garrison with his little army of three thousand men, and had succeeded in swimming his Texas beeves across the river as indicated in the article, it would have been productive of no substantial good, but would simply have involved the loss of additional men. The undertaking, however, was wholly impracticable, and the wonder is that it was ever seriously entertained. At any and all times after the investment Grant could have spared men sufficient to have beaten Kirby-Smith back without materially weakening his line in front of Vicksburg. At that time Grant's army numbered more than eighty thousand effective men, and this army was protected,

both in front and rear, with strong earthworks, along which were planted more than two hundred pieces of artillery, supplemented by heavy guns belonging to and commanded by the navy. In addition to this the enemy had gunboats both above and below Vicksburg. These could, as experience demonstrated, be run by our land and water batteries with impunity. The enemy had also planted batteries in front of Vicksburg and on the west side of the river. With all these appliances at hand, to have attempted to convey Kirby-Smith's army across the river in small boats or otherwise would have been foolhardy in the extreme.

Speaking of this abortive effort to relieve Vicksburg, Gen. Richard Taylor, who was commanding the forces under Smith, says: "Our movement resulted and could result in nothing." The attempt at relief in the direction indicated in the article was an absurdity and was only undertaken by Smith because of the pressure on him to do something for Vicksburg. Gen. Grant, in speaking of this movement, says: "Gen. Taylor was expected on the west bank to cooperate in some movement, but he did not come, nor could he have done so with a force sufficient to be of service."

Undoubtedly Pemberton blundered greatly in many things and in many respects. His maneuvering in and around Vicksburg was a series of blunders that cost the Confederacy heavily. Under a thoroughly competent commander his army, which was composed of splendid material, would not have met with the reverse it did at Baker's Creek; indeed, a competent commander would not have fought that battle at all. Unfit for the command he certainly was, but unfaithful to the cause I do not believe. True, he was a Northern man by birth, but then the greater part of his life had been spent in the South and with Southern surroundings. He married a Virginia lady, who no doubt had much to do in forming his opinions and shaping his course. He served through the war with Mexico, and was twice brevetted for gallantry in action. No aspersion was at any time cast upon his character until the fall of Vicksburg, and then only by outsiders. At the beginning of the war, while commanding a battery of artillery, he was ordered to Washington. When he arrived there with his command he at once resigned his commission in the United States army, went to Richmond, and offered his sword to the Confederacy without asking for rank. Certainly he must have been actuated by principle alone in doing this, for he had everything to gain by remaining on the other side. He neither sought command nor did he decline it when tendered. His incapacity for independent command manifested during the Vicksburg campaign was a great misfortune to the Confederacy, but it did not justify aspersions on his character and motives. The public howled at his blunders and said many hard things of him, even charging him with treason because the surrender occurred on the day it did. But we must remember that this same public said hard things of any commander of Southern forces who failed to gain victories. This same public denounced Gen. A. S. Johnston as being unfit for command because he gave up Tennessee to the enemy, and hounded him to the death because he did not gain victories. And yet the South had no truer, braver, or worthier son. The judgment of the public is often at fault, especially in times of great excitement when so much is at stake and so much is expected, and one of its greatest faults, I verily believe, was to charge Pemberton with treachery to the cause for which he had sacrificed so much, and in defense of which he drew his sword.

THE CAUSE AND ITS HISTORY.

PROF. A. M. BURNEY, Gallatin, Tenn.:

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the organ of the Confederate cause, which is the cause of human freedom under constitutional guarantees as proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson, adopted by the American Constitutional Congress July 4, 1776, and also embodied in the Constitution of the United States.

The Confederate Government was not a revolt against



DRUMMOND WELBURN.

the Government of the United States, but a protest against the abuse of that government as established by the patriots of 1776. It did not abrogate a single well-defined principle of the Declaration of Independence, nor of the Constitution framed in pursuance thereto by the founders of the government; but under the most solemn vows and pledges of life, liberty, and sacred honor proclaimed anew these principles in their protest against their abuse and against the perversion of the powers of the government by a sectional party which had assumed the reins of government by a mere technicality of law, and in opposition to the popular will of the people expressed at the ballot box by a majority of two hundred and fifty thousand votes.

Following the precept and example of the fathers and founders of the republic, the Confederate States, while thus protesting against the prostitution of the delegated powers of the government to sectional and partisan purposes, embodied these same principles in their Constitution, which the fathers had incorporated in the original compact.

It is not the purpose of this article to enumerate these

principles, nor to attempt to exemplify them in the practice of the government from 1789 to 1861. This is the province of history, and every patriotic citizen should be acquainted with the rise, progress, and development of these principles in the body politic as the years have rolled on since their inception on this continent. A true history of these principles and their development under constitutional governments in America is the demand of the age. The school histories of the United States, compiled and written by partisan authors and forced upon the people by Northern school trusts, are little else than a propagandism of their fanatical dogmas and distorted deductions from a temporary triumph of military power of the many over the legitimate resistance of the patriotic few.

The demand for a true history of the cause here outlined has been met in "The American Epic," the *Æneid* of the American classics, written by Drummmond Welburn, of Nashville, Tenn., and issued from the Methodist Publishing House.

The author lays the foundation for the uprising of the cause of the government for the people by the people in the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar, and traces it through the American Revolution, the formation of the Constitution of 1789, the administrations of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Polk in their magnificent efforts to popularize free government and in the extension of the territory of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific under the genius of Southern patriotism.

"The American Epic" is a true history, which, while condemning vandal outrages, gives due honor to Northern military talents and heroism, as well as to chivalrous Southern devotion to native land and honorable principles. The present generation will at least find entertainment in its discussions of State rights, secession, and slavery. Its very brief presentation of abstruse theological truths will interest persons who seldom study such subjects. The references to monopolies, corporations, capital, labor, strikes, and mobs will in these times command close attention and impart valuable instruction. Its teachings on the tariff, if studied by our statesmen, ought to unite Democrats and free the country from tribute to trusts and from the oppression of wealthy despots. Its predictions of political events, written five or six years ago, have been so accurate as to seem inspired; while its anticipations of our country's future grandeur ought to encourage and prompt American youth to deeds of patriotic devotion. If slavery to Northern school book trusts forbids the adoption of such a book by our school trustees, we ought voluntarily to introduce it, that the truth may prove an antidote to the false teachings of ordinary school histories.

MONUMENT AT CORINTH.

THE A. S. Johnston Camp at Corinth, Miss., through Commander G. W. Bynum and Secretary R. Henderson:

American chivalry appeals to American patriotism for aid in erecting a monument to Anglo-Saxon courage in honor of the brave Col. William Rogers, Second Texas Regiment, and his no less brave followers who stormed Fort Robinet, at Corinth, Miss., October 4, 1862, and who, on that fateful day, fell as only courageous soldiers can fall, in the very front of the battle. They say that under the auspices of their Camp a monument will be erected. They call for help "from the Northern blue and the Southern gray."

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THEY will cheerfully serve those who apply to them by sending subscriptions and advertisements. Friends will help to fill the blanks below:

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Will friends of the VETERAN everywhere give notice of suitable additions to be made to this list?

S. W. MEEK, manager of the Southwestern Publishing House, Nashville, in sending renewal of advertisement August 30, adds: "I am so well pleased with the VETERAN, that I must ask you to hold me a full page for October and November issues. This little gem of a paper surely holds a very warm place in the hearts of its constituents."

Miss FLORENCE BARLOW, manager for Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, in a lecture tour that has been agreed upon, seeks an arrangement to have him deliver one of two in Nashville about the middle of September. He can tell of "Secret Service in the Confederacy" or "Women of the Confederacy" in a style peculiar to himself, and of both subjects the distinguished gentleman is delightfully familiar.

SELECTING A SCHOOL.

MANY parents are now considering where they will place their children the coming year.

What should guide one in selecting a school?

Much is to be learned that is not found in text-books. The child's character is of the first importance. Hence a careful study should be made of the institution: its permanency, its Christian influence, its course of study, its thoroughness, the teachers from whom the pupil is to get much of his information, the daily walk and talk of whom must be impressed upon the pupil for good or for evil.

Do they teach simply for pay, or are they conscientiously performing their duties, trying to make true men and women? Not only teaching, but exemplifying the statement, "to rule the spirit is better than to take a city."

Are the teachers punctilious? Are they kind? Are they willing to spend and be spent for the good of those intrusted to their care? These are some of the questions a parent should ask himself before placing his child in any one's care?

We have many grand schools in our midst. Take some pains to ascertain their strong and their weak points.

The MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, of Nashville, has made a record for itself, and asks a consideration of its claims before you decide where you will place your son. Make inquiries of those who have patronized it. Send for one of its catalogues.

DR. KOLLOCK IN NASHVILLE.

THE attention of the reader is especially called to the card of DR. MATTHEW HENRY KOLLOCK which is in another column. The Doctor is a native of Norfolk, Va. (1834), of a prominent Southern family of Savannah, Ga. He is quoted as standard authority by the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. X., page 135, the "largest and most important work in the world," being in twenty-five volumes, each the size of a large church Bible. He is noted as the discoverer of the active principle of *gelsemium*, a specific for neuralgia of the face and womb. The Doctor has been all over the world, and has made many cures, especially at Hot Springs, Ark., given up by other physicians.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS TO SOUTHERNERS.

HOW MANY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS MAY BE SAVED TO THE SOUTH IN LIFE INSURANCE.

With the wonderful progress of the South since the war, Southern business men and thinkers have wondered why it is that money is so hard to obtain on good security, and that such an extraordinary high rate of interest is required; while they know that their friends in the East with similar security can raise money for about one-half the rate. Now, why is this? It is plain. We hand our moneys over to Eastern capitalists lavishly and without thought, in a way that will always keep us in bondage to the East unless we do more serious thinking and act upon better business judgment. We used to ship all our cotton East, not thinking we could manufacture it at home, and we have paid untold millions for our ignorance. Are we doing it to-day? We used to buy our coal and iron from the East. How many millions do you suppose this cost before our knowledge came to our relief?

One of the greatest evils presented to the serious thoughts of Southern business men is the really thoughtless, unbusiness-like way of allowing themselves deceived by the "Old Line" life insurance companies, who are to-day charging them *at least 50 per cent. more than* is necessary for their life insurance. In proof of this, less than half the money sent East from the South ever comes back to pay death losses. One old line Eastern life insurance company advertises extensively that it has a surplus (which means that this is an amount over and above what is necessary to pay death claims and expenses) of nearly fifty millions of dollars. This proves one of two things—viz., either an excess of charges for the insurance, or they have cheated the policy holders out of their promised dividends. For if these are not facts, what are they doing with the fifty millions excess? Is it any wonder that money is tight in the South? When you stop and consider these facts for only a moment, you will see that these Eastern fellows get your money for nothing, and lend it back to you at interest through your banks.

The Southern Life Insurance Co., of Union City, Tenn., which is now in its thirteenth year, is operated on the "New Line" basis, and its rates are based on the actual experience of forty-six American companies, and these rates are 33 per cent. less than the Eastern old line companies. The Southern has five dollars to pay every dollar it owes. It has paid out nearly three hundred thousand dollars in death claims. The Southern is now pushing its business vigorously throughout the Southern States. Its management has determined upon the aggressive, and expects it to become a very large life insurance company. It is advertising for agents all over the South, and especially desires them from the ranks of the old veterans. They can make from \$100 to \$500 per month. Dividends are absolutely certain, and they guarantee 33 per cent., while charging 33 per cent. less than the old line companies. And if the old line companies have the nerve to tell you that they are holding fifty millions of surplus (and will continue to hold it), our "New Line" system, as operated by us, has been successfully operated for fifteen years. While the old companies have fifty millions more than necessary, we hand you your dividends in advance by charging you less.

This Association is successor in name to the Central Benefit Association, that was chartered and has been operating since 1882 as a fraternal insurance association. Recognizing the advantages to policy holders of being placed on a just, equitable, and scientific basis of mortality, as operated by the flourishing and successful New Line, or assessment insurance companies, it was, at a meeting of the officials who had authority to do so, changed to a new basis on July 16, 1894, and now is operated on a plan that will not only protect the present one thousand members on their life insurance, but amply protect them on their money paid in.

We will take great pleasure in sending you literature upon application for the same. Our entire Directory are Southern business men and Confederate veterans. Write to us for an agency or for a policy, and encourage the building up of a Southern institution. Any who wish an agency or desire a policy will receive prompt attention by addressing Butler & Selden, Directors of Agencies, Union City, Tenn.

THE CLARKSVILLE (TENN.) ACADEMY is under thoroughly Southern management, the Faculty being composed entirely of Southern women, daughters and widows of Confederate soldiers. Mrs. E. G. BUFORD, Principal, is the wife of a Confederate now of the firm of Buford & Bowling.

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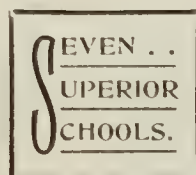
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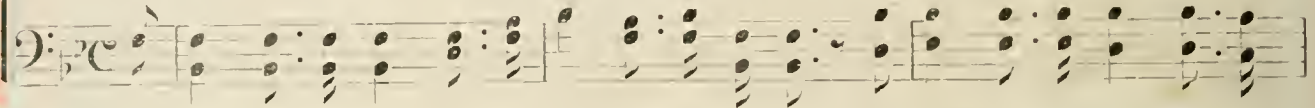
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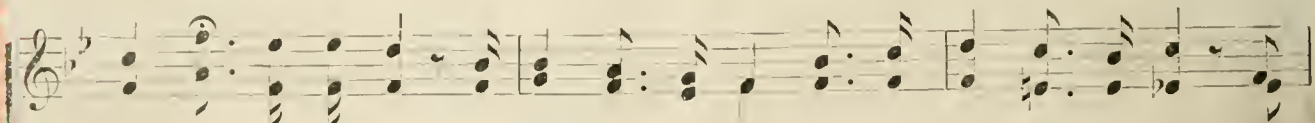
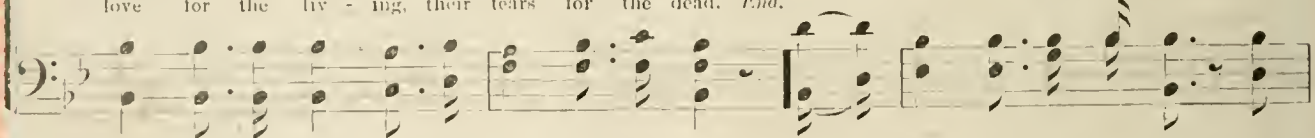
1. What is it that stirs in my heart, low and yearning, That wells up in tears as I
2. Or else, hath the minstrel his lone harp for - sa - ken, De - spaired of the glo - ry in
3. We seek not the alms nor ap - plause of the na - tion, Nor flam - beans that glare on the



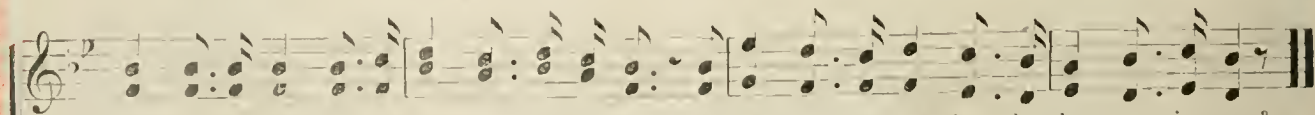
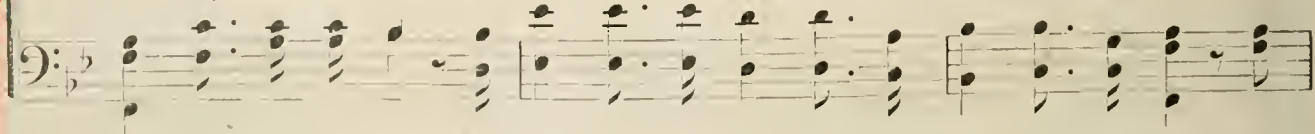
sit here to - night, And live o'er the scenes when, our camp - fires burn - ing, We
chiv - al - ry's song, That once raised the pa - tri - ot's soul to the heav - ens, And
clouds o - ver - head; But claim from the brave and the just of ere - a - tion, Their



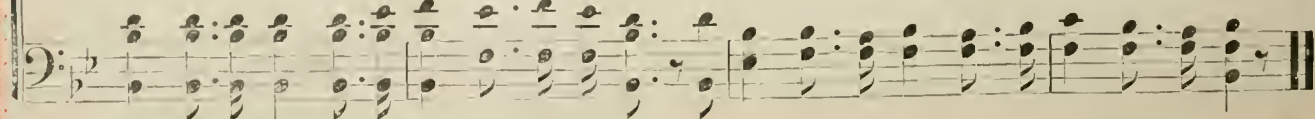
weath - ered the storm or we wel - comed the light? Can it be, O my com - rades! gone
formed the true be - ing, de - fi - ant of wrong? Oh, no! they may slum - ber, the
love for the liv - ing, their tears for the dead. End.



down in the bat - tle, Or ye who still live to re - mem - ber the day, That
wreck may be - numb them, Their des - ti - ny o - ver, life thrills them no more, But



all, all is lost of that ter - ri - ble strug - gle, F'en mem - o - ry's love for the he - ro in gray?
liv - ing, tri - um - phant, the truth in their spir - its Will gleam o'er those hosts on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.



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The biennial report of the Secretary, R. Garth, made to E. B. Craig, Insurance Commissioner for Tennessee, July 31, 1894, shows total assets of \$19,929,76, with total liabilities of \$11,045,90, leaving a surplus of \$8,883,86, and an actual safety fund of \$35,899.49, or more than four times its liabilities. The report shows that on December 31, 1893, there were twenty-six claims, aggregating \$18,506.20, while this last report shows only one unpaid claim of \$1,300. Policies in force, December 31, 1900, aggregating \$2,100,000.

In the written report is the extraordinary statement that no claims have been compromised or resisted.

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Butler & Selden, Directors of Agencies, Union City, Tenn.

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DR. KOLLOCK IN NASHVILLE.

The attention of the reader is especially called to the card of DR. MATTHEW HENRY KOLLOCK, which is in another column. The Doctor is a native of Norfolk, Va. (1834), of a prominent Southern family of Savannah, Ga. He is quoted as a standard authority by the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. X., page 135, the "largest and most important work in the world," being in twenty-five volumes, each the size of a large church Bible. He is noted as the discoverer of the active principle of gelseminum, a specific for neuralgia of the face and womb. The Doctor has been all over the world, and has made many cures, especially at Hot Springs, Ark., given up by other physicians.

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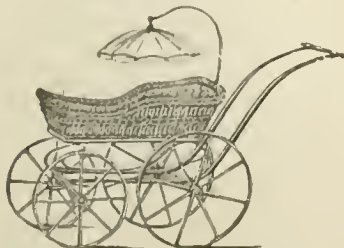
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Confederate Veteran.

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ARLY, \$1.

Vol. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1894.

No. 9.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
Proprietor.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

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

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

Nichols & Holliday, Eastern Advertising managers, Atlanta, Ga.

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

Though men deserve, they may not win success.

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

WANTED: Copies of the *VETERAN* for January and March, 1894. Friends who can send copies without breaking file will oblige. Thanks for many received.

PLANS are being considered for a binder suited to the *VETERAN*, soon to be announced, that will be inexpensive and that subscribers can put on for themselves. A flexible leatherette may be provided.

SUITABLE pictures of persons, veterans or daughters, and of Confederate monuments, may be made for the *VETERAN* at twenty-five cents per square inch. Any size photograph can be reduced, say an 8x10 picture can be made 4x5, or less, and the cost be upon the smaller size. Raise a small sum among friends and send with picture and sketch of your monument, and let all the world see what you have done for our sacred cause.

THE two articles promised in this *VETERAN*, "Name of the War" and "Sketch of Mrs. Ellen Adair Beatty," are reserved. An excellent half-tone picture of this noble woman, "Florida White," is ready.

The publication of the Constitution and By-laws, together with an account of the organization of National Daughters of the Confederacy, which was established at Nashville recently, will appear in the October *VETERAN*.

This is the badge adopted by the National Daughters of the Confederacy.



The report of the reunion of Forrest's Escort, with a poem by John Moore, Jr., and plans whereby Forrest monuments may be erected in Nashville, Memphis, and Chattanooga, is held over to next issue.

COMRADE Wiley sends from Georgia a letter from Rev. Dr. Clark Wright, Ninth New York Regiment, whose beautiful address appeared in the August *VETERAN*.

AN, from which these extracts are made: "I was astonished to find my words resurrected and published in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. For this evidence of brotherliness I am very grateful. . . . May the evening of your lives be crowned with a gorgeous sunset, without cloud or shadow to darken the pathway that leads to heaven's eternal camping ground, while the memory of the Third Georgia Regiment will be treasured by all succeeding generations of those who love the brave and revere heroic fortitude and unselfish devotion!"

THE frontispiece to this *VETERAN* represents, as may be seen, North, East, and West, as well as South. This is fraternity without policy. It shows the kind of patriotism that exists at Confederate reunions. This God-given country is to be the home of many more millions than sixty, and its most favored section in climate, etc., will be guarded ever zealously for children's children. Benedictions of peace are offered at our reunions.

MRS. V. JEFFERSON DAVIS, who is still at Narragansett Pier, and will not come South for a few weeks yet, writes: "Please send your plucky little *VETERAN* here. It has my sincere approval and sympathy."

HAMILTON PARKS, ESQ., Nashville. "Please publish inclosed law card in the *VETERAN* for next twelve months. I have been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* from the beginning, and read it with more interest than I do any other paper or periodical to which I subscribe. Every Confederate veteran should subscribe for it, as it is worth many times its price, and I consider its publication a great personal benefit to myself, to all ex-Confederates, and to our children."

DR. CHAS. S. MORSE, Clerk of Texas Supreme Court: "Austin, Tex., September 22, 1894.—A few weeks ago you sent me a blank subscription book containing twenty-five receipts, and asked me to try and send you some new subscribers. I have used all the receipts, and herewith inclose sight draft on New York for twenty-five dollars. . . . In the list you will notice the names of John H. Reagan, member of Confederate Cabinet, also Postmaster General of the Confederacy; and Col. (Gov.) Frank R. Lubbock, a member of President Davis's staff. Both of these men have a warm place in the hearts of all Texans. They are growing old, and will necessarily soon join Davis, Lee, and Jackson on the other side of the river. It has been a pleasure for me to do this work for you, and, as I wrote before, I will not under any circumstances retain or accept any commission."

How much good comrades may accomplish with effort!

THE true *status* of the VETERAN is fast becoming known. People not familiar with its popularity and growth now and then manifest their amazement that it has so rapidly secured hold upon the entire South. The comrade who had to make much sacrifice in paying one dollar may not only have the comfort secured to himself, but the satisfaction of knowing that he has helped to establish the most creditable advocate for his people that has ever been published.

Now let all such patriots and their families know that they can give a magic bound to its strength and its use.



MARY A. JONES, FRANCIS B. HOKE,
ELLEN D. HINDALE, ADELAIDE B. SNOW.

[The four young ladies selected to ride in the procession when Jefferson Davis's body was received at Raleigh, N. C.]

fulness. Instead of halting between ten thousand and twelve thousand, the circulation might easily bound to twenty thousand by the new year.

Is it worthy? If so, stand for it. Keep in mind that its projector has *never* considered the making of money with it beyond sustaining strength.

Let other luxuries wait until you have secured the VETERAN. Go to a representative as published, or send remittance direct. Then while buying exchange don't fail to get a friend to join you. It will add nothing to the cost of exchange, and you may deduct that from the remittance. Let the thousands who believe in the VETERAN look to its circulation, and its pages will teem with the voluntary contributions that come to it from every section of Dixie. Please don't fail to send money to the VETERAN from the first sale of cotton.

Have you done anything but to pay your subscription? Is that the one talent?

CONCERNING the death of Gen. Zollicoffer, revived by the story of Q. C. Rust published in the last VETERAN, a survivor says: "The battle was fought on Sunday, January 15, 1862. Zollicoffer was nearsighted, and rode up to a Federal colonel commanding a Kentucky regiment (thinking he was a Confederate colonel) and began giving him orders where to move his regiment, when the Federal pulled out his pistol and shot Zollicoffer off his horse. This was in the battle of Fishing Creek.

GUBERNATORIAL CONFEDERATES.

CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, of Augusta, Ga., prepared this interesting list. (It is abbreviated from the Augusta Chronicle.) He states that it may be accepted as complete.

Its chief utility is to show how freely the gubernatorial compliment has, in the past, been extended to those who jeopardized their lives in defense of home and right, and whose intellects have imparted special luster to Confederate annals.

David P. Lewis (signer of Confederate Constitution): Governor of Alabama, 1872-74.

Williamson R. W. Cobb (member of Confederate Congress): Governor of Alabama, 1878-82.

Edward A. O'Neal (brigadier general): Governor of Alabama, 1882-86.

Augustus H. Garland (member of both Houses of Confederate Congress): Governor of Arkansas, 1875-77.

T. J. Churchill (brigadier general): Governor of Arkansas, 1881-83.

Edward A. Perry (brigadier general): Governor of Florida, 1885-89.

Charles J. Jenkins (State Supreme Court Judge of Georgia during Confederacy): Governor of Georgia, 1865-68.

Rufus B. Bullock (Acting Assistant Quartermaster General).

James M. Smith (member of Confederate Congress): Governor of Georgia, 1872-76.

Alfred H. Colquitt (brigadier general): Governor of Georgia, 1876-82.

Alexander H. Stephens (Vice President): Governor of Georgia, 1882-83.

John B. Gordon (lieutenant general): Governor of Georgia, 1886-90.

Simon B. Buckner (lieutenant general): Governor of Kentucky, 1887-91.

Francis T. Nicholls (brigadier general): Governor of Louisiana, 1877-80, 1888-92.

Benjamin G. Humphreys (brigadier general): Governor of Mississippi, 1865-68.

James L. Alcorn (brigadier general of Mississippi State troops during Confederacy): Governor of Mississippi, 1869-71.

Robert Lowry (brigadier general): Governor of Mississippi, 1882-90.

John S. Marmaduke (major general): Governor of Missouri, 1885-87.

Zebulon B. Vance ("War Governor"): Governor of North Carolina, 1877-79.

Alfred M. Scales (brigadier general): Governor of North Carolina, 1885-89.

Benjamin F. Perry (Confederate District Judge): Governor of South Carolina, 1865-66.

James L. Orr (member of Confederate Senate): Governor of South Carolina, 1866-69.

Wade Hampton (lieutenant general): Governor of South Carolina, 1876-78.

William D. Simpson (member of Confederate Congress): Governor of South Carolina, 1878-80.

Johnson Hagood (brigadier general): Governor of South Carolina, 1880-82.

John C. Brown (major general): Governor of Tennessee, 1871-75.

William B. Bate (major general): Governor of Tennessee, 1883-87.

James W. Throckmorton (brigadier general of Texas State troops during Confederacy): Governor of Texas, 1866-67.

Lawrence S. Ross (brigadier general): Governor of Texas, 1887-91.

James L. Kemper (major general): Governor of Virginia, 1874-78.

F. W. M. Holliday (member of Confederate Congress): Governor of Virginia, 1878-82.

Fitzhugh Lee (major general): Governor of Virginia, 1880-90.

It was creditable enterprise in Mr. Jones to compile the foregoing elaborate list, but it is incomplete, and request is made herein for corrections. In addition to the report for Tennessee there were four others: Col. Jas. D. Porter (of Cheatham's Staff), Col. A. S. Marks, of Seventeenth Regiment, John P. Buchanan, of Roddy's Staff, and Col. Peter Turney, of the First Confederate from Tennessee. The latter was Chief Justice of Tennessee for many years. Five of the six are registered as members of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac. It is due to explain that Mr. Jones did not seek to procure the names of Confederates so honored except the generals.

The foregoing list was sent to all the Southern Governors, and the following responses have been made:

Gov. Thomas G. Jones, Montgomery, Ala.: "William R. W. Cobb, who was a member of the Confederate Congress, was never Governor. He has been confounded with Hon. R. W. Cobb, who was Governor of Alabama from 1878 to 1882. Gov. Cobb was a lieutenant of Confederate cavalry during the war. Gov. Thomas Sear, who was Governor of Alabama from 1886 to 1890, was a sergeant of infantry in the Confederate service. My term as Governor commenced December 1, 1890, and ends December 1, 1894. I was a private, and afterwards major on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon. I notice that the list, as far as regards Virginia, omits Gov. Cameron, who was, I believe, in the Confederate army. It omits Gov. McKinney, who was captain of cavalry, and Gov. O'Ferrall, who was colonel of cavalry. I think Gov. Stone, of Mississippi, was a Confederate officer."

Gov. Northen, Atlanta, Ga., reports these additions for the State of Georgia: James S. Boynton (colonel), Governor 1883; Henry D. McDaniel (major), Governor 1883; W. J. Northen, Governor 1890-94. He also reports that Col. Peter Richardson was Governor of South Carolina about 1886.

C. L. Thompson, Esq., State Auditor's office, makes this addition for West Virginia: Henry Mason Matthews (major on staff of Maj. Gen. Carter L. Stevenson), Governor of West Virginia from 1877 to 1881.

Gov. Carr, North Carolina, makes the following additions: Zebulon B. Vance (commanded N. C. Regiment in Army of Virginia); Thomas J. Jarvis (captain in Confederate army) Governor from 1879 to 1885; Elias Carr (private), Governor from 1893 to 1897.

Gov. O'Ferrall, Virginia, adds the following: Phillip W. McKinney (captain of cavalry), Governor of Virginia 1880-84; William C. Oates (captain of infantry), Governor-elect of Alabama.

Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, Frankfort, makes the following additions for Kentucky: James B. McCreary (lieutenant colonel of Kentucky cavalry), Governor 1875-1879; Luke P. Blackburn (surgeon on staff of Gen. Sterling Price, afterwards commissioner to superintend

the furnishing of supplies by blockade runners), Governor 1879-1883.

Gov. John M. Stone, of Mississippi, supplements Mr. Jones's list with the note that Gen. Charles Clark, who was Governor of Mississippi from January, 1864, to June, 1865, was terribly wounded in battle, and is "one of our most honored Confederates." Gov. Stone is a Tennessean, but was colonel of the Second Mississippi Infantry in the war and was Governor from March, 1876, to January, 1882. He was inaugurated again in January, 1890, for six years.

Gov. Tillman's private Secretary, D. A. Tompkins, reports in addition to Mr. Jones's sketch that Gov. James L. Orr raised the first regiment of rifles in South Carolina and commanded it until elected to the Confederate Congress. Gov. W. D. Simpson was on Gen. Bonham's staff in the Army of Northern Virginia. Gov. Hugh S. Thompson (1883-86) served as captain of the Citadel Cadets and served on the South Carolina coast. Gov. John P. Richardson served in the Army of the West on Gen. Canby's staff.

The editor is of opinion that "Extra" Billy Smith was Governor of Virginia and did active service in the Confederate Army.

RARE OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.

RELIC hunters do many things peculiar to the severely practical. It was an event that called into use the Associated Press a few months ago to report the sale of a Livingston, Ala., Confederate postage stamp for \$575.

A committee of the New York Philatelic Society is engaged in preparing a book on the postage stamps issued in the Confederate States during 1861-65.

This book will cost many thousands of dollars in its preparation, and the committee is desirous of obtaining all the information possible regarding postage stamps used in the Confederacy, and any information of interest concerning the postal service during that period.

South Carolina seceded December 19, 1860, and was quickly followed by the other States. The United States carried the mails until June 1, 1861, when the Confederate States took charge, and U. S. stamps were of no value.

The first stamps made by the Confederate States were not issued until October 18, 1861; consequently for a period of at least four months no postage stamps were to be had. Letters had to be prepaid by money. Small change was scarce, and many postmasters therefore made a stamp for the use of the citizens in their town. In the VETERAN for March of this year there is an article on these stamps with illustrations. Mr. F. A. Nast, Box 959, New York, writes a circular letter, saying:

"I would esteem it a great favor if you would kindly assist me by answering the following questions:

"Who was the postmaster of your town from January 1 to October 1, 1861?

"Is the postmaster still alive, or any of his family from whom I could obtain the information desired?

"Did he issue any stamp or stamped envelope in 1861, when Confederate stamps had not yet been issued, and U. S. stamps were not in use?

"If such a stamp or envelope was made, can you let me see a copy of the same, or give me a description of it?

"Possibly if the postmaster is still alive he will be good enough to answer this letter, or, in case he should be dead, perhaps some member of his family would."

MRS. DR. W. D. M. called at the VETERAN office and said that her husband wanted to pay for the subscription to Rev. C. W. W., one of Dibrell's chaplains, whose letter was in the last number (which he has done), and then on leaving the office left a dollar to pay for some other veteran who can't pay. That is true philanthropy.

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

["The Captive's Dream" was written during the war in the album of a young schoolgirl (Miss Henrietta Cheney, of Nashville) by her kinsman, Gen. Basil Duke, of Kentucky, after his exchange and return South from imprisonment in the celebrated Ohio penitentiary. Miss Cheney (now Mrs. Robison, of Murfreesboro) is the widow of Col. W. D. Robison, of the Second Tennessee Regiment.]

At midnight in his grated cell
Bright visions to the captive came,
And o'er his spirit sank a spell
As potent as the magic flame
In which the rapt disciple reads
The future's unaccomplished deeds.
He dreams his term of stay is done,
His dungeon doors are open thrown,
And the stern warden bids him go
Forth from the halls of crime and woe.
He dreams that Jeff at last relents,
To slacken up on Streight consents,
And by some apt negotiation
Redeems him from the yankee nation.
Then thick upon the captive's soul
Anticipated glories roll.
Beneath him his proud charger springs,
Defiantly his bugle rings;
Again in battle's stern parade
He sees their eager ranks arrayed;
Again in triumph and in pride
Kentucky sees the squadrons ride,
And every horse in Indiana
Is pressed to follow Morgan's banner.
But hark! he starts, he wakes, what sound
Here stills his heart's impetuous bound?
What awful sound with honor rife
Has backward turned the tide of life?
Upon his wakened hearing jars
The clash of those detested bars.
He hears his jailer's sullen tone
Which makes King Minion's mandates known;
And bids him straight away prepare
To lose his cherished beard and hair.
Great God! no hope, he must resign
His youth's fair pride, his manhood's sign.
What cheers the wretched captive now?
What "drives the shadows" from his brow?
His bosom, once with courage thrilled,
Is now "chock up" with sausage filled,
And he who once the battles led
Attacks naught else but gingerbread.
I care no more, alas! my theme
Is anything now but a dream.

THE National cemetery near Nashville is the second largest in the country. There are 16,588 graves of Union soldiers at Vicksburg and 16,556 at Nashville. The latter, about five miles from Nashville, on the railroad to Louisville, is about equally divided on either side of the track. The St. Louis road is the same passing this point. It contains sixty-four acres, and is kept beautifully by Capt. L. S. Doolittle, who was a Union soldier. [His last capture was an admirable Confederate woman.] In this cemetery there are known 11,855 of the graves. The remaining 4,701 are unknown.

CARTRAGE (Tenn.) Times, September 21: "The VETERAN still grows in interest and popularity all over the country. Every Confederate soldier and his children should have a copy of this excellent monthly magazine."

HEROIC AND PATRIOTIC MARYLANDERS.

In an address before the Confederate Association of St. Mary's County, Md., Gen. Bradley T. Johnson said:

We come of game stock. I never saw a Marylander who was a coward. I want posterity to consider us as sound-headed as well as warm-hearted, and I want them to understand that our course in leaving our native State was dictated by reason as well as by enthusiasm, that we were perfectly right in doing as we did, and were actuated by the highest motives of intelligent patriotism. That we failed was no fault of ours. We did our full duty, and we will die in the conviction that if we had



GEN. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

it to do over we should do just as we did then, only more efficiently, as experience has shown us how to do.

When Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the States, she recognized each by name as an independent and sovereign State. Maryland was as sovereign as England or France.

These sovereign States formed a government to protect their liberty and independence, but they never gave up the right to change their form of government at their pleasure. It was to be a government of equal States and equal laws, but each State must of necessity be the sole and final judge as to when she would require other guarantee and protection of the liberty of the people.

The institution of slavery is the organization of labor in all primitive societies. It always has been so and always will be so. It is one of the great forces by which savage races are civilized and civilized people subdue nature and develop arts, science, and thought. It was the basic institution of the American colonization. New England enslaved the Indians. We never did. But African savages were civilized here, and civilized by the

control of the civilized race—its religion, its morals, and its measures. There never has been an equal number of Africans as highly developed as that portion of the race living in America, and this development was the result of American servitude.

The habit of control and the practice of masterdom made the Southern man reliant, positive, and forceful. He controlled the formative period of the new society. He formed the Union under the Constitution, and he directed the policy of the Union for the first seventy years of its existence. His power was the logical result of the institution by which he was formed. His whole energy was directed to the art of governing. The assertion of intellectual predominance and the exhibition of material power in the South produced irritation, envy, and ill will. For thirty years prior to 1860 the North had been gradually making up its mind for the overthrow of the predominance in the South.

When, therefore, in 1861, the issue was presented to the Marylander whether he should stand by, in base ease and inglorious safety, while his blood and kin in Virginia were dying like men, resisting the invasion of their homes and the subjugation of their liberties, he hesitated not a moment, and with the kiss of his mother and the blessing of his father he flew to the assistance of Virginia.

In the Maryland line there were not twenty men who had any property interest in slavery. There was not a man who sought promotion or advantage of fortune. They went to stand by their friends in trouble, to defend rights inherited from free ancestors.

Those of us who were of mature age had distinct ideas of policy and of the future. We believed that the interests of Maryland required that she should become one of the Confederate States. We did not believe she would be safe in the hands of the lawless democracy of the North. We knew that our people had the same feelings, and that we fully and fairly represented them; and we knew that the only way to secure that future union was to hold for the State a representation in the armies of the South.

With that purpose firmly fixed in my mind, I refused to accept a commission of lieutenant colonel from the Governor of Virginia, and was mustered into the army of the Confederate States as captain. And never in that glorious epoch and fiery trial did we cease to maintain a Maryland organization, under a Maryland flag, in the army of the Confederate States. Gen. George H. Stuart, Capt. George Thomas, and the rest were earnest, faithful, and devoted to this end, and we succeeded in writing the name of the State on the brightest pages of American history. The existence of the Maryland Line of the Army of Northern Virginia is not recorded on a single page of the archives of Maryland. Not a single honor decorates our gallant comrades; not a recognition of the self-sacrifice, devotion, and chivalry of the Maryland Confederate has ever been made by the powers that have controlled Maryland for thirty-four years. But these men were the best soldiers she has ever had. They fought more battles, won more glory, achieved more victories than the old line of the Revolution.

The address from which the foregoing extracts are taken was delivered in March. The date is given to indicate the prophecy in the following:

Within a few years you have seen insurrections of labor in the States put down by troops. There were more soldiers at Homestead than Washington had for the defense of Philadelphia, and more at the railroad strike the same summer in New York than defended that city from Sir William Howe. In future government will be controlled by the property class—that is, the large property class—and they will control the paid military force.

But an end comes to all that, as it did in Rome and Egypt and Assyria, and in France in 1793, and is coming in Germany to-day. Like causes produce like effects, and logic is eternal and inexorable, and when anarchy with red riot rules the cities of the North their people will call on the Confederates to save them.

THE GALLATIN TENNESSEE REUNION.

The reunion of the Tennessee Division of Confederate soldiers at Gallatin on September 12 and 13 was an event improved by the people of comrades and other good people of Sumner County to add more laurels to their fame for hospitality. Hon. S. F. Wilson, President of the Association, conducted the proceedings in a most happy manner. J. W. Blackmore, Master of Ceremonies at the



"GUILDWOOD," GALLATIN RESIDENCE OF COL. BAXTER SMITH.

[This residence, by the entrance to a fifty-acre grove, was gorgeously decorated on reunion day with "WELCOME, CONFEDERATE HEROES, 1861-65." There was a reunion of Confederate women at this residence on the day after the great gathering.]

celebration, and others in charge of entertainments did every conceivable thing for success.

Exquisite features of the first evening were the addresses, recitations, and songs of the young ladies. Miss Kate Sullivan, daughter of the late Capt. Sullivan, was chosen to make the address of welcome. The correspondent of the Nashville American appropriately stated that her every word and gesture were full of purest cordiality, and in every smile that played about her features there was a welcome that came straight from the heart. Her address was a gem of composition and was delivered in tones that rang to the most remote recesses of the house and set the weather-beaten features of every assembled veteran aglow with emotion:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The blare of bugle and the roll of drums, with their summons to camp and battlefield, have floated into silence on the air of thirty years. There comes to us now the sound of gentle voices. The busy shops, the humming mills, and, beyond, the smiling fields with well-filled golden grain within one soft chorus sing of peace. Where the iron hoof of war so rudely trod, there blossoms now the rose of sweet prosperity. The history of that fraternal struggle, inasmuch as it was written on the face of nature in charred ruins and desolation, has been obliterated by the pluck and energy of Southern manhood. The history that remains is that which is inscribed in enduring characters upon our hearts; a history of love, pride, and sorrow—love for the fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers, who sacrificed life and every dear possession for duty's sake; pride for the military genius and chivalric valor which they displayed; sorrow, that sacrifice and genius and valor were doomed to prove unavailing. But as the years go on our love and pride grow stronger and our sorrow softens, for the sublimest spectacle presented in the history of the world is the Confederate soldiery reforming its shattered ranks in the valley of defeat, and with faces turned toward another goal, marching on with unbroken phalanx to a victory grander than arms can hold! In Congress, on the bench, in the Cabinet, in every avocation, and every profession the Southern soldier has won his way with marked distinction. In the loving pride with which the whole South regards the Confederate soldier, the community which you have chosen to honor by your presence has an especial share. With a generous hand she gave freely of her rich harvest of chivalry, her sons, who came back from the battlefields with manly resignation, accepted the stern arbitrament of war, having served worthily their State and country. As for those who never came back, she can feel that:

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

There is scarcely a household but what has its vacant chair as a touching memento of cruel war. How strong then are the ties that bind our heart to yours; how glad are we that Gallatin is the meeting place of our loved heroes! To have worn the gray is a passport to the inner camp fire of our hearts; to say that we welcome you is to say that a mother welcomes her son, returned from a long journey. Welcome rings in the air; it is in every pressure of the hand, every glance of the eye, in every word that falls from the lips; each red drop that flows from our hearts is tingling with its message of welcome.

May you have the same sweet pleasure your presence here affords, and may you remember us as affectionately as you shall be remembered. We welcome you as members of the Confederate bivouac, as gallant soldiers, and as patriotic citizens, because of that kinship which was established when you triumphed and suffered by the side of our dead and living heroes.

It was a happy occasion for comrades who had no labors to perform in the organization. The officials were well up with their reports, and made showings of what was done during the past year with the important trusts in hand. They are briefly given in this VETERAN. It was an especially happy day for Senator W. B. Bate, who stood under the magnificent flag of his old regiment, which had been preserved through many severe

contests. A review of Secretary Hickman's report may be expected as soon as published.

INDIGENT TENNESSEE CONFEDERATES.

Reports of general interest were those of the Board of Pension Examiners and of the Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home.

The Pension Examiners report that up to September 1, 1894, there had been filed 1,515 applications. Of these, 512 are on the pension rolls and draw annually \$57,380. The pension law of Tennessee was passed by the Legislature of 1891, and since that time there has been paid to the disabled Confederate soldiers of the State \$175,728. The law governing pensions makes it necessary that a man should have lost both eyes, both arms, or both legs for a first-class pension; that he should have lost one arm or one leg, and other disabilities, for a second-class pension; that he should have lost one arm or one leg, or disability equivalent thereto, for a third-class pension. First-class pensions are \$300 per year; second-class, \$120; third-class, \$100. But with the disabilities above enumerated a man must be indigent.

From the report of the Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home it will be seen that the Home has received 118 inmates since its opening in 1891. Fourteen have died, twenty-seven have been discharged, leaving at the Home, September 1, 1894, seventy-seven inmates. The Home has received from all sources \$75,418, and this has been expended in improving the farm and building a splendid house, with four small outhouses. The State appropriates \$7,500 annually for the support of the Home; and this, with what is made on the farm, will readily take care of 125 old, disabled Confederate soldiers. Tennessee, from the report, has the best Confederate Home, and the soldiers are better cared for than in any State except Maryland. The Trustees of the Home work without compensation, and their exertions in behalf of decrepit soldiers have been untiring.

Messrs. W. R. Garrett, G. H. Baskette, George B. Guild, S. A. Cunningham, and Rev. R. L. Cave, Permanent Committee on History for Frank Cheatham Bivouac, presented resolutions looking to a "true and reliable history of the United States." They commended the report presented to the United Confederate Veterans at Birmingham, April 26, 1894, and adopted by that association.

The committee stated that in response to these recommendations of the United Confederate Veterans, the University of Tennessee, in June, 1894, established the Chair of American History, and commended its action. It also presented resolutions of commendation, which were adopted.

A State Historical Committee was appointed, Capt. W. R. Garrett, S. V. Wall, Thomas H. Paine, R. Lin Cave, and J. W. S. Frierson being its members. It was instructed to confer with the next Legislature looking to the interests designated.

Resolution by Capt. W. R. Garrett, member of Historical Committee United Confederate Veterans, and Chairman of Committee for Tennessee Division:

The Southern States, of which Tennessee is a proud member, have so long been subjected to misrepresenta-

tions that we hail with gratitude every tendency to true history, and therefore we maintain with pride the achievements of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which has done much to secure cooperation of all the Southern people in correcting history and in giving pleasure to the Confederate soldiers.

Mr. President Wilson arose, holding in his hand a magnificent gold-headed ebony cane, presented Comrade S. A. Cunningham by the son of a veteran in Texas, whom he had never seen, in recognition of the great work he is doing in the interest of the true history of the great war in the publication of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Mr. Wilson in his speech paid a beautiful tribute to the VETERAN.

The next place of meeting is Columbia, the time to be announced. A committee was appointed looking to the building of a Confederate Memorial Hall in connection with the Tennessee Centennial in 1896.

Other interesting features and sketches are to appear in the October number.

REUNION OF THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE.

J. H. WHITE, Franklin, Tenn., Secretary:

The eighteenth annual reunion of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment was held at Gallatin on September 13, upon the invitation of comrades of old Company F and in connection with the reunion of the A. C. S. The regiment was formed on the square and marched to the tune of "Dixie," out to the grounds, where a great multitude was awaiting the arrival of the procession. The march was a little warm, but He who rules the storm and directs our ways gave us another beautiful reunion day. Out of eighteen reunion days, not one has been a failure on account of rain or bad weather. Our hearts went out to God in humble thankfulness for his goodness, mercy, and deliverance. As he had directed our steps in battle and spared our lives, so to-day he was directing the day for our comfort, enjoyment, and happiness.

Dinner was announced. Company F had assured us that her papaw crop was inexhaustible, and right well did she verify her words.

At the tap of the drum Capt. Smithson, in the absence of our President, was called to the chair, whereupon he called the regiment to order with J. H. White as Secretary.

On call of the roll forty-nine members and two honorary members answered to their names.

The Secretary read a receipt from Gen. Underwood for \$16, a voluntary contribution of the regiment for the monument at Chicago.

Capt. Robertson was made custodian of the old flag.

The following comrades were reported as having "crossed over the river" since our last reunion—namely, Thomas W. Crocker, Wyatt Mitchel, Company B; Jo Ripey, Company F; J. Bigley Hager, W. J. Bryant, Company I; J. D. Bradley, Company K.

Rudderville, nine miles southeast of Franklin, in Williamson County, was chosen as the place for holding the nineteenth annual reunion, and the 20th day of September, 1895, as the time. The Fourth Tennessee Cavalry (Starnes) was invited to hold reunion with us at the same time and place. Members, active and honorary, and their wives and the widows favoring us with their presence will be conveyed from Franklin to the grounds and return free of charge. This is near the home of Mrs. Gen. Starnes.

Orderly Sergeant James S. Gee was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year.

The names of quite a number were added as honorary members in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered to Capt. Morgan, Company F, and our friends in Sumner County for the kind and hospitable manner in which we had been entertained, assuring them of the pleasure it gave us to be so royally entertained by them.

The sinking sun in the western hilltops warned us that the day with its pleasures and joys would soon be ended, that we must say farewell. So we parted, with the hope that God would be with us till we meet again.



REV. GEO. N. CLAPPITT, ARCADIA, LA.

This venerable hero of three wars, now in his fifth score, has sent through Capt. Will Miller four clubs of a half-dozen each to the VETERAN, and is at work on the fifth. He is a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, and the eminent Robert Donnell long years ago spoke of him in his work down there as the "Lone Boy."

Lake City (Fla.) Reporter: "There is perhaps no tie on earth that approaches so close the family love and affectionate feeling as the kindly interest that veterans who wore the gray have for each other and no reminiscences so sweet as those spent together side by side with brave men, then young and blithe, now grown old and many decrepit. This journal contains correspondence from veterans all over the South, and is chock full of interesting narratives and reminiscences of war days. Those that take it read it over many times and find much pleasure in it, and it is at the request of one of these that the Reporter calls the attention of the veterans of Columbia County."

JUDGE F. R. FARRAR, of whose lecture career notice is given elsewhere, is to appear at the Vendome, Nashville, October 9, on "Johnny Reb;" and on October 10 his theme will be "Lights and Shadows." They are to be under the auspices of the John C. Brown Bivouac.

BY GRAVES OF CONFEDERATE DEAD.

THE following address was delivered by Rev. J. H. McNeilly on Memorial Day, 1894, at Franklin, Tenn.:

At the close of our Civil War an eloquent preacher of the gospel is reported as preaching a sermon, in which, exulting over the victory of his people, he denounced with passionate earnestness these who suffered and fell in the cause so dear to us—the defense of the South and her rights. He declared: "It was the worst work that Satan and sin undertook in this world; and they that suffered in it were not martyrs in a good cause, but convicts in a bad one. Who shall comfort them that sit by dishonored graves?"

I am glad to believe that time brought to him a clear-



[Rev. J. H. McNeilly, a native Tennessean, was chaplain of the Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment during much of the war. As brigade chaplain he applied for delicacies for sick and wounded at Franklin, when the ladies did not accept his "cloth," but he happened to have his commission in his pocket. Dr. McNeilly has been pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Nashville, where he has resided nearly ever since the war.]

er vision, and purged his heart of its uncharitable bitterness; and that he would have blotted out the unworthy utterance that dishonored his manhood. In his inmost heart he respected those who gave their lives in answer to the stern call of conscience and of duty.

But were he living to-day—could he see the tender reverence with which, all over our loved and lovely land, we garland the resting places of our dead, surely he would feel that we sit by no dishonored graves; and that we have consolations he had not dreamed of—the proud comfort of knowing that these were heroes indeed, who poured their blood like festal wine, a libation to liberty. The memory of our slain we cherish as our richest heritage. We shall guard it against every attack.

This beautiful custom of decorating the graves of our dead is with us no fruitless form nor idle ceremony. It has become an institution, which is a monument to commemorate the valor and virtue of our soldiers, and the worthiness of the cause for which they died. We stay,

for a while, the ongoing of our business and our pleasure, we cast off the burden of our daily cares, and come together for a little season to commune with a mournful but glorious past, as we call up in memory the faithfulness, the courage, the nobility of those whose blood sealed their devotion to our cause and country. We strew flowers, bright, beautiful, but frail and fading, symbols of the lives that shone so brightly, but that passed away so soon. The flower holds the promise of the fruit. So these lives, that withered in the fiery breath of war, held promise of richest fruitage in the years to come. Not in vain did they bloom and fade. From them shall come a harvest of blessing to the land. By their death, the seeds of devotion to duty, of noble daring, of lofty purpose, of strenuous endeavor were planted in our souls, and were fertilized by the blood of the slain. In the coming generations, these seeds shall spring up and burst into fairest flower, and yield abundant fruit, not merely of material advantage but characters of true men and lovely women, noble deeds and gracious charities and grand sacrifices, all inspired by the example and cultivated by the memories of those who died for truth and righteousness as they saw them.

We do well by this yearly recurring service to hold before our children and our children's children that past in which their fathers and mothers took such worthy part; that past of great purpose, of high endeavor, of heroic struggle, roar of battle and far-flashing pageantry of war, and gloom of defeat; that past which illustrated the virtues of our people, and made more glorious the annals of the world; that past for which the Southern people should ever be thankful, and of which they should ever be reverently proud. For out of that past must spring whatsoever shall be great or worthy in our future. No higher purpose can move our children, than to live worthy of their traditions, and to do no dishonor to the noble race to which they belong.

As year by year we pay our tribute of respect and love to those whose ashes we guard, we owe it to them, to ourselves, and to our posterity to vindicate their motives from aspersion, and to proclaim their achievements to the world. They fought for a cause which they believed to be right, and which we still believe to be right, for questions of right and wrong before God are not settled by success or defeat of arms.

They felt that the Constitution of our common country, with the liberty guaranteed by it, was a sacred trust committed to them, to be preserved inviolate at all hazard. They believed that when that Constitution was violated, submission on their part would be a base betrayal of the trust. With all their hearts they loved the Constitution, they loved the Union, they loved liberty. But they believed the name of the Union was used to destroy their liberty under the Constitution, that they were denied equality of rights, that their States were to be degraded to a subordinate place in the great sisterhood which constituted the Union. They might differ as to the best remedy for the evil, but it must be remedied. No sacrifice was too great to secure what was dearer than life—that is, liberty and honor.

Feeling thus, convinced of the peril that threatened all they held dear, it was their solemn duty to make the struggle, to try all peaceful means; and when these failed, then by war to uphold the Constitution, which was the only bond of a true Union. And this fight must needs be made without reference to possibilities of defeat or failure. Loyalty to God and right, true manhood demanded that they should resist even unto blood,

and leave the issues with God. Their responsibility ceased when they had done their utmost. Far be it from me to desecrate the graves of our dead by stirring again the bitterness of a strife that is ended, or to kindle passions that have ceased to burn. Far be it from me to claim that we were infallible, or made no mistakes.

To those brave men who opposed us on the deadly field we cheerfully accord the same sincerity of conviction which we claim for ourselves. But with their conscientious views of their rights and responsibilities, of the nature of our government, and of what they owed to humanity and posterity, our people would have been untrue to themselves and to their principles if they had failed to maintain their cause, even in the dread tribunal of war, and even though they knew that the odds against them made their contention seem hopeless. If we were back in the beginning of 1861, and had such prophetic vision that we could foresee the defeat awaiting us, yet it seems to me that we would be bound to make the fight, and patiently to endure the disaster.

Thus we would have done our utmost to maintain the right, and thus would we have relieved ourselves of the responsibility for the triumph of wrong. And so we could confidently leave it with God to bring good out of our calamity.

I believe that God brings such crises into the history of nations, and into the lives of men to test them. Will they measure duty by success? Will they sacrifice principles for expediency? Will they deny justice for inglorious ease? Will they forsake truth because of defeat? Their character and destiny are settled by the way they meet such crises. It is a matter of thankfulness, that when that testing time came to our people, they were not found wanting. Like the noble six hundred that made the charge to certain death at Balaklava.

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

Although their cause was shrouded in the darkness of defeat, although their armies surrendered the scanty remnants of their regiments, although their ancient civilization and institutions were ruined, although their country was desolated—yet these men had in four years of war achieved results which may well compensate our losses—achievements which shall grow in value through the coming years, and show that they did not die in vain.

1. They vindicated the character and quality of the civilization in which they were trained. For years the life, customs, manners, and institutions of the Southern States had been abused, misrepresented, and ridiculed. The people were denounced as effeminate and brutal, haughty in manners and loose in morals. Their conservatism was regarded as stupidity, their home-loving and home-keeping as narrow provincialism, their hospitality as ostentation, their chivalry as bombast, and their religion as an immoral superstition. But those four years of deadly strife, in which the whole world was held at bay, in which were wrought deeds of daring and magnanimity almost unparalleled in history, taught all the world the strength of character, the firmness of purpose, the long-enduring hardihood of nature, the noble manhood, the gracious womanhood that had been nurtured under a system which had been so grossly slandered. Since the war, one of the ablest opponents of the South and her principles, while sharply criticising the manners of the Southern leaders, has borne honorable testimony to their character. The Hon. James G. Blaine, in his recollections of "Twenty Years in Con-

gress," says: "They were, almost without exception, men of high integrity, especially and jealously careful of the public money. They guarded the treasury against every attempt at extravagance, and against every form of corruption." What a contrast to the dishonesty and rapacity which too often now regard official position as an opportunity for public plunder. Those men may well shame the sordid greed and pitiful ambition of the mass of pettifogging politicians of to-day. These were the men of the old South—of the old order, which has "given place to the new," and which the fledgelings of a new day decry and ridicule. The blood of one of these men of the "Old South," shed on yonder fateful field, was richer than the life current of the whole race of sneering, money-seeking, materialistic apostles of the "new" South. There is indeed a new South, that inherits the traditions and builds upon the foundations and glories in the deeds of the old, that looks forward with generous hope, but also looks back with reverent fondness. Surely that old order has been splendidly vindicated, when it can present as its consummate crown and flower that manliest of men, "pure as light, and stainless as a star," Robert Edward Lee.

2. They revealed and developed the latent powers and capacities of the South and its people. Thrown without preparation into the midst of a war to tax the energies of the mightiest, the exigency demanded not only wise statesmanship and military ability, but also the discovery and utilizing of all material resources, the creation of new industries, and the invention of new appliances. The people rose to the height of the great occasion, became aware of the possibilities that lay in the field and forest and stream, in mountain and mine. They manifested marvelous skill in invention, laying under contribution nature's hidden forces for our help. They who before were a nation of planters and farmers, living retired lives of cultured ease, pastoral peace, or rustic toil, became artisans, builders, manufacturers, financiers, and seamen. Inventing new devices, building ships to revolutionize naval warfare, forging arms, sailing the seas, digging into the depths of the earth, they brought forth the treasures of land and sea and sky to minister to their need. Just as oftentimes a man, in some great emergency, becomes aware of what is in him, and in a moment becomes a giant in strength and faculty; so the Southern people, in those four years of war came to themselves and sprang forth, not by slow process of growth, but by the sudden answer to the call of Providence, to a full realization of the splendid possibilities of achievement in their reach. The great development which has come to the South, bringing varied industries, abounding prosperity, and increasing wealth, is not the result of an infusion of foreign life, but is the outcome of her efforts to carry on the war, and to maintain her cause against a power which closed every port of hers, and shut her up to dependence on her own strength under God.

3. These men achieved a finished testimony, a consistent record against mere materialism in politics or in social life. They proclaimed to all men everywhere, and to the end of time, that there are things more valuable than ease or comfort; that duty's voice must be heeded at any cost. In an age when everything tends to be measured by money values; when "the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that wounded honor feels," when bodily comfort is the end sought, when self-sacrifice is considered Quixotism—in such a time it is a grand success to make a record, ample, complete, consistent

of devotion to duty, which does not count the cost, which shrinks not at any sacrifice, which prefers death to dishonor, which chooses truth defeated rather than profit successful, "right upon the scaffold rather than wrong upon the throne." The story of these men's sacrifices and sufferings, of the wondrous struggle they made, will become one of the world's cherished possessions. These men made history, and wrought a work that shall endure in the spiritual upbuilding of our people. They set forth in time's clearest light a lofty ideal to stimulate the efforts of those who shall come after us. In memory of such devotion, in the presence of such high ideals the sordid spirit of greed shall stand abashed, blushing at its own unworthiness.

4. These men effected a stay of the tide of centralization in our government. The protest they made before mankind, and sealed with their blood, was against the destruction of the States, and against the omnipotence of the Federal Government. And that protest will be more and more heeded as the passions of war pass away. Each State will be henceforth more secure in her alienable right to her local government and her individual development. The fight was one that had to do with the very separate existence of all the States, North as well as South.

The failure to try Jefferson Davis, when he wished above all things to be tried, marked the beginning of a reaction. The courts were more free from the sway of passion, and they saw that in trying Mr. Davis they would be putting a sovereign State on trial; for he only obeyed his State; and the courts realized their lack of jurisdiction. Since then, there has been more and more carefulness in guarding the rights of States. While it is true that secession will not again be tried as a remedy for wrongs done a State, it is safe to say that the general government will hesitate long before it uses force to coerce a State of this Union. These men have shown the terrible cost of the attempt to destroy the equality and sovereignty of the States.

Thus the men who fought the war to its bitter end, and laid down their lives or their arms in defeat, were not dishonored. Out of the wreck of their hopes and purposes they saved these grand results. Their civilization was vindicated, their material capacities and resources were revealed, their testimony to the sacredness and worth of honor and duty was finished and sealed; respect for the sovereign right of the States of the Union was fixed on a firmer basis.

My comrades, many years have snowed their winters on our heads, since our companions in arms fought their last battle and laid themselves down to their last sleep in their gory beds. They ceased their warfare in the flush and vigor of manhood, but we were left to struggle longer against adverse conditions. God required of us to win victories of peace against fearful odds, to conquer the fierce passions of strife, to build anew the waste places of a desolate land, to develop the resources, material and spiritual, of a ruined country. As time and age brings us near "the inevitable hour," we look back fondly in memory to the days when we marched and fought together, to the stirring scenes that thrilled the blood, and filled the eye with glorious light, and sadly we remember the touch of the vanished hands, and the sound of the voices that are still. But we owe it to these noble dead whose warfare is accomplished to be true to the end. Shrinking from no duty, hesitating at no sacrifice for the right, we must be inspired by the spirit of liberty and law. To the generation just taking our place, let

me appeal from the "silent tents" of these who rest "on fame's eternal camping ground." Remember that the foundations of the temple of liberty in which you worship were laid by the hands of those who died for it, and the stones in its walls were cemented by their blood. We come to-day to do homage to the gallant dead, to recall in memory their famous deeds, to testify our reverence for the spirit that moved them. Quietly they sleep beneath these "low green tents, whose curtains never outward swing." The brave hearts are still. Their fiery spirits have passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace." With loving care we guard their ashes.

But a handful of dust in the land of their choice,
A name in song and story,
And fame to shout with her trumpet voice,
Dead on the field of glory.

Thirty years ago these fields received the baptism of blood, which thenceforth made them sacred ground. Across these plains the red tides of battle surged in fire-crested waves, and those who lie here were overwhelmed by the rolling river of death. Some of them passed in a moment from the roar of strife to the calm of this long sleep. Others, torn with wounds and worn with pain, lingered awhile, until the fever dried the fountains of life, and wearily they passed into rest. Now all are gathered here by loving hands with pious care to await that great day which shall reveal all secrets and settle all questions and end all strifes. That day in whose tribunal we must all appear shall disclose their purpose and the results of their contest. Meanwhile we bring our offerings of flowers to deck the graves, as we cherish the memory of our dead.

Year by year the spring time shall come across the land in festal pomp of life and gladness, with song of bird and rustling leaf and bursting flower. And Nature's bounteous hand shall fill the circuit of these verdant hills with music and beauty and bloom. And the coming generations shall bring to these lowly graves their chaplets of flowers, as long as brave men and loving women shall reverence courage and honor and truth; and tender hearts and kindly hands shall keep fresh the story of those who dared to do and die for home and native land. And all the whispering winds shall chant their requiem, and yonder winding river, rippling o'er its sands, shall sing their lullaby; while these everlasting hills, that looked down on the wild charge they made, and shook with the roar of their conflict, and heard their dying groans, shall keep watch around their sleeping dust.

Sleep on, O warriors, brave and tender and true. The land you loved and fought for, the people you suffered and died for, shall hold you in everlasting remembrance.

What though no stately column,
Your cherished names may raise,
To dim the eye and move the lip,
With gratitude and praise,
The blue sky hung with bannered clouds,
Your solemn dome shall be,
And heaven's choiring winds shall chant
The anthem of the free.

The spring with vine-clad arms shall clasp
Your hillocked resting places,
And summer roses droop above
With flushed and dewy faces,
Fair daisies rayed and crowned shall spring
Like stars from out your dust,
And look to kindred stars on high,
With eyes of patient trust.

"STACK ARMS."

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH RHYTHE ALLSTON, IN FORT DELAWARE. IT WAS AFTER THE SURRENDER OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

"STACK ARMS!" I've gladly heard the cry
When, weary with the dusty tread
Of marching troops as night drew nigh,
I sank upon my soldier's bed
And calmly slept, the starry dome
Of heaven's blue arch my canopy,
And mingled with my dreams of home
The thoughts of peace and liberty.

"Stack arms!" I've heard it when the shout
Exulting rang along our line,
Of foes hurled back in bloody rout,
Captured, dispersed; its tones divine
Then came to mine enraptured ear,
Guerdon of duty nobly done,
And glistened on my cheek the tear
Of grateful joy for victory won.

"Stack arms!" in faltering accents slow
And sad it creeps from tongue to tongue,
A broken, murmuring wail of woe,
From manly hearts by anguish wrung;
Like victims of a midnight dream,
We move, we know not how or why,
For life and hope but phantoms seem,
And it were a relief to die.

HEROES AND HEROINES IN VIRGINIA.

FRANK M. SMITH, Norfolk, Va., Fifth Texas Regiment.

I was standing on the bank of the Potomac as Lee's army returned from its first Maryland campaign with the ordnance train of Hood's division, when a feeble, wounded soldier approached me and asked to ride over the river in one of the wagons. I told him it was against the rules to allow any one to do so. He told me he had been shot through, showing me the wound, and at the same time producing a bullet lapped all around the ring and swivel of his watch. He said it was worn in the fob pocket of his trousers when shot, and that it was torn from his watch, sent through his body, and was cut out near his spine. He said: "I do not want to be captured, and if I ford the river the water will get in my wound and kill me." It is needless to say that I disobeyed orders and told him to get into the wagon. I brought him out some five miles on the pike toward Winchester, Va., when, having to leave the pike to hunt some subsistence for the army, my stranger comrade left me. I never expected to see him again; but the heroic spirit survived, and a few months after I saw him in the ranks of his command with his rifle on his shoulder. He hailed me with: "I am all right again." Should he be alive, and see this, I am sure he will not fail to remember the occasion.

DEVOTION OF NOBLE WOMEN OF SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

The same evening after what has just been related I was standing at a mill having some flour loaded for the army when the miller asked me to what command I belonged. I told him Hood's division—we all felt proud of our division. He remarked: "One of your regiment is up at my house, there on the hill, dying." I ran up there as soon as possible, and found Lieut. Fuller, of Company I, Fifth Texas. When I went into his room he was lying in the arms of the dear old mother of the

family. He at once recognized me and introduced me to the family, and said: "They tell me I am about to die." I was so surprised to witness such devotion to him, a stranger, that I could hardly answer him. This dear old mother and her daughter were weeping as if he were a son and brother. It was one of the saddest incidents of my life. Such was the devotion of those good people of the Shenandoah Valley to the Army of Northern Virginia. The poor fellow was dead in about one hour from the time I got to him. Should this meet the eyes of the members of his old company from Independence, Tex., it will be a source of pleasure to them to know he was kindly cared for and had a suitable burial. I am sorry I cannot recall the name of that family.

"MEMORIAL DAY."

D. C. MURPHY, Slippery Rock Normal, Pa., for the history class, writes this record for the Northern press:

To the South belongs the credit of having established one of the most touching customs that has ever arisen out of war—namely, that of decorating soldiers' graves.

During the time the war lasted, the people of the South suffered bitterly, and thousands of her bravest men and most promising youths fell in battle or died in prison.

"It was a long night in which the death angel flew over the land and when at last dawn appeared it was found he had touched the firstborn of nearly every household in the land."

The brave men of the South, however, left, behind them wives, mothers, and sisters whose devotion was imperishable.

These devoted women, in order to show that they cherished the memory of loved ones, established the custom of strewing flowers on the graves of their dead sons and heroes, and since the war have devoted one day of each year to honoring their dead by placing chaplets of laurel and flowers on their graves. It was natural that such a strife between North and South would leave some bitterness, and yet never in the history of the world were hostilities so amicably settled and the lines of enmity so completely eradicated. The conflict included mighty issues, but, being ended, both sections taught by word and deed, "with malice toward none and charity for all."

And when Johnston and Buckner walked arm in arm with Sherman and Sheridan as pallbearers at the funeral of Grant, they "reflected the grander heroism of peace" which only the soldiers of America can portray. When the Southern women, after sorrowfully decorating the graves of their own soldiers, passed to those of the Union dead and placed flowers upon their graves, they exemplified that maternal affection which is grander and more lasting than patriotism. In each glorious springtime throughout our land, North and South, loving hearts come with willing hands to strew sweet flowers above the dust of heroes—some who sleep in gray and some in blue—but all Americans. This is not a tribute to the glories of warfare, but shows that revenge has fled from the presence of the lily, and the sweet perfume of the rose stifled all hatred.

As the garlands are laid on the grassy mounds, they teach us lessons of faith and hope and charity and fraternity, for the Eternal through his messengers of purity and fragrance proclaims the loveliness of a universal brotherhood.

THRILLING WAR EXPERIENCES.

N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Mo., writes of heroic deeds:

I heartily indorse the suggestion made by the Galveston News that the VETERAN establish a department of history, so that coming generations of our posterity may know the truth concerning our great war.

Let us, by all means, call it the Confederate war. It was not a rebellion in any sense, but was fought to maintain legal and constitutional rights of sovereign States confederated together for the common defense of the homes and families of a great and brave people.

Joshua Brown is wrong in supposing that Col. F. G. Skinner is the only infantry officer who slew a Federal soldier with the sword. Lieut. Mickey, of Company I, Eleventh Alabama Infantry, while the entire regiment was engaged in a desperate hand to hand combat with McCall's Pennsylvania "Bucktails" at Frazier's Farm, on Monday, June 30, 1863, was confronted by a Federal captain who used both pistol and sword in trying to slay the lieutenant. In this battle every man was a hero, and Mickey with flashing sword was in the front.

After receiving a ball from the captain's pistol in the right arm, a sword thrust in the cheek, and a cut which laid bare the skull bone on the crown of the head, Lieut. Mickey made a desperate thrust with his bright and flashing sword which penetrated and passed clear through the body of the gallant captain, who staggered back and in a moment fell a lifeless corpse among the hundreds of slain who lay on the ensanguined field.

At the field hospital that night I saw Lieut. Mickey, who was passing among the wounded boys giving them words of encouragement and telling of the deeds of valor performed in the terrible struggle, and little did I think that in a few days his brave spirit would yield to the inroads of blood poisoning upon his manly form and take its flight to another world. He died in the hospital at Richmond, lamented by the whole regiment. Company I was called the "Yellow Dogs" on account of their uniforms being made of copperas-colored goods, and no better fighters ever went upon the field. I think that their captain, Bell, was killed at Frazier's Farm.

Another instance of bravery which came under my own observation in that battle is worthy of place here. When forced back from the Federal battery, as related in a former article, Bill McIntosh, a messmate of mine in Company A, Eleventh Alabama, took shelter behind the only tree which stood in the old field, and only about seventy-five paces from the battery. Meigher's Federal Irish Brigade had been thrown against us, and pressed upon us as we gave back, and, being fought stubbornly, their progress was slow. One big, burly fellow, seeing Bill at the tree, made a lunge with his bayonet; but the wiry Bill threw himself forward, making a kind of semicircle of his body, so that the Irishman missed his mark; but his bayonet became fastened between the cartridge box belt and the back of the Confederate, and, while trying to disengage it, McIntosh said: "Give me a fair show." "Be jabbers, an' O'll give ye a fair show;" and as the sentence was finished a puff of smoke from McIntosh's Enfield, and the Irishman's brains moistened the already crimson soil.

While this was going on I was reloading my musket in order to go to the rescue of my comrade. At this moment Evans's South Carolinians bounded forward with a yell, and our combined forces swept the field and almost annihilated the famed "Irish Brigade" and McCall's entire division. The general was taken prisoner.

To show the desperate character of the battle of Frazier's Farm, I give a list of my company killed—viz., Capt. T. H. Halcomb, James Crawford, John Fifer, Sam Carter, John Jolly, Charlie McNeil, Billy McNeil, H. Rogers, T. F. Ross, and Thomas Wade. Thomas Pearl received a ball in the hip joint from the effects of which he never recovered, and died a few years after the war. Very few of the company were wounded, which shows that the conflict was most terrific. More heroism was not displayed on any battlefield of the war. I have a roster of my old company which may be of sufficient interest to be worthy a place in the VETERAN. It shows the fate of each member.

THE OLD HENRY HOUSE.

I am surprised at the statement of Miss Sue Monroe that the old Henry house, on the battlefield of Manassas, still stands. It was an old house when I saw it on July 21, 1861, the day of the battle. I was there a short time after the yankees left for Washington City, and saw the body of Mrs. Henry as it lay on a bed in the northeast corner of a shed room. I was then a little past seventeen years of age, and the impression made on my young mind has never been removed during all these years. I was told that the old lady had received three wounds, one in the neck, side, and ankle each. I examined the ankle and neck wounds. Miss Monroe says five balls struck the old lady. Many wounded Confederates and yankees were in the house and yard. A negro woman and white lady were making tea and giving it to the suffering men, and I think there was a negro man also assisting with the wounded. A few steps southwest of the house stood an old shed in which I found a yankee soldier whose breast had been pierced by a ball which had gone clear through the body. The poor fellow was gasping for life, and burning up for water. I gave him from my canteen all he could drink, and told him he was desperately wounded and I saw no chance for his recovery. This seemed to arouse him, his eyes flashed with new life, and with an oath he informed me that he would get over it and meet me on some other field. I left him with the conviction that he had received his death wound, and never saw him again.

A short distance east of the Henry house had been planted the celebrated Sherman Battery, over the possession of which the New York Zouaves and the Fourth Alabama Regiment had such a desperate encounter. The Alabamians annihilated the Zouaves and captured the entire battery. When I saw the spot, an hour or two after the slaughter, it presented a terrible sight. Men and horses were piled in the utmost confusion, and the ghastly spectacle was sickening to one so young and unaccustomed to seeing such awful slaughter.

The scenes on the field, where the Southern soldiers displayed such wonderful valor and heroism, are still fresh in memory after the lapse of thirty-three years.

I represented Col. L. C. Campbell Camp at Birmingham, and cast our three votes for the VETERAN. Why are they not recorded?

I do not see ours in the list of Camps. Capt. St. F. C. Roberts is Commander, and N. B. Hogan Adjutant.

Decoration Day was observed here with appropriate ceremonies. There was a large gathering.

We have here the only Confederate cemetery in Missouri. Our Camp, in conjunction with the Daughters of the Confederacy, is making an effort to raise money to erect a suitable monument. Will the readers of the VETERAN send us a contribution for that purpose?

GREEN FIELDS AND GRAY.

BY LILLIAN ROZELL MESSENGER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE question is often asked, "Why are the songs and ballads once constantly sung by the Southern troops so seldom heard nowadays by the Southern people and survivors of the great war?"

The question is well put, and in its answer may lie a like reason and cause why there are yet no great memorial stones erected by this people, marking the place of the first terrible conflict which gave them splendid victory—the first battle of Manassas.

Thus we stood musing in the bright May day on the sacred soil of the old field where on July 21, 1861, the scenes of the American Waterloo startled the world.

Strange that in days long prior to the Civil War the name of this locality was Waterloo, but known now only as Bull Run.

It was with mingled feelings of awe, sorrow, and almost dread that we approached the brown frame homestead, the Mecca of the old field. This is not the original house partly destroyed on the day of battle, for its fragments were ultimately taken by soldiers for barracks.

Despite the gleam of sweet May air and sunshine, a



THE HENRY HOUSE, AS PUBLISHED IN JEFFERSON DAVIS'S
"SHORT HISTORY."

gray mirage arose about field and hollow—gray shaded with softest blue—for this land had been kneaded with the blood and bones of men fallen in battle. Even now at every step a phantom form seemed to rise and whisper: "It is well." The May winds, dallying with roses on two graves in the yard, marked by marble tablets suitably inscribed, were none the less sweet and tuneful because the cruel strokes of war had laid the sleepers low and hushed the mother's voice forever. This mother, Mrs. Henry, was killed on the first day of the fight, being wounded three times as she lay in bed an invalid.

We were cordially received in this house, which stands in the midst of this most historic field, commanding a grand view of twelve square miles of battle ground. The primitive dwelling, the yard and its sacred shrines, and other marks of a tragic past, made this place to us one great mausoleum.

Mr. Henry, the aged son who received us, is the last of his clan, and lives alone with his "Man Friday." He reveres the home and its history. He was very obliging in pointing out places on the field and refreshing our memory with well-stored facts.

Entering the inclosure, full of grasses and roses, the first pathetic sight to greet us was the gravestone on the mother's resting place. Could the dying woman have only known that her tomb would be in such a spot—the home owned by her people one hundred and fifty years and guarded by a loyal son—surely she would have passed from earth doubly reconciled. A few feet from the left of the entrance a tablet points to where Wade Hampton was wounded: while hard by, like a gray rugged finger of fate among the flowering shrubs, is the trunk of an old tree which was riddled with bullets the day of the first battle. A little southeast of the dwelling is a rude but effective monument of rough stone blocks piled in pyramidal form, flanked by huge cannon balls, which marks "where patriots fell." The old citizens near say that those interred there were Georgians. Some slender locust trees and tall grasses in mute sympathy throw tender veils of green about the solemn scene.

Passing on, the field grows grayer and the eyes dim, as you are shown the spots where Bartow, Bee, Ramsey, and hosts of others fell. The air seems to rustle with phantom wings and the majestic forms of heroes to rise on the vision. The mind could easily picture the close of the day of that first dread battle, could see almost the red dying sun touch the reddened field. O that sad red sunset! and what did not the summer night see and hear, and tell to the quiet stars? The horrors of that sight! Acres piled with hundreds of the slain! The ruby-red sunlight set not only on the gory field, but on many a precious life and hope gone down. Then a few fragments of light and tender summer winds came and vainly touched the dead and dying, but went away again into the welcome night shadows. That eve the moon in tattered clouds saw not her beams in yonder stream beneath the clump of trees, for it was dim and stained with human blood.

Mr. Henry describes the position and movements of the armies on that great battle day, the Confederate lines drawing toward the Federal forces like the closing of a pair of shears. The positions of the armies were reversed, yet the result was the same. Listening to Mr. Henry as he talked, we could but reflect how true it is that as light enters the mind hatred and malice leave the heart. There is a genial manner, a sweetness of quiet spirit evidenced in the aged watcher by this tomb, the old field and its home. His words are full of meaning and pathos, and long after spoken you feel that verily he had seen in the red flames of war that message which said that the human shackles and fetters must be broken.

Presently Mr. Henry pointed us to the broken base of a small shaft resting on the spot where Gen. Bartow was killed. Soon after the conflict this modest stone was erected, only to be torn down by ruthless hands of vandals. Not many rods distant a tablet tells that here fell Joseph E. Johnston's chief of staff, Col. Thomas. Yonder is where Gen. Jackson stood with his legion when Gen. Bee called him the stone wall. Another tablet marks where Col. Fisher, of North Carolina, was killed. Nearly every flower decks the spot where some brave warrior fell and passed to immortality.

Did the spirit of the old chevaliers and heroes depart from our land with the slain on these battlefields? Then let us pray for a reincarnation for the best, especially in behalf of the majority who throng the capital of our nation.

There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls; and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.

When standing on the spot baptized by so much blood of brave men, as their leaders called out in death, "Never give up!" and you think of their faith, their heroism, as the wings of the invisible seem to brood over the sod, does it not strike your thoughtful, grateful mind that this nation should erect here great memorial arches or obelisks, or beautiful terraced mounds, flower wreathed, and planted with rare trees, thus in some sort to hallow more in a tangible manner this place of sacrifice?

If you have been in the conflict and felt the terrors, the splendors, the agony of such a doom; or have looked on the field of the dead after such a battle as this one, you can well believe that war is the cruelest thing under the shining skies. And the wise man of the present will add with Victor Hugo: "There is only one power, conscience, in the service of justice; there is only one glory, genius, in the service of truth."

The light which comes from the old field of slain heroes is not from the conquering steel, of bayonet, nor echoes of artillery; it is from truth's thunderbolt. And to-day, standing by this mausoleum of victor and vanquished, the people will again cry out in their higher aspirations for right: "Since night issues from the thrones (power), let the light come from the tombs."

CONFEDERATE MATTERS IN ARKANSAS.

MRS. J. G. WOODRUFF, Secretary of the Ladies' Memorial Aid Society, Little Rock, Ark.:

As your paper comes each month laden with articles of great interest from other parts of the South, perhaps you would like to hear what is being done in Arkansas.

Five years ago some ladies organized a Ladies' Memorial Aid Association. Its object was to take care of the much-neglected cemetery, where lie buried many Confederate soldiers. With the assistance of some of the surviving Confederate veterans we obtained a deed to the land. Quite a large sum of money was subscribed by gentlemen, and the ladies had several entertainments, realizing an amount sufficient to inclose the grounds in a substantial stone wall on two sides, an iron fence on the third, the adjoining National Cemetery wall forming the fourth side.

The Almighty hand is slowly removing traces of the war from the face of nature, but there are still the scars won in battle and wounds in the heart which nothing can erase here. The wind and rain level the fortifications of earth and the grass covers with its living green the mounds raised over the dead, but the living bear ever with them memories of lost loved ones and voices never to be heard again on earth.

Our cause was just, or our brave ones would not have been sacrificed.

The entrance is spanned by an iron arch, the pillars of which are of granite. Over the center of the arch is a shield with stacked muskets; at each end are sheathed swords crossed, and "Confederate" the length of the arch in gilt letters. We hope in the near future to erect a monument to the memory of our fallen braves.

Our last Decoration Day was a complete success. A salute of forty-four guns was fired by the artillery, and two companies of infantry fired their muskets over the

graves. The procession of soldiers and citizens in their carriages reached a mile in length, while from every direction people on horseback and on foot came to swell the crowd, showing that the interest in the memorial services was great, as it should be.

I wish you would have a regular department for the ladies. Many interesting things occurred during the war while the "boys" were all gone to the army which only we women can tell.

QUICK WIT OF BISHOP POLK.—Bishop Polk is said by the Youth's Companion to have told a story whereby grit and wit saved him from capture at Perryville, Ky.

About dark, shortly after the arrival of Liddell's brigade, I observed a body of men whom I believed to be Confederates standing at an angle to this brigade and firing obliquely at the newly arrived troops. "Dear me," said I, "this is very sad. It must be stopped." So I turned round, but could find none of my young men, who were about on various messages. I determined to ride up myself and settle the matter. I cantered up to the colonel of the regiment, asked him in angry tones what he meant by shooting at his friends, and ordered him to cease doing so at once. "I don't think there can be any mistake about it," he said, with some surprise. "I am sure they are the enemy." "Enemy!" I said. "Why, I have only just left them myself. Cease firing, sir! What is your name, sir?" "My name is Colonel —, of the —; and pray, sir, who are you?" Then for the first time, I saw to my astonishment that he was a Federal, and that I was in the rear of the Federal lines. I knew there was no hope but in brazening it out, my dark blouse and the increasing obscurity befriending me, so I approached quite close to him, shook my fist in his face, and said: "I'll soon show you who I am. Cease firing at once!" I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner to the Federals to cease firing.

THE LARGEST CONFEDERATE CAMP.

T. O. MOORE, who was of the Seventh Texas Infantry, reports a reunion at Dublin:

Comanche, Tex., September 13, 1894.—The Erath and Comanche ex-Confederate Associations, numbering twelve hundred members, held their annual reunion at Dublin, Erath County, Tex., August 7, 8, and 9. It was not as largely attended as usual, owing to the hard times, but the meeting was a success in every other way. The next reunion will be at Stephenville, Erath County, in August next. The following officers were elected for the year: L. E. Giellett, of Dublin, President; T. O. Moore and L. Young, of Comanche, Vice Presidents; Mel. Reil, of Stephenville, Secretary; and J. D. St. Clair, of Alexander, Treasurer.

The last day of the meeting was devoted to the United American Veteran Association, which was very enthusiastic. The association perfected its organization, and now has a charter from the State. A large number of the gray and blue joined. The following officers were elected: J. T. Harris, Thurber, President; J. N. Shafter, Eagle Pass, and L. E. Giellett, Dublin, Vice Presidents; William Christian, Stephenville, and J. J. Eggar, Dublin, Secretaries; R. H. McCann, Dublin, Treasurer.

Comrade Moore concludes with hopeful words for the VETERAN.

GEN. L. A. ARMISTEAD AND R. TYLER JONES.

MRS. SEMPLE, of Washington, D. C., daughter of President Tyler, is ardently loyal to the South. She takes pride in the army record of her nephew, Robert Tyler Jones, grandson of President Tyler, and sends to the VETERAN his picture with the account that he wrote some time ago of one of the most thrilling engagements recorded in the history of the great Confederate war.

I had been detailed as one of the color guard men, and the position of commander of the color guard was held by the gallant Blackburn, who fell early in the charge. The error of your correspondent may have resulted from the following circumstances: We had been



ROBERT TYLER JONES.

lying upon our faces in a broiling July sun for several hours, with the artillery playing over us, when the order came from the valiant Armistead: "Rise, men." I shall never forget the scene. For hours we had watched the hero as he moved with easy step in front of our line, surveying the field and marking the effect of the cannonade. Once I rose upon my feet, when he ordered me to lie down; and when I had justified myself by his own example, he replied: "Yes, but never mind me; we want men with guns in their hands." Now, as his stentorian voice rang like a bugle blast in the air, every man rose to his feet like clockwork, our line representing the precision and regularity of a dress parade. Armistead took his position right in front of the flag, which was held by Blackburn. Then, drawing his sword in a manner peculiar to himself, he exclaimed in words of thrilling import as he waved it above his head: "Men, remember what you are fighting for! Your homes, your firesides, and your sweethearts! Follow me!"

Who could have refused to follow him as he unloosed his collar, threw away his cravat, and placed his old black hat upon the point of his sword and held it high in the air, and walked with measured step toward the

enemy? The enemy opened with redoubled fury upon our exposed ranks, but all that Armistead said as the missiles of death made fearful gaps in our advancing lines was: "Steady, men! steady!" Blackburn soon fell, and then another and another of the guard. The flag lay prone upon the field, shot from some gallant hand, when I took it up and shook its folds in the air. Still onward we went, amid storms of shot and death until, just as we made our dash and raised the "rebel yell," Armistead, who had kept ahead of his line all the way, said to me: "Run ahead, Bob, and cheer them up!" I obeyed and passed him, and shook the flag over my head. Then the "wild charge" began. In the excitement of the hour I only knew that I had reached the fortifications, when, faint from the loss of blood due to a shot in the head, I fell. My flag was found grasped in the hands of Gen. Armistead, who fell within the enemy's works among his guns.

We all know the result of that day. Armistead, the hero, fell in the very arms of victory, having penetrated beyond the fortifications. Out of sixty-five men in the Charles City company, to which I belonged, but five escaped death or capture.

My own comrades did me more honor than I deserved. I was promoted to the position of ensign and commander of the color guard of the regiment, with the rank of first lieutenant, and I appreciated the honor all the more, as I believe the rank of ensign had not existed before, the commander of the color guard previously having taken rank as sergeant.

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will look with a lenient eye over the personal features of this narrative, which in some degree were unavoidable. I would have spared the public these details had I not been called upon by name in your paper. But I would even risk the charge of egotism if the opportunity has been embraced to do honor to the brave Armistead, Aylett, Martin, and Blackburn, and the thousand other brave fellows who wrote their names that day at Gettysburg on the eternal tablets of fame.

J. D. HAYNES, Terrell, Tex. "My first experience as a vidette was at Spanish Port, near Mobile, Ala., where I met a Federal vidette at midnight and swapped half of a plug of tobacco for half a pint of green coffee. Our posts were in thirty or forty yards of each other. We could talk and joke in a very low tone. That yankee belonged to the Forty-eighth Ohio Regiment, and his name was Thompson. I then belonged to the Twenty-first Alabama Regiment. My coffee did me no good, for I was severely wounded the next day. I had started from our breastworks to go after the rations for my company, which were being cooked under a bluff half a mile in the rear of our breastworks. Shot and shell were coming over as thick as hail. But O those rations! I started out with my coffee in hand to get it parched and a pot of it made by the cook. When about two hundred yards from the breastworks I was shot down and my coffee scattered in every direction. This occurred just before sundown. I lay where I fell until eleven o'clock that night. Then I was picked up and carried to the amputating table where the ball was extracted. I was put on top of a steamboat by the pilot house and sent to Mobile. When we got there the blood had run full ten feet to the gutter and had clotted in it for two feet. I was too weak to even bat my eyes much less move a single limb. Thank God, I am yet alive, and able to work for my family and the VETERAN."

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

OFFICE IN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, CHURCH ST.

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

THE Daughters of the Revolution are bringing to light much of valuable history. Ladies who have had only vague ideas of their relationship to heroes of our earlier wars now and then get valuable *data* through aged ancestors in other sections. Mrs. Jane Stuart Stockard Long, daughter of Col. John Stockard, who did valiant service in the war of 1812, writes from the ancestral home in North Carolina to Mrs. A. B. Beach, of Tennessee, who was Miss Sarah Stockard, in which she states that the Stockards and Trousdale were among the bravest and the truest in the war for independence. James Stockard and the father of Gov. Trousdale were brothers-in-law and fought side by side in the battle of Guilford Courthouse. After the War of 1812 Col. John Stockard was elected to the Legislature of his State seventeen times in succession. In the letter she states: "The little log house in which the father of Gov. Trousdale lived during the Revolutionary War is still standing in this (Alamance) county. In this house Gov. Trousdale was born, and from it the family moved to Tennessee when the Governor was yet a boy. This son was afterwards a soldier in the war of 1812, under Jackson at New Orleans. He was also in the Indian and Mexican Wars, and was repeatedly wounded—twice in the battle of Chapultepec. He was made a general on account of his gallant military conduct, and there is a monument to him at Gallatin, Tenn. I'm too old to take much interest in such things, but I shall ever feel a just pride in my ancestors, and feel it to be a Christian duty to keep alive the fires of patriotism. Every true mother will teach her children to love God, love home, love family and native land."

MANY interesting incidents are related by visitors to the VETERAN office that would be printed if they should come in manuscript. The story of Mr. G. F. Bush in the August number is an illustration. An old gentleman with ruddy, smooth face called recently, laid a dollar on the desk, and said: "I want the VETERAN another year." The strange face was pleasant to see, and his name is H. W. Compton. His residence is a few miles southwest of the city, and many a Confederate who is familiar with the "Compton Hills" knows of the fine property this gentleman inherited, and upon which he was born eighty-one years ago. Accepting the courtesy of a seat, Mr. Compton chatted cordially. He mentioned the remarkable incident that of fourteen nephews who went into the war for the South, but three ever returned. Mr. Compton was a bachelor until he was sixty-three years old. Three of his four daughters are in school.

Mr. J. F. MAULL, of Elmore, Ala., who was in Tennessee at reunion time, paid his respects to the VETERAN. He told of how he practiced swimming at Point Lookout, Md., with a view to swimming across Chesapeake Bay. He practiced until he could stay in the water as long as eight hours without touching bottom, and was about making the attempt; but short and shorter rations caused him to lose rather than to gain, so he finally gave it up. He believed that he could swim the twenty miles and more, for in physical development, with great strength at eighteen years, and one hundred and ninety pounds weight, he believed himself to be the equal of any man in the army. He not only wanted to get away from prison, but to see the girl who afterwards became his wife.

THE Russellville reunion, being that of the Orphan Brigade, and of Kentucky Confederates, September 4, was characterized as one of the pleasantest and most harmonious gatherings ever witnessed. Of the ten thousand persons, there was no evidence of dissipation nor ill feeling. Speeches were usually short and interspersed with thrilling and pathetic music, concluded with "My Old Kentucky Home." There was surprise that the management had prepared abundant dinner for so great a multitude, but there was not only enough, but almost a score of untouched carcasses. It was a Kentucky welcome and a Kentucky feast.

During the Russellville reunion there were a number of distinguished Veterans at the residence of Maj. J. B. Briggs, and Gen. John B. Gordon was requested to tell of his experiences with a Federal officer, which he has embodied in his lecture, and in declining he said: "I had rather tell you of my sensations when wounded at Sharpsburg. That was one of the most thrilling and awful places I was ever in. Gen. Lee rode up to my command, and said that the fighting to the right and left, then in progress, would continue, but that it would be much worse in my front, and that I must hold my position. He said he could not reinforce me. It was the salient point, and I told him we would stay there. By and by the Federals appeared in our front, only a few few hundreds yards away. The front line, with fixed bayonets, were advancing at the position of charge; the other three lines, all with fixed bayonets, were at shoulder arms, with not a gun loaded. In storming a place it is the rule to carry empty guns. Their color bearer was mounted, and the bright flag, the glistening bayonets, and the soldiers, moving forward with the precision of machinery, made a magnificent picture. My men reserved their fire, as directed, until the enemy was very near, and then such havoc was hardly ever seen. They were repulsed, when their second, third, and last lines were put into the breach successively."

The General then described his many wounds, in their order, when that one which has ever been conspicuous in

his face caused him to think he was dead. He felt that all the top of his head was gone, that but a part of one jaw only was left him, and that only part of his tongue remained. His meditations were very impressive. He was greatly surprised that his mind could so contemplate his condition in death. He began to philosophize about it, and concluded to try to move his leg, about the only part of his body that had not been shot. In the attempt he was successful, and then with a shudder he began to explore the region where his head had been, and realized that it was still connected with the body.

The question was asked the General, if it were to be gone over again now, would the men be as steadfast under fire as in their young manhood. He said that he would have to consider before answering; that he himself was not the man that he was, and then recalling the fiery ordeals he said with animation: "Why, I rode on the clouds!" His magnificent career as a commander under Lee makes the remark fitting. He had hardly finished telling how he felt about it when this Veteran requested to be heard in answer, and it was: "Yes: the men who endured so much and risked so much and have shared the glory would not shrink from martyrdom now if put again to similar tests."

Another topic of conversation was as to presentiments of death. Gen. Gordon's brother, Col. Augustus Gordon, told him before entering his fatal battle that he would be killed. The brother remonstrated with him, and begged him to put off such a thought; but the hero, while cheerful as usual, said that he expected to be killed the next day; and he was. The General had other evidences of remarkable significance, but he had been spared until upon getting an order to storm a fort the following morning at daylight, he concluded that his time had come. He was so impressed with the presentiment that he called from their sleep members of his staff and had them help get his affairs in order. The morning came, the charge was ordered, and to his surprise the yankees had all gone in the night.

COMRADES W. H. Thompson and George Whitaker, Sr., of Goldtwhaite, Tex., have furnished the VETERAN with a lengthy and interesting account of the recent reunion held at that place. The address of welcome was by the venerable Col. D. H. Triplett. J. E. Grubbs, of the younger generation, followed in an eloquent tribute to Confederate valor and devotion. Messrs. Doughty, Sexton, Joe F. Brown, J. L. Lewis, and Adjutant Doyle were of the other speakers. Resolutions of thanks for various favors by individuals, and for the adoption of the VETERAN as official organ were adopted, and Comrade George Whitaker was appointed to receive and forward subscriptions. He also promises some thrilling reminiscences in his own war experience. He expects to write of the gallantry of the late Gen. Tom Green, who fell during a charge upon three gunboats below Alexandria, La., in 1864. He states that he has always thought that justice has never been done to his memory.

On the 18th of September the monument of Harvey's scouts who were killed in battle was unveiled at Canton, Miss. The names of the dead patriots are inscribed upon the shaft, which is elegant and beautiful. Two of the living scouts, the Hons. Wiley N. Nash and Scott Field, delivered addresses. Miss Georgia Goodloe sang the "Confederate Song" composed by her father, James L. Goodloe, one of the company, the music of which was written by a "yankee," and all published in the July VETERAN. Master George Shelby, son of George B. Shelby, another old scout, recited a poem, composed by J. Preston Young, in reply to Mr. Goodloe's now famous song; and Miss Pauline Priestley, a daughter of Thomas Priestley, another of the scouts, and lately deceased, was to recite the "Confederate Scout," written and published by Mr. Goodloe in 1868. What an impressive occasion to the few survivors of that celebrated company, as well as to the people of Canton, from which town and county many of the company enlisted!

A STAR from the battle flag of the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment, A. N. Va., has been framed and is treasured the more because of the following lines written by Capt. Fred J. V. LeCand, the last adjutant of that regiment, and now Commander of Camp No. 20, United Confederate Veterans, Natchez, Miss.:

Only a piece of bunting; soiled by the weather and torn,
Valueless, save to the worthy who followed where it was borne;
Dirty, a term most contemptuous! tattered and gone to decay:
No charm to present to the many; alas! it has served its day.
It's day was a time when heroes fought
Amid flashing of cannon, when the air was fraught
With the groans of the dying, and cries of pain
Of thousands of soldiers who lay 'mong the slain.
Only a star, dim and fallen, a star fast fading from sight—
One of a fair constellation—lost in the darkness of night!
A star, which forever has set, but whose history ever will tell
Of the deeds of "the boys in gray," who under its shadows fell.

AN error occurred on page 239 of the August VETERAN in stating that the tribute by Gen. Cleburne to the "courage, skill, and endurance" of the Forty-eighth Tennessee Regiment, while serving as a battalion of sharpshooters, was preserved by a private. The VETERAN copied from the original, which has been preserved by, and is the property of, Col. H. G. Evans, commander of that regiment. The memorandum was confused with that kept by a private in the Twentieth Tennessee.

THE Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, keeps regular working committees, and they all meet the second Tuesday in each month. There are ten officers, including the chaplain, Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer. R. H. Brunet is President, and S. D. Stockman is the First Vice President. The committees are named in this order: Executive, Tomb Fund, Relief, Historical, Finance, and Investigating.

DR. N. ADAMS, of Prescott, Ark., writes of the Fourth Arkansas Infantry some interesting reminiscences. He was assistant surgeon and was wounded at Murfreesboro. The loss to that regiment was about forty per cent. in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

TO THE DEPARTING CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

BY SMITH JOHNSON, TYLER, TEN.

One by one they pass away,
 Cross the river one by one;
 And the shadows of to-day
 Darken the departing sun.
 'Tis a hero falling, seeking
 In eternity sweet rest,
 While his country's tears are reeking
 Sorrow's passion rends the breast
 Of the chivalry and beauty
 South of Dixie's magic line.

One by one the ranks are thinning,
 And a comrade falls to sleep.
 Death invades our sanctum, winning
 Jewels rare we vain would keep;
 Jewels from the Southern cross,
 Tried by fires of deadly war,
 Who shall recompense our loss?
 Will their spirits from afar
 Whisper us some consolation,
 Minister at freedom's shrine?

THE MAN AND THE LAND.

HON. JOSEPH B. CUMMING, of Augusta, at a reunion of the survivors of the Fifth Georgia Regiment, said to the comrades present:

It has been given out through the press that I was to make an address to you to-day. The little I might have to say has been heralded by the high-sounding title of "oration." I am sorry that anything of this sort has been done. It may have aroused expectations which I cannot satisfy. I have prepared neither address nor oration. I have had neither time nor inclination for either. I hasten to remove any wrong impression which this last expression may make. Of course I do not mean to say that I am not glad we have met again, or that I altogether regret we have survived. I mean only that I have a poor opinion of "speechifying" at all times, and especially at a reunion of men who were originally assembled for deeds, not words. The men of words, as such, were entirely out of place in those days, and men of action were demanded by the exigencies of the hour. Speech is a plentiful commodity at all times in this country—utterly worthless in such times as we are here to commemorate, and entirely too cheap even in the piping times of peace. The word "address" is painfully suggestive to my mind of weary and bored audiences, and "oration" conjures up at once the conventional Fourth of July celebration, the glories of which have perceptibly waned in these latter times. Please dismiss all apprehension of either of these nuisances. Five minutes will cover all the time I shall abstract from the pleasanter occupations of the hour. The talk which used to run from mouth to mouth around the camp fire, the humor and the jest which enlivened the bivouac, the light-hearted chat which no weariness of the march, no shortness of rations, no heat, no cold, no imminence of deadly conflict could suppress—these be the appropriate occupations of this occasion; and an oration would be as much out of place as used to be the occasional black beaver hat that wandered unwarily into a Confederate camp, and a general outcry of "Fold up that oration" would not be less appropriate than our old familiar slogan, "Come down out of that stovepipe."

But it seems that I am expected to say something, and if I am to speak, too many solemn shadows rise before me as I turn my face to the past—the camp, the battlefield—for me to be tempted into levity by the reminiscence of an old jest current in every Confederate camp. I shall endeavor to present a few serious thoughts, but in doing so I shall not attempt to play the historian and speak of foughten fields, however proud as a Fifth Georgia man I may be of those memories. I prefer to contemplate the moral, the spiritual, the sentimental aspects of those tremendous times.

Do I not voice the feeling of every Confederate heart, or do I only speak for myself, when I say that that period of my life is the one with which I am most nearly satisfied? I take my own career as that of the average Confederate soldier—nothing brilliant, nothing dazzling in it, but a persistent, steady effort to do my duty—an effort persevered in in the midst of privation, hardship, and danger. If ever I was unselfish, it was then. If ever I was capable of self-denial, it was then. If ever I was able to trample on self-indulgence, it was then. If ever I was strong to make sacrifices, even unto death, it was in those days. And if I were called upon to say on the peril of my soul when it lived its highest life, when it was least faithless to true manhood, when it was most loyal to the best part of man's nature, I would answer: "In those days when I followed yon bullet-pierced flag through its shifting fortunes of victory and defeat."

I believe this would be the sentiment of every true Confederate. And what I say of the Confederate soldier is true also of the land he fought for. Those will be noted—whether we consider all the past or in imagination scan all the future—as the days of its greatest glory. Not the glory merely of victories of inferior over superior forces, or of triumphs won by the weak from the strong; but the glory of devotion and sacrifice. The bright sky above us will doubtless in the years to come look down on this country and see it far richer than now—its hamlets grown into towns, its villages into cities, primeval forests changed into fruitful fields, its natural resources converted into accumulated wealth, its population multiplied manifold. But if beyond and above this bending sky there resides an eternal Intelligence that regards the lands through all ages and measures the nations by other standards than those of wealth and success, it will note that the time of this Southern land's true glory will not be those coming days of wealth and teeming millions; but that time has been and was when its cities were in ashes, its fields were wasted, each home a house of mourning, and the smoke and the blood of sacrifice covered the land.

I know that such sentiments as I have been uttering are not altogether popular and fashionable in these latter times. It has come to be considered the proper thing to "shake hands across the bloody chasm," whatever that high-sounding ceremony may be, and to "fraternize," though this latter performance seems to be fatally associated with a great deal of sentimental twaddle. Well, let them shake if they choose, there is no law against shaking; let them fraternize if they will—how beautiful it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. But I take leave to believe, or at least to hope, that the sentiments current on such occasions have their fountain in the convivial punch bowl rather than in the loyal Confederate heart; and I trust that on future occasions, however much Southern men may appreciate courtesies, and though the proprieties of the hour may impose reticence of their real feelings, no expressions will be used

to discredit this sentiment, which is, or ought to be, in every loyal Confederate heart. The North is rich and powerful, but the South won greater victories than did the North, and made sacrifices of which the North not even dreamed. We are not ashamed, but we are proud; and if we have tears to shed, they are not tears of repentance for our sins.

Well, we have survived. This fact seems to be sufficiently apparent. How many men, as good, as true, as brave as we, as worthy to live, have we survived! It would be the conventionally proper thing to say we will drop a tear to their memory. I have no such phrase to use, nor any other which assumes as a necessary fact that there is advantage in survival. How many a sailor has ridden out the storm only to meet tidings of death and desolation in the port! How many of us, recalling some time and place of deadly peril, where we had made up our minds that we must fall, have not felt at times that it would have been better for us to have sunk then and there into a soldier's grave? Who will be so presumptuous as to say, when he recalls some comrade falling by his side, that the bullet which stretched him on the field was not his truest friend, clothing him then and there with imperishable honor, and providing him a lasting refuge from unnumbered ills, from deadly sorrow? If I should use words of pity for those honorable departed, doubtless more hearts than one among you would protest that envy, not pity, was the word. But whether pity or envy, certainly no honor—honor from the survivors to those whom they survived.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

ADDRESS BY REV. DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, AND POEM BY MRS. JONES.

[From the Charlottesville Progress, June 6, 1894.]

DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, Chaplain to the University of Virginia, and Assistant Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, began his brief address on Monday (Memorial Day) as follows:

"*Ladies of the Memorial Association, Old Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:* In doing me the honor of inviting me to represent them on this occasion, our noble women of the Memorial Association have bidden me to do two things: first, to talk about *the private soldier*; second, to talk *'about ten minutes.'*

"The first is easy, for it touches my mind, memory, and heart; and there is never an hour of the day or night when I am not ready to talk of the 'unknown and unrecorded hero' of the rank and file of the Confederate armies.

"But how shall I obey the second edict? how shall I compress within a ten minutes' speech the hallowed memories of the brave old days of 1861-65, which come trooping up as I stand on this spot, gaze on yon superb monument, and recall the deeds of the patriot heroes who, often with bare and bleeding feet, in ragged jacket and with empty haversack, bore our tattered flag on the forefront of a hundred victorious fields, and wrote on brightest pages of American history the names that will never die?"

Dr. Jones spoke first of the splendid *morale* of the private soldier of the Confederacy, and brought out and illustrated the fact that the education, the moral worth, the social standing, and the real manhood of our Southern youth were in the ranks of the Confederate armies.

He showed what these men were by what they accomplished against overwhelming numbers and resources. He earnestly eulogized our great leaders: Jefferson

Davis, the statesman, soldier, patriot, orator, and high-toned Christian gentleman; Robert E. Lee, the peerless soldier and model man of all the centuries; Stonewall Jackson, the very thunderbolt of war; J. E. B. Stuart, dashing, glorious "Jeb," the flower of cavaliers; and many others, worthy comrades of these. But he insisted that the gallant and chivalric soldier, John B. Gordon, put it just right when he was enthusiastically cheered at an Army of Northern Virginia banquet, and sprang to his feet and said: "Comrades, you are cheering the wrong man. You ought to cheer the men—the private soldiers—who made Gordon."

He said that, while good officers made good soldiers, the reputation of our leaders was made in no small measure by the patient endurance, splendid dash, and heroic courage of our private soldiers; and that the series of splendid victories won by the Confederate armies were largely due to the heroes of the rank and file.

He hailed it as an auspicious omen that monuments were being erected to the private soldiers; alluded to one in Richmond, and congratulated the ladies of Charlottesville and the beautiful monument to the private Confederate soldiers they had unveiled one year ago.

"I do not know how better I can close this address, utterly unworthy of its noble theme as I know it has been, than by reciting a poem, written especially for this occasion by a little Confederate woman, who has at least put *her heart* into what she has written:

MEMORIAL DAY

At the University of Virginia, on the birthday of our President Davis.

BY MRS. J. WILLIAM JONES.

Memorial Day once more returns,
And in each loyal heart there burns
A feeling sacred, pure.
It is to honor first our dead,
Who for us fought and for us bled,
And for us did endure.

Young soldiers then who wore the gray,
Now old, yet stand barehead to-day
Around their comrades' graves.
They come, with firm and solemn tread,
To pay heart tribute to the dead.
These war-worn veteran braves.

With children's children hand in hand,
The young and old together stand
Around our honored dead.
The young with fresh spring flowers appear;
The old bring but the gathering tear:
With love each tribute's paid.

We also, in appropriate way,
Now celebrate the natal day
Of our loved chief and head.
Beside the James he sweetly sleeps,
And Richmond's vigil ever keeps
A guard around his bed.

Then let us through all future time
Keep green these memories sublime,
All covered o'er with glory.
And let us to our children tell,
Of how they fought and how they fell,
For 'tis a wondrous story.

"Yes; it is a 'wondrous story'—not the miserable stuff that the School Board at Charlottesville requires our children to study in 'Barnes's School History of the United States,' a yankee book that is utterly untruthful and which you Veterans and Sons of Veterans ought to see kicked out of our schools; but the real story of 'the men who wore the gray.' Let that be told to our children and our children's children, and future generations will not be ashamed of our Confederate cause or of the men who maintained it."

THRILLING AND AMUSING EVENTS.

CAPT. J. M. NULL, one of Kizer's scouts, gives this thrilling story. "Truth stranger than fiction."

In February, 1864, Stroud, Fogg, Caldwell, and I, under Serg. Gates, were ordered on a scout to look after a Federal column which had crossed Tallahatchie River at New Albany, Miss., and was raiding toward the Mobile and Ohio railroad. We had been out two days and nights; the first day on the enemy's right flank, passing to his rear at night; and the next day we kept on his left flank, moving parallel with the column, guided by the smoke of burning buildings that marked his course. Late in the evening, having obtained the desired information, we concluded to pass to the front of the column and go to headquarters. It was getting dusk, and, thinking we had gotten in front of the command, we rode up to a house for the purpose of getting something to eat. Gates dismounted, and gave me his bridle to hold while he went in to prospect. When he had gotten nearly to the steps a lady met him, when he raised his cap and said something about Confederate soldiers, and the lady said: "For God's sake, run! Leave here quick!" Gates jumped up on the veranda, took a look over, jumped down again, and struck a turkey trot for his horse; but before he could mount, a squad of Federals dashed up to the opposite side of the garden and opened fire on us. I never was more surprised in my life. By the time Gates had mounted I was ready and anxious to move. My horse took the bit between his teeth and let out down the road in dead earnest. For a considerable distance from the house the road led down a slant in full view of the Yanks, who kept up a pretty sharp fire on us, some of their shots coming unpleasantly near. About four hundred yards from the house the road made an abrupt turn, almost at a right angle, and just at the turn and immediately in front, stood a tree with a stout projecting limb exactly the right height to catch a man across the stomach. I saw it, but could not check or turn my horse. He ran under the limb and kept on. The limb caught me, lifted me up, and threw me down in the road on my back, and would have literally burst any man who had eaten anything within thirty-six hours. Of course the other four must pass over me, not having time to go around. I had fallen on my back, and when I turned over on my all fours the first horse, instead of making a clear jump, struck me under the arm with his fore feet, which knocked out the little remaining breath the fall had left in me. I don't know what happened for some time, but felt that the other three horses must have jumped on me with all of their feet. I don't know how I got away from there, but I was headed downhill, and ran into a tree top which had fallen with the leaves on, and this offered me a splendid hiding place, and I remained there until it was quite dark. My horse, baggage, hat, pistols, were all gone; both spurs were broken, my left shoulder and all the ribs on the left side seemed to be broken, the skin torn from the back of one hand, and I was spitting blood. I turned my back upon the enemy, and took up a line of march which carried me to the back yard of a farmhouse. The lady of the house said she heard the firing, and saw four Confederates and a loose horse pass there at dark; two of them had lost their hats, and one of them told her a comrade had been killed. She said the bluecoats had been passing by there all evening, and that I was in danger of being captured. This brave

lady—God bless her!—went off in the dark across the field after her husband, who was at home on furlough from the Virginia army, and hiding out while his wife could cook him some rations. He took me to the house of one of Gholston's cavalymen who was minding his stock in a camp, where I took up my quarters next morning with safety. There I found Stroud, who had encountered the limb which had upset me, but with less loss however. He said he thought I was shot through the head and fell off my horse dead.

Again I must notice another brave deed of a true Southern woman. I was lying on the floor before the fire when she made a pallet for Stroud and told him to lie down and she would awaken him at moonrise. Stroud went to sleep, and when she awoke us a little before daylight, this good woman had taken her ten-year-old boy and gone to the place of our disaster and returned with my shawl and pistols, Stroud's hat, and Gates's red cap.

I remained several days in the camp of the kind man. Forgetting his surname, I will call him Jasper. I was faring well in camp; had gotten over my hurt except a lame shoulder. The Federals had gone out of hearing. I had ventured out of the swamp, and was spending my days at the home of Mr. Jasper. He had two very nice young lady daughters. This evening Mrs. Jasper had gone visiting, and I was keeping the young ladies company. One of them was sitting near the front window, and in the course of our general talk remarked that she wished she could see a yankee, as she had never seen one. It so happened that in a few minutes she called to me: "Come to the window, quick. Yonder come some men with blue clothes on and yellow stripes on them. See if they are yankees!" I went to the window, and sure enough, coming directly toward the house, in a gallop, were six mounted Federals. I darted out of the back window and toward a thicket in the rear. They saw me, rushed their horses over the fence, drew their sabers, and came upon me like a storm. I faced about and surrendered to six raw Dutchmen, belonging to the Second New Jersey Cavalry. The sergeant, who could speak very little English (the others could not speak a word), said: "Halt dere! you my breezner!" Then he asked: "You von soldier?"

I replied, "I used to be;" and he said, "Ve dakes you to Memphis."

"That's all right," I replied. "Let me sit down, please. I am badly wounded and can't stand very well. Soon we went back to the house and took seats on the steps. They put up their sabers and ordered the young ladies to get them something to eat. The sergeant continued his examination, translating my answers to the others.

"Who dot men vat runs efer time ven we gooms?"

"Guerrillas."

"Vy dey runs away, unt no fight?"

"They will fight when night comes. They have nothing but shot guns, and can't shoot as far as you can; but when it gets dark you had better look out; they will slip up close and kill the last one of you, and me too, I am afraid."

I went on to tell them that there were two hundred and fifty or more and pointed their locations as east, west, and south. This brought on another Dutch confab. Encouraged by their credulity, I actually scared them into surrendering. I told the sergeant I wouldn't mind going with them to Memphis, that I wanted to get out of the war, that my uncle was the Mayor of Memphis and a good Union man, and when I got there he

could get me paroled and I could make money; but if I went with them, the guerrillas would think I belonged to their squad, and would kill me as well as them. This caused any amount of jabber among them. Then the sergeant asked me if I could give them paroles. I told them that if I were to capture them and take them to Gen. Forrest, he could parole them, and they could go home and stay and draw their pay until the end of the war. More Dutch jabber followed until one of the young ladies came to the door, and calling me Captain, said tell them that dinner was ready. When she called me Captain, the sergeant saluted me and asked: "You von captain?"

"Yes; I am one of Gen. Forrest's captains." They loosed their belts, took off their sabers, laid them and their carbines down in front of me, assembled before me, took positions of soldiers without arms, and held up their hands. The sergeant said: "Ve your breezers; ve want barole; ve keep der horses." I showed them into the dining room, and went and sat on the doorstep and wondered what a parole was like. After dinner I wrote paroles for them, stating that guards and pickets should pass them from there to Memphis on good behavior. Then I directed each one to hold up his right hand and make oath to the truth of the contents. I began to feel kindly (?) interested in the boys, and gave them advice. I told the sergeant it would be dangerous for them to try to get through the country with their soldier clothes, and suggested that they exchange their blue clothes with the colored people; that they could travel much better in citizens' clothes. When they came out they were the most ludicrous set of fellows I have ever seen. Imagine them in homemade cotton suits, worn and patched with white wool, and homemade straw hats. Their mothers would not have known them. . . . Before leaving, the sergeant asked me to go behind the smokehouse with him. He produced a half-pint of the best peach brandy I had ever tasted, and we drank fraternal friendship. We shook hands all round, when they mounted and rode away, leaving me the happiest man in the Southern Confederacy, unless it was the negro who swapped for the sergeant's fine cavalry jacket.

I swapped their six sabers and four carbines for a horse, bade Mrs. Jasper and the young ladies farewell, and moved on to the front. Two days afterwards Fogg met a "ghost" when, during the fight at Prairie Station, I rode up to him and asked for my horse. He and McDonald were having a dispute about the horse. Fogg claiming because he got hold of him after my supposed death. McDonald claimed him because he was a neighbor, but my unexpected appearance settled it.

CONFEDERATE CHAPLAINS.

THE following is copied from an original letter. Some singular deprivations were had by chaplains in the army, of which the VETERAN is promised an account at an early day. This letter is self-explanatory:

RICHMOND, VA., April 19, 1864.

Rev. Charles H. Otkin, Rev. J. B. Chapman, and Rev. W. Mooney, Committee, Dalton, Ga.

Gentlemen: The President has received your letter of March 9, and directed me to express to you his deep sense of the importance of regular and earnest religious instruction and consolation to our brave soldiers. He does not presume to doubt the necessity of chaplains in full number, and knows of no bar to the promotion of

such from the ranks. On the other hand, he considers the spirit which prompts ministers to volunteer as privates in the ranks and serve their country in so glorious and trying a position as an earnest of their fitness for the duties of chaplain, where knowledge of the wants as well as zeal for the good of the soldier is required. The presence of a large number of these devoted men in the ranks of the army has contributed greatly to elevate and purify the religious tone and sentiment of our gallant soldiers, and while it may not be possible to provide for all of these as chaplains, thus rendering necessary a discrimination as to their claims, no intention exists to preclude them from receiving the sanction and countenance of law, in their honorable efforts, by promotion.

Thanking you for your kind wishes and prayers in his behalf, the President requests me to convey to you the assurances of his esteem and of his appreciation of the great work in which you are engaged. I am, gentlemen,

Very respectfully, yours truly,

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON, *Col. and A. D. C.*

MY LITTLE VOLUNTEER.

BY E. E. PRESTONWOOD.

SAY, have you seen my Harry, my little volunteer?

As fine a lad as ever lived upon the Tennessee,

His voice so rich and cheery, his eye so bright and clear;

Why has my darling ne'er come back to me?

He went to strike for freedom, to defend his State and home,

When but sixteen at the birth of May;

None looked half so gay and bold, in garbs of gray and gold;

But I never saw him after they marched away.

The whippoorwill is calling to her mate upon the hill,

As they did the night he went away;

And my heart is just as lonely, and the sorrow rankles still,

When I sit alone and listen to the mournful, heartsick lay.

Oft I reach my arms in yearning as I gaze toward the town,

For he said he'd soon return to me;

But my heart is broke with longing—he is so long in coming

To the dear ones waiting here upon the Tennessee.

THE Rogersville reunion of East Tennessee Confederates was a great success in every way. The attendance was estimated at from five thousand to eight thousand. Dr. F. A. Shotwell, President of the Association, called the assembly to attention. Rev. Frank McCutchen led the prayer, and Prof. W. M. Graybill delivered the address of welcome. In response W. A. Kite, of Johnson City said: "The minds of ex-Confederates, like the billows of the sea, when played upon by the kind whisperings of welcome and retrospective sympathy, rise and fall and flow back over a period of a third of a century to an occasion when received by the good women of your town. We were welcome then, and when we received an invitation to come here to-day, though some of us are wounded, maimed, and shattered, we knew we would be welcome." Hon. R. L. Taylor and Rev. J. P. McFerrin, D.D., were of the speakers before dinner. After a rich feast, Maj. D. A. Carpenter, of Knoxville, spoke. He was a Federal officer in the war. There were present men whom he held as prisoners in war times, and those who had so held him. His address was cordially received. Rev. J. L. Bachman created a delightful sensation by exhibiting a tattered Confederate battle flag.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S REFERENCES TO GEN. M. C. GARY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COMMENTING upon Gen. Sheridan's article published some time since upon the "Last Days of the Rebellion," and particularly that portion relating to Gen. Mart Gary's Brigade, Lieut. W. G. Hinson, Company G, Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, wrote a friend who furnished the article as follows: "It seems strange that Gen. Sheridan should make such errors in what he claims came under his personal observation. Reference in every diary kept during the campaign shows that on the morning of the 19th of April at Appomattox C. H., we observed a body of cavalry or mounted riflemen moving to our right (their left). Thinking they were maneuvering for position, Gen. Gary ordered an advance and opened fire, which was returned. The Federals slowly retired, which was rather unexpected, and I have no doubt that they could easily have caused the 'flight of Gary's Brigade,' as Gen. Sheridan depicts it, outnumbering us many times over. That Lee had surrendered was undoubtedly known to the force opposing us, and they acted on the defensive. My attention was called to the left and rear by hearing Gen. Gary's voice, which, you no doubt remember, was very peculiar and shrill when raised, and could be distinguished above almost any confusion, when, to my surprise, I saw he was very much excited in conversation with a Federal officer. I heard him say: 'We are South Carolinians, and will not surrender. I take no orders from you; you are my prisoner.' I could not catch the replies of the Federal officer, and at the moment I observed a lone horseman with a white flag, which proved afterwards to be a white towel, riding rapidly from our rear toward them, shouting and waving his flag. Gary was thus informed of Lee's surrender, and in a moment it was spread along the lines. The firing ceased, and many of us then witnessed a sight that will never be forgotten. The stern man of war was so overcome with emotion that he could not control his voice, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. Thomas G. Vince and — Butler, of our company, were both wounded, near me, when the flag was approaching, and I have no doubt that Vince was the last man wounded at Appomattox.

THE SHILOH BATTLEFIELD FAVORED.

CONGRESSMEN and Senators have given their assurance that the bill for the purchase and improvement of the Shiloh battlefield will be passed at the short session in December. Col. Lee, of Illinois, went to Washington and secured their promises for the passage of the bill. There was no opposition to it. Col. Lee expects to be Secretary of the Commission when it is formed. He was the originator of the movement to have the government purchase this battlefield, and the organizer of the Shiloh Association, which it is understood has over ten thousand names on its rolls of the survivors of that battle. There will be another reunion of both armies at Shiloh April 6 and 7, 1895. It will last one week. Tents and steamboats will be provided to accommodate all who attend. In the two armies there were 114,338 men.

BUSH W. ALLEN, Commander of Camp 96, U. C. V., at Harrodsburg, Ky., reported one of the first official indorsements ever given the VETERAN. Patronage from Kentucky has grown beautifully from the first. The loyalty of the Orphan Brigade comports with its valor on the field.

TRIBUTE TO CAPT. EDWARD CROCKETT.

H. H. HOCKERSMITH, Woodburn, Ky.: "After life's fitful fever is o'er, he sleeps well."

In reviewing the past and calling to mind some of the heroes who crossed the silent river in the defense of a cause, though lost, yet sacred still, I think there is no one more worthy of notice than Capt. Edward Crockett, who quietly sleeps at Chickamunga. Having been a member of his company (A, Thirteenth Regiment), and having followed him from Donelson all along the line until his death, it is a pleasure to say that as a manly man, modest and unassuming, true to friendships, grand in deeds of benevolence, he ever did his duty and did it well. Noble in everything that makes up true manhood, as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, brave as a Cæsar, he was an ideal soldier and a generous friend.

It was on the last day of the fight (Sunday), while at the head of his company and sword aloft, that his star went down. There is no slab to mark his last resting place, yet each surviving member of old Company A, who followed him in this terrible onslaught, carries within memory's casket, in letters of living gold, the name of Capt. Edward R. Crockett.

THE HERO, STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY MRS. MAY M. ANDERSON, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Fragment of a poem upon the unveiling of the "English gentleman's gift to Richmond."

Thou image of a nation's pride,
The star of hope amid our fears,
The hero among heroes tried,
The noblest among noble peers:
To thee we bring, embalmed in tears,
A nation's love, a nation's cheers.
Our tears must fall that thou hast died,
Our cheers will rise that thou didst live,
And those who battled by thy side
Their tears and cheers together give.
O soldiers, battle-scarred and strong,
With moistened eye your cheers prolong!
Bring flowers to drape the hero's brow,
Sweet flowers from soil his blood has stained.
He sleeps among those blossoms now:
His war is passed, his victory gained.
Bring lily crowns and asphodel
To tell of dimes where martyrs dwell.
Awake, ye cannon deep and long,
The thunders that he knew so well!
Amidst your storm his soul was strong,
'Tis meet that you his fame should swell!
To him your voice of power and might
Spoke but of deeds for truth and right!

In a published account of the reunion at Clarksville, Tex., which occupied three days, August 15, 16, and 17th, and during which there were many incidents worthy of place in the VETERAN, an account is given of the venerable Mrs. Isabella H. Gordon: "This grand old woman, and mother of Texas and Red River County, honored the reunion with her presence, and encouraged it with her example and advice. She is now in her ninetieth year, and is hale and strong physically. Her mind is clear and vigorous, and her memory is a great open book of the history of Texas, its wars, its historic characters, its triumphs and defeats. Her life is a part of the history of three wars, and she remembers scores of fights, frays, and incidents of a tragic character on the frontier of Texas. She is now the most interesting historic character in the State. The old veterans were proud to number her among their membership."

TOMBSTONE ERECTED TO THE WRONG MAN.

W. C. NIXON writes from Dyersburg, Tenn., September 13, 1894:

The question is often asked about why it is that I have a tombstone, and am still alive. I was wounded and captured at Murfreesboro on the 2d of January, 1864, was carried to Nashville with others and put in the penitentiary, from which place I made my escape the 22d day of February; but being too weak from my wounds to travel, I was recaptured near Trinne, at Mr. William King's. I was regarded as a suspicious character, and was sent to Camp Boyle, at Louisville, the meanest district prison in the United States. After being robbed of everything I had (which you know must have been a great deal), I was photographed and placed under strict guard pending examination. I was so scared that I determined to escape or die in the attempt. I suddenly got so sick (?) that I had to be sent to the hospital, hoping that some other idea would present itself. The hospital ward was a long hall with a door at each end; the beds or bunks were placed on either side of the walls, perhaps forty on each side. There was put on the headboard the name, company, and regiment of each patient. My bunk was next to Rufus Hawkins, of Georgia, who was very sick and died the night of the second day after I was sent there. The dead were taken out only in the morning; so after the ward master had left, and everything was quiet, by the assistance of my old friend, Jack Gilimp, I moved Hawkins from his bunk to mine. Then for the attempt. There were no windows, and only two doors, which were barred and guarded on the outside. The slop chute was a square hole cut in the floor and boxed up from the ground, making a passage about 18 inches by 6 feet through which all the slops were emptied. When everything was still, and the time had come, I told Jack. I went into the hole feet foremost. My feet struck the ground first, and I slipped so far and so fast that I feared I would slide through the L. and N. depot before I could stop. I was not on my feet when I had finished my greasy slide. There was no one present to laugh with me, but it was very funny. I went to the house of Mr. Burns, who had clothing ready for me. After I had washed and dressed, Mr. Burns and two young ladies held a council and decided that I should remain concealed in the house. Mr. Burns was to act spy at headquarters, one of the young ladies watch the servant, who only came to prepare meals, and the other young lady to attend to the burial of Hawkins. My name was used instead of his. So the next morning both guards were locked up for neglect of duty, and detectives given the description of Hawkins. After the war the Ladies' Monumental Society erected at Hawkins' grave a slab, and copied the inscription on the pine board at his head:

W. C. NIXON,

Co. G., 4TH TENN. REG., STRAHL'S BRIG.

DIED MARCH, 1864.

Hawkins has the grave, but I have the headstone.

COMRADES WHO INDORSE THE VETERAN.

CAMP MARION, MARION, S. C., Sept. 6, 1894.

We hereby recommend and adopt, as the official organ of Camp Marion, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn.

S. A. DUNNAN, Com.;

FERD D. BRYANT, Adj't.

A NOTED GRAVE IN GEORGIA.

"REGINALD ROLAND," Washington, D. C., writes from the office of the Southern Railway Company:

Near Allatoona, Ga., in what is known as Allatoona Pass, is a lone grave of an unknown soldier, which is of considerable interest to people along the Western and Atlantic railroad through that region of battlefields, and which is protected and cared for as sacred by the train men whenever their duty brings them in that vicinity.

As you approach the northwestern end of the Pass, immediately on the west side of the track may be seen this solitary grave. At the head of the mound is a marble slab inscribed thus:

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

HE DIED FOR THE CAUSE

HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT.

Here rests the precious son of one of the many mothers whose darling "went forth never to return," but whose son he was, and who watched for his return, only to be doomed to disappointment, is a question that will probably remain untold throughout eternity.

Another question that arises in the mind of one who looks upon this lone grave is, "Why should he, an unknown person, be cared for in this peculiar manner, while hundreds of his comrades who fell on the same battlefield were thrown beneath the sod in a speedy manner, with never a stone to mark their resting places?" This spot is also rendered historical by being the scene upon which the facts concerning and which inspired the famous gospel hymn, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," were enacted.

Some six or eight years ago, while in the vicinity of Kennesaw Mountain, near Marietta, Ga., which has become historical as a battlefield, I found a spoon which closed in a wooden handle as a knife, and also had a fork on the opposite end. On the handle had been carved the name, regiment, etc., of some soldier in the Civil War. Notwithstanding the fact that the instrument had been exposed to the storms of nearly a quarter of a century, this much of the inscription was plainly visible, "Lemuel McBride. — Regiment. —" I have often regretted that I did not preserve the spoon, as in case its original owner survived those days of trials, it is possible that he might have been located.

The staff officer to Stonewall Jackson, Maj. James Keith Boswell, who was killed soon after the General was wounded at Chancellorsville, has a sister in Brooksville, Fla., the wife of Fred L. Robertson, Adjutant General to Gen. J. J. Dickison, commander North Carolina Veterans in Florida. Mrs. Robertson has a diary of her brother from January 1, 1863, to April 18, 1864. He was buried on the private burying grounds of Maj. Lucy, of Orange, by his comrades of the staff, and afterwards reinterred at Fredericksburg, where the surviving members of Gen. Jackson's staff erected a handsome monument to his memory.

B. F. Curtis, Richmond, Ky., sends \$7 for as many subscribers, and states: "I regard the VETERAN as the best paper I have seen on the subject, and as the subject is the best, it follows that the VETERAN is the very best paper that I get. All other publications are put aside when the VETERAN arrives."

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

Nor far ahead we all shall camp,
 Beyond life's battle lines,
 With comrade true who marche I in front
 And rest beneath the pines.

The reveille, the call to arms,
 For us no more shall sound,
 Nor thundering arms disturb our sleep,
 Who bivouac under ground.

Let silent stars stand sentinel,
 No foe invades our grave;
 The Captain of salvation comes
 To furlough home the brave.

—H. C. Simmons, Millersville, Ala.

JERE S. WHITE, 58 S. Water St., Chicago: "I look forward for the VETERAN as anxiously as a schoolboy for Saturday morning, or as an old soldier's anticipation of a box from home. In spring of 1861 I was attending school in Mobile, Ala., and was "marker" for the Gulf City Guards, Company B, Capt. John E. Curran. Returning from school one afternoon, Capt. Curran said, "Hurry, Jere; get on your uniform and come to the armory." I found the company ready to march, and "fell in" with my gun and flag. We marched to the wharf, and boarded the tug "Gunison," and steamed down the bay. From hearing the men talk I learned the expedition was for the capture of the ship "Danube," then lying at anchor off Fort Morgan. We steamed alongside, and the soldiers commenced boarding, I along with the others. I had read bloody stories about boarding ships, and began to feel anxious and was inclined to hold back, but seeing the others climbing the ladders, I slung my gun to a shoulder, with the flag sticking in its muzzle, and started up the ladder. Just as I got over the side of the ship, I saw a sailor standing on deck, right where I would have to land, with a big pike or something of the kind in his hand, and taking for granted he would attack me, I climbed right up to the masthead and from the cross-trees looked on. There was no fight. The captain of the ship surrendered. The stars and stripes were hauled down, and the stars and bars run up, and soon everything was calm and peaceful. I received my share of the prize money some months after. I wonder how many of Company B, Gulf City Guards, are yet living. I have not seen one of them for twenty-five years."

J. W. Willroy, Blount's Battery, Light Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, Grange City, Ky.: "Will some members of that gallant old Thirteenth Virginia, Gen. A. P. Hill's, Regiment, please inform me of the place my brother, Lieut. J. T. Willroy, of Cullen's Company (the letter of the company I do not know), was killed on the skirmish line preceding the battle of Second Manassas, and where he was buried? I have written to the burial association at Manassas, but there is no record there. After leaving Virginia (my native State) in 1867, and coming West to Kentucky, in 1872, with my wife, I visited a picture gallery in one of our neighboring towns for some photographs. Mr. Flora, the photographer, a man I never saw before, asked me about my brother, and said he was a member of the old Thirteenth Virginia. He was on picket with my brother, who commanded the picket line at the time, and saw him killed; shot by a Federal picket though the left eye,

while he was standing on a stump looking for the enemy, against the remonstrances of his men. Mr. Flora said he helped bury him on the picket line with a peach tree at his head, and he thought he could locate the spot still. Some time during 1886, I think, in passing through Lynchburg, Va., with stock, en route to North Carolina, I put up at the Norvell House. I met with General Early, and introducing myself to him, the first question he asked was if I was a brother of First Lieut. J. T. Willroy, of the Thirteenth Virginia. He told of where he was killed and where he was buried, and that 'a better soldier was not in my command.' He was personally acquainted with him. We were three brothers—he was the eldest, and I the youngest—all of whom were in the army, and served in separate commands. I was wounded at two different times, and once left for dead on the field, my cartridge box and gunstock both being pierced by a minie ball at close quarters, the ball then lodging in the front part of my body. My other brother came out without a scratch. Now can any members of that gallant old Thirteenth Virginia give the information sought? I would like to get his remains."

A veteran who served from the beginning to the end: "I would have renewed sooner, but did not discover until this morning that my subscription had expired. The VETERAN is certainly filling admirably a long-felt want in the South, and should be found in the family of every surviving soldier of the Confederacy. Many of our children are lamentably ignorant, not only of the causes that produced the war in which their fathers participated, but also of the manner in which the Southern soldier acquitted himself during its continuance. To some extent, at least, the VETERAN is supplying this information, and hence should be in every Southern home. I have read with much interest the communication of Gen. Shoup on the siege of Vicksburg, and while in the main he is correct, he certainly is mistaken when he says that when the Missouri troops entered Vicksburg they were in a state of 'utter confusion' and in an 'awful plight.' I was at that time commanding a company in the Second Missouri Regiment of Bowen's Missouri Division, and participated in the battles of Baker's Creek and Big Black. If there was any confusion in the division at all when it entered Vicksburg, I was not aware of it. This division covered the retreat of the army from Big Black to Vicksburg, which was without incident or accident, and when the latter place was reached the troops were not only thoroughly organized, but free from confusion."

Lem H. Hyde, Elkmont, Ala.: "Please allow me space to inquire after Lieut. Hill, from Virginia, I think. He was drillmaster of Chadwick's Battalion, at Huntsville, Ala.; afterwards was a lieutenant in the Nineteenth Alabama Regiment. He was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and left on the field for dead, but recovered and came back to the command at Tullahoma, Tenn., after which I saw no more of him. I have heard that he returned to Virginia after the war. He was a brave soldier and good fellow. I would like to know his address."

William Lott, Johnston, S. C.: "My brother, John B. Lott, Company H, Seventh S. C. V., Kershaw's Brigade, was missing after the fight at Gettysburg and has never been heard of since. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received."

W. B. Sayers, Commander, Camp No. 156, Gonzales, Tex., September 19, 1894: "Your September number strikes the proper key, full to overflowing of reminiscences by veterans who were actually in the field and know whereof they speak. Keep the CONFEDERATE VETERAN on this line. I served as the adjutant of the Terry Texas Rangers, or the Eighth Texas Cavalry, and subsequently as adjutant general of Harrison's Brigade."

J. H. White, Franklin, Tenn., September 24, 1894: "Mr. Van McGavock, of our vicinity, handed to me today a pocketbook containing forty-five dollars in Confederate money, one Confederate bond for five hundred dollars, one certificate signed by W. P. Paul, Major and Q. M., for money paid Lieut. A. G. W. Hunt, Company I, Third Texas Regiment, two finger rings, a fine-toothed comb, and a lock of hair. The foregoing were the property of Lieut. A. G. W. Hunt, who was wounded at the battle of Franklin, and died at the residence of Mrs. James McGavock December 29, 1864. The hair was clipped from his head after he died, by a daughter of Mrs. McGavock. Comrade White will cheerfully respond to any letters of inquiry."

D. F. Fuller, Santa Ana, Cal.: "At the battle of Fort Donelson, a wounded Confederate asked a passer by for a drink of water. The water was given cheerfully, and the Confederate, discovering his benefactor to be an enemy, took a valuable relic from his pocket and gave it to him. The relic was a medal of honor given by Congress to members of the Tenth South Carolina Infantry. It bears the names of the field officers of the regiment, battles in which the regiment participated, and name of T. J. True, whom I suppose was its owner. Let those interested in this relic as owner, or relative of the owner, write to Mr. George M. Doyle, Santa Ana, Cal., who is the Federal soldier mentioned, and who is more than willing that the relic should go to whom it belongs."

J. H. Mills, Canton, Tex.: "I answer Maj. Low, of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, concerning the opposition on the Hair field, in front of Petersburg, on June 18, 1864. They were Grace's Alabama and Bushrod Johnson's Tennessee Brigades. As a private in the ranks I can give no general account of what transpired, except that my regiment (the Forty-first Alabama) was pitted exactly against Maj. Low's command. The regiment numbered less than six hundred at that time. None of Grace's Brigade were engaged except our regiment; a part of Bushrod Johnson's Brigade was. In my regiment one man was killed and twenty-four wounded. Maj. Lem Hudgins was killed while commanding pickets. Bushrod Johnson's loss was also light. We were not 'Lee's Old Army,' but were sent from the Army of Tennessee by Longstreet after the battle of Chickamauga. This (the Forty-first Alabama) regiment that cut Maj. Low's men up so terribly on the Hair field was of the Orphan (or First Kentucky) Brigade, composed of the Second, Fourth, Sixth, and Ninth Kentucky and the Forty-first Alabama Regiments, commanded by Hanson, Helm, and others in the Army of Tennessee. I was in the army three years and nine months, was in thirteen general engagements and twice as many skirmishes, and was never more than scratched. I never saw the inside of a hospital, and was never a mile from my regiment until January, 1865, when I was furloughed for thirty days."

Oliver S. Jones, Adjutant, Camp Walter Bragg, Prescott, Ark.: "Camp Walter Bragg held a reunion at Lackland Springs, twelve miles east of this place, on August 2 and 3, 1894. There was an immense gathering to see the old Vets drill, and hear the speaking. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was adopted without a dissenting vote, and many of the old boys expressed deep regret at not being able to take the paper. We had eighty-two old Vets in line, but they made a ridiculous failure when it came to drill exercises. They all seemed to know what to do when the command was given, but were too clumsy and stiff to perform the evolutions. A few more years, and the old Confederate veterans will be only a memory and a history. What a history! How earnest we few survivors should be in the effort to see that that history is truthfully written and handed down to our children and our children's children to all generations! God bless the old Confederate veterans!"



MISS TENNIE JULIET ODEM, OF TEXAS.

MISS ODEM sang the "Conquered Banner" at the Russellville reunion, and has been requested to sing it again at the next reunion of the Orphan Brigade.

D. J. Wilson, Era, Tex., with remittance to the VETERAN, writes urging that the private soldier take more interest, and adds: "Have you spoken to your friends? I am afraid you have not. Are all of Featherston's Brigade dead? Thirty-third Regiment, let yourselves be heard from. I look over the list of subscribers, and don't see you boys coming up very fast. The VETERAN is just what you make it. On one occasion I was standing on the roadside watching the artillerymen trying to get one of the cannons out of the mud, when I heard some one behind me say: 'Put your shoulder to the wheel!' I looked around to see who gave the command, and saw Gen. Loring. Well, we all got to the wheels and moved it right out. Now, boys, let's put our thoughts to the VETERAN and move it on to success."

A HERO IN THE STRIFE.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF CAPT. JOHN M. HICKEY WHILE SERVING THE CONFEDERACY.

MANY people who knew him and his eventful life in the Confederate service want to know more accurately the story of the military experiences of Capt. John M. Hickey, and his proud little wife is willing.

From files of old newspapers published in Lexington and in Fayette, Mo., many complimentary notices of the gallant Capt. Hickey may be found. He enlisted in the army with Gen. Sterling Price, and was from Howard County. His company was from Prairie Township. Many are the noble and heroic deeds of the boys from old Howard County.

They contributed no little to the fame of Missourians, whose losses were so great that in a division of ten thousand Confederates less than one thousand were surrendered. Fields of carnage and blood in the South tell the story.



Capt. Hickey enlisted early and took an active part in the battles of Booneville, Wilson Creek, and in the siege of Lexington, where Gen. Mulligan and his men were all captured. When Price's army was driven from Missouri, Capt. Hickey was detailed by "Old Pap" to go up into Northern Missouri, and enlist and swear in all the soldiers that he could find who were willing to take the chances in getting through to the Confederate lines. These newly enlisted soldiers went into camp at Silver Creek, Randolph County, and before they could make a start to the South were attacked by Merrill's Black Horse Cavalry in overwhelming numbers, and badly routed. Capt. Hickey was run upon and shot in the head by a Federal while trying to rally his men, many of whom were killed and wounded. The Captain fell from his horse; but his feet remained in the stirrups, and he was dragged forty or fifty yards. In that terrible condition he felt that he could see a wide crevice open in the earth, and that he went tumbling into the crevice with the trees and all things else adjacent. The Federals also suffered seriously, and they withdrew at once. Capt. Hickey was carried to a cabin, and secreted there in a very out-of-the-way place, where he recovered sufficiently at length to ride his horse. He then crossed the Missouri River, on the ice, at night, with all the soldiers that he could hastily rally, and after running and fighting daily and almost constantly for seventeen days and nights, through ice and snow, and undergoing all manner of hardships, he, with his little band of patriots, rejoined Gen. Price's army in Arkansas just in

time to engage in the fight at Pea Ridge. Gen. Van Dorn was then in command of that army. After two days of hard fighting against this army of Federals, some thirty thousand strong, and Generals McCullough and McIntosh having been killed, Gen. Van Dorn commenced his retreat. When it was ascertained that the army was on the retreat, Price implored Van Dorn to allow him to take his Missouri troops and fight again, believing that he could rout the enemy, but Van Dorn would not yield. After retreating to Des Arc, Ark., the army took steamers for Memphis, and landed there in time to hear the cannonading at the battle of Shiloh.

This Missouri army engaged in the battle of Corinth later, and had many of its brave officers and men killed and wounded in that battle. The Sixth Missouri Regiment had every field officer and nine out of ten of its captains killed or wounded. Capt. Hickey was severely wounded in the thigh during this engagement. He was in the battles of Iuka, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, and Baker's Creek, the engagement at Big Black River, and the siege of Vicksburg. He was twice blown up while defending fortifications at Vicksburg and the forts located on Hall's Ferry road, which was the key to the fortifications of the city. He was wounded in the shoulder. At the second explosion his first lieutenant, R. A. Hickey, was mortally wounded, the second lieutenant, John Roseberry, and orderly sergeant, Samuel Groce, were killed, and seven men buried beneath the falling debris.

In speaking of this tragic event he said: "The explosion was terrific. Over four hundred pieces of artillery poured their shot and shell into our ranks with deadly effect; then the fort was stormed by overwhelming numbers of infantry. The air was made black with hand grenades which were thrown at us by every Federal soldier who got inside the works, and for a time, everything seemed as though the Federal troops would be victorious; but in the midst of all this confusion the REBEL YELL was raised, a tremendous charge was made against the Federals, and in a short time they were routed and again the Confederate flag floated from the top of the dismantled fort. Col. Eugene Erwin, a grandson of Henry Clay, led the charge in retaking the fort, and when the yell was raised he called to me, 'Come on, old brave Company B!' and while on the works, in the flush of victory, his body was lacerated with bullets. After having fought almost night and day for forty days and nights, without relief, with nothing to eat during the last two weeks of the siege but cowpeas ground into meal and mule meat, our army of 23,000 men capitulated to a force of 80,000."

Capt. Hickey was in the battle of Resaca and on through the campaigns in Georgia. He was wounded in the head at the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; was in the siege of Atlanta and was of the rear guard in retreating from there.

During Hood's campaign to Tennessee, in the battle of Franklin he was fearfully wounded in three places: had his right leg shot off at the thigh, his left arm shattered, and shoulder badly wounded. He was wounded three times while lying on the battlefield with his leg shot off, not being able to get out of the way. While in this fearful condition his brave and daring commander, Gen. Francis M. Cockrill, now United States Senator from Missouri, went limping by, also badly wounded. Capt. Hickey lay nearly a week in his bloody clothes and on the ground or floor of a church at Franklin. There were some four thousand wounded in the little town at the time.

He was complimented in public orders for his gallantry on the battlefield. Over fifty of his men were killed while fighting for the rights of the South. Musing upon the subject, the Captain said: "At the remembrance of hundreds of battles, and of thousands of miles of weary march, the future sons of old Howard County should pause when the names of these heroes are mentioned." During his stay at Franklin, the families of Dr. Wooldridge, Mrs. Carter (now Mrs. Gant), Dr. Park, Hub Ewing, Col. McGavock, and the McEwins, also other noble and generous people, contributed to the wants of the wounded soldier. Recurring to his last battle, Capt. Hickey said that Drs. Hunter, Wallace, and Buist amputated his leg on the battlefield, and that

worth of Capt. Hickey, and honors the little woman who honors him and long ago concluded that "he was spared that he might get married."

TRIBUTE TO UNCROWNED HEROES.
FOR THE VETERAN, BY RUBY DERYL KYLE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Let none declare that we are blind
To bravery of friend or foe;
Though costly marble may not mark
Each martyred brow that lieth low,
We honor all.
The tears we shed o'er Southern graves,
That fall upon each rose-gemmed bed,
Are for the private as the chief.
There is no rank among the dead;
God loves them all.
Salvation's starry helm is theirs,
As bright for each as other.
The banner and the sword is cleansed,
And Heaven, common mother,
Hath crowned them all.

MORE OF GEN. RAINS AND HIS TORPEDOES.

MAR. J. W. RATCHFORD, Paint Rock, Tex., Sept. 11, 1894:

In the August VETERAN I notice what you say about Gen. Gabriel J. Rains being the original inventor of the torpedo as used in naval warfare, and will add to that account some things about his other inventions.

When I first knew Gen. Rains he was in command of the defenses of Yorktown, Va. Gen. McClellan had gathered a large force at Fortress Monroe, and was advancing on our lines, extending from Yorktown to the James River, with a much weaker force. Gen. Rains had invented a cap so sensitive that to drop it on the floor or any slight concussion would explode it. He filled a number of ordinary shells with powder and ball, and instead of a fuse placed in the opening a tube or nipple for a cap. Some of these he planted in the ground a short distance in front of our works at Yorktown, to be ready for capping when the time came; and when the order was given to evacuate that line he also planted some of these shells near the abandoned stores, and after our troops had all gone he charged the buried shells with his sensitive caps, and during the next day's retreat he placed some of his torpedoes in the road.

We afterwards learned that as the Federal troops marched into Yorktown, a number of the torpedoes were exploded, and as some of them were examining the abandoned works others were exploded. Quite a number of the enemy were killed and wounded and all demoralized, for they did not know when they would be blown up; and as they pursued our army, the head of the column was occasionally blown up by these torpedoes that Gen. Rains had buried in the road. The demoralization became so great that the enemy quit the road, and I have no doubt but that this gave Gen. Johnston time to get to his partially fortified line at Williamsburg before giving McClellan battle. To use torpedoes was then considered a savage mode of warfare, and there was some correspondence between the Confederate and Federal authorities about the matter, and many threats of retaliation by the enemy, and for this Gen. Rains was arrested, but released without a trial, probably for the very purpose mentioned in the August VETERAN—viz., to look after the gunboats on the James River.

At the time I refer to I was adjutant general of D. H. Hill's Division, and Gen. Rains was under his command, but I think that all Gen. Rains did about the torpedoes was on his own responsibility.



MRS. JOHN M. HICKEY.

Lieut. Sparks, his last commissioned officer, was killed. On the 4th of July, 1865, he was removed to Nashville on a litter in a baggage car. His wounds have caused much suffering and great expense.

As soon as Capt. Hickey had sufficiently recovered and was able for business, he located in Columbia, and he subsequently married Miss Fannie Baird, a beautiful young lady of that place.

During his dreadful illness at Franklin, Rev. E. M. Bounds, chaplain, late assistant editor of the Christian Advocate, organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, spoke to him and said that he would like to read from the Bible and pray with him, but he said: "No, no; get me some beer or whisky, tell me some anecdotes, and I will pull through." The poor fellow was so low that he could not move his head. He is now a Churchman, and would want prayers as well as anecdotes. Personal reminiscences of many who suffered, but were heroic and "pulled through," will serve to give vivid ideas of what Confederates endured during that great struggle.

The VETERAN is pleased to pay this tribute to the

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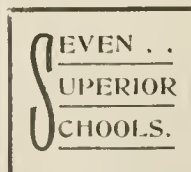
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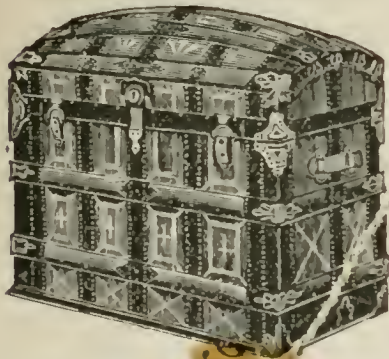
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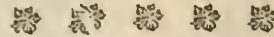
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Vol. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 10.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
Proprietor.

Advertisements—Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$10. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

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

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

Nichols & Holliday, Eastern Advertising managers, Atlanta, Ga.

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

Though men deserve, they may not win success.

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PLANS for procuring a binder for the VETERAN are progressing, and the prospect for a neat, substantial leather cover that can be adjusted in any home and that will cost but a trifle, is good. Please give notice if you would like a binder at from 25 to 60 cents.

THE VETERAN belongs to the South. It seeks by every honorable means to establish truth to all eternity. The work upon one person is arduous in the extreme. Do its friends realize that if they would exercise diligence to have its merits known it could be soon the greatest literary power that ever has existed? Friends who are anxious for its success should tell their neighbors.

Recently unusual calls have been made for specimen copies of the VETERAN. It suggests the benefit that comrades and friends can render by diligence in making mention of it. Much can be done in this way easily.

Specimen copies are being sent to personal friends whose valuable assistance is requested. An acknowledgment of specimen copies, if no more, will be appreciated. Many who can't subscribe without much sacrifice can commend the publication to others.

Since the VETERAN is so universally popular, and has been made the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans and very many subordinate organizations, it seems that its merits ought always to be discussed in public meetings, and that every comrade should be diligent for its prosperity. On all Confederate occasions it should be made a topic of concern. A grand hero of the war, a battle-scarred veteran, and now a Senator at Washington, said, "I went to help the VETERAN in a substantial way;" and yet he made a speech to comrades at a reunion and neglected to refer to it. Such omissions are not from lack of interest. The humblest comrade, by taking his VETERAN to a reunion, can have some speaker commend it simply by the suggestion. Let all rally to the VETERAN, and make it the pride of the South and an everlasting defender of the Southern people in their highest and holiest concerns.

"I may not reach the heights I seek,"
My uncertain strength may fail me.

But the VETERAN shall be worthy of it.

SEE the date by your name. It indicates when your time expires. Please renew promptly. If you must discontinue, please remit.

J. P. HOLMES, President Bonham (Tex.) National Bank, while sending \$13 for eleven renewals and two new subscribers, adds: "We hope to do more soon."

FRIENDS who sincerely desire the success of the VETERAN can do it much service by inducing advertisers to patronize it. Induce them to investigate its circulation, and then help to strengthen that.

At its annual election, Camp Tom Green, No. 169, Weatherford, Tex., reelected George L. Griscom, Captain; and M. V. Kennison, Adjutant. Resolutions were passed unanimously indorsing the VETERAN, and making it the official organ of the Camp.

W. H. ALBERTSON, Lake Charles, La.: "I note your inquiry for Columbus Deacon, of the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans. I knew him as a boy at school, and he may be found in New Orleans now by correspondence. P. O. Phason and Sandy Lloyd, I don't know."

ROGERSVILLE (Tenn.) Review: "It is devoted to the old Confederate veterans, and to Southern history of the war. It is the first periodical read on its arrival at this office. Every family in the South should read it. The children should read it. It is brimful of interesting reading every month, and the price is within reach of all. We will forward subscription for any one. The VETERAN and the Review one year, \$2. Try the combination."

J. H. MCCLISTER, Secretary and Treasurer of the Confederate Veteran Association of Upper East Tennessee, writes from Morristown, Tenn., September 18, 1894. "Our Association, at its annual reunion, September 6, resolved that this Association heartily indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., by S. A. Cunningham, and pledge him our hearty support in his effort to preserve a correct history of the people of our Southland."

An interesting story is told of Nelson Holden, of the First Georgia Regiment, in the Confederate army. He was captured in battle, but his comrades thought he had been killed, and so reported. One of the last to be released, he was late in returning home from prison. He sought his wife, but learned that she had married Chris Jones and gone away. With heavy heart he walked away and settled in Alabama, where he prospered, married, and had children. His wife died. A Mr. Jones became his neighbor, and ere long Jones died. At the latter's funeral Mr. and Mrs. Holden met again. The mourning season was short, and Mrs. Jones again became Mrs. Holden.

TO MEMORY OF MARY MARTHA REID.

THE R. E. Lee Camp No. 58 U. C. V., Jacksonville, Fla., took suitable action in regard to the character of Mrs. Mary Martha Reid. A committee composed of George Troup Maxwell, F. P. Fleming, and A. O. Wright, appointed to present a report, furnished an address from which the following are extracts:

Mrs. Mary Martha Reid was born in St. Mary's, Ga., September 29, 1812. She was the daughter of James and Mary Smith. Her father was a native of Belfast, Ireland; came to this country early in life, and was a successful merchant of St. Mary's, his adopted home. Her mother, *nee* Thorpe, was a native of Duval County, Fla. Mrs. Reid was a woman of striking personal appearance, of high order of intellect, which was well cultivated, and of dignified, easy, affable manners, which made her an attractive and pleasing companion.

She was married in St. Augustine on November 29, 1836, to Robert Raymond Reid, who was Judge of the United States Superior Court, and subsequently Governor of Florida, to whom she bore two sons. The elder died in childhood. The younger, Raymond Jenks Reid, grew to manhood and entered the Confederate military service at the beginning of the war. He was a brave and gallant soldier, who never faltered in the discharge of duty, and fell at his post while acting as the Adjutant of the Florida Brigade in the battle of the Wilderness.

Besides with heroic fortitude offering her only child upon the altar of her country, and with beautiful resignation submitting to this sacrifice, Mrs. Reid gave all her powers of body, mind, and soul to the work of ameliorating the discomfort and alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers of Florida who illustrated the patriotism and chivalry of their State in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very early in the war Mrs. Reid conceived the idea of establishing a distinctive Florida Hospital at Richmond. By her exhaustless mental resources and tireless energy, success crowned her efforts, and thousands of hearts were solaced, and suffering bodies comforted through her personal ministrations. Having been appointed its matron, her entire time and all the activities of her body and heart were devoted to the arduous duties of her self-imposed, but celestial mission. Who can estimate the value of her services? Let the thousands of Florida soldiers who enjoyed her angelic ministrations answer.

Of her terrible experiences after Richmond was evacuated, her own pen shall tell:

"I remained in Richmond, and left the very day that Mr. Davis and the officers of the cabinet and others left. Of course I was not of the party, but traveled along with them as far as Abbeville, S. C., where I was taken in charge by the officers of the retreating army of the trans-Mississippi, commanded by Generals Featherstone and Loring. Upon reaching Washington, Ga., the troops disbanded, after providing for my comfort. At that place and everywhere on the route home I met with good people, whose houses and hearts were opened to me.

"The story is really marvelous in its details; but how I got along over broken railroads, passing deserted homes, without money, and with a heart burdened by the rough encounters of four years of war, and ready to break with its many sorrows, I cannot tell. But God was with me, and I kept with the Confederate soldiers, who never failed to care for my comfort as well as

they could, and divided with me their scanty rations. Thus I came to the haven where I longed to be—my own Florida.

"From the day I landed at Chattahoochee, where the good people of Quincy sent for me as soon as they learned that I was stranded there, I experienced no further difficulty. By them I was forwarded to Monticello, where, with my honored friend and coworker, Dr. Thomas M. Palmer, I found home and rest in every sense.

"After various efforts to retrieve my poor fortune, I find myself, after many years, strange to say, at the very starting point of my existence—Nassau County, Fla."

The closing years of this useful and eventful life were spent in quiet and comfort as the head of the household of her nephew-in-law, Samuel A. Swann, of Fernandina. In her fatal illness she was solaced by the tenderest ministrations of Mr. Swann and family, and the active and affectionate sympathy of many friends in that community. On June 24, 1894, serenely and peacefully her pure spirit passed from the trials and sorrows of earth, in the consoling assurance of entrance into "that rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Mrs. Reid's life was a radiant illustration of the beauty and power of gentleness, purity, and beneficence; and her death exemplified the truth that fear cannot enter at the threshold which is guarded by faith. Mrs. Reid was never known to have had a picture taken.

In the address John Esten Cooke was quoted:

"And the women!" How true it is that in all the horrible experiences of that terrible war there was never one moment of irresolution among the women of the South! Enduring privations, braving dangers, with homes desolated, and hearts lacerated and bleeding at the loss of loved ones, never did fear blanch their cheeks nor despair cause their hopes to languish.

This was true of all our noble women; and in the light of such a history, it would seem almost invidious to individualize. But, in war as in peace, opportunities for rendering distinguished services are afforded some which are not enjoyed by others. It is essentially true, however, that he

Who does his best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

THE Old Survivors Association, of Charleston, S. C., has become a part of Camp Sumter No. 250, U. C. V. The officers for the Camp elected October 12:

Major Commandant, Professor Virgil C. Dibble.
First Lieutenant Commander, W. E. Stoney.
Second Lieutenant Commander, Dr. R. L. Brodie.
Third Lieutenant Commander, F. G. Latham.
Fourth Lieutenant Commander, Asbury Coward.
Adjutant, John W. Ward.
Treasurer, F. H. Honour.
Chaplain, the Rev. W. T. Thompson, D.D.
Surgeon, Dr. W. C. Ravenel.
Quartermaster, John Ahrens.

The committee which presented the report of consolidation was requested to prepare a memorial from Camp Sumter to the next meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, asking that provision be made for the proper representation at Confederate reunions of Sons of Veterans.

The coöperation of Camp Sumter was offered to its former junior members in organizing their camp, and they were invited to attend any of the meetings of Camp Sumter and to be present at its annual banquet.

HART'S FAMOUS BATTERY.

THE fourth annual reunion of the famous Hart's Battery, which participated in one hundred and fifty-three engagements of the war, was held at Bamberg, S. C. All the stores and banks and the cotton mill were closed, and the entire town turned out to do honor to those who sacrificed their limbs and lives in defense of our country. A band of music was stationed in the public square and all day played old melodies. A large banner, decorated with Confederate emblems, bore "Welcome, Hart's Battery, 1894."

Maj. J. F. Hart, the last commander of the battery, conducted the march to the city park, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. J. W. Elkins.

Maj. W. G. Smith welcomed the reunionists and visitors. He made a good speech and introduced little Gus, the handsome son of Capt. Louis Sherfesssee, one of the old commanders of the battery. He spoke as a survivor's son, and made a speech that was replete with incidental history of the command.

Maj. J. F. Hart spoke in response to the address of welcome, and introduced the orator of the day, Col. Robert Aldrich, who said:

... There are fixed laws which govern the affairs of man, and their effects are seen in all the departments of human life. Some charlatans "rush in where angels fear to tread," and grab the prizes of life, but they are the exceptions which emphasize the rule that the strong, brave, and true worthily wear the honors of life, and war is no exception to the rule, and the commands which rise in the ranks of war hold their positions. Such a command we have with us to-day, and we delight to honor it. Those veterans, those paladins who composed Hart's Battery, which went to do battle for Southern rights, continued long after the struggle to hold much of the public attention. This historic battery, whose reunion we celebrate to-day, has maintained its place in the minds of our countrymen, a living factor, as firmly fixed as when the guns thundered on the battlefields.

Speaking to the veterans, his fellow-comrades, he said:

You went into the war at the start and went in to stay. You fought the fight to the finish, and "when the war drum sounded no longer, and the battle flags were furled," you did not leave the glorious past to be buried with its glorious dead, but, while facing the future with manly hearts and without fear, you resolved to keep your achievements fresh and green till you die.

He spoke of the various terms applied to the great war:

It was then called the war for Southern rights, and it was right then and is right now, and as long as I can say anything, no matter when or where or at what cost, I will always say that my countrymen fought and bled and died for their rights. There was nothing wrong about it except the result. No more glorious chapter in that gigantic struggle was written in blood than the unparalleled defense of Charleston.

All honor to that noble old Roman, Gen. Toombs, who never struck his flag, and who, when some of his *ante bellum* associates in Congress from the North proposed to him to let them secure him a pardon that he might enter public life, replied in majesty: "Pardon me? I

have not pardoned you yet." The North has never yet tried to explain why Jefferson Davis was not tried for treason; the only answer to that question was that they dared not do it. As long as the mountain stands where Ashby fell, as long as the rivers roll where Jackson and Lee fought, and as long as blood and ashes consecrate the soil of liberty, that refusal of the North to vindicate its positions in its own courts will stand as a monument to the righteousness of the Southern cause.

While it may be profitable and pleasant to promote good feeling between all sections of our country, still we owe it as a duty to the living, a never-ending duty we owe to our dead, to use these occasions to prove the righteousness of our cause. Every schoolbook that is written to corrupt the minds of our youth with the impression that our fathers were rebels will fail of their object as long as we have reunions.

INCIDENTS AT THE FIRST MANASSAS BATTLE

JAMES FRANKLIN, JR., Lynchburg, Va., writes

On the morning of July 17, 1861, the Eleventh Virginia Regimental Infantry did not, as was usual, do any drilling. We boys thought strange that no sound of the drum had called us to our usual daily avocation. It had been drill, drill, drill, three times a day. We very soon found that there was something going on, as the orderly couriers and staff officers were moving from one headquarters to another. Very soon an orderly approached Col. Garland and handed him a paper. Our adjutant, J. Lavance Meen, ordered us to prepare for marching. In a very short time the regiment was in line in light marching order, and the head of the column in the direction of Bull Run. We were joined by the First and Seventeenth Virginia Regiments. These three regiments composed Gen. Longstreet's Brigade. We had been camped at Manassas for near two months, and several of the boys had gotten a dog or so. We marched direct to Bull Run, and halted just on the hill in a clover field, and the dogs jumped an old rabbit; the boys of the Eleventh joined in the chase, but Col. Garland ordered us back into line in double-quick and gave us a severe reprimand, saying he was astonished that his regiment should so far forget their duties as soldiers, as to leave their places right in the face of the enemy and go rabbit hunting; that he very much feared that if we were to be engaged with the enemy we would want to go rabbit hunting. I remember vividly the impression he made upon me, which was that he feared our courage.

We were moved down in the undergrowth and given strict orders that we must make no noise and have no lights. There we remained all night. About daybreak of the 18th we were "chunked" up by the sergeants and corporals, with strict injunctions to be quiet. The First and Seventeenth Regiments were placed on each side of the ford (Blackburn's Ford). The Eleventh was marched up the stream some five hundred yards, and six companies were deployed on the bank of the stream, the left resting on the right of the Seventeenth Regiment. The other four were held in reserve under a bluff. The deployed companies commenced at once to fortify our lines. We used rails, logs, and what dirt we could get with our bayonets.

One of my company, Jake, said to another: "Dick, help me with this log."

Dick replied: "Jake, what are you going to do with that rotten log?"

"It is the best thing in the world to resist a bullet."

To this day, Dick tells the story on Jake. About nine o'clock while still making breastworks, the first cannon I had ever heard was fired from the Yankee line. The shot struck the ground very near a piece of the Washington Artillery, just on the hill to our right and very near the place of the rabbit chase of the evening before. The artillery at once moved back toward Manassas and the old McLean House. The second shot struck just to our left, and immediately in front of Gen. Bonham's South Carolina Brigade, and very near Kemper's Virginia Battery of Artillery. The third shot was a shell and exploded. In a short time we heard the bugle order of forward from the yankee line, and then it advanced. The enemy marched right down to the edge of the water, and his two lines did the best they could, but it only lasted a few minutes, when the enemy retreated, then all was as still as midnight.

In a very short time the enemy made the second attempt to force their way across the stream; both sides held their ground for a few moments, when the enemy plunged into the stream, and our boys met them. One of Company E, I think it was Tom Sears, an Irishman, dropped his gun and grappled with a yankee Irishman, and with the help of another he brought his prisoner into our lines. He was evidently the first prisoner captured. Maj. Harrison rode into the river, leaving his men, and was the first man killed on our side. While this was going on, our lamented Gen. J. A. Early came from our right with his old regiment, the Twenty-fourth Virginia, and I think a Mississippi regiment to reinforce Longstreet. Just as their line approached the edge of the bushes they mistook our men for the yanks, and some of them fired. Gen. Longstreet, being between his brigade and Gen. Early's line, jumped off of his horse to keep from being shot. His horse ran out and we thought the General had been killed.

We laid there in this line on the 19th and 20th. All the forenoon of the 21st we did nothing but listen to the fighting on our extreme right; but in the evening we heard cheer after cheer, which seemed to be in our rear, and we feared that our lines had been forced back. O, it was an awful feeling. Finally some one appeared as if riding for his life, and as he passed he tossed his head and exclaimed: "We have whipped them!" Then a great shout went up. We immediately advanced through the stream and up the hill to see the fleeing yankees. Just in the road in the edge of the woods we came across the cannon that had done the first firing on us. It was a long, black, steel gun. Just here, Col. Garland rode down the line and cautioned the boys not to pick up anything—if we saw a gold dollar, let it alone; that we were soldiers following a retreating enemy; that they might at any time make a stand and turn on us, and if we were disorganized they might whip us.

At August election of officers for Jo B. Palmer Bivouac, Murfreesboro, Tenn., William Ledbetter was made Commander, and H. H. Norman continued as Adjutant. The largest list of the VETERAN to any town in the South is at Murfreesboro. It is 91, one more than Galveston.

TYLER D. HARN, Waco, Tex.: "At our monthly meeting, Camp Pat Cleburne elected as its officers for the ensuing year the following: J. D. Shaw, Captain; Stephen Turner, First Lieutenant; Leth Mills, Second Lieutenant; Tyler D. Harn, Adjutant; John Moore, Quartermaster; Dr. D. R. Wallace, Surgeon; Rev. R. C. Burleson, Chaplain."

CARE OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

It is not generally known that all the Confederate States either grant pensions to, or have homes for, Confederate soldiers. The total number of pensioners and inmates of homes in all these States—Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia—is stated to be 27,055, and the amount paid annually in pensions and maintenance of homes is about \$1,126,736. There are also Confederate homes in Maryland and Missouri, with 276 inmates, which were maintained last year at a total cost for the two States of \$24,000. This sum includes improvements made during the year. The regulations and methods vary so materially in the different States that it has been found impossible properly to classify the payments.

Georgia heads the list of single States, having paid last year \$445,000 to 7,400 pensioners. Of this sum, \$185,000 was paid to 3,200 veterans, and \$260,000 to 4,200 widows. The State has a soldiers' home, situated on a tract of 119 acres of land, which was built by private subscription at a cost of \$42,000; but it remains closed for lack of funds. Alabama comes next to Georgia, with 4,955 pensioners, who received last year \$183,124.32. It has no soldiers' home. North Carolina has 4,647 pensioners, who received \$103,000. It has a soldiers' home with 50 inmates, and the cost of its maintenance this year has been so far \$10,000. Virginia has 3,450 pensioners, and pays \$99,206, and 181 inmates of soldiers' homes are supported at an expenditure of \$15,220. South Carolina has 2,249 pensioners, who receive \$50,000, but has no soldiers' home. Mississippi has 2,000 pensioners, who receive \$62,400, and has no soldiers' home. Arkansas has 787 pensioners receiving \$31,375, and maintains 20 inmates of a home costing \$10,300, at a yearly expenditure of \$2,500. Florida has 374 pensioners, who receive \$37,841. It has a home which cost \$10,000, and on which \$2,500 was expended last year, but it is not now open. Louisiana has no pensioners, but it has 50 inmates of a home upon which last year \$8,000 was expended. Tennessee has 576 pensioners, receiving \$61,875, and 108 inmates of a home costing \$32,000 were maintained last year at an expense of \$7,500. Texas has no pensioners, but it maintains 180 inmates of a home at a cost of \$57,285. The Maryland home has 84 inmates, and the Missouri home 72. Each home cost the States concerned \$12,000 last year. The first cost of the Maryland Home is not given; that of the Missouri Home is \$60,000. Thus we have a total of 27,211 Confederate pensioners and inmates of homes, including Maryland and Missouri, and a total payment to Confederate pensioners and for Confederate Homes last year, including Maryland and Missouri, of \$1,150,836.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Much credit is due the enterprise of the *Picayune* in the procurement of the above statistics. The VETERAN is anxious to make known the facts about these bequests, and requests corrections and additions to the above. It is indeed remarkable if Georgia "heads the list" in fact.

At the last annual election, Camp Joseph E. Johnston, at Childress, Tex., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: E. J. McConnell, Captain (re-elected); R. D. Bailey, First Lieutenant; P. L. Powell, Second Lieutenant; J. W. Ketchen, Chaplain; George R. Allen, Adjutant; and W. H. Crawford was re-elected Commissary. Their meetings are held quarterly.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY MRS. C. O. DANIELLA, OF GA., 1865.

A SIMPLE board of rough, ill-shapen pine,
O'errun perchance by some tenacious vine,
Placed by some friendly hand above each head,
Is all that marks our brave Confederate dead.
No epitaph, save now and then "Unknown,"
Carved rudely on some unpretending stone;
No towering shaft, with flattering words inlaid,
Casts o'er our slain its proud, imperial shade.
But can the skillful hand of polished art
To worth unsullied one more charm impart,
Bequeath to hallowed dust a sweeter rest,
Or make their names more honored or more blest?
Though monumental stone should never rise,
To tell the world where fallen valor lies,
Each heart erects its own immortal shrine,
And there inscribes him attributes divine.
We need no piles of sculptured marble gray,
To tell us where the Southern soldier lay,
For roses cluster o'er his grassy bed,
And round the spot their sweetest fragrance shed.
Imbedded there by woman's virtuous hand,
Sweet emblems of our own bright, sunny land,
Could flowers fair for better purpose bloom
Than to adorn the Southern soldier's tomb?
Brave heroes of a "lost" but sacred cause,
Though now withheld their well-deserved applause;
Impartial history must in time grow bold,
Their virtues and their deeds will yet be told.
Poets will linger on the blood-dyed plains,
And chant above our lost their sweetest strains;
Confederate dead will yet survive in song,
Nor shall their glorious deeds be hidden long.
Fair daughters of our balmy clime will bring
Their floral offerings with each coming spring,
Entwine a wreath around each humble grave,
A loving tribute to our sleeping brave.
Though in the struggle triumph crowned the "strong,"
'Tis not to strength that honor should belong;
He most deserves it who most nobly gave
His life, his "all," his country's rights to save.
Who fought not through a selfish love of gain,
Spurned rank or "bounty," and shrunk not from pain;
'Twas but to save wife, children, home, and pride,
The Southern soldier battled, bled, and died.
Their cause was noble and their deeds sublime,
Their just reward is held in trust by time;
She must and will at last bestow the prize,
For worth immortal never, never dies!

WORSLEY'S LINES TO GEN. LEE.

BY DR. J. WM. JONES, CHAPLAIN TO UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

THE lines to Gen. Lee, which you printed some time ago in the *VETERAN*, and which have been several times improperly attributed to Lord Derby, were really written by Prof. Philip Stanhope Worsley, of Oxford, and were first published by me in my "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of R. E. Lee," copied from the original, which I have seen many times in Gen. Lee's home in Lexington, Va.

As the copy you published contained many errors, and leaves out altogether the beautiful prose in-

troduction of Prof. Worsley, I hope that you can find space to publish the correct copy from my book (page 78), and also two letters from Gen. Lee to Prof. Worsley, which I found copied in his private letter book, when after his lamented death I had the privilege of examining and culling from the private papers of the great chieftain. The extracts are as follows:

The following inscription and poem accompanied the presentation of a perfect copy of the "Translation of the Iliad of Homer into Spencerian Stanza," by Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, a scholar and poet whose untimely death, noticed with deepest regret throughout the literary world in England, has cut short a career of the brightest promise:

To Gen. R. E. Lee, the most stainless of living commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest, this volume is presented with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration.

The grand old bard that never dies,
Lives to him in our English tongue
I said that, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's foot,
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

Ah, ready of tongue! But let her hear
Thy Lazon to the last of times
No richer rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crimes.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Come round thee, yet in truth be strong
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth
Not Homer's, could do for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South,
A virgin first, and Lee. F. S. W.

GEN. LEE'S REPLY.

LEXINGTON, VA., February 10, 1866. Mr. P. S. Worsley—My Dear Sir: I have received the copy of your translation of the "Iliad," which you so kindly presented to me. Its perusal has been my evening's recreation, and I have never enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of the poem more than as recited by you. The translation is as truthful as powerful, and faithfully reproduces the imagery and rhythm of the bold original.

The undescribed compliment to myself in prose and verse, on the first leaves of the volume, I receive as your tribute to the merit of my countrymen who struggled for constitutional government.

With great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM GEN. LEE.

LEXINGTON, VA., March 14, 1866. Mr. P. S. Worsley—My Dear Mr. Worsley: In a letter just received from my nephew, Mr. Childe, I regret to learn, that at his last accounts from you, you were greatly indisposed. So great is my interest in your welfare that I cannot refrain, even at the risk of intruding upon yoursick room, from expressing my sincere sympathy in your affliction. I trust, however, that ere this you have recovered and are again in perfect health. Like many of your tastes and pursuits, I fear you may confine yourself too closely to your reading; less mental labor and more of the fresh air of heaven might bring to you more comfort and to your friends more enjoyment, even in the way in which you now delight them. Should a visit to this distracted country promise you any recreation, I hope I need not assure you how happy I should be to see you at Lexington. I can give you a quiet room and careful nursing, and a horse that would delight to carry you over our beautiful mountains. I hope my letter informing you of the pleasure I derived from the perusal of your translation of the "Iliad," in which I endeavored to express my thanks for the great compliment you paid me in its dedication, has informed you of my high appreciation of the work.

Wishing you every happiness in this world, and praying that eternal peace may be your portion in that to come, I am, most truly, your friend and servant, R. E. LEE.

The friendship between the quiet scholar and the great soldier forms a beautiful episode in their lives. The exquisite poem of Worsley is a touching tribute to the Confederacy and to Lee, and it would seem a pity that Lord Derby or any one else should rob the poet of his laurels.

FLORIDA WHITE

THE promised sketch of "Florida White" cannot be found, but there are recollections of this eminent lady which will be noted in connection with the excellent engraving herewith printed. Honor to her memory.

The distinguished woman was Miss Ellen Adair, one of the seven daughters of Gen. Adair, who was Governor of Kentucky. At the age of eighteen she married Joseph Monroe White, who represented the Land of Flowers in the United States Congress. She became eminently prominent in Washington society, and traveled with her husband through Europe in their private carriage. Mr. White was a leading Spanish land lawyer, and a single fee sometimes approximated \$100,000. He was proud of his wife and lavish in expenditure for her



pleasure and popularity. Bulwer read to her in manuscript his "Last Days of Pompeii." On their departure for return to America, Madame Murat asked Mrs. White what she could give her as a token of remembrance, and the reply came, "Your hand." That famously beautiful hand was cast in bronze and was given by the recipient to the editor of the VETERAN.

Justice Story and other members of the United States Supreme Court paid her these high tributes:

Thou hast gone from us, lady, to shine
Midst the throng of the gay and the fair;
If thou'rt happy, we will not repine,
But, say, canst thou think of us there?

Circled round by the glittering crowd,
Who flatter, gaze, sigh, and adore,
I would ask, if I were not too proud,
Hast thy heart room for one image more?

Forgive us, dear lady, ah, do,
We will blot out those words from our song;
Though absent, we know thou art true;
Though jealous, we feel we are wrong.

Some millions of insects might pass
In thy rays as those of the sun,
Then is it not folly to ask
Thy glances should beam here alone?

The following is credited to John Quincy Adams:

Come bring the cap and bring the bells,
And banish sullen melancholy,
For who shall seek for wisdom's cells
When Ellen summons him to folly?

And if 'twere folly to be wise,
As bards of mighty fame have chanted,
Whoever looked at Ellen's eyes
And then for sages' treasures panted?

O, take the cap and bells away,
The very thought my soul confuses,
Like Jack between two stacks of hay,
Or Garrick's choice between the Muses.

Thus Apama, of beauteous renown,
Made the proudest of monarchs grow meek;
On her own pretty head placed his crown,
And then tapped the old king on the cheek.

Notes from Mr. Josiah Quincy's "Figures of the Past: "

Mr. Quincy's first party in Washington was at Mrs. Wirt's, where he went in company with Mr. and Mrs. Webster, which event he emphasizes "because of meeting Mrs. White, a lady whose beauty was the admiration of Washington and whose name was, consequently, upon every tongue." . . . It is said that because of some strictures upon her father, Gen. Adair, Mrs. White controverted with Andrew Jackson some questions about the battle of New Orleans, whereby she was victor. It is perhaps the only defeat "Old Hickory" ever suffered.

Five years after the death of Mr. White she was married to Dr. Beatty, whom she survived nearly forty years. Of the large estate that she possessed when the war began, there were two hundred negroes, whom she had taught to read and write. She was an aunt of Gen. Patton B. Anderson, of Confederate fame, and of Maj. Butler P. Anderson, who gave his life for his fellow-men in nursing yellow fever patients years ago at Grenada, Miss.

There has evidently been no woman so highly honored in American history as Mrs. Ellen Adair Beatty, so often quoted by authors two generations ago as "Florida White." A remarkable circumstance in her career was her reception by the Pope of Rome and his gift of a magnificent diamond cross, with which she parted after the war in her liberality toward the erection of a Southern Presbyterian church in Washington City, of which Rev. Mr. Pitzer has been the pastor since its dedication.

In Mrs. Ellet's "Court Circles of the Republic" she reports an entertainment during John Quincy Adams's administration, in which she refers to Mrs. White as follows: "There was also the wealthy and magnificent Florida belle, Mrs. White, with a numerous train of admirers, a dozen orange blossoms in her hair, the wild light of the gazelle in her dark eyes, and her bust cased in glittering silver, languishing through the crowd, who retired to the right and left to permit her to pass. If met, said an admirer, walking through an orange grove in Florida, or beside a limpid lake amid the eternal spring, she would instantly become an object of worship."

At another time (Jackson's administration): "The lady usually called Mrs. 'Florida' White, because her husband, Col. White, represented Florida, was celebrated for her magnificent beauty and intellectual accomplishments throughout the Gulf States."

Her part in the war is not given in this appropriate place, but no woman in our favored Southland was more loyal and zealous from first to last. She and Mrs. James K. Polk were devoted friends. The latter was pleased to recall in the later years of their lives the eminence of her Presbyterian sister when both were in the prime of young womanhood and conspicuous at Washington.

INCIDENTALLY an omission from the list of Confederates who served as Governor of Alabama is that of Hon. Thomas H. Watts, "War Governor," who was an Attorney General of the Confederate States. This item comes from an address of the late Col. C. C. Jones, of Augusta, who mentioned in such connection, on Memorial Day of 1893, Brigadier General Lucius E. Polk, of Tennessee, "whose reputation is indissolubly linked with the stalwart history of the Army of the West; Brigadier General Henry Gray, of Louisiana, at one time close competitor with Judah P. Benjamin for the highest political honors within the gift of the General Assembly of the Pelican State; Randall L. Gibson, of New Orleans, a Brigadier General of the Confederate army, gallant, courteous, and gifted, and, at the time of his demise, occupying the distinguished position of Senator from Louisiana in the Congress of the United States; Henry W. Hilliard, of Georgia, a many-sided man, soldier, author, lawyer, preacher, orator, and diplomat, courtly in address, of broad culture, and for more than half a century a prominent actor in public affairs; Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, of Mississippi, a native Georgian, who, as an officer in the army of Northern Virginia, as an instructor, lawyer, legislator, Confederate Commissioner, Congressman, Senator, Secretary of the Interior, and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, touched nothing which he did not adorn; Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, of Louisiana, last survivor of these illustrious officers who attained unto the grade of general in the regular army of the Confederate States, of noble lineage, trained to tents of arms, promoted for gallantry in our war with Mexico, a military engineer of the highest repute, defending Charleston harbor with a skill and a tenacity challenging universal admiration. . . . Among the heroic names dignifying the Confederate book of fame appears one

In letters of gold on spotless white
Encircled with stars of quenchless light;
Never a blot that page hath mured;
And the star-wreathed name is Beauregard.

Edmund Kirby-Smith, of Florida, brevetted for gallantry in the battles of Cerro Gordo and Contreras, the only officer complimented with the rank of General in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, intrusted with the command of the trans-Mississippi Department, from the inception to the close of the Confederate struggle for independence displaying in a conspicuous degree on many bloody fields and amid circumstances most difficult the capabilities of an accomplished soldier and the virtues which appertain to exalted patriotism, after the conclusion of the war devoting his time and talents to the education of Southern youths, passing the evening of a stormy life in the quiet companionship of family, of literary friends, and of loving pupils, and, as the end approached, animated by the faith and sustained by the hope of the true believer. And, on the 9th instant, the Honorable Andrew Gordon Magrath, for more than half a century a leading member of the Charleston bar, a Confederate District Judge of high repute, and a 'War Governor' of South Carolina, full of years and honors, passing peacefully and painlessly through the tranquil gates of the historic city which had so long commanded his affections and witnessed his triumphs, entered into the realm of shadows." Other names are mentioned in the tribute, among which were Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, of Richmond, who was President of the Tredegar Iron Works of Richmond, where were made many heavy guns for the Confederacy.

CONCERNING THE SIEGE AT VICKSBURG.

EXTRACT from letter of Capt. S. J. Ridley, of Wither's artillery, who was killed at Baker's Creek, Miss. The date to this letter was omitted in making extracts. It was furnished the VETERAN by Capt. Ridley's daughter.

The thrashing they got at Chickasaw was the most disgraceful one of the war. My opinion is that they could not rally their men to another attack. They were followed to their boats and fired into while getting into them. They departed precipitately, leaving many of their men who were guarding commissaries behind without letting them know, although they were but a little ways from them. They were completely demoralized. They acted wisely in making the attack where they did, for it was decidedly our weakest point. That spot had been overlooked, and we had fortified there but little. Our fortifications extended from the point on the Yazoo to Warrenton, below Vicksburg. The line is about twenty-three miles long, and besides there is a line back of the town, the best fortifications we have here, so that if by any possibility they get in our rear they cannot take the place. I do not think there is any chance for them ever to occupy Vicksburg. If they ever do, depend on it, it will be by the bad management of the general in command, which we fear here he is frequently guilty of. Somehow this part of the army is the most unfortunate in its generals. Gen. Smith, who was in command here until Pemberton came, was the most deficient officer of his rank in the service, and to tell you the truth, I do not believe Pemberton is much better. If something is not done, we will be starved out here. I understand that there is not three days' provisions for this army in Vicksburg. It is awful to think of. Here we are, expecting an attack every day, and nothing to eat and the soldiers will not eat the beef they get, it is so poor and, they tell me, diseased. It is all thrown away, and they buy what they can themselves. This is the serious question here—provisions. However, the troops bear it cheerfully, but can't say how long they will. The corn is used up as fast as it is brought in. The horses are frequently without food. We are compelled to have lots of artillery here. If there is ever a fight here, it will be artillery; and if the horses are not kept up, it will be hard on us. Yet I have no fears about this place. I do not think the entire Federal army can take it.

ROANOKE (Va.) Record. "Among the class publications, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in the interest of Confederate veterans, deserves special mention. If every veteran who loves to live over in memory, or read the records of his comrades in arms of the struggle that for four years held in the balance the destiny of the Union, but knew how entertaining and valuable was the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, he would make an extra effort to be numbered among its regular subscribers. The handsome illustrations, beautiful paper, and clear letterpress, added to the fund of valuable information that fill its thirty-two pages monthly, are attractions which are irresistible, and have drawn to it a deservedly large class of readers, not confined to the South, but located in every State of the Union."

B. F. JOHNSON & Co., Richmond, Va., regular advertisers: "You are getting up a splendid magazine, and we are very much pleased with the results. Aside from that, we feel deeply interested in the cause it represents."

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS FOR THEIR GOVERNMENT.

THE new Constitution, By-laws, etc., of the United Confederate Veterans, adopted at Birmingham, Ala., April 26, 1894, have been issued under orders of the General in Chief at his temporary headquarters, Pittsburg, Pa., September 12, 1894. The document is of great length for one issue of the *VETERAN*, but the general reader will find something of interest, and it will be of much value to the thousands of United Confederate Veteran comrades who are subscribers. The substance is given as fully as practicable, avoiding stiffness of form:

The duly accredited delegates from the various Camps of the United Confederate Veterans, represented in general convention assembled at Birmingham, Ala., April 26, 1894, adopted the following Constitution and By-laws for the United Confederate Veterans, in substitution for all previous acts of similar import:



The Name.—United Confederate Veterans.

Objects.—Its objects and purposes shall be social, literary, historical, monumental, benevolent, and honorable in every degree; without any political, sectarian, or military signification, beyond the preserving of essential titles for organization.

The purposes as classified are:

To unite all bodies of Confederate veteran soldiers and sailors now organized or that may be hereafter.

To cultivate ties of friendship among those Confederates who have shared common dangers, sufferings, and privations; and to perpetuate honor, integrity, valor, and the other noble attributes of true Southern character.

To relieve the deserving veterans who may be in distress, care for and protect the widows of Confederate soldiers and sailors who bore themselves honorably and gave life to the cause, educate and assist the orphans of veterans who die members of the federation.

To instruct and instill into the descendants of the people of the South a proper respect for and pride in its glorious war history, with a veneration and love for the deeds of their forefathers which have created such a

monument of military renown; to enlist the sons of veterans, who, though too young to have received a baptism of fire, have nevertheless encountered an early life of sacrifice, to assist in carrying out the good proposed by the federation, and to perpetuate a truthful record of the noble and chivalric achievements of their ancestors.

To aid in commemorating the illustrious dead by erecting enduring monuments to the deceased great leaders and heroic soldiers and sailors, and otherwise mark the graves and care for the remains of deserving Confederates; and to collect and preserve Southern war relics as mementos of historical value.

To encourage and promote the writing of accounts of battles, personal memoirs, and narratives of military achievements by participants therein; to secure and file with the historian the records of the services of members and dead comrades; to compile statistics embracing plans, maps, and official reports of battles, together with other reliable military and civic data—all with the view of furnishing authentic information, from which a conscientious historian will be enabled to write a correct and impartial history of the Confederate side during the war for Southern independence.

Membership and Camps.—Membership in the Federation shall be by organized bodies or associations of Confederate veteran soldiers and sailors, denominated Camps; and Camps shall be formed in two ways, as follows: On the direct application of at least ten veterans, requesting the formation of an initial body; or by application from the officers of an existing body, proposing to merge the body as organized into a Camp.

An application for a charter granting authority to organize a Camp, directly or by mergerment, shall, where practicable, be filled out on a regular blank furnished from the Adjutant General's office; but any character of printed or written application, plainly expressing such purpose and properly signed, shall be received and acted upon. The application for a Camp charter shall be accompanied by a service roster of the applicants and a list of officers for the body, together with a charter fee of \$2 and fees for officers' commissions aggregating \$5.

The conditions formulating the local organizations of bodies or associations of Confederates, merged into Camps, are not hereby interfered with beyond the necessary constitutional and by-law provisions for the maintenance of the federation; and the Camps, whether formed directly under authority conveyed by this Constitution or by merging previously organized bodies and associations of Confederates, are permitted to become members.

All Camps shall be numbered consecutively according to their dates of formation.

Camps shall require of applicants for membership therein proof of honorable service in the army or navy of the Confederacy, or honorable discharge therefrom if the applicant was mustered out of the service prior to the close of the war; provided, however, that the present membership in Camps formed or in ancient Confederate organizations that may hereafter be merged into Camps shall in no way be disturbed, and that nothing herein contained shall prevent an inquiry into the right of any individual to membership in his Camp.

The Organization.—The Camp shall be the unit basis of the organization; it shall have at least ten active members, and shall legislate locally for itself; and Camps shall be organized into Brigades, Divisions, Departments, and the federation, the controlling body of which shall be termed the "Legislative Council," and be composed

of delegates from the several Camps upon a representative basis.

Two or more contiguous Camps may, by order of the General of Division, be formed into a Brigade, which shall be designated by number; five or more Camps, located within the boundary of a State or Territory, by order of the Department Commander, shall constitute a Division, which shall bear the name of such State or Territory, and there shall be three Departments—viz., the "Army of Northern Virginia," the "Army of Tennessee," and the "Trans-Mississippi," all of which shall severally embrace the Camps located within the respective districts.

There shall be no territorial limits to a Camp.

The territorial bounds of a Brigade district shall be of such extent as to embrace that of the contiguous Camps forming the Brigade, and such adjoining territory within the Division district as may be assigned by the Division Commander for recruiting purposes.

The territorial extent of a Division district shall be that of the State or Territory in which the Camps constituting the Division are located.

The territorial assignment for Departments shall be as follows: For the Army of Northern Virginia Department, the States of South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and States east of Ohio and north of Maryland; for the Army of Tennessee Department, the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and the Northern States east of the Mississippi River and west of the western boundary line of Pennsylvania extended; for the trans-Mississippi Department, the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River, except the part of Louisiana east of it.

Officers of a Camp.—The commissioned officers of a Camp shall be elected annually by the active members thereof who are in good standing at the time the election is held; and shall consist of a Major as Commandant, with First and Second Lieutenant Commanders for every Camp without regard to membership, and an additional Lieutenant Commander for each fraction of fifty members over one hundred, an Adjutant, a Quartermaster, a Surgeon, an Assistant Surgeon, a Chaplain, and a Treasurer. The Lieutenant Commanders, Adjutant, and Surgeon shall rank as Captains, and the Quartermaster, Assistant Surgeon, Chaplain, and Treasurer shall rank as Lieutenants—all with precedence in the order named—and the Junior Lieutenant Commander present at assemblies of the body shall be *ex officio* officer of the day.

There shall be a Noncommissioned Staff, appointed by the Commandant, which shall consist of a Sergeant Major, a Vidette, a Color Sergeant, and two Color Guards.

The Major Commandant shall preside at meetings and have general civic and military control of the Camp, and during his absence such duties shall devolve upon the ranking Lieutenant Commander present. The Adjutant shall act as Secretary of the body and have charge of its books, papers, and seal, receive and receipt for all moneys due the Camp, and pay the same over to the Treasurer, taking his receipt therefor; and the Sergeant Major shall be his clerk. The Treasurer shall receive and receipt for all moneys paid to him, give bond for their security, pay out funds only on the order of the Commandant when authorized so to do by vote of the Camp, and turn over to his successor all of his fiduciary trusts. All the officers shall perform such military and general duties as are implied by their titles or may be

prescribed by the Camp, and otherwise be subject to orders from the Commandant.

Officers of a Brigade.—The Commander of a Brigade shall be a Brigadier General, who shall be elected annually by the Camps thereof; and he shall appoint from the command the Brigade Staff, as follows: A Chief of Staff, with rank of Lieutenant Colonel; an Adjutant General, an Inspector General, a Commissary General, a Judge Advocate General, a Surgeon General, and a Brigade Chaplain, with rank each of Major; an Assistant to each, when deemed necessary or expedient, and as many Aids-de-camp as the General may desire, all with the rank of Captain, and a Color Bearer with rank of Lieutenant.

Officers of a Division.—The Commander of a Division shall be a Major General, who, nominated by the delegates representing the Camps of the Division, shall be elected annually by the Camps of the Division; and he shall appoint, from the command, the Division Staff, as follows: A Chief of Staff, with rank of Colonel, an Adjutant General, an Inspector General, a Quartermaster General, a Commissary General, a Judge Advocate General, a Surgeon General, and a Chaplain General, with rank each of Lieutenant Colonel; an Assistant to each, when deemed necessary or expedient, and as many Aids-de-camp as the General may desire, all with rank of Major, and a Color Bearer with rank of Captain.

Officers of a Department.—The Commander of a Department shall be a Lieutenant General, who shall be elected annually by the Legislative Council of the Federation; and he shall appoint, from the command, the Department Staff, as follows: A Chief of Staff, with rank of Brigadier General, an Adjutant General, an Inspector General, a Quartermaster General, a Commissary General, a Judge Advocate General, a Surgeon General, and a Chaplain General, with rank each of Colonel, and an Assistant to each, when deemed necessary or expedient, and as many Aids-de-camp as the General may desire, all with rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and a Color Bearer with rank of Major.

Officers of the Federation.—The chief executive officers of the federation, and other officers of the general headquarters, shall be as follows: A General in Chief, who, as the executive head, shall be President of the federation, and a General, second in command, who shall be Vice President of the federation, and both shall be elected annually by the Legislative Council of the federation; and the General in Chief shall appoint the General Staff of the federation as follows:

A Lieutenant General, who shall be Chief of the General Staff and act as Adjutant General, who shall receive an annual salary of two thousand dollars, and the following Chiefs of Staff Corps, to rank as Major Generals: An Inspector General, a Quartermaster General, a Commissary General, a Judge Advocate General, a Surgeon General, a Chaplain General; and an Assistant to each Chief of Staff Corps, with rank of Brigadier General; other Staff Corps officers, with rank of Colonel; such Aids-de-camp as may be deemed necessary, with rank of Colonel; and a Color Bearer with rank of Lieutenant Colonel. The General, Second in Command, shall appoint a personal Staff consisting of a Chief, with rank of Brigadier General, and as many Aids-de-camp, with rank of Colonel, as he shall desire.

The Quartermaster General shall be Treasurer at general headquarters, and the General in Chief shall select from among his Aids-de-camp a Military Secretary, who, for the period of occupancy, shall rank as Briga-

dier General. The Chief of each Staff Corps shall recommend comrades to the General in Chief for appointment as their assistants, with rank of Brigadier General, and also to subordinate grades when deemed necessary.

The Chief of the General Staff shall, in the name of the General in Chief, commission all officers; and, in addition to his duties as Adjutant General of the historic militant organization, he shall be *ex officio* the Permanent and Recording Secretary of the federation, and, as such, shall keep faithful and accurate minutes of all meetings of the Legislative Council, make full reports thereof for publication, and have charge of all books, papers, records of general and special meetings, rosters of the several subdivisions of the military organization, various archives, relics, great seal, and other general headquarter's effects of the federation.

All appointed officers, commissioned or noncommissioned, of whatsoever grades, shall hold office for the terms or periods of incumbency of the Generals or Commandants of Camps appointing them, and until their successors are appointed and qualified; and the reception and publication of a commission shall be sufficient notice of the power and position thereby vested, and such promulgation shall constitute the muster into the service of the federation.

There shall be a Chief Clerk and Stenographic Secretary, who shall perform the duties of an assistant secretary and clerk at general headquarters, and make stenographic reports of the meetings of the Legislative Council of the federation. Such officer may be either male or female, and shall receive an annual salary of one thousand dollars, payable by monthly installments, out of the fund created from fees received for officers' commissions.

A Historian shall be elected by the Legislative Council, and shall retain the office so long as his work gives satisfaction to the body. He shall be Chairman of the Committee on War History, and with its assistance shall compile *data* and write a correct history of the war between the Northern and Southern States, which, on approval of the body, he may publish without cost to the federation, under an arrangement with the publisher by which he shall be paid a royalty on the work as remuneration for his services.

A Committee on War History, to consist of the Historian as permanent Chairman, and one member as the representative from each organized Division of the federation, with one additional member at large to represent any and all Camps not organized in Divisions. It shall be the duty of the various members of such committee to compile historical *data* and file the same with the Historian, who shall cull therefrom authentic records and incidents of value to be embraced in his historical writings. The committee shall have charge of collecting and preserving all historical *data* that can possibly be obtained; and shall seek and determine how it is best to stimulate and encourage the writing of a history of the war between the States, so as to elucidate obscure and controverted points, properly vindicate the actions of the Confederate soldiers and sailors, and otherwise perpetuate the glorious achievements and enduring fortitude of the Southern people as citizens, statesmen, and militants. The committee shall hold at least one annual meeting a fortnight or more prior to the regular session of the Legislative Council, and make report, transmitting the approved work of the Historian, to that body for adoption.

The General in Chief shall appoint, during the first meeting of each annual session of the Legislative Council, the following standing committees from among the accredited delegates to such body, and the members shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are appointed and qualified, viz.:

A Committee on Finance, to consist of five members, to which shall be referred all matters pertaining to receipts and expenditures; and which, immediately prior to the succeeding session of the Legislative Council, shall audit the accounts of the officers of that body having fiduciary trusts, and make report thereof to the said Council in writing.

A Committee on Monuments and Cemeteries, to consist of five members, to which shall be referred all matters relating to monumenting the Southern War dead, the care of Confederate cemeteries and isolated graves of those who gave life to the "lost cause."

Representation.—Every Camp in good standing having a minimum of ten active members shall be entitled to representation, to send one delegate to the Legislative Council, and, with increased membership, it shall be entitled to send one additional delegate for every fraction of fifteen active members it has over and above the first ten; thereby making the representation for a Camp of twenty-five active members two delegates; for forty active members, three delegates; for fifty-five active members, four delegates, and so on.

The Generals, Lieutenant Generals, Major Generals, and Brigadier Generals in command of organizations; the Chief of the General Staff, the Chiefs of the several Staff Corps, and the Chiefs of Staff and Adjutant Generals of the various Brigades, Divisions, and Departments, shall all be *ex officio* members of the Legislative Council, with the right to speak to and motion before the body, but without the privilege of voting when the roll is called by Camps on a representative basis, unless such an officer is an accredited delegate from a Camp, or when, as the presiding officer, he shall be required to give the casting vote in case of a tie.

A Camp shall be considered in good standing when its annual dues to the Federation and fees for its officers' commissions are paid.

An active member of a Camp is a real contributing member of the body, in contradistinction to "honorary membership," which may be bestowed by one or more Camps upon the same individual as a compliment.

Only the active members of a Camp shall be counted in determining its membership, and, upon a representative vote by Camps in the Legislative Council, such membership shall be limited to the number upon whom each Camp last paid dues as per capita tax; and a single delegate present shall have the right and privilege of casting the total ratio vote of his Camp.

Proxy representation shall not be recognized, and a Camp shall send one or more delegates to the Legislative Council or lose representation therein; though the right of petitioning the body shall always be open, and documents of such character may be presented by others than members of the body petitioning.

All delegations from regularly organized Camps will be received and allowed the courtesies of the floor of the Legislative Council, but they shall not be allowed to participate in the legislative proceedings of the body unless the per capita tax, constituting the dues from such Camps, shall have been paid up to the Chief of the General Staff, on or before the first day of January next preceding the date of the annual session of the body.

Powers.—The federation shall have power to design, make, and use a common seal, together with a seal for Camps, and such badges for special identity as it shall determine, and may alter and change any device and inscription thereon, and prescribe conditions governing the use of all.

In order to raise a sufficient revenue to defray the necessary expenses of the general headquarters and of printing the proceedings of the Legislative Council, etc., the Chief of the General Staff shall, in the name of the General in Chief, issue charters to Camps and commissions to officers, for which he shall charge stipulated fees; and, under this constitutional provision, he shall, additionally, levy a stated per capita tax upon the active membership of the federation, and charge a royalty profit on the cost of Camp seals—all within the limits hereinafter expressed.

The Legislative Council may authorize and encourage the formation of bodies of sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers and sailors, charter such organizations, and otherwise exercise the general privileges and prerogatives usually enjoyed by institutions of its kind.

The Legislative Council shall have power to alter and amend this Constitution by a two-thirds vote of the delegate representation, on a call of the Camps, in regular session assembled; and, by a majority vote, may adopt by-laws for the additional government of the body, and enact such rules and regulations for the general advantage of members as shall be within the purview of the Constitution.

Prohibitions.—Neither the discussion of religious and political subjects, nor the indorsement of aspirants for political office, shall be allowed in Camps or the Legislative Council.

The use of the name, seal, and badges of the Federation for business purposes is expressly prohibited.

Liabilities other than as herein expressed shall not be contracted; no debt of any character shall be made by the federation, and assessments shall not be made on the membership as stated in the foregoing.

Penalties.—The payment of the per capita tax and all other dues by Camps is prerequisite to representation in the Legislative Council, and a Camp failing to comply with such requirement shall not be allowed representation upon the floor of such body.

For the violation of these articles the member of a Camp or delegate to the Legislative Council, so infringing, will be subject to suspension for such period as shall be determined by the body in which the offense was committed; and for dishonorable acts, a member may be expelled; and for frequent violation of the first part, without appropriate reprimand, a Camp may be suspended from membership in the federation; and its members, through such suspension, will be barred fraternal privileges during the period of suspension; and for totally disregarding it, the charter of a Camp shall be forfeited and its membership in the general body arrogated.

Suspension of membership held by an individual or Camp shall be by a majority ballot vote of the body acting; and the expulsion of an individual or the imposed forfeiture of a Camp charter shall be by a two-thirds ballot vote of the body acting.

Neither an individual nor a Camp shall be adjudged without a hearing, and then only on charges preferred, and after due notice shall have been served.

Reinstatements.—A member of a Camp or delegate to the Legislative Council or Camp, suspended for cause,

may be reinstated, prior to the expiration of the period of suspension, by a majority ballot vote of the suspending body, taken after a fortnight's notice that such a ballot will be spread.

An expelled member may be reinstated by his Camp by a two-thirds ballot vote, after one year from the date of his expulsion.

A Camp which has forfeited its charter may be resuscitated by a two-thirds roll-call vote of the Legislative Council on the application of at least fifteen members of the Camp, setting forth that they did not knowingly violate the Constitution or otherwise act detrimental toward the federation; with the additional promise that if granted the return of the charter, they will obey its mandates and otherwise comply with the requirements of the federation.

Revenue and Disbursements.—The revenue of the federation shall be derived as follows:

By a charge of a \$2 fee for each of the charters of all Camps hereafter formed, by direct application of veterans, or by mergerment of existing bodies, such fee to accompany the application for the charter and to be paid only once by any Camp.

By a per capita tax of ten cents on the active membership of each Camp, the same to be due from the Camp on October 1, and payable not later than December 31 of each year, under penalty; and Camps are hereby empowered with authority to assess upon their active members a system of dues sufficient to cover such per capita tax and to raise funds to defray local obligations.

By a system of advance fees for officers' commissions, to be paid in aggregate by the Camps, respectively, and by general and staff officers, individually, as follows: For the commission of a Lieutenant or Captain, 50 cents, for the commission of a Major, Lieutenant Colonel, or Colonel, \$1; for the commission of a General (all grades), \$2. To which shall be added the expenses of postage or expressage incurred by the transmittal of such documents, and the fees advanced by Camps for officers' commissions shall be collectible of the individuals by such bodies as other local dues.

By a royalty profit derived from the sale of seals to Camps at the fixed price of \$5 for each seal so furnished, each Camp to pay the expressage of transmitting its seal.

All moneys shall be payable to the Chief of the General Staff, and be by him covered over to the Quartermaster General, the Treasurer of the federation. Three thousand dollars received from fees for officers' commissions, etc., shall be set aside and constitute a special fund appropriated to pay the salaries of the Chief of the General Staff and Chief Clerk and Stenographic Secretary at the general headquarters; and all other moneys shall be embraced in one general fund, from which additional expenses of all natures shall be paid.

Money shall be paid out of the Treasury only by warrant therefor, drawn on the Quartermaster General, issued by the Chief of the General Staff as Adjutant General, and countersigned as approved by the General in Chief, stating that such is necessary to be paid for expenditures requisite at general headquarters, or for printing reports of the meetings of the Legislative Council.

Insignia—Seals.—The seal of the federation shall be a reproduction of the great seal of the Confederate States of America, except the inscription, which shall be "United Confederate Veterans, 1861-5 and 1889"—all

reduced to a scale of two and one eighth inches for outer diameter, and as shown by impression thereof on file with the Chief of the General Staff.

The seals for Camps shall be of uniform design, except as to names and dates, and shall consist of a center circular disk one inch in diameter, bearing as device the "setting sun," and above the rays the motto, "*Cum Honore et Gloria*" (With Honor and with Glory), and the date of the Camp muster below, with the lettering next to outer lines; and a circular band, three-eighths of an inch wide, including inner and outer rim, surrounding the center disk and bearing the name, number, and location of the Camp (sample: Camp Gordon No. 13, U. C. V., Atlanta, Ga.)—all as shown by impression thereof on file with the Chief of the General Staff.

All official documents and commissions emanating from the headquarters of the federation shall bear the impress of its great seal.

Each Camp shall procure the designated seal, and stamp its official communications with an impression thereof; and documents without an imprint of the Camp seal will not be considered official.

Badges—Lapel Button and Breast Pin.—The badge, to be worn on the left lapel of the coat, shall consist of a representation of the Confederate battle flag in metal nine-sixteenths of an inch square, as follows: A gilt metal frame with solid back, having a detachable screw button fastening for eyelet in coat collar, containing a St. Andrew's cross of blue enamel cottised with gilt metal and bearing thirteen gilt stars, with scarlet enamel triangles between the cross and sides of the button. The button may be made of fine gold and transparent enamel, with chip diamonds for stars.

The badge, to be worn on the left breast of coat or vest, shall consist of a pin subtending a maltese cross, as follows: The pin shall be of yellow metal fifteen-sixteenths of an inch long by one-fourth of an inch wide, with triangular ends; shall have a polished face for engraving name thereon, and the pin point covered.

The jewel proper shall consist of a Maltese cross one inch square, of white enamel in a yellow metal frame with solid back, bearing on the white enamel front a raised battle flag—the counterpart of the lapel button—and having the initials U. C. V. C. of "United Confederate Veteran Camp" in black enamel on the white enamel arms of the cross; the U on the left, the V on the right, and a C on both the upper and lower arms, as shown when facing the jewel—the cross to be subtended from the pin by a link. On the back of the cross shall be engraved the number, name, and location of the Camp. The badge may be made of fine gold and transparent enamel with chip diamond stars, as per design herewith printed in colors and samples on file with the Chief of the General Staff.

Badges for Sons and Daughters of Veterans.—Sons and daughters of veterans forming associations may wear badges, as follows: For sons of veterans—a miniature Confederate flag of the last design (known as the "Breckinridge flag"), in yellow metal, and white, blue, and scarlet enamel, of size shown by sample, and to be worn as a lapel button. For daughters of veterans—a miniature Confederate flag of the first design (known as the "stars and bars"), in yellow metal, and white, blue, and scarlet enamel, of size shown by sample, and to be worn as throat pin or breast ornament.

How Obtained.—Such badges can be obtained only of the Chief of the General Staff, who is authorized to contract for the manufacture of the same with a responsi-

ble firm that will "carry the business," such officer issuing instructions to the manufacturer, from time to time, to supply the Adjutants of stated Camps with badges at wholesale prices, in accordance with orders received therefor by and transmitted through him, all free of charge, from the general headquarters.

There shall be no profit made by any officer or the Camps in the procuring or disposing of such Confederate badges, but on the contrary, to influence the wide use thereof, they shall be procured by Camps through the Chief of the General Staff at wholesale, and be sold to members at such cost prices, according to the jewel desired.

Uniform.—A Camp may uniform at will, and such distinctive dress for the file shall consist of a single-breasted cadet gray military sack coat, with turn-down collar, buttoned to the throat with black cloth-covered buttons; black trousers; blue-black, creased crown, soft military hat, with gilt cord band; white gloves; and, when on parade, each comrade shall carry a black, thread-wrapped, iron-wire cane.

Officers may uniform at will, and such distinctive dress shall consist of a black Prince Albert coat, buttoned to the throat with black buttons, and the insignia of rank, similar to that used in the Confederate army for a like grade, either braided or embroidered on the turn down collar; cadet-gray trousers; gray felt, creased crown military hat, with gilt cord band; and gloves and canes similar to those prescribed for the file.

All veterans on parade may wear jewels and breast badges to which they are respectively entitled.

Miscellaneous.—The commanding officers of each grade organization of the federation shall hold active membership in a Camp in good standing that is a component of such particular organization; and no comrade shall be eligible to office whose membership *status* is otherwise.

The Generals of Divisions shall receive and act upon all applications for the forming of new Camps; shall approve or disapprove the same, and forward the documents (with inclosures), properly indorsed, to the Chief of the General Staff, and when such new bodies shall have been chartered they shall assign them to brigades, etc.

All officers shall be elected or appointed for a term of one year, or until their successors shall have been selected and qualified; and vacancies shall be filled as in first elections, or by appointment, for the unexpired term; and notice of pertinent changes and promotions, etc., shall be given the commanders of the grade organizations wherein such changes are made, that they may further promulgate them if necessary.

All staff officers shall be appointed for the term of the appointing General, and they shall hold office only so long as the General upon whose staff they serve is in commission.

No officer shall hold two commissions at the same time, except that an Adjutant of a Camp may also be an Adjutant General, and a Treasurer of a Camp may also be a Quartermaster General.

Officers of every grade, either elective or appointive, must, in writing, accept the positions to which they have been respectively elected or appointed.

Staff officers must transmit to the General appointing them their acceptances of appointments and the fees for their commissions; and general officers, for themselves, and where they have staffs for their staff officers also, must transmit to the Chief of the General Staff the acceptances of positions to which they have been elected or appointed, as well as the acceptances of offi-

cers appointed on their staffs, and at the same time forward the aggregate of fees for commissions for themselves and staffs.

The Adjutants of Camps, in forwarding the per capita tax, must transmit the same direct to the Chief of the General Staff, without incurring the delay of remitting through military channels.

Each Chief of a Staff Corps having to receive applications of special import, requisitions for moneys or supplies, and returns of service rendered by subordinate officers within the Corps, shall formulate and issue the form blanks on which such documents shall be filled out; and the same shall be printed by the authority of the Chief of the General Staff, and be issued on proper requisition therefor.

Demonstrations.—There shall be selected annually by each Division a "Memorial Day," on which each Camp located within the Division territorial district shall decorate the graves of the Confederate dead buried in its vicinity, and otherwise observe the day in commemoration of the eventful past. Each Camp shall have the right to determine its own manner of procedure in conducting the local ceremonies.

The general and staff officers, members of the Legislative Council, attending bodies and local Camps during the week of the annual meeting of the U. C. V. may parade in public by Camps, Brigades, and Divisions, etc., by and with the approval of the General in Chief, who on such occasions shall assume military command, and issue all orders necessary for the special formation of bodies and for moving the column, etc.

The members of a Camp shall turn out in a body and attend the funeral of a comrade, and see that the deceased veteran is buried with military honors, if possible; and Camps generally may parade locally as shall be determined by the body.

Headquarters, General.—The general headquarters of the federation shall be and are hereby permanently established in the city of New Orleans, La.; and the Memorial Hall of the Louisiana Historical Association in that city, by and with the consent of its officers, shall be the depository of all records, papers, relics, and other archives of the federation until such time as it may otherwise determine, and such effects shall be held there subject to the control of and removal by the Chief of the General Staff.

Subordinate.—Department, Division, and Brigade headquarters shall be determined by the several Commanders of such subordinate organizations, and shall be promulgated by the Generals in command thereof respectively.

Camp.—The headquarters of a Camp shall be the hall wherein the body holds its meetings, and any change of such place of meeting shall be published by the Adjutant under authority from the Commandant.

Perpetuity.—The federation shall continue so long as the natural life of its veterans will enable the component Camps to exist; and thereafter the archives constituting its history shall pass to such general organization as the Sons of Confederate Veterans may formulate, to be cherished as the parental authority for such second fraternity, made perpetual by the recruiting of its membership from the sons of sons of Confederate veterans to the remotest generation.

Such authentic history of the Confederate arms during the war for Southern independence, as may be prepared under the auspices of the federation, shall pass to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, to be cherished and perpetuated.

Amendments.—The foregoing Constitution may be altered and amended by a two-thirds roll call vote of the Legislative Council on amendments thereto offered in writing at a regular session of the said Council, to be acted upon at the next regular annual session of such legislative body.

As an Addenda to the Constitution.—In order to perpetuate the memory of Confederate veterans, and continue the purposes of this organization, all subordinate Camps, Bivouacs, or Associations are authorized to admit associate and associate honorary members, as follows: Any male person who is in sympathy with the principles for which the Southern soldier fought, of good character, having attained the age of eighteen years, who is a relative or descendant of a person who was regularly enlisted in active service and served honorably in the Confederate States army or navy, shall be eligible to admission as associate member.

Associate members shall be entitled to all the privileges of the subordinate Camps, Bivouacs, or Associations, excepting that no associate member shall be eligible to hold the office of President, Vice President, Commander or Lieutenant Commander, until there remains on the roll of the subordinate body less than ten active members in good standing; but there may be a minority of the Executive Committee selected from the associate members in good standing. Associate members shall have no voice in the election, suspension, or expulsion of active members.

Every application for admission to associate membership shall be made in writing, and shall give in detail, upon the blanks furnished by the subordinate Camp, Bivouac, or Association, the applicant's age, birthplace, residence, occupation, and the name of the relative on whose service the applicant bases his right to membership, and, if practicable, the company, regiment, and general command to which the relative was attached, where and when he received his final parole or discharge from service, and whether or not he had at any time a substitute in the army, and the application shall be indorsed by two members of the subordinate organization. It shall then be referred to a committee (of which the members recommending shall not be members) for investigation, who shall report thereon at the next regular meeting, when the candidate shall be balloted for with ball ballots. If not more than two blackballs appear, the candidate shall be declared elected.

When an application has once been rejected, it cannot be again considered for six months thereafter.

The initiation fee and dues of Associate members shall be the same as regular members.

Associate Honorary Members.—To the end that there may be both charitable and social cooperation in the work of the Confederate Veterans, the wives, sisters, daughters, and nieces of Confederate veterans may become associate honorary members.

The application for associate honorary membership shall be the same as that prescribed in the Section for associate members, excepting the age of the applicant, and the candidate shall be elected as therein prescribed.

Associate honorary members shall have all the privileges of associate members, excepting the right to vote, the sole purpose of adding female members being to get the benefit of the enthusiasm and refining influence so characteristic of Southern womanhood in developing and carrying on the social and charitable features of the organization of United Confederate Veterans.

The dues of associate honorary members shall be one

dollar per annum, if paid in advance, or ten cents per month.

Associate members and associate honorary members shall be allowed to wear the badge adopted by the United Confederate Veterans for associate members or auxiliary associations.

By-laws as Adopted—Membership.—Application for a charter to establish a Camp with membership in the federation shall be made in conformity with constitutional provision therefor, and in no instance shall a congregation of Confederate Veterans act as a Camp U. C. V. until regularly chartered and mustered into the federation.

Active membership in more than one Camp at the same time is forbidden, which, however, shall not prevent an active member of a Camp from receiving and holding honorary membership in other Camps.

A correct roster of the active members of each Camp shall be made (in duplicate) annually at the first regular meeting of the Camp in January; one copy to be transmitted forthwith and direct to the Chief of the General Staff, and the duplicate to be forwarded through military channels to the Adjutant General of the division of which the Camp forms part.

In estimating the strength of the federation, active members alone shall be counted; and honorary membership, with its constitutional privilege, shall be considered only as a mark of courtesy and esteem.

Meetings.—There shall be held annually, in the city of New Orleans, La., a regular session of the Legislative Council, and, at the same time, a general reunion of Confederate veterans from Camps throughout the federation, unless otherwise directly ordered by the said Council, or as may of necessity be temporarily changed by order of the General in Chief.

In order that delegates and veterans may take advantage of low rates of transportation, the session of the Legislative Council shall be held a few days prior to the "Mardi Gras" celebration in New Orleans, La.

When it is so desired, the Legislative Council, by a majority vote on call of the Camps, may determine to hold its next regular annual session at another point than New Orleans; and when it may become requisite, because of epidemic disease or otherwise, for the General in Chief to temporarily change the regular place of such meeting, he shall specify the reason for his act in orders published to every Camp and to the federation at large.

At the request of a majority of the Camps, the General in Chief shall convene the Legislative Council, and otherwise, on his own motion, he may assemble the Commanders of Departments and Divisions, and, by and with the consent of a majority thereof, he shall have power to convene the said Council.

The Commanders of Departments, Divisions, and Brigades may organize for the annual reunion of their several commands, and in such instances the meetings shall be held during the fall of the year, that the Generals may respectively make report thereof to the General in Chief in time for that officer to embrace such valuable information and data as may be received thereby in his message to the Legislative Council.

Duties of Officers Commanding Bodies.—The General in Chief, as the civic and militant head of the federation, in addition to all duties expressed in the Constitution, shall exercise every function pertaining to and generally vested in both a civil and military ruler.

The General second in command, in addition to constitutional obligations, shall on solicitation advise with the General in Chief, and otherwise perform such special

duties as may be assigned him by that officer or the Legislative Council.

The Lieutenant General commanding a Department shall be the immediate representative of the General in Chief within his Department territory; and he shall otherwise, under constitutional limits, bear the same relationship to his departmental organization that the General in Chief bears toward the federation.

The Major General commanding a Division, in addition to constitutional obligations, as the chief officer within a State or Territory, shall exercise both civil and military command, encourage the recruiting of Camps and the addition of bodies to his Division. He is charged with the special care of the Confederate dead buried within the limits of his Division territory, and with the collecting of authentic data for historical purposes.

The Brigadier General commanding a Brigade, in addition to constitutional requirements, shall have general charge of his Brigade, and encourage the recruiting of veterans and the formation of new Camps throughout his Brigade district.

The Commandant of a Camp, in addition to constitutional duties, shall have general civil and military charge of his Camp, and be supreme in his local control.

The other officers of a Camp shall perform the duties prescribed by the Constitution, and as may otherwise be implied by the respective positions, directed by the Camp, and ordered by the Commandant under the law.

Duties of the Staff.—The Lieutenant General, Chief of the General Staff, shall be recognized as the executive representative of the General in Chief in all matters emanating from the headquarters of the federation; and, in addition to the duties definitely expressed in the Constitution, he shall perform all the duties of an Adjutant General, and the Corresponding, Recording, and Financial Secretary of the federated body.

The Major Generals, Chiefs of the various Staff Corps as expressed in the Constitution, in addition to their respective obligations therein stated, shall perform the duties generally pertaining to their several positions, and otherwise be subject to direction from the General in Chief.

The subordinate officers of the various Staff Corps, assistants to their respective chiefs, shall perform such duties as naturally belong to their several positions and as otherwise may be assigned them.

Committees.—In addition to the constitutional committees, there shall be appointed by the presiding officer, at the beginning of each annual session of the Legislative Council, the following committees:

A Committee on Credentials, to consist of one delegate from each Division district, which shall act upon the credentials of all delegates and make quick report thereof to the said Council; and in order to assist the committee in its labors, the Chief of the General Staff shall previously prepare and furnish its chairman with a complete roster of all delegates reported. Such committee shall possess the high privilege of the floor to make report at any time.

A Committee on Petitions and Grievances, to consist of seven members, to which shall be referred, without reading, all petitions whatsoever, the contests for representation, and grievances of every nature.

A Committee on Relief and Donations, to consist of five members, to which shall be referred all matters requiring consideration, with the view of supplying material aid and assistance through a "Collection" donation.

A Committee on Demises, to consist of one delegate

from each Division district, to which shall be referred all resolutions pertaining to the death of a member.

A Committee on Parade, to consist of five members, which shall have in charge the advisability of making a public parade demonstration after the final adjournment of the session of the Council.

Special committees may be appointed by the Chair, or raised by the Council, as the exigencies of the hour and necessities of the case may dictate.

All committees shall have the power to make special detail of members for particular purposes, but when action is reported to the Legislative Council it shall be by the committee body as a whole.

The first named member of a committee shall be the chairman; every committee shall be subject to the call of its chairman, and its members will assemble at the time and place designated by him.

All papers and documents given to a committee for consideration shall be returnable with its report, and be delivered to the file clerk of the Chief of the General Staff.

Financial.—As per constitutional provision all moneys payable to the federation shall be received by the Chief of the General Staff and be turned over to the Quartermaster General, to be covered into the treasury to constitute special funds, as follows:

The aggregate of cash receipts from charter and commission fees and royalty profit on Camp seals shall constitute a special headquarters fund with which to pay salaries and defray the ordinary running expenses of the office machinery, etc.

The aggregate of cash receipts from the per capita tax on the active membership of Camps shall be divided by the Quartermaster General, as follows:

One-quarter (25 per cent.) thereof for the use of Divisions, and he shall pay the proportional part of such moneys as have been received from the Camps comprising a Division to the Commanding General thereof for Division purposes, taking his receipt therefor.

One sixth ($16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.) of the remainder, after paying the Division quota, for the use of Departments, which he shall pay in proper ratio to the several Department Commanders for departmental purposes, taking their receipts for the respective amounts so paid.

The balance to remain in a general fund, to meet the printing and other expenses of the Legislative Council.

Divisions and Brigades may levy such additional taxes as the Camps therein may authorize, for Division and Brigade purposes, and shall have the right to condition the said levy in all particulars.

Rules Regulating Meetings—Quorum.—The quorum for a Camp shall be seven active members present.

The quorum for the Legislative Council shall consist of a delegate representation present from a majority of the Divisions of the federation.

Manner of Presiding and Voting.—The Commandants of a Camp and the President of the Legislative Council, in presiding over their respective bodies, shall be governed by the rules laid down in Cushing's Manual for Legislative Bodies.

All questions must be stated by the Chair prior to debate thereon.

Ordinarily, a vote on a question shall be first taken by the yeas and nays, the Chair determining the result; and, if a division is called, the Chair shall appoint tellers and require those voting in the affirmative to rise and remain standing until counted, note the count, seat the voters, and similarly count and note the negative vote, after which he shall announce the result.

On a motion sustained by the demand of five Divisions, a vote shall be ordered by the Chair to be taken by "call of Camps," when they shall be called by numbers in Divisions, the respective votes being cast by the chairman of each body, the vote recorded by the Secretary and announced by the Chair. A similar manner of procedure shall be followed on a vote ordered to be taken by "call of Divisions."

A vote by ballot shall be spread by distributing blank slips of paper, which shall be taken up with the ballot vote written thereon, counted by tellers appointed to conduct the election, and, when verified, announced by the Chair.

When there is only one candidate for an office, the Chair, in order to save time, shall appoint some one to cast the vote of the body, or the vote may be taken *viva voce*.

In a closely contested election for officers where there are three or more candidates, after a second fruitless ballot the candidate receiving the lowest number of votes shall be dropped, and the dropping process continued on each subsequent ballot until an election is effected.

Elections may be held and determined by a *viva voce* vote, by a call of the yeas and nays in a Camp, by a call of Camps in the Legislative Council, or by an individual ballot vote, either process to be ordered on motion by a majority vote of a quorum.

A majority of the votes cast for one person on a quorum representation shall constitute an election to any office in any body of the federation.

Order of Business.—The order of business for the Legislative Council and for a Camp, where there is no special order prescribed, shall be as follows:

Calling the body to order.

Calling the roll of officers.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

Reading the minutes of the preceding meeting.

Petitions, resolutions, and new business. (On a call of the Divisions if the Council is the body.)

Unfinished business.

Remarks for the good of the federation.

Benediction by the Chaplain.

Singing a Southern anthem.

Military Courtesy.—In the transmittal of official communications other than the remitting of money, they should be sent from the highest to the lowest officers, and *vice versa* through the regular steps downward or upward, so as to pass through the hands of intermediate officers constituting the regular military channel.

When the Legislative Council, Department or Division Assembly shall convene at a place where there are local or general officers of the federation stationed, the officer chief in local or State command possesses the right, as a courtesy he has to extend, to take charge of the preliminary procedure of welcoming the visiting comrades and bodies, and he shall determine in the main the local entertainment.

Every comrade in good standing possesses the right and privilege to attend any meeting of any body a component of the federation, but, unless he is a member of the body, he cannot take part in its deliberations, except by invitation under the call for "Remarks for the good of the federation."

Amendments and Temporary Suspensions.—The foregoing by-laws may be amended at a regular annual meeting of the Legislative Council, on motion, with the proposed amendment reduced to writing, by a two-thirds vote of the quorum present.

The operation of a by-law may be temporarily suspended by a two-thirds vote on roll call of Camps.

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

OFFICE IN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, CHURCH ST.

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

THE death of the late Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, recalls some important events in our national history. There was no politician North more active in exciting the public of that section to heroic effort for the maintenance of the Union. His great success in Pennsylvania tended largely to the success of the Lincoln ticket throughout the North. He was ardent and uncompromising to the end of the war. He and Horace Greeley were in thorough accord, and after the latter had signed the bond to liberate Mr. Davis and had been nominated for the Presidency to oppose Gen. Grant, Curtin espoused Mr. Greeley's cause, and as the years went on he served on the Democratic side in Congress for several terms. All honor to those who valiantly contended for the maintenance of the Union, and when the war was over stood as valiantly for peace!

EARNEST commendation is given a method of memorial service once a year by Camps and Bivouacs. The second of such by the Frank Cheatham Bivouac of Nashville is appointed for November 9. Features of the service is the calling of the roll. Each member is to rise when his name is announced, so that the audience may see him. At the call of deceased members, which is to be done by the President naming the command of which he was a member, etc., the comrades are to rise and to remain standing during that service. A programme of music, short addresses, etc., assures suitable entertainment for the evening. These meetings are held in the Union Gospel Tabernacle, and it is expected that there will be thousands present. Admission is free, and special invitations are extended officially to all the leading schools and colleges in the city. Comrades everywhere would find such meetings most appropriate and the effect pleasing.

THE death of Mrs. Ophelia Martin Spofford has been a great shock to her friends and to the public. More extended notice than can now be used deserves place in the VETERAN. She was its friend, being a subscriber for many friends. In a bequest of \$100 to the Davis Monument, and a like sum to the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, both sums were contributed through its editor. She was a woman of extraordinary business talent, and was also gifted as an author and an artist. She had just bought two lots on Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C., and was preparing to build a handsome residence upon them. It was her handsome home in New Orleans, built by Dr. Campbell, that was taken by Ben Butler for his headquarters, and which Gen. Hancock afterward rented while in command of that department.

THERE is much of deplorable controversy about the "Underwood" Constitution published in this VETERAN. New Orleans Camps have taken vigorous action against it. It seems too late now to do aught else than act under it until the convention at Houston, Tex.

That such spirited action is being had is most unfortunate. The VETERAN so far fails to understand reasonable cause for the discord, and does not willingly become an advocate of either side.

AT the recent reunion of the Orphan Brigade at Russellville very complimentary resolutions were adopted concerning the history of the First Kentucky Brigade, by Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, of Frankfort. He is urged to republish it with such additions as may now be made. The passing years have brought forth much important matter which should be incorporated in it. The brigade has never before in a formal manner recognized its debt of gratitude to Capt. Thompson for the excellent manner in which this labor of love was performed, but now he is made the official historian of the brigade.

Responding to this request, Capt. Thompson said: "I take upon myself the task, and respectfully solicit your aid in the way indicated above. Please to send me promptly whatever you have or can prepare. It is my purpose to make the book no less faithful than the old one in preserving name and deeds of the private soldier as well as of the officer. . . . An important feature will be the civil history of these men for the past thirty years. In the language of an observant gentleman: 'The First Kentucky Brigade has been making history ever since 1861.' To record it will not only be a pleasing task to the chronicler, but such record will be a noble inheritance to their prosperity. 'Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war,' and the 'Orphans' have won the victory of a loyal citizenship; of self-respecting, self-supporting manhood; of steadfast fealty to one another; and of unquestioning obedience to a government whose authority over them was established by the arbitrament of arms—an indignity to which government they would now resent with the same fiery zeal with which they gathered under the banner that has long been but a memory."

Capt. Thompson was requested to include in the work the history of those regiments which for a time, in 1861-62, were connected with the Orphan Brigade, and in 1862 fought with it at Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Baton Rouge—the Third, Seventh, and Eighth Kentucky Infantry—and for years has been collecting material. Members of these commands are urged to furnish him data upon the subject.

A SUBSCRIBER would like to know the whereabouts of Capt. Francis, who was about Gen. Bragg's headquarters at the battle of Murfreesboro. He thinks he was an Alabamian and had a brother named Joseph Francis. Any information on the subject will be gladly received by the editor.

PRACTICABLE METHOD OF INSURANCE.

P. C. LOVELACE, of Dyersburg, Tenn., submits this:

Being an old Confederate soldier, I have given considerable thought, recently, about some plan by which all surviving Confederates who may be in indigent circumstances may leave their families something when they die. It has occurred to me that all the Camps and Bivouacs throughout the Southern States might combine in an organization of insurance on the mutual plan, and make no other qualification for eligibility (habitual drunkenness excepted) than having been a Confederate soldier and worthy of membership under the rules of organization.

The plan which I have to suggest is to have an organization known as the Confederate League, with supreme officers, and State organizations with local Leagues, throughout the country, similar to Knights of Pythias, Knights of Honor, and other such organizations, and that policies be issued to the members for a given amount, say \$2,000, and when a member dies and an assessment is made to pay the beneficiaries, that one-fourth of the amount of the policy be reserved by the League and pay to the beneficiary only three-fourths of the amount of the policy. That the Supreme officers of the order be empowered to lend or make such investment of the one-fourth reserve as would make the best return, and that this reserve be held for the purpose of perpetuating the order. I suggest the making of a monthly assessment that would not fluctuate. I suggest further that a certificate for the \$500 remainder might be issued to beneficiaries, payable in forty years with accrued earnings, if any, and said certificate go to the legal heirs of deceased and not be transferable. If there be no legal heirs, then the certificate to belong to the League. Should the League decide to close the organization at any time, holders of certificates should receive their pro rata of the funds on hand. Of course the organization should have by-laws, constitution, etc., and a per capita dues to defray the necessary organization expenses.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

R. T. CHAMBERS, Friendship, Tenn., September 20, 1894: "This is the anniversary of the initiation of 'Old Company F' (Stafford's), of Madison and Haywood County boys, into the Confederate service. It is also the anniversary of one of the days on which was fought the historic battle of Chickamauga. The 22d of July, battle of Atlanta; 8th of October, battle of Perryville; 19th and 20th of September, battle of Chickamauga; 25th of November, battle of Missionary Ridge; 30th of November, battle of Franklin; 15th of December, battle of Nashville; and 31st of December, battle of Murfreesboro, are dates that one, at least, of 'Old Company F,' Thirty-first Regiment, thinks of every year. Our good Captain, afterward Lieutenant Colonel E. E. P. Stafford, gave up his life on Franklin's bloody field. He was one of 'nature's noblemen.'"

Rev. E. C. Faulkner, Searcy, Ark., wrote months ago: "I rejoiced to see the name of Gen. Tilghman in the *SOUVENIR*, and thank P. W. M. for calling attention to him. Indeed, it has always been a matter of regret that so little has been known and said of the faithful and gallant services of that grand specimen of the Southern soldier. I belonged to his brigade, Eighth Kentucky

Regiment (afterward mounted infantry under Forrest), until the day of his death. We loved him as only the soldier can love the true and the brave. . . . By the way, P. W. M. did not mention the Eighth Kentucky in speaking of the regiments composing the brigade. Of course we were not intentionally omitted. Tilghman called us his 'pets,' as we were the only Kentuckians in the brigade. The regiment was small, but its record was such from Fort Donelson to the surrender that I am always proud to say that I belonged to the Eighth Kentucky—'Tilghman's pets.' We surrendered with Forrest at the close of the war, Kentucky Brigade, Buford's Division. Comrades, push the circulation of the *VETERAN*; make it the storehouse of facts for the future historian."

Col. J. D. Wilson, Winchester, Tenn., September 8, 1894: "Your enterprising *VETERAN* has given many interesting events that occurred during the war of secession. My memory has been greatly refreshed in regard to much I had forgotten. After the cruel war was over, all tattered and torn, seeing nothing for our great sacrifice but poverty and want, I tried to forget all and strike out for greener pastures and more pleasant paths. I do not fancy personal allusions, but if you will take the trouble to read the thirty-eighth volume of 'War Records' you will find the obituary of the writer, by order of Gen. W. A. Charles, on the 28th day of July, 1863, and also that of Col. White, of the same brigade; but thanks to our overruling Providence, I am as well to-day as ever. After my convalescence from what appeared a mortal wound, I was sent to Johnson's Island and detained in prison until the 26th of August, 1865. Most of the prisoners were released in June, except about one hundred and fifty, Col. Voorhees, of Columbia, among the number. Why were we held nearly four months after the close of the war? I have seen and read many statements of the casualties of the war on both sides, but never any so serious as was that of Charles's Brigade, to which I was attached. We went into action on the 28th of July with nine hundred and fifty men, and in a few minutes, not exceeding ten, we lost five hundred and fourteen in killed and wounded, a large per cent. killed."

Levi Perryman, Forestburg, Tex.: "I was born and raised in Lamar County, Tex.; went into the war in 1862, for three years or 'during the war.' I belonged to Bumpass's Company I, Marshall's Squadron, annexed to Hippi's Regiment, Thirty-first Texas Cavalry, Polignac's Brigade, and stayed with it until the close of the war. I still have my discharge. Will be glad to hear from any of my old comrades."

Joseph Hersman, Holliday, Mo., in renewing his subscription, says: "You and your regiment supported Bledsoe's battery back in the sixties, and now I will cheerfully support the *VETERAN*. I was shot through the face and head at Resaca, Ga., destroying my left eye, but I can see to read the *VETERAN* with my right."

COURIER, Plant City, Fla.: "Every item in the *VETERAN* contains more or less matter of interest to the old soldier, and each number is a treasure in many points of view. It is doing a good work in gathering up valuable and interesting items of history, and every Confederate veteran should do what he can to sustain it."

NATIONAL DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

ORGANIZE, ADOPT A CONSTITUTION, AND ELECT OFFICERS.

A REPRESENTATIVE body of Confederate women met in the rooms of Frank Cheatham Bivouac September 10, 1894, for the purpose of organizing "The Daughters of the Confederacy," to be national in its scope and character, and to charter suborganizations in all parts of the United States. Mrs. John Overton was made temporary President, and Mrs. John P. Hickman was elected Secretary.

Mesdames L. H. Raines, J. M. Clarke, J. B. Lindsley, J. C. Myers, A. E. Snyder, and George W. Cunningham were appointed a Committee on Constitution and By-laws.

The preamble states that because of the success of the initial movement to band together, under one general head, the Southern women, descendants of the survivors of the civil war of 1861-65, which has already culminated in the organization of the "Daughters of the Confederacy," and believing that the establishment of a general federation will tend to increase and thoroughly cement memories of the past and historical ties, etc., do hereby create and adopt the following Constitution and By-laws for the Daughters of the Confederacy:

CONSTITUTION.

Name.—The survivors of Confederate soldiers and sailors in the United States of America are hereby united into one general organization, and the name of the federation shall be "NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY."

Objects.—Its objects shall be social, literary, historical, monumental, and benevolent, without any political signification; to unite in the federation all bodies of Southern women now organized or that may hereafter be formed; to cultivate ties of friendship among our women, whose fathers, brothers, sons, and in numberless cases, mothers, shared common dangers, sufferings, and privations to perpetuate honor, integrity, valor, and other noble attributes of true Southern character; to instruct and instill into the descendants of the people of the South a proper respect for and pride in her glorious war history, with a veneration and love for the deeds of their forefathers which have created such a monument of military renown, and to perpetuate a truthful record of the noble and chivalric achievements of their ancestors. All divisions shall be numbered consecutively according to their dates of entering into this federation, and shall retain the number at time assigned them as divisions of Daughters of the Confederacy. Divisions shall require of applicants for membership therein proofs that they are descendants of those who have honorably served in the army or navy of the Confederate States. For proof application blanks will be furnished, and they must be submitted to a Committee on Credentials, and their report shall be balloted upon by the members, three blackballs rejecting.

Officers.—A President, who shall preside at all meetings. In her absence the senior Vice President shall preside; a Vice President for each of the Southern states, a Recording Secretary, a Financial and Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer. Time of office, one year, or until their successors are elected and qualified.

Finance.—A Committee of Finance shall be composed of five members, to which shall be referred all matters of receipts and expenditures.

Monuments.—A Committee on Monuments and Cemeteries, appointed by the Vice President of each state, of

which committee the Vice President of each state shall be chairman, shall consist of five members, to which shall be referred all matters relating to monuments to Southern war dead, the care of Confederate cemeteries and isolated graves of those who gave their lives to the Confederacy.

Representation.—All Charter Divisions shall have the right of representation in the Legislative Council. All Divisions shall be entitled to one vote for every twenty-five members.

Powers.—The federation shall have power to design, make, and use a common seal, together with a seal for Divisions, and such badges for a special identity, as it shall determine; and may alter and change any device and inscription thereon, and prescribe conditions governing use of the same. The use of the name, seal, and badges of the federation for business purposes is expressly prohibited. The Legislative Council shall have power to alter and amend this Constitution by a two-thirds vote of the delegate representation, on call of the Divisions, in regular session assembled, and by a majority vote may adopt by-laws for the additional government of the body, and enact rules and regulations for the general advantage of members.

Insignia, Seals.—The seal of the federation shall be a reproduction of the great seal of the Confederate States of America, except the inscription, "Daughters of the Confederacy, on the outer rim. The seals for Divisions shall be of same design, except as to name and dates. All official documents emanating from the headquarters of the federation shall bear the impress of its great seal. Each Charter or Parent Division shall procure the designated seal and stamp its official communications with an impression thereof; and documents without an imprint of the Division seal will not be considered official.

Badges.—The badge to be worn shall consist of a representation of the Confederate flag (stars and bars), white, blue, and scarlet enamel, surrounded by a laurel wreath, with letters "D. C." under flag; on ends of ribbon bow tying wreath with dates "61-65;" this to be worn as throat or breast ornament. These badges can be obtained only on voucher of President of Divisions, countersigned by the President of the State Division.



Certificate of Membership.—Certificate of Membership must be given each member, signed by President of Charter Division, President and Secretary of Subdivision.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, of Tennessee, President; Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Georgia, Vice President; Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Texas, Vice President; Miss White May, Tennessee, Vice President. [The Vice Presidents for the other Southern states to be appointed temporarily by the President.] Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Tennessee, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. B. Lindsley, of Tennessee, Corresponding and Financial Secretary; Mrs. W. Maney, of Tennessee, Treasurer. The Daughters of the Confederacy adopted a design sent by Theus Bros., of Savannah, Ga., for a pin. Mesdames Clark, McMurray, Gant, Burms, and Dudley were appointed a Finance Committee.

Mrs. Ann E. Snyder's "History of the Civil War" was indorsed as a supplemental reader in the schools.

The organization adjourned, to meet in Nashville on the first Wednesday in November, 1895.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE N. C. D. C.

MRS. CAROLINE MERIWETHER GOODLETT, the recently elected President of the National Confederation of Daughters of the Confederacy, is a native of Kentucky and lived until after the war at Woodstock, the old Meriwether homestead, Todd County. Mrs. Goodlett



commenced her work for the Confederate soldiers in the recruiting camps of the army. She spent her entire income, amounting to thousands of dollars, to help supply the wants of the Confederates, caring for those in prison as well as those in the ranks. She also did much in making up clothing, etc. She has ever worked for the Confederate soldiers whenever her services have been needed, and has esteemed opportunities for doing so. She is the wife of Col. M. C. Goodlett, a Confederate soldier who was on Gov. Jackson's staff. Col. Goodlett prepared the Ordinance of Secession that took the State of Missouri out of the Union.

Mrs. Goodlett was one of the charter members of the Monumental Association, through whose efforts was erected the handsome monument over the fallen heroes, who lie buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn. After the erection of this monument the association went into a permanent organization as an auxiliary to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and that auxiliary was largely instrumental in securing from the State four hundred and seventy-five acres of the Hermitage farm owned by the State for a Soldiers' Home, and in making the appropriation to improve the property.

Mrs. Goodlett has from the first been President of the State Association of Daughters of the Confederacy, an Auxiliary to the Home. She has worked for many of the charities of her city. She was for a number of years a member of the Board of Managers of the Protestant Orphan Asylum and Mission Home. She is Vice President of the Humane Society of Nashville, a member of the National Prison Association, and for years an active member of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, and one of the Board of Associated Charities of the State.

Mrs. Goodlett also organized the Ladies Auxiliary of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, which helped to build and furnish the magnificent home situated in the suburbs of Nashville; and was President of the organization until its home was erected and furnished.

THE ladies of the national organization give hearty expressions of gratitude to Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Vice President for Georgia, for her intelligent zeal manifested from the beginning in perfecting the National Association. Mrs. Raines is President of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Savannah, which will be the senior society in Georgia. The veterans of Savannah have sent greeting and handsomely engrossed resolutions expressive of their gratitude and their pride. The Georgia society was incorporated last June.

PARALLELS TO THE DEFEAT OF HAMPTON.

CAPT. R. S. DESPORTES, commander of Camp Hampton, Columbia, S. C., in a beautiful address to the Camp, made two historic parallels in the defeat of Hampton, who was a candidate for reelection to the United States Senate, saying that Harold's father, the last of the Saxon kings, who, after spending his life and his fortune for his country, was banished from England, and when age admonished him that he soon would be gathered to his fathers, petitioned Parliament to be allowed to return, that he might plead his own cause before his countrymen. He described the return of the decrepit old man and his appearance before the lawmakers of England when he made his pathetic address in which he asked for a little earth in which to take his last, long sleep.

He then related in touching language the death of Pompey, the great Roman general, who, after he had won many conquests for Rome, and increased the territory and wealth of that nation, came back in poverty, and was retired from military duty on a small pension, and at last even that was taken from him, and he was not permitted to enter the Tiber in his vessel, but sought refuge in Egypt, where he was met by an officer who had once been under him in his conquest of Egypt, and whom he had promoted, and on the way to the Egyptian shore was killed by this officer, who feared that Pompey might eclipse his ability, was beheaded on the beach and his body burned by an old servant to prevent further desecration of his remains.

Capt. DesPortes disclaimed any political reference, but desired to veil all in charity, as charity was the watchword of the Camp over which he was called to preside.

At the close of the interesting occasion the Camp, by rising, voted their new commander thanks for his eloquent address.

MR. ROBERT ALEXANDER BROWN, of Calvert, Tex., died at the home of his lifelong friend, John C. Roberts, of Fourth Texas (Hood's old regiment), August 30, 1894, while on a visit. Mr. Brown was a native of Culpeper County, Va., born on Washington's birthday, 1833. He went to Galveston, Tex., in 1851. He went back to his native State in 1862, joined the Black Horse cavalry, and was in various battles around Richmond. At the surrender of Gen. Lee, he returned to Galveston and formed a partnership with his uncle, John Shackelford, in the cotton commission business. In 1867 he married the daughter of Col. J. E. Herndon. In 1884 he moved to Calvert, and was engaged extensively in farming and stock raising. He was a fine business man, honored and respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and eight children and a large circle of warm friends.

REUNION OF FORREST'S ESCORT.

The annual reunions of Forrest's Escort are events of unusual interest, because the personal intimacy of the members has been maintained through the three decades that have intervened. Besides, they have the pride of having done "more hard fighting than did the escort to any other general in the war."

The exercises at the beautiful Cumberland Park, near Nashville, were exceedingly pleasant. Particular reference is made to this fact as suggestive. At reunions of particular commands, when the attendance is only from one hundred to four or five times as many, and when social chats rather than formal speeches are indulged in, the pleasure and profit are greater. If Camps and Bivouacs would have reunions along with business meetings more frequently, the results would be very happy. Their wives and daughters would prepare luncheons and the sons would imbibe the spirit of the fathers in heroic and patriotic achievement.

On this occasion the peculiar characteristics of Forrest were a theme. Terrible as was the man in battle, he manifested much more faith in prayer than may be supposed from his general reputation. He would digress from command in trying ordeals to ask: "Chaplain, are you praying?"

"WEARING THE GRAY."

The following poem by John Moore, Jr., of Columbia, Tenn., was read, to the satisfaction and delight of all:

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray—
Struggling alone in the world of to-day,
Batling for bread in the battle of life
With courage as grand as they rode to the strife;
Marching to beat of toil's merciless drum;
Longing for comrades who never shall come,
Comrades who sleep where they fell in the fray,
Dead and immortal, in jackets of gray!
Wearing the gray o'er the furrows of care—
Mortality's banner that time planted there—
Wearing a gray while the tears upward start,
A gray that is buried down deep in the heart!

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray—
The old line marches in mem'ry to-day,
The old drums beat and the old flags wave—
How the dead gray jackets spring up from the grave!
They rush on with Forrest where young gods would yield!
They sweep with Cleburne the shell-harrowed field!
They laugh at the bolts from the batteries hurled,
Yet weep around Lee when the last flag is furled.
Wearing the gray o'er the foreheads of white,
Time's banner of truce for the end of the fight;
Wearing a gray that was worn long ago,
With their face to the front and their front to the foe.

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray—
Longing to bivouac over the way,
To rest o'er the river in the shade of the trees
And furl the old flag to eternity's breeze;
To camp by the stream of that evergreen shore,
And meet with the boys who have gone on before;
To stand at inspection mid pillars of light,
While God turns the gray into robings of white,
Wearing the gray o'er the temples of snow—
The drum beat is quick, but the paces are slow!
Wearing a gray for the camp of the best
When life's fight is o'er and the rebel shall rest.

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray—
Almost in the valley, almost in the spray,
Waiting for taps when the light shall go out,
Yet hoping to wake with a reveille shout!
Leaving to Heaven the right and the wrong,
Praying for strength in the old battle song,
Praying for strength in the last ditch to stay

When Death turns his guns on the old head of gray.
Wearing the gray in the whiteness of death,
For the angel has swept with a garnering breath,
Wearing a gray when he wakes in the morn—
The old rebel jacket our dead boy had on!

At the close of the last reunion near Nashville, Maj. Rambaut and Charles W. Anderson and Capt. J. C. Jackson and George Dashiell sat with a VETERAN scribe through a pleasant dinner hour in the city. Replies to questions about how they happened to be with Forrest brought out some interesting reminiscences.

Maj. Rambaut was with him from the first, and Capt. Dashiell had been selected because he was a Memphian. He was taken from Cheatham's staff. Maj. Charles W. Anderson had been engaged in the transportation department, but he felt so outraged by the vandalism of the enemy at his own home that he determined to engage in field service, and soon after applying to Forrest he wrote an official paper so concisely that the General determined to make him his secretary.

Capt. J. C. Jackson was an infantry officer, and was so badly wounded at Shiloh that his further service in that department was despaired of, but he would not conform to orders to go on post duty. His only remedy was to resign his commission. This he did, and then went to Gen. Forrest and requested a place with him. He told him that their fathers were neighbors and that he would like to serve under him, but the General told him that he could give him nothing. Capt. Jackson explained that he had only expected a place as a private soldier. After some months a vacancy occurred, and Forrest was glad to appoint him as lieutenant. When the gallant Montgomery Little, captain of his escort, was killed, Capt. Nath Boone was the First Lieutenant, and he suggested to Forrest the promotion of Lieut. Jackson to captain. When the General reported the suggestion Jackson was surprised, but did not accept until he had conferred with Boone and had, also, the unanimous accord of the men.

Capt. Jackson gave an account of Forrest at Parker's Cross Roads, which may never have been in print. This was while Jackson was serving as a private. The Federals were greatly superior in numbers, and engaged the Confederates front and rear. Two companies had been sent to the rear, and Jackson went in search of them, but soon reported that he found the yankees instead. The General started instantly in that direction, with Jackson only by his side. There were six ammunition wagons, of the sixty-five captured a few days before, in the the road crossing, and when they reached that point, Jackson said: "I wouldn't go any farther if I were you." Forrest turned his face, and, with eyes flashing, said, "Sir?" and instantly spurred his horse, which leaped over a wagon tongue, and in a moment he was confronted by a group of Federals who stepped from behind a barn, when the officer demanded his surrender. With a presence of mind amazing, Forrest said, "All right. I'll go back and get what few men I have left;" and he rode off as deliberately as a farmer going from his plow. On reaching his escort, not far away, he said in a kind of hiss, "Charge them, boys! charge them!" and with his escort company he cut his way out, when anything but a complete surrender seemed hopeless. He got nearly all of his command across the Tennessee quickly.

The suggestion is being made to erect bronze statues of Gen. Forrest in Memphis, in Nashville, and in Chattanooga. Comrades and friends may do well to coöperate in this matter. The VETERAN wants to help them.

Since the reunion Capt. John W. Morton, who was Forrest's conspicuous artillery officer, and one of the youngest artillery captains in the army, but now a gray-haired veteran, gave away in marriage his attractive and popular daughter, Miss Queenie, to Mr. S. H. Stout. The name of the young gentleman is pleasantly familiar to thousands in the Western Army, as it is that of Dr. Stout, medical director, who resides in Dallas, Tex.

In the brief account of the reunion of the Tennessee Confederate soldiers, reported in the last VETERAN, much was omitted that was of special interest. Young Miss Annie Vinson sung "Ben Bolt."

O, don't you remember sweet Alice, with a pathetic tenderness which will long be remembered. Her sister, Miss Jane Vinson, played the accom-



MISS ANNIE VINSON, GALLATIN, TENN.

paniment. The latter's happy part in "Dixie" will be remembered. The VETERAN is gratified to pay tribute to these daughters of a comrade who has done so much for its success in Sumner County. There was displayed in a corner of the hotel parlor a variety of military combinations prepared with much care and upon which there was on handsomely painted silk these words of re-

gard for one who had "crossed over the river."

IN REMEMBRANCE OF
CAPTAIN JAMES FRANKLIN,
COMPANY E, 7TH REGIMENT, TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS.
GOD BLESS THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Then there was written these beautiful words:

WELCOME, THRICE WELCOME, TO OUR HEARTS AND HOMES.

The front page picture in the last VETERAN printed very unsatisfactorily. In the Nashville American's account of the reunion this note appeared: "The Goddess of Liberty, in the person of Miss Martha Lytle Rogan, followed the pony cavalry. In regal splendor she occupied a raised seat in a magnificent float drawn by four horses, and having spread above it a canopy, about which were entwined the Confederate colors. In each corner of the float, doing homage to the fair goddess, was a representative of the four sections of the land, dressed in appropriate costume, and having scattered about in tasteful profusion the products of the section, while above, in large letters, appeared the name of the section represented. Four couples of cavalry composed of the sons and

daughters of Confederates acted as escort to the goddess. The South, with her fourteen Confederate States, was represented by twenty-eight of their bravest daughters. They were in a beautifully decorated float, seated in tiers, above which Miss Celia Walton sat as the representative of the Confederate Republic. The ladies wore white."

The Indian Territory was appropriately represented by Miss Foster, whose picture will be recalled by many admirers of the Indian girl that day.



MISS SARAH A. FOSTER, REPRESENTING INDIAN TERRITORY.

In connection with the superb record of R. Tyler Jones, grandson of President Tyler, as published with his picture in the last VETERAN, a very pathetic story comes from Washington which is evidently true. He has an invalid wife and baby, and is very destitute. In July, 1887, his uncle, John Tyler, Jr., son of the President and who was his private Secretary at the White House, was stricken with paralysis. He had held the office of special witness to certify to the destruction of canceled currency. The nephew came to Washington to nurse him, and was appointed his alternate under Cleveland's first administration. He held that office until July, 1893, and every month he divided his salary into two equal parts, one of which he placed in an envelope and sent to the helpless uncle. This he did for six years without intermission. During Mr. Harrison's administration an unsuccessful attempt was made to oust him because he had been a Confederate soldier. The last Congress passed a law that no substitutes should hereafter be employed in any department, and this resulted in his loss of official position and consequent distress.

CAMPAIGNS IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BY FELIX MOTLOW, OF TENNESSEE.

AFTER the capture of 11,000 prisoners at Harper's Ferry, Stonewall Jackson immediately started on a forced march up the river. McClellan, with a powerful army, was about to surround and crush Lee, and Jackson had to hasten to his relief.

A. P. Hill was left with his division at Harper's Ferry to parole the prisoners and remove the spoils. We had captured over seventy pieces of artillery and an enormous amount of army supplies, nearly as much as we had captured at Manassas. We were ready to remove the captured wagons and horses and 11,000 prisoners. It was indeed a show for the private soldier to see. We believed there would be no more fighting, at least for several months. But delusive hopes! The sun had scarcely reached the meridian when A. P. Hill's division was also on a forced march up the river. We crossed the river near Sharpsburg, and got there just in time to meet 14,000 fresh Federal troops under Burnside, who were rapidly advancing up the river, with the intention of cutting Lee's army off from it, and in conjunction with McClellan's other large army of surrounding and crushing it. A. P. Hill, with 2,000 men, assisted by Toomb's Brigade (which at that time didn't number present 1,000), actually drove back and routed 14,000 fresh Federal soldiers under Burnside, and that, too, immediately after a forced march and fording the Potomac! Of course the private soldier could not be supposed to correctly estimate the forces in his front, but these figures are historic.

I distinctly remember Archer's Brigade advancing rapidly in line of battle right under the fire of their powerful artillery, until we came to a road running north and south, where we were ordered to lie down along a cornfield fence, not to be "too impetuous," to wait for our supports; how the enemy's sharpshooters killed some of our men through the fence cracks (they could shoot with wonderful accuracy when the fire was not returned); how after awhile "Old Pete" (Colonel of the First Tennessee Confederate, now Governor of Tennessee) towered up above that fence as bold as a lion (it is a wonder they did not kill him), and gave the command, "Hog drivers, advance!" how we leaped over the fence and advanced through the tangled corn till we came to the brow of the hill, and then beheld the enemy posted in a heavy, dark line behind a rock fence; how "Old Pete" still led forward right in the face of their fire, and of course we went with him. These were the most accommodating yankees we had met. They actually moved back and let the Tennessee riflemen use that rock fence for a breastwork, a thing they never should have done, for the Tennessee marksmen had already exchanged the old smooth-bore musket, on the battlefield of Manassas, for the long-ranged and otherwise improved rifles, on the construction of which much yankee ingenuity had been exercised. And, I tell you, they picked them off with unerring aim by the score before they got out of range of these guns. Even their powerful artillery, that had been annoying us so grievously, had to limber up and hustle to the rear to prevent being captured, for these guns would kill man or horse over half a mile.

Then, when Burnside began to call piteously on McClellan for reinforcements, the latter sent him that celebrated dispatch: "I have not a man to spare; if you cannot hold your advanced position, rally on the bridge.

Hold the bridge to the last man! The bridge! All is lost should the bridge be lost!"

You see, my friends, how a few fresh men might have turned this rout of Burnside into a complete rout of McClellan's whole army. But, alas! Lee had put in his last man, and had no more reinforcements. We stayed at that rock fence all that night and all the next day waiting for McClellan to attack. He did not attack, but was preparing for it and receiving heavy reinforcements. As rapidly as steam could rush them from the North, they were hurrying to that battlefield; therefore when night came we silently moved out under orders, and had the pleasure of another cool bath crossing back to the Old Virginia shore. It reminded us of what we had read of some of Washington's masterly retreats from the presence of an overwhelming foe. The next morning when the mists arose from the battlefield and revealed to McClellan that Lee's army was gone (nobody left but the severely wounded), he was greatly surprised. But rallying he made a great display of artillery—over seventy pieces—on the Maryland shore, and began a tumultuous uproar, firing across the river. Then he sent dispatches to Washington stating that he had defeated Lee and had him in full retreat toward Richmond. The authorities at Washington, recovering from the dread which had hung like an incubus over the city for some time, became greatly elated, and sent McClellan order after order to "pursue those rebels." They were bad rebels! They had been disturbing the peace and serenity of the capital for the last fortnight. Indeed, there had been but little sound, healthy sleep about that capital for a month.

Under these positive and urgent orders McClellan must do something. Well, under the fire of his powerful artillery he did cross over a number of brigades, intending, no doubt, to cross over his whole army. He had positive orders from his superiors to do so. Lee believed it. He had halted Longstreet's corps, that had proceeded a considerable distance, and ordered him to counter-march, intending to give McClellan battle again. But Stonewall Jackson, who had charge of the rear, hurled A. P. Hill's division against those brigades before too many of them got over, and drove them right under the fire of their powerful artillery back into the river, without using a single cannon. Then again did the Tennesseans pick them off, as they struggled through the waters of the sparkling Potomac. The broad surface of the river was black with dead bodies floating down.

About that time a courier came from Lee in hot haste hunting for Jackson—hunting for his "right arm" with which to strike. It had already struck; and as Jackson quietly sat on his old sorrel, under the fire of shot and shell, watching his men repulse the enemy, his only remark was: "Tell Gen. Lee that by the blessing of Providence they will soon be driven back." They acknowledged a loss of three thousand killed and drowned in this affair, and two hundred prisoners. The Confederate loss was thirty-one killed, and two hundred and thirty-one wounded. Yet McClellan spoke of it in his book as "a mere reconnoissance of secondary importance." It evidently taught him a lesson—a wholesome regard for the Confederate rear while guarded by such a hero as Jackson. He never attempted to cross that river again in Jackson's presence; never! He did finally cross again, after several weeks, a score or more miles below Harper's Ferry. This timely and energetic repulse of McClellan's advance, Dr. Dabney says (in his life of Jackson), "probably saved Lee's army."

MAIDENS DISGUISED AS YANKEES.

B. D. GUICE, Seventh Virginia Cavalry, Natchez, Miss.,
August 10, 1894:

I have just finished reading every line in the July VETERAN, and with great interest too. James M. McCann's article on scouting in that part of the Old Dominion between the Cheat Mountains and the Ohio River was vivid indeed. It brought back many scenes and struggles of my young manhood, for I too was a member of the old Laurel Brigade, and often acted as scout through different parts of Virginia. I was a member of Company D, Seventh Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, Captain Sommers's Company in Col. Turner Ashby's Regiment. I went one night in company with a comrade to call on some young ladies, and as the country at that time was infested with the boys in blue, we agreed to stand guard alternately while the other fellow went in and chatted the young ladies, and I noticed, too, that my comrade was very willing for me to take the first turn in the house, although he acknowledged he was as hungry as a wolf. I was very much in love with one of the young ladies of the house, and I thought that she reciprocated. When I walked into the house my best girl met me at the door, and took me into the parlor. I asked the question, "Where are your sisters?" She said they had gone to a neighbor's to stay all night. I was pleased with that, for, as my comrade's best girl was gone, he would not object to standing guard all the time.

"Now, Ben," said my lady love, "I have been looking for you to drop in to night, and I have ready the nicest supper I could prepare; so just give me those cumbersome pistols, that you may eat with some pleasure."

I had left my saber on my saddle. "No, I thank you, Miss Nannie. I cannot part with my pistols; there are too many yanks around here." But her bright eyes and lovely smiles disarmed me. She just wanted to have the honor of holding them while I ate supper, but she slipped my pistols in a sideboard drawer and turned the key on them. As I finished a good supper two blue coats opened a door on one side of me, and two entered by another door behind me, and all four of them leveled their pistols at me and commanded me to surrender. To make the matter more real, my girl threw herself on her knees at my feet, put up her hands to the yankees, and begged pitiously for them not to shoot me, and one of the bluecoats said: "Well, Miss, for your sake we will not shoot him, but you must be responsible for his good behavior while we eat our supper." Then one of them said: "Your arms, sir, quick!" I explained that I was already disarmed. One of them leveled a pistol at me and said: "No fooling now, Johnny; give up your arms." And then Miss Nannie said: "O Mr. Yankee, please do not shoot him! I will get his arms for you." And off to the sideboard she flew to get my arms. During this stage performance my comrade stood on the outside on the gallery looking through the window. I saw that he was shaking his sides with laughter, and in a second it occurred to me that I was not being taken prisoner by real yankees, so I made a break for him, running over the yankees; but he knew what was coming, and jumped off the gallery, and hid. By the time I got back to the dining room the yankees had disappeared, and my best girl met me with a smile and said: "Forgive me, Ben; the girls forced me into this." I told her she had better take to the stage, for it was the best "forced" performance I had ever witnessed. The yankees were her sis-

ters and a young lady neighbor, who had dressed themselves up in Yankee uniforms and laid a trap to capture me. I very coolly told my best girl that she could have made the capture without any assistance whatever.

There is but one of those girls living to-day, and my comrade too has crossed over the river, but many persons yet living in Page Valley remember it well, for it was many a long day before I heard the last of it. The boys used to try to tease me about the matter. I would turn them away with the remark that I would not give a cent for a soldier who would not surrender to four pretty girls. He was no soldier if he did not surrender. Many hundreds of miles separate me now from those lovely valleys where for four long years I followed Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stewart, and Gen. T. L. Rosser, through all those stirring scenes, yet anything written of those days and occurrences in those valleys deeply interests me.

COL EDWARD BRIDILL'S FATE.

"L. M. L." writes in a Charlestown (W. Va.) paper:

There was an incident that happened in the fall of 1863 that I have for many years felt it my duty to have mentioned in the public press. About three o'clock one afternoon a merry group of youngsters of which I was a member, were grazing and secreting from the Yankee army a very valuable lot of horses on Barwell's Island, in Clarke County, Va., when suddenly Mosley's battalion dashed into us, being hotly pursued by Captain Brazier, who was sent to that vicinity to route our gallant Mosley and who was shortly afterward captured by Rev. S. G. Ferguson, who is now a very prominent Methodist minister. I was in charge of a very fine black horse, on which spirited steel I made a dive for the east side of the Shenandoah, jumping a stone fence and down a perpendicular bank some fifteen feet, with bullets flying as thick as gnats in August. I made for a lane on the opposite side which was inclosed by a very high fence. Being so closely pursued I became frightened and jumped from my steel and ran to the bushes; my horse wheeled and ran back to the enemy. After this excitement was over a deathlike silence seemed to prevail, which caused comrades to go back and see if any of their fellow soldiers were killed. It was not long until they returned bringing the lifeless body of a stately looking gentleman, a stranger. He was laid out at uncle's house; the night I shall never forget; the sad expression of that face, and how I felt for his loved ones at home. He was buried the next day in a pine box down on the bank of the river, and I think some months later he was taken to Winchester, Va., and perhaps buried among the unknown dead. I do not know this for a certainty. This should not have been done, for I distinctly remember seeing his name on his collar, Col. Edward Bridill, N. C. I have often wondered if his people ever received his body.

HORACE F. SMITH, business representative of Judge Farrar and Polk Miller, of Richmond, sends business notice for both. There was a brief sketch of the latter in the August VETERAN. Parties wishing to arrange for either should address him, box 217, Richmond, Va.

THE books advertised in last VETERAN by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, are of the most popular in current literature. They are designated as the Southern Series. In ordering please mention the VETERAN.

A MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

MRS. FELIX G. DE FONTAINE, State Regent for South Carolina of the Daughters of the American Revolution, publishes in the *Home Journal*, New York, this appeal:

In these days of memorials, monumental buildings, and the unveiling of statues that celebrate our near-by heroes, is it not worth while to consider the part performed by the women patriots of the Southern Confederacy, and bestow also upon them some recognition of the magnificent services they rendered in the hour of our travail?

Did woman ever undergo hardship with more unimpaired fortitude than the delicately reared mothers, wives, and daughters of the South at that time?

Was the Spartan matron of old more heroic than she who in these later days of heroism, buckled on the equipments of husband, son, and father, and with prayerful faith sent her loved ones forth to battle for their country and their homes?

Is there not something sublime in the sacrifices made by Southern women who, while suffering at home, encouraged their kindred in the field, and when that field ran wet with the blood of the men of the South, went themselves "to the front" in order that the ministrations of their gentle hands might assuage the pain of wounds, or sympathize in the agony of dissolution?

The story of these women never yet has been written, probably never will be in all its depth and breadth. But why should not a granite shaft somewhere perpetuate their memory? Why should not the veterans and sons of veterans signalize by some monumental tribute the heroic record of these daughters of the South and the love they bore their land?

Will you not set the ball in motion, appeal to Southern manhood, ask the old soldiers to help you erect such a monument, say in Richmond, the mausoleum of so many of our beloved dead? Let it, if possible, be within the shadow of that of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and thus perpetuate the glory of our womanhood in the dark days of the Confederacy.

MRS. S. W. HALSEY, sister to Virginia's silver-tongued Senator, read a paper before the Woman's Congress in Chicago. This is an extract:

It was proposed by the *Times*, of Richmond, Va., to erect a monument to the honor of woman, and that it take the form of a marble statue, representing the figure of a woman beautifully sculptured, heroically guarded by the army and navy, and that this be awarded conspicuous position in the capital of the late Confederacy, to attest her faithful devotion to the "lost cause." Deeply touched by the chivalry which prompted this suggestion in behalf of women, the writer is bold enough to say that better than this grand work of art would be a safe and restful platform whereon woman might stand with no uncertain feet, and that the best form for this offering to take would be that of a university. Let there be established in the South, by joint coöperation of all Southern States, a university for women, wherein she may cultivate her God-given talents, and that her energies may be trained to flow in every channel of usefulness.

Surely this monument is of high merit, and Southern men should have advocated it long ago. Who would not like to furnish a block of finest marble for the structure?

WORDS OF A VETERAN ABOUT VICKSBURG.

I was talking to an old rebel soldier about Gen. Shoup's article in the *VETERAN* concerning the siege of Vicksburg. This old soldier thinks that Gen. Shoup is entirely too moderate in his comments upon the situation at Vicksburg, but he accounts for it on the ground that Gen. Shoup writes from an officer's standpoint, and really does not know how bad the matter was. This soldier says that rations were short from the beginning, and grew shorter day by day, till starvation was imminent. He says that one-quarter ration of pea bread and peas, and sometimes a very small piece of bacon was a day's rations. He says (this old reb) that mule meat was not issued to the "boys," but occasionally they would get a piece, not asking about the mule's pedigree or whether his death was "timely" or not, and that many soldiers ate it without bread, salt, or other seasoning, and it was as good as "possum" after frost falls on the 'simmon crop. He remembers boiling wild parsley in clear water, without meat or salt, and it was "mighty good eatin'." He has no recollection of the molasses and pancakes of which Gen. Shoup writes, for, although the weather as well as the situation was hot, the molasses didn't run as far as the breastworks, and the pancakes were doubtless confined to the officers.

This old reb says that of the forty-seven days and nights in the ditches, twenty-one were passed in the burning sun or in drenching rains without covering. Almost incessant fighting entailed the unprecedented endurance of hardship and hunger, while holding at bay the enemy in overwhelming numbers that should characterize this famous siege, and it should not be modified nor its enormities lost sight of in history. He says: "I love to read the *VETERAN*; that as the events of the War of the Rebellion recede in point of time the more I cherish the association with those events and the nearer to my heart lies the cause for which the boys in gray fought."

This old vet went out with Gen. Price's Missouri troops; was east of the Mississippi River until Vicksburg surrendered, then came west of the river. His parole is dated Vicksburg, July 8, 1863, Third Regiment, Missouri Volunteers, and is signed by S. W. Forgy, Captain, Thirty-first Regiment Illinois Volunteers. After crossing the river he served until the close of the war under Jo Shelby, from whom he holds his discharge "by reason of the expiration of his term of service," signed by Jo O. Shelby, Brigadier General, commanding at Corsicana, Tex., 1865, and dated more than a month after Lee's surrender.

I. T. Moreland, Pineapple, Ala.: "Will you or some of the boys give me the name of the soldier who wrote a piece of poetry on the death of his brother, who fell while engaged in a hotly contested battle? The first two lines of the first verse, as I remember, are these:

Dead on the field my brother fell,
While leading his command.

I think his name was Thaddens Scott, who lived near Columbus, Ga. His brother was a member of the renowned Twelfth Georgia Volunteers, if I am not mistaken. Will you please publish the entire poem in the *VETERAN*? Several suggestions in name of our last war have been made. A most appropriate name, I think, would be 'A War for Southern Rights.' In justice to the South and in the interest of our children, a history should be written from a Southern standpoint and by a Southerner."

BOOKS SUPPLIED BY THE VETERAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

GIRL IN CHECKS; OR, MYSTERY OF THE MOUNTAIN CABIN. By Rev. William Allen. 75 cents.

THE CIVIL WAR FROM THE SOUTHERN STANDPOINT. By Mrs. Ann E. Snyder. Cloth, \$1.

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DR. H. H. FARMER sends to the VETERAN attractive pamphlets of 100 pages, VIRGINIA BEFORE AND DURING THE WAR, to be sent free of postage for 25 cents.

This best history of the Southern Cause that ever will be written and the VETERAN a year for \$3. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

REV. ANDREW JACKSON POTTER, the Noted Parson of the Texan Frontier. Six Years of Indian Warfare in New Mexico and Arizona. By Rev. H. A. Graves. \$1.50.

AROUND THE WORLD. By Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix, D.D. 600 pages. \$1. "One of the best books of travel that we have seen."—Nashville Christian Advocate. "Engages the attention of the reader from the first page to the end."—Kecmer.

SOME REBEL RELICS. By Rev. A. T. Goodloe. A memorial volume of 315 pages; price \$1. Commemorates mainly the spirit, speech, and manner of life of the invincible "Old Reb" of the rank and file during the war," and of the genius and splendor of "Dixie Land." Dr. Goodloe served from Alabama.

THE Boston Herald has much to say of LOVE AND REBELLION, by Miss M. C. Keller. It tells how the story opens in a Southern home before the war, carries its characters through that strife, fraught with such terrible consequences for the people of the South, and through the still more dreadful period of reconstruction, and closes with the few who have survived and are made happy. The plot is spirited and carefully worked out, and by itself has some value; but the chief interest in the book attaches to the picture which it affords of Southern life as it really existed during the years from 1850 to 1870. Life on a Louisiana plantation, when were heard the first whisperings of insubordination among the negroes, stirred up by Northern agents, is faithfully pictured in the opening chapters, and so much has been written on the other side since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared that it is pleasant to read a book which gives an uncolored account of that simple, rural life. After the heart-rending separations at the beginning of the war, the emergencies in which the mother and daughter are placed so arouse the latent energies of their natures that they render important services to the Confederacy, and the adventures which they pass through are vividly portrayed. Father and son are killed in the war, and the women, captured by Grant and escaping from his clutches, are shut up in Vicksburg. The mother dies, and the daughter is driven from her ruined home after the cessation of hostilities by the depredations of the negroes. Even in Jackson, where she repairs to teach school, the wholesale slaughter of whites necessitates the utmost precaution, in spite of which one of her sisters is killed by a negro. The presence of Federal troops inspires the negroes with a confidence which even the Ku Klux Klan hardly dispels. This part of the book is full of authentic incidents of the period of which it treats, and, while free from tirade against the negro or his instigators, it gives the facts in a straightforward manner which adds much to its power. The concluding chapter deals with the negro question squarely, and from some of the conclusions drawn there seems to be no escape.

Miss Keller's books, LOVE AND REBELLION and SEVERED AT GETTYSBURG will be supplied by S. A. Cunningham at 50 cents each.

PARTIAL LIST OF THE MULTITUDE WHO ARE HELPING THE VETERAN.

THEY will cheerfully serve those who apply to them by sending subscriptions and advertisements. Friends will help to fill the blanks below and make such additions as will help the great cause in hand.

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St. Augustine.....J. A. Enslow, Jr.,
and D. L. Dunham.
Tallahassee.....

Tampa.....J. M. Henderson and
J. W. Cooley.

Titusville.....Rev. A. D. Cohen

GEORGIA.

Acoworth.....J. L. Laman
Athens.....
Atlanta.....Col. John Milledge
Augusta.....F. M. Stovall
Canton.....Col. H. W. Newman
Cartersville.....Maj. A. M. Foute
Eagle Cliff.....W. F. Allison
Eatonton.....Robert Young
Greensboro.....Jesse P. Wilson
Hawkinsville.....D. G. Fleming
La Grange.....J. L. Schaub
Macon.....Charles Herbst
Madison.....James E. Chiles
Rome.....
Savannah.....Mrs. A. M. Raines
Union Point.....O. E. Fluker
Washington.....Miss G. Cordes

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore.....F. G. Barry
McAlester.....Col. R. B. Coleman

INDIANA.

Evansville.....Frank A. Owen, Dr.
A. J. Thomas.

KANSAS.

Coffeyville.....Dr. T. C. Frazier

KENTUCKY.

Adairville.....
Augusta.....
Bardstown.....A. B. Baldwin
Bell.....C. D. Bell
Bethel.....Jo. Arrasmith
Bordley.....Fount Christian
Bowling Green.....W. W. Hendricks, J. A. Mitchell.
Brownshoro.....Lemuel Zaring
Caseyville.....T. B. Clore
Franklin.....Dr. L. J. Jones
Georgetown.....Col. A. H. Sinclair
Harrodsburg.....B. W. Allin
Henderson.....S. D. McCormick
Justice.....James T. O'Neal
Lewisburg.....George T. Gupton
Lexington.....Gen. John Boyd
Louisville.....
Newport.....Miss Eleanor Arnold
Owensboro.....Wallace Herr
Paducah.....J. M. Browne
Paris.....Joseph M. Jones
Penbrooke.....Isaac Garrett
Richmond.....Dr. J. M. Poyntz
Russellville.....Maj. J. B. Briggs
Slaughtersville.....Capt. A. Tinder
Smith's Grove.....T. E. McDaniel
Stanford.....T. J. Hatcher
Sturgis.....John W. Dyer
Tolu.....Dr. A. S. H. Boyd
Versailles.....Rev. J. B. Deering
Winchester.....Capt. B. F. Curtis

LOUISIANA.

Arcadia.....Rev. G. N. Clampitt
Baton Rouge.....
Berwick.....F. O'Brien
Jackson.....
Lake Charles.....Dr. W. A. Knapp
and E. H. Burleson.
Mansfield.....Dr. W. N. Cunningham
Morgan City.....James M. Fraser

New Orleans, Capt. J. W. Gaines
Patterson C. S. Vinson
Rayville J. S. Summerlin
Shreveport F. C. Marsden

MARYLAND.

Annapolis, Eugene Worthington
Baltimore W. H. Pope
Cumberland, Mrs. T. L. Patterson
Pikesville W. H. Pope

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Booneville D. T. Beall
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Coldwater W. A. Campbell
Columbus M. Byrnes
Corinth W. L. Stephen
Fayette J. C. Riatti
Jackson Dr. O. B. Quin
Meridian W. L. Goldsmith
Natchez B. D. Guice
Shannon J. S. Carothers
Tunica U. J. Green
Vicksburg D. A. Campbell
West Point A. M. Chandler
Woodville W. K. Cooper
Yazoo City C. J. DuBuisson

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Columbus R. F. Renick
Exeter G. G. James
Golden City A. Williamson
Huntsville G. N. Ratliff
Independence Schuyler Lowe
Lamar W. L. Mack
Lexington, Rev. Thos. M. Cobb
Louisiana F. T. Meriwether
Moberly R. J. Tait
Odessa D. G. Wade
Page City N. M. Cooper
Palmira K. F. Peddicord
Pearl R. H. Skeen
Salisbury Casper N. Bell
Seneca J. T. Albert
Springfield, J. Coleman
St. Louis Frank Pfister

NEVADA.

Ely A. C. House

NORTH CAROLINA.

Ashville Miss Ellen Sawyer
Goldsboro B. B. Raiford
Hickory J. G. Hall
Raleigh Cicero R. Barker
Salisbury P. C. Carlton
Statesville P. C. Carlton
Waynesville, Col. G. W. Clayton
Wilmington, Col. W. L. De-
Rosset, Rev. A. D. McClure.
Winston

OKLAHOMA.

Oklahoma City, John O. Casler

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aiken Capt. B. H. Teague
Charleston James G. Holmes
Columbia Capt. A. P. Brown
Darlington W. T. Eustace
Edgefield Capt. Geo. B. Lake
Greenwood, W. R. McKinney,
R. S. Sparkman.
Hibler L. P. Harling
Manning J. T. Stakes
Marion E. D. Gasque
Orangeburg T. C. Hubbell
Pinopolis Dr. R. Y. Dwight
Sumter Perry Moses

TENNESSEE.

Auburn R. R. Hancock
Baker J. T. Key

Billingsly L. T. Billingsly
Buren's Store H. S. Buren
Carthage George S. Hunt
Chattanooga L. T. Dickinson
Clarksville Capt. C. H. Bailey
Cleveland Dr. S. H. Day
Columbia Col. H. G. Evans
and Lynch Perry.
Culleoka, Miss Vashti Ballan-
tant.

Dickson Col. W. J. Mathis
Dresden Col. E. E. Tansil
Dyersburg L. Hughes
Eagleville U. J. Owen
Enon College E. S. Payne
Erin T. A. Bunnell
Fayetteville Lewis Peach
Franklin J. H. White
Gainesboro L. S. Rybee
Gallatin T. S. Vinson
Goodlettsville B. F. Myers
Gordonville J. E. Gold
Gower's Gower Brothers
Greenville F. M. Kelso
Hartsville
Humboldt
Huntingdon N. B. Nesbit
Jackson S. E. Kierolf
Knoxville Charles Ducloux
Leiper's Fork M. A. Meacham
Lewinsburg Capt. W. G. Loyd
Lynchburg Felix Motlow
Lynnville J. MacThurman
Martin James Hardeman
McKenzie Dr. J. P. Cannon
Memphis, Col. C. W. Frazier.
Mrs. Keller Anderson, J. L.
Goodloe, John A. Crofford.
Mt. Pleasant, Maj. Lemuel Long
Murfreesboro, Judge W. S. Mc-
Lemore.

Newbern John W. Ashcraft
Paris, J. W. Porter, H. E. Jobe
Pikeville L. T. Billingsley
Pulaski F. M. Bunch
Rankin's Depot G. B. Helm
Riddleton W. W. Fergusson
Saddlersville, Carson C. Carlisle
Shelbyville W. S. Bearden
South Pittsburg, Peter Brad-
shaw.

Sta. Camp Rev. A. T. Goodloe
St. Bethlehem C. J. Hatcher
Sweet Water W. T. Lenoir
Tennessee Ridge, D. W. Wilson
Tracy City J. A. Thompson
Trenton R. J. Dew
Trezevant, C. Spurgeon Wingo
Tullahoma W. J. Travis
Wartrace James Arnold
Waverly Capt. T. L. Lanier
Winchester Dr. T. C. Murrell
Woodland Mills T. H. C.
Lownsbrough.

Woolworth T. A. Bunnell

TEXAS.

Alvarado J. R. Posey
Antelope T. T. Christian
Austin Charles S. Morse
Athens W. T. Eustace
Bartlett D. B. F. Belk
Belcherville J. C. Bilbo
Belton, H. M. Cook, H. E. Brad-
ford, R. H. Turner.
Bonham J. P. Holmes
Black Jack Grove B. F.
Stephens.
Brazoria William Fort Smith
Bryan Gen. H. B. Stoddard
Calvert C. W. Higginbotham
Canadian M. M. French

Canton Tom Clark
Cedar Creek A. D. Alexander
Center Point D. G. Horne
Cluco Capt. J. D. Edlins
Childress G. R. Allen
Cleburne M. S. Kahle
Coesfield Capt. W. W. Hill
Coleman J. J. Callan
Columbia
Comanche J. A. Holman
Dallas Frank Edwards
Decatur Col. M. D. Sellars
Era D. J. Wilson
El Paso Dr. W. M. Yandell
Forestburg J. W. Bowers
Forreston Car Forrest
Fort Worth, Col. J. W. Friend,
Eugene Burr, C. W. Peabody.
Forney T. M. Daniel
Gainesville J. M. Wright
Galveston C. Washington
Gatesville Dr. W. E. Brown
Glen Rose B. E. Roberts
Goldthwaite, George Whitaker
Gonzales H. L. Qualls
Graham, A. T. Gay and Jas. M.
Wood.

Grand View C. C. Hatfield
Greenville A. H. Heffner
Hamilton Capt. W. T. Saxon
Henrietta J. C. Skipwith
Holland J. G. Pike
Honey Grove J. L. Ballinger
Houston Capt. Will Lambert
Kaufman Dan Collins
Kemp J. A. Watkins
Killeen T. F. Prewitt
La Grange R. H. Phelps
Lampasas, Judge D. C. Thomas
Luling J. J. Coulter
Marlin John M. Jolly
Memphis G. W. Tipton
Mexia J. W. Simmons
Milford

Montague H. H. Wagner
Mt. Vernon W. T. Gass
Paint Rock W. T. Melton
Paris Gen. John W. Webb
Poetry S. J. Nash
Richmond Mrs. W. B. Smith
Rockwall Dr. H. W. Manson
San Antonio, Mrs. E. Allens-
worth.

Seguin E. S. Carpenter
Seymour T. H. C. Peery
Sherman Dr. J. T. Wilson
South Prairie, W. H. Whitmire
Tehuacana H. A. Boyd
Terrell Vic Reinhardt
Tyler James P. Douglas
Van Alstyne J. W. Pattie
Veto A. F. Anderson
Waco W. C. Cooper
Waxahachie Hyam Cohen
Weatherford, Geo. L. Griscom
Whitesboro, Dr. W. A. Darnall
Will's Point W. A. Benham
Wrightsboro, Dr. W. D. Finney

VIRGINIA.

Charlottesville, Dr. J. Wm. Jones
Culpeper, Miss Minnie L. Hill
Fredericksburg, Mrs. J. N. Bar-
ney.
Harrisonburg, John E. Raller
Lynchburg, Jas. Franklin, Jr.
Norfolk S. A. Etheridge
Portsmouth J. Thos. Dunn
Radford R. H. Adams
Richmond Phil L. Samuel
Strasburg A. P. McInturff
Wellington, Miss Sue M. Monroe
West Point W. W. Green
Williamsburg, Capt. H. T. Jones

WEST VIRGINIA.

Charleston C. L. Thompson
Huntington
Romney, William Montgomery

NEW CAMPS CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Miss A. C. Childress, Secretary, sends the following:

POST OFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Frederick, Md.	Alexander Young	500.	S. F. Thomas, W. T. Besant.
Laurens, S. C.	Camp Garlington	501.	B. W. Ball, B. W. Lunford.
Caddo Mills, Tex.	Caddo Mills	502.	W. L. Cooper, J. T. Hulsey.
Dayton, Fla.	Stonewall	503.	H. Huston, J. C. Keller.
Rector, Ark.	Confederate Sur	504.	E. M. Allen.
Waled, Ark.	Confederate Sur	505.	Benjamin A. Johnson.
Gainesboro, Ark.	Confederate Sur	506.	F. S. White.
Jonesboro, Ark.	Confederate Sur	507.	
Linden, Ala.	Archibald Grace	508.	J. T. Jones, C. B. Cleveland.
Blum, Tex.	Poligme	509.	J. M. Pegoe, R. H. Sawyers.
Pine Bluff, Ark.	J. Ed Murray	510.	Jas. V. Saunders, C. G. Newman.
Columbus, Ga.	Camp Benning	511.	
Glocester, C. H.	Page Pullen	512.	
Rusk, Tex.	Ross E. ter	513.	

(From 513 to 520, the number of Camps recorded at the Bir-
mingham reunion, I have no record, and in numbering the new
camps I began with 530, not knowing for a certainty just how
many of the numbers between 520 and 530 had been taken.
Gen. Moorman, of course, has a record, but I have no access to it.)

Zachary, La. Croft 530. O. M. Luce, W. E. Atkinson.
Darda, Ark. McIntosh 531. W. H. Gee, J. L. Davis.
Rocky Comfort, Ark. J. E. B. Stewart 532. F. B. Arnett, R. E. Phelps.
Independence, Mo. Col. E. B. Holloway 533. Ed W. Strode, Schuyler Lowe.
Ridgeway, S. C. Camp Rion 534. J. D. Harrison, George Moore.
Chesapeake, S. C. Jack Hendricks 535. W. A. Evans, J. E. Sewell.
Bradley, S. C. Elbert Bland 536. W. E. Cochran, E. W. Watson.
Brinkley, Ark. Pat Cleburne 537. D. N. Slo umb, H. A. Carter.
Milton, Fla. Camp Cobb 538. G. R. Johnston.
Gallatin, Tenn. Danl. S. Donelson 539. Thos. Boyers, Sr., T. S. Vinson.
Poplarville, Miss. Pearl River 540. J. J. Moore, W. D. Weneard.
Mooresville, Mo. Mooresville 541. J. M. Barren, Nat Fiske.
Star City, Ark. Ben McCullough 542. J. L. Hunter, T. A. Ingram.
Elizabethtown, Ky. Martin H. Cofer 543. James Montgomery, J. H. Calley.
Hazelhurst, Miss. Dury J. Brown 544. Thomas S. Haynie.

The full list of United Confederate Veteran Camps is
now too long for continued use in the VETERAN.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

This simple term names one of the largest railway corporations that has ever been organized. Its ramifications are so extensive in the territory indicated by its name, especially in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and on to the Mississippi, that Southern people generally are interested in it.

"Do you know how the Georgian, Samuel Spencer, happened to be with the Drexel-Morgan people?" asked a gentleman who was proud of the reason. He answered the question by telling how that gentleman had worked his way to the presidency of a large system, and that when the managers who gave him this prominence asked his official signature to an erroneous statement, he refused and promptly resigned; that Drexel, Morgan & Co. were soon familiar with what had occurred, and invited Mr. Spencer to locate his desk in their bank. They sought an association in their railroad investments with a man of such integrity, and who had demonstrated special talent for railroad development. All honor to such!

The railroads are of great consequence to the public. The editor of the *VETERAN* has ever advocated the rights of railroad corporations before judge and jury. Corporations may be "sonless," but the railroads are so essential to civilization that their interests should never be lightly regarded. Let the citizens never forget the importance of success to railroads, and let the management of the Southern, through these correct principles, be a model.

Should there be a pause at this point? Is it well to call attention to powers that are corrupting beyond every ill, the correction of which is easy to the people? Is it well for them to know that foreigners, who care no more for our well-being than we do whether the Chinese soldier is getting plenty of rations or the Japanese is put on extra duty, own largely and control our railroads and believe they *can buy legislation* in their interest?

Do our own people realize that members of Legislatures and Congress receive mileage from and to their homes and then ride on free passes? Does the citizen who believes in untrammelled jurisprudence know that judges for the courts accept free passes from railroad corporations? And, too, does it ever occur to them that newspapers are controlled, and in many instances owned, by them, so that important influence is paralyzed? Do good people imagine that some railroad corporations, through their officials and paid attorneys, select candidates and manipulate elections from the beginning? Is the honest countryman

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Take Hood's Pills for Sick Headache.

aware that before his legislator leaves home to make laws, he is complimented with transportation and is given the privilege of passes for friends for the asking? And does he realize that this system of bribery, with now and then direct payments of money in addition, benefits only the legislator and a few favorites who are as but one in a thousand? If so, will he not demur to it?

Would it not be better to make an issue in the election, and have the candidate declare that he will not accept free passes while he has mileage given to him?

Would it not be well to demand of representatives such changes in the laws that, instead of their collecting mileage and putting it in their pockets, they give the conductor a receipt for so many miles traveled, and that it be a voucher to the State Treasurer, who should pay the railroad for the service performed? Let the legislator and the judge have *liberal* privileges for going to their families; receipting conductors for their fares, and make it felonious for them to use free transportation while in office.

It is not right to permit the bribing of lawmakers. Railroads should be spared such necessity, and then if they do heavy fines should be imposed. Railroads are not primarily at fault. Juries never seem to be just to corporations; and designing politicians, in order to secure large fees from the railroads, organize to legislate against them for the sole purpose of securing money as railroad counselors and lobbyists. It is of as serious importance as the issues that took men from home to struggle, to suffer, and to die for principles.

Investigate the facts, comrade, gentleman, and you will be horrified at the proceedings. Don't let the railroad be imposed upon, and by and by it can carry you for two cents a mile, and less.

HUMOROUS LECTURERS

JUDGE F. R. FARRAR, of Richmond, Va., lectured in Nashville recently to a highly appreciative audience. In a liberal account of the lecture the *American* states:

It was listened to with the profoundest attention throughout, while at all times unmistakable signs of the impression made by the speaker's words were apparent. At one time he would work them up with his pathos to a point bordering on tears, and the next moment his sudden change to the humorous would wreath their faces with smiles. At all times he was eloquent, and spoke with a distinctness which reached every part of the house.

The *Banner*, among other things, said:

Col. Farrar referred to himself once or twice as 'little man.' In size he is not gigantic, but in quality he is powerful. He is a good storyteller, an orator, and an actor. At times he convulsed his hearers with laughter, and at times he brought tears to their eyes.

The Judge expects to be in the South during the winter, and will make engagements with Camps of Confederate veterans. He has been twenty-eight years before the footlights, and has the highest testimonials from the most prominent men in Virginia.

In this connection reference is given to his card and to that of Mr. Polk Miller, also of Richmond. Polk Miller to the South will be as Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, whom we all fondly call "our Bob." He is that area v to Virginia. His versatility of talents furnishes a rich fund of humor. It is natural as the flowing fountain, while with the experience of a Confederate soldier, he is imbued with the most pathetic and thrilling experiences of patriotic sacrifice. He combines business and pleasure. While President of the Field Sportsman's Association of Virginia, he is also President of the Polk Miller Drug Company, of Richmond, and is doubtless the most universally popular man about the famous Confederate Capital. Polk Miller promises a visit to Nashville in a month or so, and if he begins a tour in Dixie he won't get back for Christmas. The boys, and maidens too, who attend his entertainments will not want to "go home till morning."

Mr. Horace F. Smith, of Richmond, a Norfolk-raised boy, is planning tours for these two gentlemen through Dixie Land where they can go without great loss of time, and will be glad to arrange for entertainments in behalf of Confederate enterprises and kindred topics. Mr. Smith became popular as Physical Director for the Y. M. C. A., and is a genial humorist himself. His address is Box 217, Richmond, Va.

CHICKAMAUGA.

Hon. Joseph B. Cunningham, of Augusta, Ga., composed the following stanzas while in bivouac near the battle-field of Chickamauga and soon after the battle. Col. Cunningham was at that time Chief of Staff to Maj. Gen. W. H. T. Walker. The author's talk to comrades about "The Man and the Land," which appeared in the *VETERAN* for September, will give the keener interest.]

By many a peaceful valley home,
In tranquil flow,
A river toward the sea doth come,
Stealthily and slow.
In the day's of old, in the ages gone,
When the Indian claimed these lands his
own,
He called the stream in a tongue un-
known,

"Chickamauga!"

Chickamauga, "River of Death,"
O silent river,
What mystery through the ages hath
Ever and ever
Haunted thy bed? Hath warrior bled
Upon thy banks, whose blood there shed,
His people looking on, have said,
"Chickamauga?"

Was it for forests on thy shore,
By vale and hill,
Silent e'en now, deathlike of yore,
Somber and still?
Or for thy flow these trees beneath,
Feeble and sad as dying breath,
That thou wast called, O River of Death,
"Chickamauga?"

Was it thy current's ceaseless flow
Down toward the sea,
Constant as death, whose march, though
slow,
No man can flee,
Brought to the solemn Indian's mind
Grim Death, who all men stalks behind,
And he no better name could find,
Chickamauga?

No, none of these. In ages gone—
Ah! who can say
How oft to earth the leaves have flown
Since that far-off day?
When Lookout solitary stood,
And Pigeon knew not man's abode,
And nameless yet thy waters flowed,
Chickamauga!

Upon thy shore a prophet stood
That day of old—
A prophet of the Indian blood—
And thus foretold:
"I see the red men vanish all,
I see these leafy forests fall,
I hear a stranger people call
"Chickamauga!"

I see the smoke of wigwams rise
Not of my race;
For it hath sought 'neath other skies
A resting place.
I see the white man's harvests wave,
I see the white man's home, his grave
Along the banks thy waters lave,
Chickamauga.

I see adown yon mountain way
(Countless they come),
The northmen marching many a day,
From their far home.
With banners streaming on the gale,
Followed by widows', orphans' wail,
Ah! now they seek thy peaceful vale,
Chickamauga.

Great Spirit! Hark! upon mine ears,
Borne on the breeze,

What sounds come up from future years,

What sounds are these,
As when the winds contend in heaven,
And cloud 'gainst cloud is thunder driven,
And all thy forests tempest riven,

Chickamauga?

Great Spirit! As when burning brands,
The opening year,
Prepare the pleasant hunting lands
For nimble deer,
I see above the forest rise
Dread clouds of smoke—not to mine eyes
Like smoke of peace they seek thy skies,
Chickamauga!

Great Spirit! hear! Great Spirit! see!
Thy children die:
And thick as leaves 'neath wintry tree,
In death they lie.
And—ah! no more! Upon my sight
Descends the future's viewless night.
The vision from thy shore takes flight,
Chickamauga!

O limpid as thy native spring,
Go take thy way,
Limpid still, till the ages bring
That distant day,
When here within the somber wood,
Thy startled waves shall flow with blood—
Then will thy name be understood,
Chickamauga!

E'en now fulfilled, O "River of Death,"
This dream of old,
Thy banks along, thy trees beneath,
Mine eyes behold!
To northmen, who invading come,
To freemen fighting for their home,
To friend, to foe, thou art the tomb,
Chickamauga!

SHILOH BATTLEFIELD SURVIVORS.

All those who participated in the battle of Shiloh, Tenn., are requested to send their names and post office addresses, with the company and regiment in which they served, to James Williams, Assistant Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, Savannah, Tenn. Mr. Williams was a Confederate soldier.

There will be a grand reunion held on the Shiloh Battlefield April 6 to 12, 1895. Soldiers from both armies will meet and mark the positions of their commands.

COL. E. T. LEE,

Secretary Shiloh Battlefield Association.
Monticello, Ill.

Texas Cotton Palace at Waco. Waco has nerve suited to the thrifty sentiment of Texas. Her people plan for 200,000 visitors. The entertainment is to begin November 8 and continue twenty-nine days. November 20 will be St. Louis day, and it is expected that representative bodies, such as the Chamber of Commerce and Cotton Exchange, will be largely represented. Of course there will be a Confederate day. Mr. A. J. Stewart is directing.

The Southwestern Publishing House.—Patrons of the *VETERAN* are familiar with the above-named business firm. Its superb advertisement on the back of this issue will be read with interest. This note is voluntary and complimentary in bearing testimony to the uprightness of its management in every particular. In its many years of business not a complaint has the writer ever heard against its reliability in any particular. It is cordially commended.—ED. *VETERAN*.

DOG MEDICINES.

In another column will be seen an advertisement of Polk Miller's dog remedies. Polk Miller's reputation as a storyteller in the negro dialect has gone abroad to such an extent that he cannot turn down the calls made upon him to come and talk about the "old times in the South." But, with all this, he runs a large retail and manufacturing drug business. He is the President of the Virginia Field Sports Association, the largest body of organized sportsmen in the world, and is known all over that State as the finest bird shot in the Old Dominion. Born and raised on a big plantation, and having in early life acquired a fondness for hunting, he has owned every kind of hunting dog known in the South. The diseases among his own dogs in a hunting experience of forty years, and as a druggist of thirty years' experience in treating sick dogs belonging to his friends and customers, he is "up in G" in that line. The Condition Pills which he advertises are a combination of all the best known remedies in one receipt, which will cure a sick dog of almost any disease to which he may be subject. The "Sure Shot" is a safe but sure remedy for worms in the dog. To give an idea as to its harmlessness and efficacy, Mr. Miller says: "It is just what I used to give my daddy's little niggers for worrums, and it never failed to fetch 'em." Send for his book on "dogs and their diseases."

PERSONAL.

THE Nashville American of October 27, in paying "high compliment to a well-known young engineer," says: "Paul D. Cunningham, son of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, proprietor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, has just completed an important assignment upon the Mexican border survey, of which Col. J. W. Barlow is the senior Commissioner. He was sent to Arizona in September to make some triangulations and to do some other intricate work desired by the Commission, being furnished with an escort of a dozen soldiers under Lieut. Bean, of the army.

"Young Cunningham has written his father of a letter from Lieut. D. D. Gailard, member of the Commission in charge of the field work, from which he quotes: 'Your letters, reports, and shipments have all been received, and I congratulate you on the prompt and satisfactory manner in which you have completed the work intrusted to you.' This was of the last work upon this great survey. Mr. Cunningham, upon its completion, went at once to the Water Boundary (Rio Grande River) under a new engagement with Col. Mills, as Assistant Engineer upon that work, which extends from El Paso to the Gulf."

BIG MONEY

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Confederate Local and City Stamps.

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A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—"I can heartily say to any young man who is wanting employment, work for B. F. Johnson & Co., follow their instructions, and you will succeed." So writes an agent of B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and that is the way all of their men talk.

Cheap Music.



Send Ten Cents to the

...Confederate Veteran,

and receive, postpaid, any of the Music named below, at 10 CENTS each.

OFFER GOOD ONLY A SHORT TIME.

VOCAL.

I Lost My Reputation, Comic, Maywood..... 40 cts.
A Bold Bad Man, Comic, Lane..... 50 cts.
Tell Me Again, Soprano Song, Westhoff..... 50 cts.
Forgiven, Sacred, Cate..... 40 cts.
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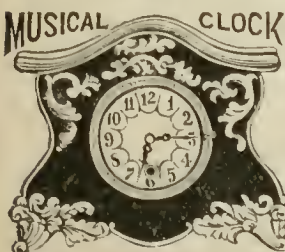


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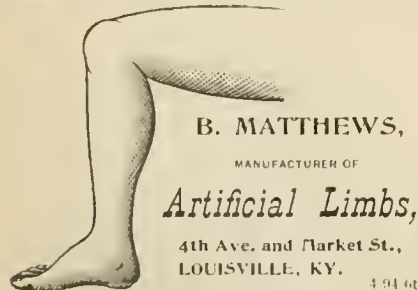
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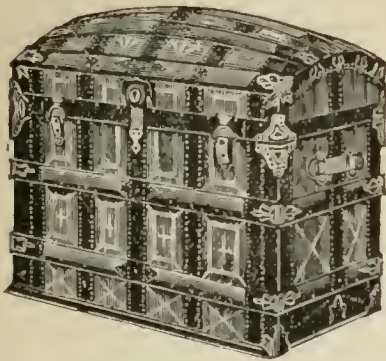
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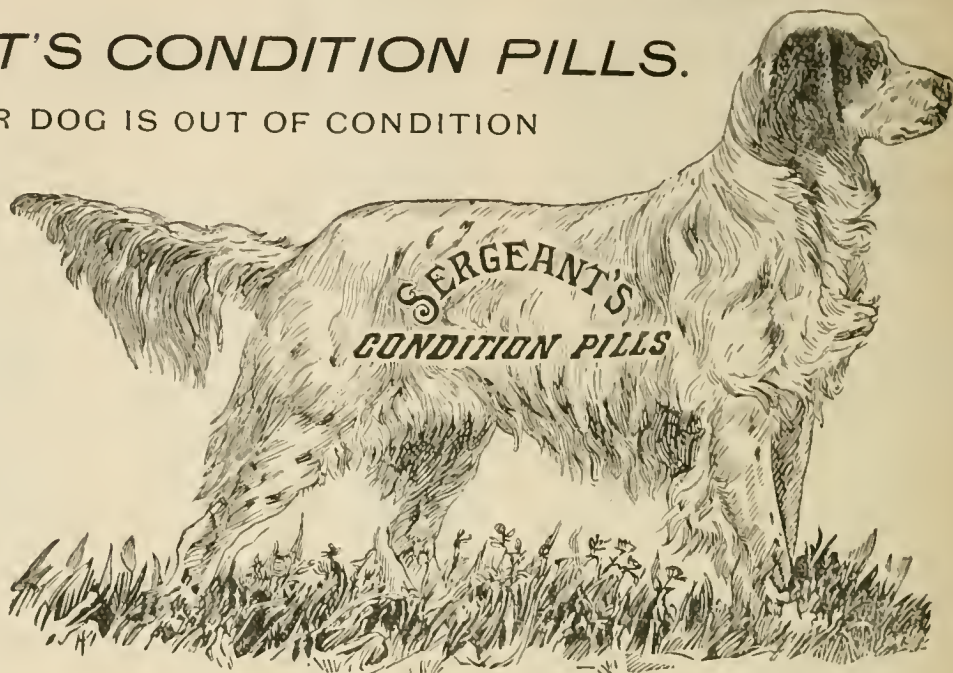
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NORTH MIDDLETOWN, Ky., August 24, 1892.
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BANNER THAT IS NOT FURLED.

AT the annual memorial service of Cheatham Bivouac in Nashville, November 9, portraits of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Joseph E. Johnston had been placed on the brick wall of the large tabernacle above the speakers' stand, and the large curtain photographed above was suspended over them. On each side a tattered silken battle flag was folded, and at a given signal, while Dixie was being played, an electric touch caused the curtain to disappear, thus exposing the portraits and unfurling the flags. The "rebel yell" that followed may be imagined.

THERE is a peculiar sorrow in the death of Capt. W. E. Cunningham, who died at Franklin, Tenn., November 22. He enlisted as a private in the Forty-first Tennessee Infantry, but succeeded to the captaincy of his company, the Shelbyville Rebels. He was a bright, genial gentleman, and perhaps the most popular man in the regiment. In that awful carnage at Franklin, November 30, 1864, when his right eye had been shot out, he called to the writer, saying: "Sumner, I'm wounded." Emaciated and very feeble from paralysis at the Confederate Home a year ago, he was being driven about the extensive premises, when he gave cheerful account of the HOME feeling there, stating that he had been out on a stroll with a comrade and sought to acquaint himself with their neighbors, and seeing a large wheat field, asked: "Whose is that?" "Ours" was the reply. Again in a large pasture with cattle in the clover, the same question was asked, and again "Ours" was responded in a spirit that made him feel indeed at home.

JACOB S. ALLEN, Richmond, Va.: "I know you will be grieved to learn that our venerable comrade, Philip L. Samuel, of Lee Camp, has 'passed over the river.' He died October 26; he had been quite feeble for some weeks before he died. He was a strong friend of the VETERAN, and a good soldier, and in all the walks of life he was a true man, and what is far better he was a true soldier of the cross. He desired to be buried in his 'gray coat,' and in our section (soldiers) in Hollywood. The members of 'Lee Camp' followed him to the grave."

Pathetic memories are revived by the foregoing. Without any personal acquaintance Comrade Samuel went about getting subscribers to the VETERAN, and he procured a creditable list in Richmond. When calling at his house a few weeks before he died I found him very feeble from severe illness. He drew a little book from his pocket, saying, "I owe you \$17, and here is what I have taken from it, a five dollar bill." Two dollars of that sum was returned to him. Honored be his memory. He was diligent and faithful in all things.

In conversation with Dr. McMurray about his article on the battle of Chickamauga, he incidentally told of a personal experience which is a good illustration of some of Col. Tom Smith's reckless orders, and the courage with which they were carried out.

A few days before the battle of Chickamauga, a corps of Federals went into McLemore's Cove, some eight or ten miles from the battlefield of Chickamauga. Two divisions of Confederates were sent over in the cove to give them battle, but one division did not come up in time, and the attack was delayed until late in the afternoon. When the movement forward took place, they found that the Federals had made their escape through a gap of the mountain. The Confederate line arrived at the road just after dark, and Col. Thomas Benton Smith's regiment, the Twentieth Tennessee, being on the right of the line, came upon the road just as the Federal rear had passed.

Col. Smith called for Lieut. McMurray, and ordered him with three men to follow up the rear of the 15,000 Federals, and charged him, if not killed or captured, to report between midnight and day. As the four men started on their perilous undertaking, Col. Smith called

out to McMurray, "Good-bye, old fellow! I never expect to see you any more."

McMurray put two men on one side of the road and with the other took the opposite side. They had gone about one mile when they came upon a little cabin in the bushes by the roadside, surrounded by a rail fence. On the opposite side of the yard there seemed to be quite a commotion, as if made by troops. McMurray halted them and they halted him, and both sides asked the other to advance. Neither would do so, but finally they agreed to meet halfway in the yard. They did so, and in the moonlight found each other to be Confederates. This body of troops kept on their way in an opposite direction to McMurray, and the latter with his three men went up to the house. They found there was a basement under it, in which a dim light was burning. He went down the steps and pushed the door open and found twenty Federal soldiers in there. He ordered them to "Throw up!" They did so, and he ordered them out one by one, disarming each of them as he emerged, and with his three men marched them back to his command as prisoners of war.

When McMurray pushed the door open, an old woman sitting in the far corner of the cellar saw that he was a Confederate with gray clothes on, and in her delight called out: "My God! come in! I haven't got anything for you to eat except some Irish potatoes and honey." To this McMurray replied that he was "not after Irish potatoes and honey, but after those fellows in there."

REUNION AT MT. AIRY, N. C.

THE Confederate veterans of Surry County held a reunion here on the 19th of October. The long roll was sounded at 10:30 o'clock by James P. Mills, drum major of the Fifty-third Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. We met in the opera house and organized the Surry County C. V. A. by electing the following officers: President, W. E. Patterson; Secretary, John B. Woltz; Treasurer, W. G. Foy; Executive Committee, J. R. Pad-dison, W. E. Stone, A. L. Snow, W. H. Freeman, and W. M. Norman. There were about two hundred and fifty veterans enrolled as members. Col. B. Y. Graves was selected officer of the day, and under his command the Association formed in twos and marched to the music of life and drum a half mile to Lebanon Hill. We had been preceded by the good ladies and citizens of the place, and a sumptuous table was spread. A short address of welcome was delivered by S. P. Graves, Esq., and the blessing of God asked by the Rev. K. M. Thompson. The charge on the viands lasted until every one was satisfied and perfectly willing to fall back, which they then did to the speaker's stand. Secretary John B. Woltz made a short speech, returning thanks to the ladies (Daughters of the Confederacy) who had prepared and served the dinner. Hon. C. B. Watson, orator of the day, entertained the large audience by giving some of his experiences in camp and on the march. He explained what the famous "rebel yell" really was and what it meant. The attendance was estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000, and everything passed off delightfully. The next reunion will be held at Pilot Mountain the first Thursday in October, 1895. The VETERAN was indorsed. On Lebanon Hill three companies from this county were encamped for a short time in 1861. The citizens spread a dinner for the volunteers when they left here for Virginia. What a difference there was between the grizzled, battle-scarred old veterans of October, 1894, and the trim, beardless volunteers who dined here in June, 1861!

INTERESTING ANNUAL MEMORIAL SERVICES.

THE Annual Memorial service of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, held in Nashville November 9, was the event of the year in Confederate matters for Tennessee. There were present in the great Tabernacle building about four thousand people, who manifested deep interest throughout. The programme was rather long, the roll call of living members, some three hundred and fifty in number, being tiresome to so large an audience, and other mistakes were made, but still it was a deeply interesting and pleasantly memorable event.

The address of Rev. Joseph E. Martin, of Jackson, Tenn., was lengthy, but concise and thrilling. "Stonewall Jackson" was his theme. At the conclusion of the regular address Dr. Martin said (speaking of a term which has never yet been printed in the VETERAN, and here abbreviated because of editorial repugnance to it. The VETERAN repudiates the charge that the South's prosperity comes of "Northern brain and Northern energy")

We have heard the expression, "N— South." It has a strange sound to men of my generation. The Old South did not die in 1865. The Old South was out-fought, and in exhaustion lay down to rest. She rose refreshed, and girded herself for the new emergencies. We have not forgotten our past; we are not ashamed of our past. We would do the same thing over if the demands of 1861 were to confront us. A N— South? The same sun shines upon us, the same stars at night, the same genial clime embraces us as in 1861.

A N— South because we are building cities and laying miles of steel, and digging into our mountains for minerals? If this is what is meant by a N— South, I grant it. We are growing rich, and are only on the verge of our great resources.

But before we would surrender our past, or apologize for our past, or beg pardon for our manhood in the past, I say let prosperity go and poverty come. Whenever we think that an iron mine is worth more than our dead soldiers, or a large city more essential than our history, then we will have a N— South. When that time comes there will be no memorial day. The ashes of the dead would find a voice, and cry from their long silence: "Away, ye traitors! stand back, and touch not our resting place! You do not belong to us; you are of alien stock. Go worship your god of material wealth. Chant your credo in the factory and mine, but come not here to profane our rest.

To the young men, our sons, I give this solemn charge: Be true to your fathers. Should the time come when their valor and soldierhood, their heroism and love of liberty shall be spoken of as a mistake, I charge you, defend them, and be loyal to their memory.

I need give no charge to our daughters. They never were disloyal, but have kept their faith with a surpassing devotion. Their mothers have taught them. Illustrious women! I never pass one of the white-haired heroines on the street but the air seems purer. Old white-haired women! I salute you in the name of all that is holy. In 1861 your words were an inspiration; in 1894 your presence is a benediction.

Comrades of the Cheatham Bivouac, you are marching in the light of a westerling sun toward the banks of the last river. When the last camp fire dies down, and the

stars keep vigil in the far-away sky, and the wind moans along the shore, may you pass into the waters without fear!

There was splendid music by the Jesse French Orchestral Society, the two dozen performers being composed of gentlemen of Nashville. The director, Mr. W. G. Hilli, deserves special mention in the VETERAN for his generous services before as well as during the performance. It was the first public appearance of this society.

Col. Thomas Claiborne, President of the Bivouac, made terse and thrilling eulogy upon the characters of some of the deceased members and a general tribute to the dead.

Miss Mary Lumkin recited the "Whistling Regiment" delightfully; Miss Minnie Vesey, a universal favorite in Nashville, sang "Suwanee River;" and Miss Clara Moore sang "Annie Laurie." These young ladies responded cordially to invitations to participate, as did also Miss Gertrude McMillan, teacher of elocution in the celebrated Ward Seminary, who recited "Little Giffen, of Tennessee," by Frank O. Tichnor

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle and he sixteen!),
Specter, such as you seldom see,
"Little Giffen," of Tennessee!

"Take him, and welcome!" the surgeons said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead."
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air,
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus from heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die.

And didn't, nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

H. McINNIS, Lakeland, Fla.: "I was a private in Company E, First Florida Cavalry, Davis's Regiment, Finley's Brigade. I would like to hear of any living relatives of Lieut. G. M. Keanse, Company G, Seventeenth South Carolina Volunteers, supposed to have been killed at Shiloh. If they will write me, I will send them a book taken from his pocket by a Union soldier on the battlefield, and will give them more of its history."

THE LATE MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM WIRT ALLEN.

CAPT. WILLIAM B. JONES, Montgomery, Ala., writes November 22, 1894:

Mr. F. G. Browder, of this city, has had some correspondence with you in reference to a sketch of the life of Maj. Gen. W. W. Allen. I wrote to Gen. Allen to send me a sketch of his life and military career, telling him of your desire to publish the same. He furnished me with the inclosed letter, which will explain itself. Gen. Allen died yesterday in Sheffield, at the residence of his son, Capt. J. V. Allen. I inclose a notice of his death, and a photograph from one made in 1863.



Gen. Allen was a good and brave man, true to principle. His modesty kept him from appearing in print.

This letter was dictated by the General to Mrs. Allen:

SHEFFIELD, ALA., October 1, 1894.

My Dear Friend: Yours of the 28th ult., advising me that the editor of the VETERAN desires a sketch of my life and military career, was received yesterday.

Since I left Montgomery I have been suffering from a very severe attack of heart trouble, and am still confined to the house. We all appreciate your interest in us, and I take pleasure in furnishing the following information regarding myself, which I suppose is all the VETERAN cares to have, or would have room to publish:

I was born September 11, 1835, my parents being among the earliest settlers of Montgomery, Ala. I was educated at Princeton College, a graduate of the class of 1854. I read law after leaving college; but adopted planting for a pursuit, and was engaged in it at the beginning of the war for Southern independence. I entered the Confederate army as first lieutenant of the Montgomery Mounted Rifles in April, 1861, reporting to Gen. Braxton Bragg at Pensacola, and remaining with his army until the following fall, when, upon the organi-

zation of the First Regiment Alabama Cavalry, I was elected major of said regiment, in which capacity I served during the Shiloh and Corinth campaigns under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and his successors, in the battle of Shiloh having a horse shot under me.

I remained with that army as major of cavalry until its transfer to Chattanooga to undertake the Kentucky campaign, when, owing to vacancies caused by the resignation of the colonel and lieutenant colonel, I was promoted to the former grade, and assumed command of the regiment, which I retained during the Kentucky campaign, and participated in nearly every engagement in which the cavalry took part. At Perryville I was slightly wounded, but was off duty only a few days. On my return I was assigned to the command of the cavalry belonging to the left wing of the army, Col. Joseph Wheeler, who had led it during the campaign, having been appointed chief of cavalry on the staff of Gen. Bragg, commanding the army, and given direction of all the cavalry thereof.

I served in the capacity named during the retreat from Kentucky, and up to the evening of the first day's battle at Murfreesboro, where I was disabled by a gunshot.

I was appointed brigadier general in February, 1864, and served in that capacity during the Dalton-Atlanta campaign. In August or September, 1864, I was assigned to the command of a cavalry division, composed of six regiments of Alabamians, Gen. James Hagan commanding; and six regiments of Georgians, Gen. C. C. Crews commanding; to which subsequently Gen. Robert H. Anderson's brigade of five regiments composed of Georgians, Alabamians, Mississippians, and Tennesseans was added. I led the foregoing command until it was surrendered in North Carolina in April, 1865, as a part of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army.

I was appointed a major general sometime in the winter of 1864-65, and confirmed by the Confederate Senate in March, 1865.

I would add that I was in active service and on duty in the field from the beginning to the close of the war, except when disabled by wounds received in action. I was shot three times and had horses shot under me ten times.

For some years after the war Gen. Allen followed planting. He was also in railroad business for a time, with headquarters at New Orleans. He was appointed United States Marshal for the Middle and Southern districts of Alabama by Mr. Cleveland in 1885, which position he held over four years.

Gen. Allen's wife was Miss Sue Ball, of a well-known Alabama family.

COÖPERATION OF CORRESPONDENTS.—Will every person who has sent subscriptions to the VETERAN write a letter before the 20th of December? Let it be fraternal, suggestive of improvements, and if possible contain renewals and new subscriptions. Coöperation by all who have worked for the VETERAN for two weeks could place it out of anxious concern for years. Note the recent action of W. P. Welch, Athens, Ga., in sending thirty-seven subscriptions (full pay); Dr. Charles S. Morse, Austin, Tex., in sending twenty-five; and Dr. J. R. Harper, Ross-ton, Tex., in sending ten, every Confederate but one getting mail at his village.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION INOPERATIVE.

GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN, "by order No. 129 of John B. Gordon, General Commanding," directs that the Constitution as published in the *VETERAN* for October is not to be acted upon. The official paper is as follows:

1. On account of radical disagreements in the brotherhood as to the real action or true intent of the convention at Birmingham, in its hasty action in voting upon a new Constitution, and which are so grave as to threaten its perpetuity, the General Commanding, availing himself of Article II. of the Constitution under which the order was organized, successfully conducted, and has grown to 520 camps, has decided to withhold the official promulgation of that Constitution.

2. Its official promulgation had been delayed to give the General Commanding time and opportunity to fairly consider all these conflicting statements, and to save, if possible, the brotherhood from disintegration on account of these disagreements and misunderstandings. Many claim that the convention, in its haste and the excitement and confusion of the adjournment, did not at all understand the extent and purport of its action, which also vitally affects the life and welfare of the order, and as another Constitution had been distributed to the Camps and to the delegates there, many believing that they were voting for another and different Constitution, and that the action of the convention was not binding.

3. The General Commanding, in view of doubts in the minds of many as to the validity of the action of the convention under these misapprehensions, and on account of numerous protests presented to him, deems it to be his duty, and of greater importance to save the organization than to officially promulgate a new Constitution.

4. As no harm can possibly result from a continuance of the present Constitution, and under which it has achieved success, the General Commanding directs that it will remain in force, and will be obeyed, as heretofore, until the reunion at Houston, Tex., when three days will be given to prepare, discuss, and adopt a Constitution which will be acceptable to the brotherhood.

ORDERS FROM DEPARTMENT EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

GEN. S. D. LEE, successor to E. Kirby-Smith as Commander of Department East of the Mississippi, sends out some official orders through his Adjutant General, E. T. Sykes. Gen. Robert Lowry succeeds Gen. Lee in command of the Mississippi Division.

In relinquishing the immediate command of the division, Gen. Lee assures each comrade of his "pardonable pride" in the improved *morale* and continued growth of the Association under his administration. With but sixteen Camps at the third annual session on July 12, 1892, when he was elected to its command, the division now has forty-eight Camps in full membership. "This is a gratifying record, and naturally causes its retiring Commander to refer to it with pride and pleasure. And in taking leave of the division the Lieutenant General tenders to each and every comrade of the division his best wishes and sincerest esteem."

First general orders from "Headquarters Department East of the Mississippi, United Confederate Veterans:"

COLUMBUS, Miss., November 15, 1894.

I. Pursuant of General Orders No. 130, from Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, dated New Orleans, La., November 5, 1894, the undersigned assumes command of the "Department East of the Mississippi," and including that part of Louisiana lying west of the river and now as heretofore embraced in this department. Headquarters of the department are established at Columbus, Miss.

II. The Lieutenant General feels that he would be unworthy of the high honor conferred upon him, did he not in this public manner acknowledge his gratitude to each and every comrade of our noble organization, who, nigh thirty years after the "clash of the resounding arms," have thus honored him, and which commission, coming as it does from loyal Confederates who cherish the memory of their dead comrades, and are now engaged in the preparation of unbiased history which is sure to perpetuate their matchless deeds, and correctly record the heroic sacrifices of the Southland, is prized beyond price, and will be framed, hung, and handed down to his posterity as a fit companion to the commission conferred upon him when he wore the gray.

III. Feeling that the General commanding the United Confederate Veterans after due consideration of all the reasons *pro* and *con*, acted wisely in refusing, as announced in General Orders No. 129, under date of November 5, 1894, to promulgate the new Constitution of our organization adopted by the Convention at Birmingham, Ala., on April 26, 1894, and referring it to the future action of the next reunion, to be held in Houston, Tex., the undersigned greets him with the assurance that the comrades of this department, whilst duly appreciating his delicate position, will heartily approve his decision and ratify his action. In this connection the Lieutenant General appeals alike to the practical and sympathetic natures of comrades in the State comprising his command to yield now that ready and loyal support to superior officers which in "times that tried men's souls," they were wont to give to their leaders in the field.

IV. The following appointment on the staff of the Lieutenant General commanding, with the rank designated in the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans, is hereby announced, to take effect from this date: Brigadier General E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

V. As soon as the several Division Commanders can be communicated with the full staff will be announced.

With compliments of Gen. S. D. Lee, and request that this order appear in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*.

Very truly, etc.

S. D. LEE.

EUGENE WORTHINGTON, of Annapolis, Md., in sending subscription for Mrs. Robert Bowie, of Maryland, says: "She, for her love for the South, had her home in Maryland confiscated and herself sent through the lines by troops engaged in restoring the Union, in the early part of the war." Mr. Worthington makes the following correction: "The *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* makes mention of the monument recently erected at Chicago, as 'the first one ever erected to Confederate soldiers in a Northern State.' This is an error. In 1886 the survivors of the Second Maryland Infantry Regiment, C. S. A., erected a monument on Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, testifying to the valor of their comrades who fell there on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863."

ABRAM BUFORD.

THE late General Abe Buford was born in Woodford County, Ky., January 20, 1820. He was a graduate of West Point in class of 1841, and was appointed second

lieutenant of dragoons in May, 1842. He served in the Mexican war, and for distinguished bravery at Buena Vista he was brevetted a captain. In 1851 he retired from the service. In the summer of 1862 he offered his services to the Confederate Government, and was commissioned a brigadier general of cavalry and served in the Army of Tennessee. In 1864 he organized a brigade, consisting of the Third, Seventh, and Eighth Kentucky Regiments of mounted infantry, and was assigned to



the division of Forrest. He was badly wounded on Hood's retreat from Nashville in 1864, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. Gen. Buford died in Danville, Ind., June 9, 1894.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF KENTUCKY.

(The Association Incorporated.)

LEXINGTON, KY., October 1, 1894.

This Association contemplates printing within the next six months, for free distribution among its members and contributors, the handsomest book of its kind ever issued. It will contain its Constitution, By-laws, and a full list of all its members and Camps, together with other interesting matter. It will also print half-tone electrotypes of every person in whose honor a camp is named. Among other features, the Association desires to preserve the face and in some condensed form the military history, regardless of rank, of as many as possible of the gallant dead who served in the army of the Confederate States, and who were killed in battle or who died during or since the war. It prints no picture of, nor will it allow a Camp to be named for, any living man.

The Association believes that there are hundreds of persons who would gladly preserve in this way the memory of some dear relative or friend who has "crossed over the river," and who would esteem it a privilege to so honor the name and heroic deeds of the dead. One full page, 5½x9½ inches, will be devoted to the military history and electrotypes of each person, and will be printed in the Confederate uniform of his rank, even though the photograph be taken in citizen's dress. When you realize that this is the only way in which these records can be preserved, you will readily see how important it is that prompt action should be taken.

A blank slip of questions will be furnished, on which write the answers plainly, send a photograph of the

dead, in Confederate uniform if possible, and a check for \$6.50 to cover the expense. Photographs will be well cared for and promptly returned to their owners. When the book is printed you will be furnished a copy free of postage, and as all the work on it is done by persons who will receive no compensation, it is hoped that the relatives and friends of those who gave their lives for their country will not neglect so good an opportunity to perpetuate the name and memory of our sacred dead.

Address Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.

Go wearing the gray of grief!

Go watch o'er the dead in gray!

Go guard the private and guard the chief,
And sentinel their day.

W. T. BELL, Ringgold, Ala.: "I belonged to the Nineteenth Alabama Regiment, Dea's Brigade, Hindman's Division, Polk's Corps. On Saturday evening, when Hood was so hard pressed, Hindman's Division was ordered to his support, but arrived too late to attack the enemy. Dea's Brigade and Law's Brigade of Hood's Division bivouacked together in line that night. Sunday morning Law's Brigade moved to the right and Dea's to the front, over Hood's old ground, captured two lines of works, and drove, I think, three lines of troops, clearing its front for over a mile of all obstructions. The brigade was then rallied, marched back to a long field, through which it drove the yankees, then east or northeast to the ridge in the woods, and formed at right angles to its former line and took the ridge lengthwise, to attack the battery of three lines. I do not know what troops were on the ridge first. In the charge Dea's Brigade passed over one line and part of another. The brigade was deprived of the fruits of its labor there by some foolish fellow's hallooing, "Yankees in the rear!" which caused the soldiers on our right to give way. This, in turn caused Dea to retire, leaving the battery silenced and the enemy pushed back in the woods beyond, where Bushrod Johnson bagged them. I left home August 14, 1861; returned May 20, 1865; never lost a day from Shelbyville until the close of the struggle in North Carolina. The VETERAN meets my hearty approval. I want the children to read it and hand it down to posterity; we have nothing to be ashamed of; the truth never loses anything by investigation, but becomes deeper rooted and firmer."

H. M. ANDERSON, Asheville, N. C.: "In January, 1863, when I was an officer on Maj. Gen. Carter L. Stevenson's staff, my wife presented the General with a 'headquarters' flag, made from one of her wedding dresses, of blue silk, bound with white silk, and bearing on it white stars. I resigned my position on the staff the following April, and consequently was not with him when he surrendered at Vicksburg in July. I was informed afterwards by one of the staff that the General did not surrender that flag, but had it put in his trunk. I would be glad to know, if possible, what became of it. Capt. Matthews, afterwards Governor of West Virginia, Maj. Webb, and Dr. Compton, of Nashville, were on the staff with me at the time."

SHENANDOAH HERALD, Woodstock, Va.: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN contains articles of true merit, written by some of our best Southern writers, bringing out the minute details of the great war, showing the true causes of it, and the real character of the men and women of the Confederacy."

CAMP MOULTRIE, SONS OF C. V., CHARLESTON.

At a meeting of the Survivors' Association, Charleston District, held last May, a committee was appointed to define the relations between the above Association and Camp Sumter No. 250, U. C. V. This committee made the following report:

"That the general organization of the Confederate Veterans in the several States into Camps, and the consequent formation of Camp Sumter No. 250, U. C. V., out of the membership of the Survivors' Association, of Charleston, has afforded us a very desirable opportunity of falling into line and enjoying closer union with our brother veterans of the old army. It needs no argument to show that the objects of the Survivors' Association of the Charleston District can be better accomplished by working in affiliation with the Federation of U. C. V. than by continuing our separate existence, which is purely a local organization. Were it not for the Junior membership in the Association, the easy settlement of the matter would be to merge the Association into the Camp; justice to our Junior members required that we should confer with them before even considering this matter; we therefore invited all our members, eighteen in number, to meet us. This they did, and, after a frank and free discussion, they united with our committee in recommending, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans: First, that the Association of Charleston District be merged into a Camp—to wit, into the Camp of United Confederate Veterans, styled Camp Sumter No. 250, and a Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the former composed of the veteran members, the latter of the Junior members."

After this report was submitted to Camp Sumter it was necessary, according to its Constitution, that it lay on the table until the next meeting, which was not until the following October. At this meeting this report of the committee was adopted and the Junior members severed their connection with the old Survivors' Association. The organization of the Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans was intrusted to a committee, who sent out circulars to all sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans in the city, inviting them to be present at a meeting for organizing on November 15.

On that evening, "Camp Moultrie" of Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Charleston, S. C., was organized with *one hundred charter members!* This clearly proves the wisdom of the step taken by the Survivors' Association. By its Constitution, for the last twenty years, Junior members of lawful age have been eligible for membership, but only eighteen ever joined in that time, and scarcely any of these ever attended a meeting, feeling that they were out of place in the presence of the older members. With our first meeting we start off with a membership of one hundred, and since then we have received letters from a great many other eligible men, expressing their desire to affiliate with the Camp.

On the point of eligibility of members, the Constitution says: "All male descendants of those who have served in the Confederate army or navy to the close of the war, or been honorably retired or discharged, shall be eligible for membership in this Camp. No member under sixteen will be able to vote."

We have placed no age limit upon our members, and at the meeting on November 15 three members enrolled their names who were under the age of fourteen.

The Constitution further states:

"The officers shall be a Commandant, ranking as



FORT SUMTER IN 1861.

Major; First and Second Lieutenant Commanders, Adjutant, and Surgeon, ranking as Captains; Quartermaster, Chaplain, and Treasurer, ranking as Lieutenants. The officers must be of lawful age.

"The Commandant, Adjutant, and Treasurer constitute the Committee of Ways and Means, and have full authority to manage the financial affairs of the Camp, and generally to look carefully after and have charge of all other affairs of the Camp.

"The initiation fee is one (\$1) dollar, which amount must be handed in with the application, and a yearly dues of \$1 payable by each anniversary meeting."

The Constitution further provides that, for the entertainment and instruction of the Camp, one or more of the veterans of Camp Sumter No. 250, U. C. V., shall be invited to address each meeting. The Constitution also provides for the election of a sponsor, who shall represent the Camp at all gatherings.

One of the most important articles in the Constitution is as to the admission of members. It reads as follows: "Application for membership shall be made upon the printed forms provided for this purpose, and which shall set forth fully the record of the applicant's ancestor. This record must be approved by the Committee on Records of Camp Sumter No. 250, U. C. V. Letters of applicants for membership shall be read at any regular or special meeting, referred to the Committee on Applications, and if approved be acted upon at the next meeting. Elections for members shall be by ballot."

It was deemed advisable at this organization meeting to elect only the three officers who constitute Ways and Means Committee, so that the application blanks could be printed, and other matters attended to. The remaining officers will be elected when the full membership of the Camp assembles.

Mr. R. A. Smyth was elected Commandant; Mr. S. R. Bell, Adjutant; and C. I. Walker, Jr., Treasurer.

At the close of the business meeting addresses were delivered by the Commandant of Camp Sumter, and also several veterans from the same Camp, which gave all present a very pleasant entertainment.

PHILIP HONEY, of Stafford, Va., took with him into the army a mule named Fannie. He rode her home after Lee's surrender, rode her in the procession at the dedication of the Lee monument, and again when President Davis was buried. The old mule died last October, aged thirty-nine years.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED AT IUKA.

DR. J. C. ROBERTS, Pulaski, Tenn., gives a reminiscence:

The reading of an article in the September VETERAN about "a hero in the strife," John M. Hickey, calls to mind an incident that I wish published. I remember Capt. Hickey, and the circumstance I wish to relate will be corroborated by him, if he has not forgotten.

I was on Gen. Price's Staff, Assistant Medical Director to Dr. T. D. Wooten, now of Austin, Tex., when he made the fight at Iuka, Miss. As our army had to retreat before Grant's, and then Rosecrans's, army, I was ordered by Dr. Wooten to take charge of our wounded, which I did and remained until the battle at Corinth was fought, about a month later, I think. Having finished with my hospitals, I went down under a flag of truce, and was permitted to go in. The fight was still going on out at Blackland and cannon booming. When I got to Corinth, I found our wounded scattered over the fields and woods, and only one Confederate did I see under a tent or in a room, and that was Col. Boone, of Mississippi, with an amputated thigh. Gen. Forrest having cut the railroad north, the Federal army had but few tents and but little outfit.

I went to Gen. Grant's Medical Director and asked if arrangements could be made to move the Confederate wounded to Iuka, and told him I could procure good rooms and fine water there. The terms were presented through Grant's Medical Director and accepted, and were ratified by Gens. Grant and Price—viz., that the railroads be declared neutral ground for one mile either way. Gen. Price detailed a battalion of cavalry to guard the railroads, and Gen. Grant sent the wounded and supplies to Iuka. There were thirty-six surgeons and assistant surgeons, if I remember correctly, and among the leading ones I remember Dr. Don Roberts, from Missouri; Dr. Needlett's two brothers, from St. Louis, Mo. (the younger one was my clerk and assistant, and since the war has held the Chair of Anatomy in the St. Louis Medical College; the older went to Mobile); Dr. Felton, of Mississippi; Dr. Davis; and others now forgotten.

After getting the wounded and sick together and getting them to Iuka, the surgeons held a meeting, nominated me as head, under the neutrality cartel, as I would call it. The citizens were permitted to come and go free from molestation, and their property, in negroes, horses and other things, was protected. In a few days we had our wounded well clothed and fed. Two or three hundred wounded had nothing but blankets to cover them, their clothing having been cut off and thrown away full of —. I think we had as many as 2,000 or 3,000 sick and wounded. We remained there three or four months, when Gen. Price sent his train of quartermaster wagons with clothing. I had gone in debt seven thousand dollars for supplies, issuing my receipt. He sent me six thousand dollars, and I paid the remainder. I sent my account to Richmond for my services and deficit in money expended, amounting to some seventeen hundred dollars, and have never heard from it since.  

Many will remember the facts above related, and I think it was owing to the kind treatment given the officers and men at Iuka by Dr. Wooten and the Medical Director of the Federals that enabled me to effect the arrangements which resulted so happily for our soldiers, and for this Dr. Wooten will ever have my kindest consideration. Afterwards I noticed that this plan was adopted around Richmond and many other places.

The VETERAN is ever laden with incidents which reveal valuable unwritten history, and which demonstrate the latent energies and power possessed to meet the exigencies of occasions, however trying. That so much good was accomplished in this way seemed providential.

MODEL METHODS OF A TEXAS CAMP.

J. W. SIMMONS, Mexia, Tex., wrote on September 10:

I write to give you a short history of this, the model Camp of Texas, if not the South. This was one of the first county Camps organized in the State, and has just closed its sixth annual reunion with even greater success than usual. Joe Johnston Camp No. 94 was organized with very few members, having now only about two hundred, not as many as some other Camps, but what we lack in numbers we make up in enthusiasm. The Camp is situated six miles from the town of Mexia, in a beautiful grove, which has been converted into a park. Three years since we bought twenty acres of ground, laid it off in lots 40x80 feet, with necessary streets and alleys, and sold the lots for the benefit of the Camp at five dollars each, thereby realizing more than enough money to pay for the original purchase. At the last reunion it was found necessary to take steps to procure more ground for the accommodation of the members. They have just completed and paid for a large pavilion, and many other attractive improvements. The Camp has managed for several years to be more than self-sustaining, realizing enough from the sale of privileges to defray all expenses and to have something left over for indigent members. We always hold our reunions three days during the moonlight nights of July, and many members move in the day before and remain until the day after the regular three days. Interest has increased until at the last meeting there were from seven to eight thousand people in attendance every day. The managers endeavor to entertain and amuse the people, both old and young, by various means. The old Veterans are entertained by each other, recounting the heroic deeds that were done by themselves and comrades during the lurid '60's. Of this they seem to never tire. The young people are amused by the various attractions, and each night the Sons and Daughters organization of the Camp gives a free concert, which is attended by thousands. The Camp has a number of war relics of some interest, one of which is their morning and evening gun, a steel piece of the noted Valverde Battery, which was captured by the Confederates in a desperate charge at Valverde, New Mexico, and which did service on various battlefields until the close of the war, when it was abandoned by its company at Fairfield, Tex., and buried to prevent its falling into the hands of the United States. This gun has been buried three times, and at one time lay in its grave nine years. They also have a saber that was captured from a Federal on Dahlgren's famous raid on Richmond, and which was worn by a Confederate to Appomattox, where it was hid in the garret of a farmhouse for twenty-seven years, and was but recently brought to light. They have another sword which was captured from Capt. Gilbert, a member of the Camp, early in the war, and recaptured by him at Gettysburg. What this Camp has done, financially and otherwise, can be done by any other with the same management and attention. In the future they expect to realize money above expenses. Among many resolutions adopted at their recent reunion was one indorsing the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the official organ of the Camp.

THE GAP OF DEATH AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY DR. W. J. M'MURRAY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

No field of carnage was more stubbornly contested than was that of Chickamauga during our civil war. There the flower of the West and the chivalry of the South clashed in deadly combat. This was a great battle between Ohio on the Federal side and glorious old Tennessee on that of the Confederates. These two States furnished more troops to their respective sides than any others.

After Gen. Bragg retired from Middle Tennessee in June, 1863, and crossed the Tennessee River, he encamped his army about Chattanooga and just south of Missionary Ridge on the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia and the Western & Atlantic Railroads, at Tyner and Chickamauga Stations, respectively. Gen. Bragg gathered about him here every available man he could to make a grand stand upon the northern border of our Empire State (Georgia). Tennesseans had given up their homes and wanted to return; Georgians stood as a wall between their homes and the invading foe. What more incentive could patriots have to make them give grand battle? The same enthusiasm pervaded our entire army. About the 10th of September Rosecrans had crossed the Tennessee River and begun to push southward, and both sides were maneuvering for positions. We marched and countermarched for several days, and we knew that a great battle was at hand. The writer was a member of Company B, Twentieth Tennessee, Bate's Brigade, Stewart's Division, Buckner's Corps.

On Friday, September 18, as Bate's Brigade was heading northward, we encountered a body of Federals, that I thought was about two brigades, just south of Chickamauga Creek. We passed a few compliments, and they retreated to the north bank of the stream. It was now about dusk and we moved up near the bank of the river, where we lay in line of battle all night. At daylight we waded the river, I think at Tedford Ford, and went over to see if Brother Yank had anything for breakfast, for some of us Johnnies were feeling quite empty. The rations I had for breakfast, and expected to make my dinner on, if alive, were sorghum stalks cut up about six inches long and put in my haversack.

After crossing over we were somewhat surprised at not being at once engaged, but soon learned that Stewart's Division would be the Confederate reserve. The division was composed of three brigades: Gen. Clayton's Alabama Brigade, John C. Brown's Tennessee Brigade, and W. B. Bate's Brigade, composed of Tennesseans with the exception of the Thirty-seventh Georgia Regiment under Col. Rineer, a Georgia battalion of "sharpshooters" under Maj. Caswell, and the Fifty-eighth Alabama, under Col. Bush-Jones. The battle began, and by two o'clock in the afternoon both wings of the Federal army were driven back, while the center held its ground. This put their lines almost in the shape of a horse-shoe. Guarding the point of the toe were twenty pieces of artillery and two lines of infantry under Gen. Palmer, of Illinois. By two o'clock all of our forces were exhausted except Stewart's Division, numbering 3,800 men. We were formed in column by brigades, as an assaulting column, with Bate in front. Bate's command advanced to within about one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's battery, and were ordered to lie down. In a few minutes afterwards Clayton, with his Alabama brigade, rushed over us and engaged the Federals at the toe of the shoe, but the gallant Alabamians could not withstand the galling fire of Palm-

er's veterans, so in about thirty minutes Clayton and his command came back very badly used up, and passed on to the rear. Bate was ordered to lie still and in a few minutes Clayton had gotten out of the way, and then that grand Tennessee soldier, John C. Brown, who could always ride the waves of battle as gracefully as the swan could the ripples of a lake, came with his Tennesseans, swept right over Bate's line, heading for the point of the toe, and in a few seconds it seemed as if the earth had opened up all of her magazines, and not a man would be left to tell the tale. There was roar after roar of musketry and artillery, and rebel yells that could be heard for miles away. After a struggle of about half an hour that gallant command had to withdraw. Passing back over Bate's line, Brown soon uncovered Bate's front. At this time everything we had was exhausted except Bate, and the point had not been driven in. We had lain there and had seen two of our best brigades go to pieces, but as soon as our front was clear I heard some one coming from my left (my regiment was the right of the brigade) on horseback, and it was Gen. Bate riding his old single-footing sorrel. I was standing near Col. Thomas Benton Smith, who commanded the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, when Gen. Bate rode hurriedly up to him and said: "Now, Smith, now, Smith, I want you to sail on those fellows like you were a wild-cat." At once Col. Smith gave the command, "Attention, Battalion! Fix bayonets! Forward! Double-quick! March!" and the whole brigade moved as one man. In five minutes all the horrors of war that a soldier ever witnessed were there; in fifteen minutes we were in possession of every piece of artillery, had broken Palmer's line, and had driven him from the point, and cut our way so far in the Federal rear that they began to close in behind us, and we had to fall back. As we did so we met Brown and Clayton, who had rallied their men. Bate's brigade was also badly scattered. We rallied on Clayton and Brown and straightened out our scattered lines. By this time the Federals had brought up a fresh division, under Gen. Van Cleve, of three brigades. With our already thinned ranks we attacked Van Cleve, and in less than two hours he was forced back before the deadly assaults of the "Little Giant Division." We were so badly used that we were compelled to halt and straighten out our line, and by the time this was done who should we find in our front but Gen. Reynolds, with his heavy division of four brigades to swallow up this remnant of Stewart's little division? But this was not to be done easily. Stewart attacked Reynolds after five o'clock that evening, and we fought until in the night. When the fighting closed we had driven back his right wing and had his lines in bad shape. We held him there all night. As I understand, he fortified his lines that night, and was driven out next day. I can't tell you anything about the battle after the first day, as I was almost mortally wounded in the right groin and left on the field all night.

Now, to sum up, Stewart had three brigades that by official count numbered 3,800 fighting men, with which he successfully met and defeated eleven brigades under Palmer, Van Cleve, and Reynolds, during a continuous fight of several hours, without any relief or help. Some of Bate's regiments were almost annihilated. The Tenth Tennessee lost about seventy-eight per cent.; the Twentieth Tennessee (the one to which the writer belonged) went into the engagement with one hundred and forty, and had ninety-eight killed and wounded.

After the battle, President Davis came out and went

over the battlefield, and at the sharp point he saw a horse lying dead with an officer's trappings on. He asked his guide whose horse it was, and the guide told him it was Brig. Gen. Bate's, of Tennessee. This was the old sorrel. They went on some three hundred yards farther and saw a little black mare lying dead, and the President asked whose horse that was. The guide said it was Brig. Gen. Bate's of Tennessee. They went on further, and lying across a little earthworks was another horse, a mouse-colored, bobtailed artillery horse, and the President asked whose horse that was; and again the guide said it was Brig. Gen. Bate's, of Tennessee. The President, turning to the party of general staff officers with him (Maj. Clare, Capt. Gus Henry, and Maj. Pollock Lee), said: "This man Bate must be a gallant fellow."

We boys who were in the lines know one thing, that in about thirty days after that battle, Brig. Gen. Bate, of Tennessee, although then the junior brigadier in the battle, had a major general's commission, and his brigade was less than half it was when he carried it into the battle of Chickamauga.

And now, when old Father Time shall have summoned Gen. A. P. Stewart to the last great roll call, a patriotic and grateful Southland should erect to his memory a monument somewhere on the ground where this "Little Giant Division" broke the Federal center.

"WAR OF SECESSION."

Hon. S. D. McCORMICK, of Henderson, Ky., sends the article promised two months ago, in favor of "War of Secession" as the name for our great war:

The founders of constitutional government in America differed essentially in their theories, and the government established has been aptly termed "a government of checks and balances." The Revolutionary patriots had grave reason for placing limitations around the Federal power. They had seen and felt the encroachments of a throne.

It was owing to the jealousy of a centralized government that the first experiment (1776-1789) failed. By the Constitution of 1789 the Federal arm was strengthened; still, what concessions were made by the States, or what implied powers were delegated to the Federal Government, at the time and subsequently, became the subject of frequent and hot disputes. The Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions asserted the constitutional right of a State to resist or oppose legislation by Congress which was palpably pernicious. This historic controversy marks the closing scenes of the eighteenth century.

Again in 1814 the maritime interests of New England met in convention at Hartford, at a time when the power of the young republic was measured on land and ocean against the military power of Great Britain, and so alarming was the attitude of New England that Maj. Jessup was ordered with his regiment to Hartford, holding, no one knows what, secret orders from the Executive. Again, in another form we see the assertion of the principle in 1832, when South Carolina, standing within the Union, began to arm its citizens to resist the mandates of the Federal courts, and Andrew Jackson, a Carolinian, on the part of the government, declared that he would put a halter around the neck of the first man who should shed the blood of an officer of the United States in the execution of Federal process. It cannot be questioned that the quarrels of 1798-99, 1814, 1832 grew in intensity until 1861. Thus we see that two great

principles were at issue: the one known as Federal unity, the other as State sovereignty. The last named ultimately divided into two schools of opinion in the South, State rights and Southern rights; the former asserting for the States rights exercised by the general government, and especially claiming that the allegiance of the citizens to the State was primary to the claim of the general government; the latter (Southern rights) asserting this and going further to proclaim the constitutional right of a State to peaceable secession. It was the assertion of this doctrine which culminated in the scenes of 1860-61, when State after State withdrew from the Union, calling their citizens to their defense, and putting upon each citizen the grim alternative of bearing arms against the home or general government.

We come now to a proper designation of the greatest conflict of constitutional history, which the act of secession inaugurated.

From the standpoint of the Union the war had one of two defined and evident meanings: It was a war of emancipation, or a war to determine the alleged constitutional right of secession. That it was not a war of emancipation was expressly and repeatedly disclaimed by Lincoln and the Federal Congress in 1861, while rallying to the flag the power of the Union. It was true that emancipation was the happy exigence of war, but that it was such primarily was disclaimed in emphatic language. The term coercion, which seems confusing to some, was simply the armed assertion of the principle of Federal unity, denying the constitutional right of secession, holding such an ordinance null and void, and asserting the duty of the Government to execute Federal process in all the States, including the seceded territory. The War of Secession, or a war to perpetuate the Union, would seem to describe the coercive policy to the Federal administration.

As to the action of the South, as stated in a recent issue of the VETERAN by our friend, Dr. J. Wm. Jones, it was not a war of rebellion. The Southern States claimed to act by lawful authority. In seceding they did not ask war, but peace, and protested their constitutional right to peaceably withdraw from the Union as a right reserved in the creation of the government—reviving the quarrels, and citing as precedents 1798-99, 1814, 1832. I have more fully developed another paper, from which I quote: "It was in the interest of security and peace that the Southern States renounced allegiance to the Federal Government and resumed their sovereign functions as States, believing the welfare and happiness of the citizens to be imperiled by longer continuance in the Federal Union." It should be clear that so far as the South was concerned, the Civil War was a "War of Secession," or a war waged by the South in the assertion and belief of such political right.

The "War of Rebellion" is objectionable, as it offends. On the other hand, "War of Secession" is suggestive, terse, and significant. The real meaning is embalmed in these words: a war waged by the Federal Government against the asserted right of a State to peaceably or forcibly secede from the Union, the South maintaining the right as a constitutional franchise; the administration disputing the claim, and holding an ordinance of secession to be null and void. I care not for sentimental reasons, but would be pleased to hear any definite objections to the title, "War of Secession."

[Would the author accept a change from "of" to "against"—"War against Secession?" The seceders did not bring it on. They wanted peace.—ED. VETERAN.]



After War Comes Peace, and the Tending of Flocks and Herds.

HENRIETTA H. MORGAN, MOTHER OF HEROES.

Born in Lexington, Ky., December 5, 1805; died there September 7, 1891; wife of Calvin C. Morgan, 1823, who was born December 16, 1801, and died May 1, 1851.

Mrs. Henrietta Hunt Morgan was the mother of the following sons and daughters:

John H. Morgan, major general division of cavalry, born June 1, 1825; and killed at Greenville, Tenn., September 4, 1864.

Thomas H. Morgan, lieutenant Company I, Second Kentucky Cavalry, born May 7, 1844; killed at Lebanon, Ky., July 5, 1863.

Francis Key Morgan, private Company A, Second Kentucky Cavalry, born August 23, 1845; died October 6, 1873.

Calvin C. Morgan, captain on staff of Gen. Morgan, born June 4, 1827; died July 19, 1882.

Mrs. Kitty G. Forsythe, widow of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, who was killed at Petersburg April 2, 1865.

Mrs. Henrietta H. Duke, wife of Brig. Gen. Basil W. Duke.

Richard C. Morgan, colonel Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry.

Charlton H. Morgan, captain staff of Gen. Morgan.

Her life was embittered by many sorrows, but rewarded by the blessings which are given those who find hap-

piness in good done to others. Unselfish, charitable, self-sacrificing, heroic in devotion to duty, untiring in the offices of affection, her name and memory are sanctified. She gave all her life to her family and friends. She gave her children to her country. She ministered unceasingly to the poor and helpless, and she loved the Lord her God with all her heart and all her soul and all her mind, and has "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

The foregoing condensed sketch was thoughtfully copied for the VETERAN by Miss Eleanor Madison Arnold, of Newport, Ky., a young daughter of James M. Arnold, Brigadier General of Eastern Division for Kentucky, United Confederate Veterans.

W. H. ALBERTSON, Lake Charles, La., inquires for Bestor Coleman, who was from Alabama (near Mobile); Donald McIntyre, of Holly Springs, Miss.; and J. A. Barefield, of Alabama or Mississippi. All these were in Rock Island prison in 1864-65. McIntyre had a wound in the shoulder, which disabled one arm. Coleman and Barefield were heroes on one occasion, which will never be forgotten by them or others, who participated in drawing lots as to who should remain in prison, while five hundred others were about to start on exchange. If either of these old veterans is alive, he would be glad to hear.

THE "ALABAMA" AT CAPE TOWN.

E. R. NORTON, of Nashville, but who was for thirteen years, just after our great war, at Cape Town, on the southern coast of Africa, gives pleasant reminiscences of Admiral Semmes and crew when they were there.

Nowhere in the world were Admiral Semmes and his officers more cordially and courteously received than at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, during the month of August, 1863; and of no seaport that he visited did the gallant Paul Jones, of the Confederate Navy, speak in kindlier terms.

Of the conduct of the fair sex toward him, the chivalrous Semmes has this to say: "Fair women brought off bouquets with them which they presented with a charming grace, and my cabin was soon garlanded with flowers. Some of these were *immortelles*, peculiar to the Cape of Good Hope, and for months afterwards they retained their places around the large mirror that adorned the after part of my cabin, with their colors almost as bright as ever. During my entire stay my table was loaded with flowers and the most luscious grapes and other fruits, sent off to me every morning by the ladies of Cape Town. I have always found the instincts of women to be right, and I felt more gratified at this spontaneous outpouring of the sympathies of the sex for our cause than if all the male creatures of the earth had approved it in cold and formal words."

Of the arrival of the "Alabama" in Table Bay, the *Cape Argus* remarks: "On getting alongside of the 'Alabama,' we found about a dozen boats before us, and we had not been aboard five minutes before she was surrounded by nearly every boat in Table Bay, and as boat after boat arrived three hearty cheers were given for Captain Semmes and his gallant privateer. This, upon the part of a neutral people, is, perchance, wrong; but we are not arguing a case, we are recording facts. They did cheer, and cheer with a will too. It was not taking the view of either side, Federal or Confederate, but in admiration of the skill, pluck, and daring of the 'Alabama,' her captain and her crew, who offered a general theme of admiration for the world all over." The same paper further says: "Visitors were received by the officers of the ship most courteously, and the officers conversed freely of their exploits. There was nothing like brag in their manner of answering questions put to them. They are as fine and gentlemanly a set of fellows as we ever saw—most of them young men."

Just previous to entering Table Bay the "Alabama," when four miles from the shore, captured the bark "Sea Bride," of Boston. This exploit was performed in full view of almost the entire population of Cape Town, and was a peculiarly thrilling and exciting scene. Semmes sent his prize to Saldanha Bay, and afterwards sold her to a British subject for about one-third of her value.

The meteorlike career of the "Alabama," and her final disappearance from the seas under the fire of the guns of the "Keersargo" off Cherbourg, is so universally known as to render recapitulation superfluous. A ship of the storm and combat, it was fitting that her end should be amid the thunders of battle.

HENRY M. STANLEY AS A SOLDIER.

Stanley, who as an African explorer has left an indelible mark on the world's history, was once a Confederate private soldier, having enlisted at the age of sixteen in

in a regiment recruited at New Orleans. [What regiment was it?] He saw much service and made a record as a hard fighter. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. Here he gave proof of indomitable and heroic courage in his escaping, under a storm of bullets, by swimming the river. Sometime after, Stanley again enlisted, but this time in the Federal navy. He joined the flagship "Ticonderoga," filling the office of Secretary to the Admiral, and remaining in the service until 1865. He obtained officer's rank for swimming, under fire, some five hundred yards, and making fast a hawser to a Confederate ship, thus enabling the Federal fleet to tow her off a prize.

Henry Mortlake Stanley's subsequent heroic record is known to every reader of any language. As a warrior Stanley is strictly a Free Lance, and has fought under many different flags. His real name is John Rowlands, and he was born in Wales of very humble parents. His career is phenomenal, having borne arms for the Confederacy, for the United States, for England, for Belgium, and has commanded thousands of King M'tesa's followers whom he succeeded in gaining as allies during the most perilous part of his tramp across Central Africa. He has commanded thousands of men also in Equatorial Africa, and always with success. His influence over savages is magnetic. His white lieutenants, seven in number, all perished, while Stanley seemed to bear a charmed life. He found that great and good philanthropist, the lamented Dr. Livingstone. To record all his achievements would fill many volumes. Since Stanley became a Benedict he is never heard of.

P. F. LEWIS writes from Camp Mills, Aurora, Tex.: "When our (Mills) regiment was on marshal duty at Dalton, Ga., in 1864, I and Burlan Thompson, of Company E, went on duty with orders to stop every private and officer without a pass from the commanding general. When Gen. Johnston came along, Thompson said: 'With our orders we can stop the General, but it's not expected that we do.' Said I: 'Let's play with him.' 'Halt,' said Thompson; 'let us see your pass.' 'I have no pass; I am Gen. Johnston. Don't you know your general?' 'We're to know no one,' replied T. Then the General dived in his pockets for papers identifying him, which were carefully looked over and returned by T., saying, 'You can go, General,' and as he moved off he turned in his stirrups and said, 'I want you to know Gen. Johnston hereafter;' and we did, but often laughed at outranking, for the time, that proud, stately general, so much beloved by his soldiers."

Col. R. B. COLEMAN, Adjutant of Jeff Lee Camp at McAlister, Ind. T., chronicles the death of Comrade Samuel S. Thurman, late of Company B, Twenty-second Arkansas Infantry, rank of First Sergeant. "He was a fearless soldier, having planted the holy stars and bars on the enemy's works at Helena, Ark., on July 4, 1863, where he had to push their bayonets out of his way to plant his colors, at the time of the charge across Graveyard Hill by the noble Twenty-second. Comrade Thurman was a noble Christian gentleman of the old school, of the Baptist faith, a Royal Arch and Eastern Star Chapter Mason. He was buried by the Masonic Order with appropriate ceremonies."

MISS STELLA BATEMAN has been chosen Daughter and Sponsor of Camp Winchester Hall, No. 178, Berwick, La.

AYE, BUT ITS HOPES ARE DEAD.

SIR HENRY HOUGHTON, of England, in 1865, wrote these beautiful lines as a reply to "The Conquered Banner." The Southern people never expect to see that sacred banner unfurled except to typify the noblest deeds of the human race.

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,
Say not that your hopes are fled;
Keep that glorious flag which slumbers,
One day to avenge your dead.
Keep it, widowed, soulless mothers,
Keep it, sisters, mourning brothers,
Furl it with an iron will;
Furl it now, but keep it still,
Think not that its work is done,
Keep it till your children take it,
Once again to hail and make it
All their sires have bled and fought for,
Bled and fought for all alone.

All alone! aye, shame the story,
Millions here deplore the stain;
Shame, alas! for England's glory,
Freedom called, and called in vain.
Furl that banner, sadly, slowly,
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy,
Till that day—yes, furl it sadly,
Then once more unfurl it gladly,
Conquered banner, keep it still.

"EXTRA BILLY" SMITH.

COL. G. T. ROGERS (Mahone's Brigade), Washington:

Just now I have your September issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and have read it with lively interest. I observe that but little is said in that number of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by the great chieftain, R. E. Lee, in person, also that your list of "Gubernatorial Confederates," as prepared by Charles Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., omits that most worthy and distinguished Virginian, "Extra Billy" Smith! True, the "Editor is of the opinion that 'Extra Billy' Smith was Governor of Virginia, and did active service in the Confederate army."

Such a reference to the honorable and honored dead hardly reached the line of the "active service" he rendered in the Confederate army.

He was the most gallant old gentleman I ever had the honor to meet, and I associated with him for a few months. When I met him in 1862 he was the colonel of a Virginia infantry regiment (the Forty-sixth, I think). I am sure that there was nothing in his organization or emotion of fear. He was for a short time attached to Mahone's Brigade. It was then I knew him. I saw him in action, under very heavy and pelting fire of artillery and musketry, and he seemed oblivious of everything except a yearning desire to get a little nearer to the enemy. Under intense excitement the old hero would cry out: "A little nearer! forward, my men! get a little nearer, boys! close! close! until you can see their eyes!" and you could see and feel that he meant all he said. In the series of fights in the efforts Gen. Lee made to check the retreat of McClellan's army from the front of Richmond, our brigade (Mahone's), Hager's Division then, moved out in pursuit early in the evening, down the Charles City county road, toward Malvern Hill, etc. News was brought by wire that Col. Smith's oldest son had just been killed in the Confederate cause, in Texas, I think. The message was handed him by Gen. Mahone, who in sympathy said to the old colonel at the same time:

"I will excuse you from the march and, perhaps, fight to-day, sir." The Colonel read his message; the tears silently coursed down his rugged face; he paused for a moment. Already the guns had begun to roll forth their thunder from the front. He looked up to Gen. Mahone and said: "Thank God, sir, the boy died in doing his duty. I thank you for your sympathy, but I think my duty lies here to-day; let us march on!" and through that day he did "active service."

In after reorganization his regiment was moved from Mahone's Brigade. He was made a major general and was elected Governor of the State while on the battlefield, and was Governor at the evacuation of Richmond.

It is due to Mr. Jones, who was enterprising and good enough to prepare the list for the VETERAN, to print this explanation: "Augusta, Ga., November 10, 1894. I want to remind you that several of the names which you mentioned in the VETERAN belonged to men who were Governors during and not subsequent to the war. William Smith was Governor of Virginia 1864-65. Andrew Gordon Magrath was Governor of South Carolina 1864-65. Thomas H. Watts was Governor of Alabama 1863-65. My desire was to put on record the names of the prominent Confederates who served as State Governors in the territory once claimed by the Confederacy when the war was at an end. With the surrender of the Confederate armies in April, 1865, my list, properly speaking, begins, and this, it must be remembered, was my starting point. Again, my list was not intended to include all Confederates who have been honored with the position of State Governor since the close of the war, but to embody in it the names of the most prominent actors, whether military or civil, in the Confederate struggle for independence, who have been complimented with the gubernatorial office since April, 1865."

TRIBUTE TO COL. P. D. CUNNINGHAM.

COL. JOHN P. MURRAY, of Bloomington, pays high tribute to a gallant Tennessean (not related to S. A. C.):

Preston D. Cunningham was born in Jackson County, Tenn., the son of James G. Cunningham, a highly respectable and wealthy citizen of that county.

He was mustered in as a private soldier in August, 1861. The Twenty-eighth Tennessee was organized on the 28th of September, 1861. I was elected colonel. On the 30th of September I appointed P. D. Cunningham adjutant of the regiment. He continued in said position until after the battle of Shiloh. I was appointed a colonel of cavalry and the Twenty-eighth was reorganized. At the reorganization, the gallant A. T. Brown was elected colonel of the Twenty-eighth and P. D. Cunningham lieutenant colonel. Brown's health soon gave way and he resigned, and Cunningham commanded the regiment. He was a gentleman of ability and a most gallant soldier. He distinguished himself for gallantry in the great battle of Shiloh. While he commanded the regiment he performed hard service at Vicksburg, and again greatly distinguished himself for gallantry. In fact, there was never an occasion that he did not distinguish himself. The Twenty-eighth was in Breckinridge's Division at the battle of Murfreesboro, and Col. Cunningham was killed in the desperate charge that Breckinridge made on the evening of the 30th of December, 1861. No young officer had won more renown than P. D. Cunningham; and if he had lived, he would have won high rank in the army.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

THE following address was delivered by Hon. John W. Overall, now of New York City, before the Auld Lang Syne Society. Copy furnished the VETERAN by the author:

Who fears to speak of sixty-two?
Who blushes at the name?
If cowards mock the patriot few,
Who hangs his head in shame?
He's all a knave and half a slave,
Who slights his country thus:
But a true man, like you man,
Will fill your glass with us.

While in Richmond I was commissioned by the Confederate Government to take charge of all the straggling companies that were reported to be entering New Orleans and muster them into the public service. New Orleans fell, not by the hands of Gen. Butler, of Massachusetts, but by the Tennessean, Admiral Farragut. That put an end to my instructions. Nevertheless, as my family and my brother were within the enemy's lines, I determined to enter New Orleans and rescue them if possible. With permission of Gen. Lovell, at Jackson, Miss., I launched on a Lake Pontchartrain sloop under the guns of the Federal war vessel "New London," and found my little family debating how to provide for the immediate future. That was soon arranged, for I had plenty of South Carolina money, which I exchanged for greenbacks.

You will understand that I took my life in my own hands when I entered the lines of Butler. The danger of being arrested as a spy and the specter of a halter, however, did not deter me. At that time Gen. Butler was rapidly developing into a second Caligula. I had left my commission of a Confederate colonel and what arms I had in the hands of a sympathetic lady in Madisonville, on the other side of the lake, but this was known to more than one person who were fellow-passengers on the little sloop. This story of Opie Read's will illustrate the situation:

A man was arrested for stealing a mule and killing the owner, who had attempted to rescue his property. It was when, under carpetbag and negro rule, ignorant black men were made justices of the peace.

"I's a special justice, sah, and de Spreme Court can't undo what I do do, sah. I hab two laws, de Texas law and de Arkansas law; which will you take, sah?"

"Well, Judge, I think I'll take the Texas law."

"Berry well, sah. In dat case, made and pervided, I'll hang you for stealin' de mule."

"Well, Judge, that's hard. I think I'll take the Arkansas law."

"Berry well, sah. In dat case, made and pervided, I'll hang you for killin' de man!"

So in New Orleans if you escaped hanging, you were sent to Ship Island if Gen. Butler got hold of you.

There was one man that Gen. Butler was afraid to hurt: Father Mullen, the most popular of the Irish Roman Catholic priests. One day Butler sent for him. "I understand, Father Mullen, that you refused to officiate at the burial of one of my soldiers." "That is a mistake," replied Mullen, "for I would gladly bury, according to the ceremonies of my Church, every one of your soldiers." The good old Confederate priest was not molested.

I found Gen. Weitzel Mayor of New Orleans. Gen. Butler had sent Mayor John T. Monroe to Fort St. Philip, because he would not take the ironclad Federal oath. The baby boy of Monroe, named for him, lay at

the point of death. Mrs. Monroe sought Butler in her frantic grief. The General agreed that if Monroe would take the oath he should be reinstated in the Mayor's chair and brought to the city to see his sick son. Mrs. Monroe repaired to the prison of her husband, sixty miles below on the Mississippi, and on her knees besought him to agree to Butler's terms of release. Big tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his dying baby boy, but he said: "*I will not take the oath!*" He had been imprisoned because he had refused to pull down the Confederate flag on the city hall, and had placed himself at a window of the building directly facing the Federal flagship "Hartford," when Farragut threatened to bombard the city if the flag was not taken down and furled. Monroe was a Roman. Is it any wonder that when they made him bear a ball and chain he still refused to succumb, and that, weary of him, the Federal authorities sent him into the Confederate lines from Fort Pickens, and when he visited Richmond President Davis threw his arms around him?

I had left George McKnight, the genial humorist known as "Asa Hartz," at Madisonville as provost marshal. Maj. McKnight told me that just before leaving the fortifications at Chalmette, below New Orleans, the Federal fleet shelled them. A negro valet picked up a section of an exploded shell, and, after examining it with much trepidation, said in a trembling voice: "Fore de Lord, Mars George, deys shootin' smoothin' irons at us!" But I found another genial humorist in New Orleans, Harry Macarthy, known as the "Arkansaw Comedian," the author of that ringing song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and also of "The Volunteer," and "Missouri." Mr. Macarthy was a small, handsome man, and brimful of the humor and the pathos and impulsive generosity of the Celtic race. Gen. Butler had seized and burned his "Bonnie Blue Flag" and other music, and he was in daily peril of being sent to Ship Island. His wife was with him—a pretty, modest, and talented singer, who accompanied him in such duets as "The Volunteer." Soon after my arrival, I invited Macarthy to my house. It was a warm June night, and all the windows were open. He sang the "Bonnie Blue Flag," with piano accompaniment. Men and women flocked around the house and loudly applauded the patriotic air, as they did "The Volunteer," which recited the heroism of the Confederates at Manassas. Seeing a policeman making his way through the crowd to my door, I advised the singer to sing a sentimental air, and he sang, "We'll All Be Happy Yet." Fortunately this episode passed without harm to any of us.

It took me three weeks of incessant work, together with the influence of several friends, to obtain permission to leave New Orleans for Mobile. The Federal authorities were, during this time, greatly excited over the alleged insult of Mrs. Phillips to a funeral escort of one of their soldiers, and which called forth Gen. Butler's undeservedly condemned proclamation. At length Gen. Weitzel, who had been an engineering companion of Beauregard on the Southern coast, amended an order of Gen. Butler, allowing myself and family to leave on the last trip of the truce boat, used as a flour boat, plying between New Orleans and Mobile. No examination of baggage was to be made. Gen. Weitzel said to me: "You must not take anything out that is contraband."

"What is contraband?" I asked.

"O," said he, laughing, "powder and shot."

"Well," said I, "we'll send you plenty of that."

"Thank you," he replied, good humoredly.

The Confederates were indebted to Gen. Weitzel for many previous favors. It was he who obtained the order of permission for me, and he will always be gratefully remembered.

I carried out with me on the truce-boat my wife, daughter, and brother; Mrs. Macarthy, under the name Mrs. MacMahon, a member of my family; Harry Macarthy, disguised as a deck hand; and a negro manservant, who bore Macarthy's banjo. In the gulf we were boarded by a Federal man-of-war, but permitted to go on. When at some distance away, Mrs. Macarthy whipped out from her skirts a full-size Confederate flag and flung it to the breeze. It was a daring act, and so thought the commander of the Federal vessel, who prepared to bear down upon us. *But our little boat flew like a bird over the waves.* Every timber creaked as her speed increased. Running for life, she was soon under the guns of Fort Morgan, over which floated the stars and bars of the newborn Confederacy. Thenceforward echoed the strains of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie," cheering the Spartan men and Spartan mothers, wives, sweethearts, who said to them, in the old Lacedaemonian way: "Take this sword for our defense; take this shield for your defense, and bring it back to us with honor or be borne back upon it."

The culmination of that hard and bitter struggle was the compensatory legacy of the grandest figure in modern history: Robert E. Lee.

MONUMENT TO OUR DEAD AT BENTONVILLE.

CAPT. T. H. BAIN, who has been active in this cause, writes from Goldsboro, N. C., October 27:

On account of sickness and other causes we have decided to put off the dedicating of Bentonville Confederate monument until probably March 19, which is the anniversary of the battle. We want the names of all those who were killed in the battle at that place. We have some forty or more. Wooden stakes mark some of the graves. I note one partial name: "D. B. Nolg—, Company K, Thirty-ninth Alabama." We want the missing letters. We would like to have many Confederate comrades with us at the dedication.

A committee composed of members of the Goldsboro Rifles, the Reserve Corps, and Veteran Corps have sent out this circular:

There lie buried in various parts of the battlefield of Bentonville, N. C., quite a number of Confederate dead, who fell in battle at that place, and others are buried near by who died from their wounds. The United States Government has removed all those who fell on the Union side, and it is the desire of the Goldsboro Rifles to remove the Confederate dead who are scattered throughout the battlefield, and which has since grown up with trees and bushes, to some suitable place near the line of battle, and erect a monument to mark their last resting place. The cost of the undertaking will be very heavy on account of nearest distance to railroad being seventeen miles, and the undertaking, without outside assistance, cannot be accomplished.

The committee calls upon all those who feel disposed to aid in this worthy cause for contributions, assuring them that all donations of money, or any article of merchandise, no matter how small the value, will be greatly appreciated. Contributions may be sent to Capt. Bain, at Goldsboro, N. C.

Since the letter of Capt. Bain, Lieut. John W. Gulick writes that on March 19, the anniversary, the monument will be unveiled.

STRANGE FREAK IN THE ARMY.

"OLD HINES" was an odd character, a member of the Second Company of Richmond Howitzers. He was short, squatty, stoop-shouldered, bow-legged, with an aquiline nose and cocked eye, deaf as a post, and at least seventy-five years old. Nobody knew whence he came or what was his nationality. He never talked; and never did any duty, either in camp or on the field.

He detested shoes, and generally went barefooted summer and winter. Naturally, his feet were as tough and hard as leather. When the boys wanted a little fun, they would give "Old Hines" a piece of hard-tack or some corn meal and he would tuck up his trousers, give a war whoop, jump into the fire and kick the smoldering embers in every direction, with a war dance that would have made a Comanche Indian envious.

When fighting commenced he would begin to hunt for plunder all over the field. No danger daunted him. Gathering up his booty, he would seat himself on the ground in the most exposed position near the battery, and calmly proceed to overhaul and mend the overcoats and other garments he had picked up, singing all the while: "Shoo, fly, don't bother me."

As the fighting grew hotter and the bullets flew faster, his spirits seemed to rise, and he plied his needle with greater industry and sang "Shoo, Fly" with redoubled energy.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, when Hecla, Vesuvius, and Etna were vomiting fire, smoke, and death, I turned and looked to the rear of the battery. There, on the top of a perfect pyramid of overcoats, blankets, knapsacks, and frying pans, sat "Old Hines," with his legs crossed, "tailor fashion," sewing for dear life, right in the range of a dozen batteries. And that night, as we left the field, I passed him trudging along under a pile of plunder. He made me think of the pictures of Atlas with the world on his shoulders.

Doubtless he has long since been gathered to his fathers; but hundreds in Richmond and elsewhere would like to know what became of "Old Hines," of whom it may be said, there never was a poorer soldier, a greater plunderer, or a braver man — *Times*.

J. E. LABISSE, Lake Charles, La., makes inquiry of any members of the Smith & Turner Battery, of Quitman, Miss., and adds: "I have in my possession an old flag which bears on one side the words, 'Smith & Turner's Battery,' with the following battles surrounding it: Shiloh, Perryville, Belmont, Chickamauga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Jonesboro, Missionary Ridge, Kennesaw, Atlanta, Franklin, and Nashville. On the reverse is the Goddess of Liberty, with the following: 'Our Liberty. Ready to die in its defense.' I am desirous of corresponding with some of its members in order to ascertain the origin, etc., of this priceless relic. My wife's father, who commanded this battery, was Col. Melancthon Smith, now deceased. I hope you may be able to assist me in this matter."

GEORGE HARRIS, Esq., Camp W. P. Rogers, San Saba, Tex., wants a poem upon "The Battle of Fredericksburg." He says it was published some time after the battle of Fredericksburg in a Savannah (Ga.) paper.

The Confederate Veteran.

One Dollar a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

OFFICE IN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, CHURCH ST.

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

For some reason there comes a spontaneous disposition to honor Southern women. Men may become lukewarm in their patriotism and neglect to do their duty, but women never. Said a veteran the other day: "We ought to build monuments to our Southern women, and to the negroes who were so faithful as slaves during the war." A lady who was present illustrated the merit of the negroes by telling that an uncle of hers went to market early one morning in Nashville, was "bayoneted to death" and left in a stable, and that the family servants took charge of five young girls, whose mother had died previously, worked for and maintained them until after the war, when the eldest married a wealthy Kentuckian, who educated them all.

There never was a time in days of peace when our women exhibited their constancy and unfaltering devotion to patriotic principles more than they have recently. The Daughters of the Confederacy are diligent in perfecting their organizations. If they make mistakes, they rub out and begin anew. With them there is no thought of failure in anything. They don't become discouraged sufficiently to check their zeal, and if "you men" fail in duty, rebuke is so pointed and severe that it reawakens courage and determination.

In the bright morning of this world, when the Creator saw that it was "not good for man to be alone," he determined to make for him a helpmate; and if he failed to see all things from the beginning, the necessity must have occurred to put in woman some of his own attributes, that she be able to stand when man, created in the highest image, would fall. Ordinarily, women are tranquil; but if things go wrong, their instincts give quick notice, and they cooperate for relief with amazing and inspiring unanimity. A monument of bronze in their honor is not sought by them; but they would rejoice in a college for their advancement. They are practical. The writer was bearer of the news by the Southern Press Association to Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis that its purpose would be to erect a great monument to her husband, and she instantly replied, not considering a figure in bronze: "I hope it will be an institution of a constantly recurring benefit to mankind." By the by, while that monument movement lies dormant, it must be the settled purpose of our people to erect a structure, typical of valor and sacrifice, in his honor as their chief magistrate. Let no one imagine that the prolonged financial distress in the country causes any abatement of the determination to build a monument that will be looked upon with pride by other generations.

It seems opportune now to erect monuments to the

negro race of the war period. The Southern people could not honor themselves more than in cooperating to this end. What figure would be looked upon with kinder memory than old "Uncle Pete" and "Black Mammy," well executed in bronze? By general cooperation models of the two might be procured and duplicates made to go in every capital city of the South at the public expense, and then in the other large cities by popular subscriptions. Who would not be glad to see typical representatives of these kind old servants in their little cabin homes preserved by the Southern people—aye, even if hen roosts were occasionally bare? Let the women take it up; the men will help.

There is not of record in history subordination and faithful devotion by any race of people comparable to the slaves of the Southern people during our great four years' war for independence.

GEN. WILLIAM B. BATE.

THE article in this VETERAN by Dr. W. J. McMurray, on "The Gap of Death at Chickamauga," gives so much prominence to Gen. William B. Bate, now United States Senator from Tennessee, that a conference for approval was had with the General. He was not ready to confirm the statistics exactly, and was not certain that the Federal commanders were just as stated by the Doctor, but was of that impression. The hero was found in his usual cordial spirits and invariable readiness to speak words of praise for the men who enlisted with him, and he also gave some of his personal experiences.

His regiment, the Second Tennessee Infantry, which had done valiant service from the First Manassas until the time for its reorganization, in Virginia, was the first regiment in the Confederate army to volunteer for the war. In appreciation of this, the War Department gave the entire command furloughs for forty days and the privilege of selecting the place of service which they preferred, hence their removal to Tennessee. However, Gen. A. S. Johnston had retired from Kentucky, and had fallen back to Decatur, Ala., leaving the homes of these men in possession of the enemy. Col. Bate called upon Gen. Johnston at Decatur and delivered to him his unsealed orders, also a sealed letter from Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War. He was directed by Gen. Johnston to rendezvous his men at Corinth, and a large proportion of this gallant regiment, without organization and with furloughs in their pockets, true to patriotic instincts, assembled promptly at the place designated. During this call upon Gen. Johnston he seemed very much depressed. He expressed his regret to Col. Bate at having no brigade to give him. The latter replied that he had not expected any. "But," said the General, "I am directed by Mr. Benjamin to do so."

Col. Bate rode a sorrel horse which had been given him by Sumner County friends, and which was stolen just before the battle of Shiloh. In this way he rode

into that battle the celebrated race horse, "Black Hawk," a magnificent coal-black stallion, but the only saddle he could get was white, making a good target. The left of his regiment suffered much early Sunday, while close by the little church at Shiloh, and three of his kinsmen were killed. There, under a crucial test, he advanced in



front of the regiment on the magnificent steed, and was shot through the leg, both bones being broken, the bullet passing through the saddle and entirely through the horse. Col. Bate grew so faint from the loss of blood that he dropped the reins and was holding to the pomel of the saddle, when the horse deliberately returned to his proper place in the rear of the regiment. Col. Bate was carried to a little cabin over a hill, and out of immediate danger. The horse followed, put his head in the door and whinnied, then turned away and soon afterward was dead. Col. Bate was carried from this cabin back to Corinth in a cart without springs, drawn by a gray mule, and over roads so badly cut up that several servants (his own favorite Jim, now living near Gallatin, on a place given him by his master) lifted the cart out of the ruts occasionally. Mrs. Bate was at Huntsville when she learned of her husband's misfortune, and hastened to Corinth. He was terribly wounded, hardly conscious, and the first he knew of her presence she was kneeling by his bed. In telling this he looked out of the window and there were moments of silence.

Both bones of the leg were broken by the ball, and, after repeated consultations, the surgeons decided that amputation was imperative. He objected, but his plea

was unavailing, until he ordered his servant to hand him his pistols, and told the surgeons that he intended to "protect" that leg. Later on, in the hospital at Columbus, Miss., Dr. Paul F. Eve, well known throughout the South, and whose home was in Nashville, was called in to persuade him to submit to amputation; but he at once decided upon change of treatment, and the leg was saved.

It was some months before Col. Bate had recovered sufficiently to enter service again, and then he went on crutches. He had to use them until sometime after the war. However, he never missed a battle, except when confined with wounds, and in the various incidents of horses being killed at Chickamauga he had to be lifted each time upon another horse, being unable to mount alone.

The story told by Dr. McMurray of Mr. Davis going over the battlefield of Chickamauga and seeing the three dead horses is corroborated by Gen. Bate, the Doctor's article having been corrected by the General.

Col. George T. Fry, of Chattanooga, a fluent speaker:

Mars was the god of war. Bate is Mars. I have seen him on the battle's crest leading Tennesseans to victory, to glory, and to death. He was my commander at Chickamauga. I loved him then; I love him now. He went into that battle with wounds received at Shiloh not yet healed. On horseback he carried his sword in one hand, his crutches in the other, and the rein of his horse's bridle between his teeth. One horse after another was shot from under him, until three were killed and none other was to be procured. In this dilemma, did this proud, indomitable soul falter? No; but like the lion-hearted hero he was, he hobbled on through the fight upon his crutches until he led his men to victory, leaving fifty-eight per cent. of his entire command wounded or dead upon the field which his valor had won. He was the Murat of the army. I have always believed that had he on that day been its commander in chief, Rosecrans's army would not only have been routed from the field of Chickamauga, but would to a man have been captured at Chattanooga or drowned in the Tennessee River, and thus would have been changed the fortunes of war. Since laying down his sword, he has been called by his people to serve them in the highest and most responsible positions, State and national, within their gift.

REV. CLARK WRIGHT, whose beautiful address to the Association of the Third Georgia Regiment appeared in the August VETERAN, writes from New York, under date of October 26: ". . . I am grateful to you for the speech contained in the August number of CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the kind editorial reference to myself. The members of my old regiment have expressed themselves highly gratified at the spirit manifested by the publication. May the fraternal spirit grow and strengthen, North and South, the dead past burying its dead, while our native land advances to fulfill manifest destiny of one government, one flag, one people on the entire North American Continent!"

At the last annual meeting of Camp Hampton, No. 389, Columbia, S. C., Capt. R. S. DesPortes was elected Commander, and D. R. Flenniken reelected Adjutant.

BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

BY CAPT. S. D. BUCK, THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, BALTIMORE.

COULD such an affair be called a battle? We fully expected a bloody battle at this point. As we had really the best of the fight at Winchester in open field, the men were much encouraged, and our defeat was a shock to the rank and file. The position was a very strong one, but our army was too small to man it. On the 21st Sheridan deployed in our front, and a skirmish ensued with the cavalry. On the 22d his infantry skirmishers advanced, and again the two armies faced each other and shot and shell came thick and fast; but soon all was quiet, save the constant picket fire, and it was evident to all of us that Sheridan was either forming to charge our works or was trying to outflank us. We were not long kept in suspense, as heavy firing was heard on our left which soon abated. The men were quite nervous, as they feared a cavalry charge (as at Winchester) which would again turn our left. At this juncture considerable activity was shown by the enemy in our front, and we got ready to meet the impending charge. While standing in position a cavalryman from our left came down our line, walking on top of our works, reporting to each command that "we are flanked!" This did much for Sheridan, and the worthless soldier should have been shot then and there. I shall always regret not having arrested him, as I believe it would have saved our right from the disgraceful scene that followed. Immediately on our left was a North Carolina brigade, and I could see that this report demoralized them. I took it upon myself to force some of the men to remain in the works. As the firing drew nearer on our left Gen. Pegram rode up to our brigade and told us he wanted us "to file out of the works, and drive the enemy back." The brigade moved out in perfect order and formed a line of battle facing the advancing enemy, who were not in sight, and would have saved the day, but the North Carolina brigade on our left, already referred to, broke without firing a gun or seeing a yankee. Those men claimed that Gen. Pegram was trying to save his old brigade and let them be captured. While the Carolinians—usually excellent soldiers—were breaking over us Gen. Early rode up and ordered our regiment to fire into them if they would not stop. His order was not obeyed. Gen. Pegram, and the officers generally, made every effort to rally the men, but commands and entreaties had no effect. One grand rush was made for the valley pike. The writer went with the crowd, and the confusion beggared description. The ridiculous part of it was that the enemy were not in sight, and none came in view after we vacated the works until we reached the pike. It was now dusk, and we were being pressed hard by the advance up the pike. I rallied a few men whom I knew and formed a line across the road, and was soon heavily engaged by the enemy. At the very moment needed the gallant Capt. Carpenter, of Carpenter's Battery, came back with two pieces he had saved, and I called to him to unlimber and help us. Not one word of hesitancy, but gladly did he order the pieces to halt, and most effectually did he handle them. We only had about fifty men, but we stood our ground. While we were engaged Col. Pendleton, of Gen. Early's staff, came up and assisted us in stopping our men, who were still running—to get out of *hearing* of the bugle, which was sounding the charge! At this point the gallant Pendleton was shot from his horse, and died next day. I heard the bullet when it struck him, and saw him fall from his

horse. I was so busy I could not go to him, but had four men carry him back. We held this position until I could send to Gen. Pegram and inform him of our position. A courier soon came with orders to stay until he sent for me. We did, and Capt. Carpenter stood to us and fought his guns with desperation. I met Capt. Carpenter since the war, to know him, and he said that but for the stand made by part of the Thirteenth Virginia infantry and his two guns half of our army would have been captured. A great many of our men passed through our lines while we held the enemy in check. In the meantime Gen. Pegram had formed and ordered us back. We then began our retreat up the valley, fighting all the way back to Port Republic.

To sum it up: We had disgraced ourselves, and some of the officers were worse by far than the men. They were simply demoralized. Gen. Early did all that mortal man could do, and could our brigade have had fifteen minutes in which to form we would not have lost our artillery and could have fallen back in good order. I write this article in vindication of Gen. Early. Fault was not at his door. That one cowardly cavalryman is responsible for this disaster, and convinced me that it would be far better to discharge such cowards as he rather than risk their influence in times such as we were passing through. We needed men, not poltroons such as he, and the condemnation of every Confederate soldier should follow him, even to this day if living—and he is, unless he died of disease or accident, for it is certain an enemy could never catch him. Sheridan had as many cavalrymen as Early could muster of all branches. No matter where we formed, his cavalry could ride round our flanks and leave us confronted by fully three to one of infantry. Just think of Early's campaign—four to one from start to finish—and you will not wonder he was beaten.

[From a soldier's experience, the editor suggests that "the cavalryman" may have been an enemy.]

Capt. Buck, in a personal letter, writes: "When I returned, recently from the reunion of my old regiment (Thirteenth Virginia Infantry) I felt like reporting the same. I heard a very interesting sketch of that gallant command read by Lieut. Martin Stringfellow, of Company A, a most excellent soldier, who was promoted on the field or for conduct in the Maryland campaign. In this sketch he referred to the cause of the disaster at Fisher's Hill in the valley campaign, and says: 'The little cavalryman came down on top of our breastworks from the left of the line of battle, and spread the news that we were flanked by a division of the enemy, and were being surrounded.' Gen. Early has never been given the credit he deserved. . . . At Orange Dr. J. William Jones, the brave chaplain of the Thirteenth, gave an interesting talk; also Gen. Fields. Both speakers were justly severe on the history used by the public schools in Virginia, and urged that parents repudiate them, as *well as the school board* for selecting them. After the speaking we had a sumptuous dinner, consisting of all the good things grown in the country, even to the proverbial baked opossum, which was furnished by a colored man and barbecued in old Virginia style by one of Virginia's fairest women, Mrs. R. C. Macon, who was Miss Emma Riley, of Winchester, the home of heroic women. I noticed in your last paper inquiry as to Lieut. Willroy. I saw him killed, and have written his brother the particulars. I took occasion to urge all Confederates to have the VETERAN in their family."



DECORATION OF CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN OAKWOOD CEMETERY, CHICAGO.

THEO NOEL, Fourth Texas Cavalry, editor of the *American Home*, Chicago—see his card as geologist—favors the *VETERAN* with the above excellent picture. It was made at the reunion in May, 1892. The comrade will, ere long, furnish another of the cemetery, with an accurate picture of the monument. In the above the portly man, sitting with an overcoat on his lap, is Gen. Underwood; another, with long white mustache, is Rev. J. J. Pickett, the "Tennessee War Chaplain;" while the lady most prominent in the scene is Mrs. Noel.

In a private letter October 31 the comrade states:

On last Decoration Day there was sent to us ten boxes of flowers from Texas, and several from our personal friends in other States of the South. The monument is a thing of beauty and will last forever.

I would like to say through the *VETERAN* that if the remarks that I have heard made by the multitude of visitors to the monument were heard by every reader of the *VETERAN* they would feel different as to the prejudice that is supposed to exist in the North against those who wore the gray. I heard one old battle-scarred Grand Army of the Republic veteran say, standing at the base of the monument: "That is worthy of a brave and chivalrous people, as the people of the South proved themselves to be."

Chicago is proud of the ex-Confederates who have become citizens of the city. It should be remembered that it was a son of Abe Lincoln who, as Secretary of War, gave our association the permission to take charge of and improve the lot and erect the monument. There are many ex-Confederates living in Chicago who have never identified themselves with us in this effort, fearing that it would interfere with their business relations with the people, and they have so expressed themselves to me. However, those of us who have never sought to conceal our connection with the "lost cause" have been

more honored and respected by all, and have been time and again invited to banquets given by the Grand Army of the Republic Camps in this city. To illustrate a case in point, I will state that four years ago I was persuaded to run for State Legislature in my district, and the Grand Army Camp of 283 members gave me their solid support.

FELLOW-FEELING IN THE ARMY.

This pathetic story is being published by the Northern press as a "noble deed of a brave Southern lad."

The day after the battle of Fredericksburg Kershaw's Brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes's Division lay one hundred and fifty yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes's men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying, and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and the agonizing cries of "Water! water!"

"General," said a boy-sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"I can't stand hearing those wounded yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the general, "the moment you step over the wall you'll get a bullet through your head; the skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me, I'll try it."

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I cannot refuse. God protect you! You may go."

"Thank you, sir." And with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy-sergeant sprang over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets, his Christ-like errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He came back at night to his bivouac untouched.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

J. L. BALLINGER, Honey Grove, Tex.: "I see from the papers that Com. Ramsey is now the supreme head of Uncle Sam's navy. He commanded six gunboats that ascended the Ouachita River to a little town in Louisiana, called Harrisonburg. There our little Frenchman, Gen. C. J. Polignac, attacked them with Enfield rifles and one battery of field pieces. Of course we were very soon forced backward, as it was folly to attack gunboats with small arms and no levee. In this connection there is one man I have always wanted to know about. After the firing had about ceased, a quartermaster came along by our command (I was standing by my horse) and asked if I would go with him to his old headquarters, about fifty yards from and in plain view of the gunboats. I was a young fellow then, and told him I would go as close as he would, but that neither one of us would get there. His reply was: 'Come on.' I immediately vaulted in the saddle, and we loped down toward the river and former headquarters. Very soon shells commenced flying thick and uncomfortably close. My companion stood it, I thought, well for a while, but finally several came so close that he yelled out: 'Let's go back.' I immediately and cordially seconded the motion, and the road we took led us up a very high hill, on top of which was old Fort Beauregard. We were very glad to get up there out of range of the big guns."

B. F. Sugg, Greenville, N. C.: "Twenty-eight years ago, Tom Jefferson, of Company B, Fortieth Regiment, N. C. T., and I were stationed as special pickets on the extreme northern shore of Bald Head Island opposite Fort Fisher. This was the night before Fisher was attacked in the morning. Our instructions were to exercise special vigilance, as there were apprehensions of an attack at 4 o'clock in the morning. I smelled coal burning, as the wind was from the northeast, and remarked to Jefferson that either a blockade runner was coming in or the yankees were on us. At daybreak we saw the fleet, and, as directed by the officer of the guard, we fired off our rifles and made our way to headquarters, where we were supplied with food and water and then sent back to the same post, and there we stood until Fisher was silenced by the yanks. Never in my life have I witnessed more determination and courage than was displayed on the occasion of the Fort Fisher fight. Early next morning, after the surrender, the troops on Bald Head Island at Fort Holmes and Fort Coswell moved on the west side of Cape Fear to Fort Anderson, where we remained only a short time before being driven out. At Smithville (now Southport) I lost my shoes on the 16th day of January, 1865, and never had any on my feet until April 22, marching over two hundred and fifty miles barefoot. At the close of the war I surrendered at Bush Hill, near Trinity College, in North Carolina. Lieut. Selby Hardinburg, Company B, Fortieth Regiment, now of Newbern, Ala., was in command of the company. He and I were the only members of that company paroled."

L. Hughes, Dyersburg, Tenn.: "I heard a good story yesterday of an enthusiastic old farmer in Gibson County, who had sent four sons to the army. One fine morning, after we had fallen back from Corinth and the yanks had possession of West Tennessee, there rode up to his house a troop of cavalry dressed in the multicol-

ored uniform, which about that time was common with the rebs, and whom he thought were Confederates. He received them cordially, and they began asking many questions, wanting much information, all of which the old gentleman was pleased to give, and more too. The old lady stood just within the door, eyes, ears, and wits all alive. Presently a flock of geese marched sedately into the yard, among them a plump young goose. One of the soldiers said: 'Old man, give me that bird.' Then the old lady called: 'Old man, come in the house. Come in, old man. God knows they are yankees. You never saw a Southerner eat goose.' Bless her motherly old soul! before the war closed 'rebs' did eat goose or any other live thing they could get, and alas and alack! finally they ate crow. These same yanks came back in a few days, arrested the old man and all the good Southern people of whom he told them, took them to Trenton and bulldozed them into taking the oath and all that."

J. A. Wheeler, Salado, Tex.: "Sometime between two and three o'clock on April 6, 1862, at the battle of Shiloh, Gen. Pat Cleburne's Brigade was ordered to move forward from its position in a ravine to the top of a ridge in front and hold the position at all hazards for twenty minutes, which we did in grand style under one of the most severe showers of lead imaginable, until Terry's Texas Rangers gained the enemy's rear. At a given signal a brigade from the right and left of Cleburne's Brigade charged in echelon to the right and left, coming together in front of Cleburne, who ceased firing. The charge from the front made Gen. Prentiss hunt for more congenial ground, but in his wild search for less dangerous quarters he found Terry's Texas Rangers in his rear. He soon found that he had fallen into the Confederate trap, and surrendered in good style and quick time his entire division of some 10,000 or 15,000 men. Gen. Prentiss was sent to the rear by Capt. R. Y. King, of the Eighth Texas Cavalry, Terry's Rangers, under charge of Serg. G. B. Beaumont, who is now Dr. Beaumont, of Coleman, Tex., and Capt. King is now the Hon. R. Y. King, of Belton, Tex. They invite correspondence on the subject. Many of our best men were killed and wounded in this engagement, for Prentiss's men fought well at short range, about three hundred yards. They were using the buck and ball ammunition, and shot low, and hurt."

L. P. Hitchcock, Prescott, Ark.: "My company was known as Wiggins's Battery, commanded by Capt. J. H. Wiggins, Wheeler's Brigade. The first battle in which we were engaged was that of Shiloh, and ours was the first battery to open fire in the first engagement. Remarkable to say, there was not a man of our company killed in the entire battle, and but three wounded. All recovered, but, alas! there are now but few of the old comrades living, and they are all gray-haired and will soon 'pass over the river.' We have a Camp here of a few remaining old veterans of different companies. Long live the CONFEDERATE VETERAN!"

D. B. Wade, Red Lick, Miss.: "Comrade Archer inquires of Capts. Snowden, Blakemore, and Black. Where is Overton? Darden's Battery from this county (Jefferson), was with Bushrod Johnson's Brigade until the battle (or route) of Mission Ridge. I saw Capt. Black while wounded on the field and thought he would surely die. Is he living?"

J. F. Brown, son of a veteran, writes in the *Meridian* (Miss.) *Commercial*, an account of the Thirteenth Mississippi in the battle of Manassas, in which he states: "On the morning of the 21st day of July, 1861, between the hours of midnight and day, the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment arrived at Manassas Junction. A march by the regiment was taken up to a skirt of woods near the battlefield, and there held in reserve until the middle of the afternoon. It was then ordered to the extreme left of the Confederate line, and there formed a line of battle, with the Seventh Virginia Regiment on its right, and the Seventh Louisiana Regiment on its left, under command of Col. Jubal Early, of the Seventh Virginia. The Federals ran up several flags in front, a distance of about three hundred yards, just over the brow of a hill, and began lively a rapid sharpshooting, which was kept up quite a while. Col. Barksdale, of the Thirteenth Mississippi, ordered his regiment to charge, leaving the other two regiments behind. The Federals, on hearing the command, 'Charge!' given by Col. Barksdale, stampeded, and the Thirteenth arrived at the summit of the hill, where they expected to meet the enemy, and were agreeably surprised to find that they had fled. The retreating army consisted of near five thousand well-equipped soldiers, while the Thirteenth Mississippi numbered about one thousand and one hundred. The pursuit was kept up for several hours, until dark."

W. W. Booton, London Mills, Ill.: "On that dark and rainy night which closed over the second day's battle of Nashville I was standing vidette near the Granny White pike. Late in the night I heard out in the front groans and cries for help, and, after being relieved, with three or four others of my company I groped my way through the darkness and rain and placed Lieut. Fitzpatrick, of the Seventh Alabama Cavalry, in a blanket and carried him to a house near by. The Lieutenant was commanding Gen. Buckner's bodyguard when wounded. Fitzpatrick said that he was a nephew of a former Congressman, that his parents lived in Montgomery, and requested that if we ever got to that place we would call and tell them of the circumstance. I would like to know the Lieutenant's fate."

W. W. Lawrence, Talbott, Tenn.: "I am delighted with the *VETERAN*. It has the right ring. I do hope that the South will soon write her own history, so that our children can learn the truth. Think of my horror when my eight year-old boy came to me and asked who the Federals and rebels were! I told him that the rebels were the Southern people. The little fellow looked puzzled, and after awhile said: 'Well, papa, they tried to break up the government that the great and good George Washington made.' Think of a man buying books to teach his child a lie, and that he was a traitor and deserved to be hanged. Away with all such! All I or any Southern man wants is a book that will tell the truth and let the world judge who were traitors."

J. J. Coulter, Luling, Tex.: "Does any comrade know what became of George Waller, whose home was at Franklin, Tenn., when the war commenced? I saw him last, I believe it was in 1863, near Knoxville. I do not know to what regiment he belonged. Of the many good ladies of Nashville I must mention the name of one, Miss Annie Bell, who, I believe to this day, saved my life by her kindness to me while sick in the Gordon Hospital at Nashville. A good Samaritan was she. Her home was in East Nashville."

Fred L. Robertson, editor of the *News-Register*, Brooksville, Fla.: "I call attention to the mistakes in your item about Maj. Boswell, of Stonewall Jackson's Staff. The same volley that shattered Gen. Jackson's arm and caused his death also caused the death of Maj. Boswell. He was shot through the heart. Maj. Gen. J. J. Dickson commands the Florida Division, U. C. V., not the North Carolina veteran in Florida, and I am Adjutant General of the division."

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: "I notice in July *VETERAN* an inquiry from T. O. Aushuts, Jacksonville, Fla., as to the whereabouts of Dr. Joseph Jones. I understand that he is now Professor of Chemistry in Tulane University, New Orleans."

HONOR TO THE THIRD LOUISIANA REGIMENT

W. L. Morrison, Hamilton, Tex.: "I am an ex-Missourian. I enlisted in June, 1861, served in Hunter's Regiment, Rains's Division, M. S. G., and was at the battle of Carthage (July 5), and the battle of Wilson's Creek (August 10). I believe in the old adage, 'Honor to whom honor is due,' and no account of that bloody conflict I have ever seen did justice to the Third Louisiana Infantry. I believe that regiment deserves the credit of saving the day, for having drawn in our pickets late on the previous evening with the intention of making a night march to attack the Federals at Springfield, ten miles away, and being prevented from marching by the threatening clouds, and having neglected to put out pickets after the night march was abandoned, we were surprised at dawn by the Federals. Sigel's artillery, on the heights across Wilson's Creek, opened right into our camp; while Lyon with his Western men, composing the right of the Federal army, attacked our left. The surprise was complete and disaster seemed inevitable. Gen. McCullough thought we were gofers, and told 'Old Pap' (Price) if he knew what to do, to do it. The Third Louisiana was away down on our right, the only well-armed and drilled regiment in the whole command. It was commanded by the gallant Col. Hebert, twelve hundred strong, and itching for a fight (they had never seen one). It seems to me now that it was not more than ten minutes after Sigel's battery opened until, with a wild yell, they were in line and charging up that slope like a pack of hungry wolves. They ran right over Sigel's Dutch troops, captured the battery, and hurled the Federal left wing back, thus throwing a temporary damper over the whole yankee line, and correspondingly encouraged ours. After that our sorely pressed left wing continued to get reinforcements from our right, and though we had it rough and tumble until ten or eleven o'clock, on what will always be known as 'Bloody Hill,' with Lyon and his brave Western men, yet we gained a glorious victory. I understand that the gallant Hebert still lives at Attukipas, La. I would be glad to see something from him in the *VETERAN* concerning his part in that battle. I was in the 'Lone Jack' raid and fight under the brave Col. J. V. Cockrell. On our return from that trip we were dismounted, and I then served in Company D, Eleventh Regiment, Parson's (Fourth) Missouri Infantry, till March, 1864; from then until the surrender at Shreveport, La., in June, 1865, with Company I, Green's Regiment, Marmaduke's Cavalry, making me over four years in the service. Missourians will always be proud that Southern arms never knew defeat on Missouri soil in anything like a general engagement. Long live the *VETERAN*!

HEROIC CAPT. FRANCIS EDGEWORTH EVE.

A SOUTH CAROLINA comrade sends an interesting account of the above-named gentleman. He is of one of the best known Southern families:



Capt. Eve was born August 15, 1814. As soon as Georgia seceded, he left Georgetown College, D. C., where he was in class with Senator Pat Walsh, and on the 20th of May, 1861, went to Fort Johnson, below Wilmington, on Cape Fear River, with Capt. J. P. Jones, from Elzy's Battery at the Augusta arsenal, to take command of that post and organize and drill companies then mustering into service. From there he went to Halifax, N. C., to join Col. Jones, who had been promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifth N. C. S. T., acting Adjutant and drilling both officers and men on parade. Although but seventeen, young Eve was promoted to second lieutenant of Company G after the first battle of Manassas, and was sent to Augusta to procure a supply of socks, knapsacks, haversacks, etc., for the "Bloody Fifth." This he did at his own personal expense, the merchants there refusing to credit the State of North Carolina. Well for them that they refused, for Lieut. Eve was never reimbursed by that State.

Indignant at the promotion over him of a kinsman of Gov. Ellis, of North Carolina, young Eve resigned, having been in several engagements with the Fifth N. C. S. T., and joined the Richmond "Hussars," Company A, of the famous Cobb Legion—Georgia Clan—of whom Gen. Hampton said: "It was the best regiment in either army, North or South." Eve was elected captain of a company raised in Richmond, and by the advice of his colonel, P. M. B. Young, who applied for it as Company K of his regiment, Capt. Eve mounted forty-three men at a cost of over \$20,000 at his personal expense.

At Brandy Station, on the 9th of June, 1863, in "the greatest cavalry battle of the war," Eve's squadron led the charge, recapturing Stewart's headquarters on Fleetwood Hill, with only 129 sabers, driving back Kilpatrick's Brigade, composed of the Second and Tenth New York, First Maine, First Maryland, and a squadron of District of Columbia cavalry; but his squadron was literally cut to pieces. In his company (K) only two men with their horses escaped scot-free, out of twenty-seven, and thirteen horses were killed. He himself was sabered five times and knocked in the head with a carbine.

Only when wounded was he away from his command. He was a favorite with Gens. Hampton, Butler, and especially Young, who, when ordered to Georgia to protect the Augusta Powder Works, selected Capt. Eve as his second in command, and Eve was in command of the lines from Frazier's farm to Screven's Ferry some time before, and until after the evacuation of Savannah.

The first Confederate Cavalry Survivors Association was formed early in the seventies, of which organization Capt. Eve was elected First Vice President. When they merged with the present Confederate Survivors Association, in 1878, he was again elected. He has been President, First Vice President, and Second Vice President of the Confederate Survivors Association, being in charge of his Association at funerals, parades, and meetings more than all the rest of the officers together. By his popularity and efficiency he has been kept in office over generals and field officers. Many members of his Association were under him while bullets flew thick and fast. The Captain's title suits him: He was a "war captain," but is not a "peace colonel."

MALCOLM CARNES, Bryan (Tex.) Eagle, corrects as follows: "In the JUNE VETERAN appears a short biography of Gov. L. S. Ross, credited to our paper, in which there are some important inaccuracies which have caused considerable comment among the veterans here. The article has not appeared in our columns within the knowledge of the present management, as witnesses here contradict important parts of the article and wish it corrected. The point in question is the alleged capture of Battery Robinett, which was, in fact, never captured, and where Col. William Rogers, who was killed in the fight, buried on the ground by the Federals, and a monument erected by them on account of his bravery, is confounded with Gen. Ross. No braver man than Gen. Ross can be found, and few with a more brilliant record, but he is not a man to take the credit for what he did not do." Charge error to VETERAN. The report was published with other *data* and too much credited, evidently, to the Eagle. Any errors as to facts cheerfully corrected. This should have been published sooner.

Col. W. A. Smoot writes from Alexandria, Va.: "Otto W. Godkin is here looking for some information of his father, Christoph Joseph Godkin, who had been an officer in the Austrian army, but came to Clarksburg, Va., some time prior to the war, and from Clarksburg went to St. Louis, Mo. He left there in April, 1862, to join Gen. T. J. Jackson, and the record states that he was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. His son Otto was very young at the time, and has no information as to what command his father belonged to or what became of him definitely. Any information in regard to him will be cheerfully received." Write care Col. Smoot.

THE BRAVE AND TRUE CAPT. S. J. RIDLEY.

COL. J. L. POWER, of the Clarion-Ledger, Jackson, Miss., has written Gen. S. D. Lee, who sought information for the wife of Dr. Nath Gooch, Nashville, of her father, which is worthy of record here. Mrs. Gooch is an active member of the National Daughters of the Confederacy, and wrote Gen. Lee that she might the more thoroughly establish her merit to membership. Col. Powers writes:

Samuel Jones Ridley was a native of Tennessee, a successful planter in Madison County, Miss., when the war broke out. At the organization of the first regiment of light artillery, he enlisted, March 22, 1862, and became captain of Company A, an eight-gun battery of 230 men. I think he received the unanimous vote of the company. He was forty years of age when he enlisted; dark complexion, gray eyes, and six feet three inches in height. He was a splendid specimen of manhood, a typical Southern planter and gentleman. I was his first orderly sergeant, and sustained that intimate relation to him until promoted to the adjutancy of the regiment. He was loved and respected by every member of the battery. He was killed at the battle of Baker's Creek (or Champion Hill), and was personally directing the firing of his guns when he was shot down. He remained on the hill after the infantry support had retired, when he and several of his men went down under the terrible fire of the enemy.

During the session of the Interstate Dairyman's Convention in this city several years ago, Col. Curtis, of Wisconsin, was my guest, and in the course of some conversation about war times I learned that it was his command that captured the battery. He described the conduct of the captain as most heroic, and said that he would like much to know his name. He was certainly surprised and gratified when I gave him the desired information.

Capt. Ridley was not promoted, as his daughter has heard, but he doubtless would have been had he survived the battle of Baker's Creek. His name and his memory will be cherished by every member of the old battery until they shall be ordered to meet him on the camping grounds of life eternal.

Hon. Frank Johnston, at present Attorney General of Mississippi, who was an officer in the artillery with Capt. Ridley, writes that when Gen. Grant began his movement against Vicksburg Capt. Ridley's Battery was moved from Snyder's Bluff and was with Gen. Pemberton's army in his movement toward Jackson. Two sections, Hooker's and Lancaster's, were left in the intrenchments at Big Black; and the other two sections, Johnston's and Sharkey's, under the command of Capt. Ridley, went on with the army to Champion Hill, and participated in that battle. He continues:

Capt. Ridley was in command of the two sections until twelve or one o'clock of the day, when shortly after the celebrated charge of the Missouri Brigade one section was sent to the extreme left of the Confederate line, and very soon afterwards Johnston's section was ordered to where the Georgia Brigade had given way. Capt. Ridley, Maj. Anderson, Division Chief of Artillery, and Lieut. Johnston were with this section.

The guns were placed in action close to the advancing

Federals, where two regiments were almost immediately in front of the guns, and fire was opened. The infantry broke and left the guns unsupported, and though the guns were worked rapidly, the advance of the Federals was not checked.

Capt. Ridley was killed at this point. All the horses and all of the men, except eight or nine, had been killed or wounded. I was afoot, my horse having been killed, and was firing one of the guns in place of a wounded gunner. The Federals were then very near and the fire severe. Maj. Anderson was killed at this moment. Capt. Ridley was on his horse, and then called to me to get the men away if possible and turned his own horse as if to ride off, and at that moment was killed, as was his horse. The advance squads of Federals were not over thirty yards distant, and probably none of the men would have escaped but for the fact that there was some large timber which gave some shelter.

Capt. Ridley acted well and bravely throughout the day, and was always with that part of his battery which was most exposed. His gallantry and death on the field were mentioned in the official reports of Col. Withers, Gen. S. D. Lee, and Gen. Pemberton, commanding the army.

Dr. J. A. Ridley, a brother, states: "When my brother, Capt. S. J. Ridley, was killed at the battle of Champion Hill, according to a published statement of Gen. McPherson, of the Federal army, he was alone receiving the charge of the Federal line of battle. McPherson was so impressed with his heroism that he made an effort to check the fire, spurring his horse forward that he might save the life of so gallant a man, but he was too late. He mentioned it as an example of Confederate bravery, in illustrating the character of the men they had to contend with."

THE LATE COL. AUGUSTUS M. FOUTE.

THE death of Col. Augustus M. Foute, which occurred at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore recently, is announced. Col. Foute had been residing at the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikeville for some time. He left the Home to go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where in a day or two he died of heart trouble.

It is said that no one has entered the Home as a member who won more rapidly the esteem of his brothers in the cause.

In his long career as lawyer, banker, and soldier, Col. Foute was widely known in the South. He was born in Tennessee, was educated at Yale College, and practiced law with his father at Jackson, Miss., many years. Two of his brothers served as members of the judiciary in different Southern States.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Col. Foute was President of the Gayoso Savings Bank, Memphis, Tenn. He joined the Confederate army and became colonel on the staff of Gen. Pemberton.

After the war Col. Foute engaged in the banking business for ten years with Gen. Loring in New York. Gen. Loring afterwards joined the army of the Khedive of Egypt, and Col. Foute came to Baltimore, where he had been married to Miss Baltzell, who survives him. Col. Foute had not engaged in active business for some time. He held a position in the Building Inspector's department under Mayor Hodge's administration.

THE newly elected officers of Camp Jeff Davis, No. 117, at Goldthwaite, Tex., are L. G. Blackburn, Commander, and M. J. Doyle, Adjutant.

MRS. CHARLOTTE S. BRANCH.

MRS. CHARLOTTE S. BRANCH died in Savannah, Ga., October 21, 1894. She was in her eighty-first year. Her long and useful life had been spent largely in the service of others. The News says:

There was no person in the city more widely known or more highly respected for her many good deeds and kindness of heart. Her devotion to the memory of the Confederate dead and her solicitude for the survivors was especially well known and the news of her death will bring sadness to the hearts of many veterans, who were the recipients of kind attentions at her hands, some upon the field of battle, and who witnessed her devotion to the memory of the heroes of the "lost cause."

It was after the storm of war had burst upon the country that the qualities of mind and heart which were destined to make Mrs. Branch noted among her fellow-townsmen first demonstrated themselves. Her three sons (John L. Branch, Sanford W. Branch, and Hamilton M. Branch) left for the front with the first company to leave Savannah—the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, which had the famed and lamented Bartow for its commander. When the news of the first battle of Manassas, telling its story of victory and glory for the South, came, it brought with it its burden of sorrow and weeping. Among other brave boys of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, who gave up their lives with Bartow on that bloody field, was John L. Branch, adjutant of the Eighth Regiment of Georgia Volunteers. As soon as the news was received, Mrs. Branch left for the battlefield, where, in spite of her own great sorrow, she won honor and renown by her unwearied attentions upon the Confederate wounded. So constant was her attention upon the wounded that she won for herself the name of "Mother of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry." Her work was well known, and was frequently mentioned by the war correspondents.

On her return from Virginia she brought with her the body of John L. Branch, which was laid to rest in the family lot in Laurel Grove cemetery, and since then every token of love and affection has been lavished upon his grave. Upon Confederate Memorial Day, especially, the decorations of the Branch lot were famous for their taste and beauty, the miniature Confederate flags in flowers painted upon the laurel wreath at the head of the tomb being especially noted.

In January, 1891, Sanford W. Branch, the second son, and a well-known and popular citizen, died and was laid beside his brother in Laurel Grove. Capt. H. M. Branch is the only surviving son.

Mrs. Branch was very active in the work of the Ladies' Memorial Association, of which she and the late Mrs. John Williamson were the moving spirits. There was never any danger that any Confederate soldier's grave would go without a laurel wreath on Decoration Day as long as these two ladies survived. Mrs. Branch was an active member of the Independent Presbyterian Church, and took an active part in all its charitable work, to which she devoted great energy and tact. Her kindness of heart and her charitable nature were well known, and the recipients of her kindness will mourn her death.

GEN. JOHN BOYD reported sometime since the election of Capt. B. A. Tracy as Adjutant of Camp Roger W. Hanson, No. 186, Winchester, Ky., Capt. J. L. Wheeler, the late Adjutant, having gone to his eternal home.

CONFEDERATE FLAG REMINISCENCE.

W. R. McKINNY, Greenwood, S. C., supplements a subscription letter with an interesting reminiscence:

The flags in the last VETERAN remind me of an occurrence at the beginning of the war that has been beneficial to me ever since. I had never been much from home, and had never seen many flags. At our camp of instruction we got a long pole, stripped off the bark, making it as slick as glass, and put it in the ground six feet deep, packed wagon loads of rock around it, and then hoisted the first Confederate flag I ever saw. I was on guard duty that day, and on the third relief. A few minutes before my time to go on duty I concluded that the flag did not float right, and thought I would tighten the rope a little, when to my astonishment down came the flag. The officer of the day came up to ask who tore it down. In confusion and embarrassment I told him I did. He wore a large red sash and sword, and I thought he was the biggest man in the world. It was Capt. Frank Harrison, afterwards colonel of my regiment. He said: "As you have been honest enough to own it, I will give you two hours to put it up." I looked up the pole, but I could not climb, and it was about time for my relief to go on duty, and I was to stay on post two hours. Just then I heard the sergeant order "Fall in, third relief." I was in more trouble than I ever was before or since. If I had been condemned to be shot, I could not have felt worse. I ran down to Lieut. Cothron's tent to ask him if he would not try to get it up for me, and he promised to do so. As I ran back I met George Bell, and he said he would put it back for one dollar. He took the flag in his mouth and started to climbing. My relief had formed and was starting off. The ground had been cleared up, leaving blackjack stumps very thick. I kept my eyes on Bell to see how he was getting on. I would strike a stump and down I would fall. I fell several times before I got to my post. He climbed the pole, put up the flag, and I paid him the dollar. Ever since, when I see anything that don't float to suit me, I recall the flag at Sandy Spring and pass on, attending strictly to my own business.

J. M. PRICE, Company C, Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment, Prescott, Ark.: "Permit me to offer a slight correction to Mrs. Belle Lee Parkins's statement on page 120, April VETERAN. She gives the credit of that victory to the Eighth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Mississippi Regiments, when it was the Eighth Virginia, and the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi. My recollection is that Gen. Evans, of South Carolina, commanded the brigade, which probably accounts for the error she was aiming to correct." [This note was overlooked at the proper time.—ED.]

A VENERABLE Texan, in sending subscriptions for which he had advanced the money, adds: "My heart is with you and the cause, but on account of poor health I can be of but little service. It won't be long, according to the course of nature and surroundings, until I shall receive my furlough and join a large majority of that gallant Southern host of other days which has already crossed the river, and, I trust, been transferred by promotion to the army of heaven, whose Commander, Christ Jesus, is the Captain of our salvation, and to whose ranks none are admitted but the brave, the virtuous, and the true. To this end, and a reunion with loved ones, will the remnant of my days be passed."

PARTIAL LIST OF THE MULTITUDE WHO
ARE HELPING THE VETERAN.

THEY will cheerfully serve those who apply to them by sending subscriptions and advertisements. Friends will help to fill the blanks below and make such additions as will help the great cause in hand.

ALABAMA.

Anniston.....J. M. Ledbetter
Athens.....W. B. Russell
Auburn.....Gen. James H. Lane
Birmingham...S. L. Robertson
Camden.....J. F. Foster
Carrollton...Col. M. L. Stansel
Edwardville.....
Elkford.....T. D. Griffin
Florence.....W. M. Bunting
Greenville.....A. S. Adams
Huntsville...W. M. Erskine
Jacksonville...D. Z. Goodlett
Lowndesboro...C. D. Whitman
Lower Peach Tree, B. D. Portis
Montgomery...F. G. Browder
Moundville...Capt. J. S. Powers
Oxford.....Thomas H. Barry
Piedmont...M. T. Ledbetter
Scottsboro...James Staley, Dr.
Andrew Boyd.
Seale.....P. A. Greene
Selma.....Edward P. Galt
Snowdon.....J. B. Slaughter
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Arkadelphia.....C. C. Scott
Bentonville...R. J. Laughlin
Booneville...D. B. Cattleberry
Camden.....Hail G. Smith
Fayetteville...Miss A. M. Stone
Helena.....C. N. Biscoe
Hope.....W. P. Agee
Hot Springs, Gen. J. M. Harrell
Huntingdon...Capt. L. B. Lake
Little Rock...Clem McCulloch
Morrilton.....W. S. Hanna
Prescott.....T. F. Burns
Searcy.....Rev. E. C. Faulkner
Springdale...Dr. John Young
Van Buren...C. W. Lehman

CALIFORNIA.

Santa Ana, Victor Montgomery

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Messenger, Mrs. D. P. Halsey.

FLORIDA.

Altosna.....R. L. Hopson
Brooksville...J. W. Corman
Cantonment...Jos. McVoy
Chipley.....R. B. Bellamy
Fernandina.....
Inverness...W. C. Zimmerman
Jacksonville...W. D. Matthews
Lakeland.....
Leesburg...Capt. J. B. Milam
Marianna.....John W. Poose
Milton...Thomas B. Brashears
Monticello...W. G. Denham
Ocala, Mrs. Gen. J. J. Dickson,
William Fox.
Orlando.....W. Gart Johnson
Pensacola...Gen. George Reese
Plant City.....F. W. Merrin
Sanford.....Otis S. Tarver
St. Augustine, J. A. Enslow, Jr.,
and D. L. Dunham.
Tallahassee.....

Tampa, J. M. Henderson and
J. W. Cooley.

Titusville...Rev. A. D. Cohen

GEORGIA.

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Athens.....Capt. W. P. Welch
Atlanta...Col. John Milledge
Augusta.....F. M. Stovall
Canton...Col. H. W. Newman
Cartersville...Maj. A. M. Foute
Eagle Cliff...W. F. Allison
Eatonton...Robert Young
Greensboro...Jesse P. Wilson
Hawkinsville...D. G. Fleming
La Grange...J. L. Schaub
Macon.....Charles Herbst
Madison...James E. Chiles
Rome.....
Savannah...Mrs. A. M. Raines
Union Point...O. E. Fluker
Washington...Miss G. Cordes

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Ardmore.....F. G. Barry
McAlester...Col. R. B. Coleman

INDIANA.

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A. J. Thomas.

KANSAS

Coffeyville...Dr. T. C. Frazier

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Adairville...M. B. Stovall
Augusta...Col. L. P. Knoedler
Bardstown...A. B. Baldwin
Bell.....C. D. Bell
Bethel.....Jo Arrasmith
Bordley...Fount Christian
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Brownsboro...Lemuel Zaring
Caseyville...T. B. Clore
Franklin...Dr. L. J. Jones
Georgetown, Col. A. H. Sinclair
Harrodsburg...B. W. Allin
Henderson...S. D. McCormick
Justice.....James T. O'Neal
Lewisburg...George T. Gupton
Lexington...Gen. John Boyd
Louisville.....
Newport...Miss Eleanor Arnold
Owensboro...Wallace Herr
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Jackson.....
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Rayville...J. S. Summerlin
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Shannon...J. S. Carothers
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Vicksburg...D. A. Campbell
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Woodville...W. K. Cooper
Yazoo City...C. J. DuBuisson

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Exeter.....G. G. James
Golden City...J. A. Williamson
Huntsville...G. N. Ratliff
Independence...Schnyder Lowe
Joplin, Capt. Z. H. Lowdermilk
Knob Noster...J. E. Robinson
Lamar.....W. L. Mack
Lexington, Rev. Thos. M. Cobb
Louisiana...F. T. Meriwether
Moberly.....R. J. Tait
Odessa.....D. G. Wade
Page City.....N. M. Cooper
Palmira.....K. F. Peddicord
Pearl.....R. H. Skeen
Salisbury...Casper W. Bell
Seneca.....J. T. Albert
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Salisbury...Cicero R. Barker
Stateville...P. C. Carlton
Waynesville, Col. G. W. Clayton
Wilmington, Col. W. L. De-
Rosset, Rev. A. D. McClure.
Winston.....

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Columbia...Capt. A. P. Brown
Darlington.....
Edgefield...Capt. Geo. B. Lake
Greenwood, W. R. McKinney,
R. S. Sparkman.
Hibler.....L. P. Harling
Manning.....J. T. Stukes
Marion.....E. D. Gasque
Orangeburg...T. C. Hubbell
Pinopolis...Dr. R. Y. Dwight

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Buren's Store...H. S. Buren
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Chapel Hill...H. H. Estes
Clarksville...Capt. C. H. Bailey
Cleveland...Dr. S. H. Day
Columbia...Col. H. G. Evans
and Lynch Perry.
Colleoka.....
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Dresden...Col. E. E. Tansil
Dyersburg, L. Hughes and W. C.
Nixon.
Eagleville...U. J. Owen
Ehon College...E. S. Payne
Erin.....T. A. Bunnell
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Gainesboro...L. S. Bybee
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Goodlettsville...B. F. Myers
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Gowers...Gower Brothers
Greenville...F. M. Kelso
Hartsville.....
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Goodloe, John A. Crofford.
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Lemore.
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Pikeville...L. T. Billingsley
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Shelbyville...W. S. Bearden
So'th Pittsburg, Peter Bradshaw
Aurora.....G. W. Watkins
Sta. Camp...Rev. A. T. Goodloe
St. Bethlehem...C. J. Hatcher
Sweet Water...W. T. Lenoir
Tennessee Ridge, D. W. Wilson
Tracy City...J. A. Thompson
Trenton.....R. J. Dew
Trezevant...C. Sprurgeon Wingo
Tullahoma...W. J. Travis
Wartrace...James Arnold
Waverly...Capt. T. L. Lanier
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Woodland Mills...T. H. C.
Lownshrough.
Woolworth...T. A. Bunnell

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Aurora.....G. W. Watkins
Austin.....Charles S. Morse
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Bartlett...D. B. F. Belk
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Bolton, H. M. Cook, H. E. Brad-
ford, R. H. Turner.
Bonham.....J. P. Holmes

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Bryan... Gen. H. B. Stoddard	Montague.....H. H. Wagner
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Canadian.....M. M. French	Paint Rock.....W. T. Melton
Canton.....Tom Clark	Paris.....Gen. John W. Webb
Cedar Creek...A. D. Alexander	Poetry.....S. J. Nash
Center Point...D. G. Horne	Richmond...Mrs. W. B. Smith
Chico.....Capt. J. D. Eddins	Rockwall...Dr. H. W. Manson
Childress.....G. R. Allen	San Antonio, Mrs. E. Allensworth.
Cleburne.....M. S. Kahle	Seguin.....E. S. Carpenter
Coe-field...Capt. W. W. Hill	Seymour.....T. H. C. Peery
Coleman.....J. J. Callan	Sherman...Dr. A. T. Wilson
Columbia.....	and Dr. G. S. Staples.
Comanche.....J. A. Holman	South Prairie, W. H. Whitmire
Dallas.....Frank Edwards	Tehuacana.....H. A. Boyd
Decatur...Col. M. D. Sellers	Travis.....E. Perkins
Era.....D. J. Wilson	Terrell.....Vic Reinhardt
El Paso...Dr. W. M. Yandell	Tyler.....James P. Douglas
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Forreston...Car Forrest	Veto.....A. F. Anderson
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Eugene Burr, C. W. Peabody.	Waxahachie...Hyam Cohen
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Gainesville...J. M. Wright	Whitesboro, Dr. W. A. Darnall
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Goldthwaite, George Whitaker	VIRGINIA.
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Graham, A. T. Gay and Jas. M. Wood.	Culpeper, Miss Minnie L. Hill
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Kaufman...Dan Colfman	Strasburg, Prof. J. B. McInturff
Kemp.....J. A. Watkins	Wellington, Miss Sue M. Monroe
Killeen.....T. F. Prewit	West Point...W. W. Green
La Grange...R. H. Phelps	Williamsburg, Capt. H. T. Jones
Lampasas, Judge D. C. Thomas	WEST VIRGINIA.
Luling.....J. J. Coulter	Charleston...C. L. Thompson
Marlin.....John M. Jolly	Huntington.....
Memphis.....G. W. Tipton	Romney, William Montgomery

THE good news has been sent out that Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis has succeeded in getting possession of her book, although she loses in royalty. The VETERAN will be diligent to announce a new publisher and terms of her valuable and delightfully interesting work in the next issue. The "Short History" by Mr. Davis is perhaps the most valuable history of the war that ever has been or ever will be printed. It was written after his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," having the advantage of his ripest experience, and extended years of meditation and experience. Concerning the book he wrote:

My next purpose was to show, by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people in their unequal struggle, how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause; that by their humanity to the wounded and captives they proved themselves the worthy descendants of chivalric sires, and fit to be free; and that in every case—as when our army invaded Pennsylvania—by their respect for private rights, their morality, and observance of the laws of civilized war they were entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind.

In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable; but this did not prove it to be wrong; and now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth—the whole truth—should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease; and then on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto perpetua*.

The supply by the VETERAN is far short of what was expected. The book and VETERAN one year for \$3 can only be promised a little while longer, for the price of the book alone is \$5. While the edition lasts this book will be sent postpaid to any one who will send \$10 for ten subscribers. Renewals may be included.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN PROPOSITION.

FIVE YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE USE OF TEN DOLLARS.

The extraordinary growth of the VETERAN and its official adoption by Camps and other Confederate organizations throughout the South has increased the obligations upon its publisher until he is depressed with the responsibility. Its rapid growth of circulation has exceeded a proportionate increase in advertising; and this, together with the advantage taken by a large number who received the VETERAN a year and a half for fifty cents, the original yearly price, without giving notice to discontinue, induces an appeal for temporary assistance, and herewith is a proposition:

To every person who will remit Ten Dollars by January, 1895, as a loan, returnable in five years without interest, I will give free subscription during the interim, for the interest on the \$10. One thousand of such patriots would supply a cash fund of \$10,000, which would give strength and influence far beyond what may be imagined. With this extraordinary indorsement, the VETERAN would be conspicuous among American periodicals, and the promise of rich returns be at once assuring. There would never be a need, perhaps, of using more than one-third of the sum, and with that contracts for paper made specially, and in car lots, with cash discounts, and large special contracts for engraving would be of immense advantage, while the reserve would be loaned upon good collateral, and all the while kept secure.

Each person's name would be entered upon the mail list to January, 1900. This would save largely the mailing list expense. A publication of patrons' names would be made and a handsome, transferable, promissory note, payable January 1, 1900, would be sent to each. Any unused sum, together with the entire property of the VETERAN, including good will, would be pledged for the payment at that time, or sooner in case of my death.

This appeal is made to the Southern people, and reference given to every subscriber as to high character of the publication. In brief, the offer is that to those who send me Ten Dollars I will return my note payable January 1, 1900, and send the VETERAN the five years intervening to any desired address. For fifty or one hundred dollars by patriotic friends, proportional obligations would be given.

This proposition is to every one interested. Many unfortunate comrades who want the VETERAN could get it by appeal to friends who have not thought of the VETERAN, but would give the use of ten dollars to oblige them.

There is much anxiety about true history, and more can be done in this way than has ever yet been done for the South. Hence, patriotic consideration should impel a thousand to investigate the merit of this offer. Those who are familiar with the work of the VETERAN will know that this subject merits zealous concern. Think of how rapidly all are dying who can now make record for posterity!

Independent of the foregoing, all subscribers can have the time extended to 1900 for \$5, including arrears.

Address S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Nashville, Tenn.

Since the above was put in type, a letter from Capt. W. P. Welch of Athens, Ga., whose time expired some months ago, sent renewal and *thirty-seven new subscribers*, paying the full price for all.

How easy it would be to give the VETERAN 100,000 subscribers! Now, while it is so universally popular will not its friends rally to its superb establishment?

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS UPON THE PULLMAN MONOPOLY.

SINCE peace is restored after the great strike, and the poor laborers for the Pullman Car Company, who were unable to hold out against the combined railroad management, representing over two billions of dollars, have gone back to work, more cowed than slaves of the South in olden times, it seems right and wise to note here the report of the commissioners made November 12 to President Cleveland, which is of great length, and seems perfectly fair.

Prefatory, the insolence to the Southern people by Pullman's General Superintendent, Mr. Garcelon, through the Agent of the Southern Press Association, appointed to promote the Davis Monument movement, is here given. The writer was made such general agent unsolicited, and the railway Presidents generally in the South complimented him with annual passes. A special trip was made to Chicago, with a letter to Vice President Wickes from a personal friend of his, who was high in railroad association; but Mr. Wickes was absent, and the suggestion was adopted to call upon Supt. Garcelon. As good credentials as could be desired were sent to him. After long delay at the first clerk, admittance was given to another official farther back in the Pullman building. Then another series of questions was propounded, when he retired for a conference, which was long continued between that subordinate and the Superintendent. At length information was returned that no favor would be granted. In reply to a request that he be allowed to see Mr. Garcelon in person, that distinguished privilege (?) was refused. Then, as a final test, request was made for a trip pass to Dallas, Tex., anticipating a different report upon the return of Mr. Wickes, and that too was refused. Correspondence was afterwards had with Mr. Wickes, and he was very courteous, but no favor was ever granted. No concession was ever made from the high schedule rate.

The next thing known of the company management was the reported contribution of \$75,000 by its President to a political campaign fund. Then, again, the offer of Confederate Veterans to enlist for the purpose of maintaining the commercial relations of the country and the protection of the Pullman property. Confederate veterans are law-abiding and want peace, if they must help fight that it be secured and maintained. Since peace has been restored has anybody heard of concessions of the Pullman Company? Has it a record of more courteous consideration for employees?

PRETTY FACES

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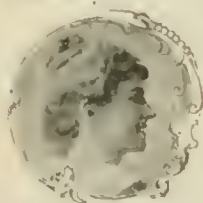
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

Taking up the subject of the Pullman Palace Car Company, the report of the commission says:

This is a corporation organized in 1867 with a capital of \$1,000,000. It has grown until its present paid up capital is \$36,000,000. Its prosperity has enabled them for over twenty years to pay two per cent. quarterly dividends, and in addition to lay up a surplus of nearly \$25,000,000 of undivided profits."

Again, speaking of the result of the Pullman system and its growth, they say: "When the depression of 1893 came, morally calling for mutual concessions as to wages, hours, etc., we find on the one side a very wealthy and unyielding corporation and on the other a multitude of employees of comparatively excellent character and skill, but without local attachments or any interested responsibility in the town, its business, tenements, or surroundings. . . . While reducing wages, the company made no reduction in rents. Its position is that the two matters are distinct and that none of the reasons urged as justifying wage reductions by it as an employer can be considered by the company as a landlord. The reductions at Pullman after September, 1893, were the result of conferences among the managers; the employees for the first time knew of them when they took effect. The company based its entire contention as to every department upon the facts in reference to car building, to which we have alluded, and offered to show its books and figures as to the cost and selling prices of cars. This offer, on account of the strike intervening, was not acted upon. Had it been, it would have only resulted in figures to car building contracts. The purpose of the management was obviously to rest the whole matter

upon cost, etc., in its most seriously crippled department, excluding from consideration the facts as to wages and repair department. The men at Pullman claim that the company during 1893-94 set the pace, so that with their forced loss of time an average man could earn little more than the rent of his home, owned by the company. The company alleges that it simply readjusted piecework prices to suit the necessities of the times. Some witnesses swear that at times for the work done in two weeks they received in checks from four cents to one dollar over and above their rent. The company has not produced its checks in rebuttal.

Consider the enormous growth of this corporation: The Government Commission testifying that it began with one million dollars in 1867 and now has stock and surplus aggregating sixty-one millions of dollars. Communism is no part of the argument against this. People who travel are dependent upon railroads and hotels. Many railroad managements, after charging the limit price for travel, in order to secure the greatest revenue possible and pay dividends, let their car service run down so the people are compelled to use Pullman cars, for long journeys especially. The public has had to pay twice as much to the Pullman Company as is fair. The prices enable rich people to have a sort of monopoly, and the exasperating condition once occurred that a preacher was luxuriating in a Pullman car and glad the price was two dollars, as it kept away objectionable people; and a poor Christian woman, who had given him one of her two mites and was not able to pay for a berth in the sleeper, lay crouched in an untidy seat of a car ahead.

Let the tax for luxury be applied, and so long as this heartless monopoly shows its contempt for working people let that luxury be assessed at one dollar per night for each pay passenger. Southern people at least should let the Pullman cars alone in the day, and they should legislate so as to compel concession or secure consideration for the privileges they enjoy.

Railroads have usually been liberal to the press, but the Pullman Company has rarely performed any share. There is no other concern dependent upon the public for patronage that has been so defiant of proper and just regard for the public welfare. Make them pay for privileges in proportion as they tax people who are obliged to patronize them. Speak to your legislator about this.

The President of the United States proclaims Thursday, November 29, as a day for Thanksgiving, saying: "The American people should gratefully render thanksgiving and praise to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, who has watched over them with kindness and fostering care



POLK MILLER IS COMING.

On December 10 and 11 Polk Miller, a Confederate Veteran who is still "one of the boys" in life and humor, President of a drug company in Richmond, also President of the Virginia Field Sportsman's Association, and whose fund of humor is inexhaustible, expects to be in Nashville. He comes to demonstrate that "there is life in the old land yet." He will bring his "old banjo," and as rich a feast as can be furnished of "good times long ago." Let no other engagement prevent the going back a night or so to the best times the people of "Dixie land" ever saw. Don't fail to see, hear, and greet him.

On one of the evenings for Nashville, Mr. Miller will be at Price's College, and the next give an entertainment complimentary to the VETERAN.

READERS of the VETERAN can't help seeing the superb space occupied by Draughon's Business College in this issue. His "guarantee proposition" is quite remarkable, and his offer to send his 120 page catalogue free gives an opportunity for students to learn for themselves fully all the particulars concerning his methods, etc.

NEW ROUTE TO FLORIDA.

THE railroad map has changed, and the Western and Atlantic railroad, always alive both to its own interest and to the comfort of the traveling public, is in position this season to extend to the Florida tourist the most desirable route ever enjoyed between Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Jacksonville. The new route is via Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis railway system; the Central railroad, from Atlanta to Macon; the Georgia Southern and Florida railroad, from Macon to Tifton, and the Plant system from Tifton to Jacksonville.

Passenger Agents have coveted for years the opening of the Tifton route, on account of short mileage and excellent equipment.

President Thomas, of Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway and the Western and Atlantic Railroad, is to be congratulated upon the opening of the Tifton route, and the cordial relation which he has established between his lines and the Plant system.

Mr. Charles E. Harman, General Passenger Agent of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, is delighted with the change.—Atlanta Constitution.



SOUTHERN WAR SONGS,

Camp-Fire, Patriotic and Sentimental.



No better argument in favor of this book could be presented than that given by the compiler in his preface, as follows:

"The war songs of the South are a part of the history of the Lost Cause. They are necessary to the impartial historian in forming a correct estimate of the Animus of the Southern people."

"Emotional literature is always a correct exponent of public sentiment, and these songs index the passionate sincerity of the South at the time they were written."

Great care has been exercised in the preparation of this volume. The engravings are of the very best, the typography of the finest.

It is a book which every Southern man or woman should possess. The price is reasonable enough to permit of its being in every household. It is especially adapted for Birth-Day or Holiday Presents.

It is a Work of Nearly 400 Pages, Profusely Illustrated,

and is handsomely bound in cloth, with ink side stamp and gold back, and will be sent to any address on receipt of \$1.50.

Send six subscriptions, new or renewals, and \$6 to the VETERAN and get "Southern War Songs" free.

REVISED EDITION.

Mrs. E. R. Parker, the author of this book, is a well-known contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other household periodicals. Her book has recently been carefully revised. It contains nearly 500



pages with a large number of illustrations and is elegantly bound in boards with a chromo lithographed cover in seven colors. Its recipes, of which there are great numbers on all branches of cookery, can be relied upon as accurate and trustworthy. **BREAD.**—It tells how to make BREAD of all kinds, and gives numerous ways of preparing YEAST. Numerous recipes are given for making ROLLS, BISCUITS, CRUMBS, SALLY LUNN, BUNS, CRACKERS, BATTER CAKES, CORN CAKES, MUFFINS, GRAMS, WAFFLES, PUFFS, FRITTIES, MUSH, GRITS, etc. **SOUPS.**—It tells how to make 60 different kinds of SOUPS, including OX-TAIL, BOUILLON, MOCK TURTLE, TERRAPIN, CONSOMME, SPANISH, FRENCH, TOMATO, JULIENNE, etc. **MEATS.**—Clear and concise rules are given for BOILING, ROASTING, BAKING, BROILING and FRYING MEATS of all kinds. It gives the best method of CUTTING UP and CURING PORK, with an illustration and description of a SMOKER HOUSE. **POULTRY.**—It tells how to SELECT, KILL and DRESS POULTRY, and numerous ways of cooking the same are given, as well as for GAME. **SALADS.**—CHICKEN, HAM, OYSTER, FISH, etc., and how to prepare. **EGGS.**—Numerous ways of preparing EGGS are given, including OMELETS. **PICKLES.**—How to make CUCUMBERS, TOMATOES, WALNUTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, etc. **CATSUPS.**—To make from TOMATOES, WALNUTS, CUCUMBERS, MUSHROOMS, etc. **CAKE MAKING.**—175 Recipes for making every conceivable kind of CAKE, from the Plainest to Wedding, with full directions for icing are given. **PUDDINGS, DUMPLINGS, ETC.**—110 different kinds of Puddings, Dumplings, etc., with numerous SAUCES for the same are given. **PASTRY.**—Directions are given for making 75 different kinds of PIES, including PLUM, PEACH, APPLE, LEMON, CUSTARD, CREAM, CHOCOLATE, PUMPKIN, MINCE, etc. **ICE CREAM and WATER ICES.**—35 recipes are given under this head, with full directions for preparing and making ICE CREAM and WATER ICES. **DYEING.**—It tells how to dye clothes successfully in a variety of colors and shades, with directions for CLEANING SOILED GARMENTS. A copy will be sent postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price, ONE DOLLAR.

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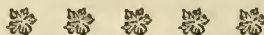
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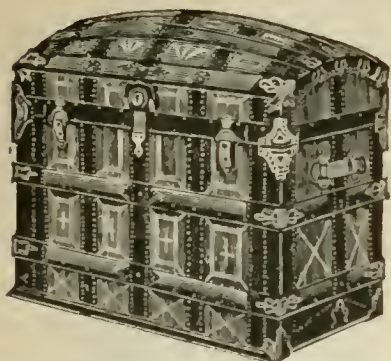
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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1894.

No. 12. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
Proprietor.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$10. Discount: Half year, one issue, one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

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

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

Nichols & Holliday, Eastern Advertising managers, Atlanta, Ga.

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

Though men deserve, they may not win success.

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

See "Good News for the New Year," on page 368.

The date for the Houston reunion is to be fixed by the commander, Gen. Gordon. It may occur in April. Early notice will be given in the VETERAN.

The engraving of the little child on the front page of this VETERAN is from a photograph of little Bessie Washington, daughter of Hon. Joseph E. Washington, member of Congress from Tennessee.

The management of the Missouri Confederate Home will issue its annual report in January. From advance notes it is apparent that the Home is in every way successful. On his recent visit to Higginsville, Gen. Gordon said that its system of management was the best that he had seen. The Home has a very rich and well-tilled farm.

Send in promptly for binders if wanted. Red cloth are to be furnished for 40 cents, or \$1.30 with renewal; and red leather for \$1.60, separately for 80 cents.

The supply of binders as proposed is not for profit, but to oblige patrons. They cannot be furnished at the prices named except in large quantities, and if orders are insufficient the money will be refunded.

Please write at once, if you want either kind.

Some unknown friend has supplied the VETERAN two years with the daily paper reports of the proceedings of the Grand Army of the Republic. The Indianapolis papers came each day, and the Pittsburg papers were all received at one time.

Johnson City, Tenn., November 12, 1894.—Camp Gen. John B. Gordon of Confederate Veterans: "Be it resolved that this Camp hereafter recognize the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., as our official organ." Adopted. W. A. Kite, Adjutant.

Mr. Isaac Litton, the venerable father of veterans in Nashville, was buried by the Frank Cheatham Bivonae the Sunday before Christmas. He died the Friday previous at his country place near the city. He had well advanced into his eighty-third year, his birth being January 30, 1812, in Dublin, Ireland, but his parents brought him to Nashville in 1818. He was sixty years a Methodist. His service to the Confederacy was on the sanitary commission. His home was occupied, under confiscation methods, when he returned home on parole at the end of the war. There were at the funeral nearly as many comrades as he was years old. Services at the residence were conducted by three clergymen, and at the grave the formal beautiful burial service was performed by his war comrades. The procession was fully a half mile long.

The Charleston, S. C., branch of the National Daughters of the Confederacy, having selected December 20 (Secession Day) as their anniversary, held their first anniversary meeting on that day, in the hall of the Carolina Rifles, which these gentlemen have most courteously placed at their disposal, as a suitable place for their meetings. The officers reelected for the coming year are: President, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Alfred Rhett, Mrs. Asbury Coward; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Martha B. Washington; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Edward R. Miles; Treasurer, Mrs. Francis Lejan Parker, vice Mrs. D. G. Rowe, resigned; Historian, Mrs. Langdon Cheves. Our organization is still in its infancy, but the welcome it has received from the women of our State shows that the memories of our "Lost Cause" are still warm in our hearts, whilst the cherishing of them is no disloyalty to the Union, of which we form a part. A unanimous resolution was passed adopting the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the organ of our Association, the members fully sympathizing with the valuable work done by this magazine, and wishing to give all the aid in their power to extend its noble influence.

BISHOP QUINTARD WILL WRITE A BOOK.

December 19, 1894.—My Dear Mr. C.: I have been persuaded into writing a book! "O that mine enemy would write a book." It is to be entitled "Recollections of a Chaplain in the Confederate Army." I am most anxious to get "my boys" to loan me such records as they may have, or any anecdotes or incidents they may have recorded on the tablets of memory or have written down on paper. Will you kindly call attention to this in this VETERAN? Yours most truly, C. T. Quintard.

AN INCIDENT OF BATTLE.

BY MRS. MAY M. ANDERSON, NASHVILLE, TENN.

A drummer boy fell in heat of battle,
Only a lad in a suit of gray;
He heard the shouts and the musketry's rattle
Over the field where the wounded lay.
No one could help while the guns were raking
Meadow and wood with their leaden hail;
"The foe has charged and our lines are breaking!
The day is lost!" was his bitter wail.

He closed his eyes while the shock and thunder
Of awful carnage was opened anew,
Then fainted away. Was it any wonder,
When another bullet had pierced him through?
He roused at last, and the tide of battle
Again had changed, for he heard the fray
In the wood beyond, with the ceaseless rattle
Of shot and shell in their deadly play.

His lips were parched and his throat was burning:
"O for some water!" he faintly sighed.
He heard, at his feet, the labored turning
Of a prostrate form, while a clear voice cried:
"My canteen's full, but my arms are broken;
See, you can reach, if you bend this way."
He moved and groaned, and with thanks unspoken
Reached for the water, then shrank away.

He saw, with a start and a sudden quiver,
The youth at his feet wore a suit of blue,
And he marked the frown and the creeping shiver
Which mastered and held him, and thrilled him
through,
At sound of the yell from the rebel forces
Which told the tale that the fight was done.
To the Southern lad, how the fresh life courses
Along his veins, for the day is won!

"See, here is the water!" The youth had rallied,
And moved still nearer the form in gray;
It cost him much, for his face grew pallid;
He gasped, yet struggled to faintly say:
"I'd reach you the can, but my arms are shattered."
Then closed his eyes in a deathlike swoon.
He had given his all to a foe! What mattered,
When all would be ended so swift and soon?

With a sob in his throat for the hero before him,
The drummer boy turned, and with tremulous touch
On the pale face sprinkled the water, and o'er him
Murmured a prayer. That was all; not much!
Not much, yet methinks when the sorrow and anguish
For soldier and drummer boy ended that night,
Mid horrors, around where faith seemed to languish,
The darkness was spanned by a rift of light.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY, BY MR. DAVIS.

BY REV. W. C. CLARK, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

While President Jefferson Davis was preparing his "History of the Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," he made a visit to the home of Hon. Henry Leovy, at Pass Christian, Miss. He went to pay a friendly visit to the family and to get some papers he had left with Mrs. Leovy and her sisters, the Misses Monroe, daughters of Judge Thomas Monroe, who had been exiled from Kentucky on account of his Southern sympathies. Judge Monroe's family were refugees in Abbeville, S. C., at the time Mr. Davis passed through there, on his way South, after the fall of Richmond. With these friends he left a collection of very valuable papers, including letters from Gen. Lee and other prominent Confederate officials. When Mrs. Leovy brought out the papers and a Confederate battle flag and the model of a gun invented by Mr. Davis, while he was Secretary of War, under the United States Government, Mr. Davis took the battle flag, and

as he held that in one hand and the gun in the other, he seemed to stand the representative at once of the United States and the Confederate States governments. As he gave the history of the flag, the memory of the war, in which Mrs. Leovy had lost three brothers, and during which her father had been banished from his Kentucky home and she from New Orleans, and the True Delta, a paper owned by her husband, had been confiscated, rushed over her with such force and vividness as to cause tears to flow down her cheeks and her to exclaim: "Mr. Davis, I have not gotten over the war yet! I believe the ladies were worse *rebels* than the men, anyhow!"

"Better *patriots*, madam," was the energetic and instantaneous reply from the man who had served faithfully in the army and Congress of the United States, and then, believing that the States were sovereign, and that sovereigns could not rebel and that his allegiance was due, first to his State, served his State and country with equal fidelity and ability, when Mississippi had become a member of the Confederate States Government. It is well for our children to remember that their fathers never admitted that they were rebels and traitors, and to know that, though Mr. Davis was arrested on the charge of treason, no attempt was ever made to prove the charge, because lawyers knew it could not be sustained.

THE CRISIS AT SHARPSBURG.

A correspondent from Salisbury, N. C., gives some interesting reminiscences of the battle of Sharpsburg, and corrects an error in the VETERAN for August, 1893:

The timely use of the deserted brass piece by four officers of Longstreet's staff, instead of the Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment, saved Gen. Lee's army from being cut in two, with Longstreet to the right, Jackson to the left, and D. H. Hill pressed into the river. Gen. Longstreet sustains him in this part of his official report: "As I rode along the line with my staff, I saw two pieces of Washington artillery (Miller's battery), but there were not enough men to man them; the gunners had been either killed or wounded. This was a fearful situation for the Confederate center. I put my staff officers to the guns, while I held the horses. It was easy to see that if the Federals broke through our line there, the Confederate army would be cut in two and probably destroyed, for we were already badly whipped and were only holding our ground by sheer force of desperation." That little battery shot harder and faster, with a sort of human energy, as though it realized that it was to hold the thousands of Federals at bay, or the battle would be lost. After a little, a shot came across the Federal front, plowing the ground in a parallel line; another and another, each coming nearer and nearer their line. This enfilade fire, so distressing to soldiers, was a battery on D. H. Hill's line, and it soon beat back the attacking column. The Richmond papers, just after the battle, gave Gen. Longstreet and his staff all the credit of saving Lee's army, at that time. Gen. McClellan lost the chance of his life by not reinforcing and pushing his center just then. I see in your journal that some object to being called rebels. For heaven's sake let us retain the name, for rebellion is honorable in "right against might." The writer's family have been rebels since the days of Bruce, and will be rebels

So long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny, to fight.

REBEL.



GEN. JAMES ARCHER.

BY BENJAMIN HASKINS, ST. BETHLEHEM, TENN.

I send you a photograph of Brig. Gen. James G. Archer, hoping you will like to publish it in the *VETERAN*. It would greatly please those who were members of the old brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia. It was presented to me by him just before his death, and is the only one I ever saw. Although he was a Marylander, we of the old brigade think of him as a Tennessean, for under him more than any one else it became famous.

Gen. Archer was a captain at the beginning of the war, in the regular United States army. He resigned, came South, and offered his services to the Confederate States. He was made colonel and put in command of one of the Texas regiments of Hood's old brigade (the Fourth, I think), where he served until after the battle of Seven Pines, where our glorious and brave Robert Hatton lost his life. Then Archer was promoted and assigned to the command of the old brigade, composed of the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth Tennessee and Thirteenth Alabama Regiments and Fifth Alabama Battalion. He commanded it in every battle from there to Gettysburg. Upon the opening of the fight on the first day, our old brigade, with the balance of Heth's Division, was sent in to develop the yankee line of battle, which we did in fine style and drove them to town. Having no support on either flank, the first we knew the enemy had closed upon our rear and were popping away at our backs. Of course we had to surrender. Gen. Archer and seventy-five or one hundred men were sent to Forts Mifflin and Delaware, where they stayed only a short while and finally landed at Johnson's Island. He remained there until sometime in 1865, when, on account of bad health, he obtained a special exchange and went South, but was never able to take charge of the brigade again, and died, I think, about the close of the war. God never made a truer or braver man.



THE GREAT TUNNEL through Cumberland Mountains, made for the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad before the war, is familiar to many a veteran. The track that crosses over it, as indicated by the picture, is that which runs up the mountain to Sewanee, where the Episcopal University of the South is located. The view was made on a clear day when there was no smoke to obscure, so daylight beyond is very discernible. The tunnel is more than a half mile in length, but is straight. The climb of the mountain by rail is extraordinary, the grade being nearly two hundred feet per mile part of the way, six miles of steep grade to Sewanee, the elevation of which above sea is over two thousand feet.

Bishop and Gen. Leonidas Polk took an active part in the establishment of the University at Sewanee. Bishop Quintard, who has ever been an ardent Southerner, and enlisted in the Confederate service "the whole war to stay," has contributed largely to the success of the University. Five superb buildings have already been erected. They are the Convocation House, St. Luke's Hall, Hodgson Library, Thompson Hall, Walsh Memorial Hall.

The view from Bishop Quintard's *porte cochere*, presented in this *VETERAN*. (See next page.) Mr. Spencer Judd, the artist, has achieved success in which he may well take pride. Prof. B. L. Wiggins, Vice Chancellor of the University, makes an "announcement" on another page concerning Gen. E. Kirby Smith, designed as represented. Prof. Wiggins will serve all who may seek to cooperate in raising the \$1,000 necessary.

REMINISCENCES OF A FEDERAL SURGEON.

Dr. F. G. Hickman, of Vandalia, Ill., writes of prison hospital service in Nashville:

Having lately seen a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I have read the name with much interest, all the greater from having been associated with the Confederate soldiers. Although a non-combatant, I captured the sister and sister-in-law of Confederate soldiers. My captive tells my friends here that I surrendered unconditionally. I notice that the lapse of thirty years has not extinguished the friendship and attachments that were so often formed between patriots who were foes in battle.

Soon after the battle of Stone's River, in which I participated, and in which I lost all of my surgical instruments by having my three ambulances captured early Wednesday morning, I was placed in charge of a prison hospital at Nashville. This hospital was on Cherry Street, South Nashville. This hospital was for the sick and wounded Confederates and the sick of the Union army who were under arrest for the violation of military discipline. The position I occupied as surgeon of the hospital gave me the opportunity of making many acquaintances, especially among ladies who thronged the hospital daily to see and inquire about relatives and friends. I well remember some who took an active part in administering to the wants of their sick and wounded friends. They were Misses Cartright, Payne, McEwen, Aline McCall, Leonora Hamilton, and Sallie Edmundson. I also became acquainted with many prisoners-soldiers, most of whose names I do not remember and who, on taking leave of the hospital, did so with evidence of sincere friendship that is not seen in parting with ordinary friends. I remember well Chaplain C. M. Hutton, Third Alabama (home, Clinton, Ala.); Maj. Jones, Twenty-eighth Mississippi, captured at Franklin (before the battle); and Capt. King, of Louisiana. There was a young cavalryman in the hospital a long time who was shot through both feet, whose home was in Columbia. I forgot his name. Miss McEwen came often to see him. I got him paroled and sent home. I remember he was taken to the provost marshal's in a spring wagon, not being able to sit up in a buggy. Col. McEwen went with us to the Capitol. I will relate an incident connected with this hospital. A young lady came from Gallatin to see her brother, who was wounded. She called at the hospital early Sunday morning without a pass from our medical director. My orders were positive not to allow any one to go upstairs without a pass, but she insisted on going up. I told her I could not allow her to do so; that if I had any discretion, she would not have to ask the second time. She broke down and wept bit-



FROM THE BISHOP'S PORTE-COCHERE.

terly. I remembered that I had never received an order not to allow any one to come down stairs, and sent for her brother to come down to my room. At the battle of Stone's River, on Friday night about midnight there was a wounded Confederate officer brought to the field operating tent in which I was engaged as assistant surgeon, and he was laid just outside the tent. After many hours, Dr. Walton, of Kentucky, who was in charge, said to us: "We will not do any more work to-night." Just then we heard an exclamation from this officer, and I insisted that he be brought in and his wounds dressed. This was done, and he asked me if his wounds were fatal. I told him that the chances were greatly against him. He was shot through the chest and through the leg. He was carried to a shed near by and laid on some unbaled cotton. I gave him some water and brandy. The night was very cold; I got an order for a pair of blankets and placed them over him and told him that I would see him in the morning, but I failed, as he was sent to Nashville very early. He was Capt. Peter Bramlett, Second Kentucky Infantry. Ten days later I saw his death announced in a Nashville paper. Mrs. Payne, who was a frequent visitor at the hospital, wanted to have a friend of hers paroled and taken to her home, and related to me that she had cared for several Confederate soldiers, one of whom was Capt. Bramlett, who had died at her house. She said that when he was about to die she concluded to remove the coarse blankets and replace them with neater ones; that he caught her hand and said: "No, do not remove those blankets, for they saved my life at Stone's River. They were placed over me that cold night by the hand of an enemy, but a brother. You may come across him sometime; and if you should, tell him I died under the blankets he placed over me that night." She sent them to his parents in Paris, Ky.

HUMORS OF CAMP LIFE.

W. A. C., Columbus, Miss.: "At one of the parades of our Camp, the Adjutant had given out all the badges on hand, when there appeared a wooden-legged man who looked old enough to be a veteran. When some one suggested, 'Give this old soldier a badge,' Comrade J. W. G., realizing the situation, said, 'Take mine,' and pinned it to the old man's coat. It was afterwards developed that the man had never been a soldier, but had lost his leg in a sawmill. We had the laugh on Comrade G."

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: "Meeting and talking with a comrade, he told this story of the gallant Govan: 'July 28, Gen. Govan, with his brigade, was moving against the enemy with about eleven hundred men all told, and came under fire. He saw one of his captains on the ground, badly if not mortally wounded. The General dismounted and, calling him by name, asked if he could do anything for him. Between gasps, as if each would be his last, the brave captain said: "Give them —, General." Mounting his horse, after giving directions to have the dying soldier carried to the rear, the General moved on with his command, and says the inspiration of that hero "nerved him to comply." They killed and captured about twenty-two hundred of the enemy. Although so desperately wounded, the captain did not die, and may yet be living.'"

Sid S., of Columbus, tells this incident: "At the close of the war, he and a number of other paroled soldiers were coming home, and nearly all of them had belt pistols. When near Montgomery, Ala., just starting up a long hill, they saw some forty or fifty Federal cavalry coming toward them. Some one in their party remarked, 'Boys, let us hide our pistols, as those fellows will take them from us;' and the entire squad made a rush for the bushes to hide their weapons. When the Federals saw it, they wheeled and went back as hard as they could ride. Sid and his party then went back and got their pistols and marched on, and stopping at the first house on the road to get water, asked the lady of the house what made the Federal cavalry run back so. She said: 'They thought you would ambuscade them.'"

During the campaign in Georgia, some of the Tombigbee Rangers went to a farmer's house near camp, and waited until time for dinner, hoping to get an invitation to dine. But none was given them. Among the number who were along was Emmons C., and he said to his comrades that he was going back and he would be invited to dine by the family. His comrades were incredulous; but Emmons had his plans laid. So the following day he went to the farmer's home, and while sitting talking to the lady of the house, he spoke of the clock on the mantelpiece not running, and said: "What is the matter with your clock?" The lady replied: "It has not run for a long time, and I do not know what is the trouble with it." Emmons said: "Let me look at it." So he opened the clock and asked if he could get a screw-driver. The lady brought him one, and he took the clock to pieces carefully, and when dinner time came the good lady asked Emmons to stay to dinner, so as to finish his job. After dinner, Emmons took up his job, but finding he needed a tool which the lady could not furnish him, he told her he would have to go to camp and get the tools he needed out of his kit he had there. And so far, he has not gone back to finish that job. He was a gallant soldier, and fell fighting in the Atlanta campaign.

HE BORROWED TROUSERS FROM A NEGRO.

Rising generations should have some idea of the straitened circumstances of a Confederate soldier. I was wounded near Atlanta, July 22, 1864, and sent to a hospital in the woods, in tents near Forsythe. On arriving at the hospital, I was divested of all my wearing apparel, and the hospital authorities gave me a receipt for my wardrobe, consisting of pants, one roundabout coat, hat, shoes, and shirt and drawers. I was taken from this hospital of tents in the woods to the college hospital at Forsythe, where I remained several months and endured three courses of gangrene. From the college I was sent to Macon and from there to a "college" hospital, the Cuthbert. After several months at Cuthbert, when I had gotten almost well, the nurse brought me a pair of crutches and would come to my room occasionally to practice me in learning how to use them, so he concluded after awhile that I had learned enough about them to risk myself out on the ground. So he brought in my knapsack; but lo! to my surprise and sorrow, on opening it, I found I was entirely destitute of pants. Some good fellow, in the rounds I had taken, had confiscated the only trousers that I possessed in the world. I didn't have a cent, and I couldn't draw any. What was I to do? The little town we were in had some fifteen hundred wounded and disabled soldiers then, but I could learn of none who had more than one pair of pants, and I couldn't get out to beg the good citizens, and what should I do? For about nine months I had been confined to my bunk and room, and now I was physically unable to paddle my own canoe. I was almost heart-sick, and had well-nigh given up ever getting another pair, when a negro boy named Byrd, serving his young master, Ridley Jackson, in an open-hearted way, proposed to lend me a pair until I could do better. I gladly accepted, put the negro's pants on, and felt as big as a king. I was soon out on the ground, down in town, at the depot, at the Alhambra, and around generally.

But alas! my joy was soon ended. After I had worn the pants five or six days, my benefactor came to me one morning just after I had donned his trousers, and said to me that he had just received orders to go to the front, and unless I could pay him three dollars and twenty cents for his pants he would have to ask me to vacate and turn them over to him. With a heavy and sorrowful heart I gave them up and stretched myself out on my bunk, where I mused over the trials and tribulations of a Confederate soldier.

Thomas M. Murrell, Troy, Ala.: "I write in behalf of the widows of two of our Confederate comrades, who never returned from the front during our struggle for Southern independence. William Simmons, of the Fifth Alabama Infantry Regiment, Rhodes's old brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, died of sickness at either Brandy or Guiney Station early in 1863; and Joseph R. Byrd, of the Forty-second Alabama Regiment, is supposed to have been killed at the battle of Chickamauga. The widows of these comrades are justly entitled to pensions under the Indian War Pension Act, of 1892, but their claims cannot be made complete without proof of death. The survivors of the Fifth and Forty-second Alabama Regiments are requested to cooperate in procuring the evidence of the death of these men, and thereby confer quite a favor upon the aged widows, one of whom (Mrs. Simmons) is totally blind."

GAME OF POKER SPOILED.

L. T. Dickinson, Commander N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn.: "This sketch represents a true incident. Jones's brigade of cavalry was raiding in West Virginia; we were halted near Moorefield while our advance was reconnoitering. There were gamblers in the army who never missed a chance of plying their trade. While halting as above stated, several card fiends climbed the fence of a cornfield, where they could procure 'chips' in grains of corn. Spreading an oilcloth on the ground, the game of poker proceeded, when suddenly there came a b-o-o-m from a neighboring hill, followed with a 'Where-is-ye? where-is-ye? bang, and a shell struck the ground and burst, scattering a cart load of dirt over them. The players fell over one another in a heap, save Charlie Hutton, of the Maryland battalion. He held three aces and a pair of tens, 'chips' enough up to feed his horse, and wouldn't throw up his hand. As he lay back on his elbow with one foot in the air, he yelled out in the direction of the yankees: 'Say, you fellows over there! Don't be careless with them things!' But the only 'call' he got was from the bugler, who quickly sounded 'Mount.' Gen. Jones had a little game of bluff of his own, and our battalion was sent off to drag brush on a dusty road to make the yankees believe another brigade was coming up."

ANTIDOTE FOR COWARDICE.

Just before the battle of Antietam [writes a correspondent of the New York Sun], five recruits came down for my company. There were no bounty jumpers at that stage of the war, although the courage and patriotism of some of the recruits could not be vouched for. One of the five new men was named Danforth; a farmer's son, fresh from the cornfields. As we took up our line of march to meet Lee, this young fellow came to me and said: "See here, sergeant, I guess I've made a mistake."

"How so?" I inquired.

"I hain't got no sand. I allus thought I had, but when I come down here and see what war is, I find I hain't got the spunk of a rabbit."

"That's bad."

"So 'tis; but it's jest the way I feel," the young farmer responded, soberly. "We're goin' to have a fight by 'n' by, an'-I know what'll happen. I shall bolt as sure as preachin'."

"Then you'll be called a coward and disgraced forever."

"I know it, an' I don't want to do it," said Danforth, "but I shall, unless you can help me."

"What can I do for you?"

"Wal, if I can git mad, I'll be all right, an' forgit I'm scart. Now if you'll keep your eye on me, an' as soon's we git within five miles o' Lee's army give me a stout kick, I guess I'll stand it."



After some further talk I promised Danforth to give him a kicking if he showed signs of running away. We were in Hooker's Corps, and as we moved against Jackson, Danforth came up to me. "Sergeant, kick me, or I shall run," he exclaimed. "I haven't got sand enough to see a chicken die."

We were moving through the timber, and I stepped behind him and "lifted" him as hard as I could.

He shot aside, and when next I saw him we were at a fence on the edge of a cornfield. The firing was hot, and men were falling on all sides. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail, when Danforth came up, faced the other way, and said: "More kicks, sergeant; my sand is going!"

I kicked him again with a good deal of vigor. Just then we got the order to advance, and he was the first man over the fence. Half an hour later we were driven back, considerably disorganized, and as I reached the fence I came across Danforth again. He had a Confederate captain by the collar and was carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he called out: "Sand is all right, sergeant. No more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to the rear, I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself, or die trying."

Miss Sue M. Monroe, Willington, Va.: "I see that Mrs. Davis would prefer President Davis's monument to be something that would be doing good all the time. My idea would be to endow a school in the city of Richmond, to educate poor but deserving descendants of Confederate soldiers. Call it the Davis Memorial. We are going to try and raise money for a monument in memory of all who fell in both battles here. There are a good many buried in the church yard at Haymarket, and we want the monument there."

CAPT. EDWIN RUTHVEN CROCKETT.

B. G. Bidwell, Weatherford, Tex., writes a beautiful tribute to Davy Crockett's son:

In your September number I see a brief notice of Capt. E. Crockett, of Company A, Thirtieth Tennessee Infantry—not Thirteenth, as you have it. Dr. Crockett was the friend of my boyhood and young manhood. He was my school fellow at the old log schoolhouse near his country home in Robertson County, Tenn., and afterwards at the academy at Springfield, and yet later at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn. He was a descendant on both sides from pioneer stock, among the oldest in Tennessee.

God in his infinite wisdom never honored with existence a braver or a nobler man than Ed Crockett. If there was a single fault in his character, it was excessive modesty. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was practicing medicine in Nacogdoches County, Tex. Just before the battle at Fort Donelson, he went there to see his brother, R. B. Crockett, who was a member of Company A, Thirtieth Tennessee Infantry, then on detached service and in charge of a battery of heavy artillery. During the gunboat fight, E. R. Crockett, though not in any way connected with the service, bore himself with distinguished gallantry. He was captured and voluntarily remained in prison, administering to the prisoners until the regiment was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., when he was elected captain of Company A. After the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Gen. S. D. Lee ordered me to take to Vicksburg the prisoners we had captured. A captain of an Indiana regiment, who was slightly wounded, asked me the name of the officer to whom he had surrendered, describing him so completely that I could not be mistaken in his identity. I told him it was Capt. Crockett, and he replied: "Though wounded and a prisoner, it is yet a pleasure for me to say that I surrendered to the bravest man I ever saw on a battlefield."

I can truthfully say that I believe he was the best man I ever knew. I am sure that Robertson County never nursed a dearer idol for fame than Edwin Ruthven Crockett. He practiced the famous motto of his father. Being "sure" he was "right," he went "ahead."

Whereas many of the members of Tom Green Camp, No. 159, U. C. V., Weatherford, Tex., have read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., by our esteemed comrade, S. A. Cunningham, and are still reading it with great pleasure; and whereas we have found the VETERAN to be a faithful exponent of the principles so near and dear to every Confederate veteran:

1. Resolved, By this Camp that we fully indorse said publication, and wish it abundant success and long life.

2. Further, that the Camp hereby adopts the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as its official organ, and that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of said Camp and a copy forwarded to Comrade Cunningham.

Unanimously adopted September 4, 1894.

T. H. C. Lownsbrough, Woodland Mills, Tenn., writes requesting that an account of the campaigning of Anderson's Brigade in the mountains of Virginia in the fall of 1861 be written by some member who participated in it. Anderson's Brigade was composed of Maney's First Tennessee, Hatton's Seventh Tennessee, and Forbes's Fourteenth Tennessee Regiments. The suggestion is approved. There is always thrilling interest in those campaigns.

NEW IDEAS, NEW DEPARTURES. N—SOUTH.

Hon. Joseph B. Cumming, of Augusta, Ga., at seventy-fourth annual dinner of New England Society, Charleston, S. C. (The dash, as above, is always used.)



My hearers will, I trust, indulge me in a few remarks at the outset of at least questionable taste, for they are more about myself than my theme. They are, however, not so far removed from the sentiment, which I am asked to respond to, but that that sentiment has itself suggested them. I am asked to speak of new things—"New Ideas, New Departures, a N—South." Unfortunately, my temperament is such that I am ever less interested in the new than in the old. I have ever been more disposed to look back with tenderness than forward with interest. My guest, even of happy hours, has been hope less often than memory. I have ever found more to charm in the softened recollections of the past than in high expectations of the future. Were I a worshiper of the sun, my sacrifices would be made to the setting rather than the rising orb. Had my lot been other than that of a commonplace worker in the world's affairs, had my life been one not of action but of contemplation, I would have been a fond dreamer over things departed, and not the clear-visioned prophet of things to come. My spirit turns unbidden, not to our bustling, stirring West, but where, "west of our West, sleeps the ancient East." . . .

And here let me pause to define—one of the principal terms, as I understand it, to be used in this discussion—"The South." Of course the term is not meant to be expressive of any geographical relations. "The South" of this toast, it is conceivable, might have had its situs in some far northern region, or have rested east or west. The word is used here to express a civilization maintained by the people dwelling south of the Mason and Dixon line. No relation to the pole or to the

equator is intended by the word "South," used in this connection, but conditions, ideas, manners, sentiments.

In this comparative treatment—the only form of treatment I can conceive of—in which we measure the new by considering the old, unquestionably looming up as by far the most conspicuous feature in the landscape, is slavery. Unquestionably that institution was the most potent formative factor of the Old South. In a half flip-pant way we speak of it as "the peculiar institution." But how few of us who use this phrase really consider how unspeakably peculiar it was! In thus characterizing it I do not refer so much to its intrinsic features as to its place in time and as to the people who maintained it. What a stupendous anachronism it was! Surviving far into the nineteenth century—an age strongly, aye fiercely, anti-privilege, a leveling age, an age wherein the theory of the equality of man is entertained all through Christendom at least, and the practice of it is at least widespread—there was maintained, with all the force of law and public opinion of the South, complete

but in the Old South there existed the most thoroughly organized system of servitude that perhaps the world has ever known, upheld by law, approved by religious teachers, and sustained and defended to the last extremity by a noble, a humane, and a gentle race of men.

It could not be otherwise than that this strange condition was a powerful factor in forming the character and in molding the traits of the people of the South. It could not be otherwise than that a people, living under different conditions from all other people, should show the effect of their unique environment and be different from other people. And so they were. I cannot hope to unfold before you the differences from other people which marked the South, but that there was a difference, whatever may have caused it, was felt by friend and foe alike. The term "South," meant a people apart.

This tremendous force, slavery, was all the more effective too, by reason of the isolation it produced. For truly the South was isolated—isolated in the matter of things material, and isolated in its habits of thought. The stupendous anachronism of slavery, like a rock-bound coast, beat back the tide of immigration. On the side of intellectual development, the necessity we were under—a necessity which grew apace as time rolled on—to defend our peculiar institution against the opinion, the sentiment, and the conscience of Christendom, cut us off from the great world of thought and forced us into a little republic of letters of our own—a republic full of fight, aggressive, even fierce, and in its way strong.

In this great—aye and solemn—isolation there was a wonderful meeting of extremes, such as the world had not known and could not know before. In it there existed a slavery which, so far as legal sanction was concerned, was as absolute as any far younger time and any far different land had ever known. But it was shone upon by the light of this as yet latest century of time. Here was a dominant race, absolute masters of another race. But on this dominant race were the influences of the most enlightened of the ages. Thus the extremes had met and one of the results was that slavery—that is to say, the possession of unrestrained power over one's fellow-man, which among barbarous people tends to brutality—here in the Old South, shone on by the spirit of the age, furnished the rare garden in which grew self-control, generosity, genuine kindness for the weak, mercy, and many other ennobling traits. And so, too, under this remarkable juxtaposition of the ancient estate of slavery and the softening influences of the latest of the centuries, there lived a ruling people whose characteristics were all its own; and on this Old South there were lights and shadows which rested on no other land under the vault of heaven.

If I had the ability and the equipment for the historical, sociological, and philosophical study of the other forces, political, social, religious, racial, educational, climatic, which made the representative people of the South what they were, this would not be an occasion for the undertaking. Let us consider only partially what they were, what characteristics they presented, which seemed to segregate them from other peoples, even those of their own land. As in considering the forces which formed them into what they were, I have dealt only on the greatest, slavery, so I mention a few only of their traits.

Perhaps the one word which has been oftenest used to indicate that there was something in the representative Southerner—in his sentiments, his bearings, his conduct—characteristic of him, is chivalry. It was in use by friend and foe alike. In the mouth of some, it might be a boast; on the lips of many, it was apt to be a sneer.



MRS. MAGGIE HAYES AND MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

and perfect slavery of millions of human beings. In an age when all privileged classes were generally considered indefensible anomalies, the white men of the South were absolute lords and masters of millions of men. Peculiar and wonderful, was the institution, in relation to time; but far more wonderful was it, viewed in relation to the people who maintained it. Where would the thinker of abstract thoughts look for slavery with as few limitations as that of the South? Would he expect to find it among a humane, a refined, a gentle, and a generally pious people? And yet conspicuously such were the people of the Old South. Not only, therefore, was slavery a peculiar institution, in relation to the epoch in which it flourished, but also in reference to the people who cherished it. By the abstract thinker its supporters would be looked for among a rude, a harsh, a pitiless people;

An impartial critic ought to find in it its true significance. Doubtless there passed under this name whereof to boast and also under the same name whereat to sneer. There was the false and there was the true. There was a "chivalry," which manifested itself in bravado and turbulence. A "chivalry" which combined the absurd and the tragic, grotesque punctilio with the shedding of blood. Anything stamped with the name of "chivalry" would receive the sneers of some, but here was a brand of chivalry worthy the execrations of all. But by the side of this noxious weed grew a noble plant, a true flower of chivalry. If one cannot exactly describe it,

mere profession, but it was a genuine sentiment, a rule of conduct and a living force. Let those of us who cherish the memory of the South, not permit ourselves to be laughed out of the use of this goodly word, when we wish to speak tenderly, but truthfully, of the vanished past, for it expressed a living reality, belated perhaps in a prosaic age, but worthy of all honor.

Another feature in this mental and moral landscape we look back upon was something, which on another occasion I have spoken of as "that spirit, that morality, that habit of thought and of feeling, whatever it may be called, which will not make merchandise of principles; which will not worship success for its own sake; which raises love, friendship, honor, faith, to the realm of sacred things—in a word, which finds its Rome, its city of the soul, in the world of sentiment, rather than in the world of materialism."

I cannot undertake to dwell on other features of this land resting in the shadow. I can only touch lightly here and there. I can speak only a passing word as to how the rural life of its representative people fostered reflection, contemplation, reverie; how it was the land of independent thinkers and romantic dreamers, thinkers and dreamers alike without ambition, and clothing their reflection and their dreams in no literature, how the voice of nature was stronger and the rule of conventionalities weaker than with us; how fashion was neither enshrined nor enthroned; how within the limits of essential principles there was variety of conduct; how the world was not in a whirl; how there was not the rush and feverishness of competition in all things; how it was the home of peace and repose, and romance's own native land.

Alas! alas! vain is my effort to unroll before you a chart of that perished time, of that vanished realm. My effort is to point out the differences between the South and other peoples. I feel them, I know them, I confidently proclaim their reality. But how difficult they are to seize! how ghostlike they elude our grasp and glide into the shadow! They live not so much in substance as in spirit. They are not so much revealed to the senses and capable of description in language, as they are discerned by the spirit.

I imagine to myself some visible spirit of the air commissioned by the Great Ruler to direct his flight over all lands and inspect them from his aerial path, as he wings his way over that Old South. His master has not sent forth this minister unfitted for his great and solemn mission. Wherefore this trusted servant of his experiences not the limitations which time and distance impose on our clogged human senses; and so the little cities scattered here and there lie before him and sequestered homes all over the land emerge into his view. Sound, too, comes to him, unimpaired by space or obstacle. It brings to his perceptions no hum of the market place, no noise of fierce competitions, no clatter of the mad race after riches. This minister, too, to do his Heaven-appointed task, is endowed with such susceptibility and receptivity that he not only embraces all subjects of sight and hearing, but the thoughts and feelings, the sentiments and aspirations—the soul and spirit life of peoples—qualify for him the air which uplifts his mighty pinions and affect his spirit nature, as the mingled fragrance of many flowers floats on the breath of the summer night to our own delighted senses. And so the strong wings seem to become more buoyant in his flight over this Old South, into whose atmosphere have floated the emanations of soul and spirit of a goodly people. I seem



A Little Kentucky Girl, Jamie Graham, Hopkinsville.

one can tell what it was not. It was not sordid. It was not mean. It was not low. It was not commercial. If one cannot present a well-defined, clear-cut image of it, one can at least name some of its qualities and its ways. It was high minded. It was generous. It scorned unfairness. Like King Arthur and his greatest knight, it "forebore its own advantage." To it, there was "no heaven so high as faith." It lived in an atmosphere other than that of the mart. It esteemed many things better than wealth. To it, stainless honor was a priceless jewel. True deference to woman was its sacred duty and its graceful ornament. Such as it was, it was not a

to see this wonderful inspector of realms at the moment he enters the air piled above that old land, and to note his manifestations of solemn surprise. I seem to hear him say: This land that lies down there is not like any other beheld in all my course. When I return to those high courts that sent me forth, I must report that a strange shadow overspreads it; that a wondrous light mingles with the shadow. The shadow itself seems very dark, but there is some marvelous quality in the light, so that the mingling is unlike anything else beheld in all my flight over land and sea. It is not blackness, neither is it the light of perfect day. It is not gloom, neither is it the brightness of joy. A sort of twilight rests upon the land. The overhanging air, too, has qualities all its own; and the boundaries of this land stand out bold and stern, marking it off from all else of earth. And this my report will be the latest on this sequestered land; for my successor in this high office at his coming, though it be delayed but a little while, will find this land not here, but vanished.

Thus in many ways, even to the calling to my assistance the spirits of the air, I try to body forth some image of the Old South. I fear I have succeeded in nothing except in showing that I cherished its memory blindly, as well as fondly. But I am not blind. I have spoken of it as a land under a great shadow. I know it held its sordid, its vicious, its ignorant, its brutal. I know that to the vicious and the brutal, slavery gave opportunities for hideous deeds, which elsewhere could not have happened. And yet I have treated this Old South only in reference to such noble characteristics as true honor, true chivalry, and elevated traits of character. And so I think it ought to be regarded in any general treatment of the subject. To treat of the Old South in detail is out of the question on an occasion like this; and to treat of any subject in a general way, one must present its most salient characteristics. I believe I have presented the Old South, so far as I have presented it at all, as it stands in the memory of its living assessors, and as it should live in song and story.

But it is gone! The island of Atlantis has not more effectually disappeared beneath the billows of the Atlantic. The physical forces which held that mythical island above the waves were withdrawn, and it sank. The political and social forces, which created the Old South, are spent, and it has disappeared. The whole landscape has changed. The forces and the resultants are gone forever.

But why, it may well be asked, do I linger so long, speaking of old ideas and the Old South, when my theme is the New? I can fancy the dismay of my hearers at the apprehension that these remarks may run on indefinitely, if all this talk about the Old is only introductory of my real theme, the New. I hasten to allay all anxiety on this point. The subject assigned me is in effect, the "N—South." I can only treat that subject as it presents itself to my mind. I could not deal with the subject by telling you what the N—South is; for to my vision, no N—South is revealed.

The toast must needs address itself to my mind as if this hospitable society had said to me: "Tell us whether you think there is a N—South; and if there is, give us your views about it." To this my thought and my convictions answer: There is no N—South. But I could not content myself or maintain an attitude of deference to you by a mere curt and bald statement to that effect. I must justify it, if I can, by some reason. I have tried to do so by showing what the "Old South" was. If I

have half succeeded in this, I have, in the doing it, demonstrated that there is not, and there cannot be, a "N—South." For "South," in this connection, indicated a peculiar civilization, a condition. In that sense, there could not be any South but that Old South. It was the resultant of certain forces. It could not exist after those forces ceased, any more than the bark will sail on when the wind subsides. The firmly rooted land, it is true, bears the same relation as of yore to the points of the compass, but it is no longer the "South." There are "new ideas" in this land thus situated, but they are not ideas of a "South;" they are simply the ideas of a universal and uniform civilization. There are "new departures," but they indicate nothing except that we have taken our place in the uniformed ranks of the world generally.

As expressive of anything existing to-day, the word "South" is meaningless, except in its primary significance of certain relations to the pole and the equator. Our "new ideas" are the assimilation of our ideas to those of the civilized world generally. Our "new departures," consist only in our doing like the rest of the world. It all means no more than this: We have "joined the procession." As it marches by, there is nothing to distinguish us from the ranks generally. We are no more "South" in the sense of that word, used to describe a civilization, than we are North. We are following the fashion as far as we can, whatever it may be. We are striving to be as much like other people as we possibly can, and the farther we fall short of that endeavor the more awkward we feel. We have lost all thought of being different from other peoples.

Our newness of ideas and of departures consists wholly in conforming to the ideas of the rest of the world and doing just as they do, and to speak of our new ideas and new departures would be to take this uniform world as a theme. And so, from my standpoint, unless one is going to enter upon the discussion of the world's progress generally, in ideas and achievements, he can say nothing on the toast, "New Ideas" and "New Departures" in the South, except that we are like the rest of the world. The "South" has not wholly ceased to exist. There are some fragments of it yet. But when you find them they are old—the Old South. Whatever there is of new is not the "South," but the world. What there is of "South" is fast disappearing, as time rolls on, just as the geographical South is left behind one who turns his back upon the North Pole and marches steadily to the equator.

There may seem to be a tone of regret running through what I say. If there is, it is the regret that one feels when the idle flow of the river is set to work to turn the wheels of a factory, or when the stately monarchs of the forest must be laid low, that some railway may have its right of way.

So, all hail the New! It is colorless, but strong. It is uniform, but it is not out of place in the ages. It is hard, but it is practical. Whatever it is, of good or of evil, it is not "South."

And farewell, the Old! the land where the ancient shadow and the new light commingled, making a twilight land; the land with an atmosphere all its own; the land with the rock-bound coast; the land of impassible frontiers—the isolated, the lonely, and the friendless.

All hail! thou new! We receive thee as our fate and fortune.

Farewell, thou old! Thee, thee we cherish in pathetic memory;

Hail and farewell. *Salve et vale!*

SOUTHERN BEAUTIES WHO REPRESENTED STATES AT THE BIRMINGHAM REUNION, U. C. V.

[This beautiful picture is reproduced in the Christmas VETERAN. The supply of the May number, the cover page of which was ornamented with it, was long ago exhausted, hence the greater propriety of its reproduction.]



The top row of five in the picture from left to right: Annie McDougald, Georgia; Carrie Cochran, Alabama; Lizzie Clarke, Virginia; Eleanor Graves, Kentucky; Elizabeth Pasco, Florida.

The middle row of five from left to right: Lelia Montague, Maryland; Etta Mitchell, Mississippi; Adele Hayne, South Carolina; Laura Boone, Texas; Ada Vinson, Louisiana.

The two lower in the picture are: Adele McMurray, Tennessee; Bessie Henderson, North Carolina.

"That beautiful picture of the young ladies on the front page of the May VETERAN, who represented the States at the Birmingham reunion, carried me back to the time when the old veterans with firm step marched through our own dear Southland, and the young ladies gathered at farmhouses along our line of march and along the streets of towns, and waved their white handkerchiefs or their homespun bonnets; when, too, they would sing "Dixie" or the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and cheer us on our way, and the "rebel yell" could be heard to the echo. Those girls are now the mothers of the girls that went to Birmingham to cheer the old veterans at our great reunion. Comrades, those girls caused us to gain victories that we would have lost. I remember the morning we gave Streight that glorious licking at Day's Gap on the Sand Mountain, in Alabama, in the spring of 1863, when he (Streight) made the raid through Alabama. Forrest had on his war jacket, and that meant fight. We came to a farmhouse where two young ladies were in the yard, and as we

passed them they waved their bonnets and began to sing "Dixie Land." The boys yelled and yelled. The yanks doubtless concluded that Bragg's entire army was after them. The ladies of the South were a noble set of women, doing all they could for our army, and we are proud to see their daughters cheer the old Confederate veterans at their reunions." The foregoing is from G. W. Youngblood, Golden City, Mo.

William R. Bloomfield, editor of the National Bivouac, National P. O., Milwaukee County, Wis., who was of Company D, Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, writes on December 1, 1894: "I have received three numbers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and am perusing them with much pleasure. If I do not say something pretty about them in my next issue, it will be because I do not know how to write. I was in front of you for nearly four years, and I do not want any more of it. I would rather tackle a cyclone."

BOARD OF GOVERNORS MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

The following are sketches of comrades illustrated on this page:

William H. Fitzgerald (No. 1) entered a Virginia infantry regiment in 1861, and was afterwards transferred to the Confederate States Navy, where he served as master's mate to the close of the war.

Capt. George W. Booth (No. 2) entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, at Harper's Ferry, Va. In June he was made first lieutenant of Company D, First Maryland Infantry, and was soon after assigned captain of Company F, and then to acting adjutant of that regiment. In 1862 he was appointed on the staff of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, and in January, 1863, he was made adjutant of the First Maryland Cavalry. He served to the end of the war, and was several times wounded, once seriously. He is now Senior Vice President of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland, and also Secretary of the Association of the Maryland Line.

Lieut. A. C. Trippe (No. 3) enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company A, Second Maryland Infantry. He was promoted to lieutenant in the ordnance department in March, 1864, and served to the end of the war.

William H. Pope (No. 4) joined Company A, First Maryland Infantry, as a private, in July, 1861; re-enlisted in February, 1862; and was discharged in August, 1862. He re-enlisted again in Company D, First Maryland Cavalry, served to the end of the war, and was paroled May 23, 1865. He is now superintendent of the Home.

John F. Hayden (No. 5) enlisted in August, 1861, as a private, and was promoted to sergeant. He was a member of the Baltimore Light Artillery until the war closed. He was seriously wounded at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864.

James L. Aubrey (No. 6) enlisted September 13, 1862, in Company E, Second Maryland Infantry, and served through the war.

Capt. John W. Torsch (No. 8) entered the service of the Confederacy in the early part of the war as

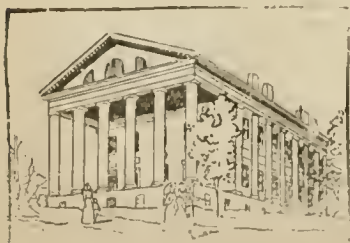
a lieutenant in the Maryland Zouaves, Company H, Forty-seventh Virginia Infantry. He afterwards became captain of Company E, Second Maryland Infantry, and was in command of that regiment at the surrender at Appomattox.

The following are sketches of comrades illustrated on page 365:

James R. Wheeler (No. 1) enlisted in Company E, First Maryland Cavalry, in which he served as a private to the end of the war. He is now a member of the Executive Committee of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland, and



BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



CONFEDERATE CAPITAL.

Secretary of the Visiting Committee of the Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line, and Chairman of the Board of Managers of the Home.

Capt. George R. Gaither (No. 2) in 1861 organized the Howard Dragoons in Howard County, Md., was elected captain, and took his company into Virginia, where, May 14, 1861, they were mustered into the service of the Confederacy as Company K in the First Virginia Cavalry. In August, 1864, the company was transferred to the First Maryland Cavalry, where it remained to the end of the war.

R. James Stinson (No. 3) enlisted in the Second Maryland Artillery, Confederate States Army, as a private in June, 1863, and served throughout the entire war.

Mark O. Shriver (No. 4) entered the service of the Confederacy in June, 1863, as a private in Company K, First Virginia Cavalry. He was afterwards in the First Maryland Cavalry, and there served to the end.

August Simon (No. 5) joined the Confederate service as a private in Company D, First Maryland Infantry, in May, 1861, and served with that regiment in Jackson's valley campaign, and in the Seven Days' battle around Richmond.

Charles Kettlewell (No. 6) enlisted in Company C, First Maryland Cavalry, as a private in August, 1863. He was made a corporal, and served until after the surrender of Gen. Lee.

Daniel L. Thomas (No. 7) entered the Confederate service in 1861 as private in Company C, First Maryland Infantry. He was afterwards in Company K, First Virginia Cavalry, and was then transferred to Moseley's Command, where he served until the war closed.

Lieut. Charles H. Claiborne (No. 8) entered the service of the Confederacy in Charleston, S. C., in 1861, and became Lieutenant in Company G, First South Carolina Infantry. He was in Fort Sumter during the bombardment, and served in South Carolina to the end.

E. R. Norton, of Nashville, who has been much in the United States Navy and Consular service, stationed at Cape Town, relates the following:

The "Alabama" played for some weeks an interesting game of hide and seek with the Federal cruiser, "Vanderbilt." When the latter would be in Simon's Bay, the former would have business in Table Bay. When Saldanha Bay was visited by the "Vanderbilt," the "Alabama" had business at sea; and so the little nautical game went on.



The Federal ship had the heels of the Confederate, and could have overhauled her in a stern chase, but the Cape Town people frankly say that the commander of the "Vanderbilt" did not want to engage the "Alabama," not from any want of pluck, but simply from a lurking feeling of sympathy for the bold Semmes. For two days, off Cape Town, the "Vanderbilt" and "Alabama" were cruising almost in sight of each other's smoke, and the mystery of their not coming in conflict is still unfathomed.

Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution: "Is it not high time that our youths were being educated in Southern literature? Let the good name of our ancestors go down to posterity untarnished by the foul breath of slander. Let every loyal man subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that is now well established and is published in Nashville by S. A. Cunningham for one dollar a year.

MRS. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON HONORED.

SOMETHING OF WHAT AN EMINENT BALTIMORE LADY ACCOMPLISHED.

Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, wife of the General, has been elected an honorary member of the Association of the Maryland Line. Mrs. Johnson has been ill for several months. She was apprised of the compliment on her last birthday as follows:

respect, and we pray the good God to restore her to us and to her family for many years of usefulness 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.

After reporting the above, the Baltimore Sun says:

The communication was accompanied by the badge of the society, the Maryland cross of pearls and garnets, set in gold, and was signed by George W. Booth, George R. Gaither, Jas. L. Aubrey, James R. Wheeler, Daniel L. Thomas, John F. Hayden, John W. Torsch, Charles H. Claiborne, Mark O. Shriver, R. James Stinson, William T. Thelin, and August Simon, the Board of Governors.

Mrs. Johnson is descended from well-known families. Her grandfather was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by President Jefferson. Her fa-

ther was the Hon. R. M. Saunders, member of Congress from North Carolina, attorney general and judge of the Supreme Court of that State for fifty years, and President Polk's minister plenipotentiary to Spain, being empowered during his mission in that country to purchase the island of Cuba for one hundred million dollars. Mrs. Johnson, who was Miss Jane Claudia Saunders, accompanied her parents to Spain and entered society at the court of Queen Isabella II. There she met the Empress Eugenia. Mrs. Johnson and the Countess became warm



EXTERIOR MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME AT PIKEVILLE.

The survivors of the Maryland Line of the Army of Northern Virginia recall with pride and gratitude the loving, devoted, and important services 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 fever and other diseases of the young soldier.

In 1863-64, when the Maryland Line was at Hanover Junction, she collected a library of good and instructive books for the use of the command, and encouraged the men to build under her direction a chapel, which was used alike by Catholic and Protestant, without regard to sect.

Remembering these heroic episodes in her and our lives, our affection for her brightens with advancing years, and now that she lies suffering on a bed of sickness we extend to her our sympathies, we assure her of our love and



INTERIOR MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

friends, and after she became empress the countess sent Mrs. Johnson her portrait. Mrs. Johnson was in Madrid in February, 1848, and saw the revolution and the fighting which overthrew the "Christine" government and established a liberal one in its place. The Prime Minister claimed a refuge in the American Minister's house, where he remained in seclusion until he could be gotten out of the country.

Upon the election of President Taylor Minister Saunders returned to the United States, and his daughter was married in 1857 to Bradley T. Johnson, of Frederick, Md. When the Civil War broke out Mrs. Johnson accompanied her husband to Virginia with a company made up of country lads. They were unable to obtain arms, and were about to disperse to other commands when Mrs. Johnson undertook to make her way to North Carolina and appeal to her native State for arms and equipments. She at last reached Raleigh. The Governor and his council at once gave her five hundred rifles and accouterments, and she was tendered a public reception by the State convention, which was then in session. The next day she started to Harper's Ferry with her guns. At Richmond she was given uniforms and camp equipage by Gov. Letcher, and at Manassas was furnished by Gen. Beauregard with authority to seize any train and to take her treasures to Winchester. She reported to the Maryland camp after ten days' absence and received the receipt of Jackson's ordnance officer for her arms and stores. General Jackson officially thanked her for her services on that occasion.

When the Marylanders marched to join Beauregard for the first battle of Manassas Mrs. Johnson started for Richmond. She reached Manassas before the battle of July 21, 1861, and slept on the field of battle the night of July 19, protected by Beauregard and his staff. When the Maryland Line was assembled at Hanover Junction in December, 1863, she secured, as stated in the resolutions, a modest library for the soldiers and built a chapel in which Protestant and Catholic services were celebrated on alternate Sundays. She became the godmother of numerous of the men who were baptized there and received into the church. Mrs. Johnson was much beloved by "her boys," and when in good health pays weekly visits to the Confederate Soldiers' Home. One of the Veterans recently remarked with emphasis that Mrs. Johnson was the "bravest, truest, manliest woman that ever breathed."

Mrs. Johnson was remembered on her birthday by the lady managers of the Woman's Hospital, Lafayette Avenue and John Street, of which she has been President for ten years, by a pyramid of American Beauty roses, mignonette, and violets. The Maryland Line, of whose lady Board of Managers Mrs. Johnson is President, also sent her a mound of red and white roses, the Maryland colors, and of purple and yellow pansies, the flower of the State.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

All honor to the women and men who close by the capital of the nation have erected a superb monument to their own Confederate dead at Alexandria, Va. It is surmounted by a soldier, hat in hand, his arms folded, and standing with his head a little drooped, as if he was preparing to make another vigorous battle—a battle with conditions which mean the recovery of fortune, and redemonstrating merit to distinction as a patriot. An old paper says: "For all time will Alexandria bear in her

heart of hearts the manner of these gallant men who, on the 24th day of May, 1861, left their homes at the call of public duty, for the monument is inscribed with the names of those Alexandrians whose homes never saw them again, but the hearts of whose fellow citizens will enshrine them forever:



Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year has flown,
The story how you fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Names of scores who went from Alexandria and never returned are engraved. Other inscriptions on the monument are: 'Erected to the memory of the Confederate dead of Alexandria, Va., by their surviving comrades, May 24, 1889.' On the south face and on the north face the words: 'They died in the consciousness of duty faithfully performed.' It cost \$4,400."

The substance of the foregoing was published in the VETERAN for April, 1893, and is reproduced with the above excellent picture thoughtfully and kindly sent to the VETERAN by Edgar Warfield. Col. W. A. Smoot is Commander of the Camp, and Edgar Warfield Adjutant.

Comrades will contribute to the memory of their fellows by sending pictures of monuments to the VETERAN.

The Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r.

S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

OFFICE, 208 NORTH COLLEGE STREET, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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

GOOD NEWS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The following is the best news ever published in the VETERAN. Its patrons and friends know the intense desire of its founder and owner for its success. In the main they realize that he has had a stupendous work in consideration of the rapid growth of the publication. Contributors more than any others have had reason to complain of inattention. There are hundreds of communications waiting, the greater part of which have never been acknowledged. In this connection it is stated that no article for publication has ever been willfully destroyed, and none has been furnished that did not possess merit. Considering the amount of labor required, the good news referred to is that arrangements have been made with Mr. S. W. Meek, of Nashville, to become publisher of the VETERAN. Mr. Meek is manager of the Southwestern Publishing House, which has done a large business throughout the South and Southwest for years, and is also President of the University Press, which has well-equipped printing and engraving departments, and his experience in business is exactly in the line which promises success in the business department of the VETERAN. With a fair share of business it will be the most successful publication that has ever belonged to the South.

The editorial rooms, business office, publishing and engraving departments are all to be consolidated in the new five-story brick building, 208 North College Street, near Church. This arrangement insures much better attention to correspondence, absolute promptness of publication day, and opportunities for giving attention to comrades and associations throughout its territory. Southern people and patriots in every part of the country are urged to give the VETERAN careful consideration, and if its merit is apparent to them as to thousands who know it, each one may contribute to the more permanent establishment of a publication that sets forth to all the world the valor and patriotism of a people whose flag was furled in the cause for which they sacrificed everything, and which will tend to cement a union without bitterness and without humiliation to any class.

Entering upon its third year with these greatly increased facilities, the VETERAN expresses profoundest thanks for the generous patronage bestowed. It is accepted in the homes of the wealthy and of the poor alike with hearty welcome. It shall continue to be loyal to the memory and history of those who are endeared to it by the tenderest sentiments of life—sentiments that are mellowed by recollections of sufferings and of peril.



prosperity, but let it rather be an incentive to every friend of the VETERAN and the cause it so faithfully represents to enlivened interest in the publication. Mr. Meek will vigorously press the claims of the VETERAN to advertisers, but the benefit which would accrue by disinterested parties in cooperating would be far greater than may be imagined. Let this plea arouse every friend, and instead of the VETERAN stopping at ten or twelve thousand, its aim should and will be to reach twenty-five thousand during the year.

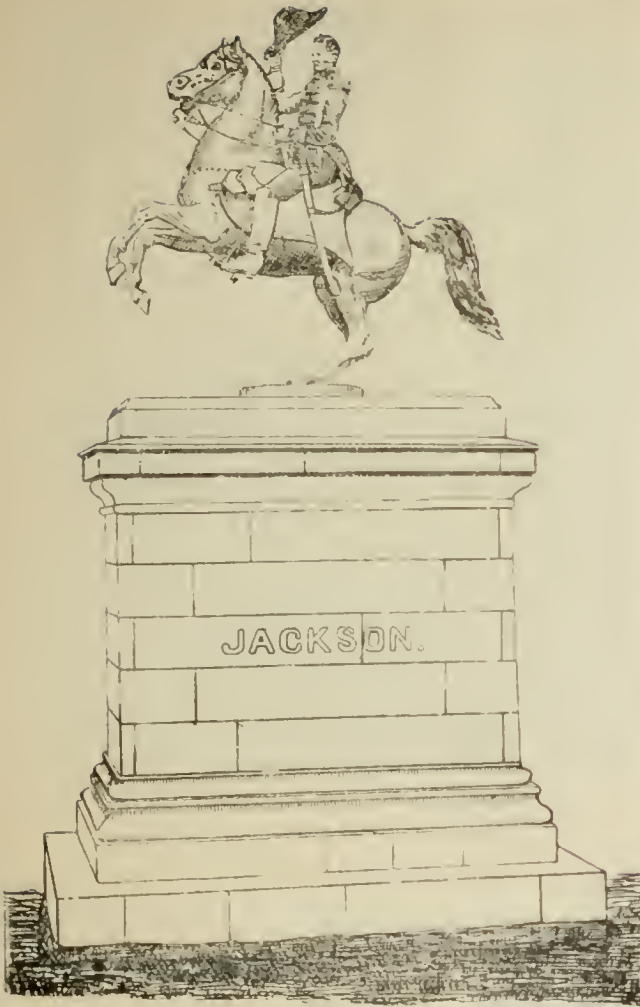
The January number will be 15,000 copies, and not less than forty pages, hence to general advertisers the outlook is promising. It is strong everywhere South.

This Christmas season gratitude is expressed to the Giver of all good that no angry passions now stir the hearts of our people and that "we are brethren."

John P. Hickman, the ever zealous Secretary of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers, has sent out an admirable report of the seventh annual meeting, held at Gallatin September 12, 13. It is from the press of Foster & Webb. The engravings, many of which will appear in the VETERAN, are of superior quality and tastefully arranged. The report is comprehensive, and should be treasured by Confederates and all who honor heroic deeds and sacrifice for principle.

Mr. W. P. Agee, of Hope, Ark., who has been a useful friend to the VETERAN, has perhaps the best collection of Southern war publications in existence. There are in his library seventy-six different publications, of which more than two-thirds are very rare. His Southern Historical Society papers aggregate seventeen volumes, and there are ten volumes of a Southern magazine, and many others of from two to four volumes each. Comrade Agee is ever pleased to aid the cause of those who seek to know the truth about our people.

For the unprecedented success in the growth of the VETERAN subscription list, as a class publication, indebtedness is due to many hundreds of men and women who have labored diligently and without compensation. The sentiment of gratitude for this cooperation cannot be expressed. Please don't mistake the happy prospect of unlimited resources and assistance in the management as sufficient for future



STATUE OF "OLD HICKORY."

There are three statues of Andrew Jackson like the above. One is at Washington, in Lafayette Square across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House; another in Jackson Square, at New Orleans. The above cut represents the one on the eastern side of the State capitol at Nashville. The bases are different.

It was made for a gentleman of Louisiana, about the beginning of the war, for \$20,000; but he lost his estate, and the sculptor, Mr. Clark Mills, having it on hand, sold it at the estimated value of the bronze. (\$6,000) to the Tennessee Historical Society.

It will be seen that the statue is perfectly balanced upon the two feet. It is the only statue so constructed. Confederates in Tennessee identify "Old Hickory" matters with themselves, and all the more because their Home for the disabled is on the "Hermitage" premises.

THE CAPTURE OF WOOLFORD.

Curtis Green, of Leon Junction, Tex., who surrendered in the last ditch, has this to say:

George W. Youngblood, of Golden City, Mo., and J. T. Martin, Thompson's Station, Tenn., have written in-

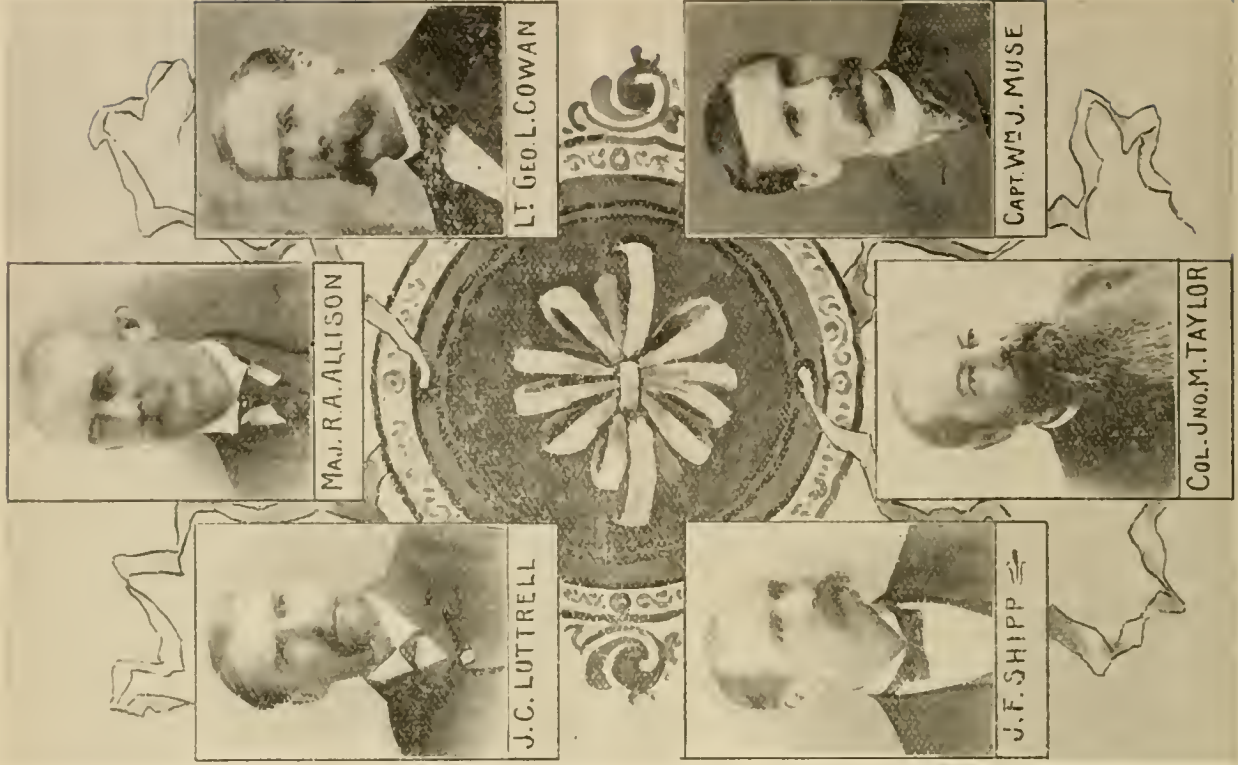
teresting papers in regard to the routing and capture of Woolford at Philadelphia, E. Tenn., in October, 1863. The Sixth Georgia Regiment was commanded by Col. John R. Hart, who was ordered by Gen. Dibrell to make his way around Woolford on the north between Philadelphia and the Tennessee River, and to cut off his retreat from Philadelphia and Loudon. This we did in a short time, for we went in a full gallop and formed our line across the road. My company was ordered to capture the pickets and reserves, which we did in short order. Col. Hart dismounted the regiment and charged the artillery, and some of our boys were killed by the artillery; and then the artillery gave way, and a regiment of dismounted cavalry charged and checked us. At that juncture my company had just caught up with the regiment, after capturing the pickets and reserve, and joined on the left of the regiment. We advanced right on and checked the right of the yankee line. Then the Sixth Georgia made another charge and the yanks broke to run and we poured a terrific fire into them, when they threw down their arms and surrendered. Then a portion of our regiment double-quickened across the road that Woolford and some of his men had started on, and we captured twelve ambulances, and assisted in capturing the wagons and artillery. It seems that our regiment suffered more than all the balance of Dibrell's command.

G. W. Cameron, Modesto, Cal., asks about Gen. G. G. Dibrell, and adds: "I can testify to his being one of the bravest men I ever saw in battle. I saw him on the 8th of May, 1862, out north of Corinth, Miss., at Eight Mile Creek, stand within one hundred yards of the yankees, on his horse, Brownlow, and empty both of his six-shooters, and then he had to ride about four or five hundred yards to get around the blockade, and where he did the shooting Brother A. W. Smith got wounded, and the writer of this picked him up and carried him back to our wagons, and he got well and preached in Nashville after the war, on Mulberry Street, in the M. E. Church, South. Dibrell was lieutenant colonel of the old Twenty-fifth Tennessee; he and I went out in Company A; he made his mark and I got a mark by losing my left hand midway between the wrist and the elbow. I would like to hear from any of the Twenty-fifth who may see this, and especially of Company A. It always does me good to read the VETERAN."

F. A. Howen, Adjutant Camp 398, U. C. V., relates: "At Memphis in 1862 a cultivated young girl, Miss Mary Erwin, applied to Col. Melancthon Smith, Provost Marshall, for a pass, so that she might send clothing to some of her friends in the Confederate army. The Colonel told her that she must take the oath. She replied that she had never taken an oath in her life; that she was young, and was surprised that he should advise her to swear. The Colonel said she must swear before she could get the pass. She begged to be excused. He was obdurate. She then appealed to the officers present to witness that she was compelled to swear to get the pass, and raising her right hand, said with emphasis: 'God d—n the yankees.' She got the pass."

W. L. Martin, Antelope, Tex.: "We want the song, 'Triple-barred Banner,' by Col. William S. Hawkins, who died in Nashville soon after the war. I was in Camp Chase prison with him when he wrote the song, and we sang it often in our Glee Club. If you can get a copy of the song, please send to my address."

Confederate Veteran.



OTHER TRUSTEES OF THE TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE HOME.



EXECUTIVE BOARD, TRUSTEES OF THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF TENNESSEE.



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME, OF TENNESSEE.

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE HOME.

The above picture is a good representation of the Home indicated. It is located upon the "Hermitage" property, eleven miles southeast of Nashville. The "Hermitage," consisting of five hundred acres, was bought by the State of Tennessee in 1856 for \$48,000. The family of "Old Hickory's" adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., occupied the residence and had charge of the land until a few years ago, when the State surrendered four hundred and seventy-five acres for a period of twenty-five years, reserving twenty-five acres upon which the residence premises are located, and placing it in charge of the Ladies' Hermitage Association. The State appropriated \$10,000 to be used in fencing and clearing up the land and in building four cottages as temporary homes for those in greatest need. The State subsequently appropriated \$25,000 for the permanent home here illustrated. The sum was inadequate by about \$9,000, which was raised by the Executive Board of Managers and their friends. The management has been extraordinary. It is already out of debt. Three of the Board, Dr. W. J. McMurray, Capt. Mark S. Cockrill, and Maj. R. H. Dudley, deserve monuments in bronze for what they have done gratis week after week for years for its successful maintenance. There are about eighty-five comrades who get good food, and not only shelter, but good housing there.

WHAT BECAME OF EBERHART'S BOX.

While the army was at Dalton, Ga., the Thirty-seventh Georgia was in Tyler's Brigade. In that regiment was a man named Eberhart, who had some good friends down in old Georgia who sent him a box of good

things. Our mess was one of the "gentlemen mess" of old Company H, Twenty-fifth Tennessee, and we kept one member, Dock H., in our mess to forage for us; we required no other duty of him. As a successful forager Dock had no superior and but few equals. Well, Dock was in Dalton one day down about the depot, looking around for forage, when he spied a couple of old gentlemen in a box car looking for some boxes they had brought to friends. Dock saw his opportunity and dispatched a comrade, N. J. M., of another mess, to go and get a wagon and come back after a box immediately. Dock then jumped in the box car and assisted the gentlemen to look for their boxes, which they couldn't find. By this time M. had returned with the wagon. Dock told the old gentlemen he had assisted them in hunting for their boxes, and they would oblige him now to help him put his into the wagon. They readily agreed, and they and Dock rolled one of their best boxes into Dock's wagon. He was careful to keep the marked side down. He thanked them kindly, and took a double-quick for our camp. We unloaded the box as hurriedly as we could, opened it, and O my! my! at the good things! Sausage, ham, turkey, pies, cake, butter, brandy, whisky, eggnog already made—we could hardly realize how rich we were. We knocked the box to pieces and burned them up; then we divided what was in it, concealed it as best we could, and gave every man in the company a taste of the good things.

While I make this story public it may come under Comrade Eberhart's eye; and if so, I beg his pardon a thousand times and assure him he could not have possibly enjoyed its contents more than we did, nor have been more in need of it than we were. W. H. J.

There was more foraging upon comrades at Dalton, doubtless, than anywhere else during the war.

ANNOUNCEMENT.



On Good Friday, March 31, 1893, Gen. Edmund Kirby-Smith was laid at rest in the cemetery at Sewanee, Tenn., where for many years he had devoted his life to educational work as Professor of Mathematics at the University of the South.

No stone marks the grave of this noble and great man, faithful educator, and distinguished soldier. His name is honorably inscribed in the history of his country, and is dear to the memory of his beloved South.

It is now desired to place a suitable monument over his grave. The admirable design accompanying this notice, chaste, simple, and appropriate, has been obtained for a monument, which can be erected complete for the sum of \$1,000.

We expect to provide this amount by the aid of individual gifts from each of his comrades in arms, from the alumni, officers, and students of the University of the South, and from his many other personal friends. We trust that all of these will deem it a pleasure to contribute \$1, or more, if convenient, for the purpose as early as possible. It is desirable that the monument be contracted for at an early date, and that it should be unveiled, with suitable ceremonies, on the next Commencement Day of the University of the South, August 1, 1895. Contributions may be sent to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.





UNCLE DAN EMMETT, AUTHOR OF "DIXIE."

Andrew Carlisle Carson has written an interesting sketch of the author of "Dixie." Recently several contributions have been sent the VETERAN about him, with the pictures herewith reproduced. Mr. Carson wrote:

The heart of every Southerner thrills when he hears the stirring strains of the famous battle hymn of the Confederacy, "Dixie," and no one lived in this country during war times who was not familiar with its sentiment and its music; yet to-day there are very few people who know the name of the writer, and that he is now living and in his old age is dependent on the generosity of others for support. Uncle Dan Emmett, the old time minstrel, in his day and generation one of the leading lights and greatest favorites on the American stage, the author of this immortal song, is to-day quietly spending the evening of his life in the retiracy of a humble home in the outskirts of Mt. Vernon, O.

Here in this quiet little Ohio city Uncle Dan was born seventy-nine years ago, on October 29, 1815. He was christened Daniel Decatur Emmett, by his parents, who were Southern people. His father marched to Mt. Vernon in 1812 from Detroit, being one of sixty riflemen.

Young Emmett learned the printer's trade on the Mt. Vernon Gazette, and in three years rose from the position of "devil" to foreman. He was of a roving disposition, however, and enlisted in the United States army. His father was displeased at this performance, and had him discharged for being under age.

Early in boyhood Dan displayed decided musical talent. Before he had reached the age of fifteen he had composed several quaint negro melodies. He finally joined a circus and traveled with different companies for eighteen years as a band musician.

In 1859 he wrote his most famous song. He was then a member of Bryant Brothers' minstrels, of New York. One night Jerry Bryant asked Dan to write him a "hurrah walk around." That was on Saturday night,

and Mr. Bryant wanted the piece ready for Monday morning's rehearsal. The song was written Sunday, rehearsed all day Monday, and sung that evening. It proved to be a great success for several years, but when the war broke out the company was forbidden to use it, and the band was hissed when they attempted to play it.

In the South it was different. Its popularity rapidly increased until it became the war song of the Confederacy. All through the war, when two opposing armies lay encamped near each other and the Union bands would strike up "Yankee Doodle," or "Star-spangled Banner," the Confederates would always respond with "Dixie."

"Dan Emmett's Famous Walk Around" has been revived by a New York road company this season. Uncle

Dan wrote many negro melodies, jigs, reels, hoedowns, and songs; but "Dixie" was his most famous composition. Among the most popular of his other songs were, "Dan Tucker," "Old Aunt Sally," "Gumbo, Sound de Horn," "Gwine ober de Mountain," and "I'm Gwine Back to Dixie."

He has appeared during the past year at several entertainments in Mt. Vernon, and is tranquilly awaiting the fall of the last drop scene.



UNCLE DAN EMMETT IN HIS PRIME.

MORE VICKSBURG REMINISCENCES.

BY F. W. MERRIN, PLANT CITY, FLA.

Having been one of those who tested the virtues of mule steak in the memorable siege of Vicksburg, I read with great interest everything relating to those days of trying ordeal. I was, of course, deeply interested in the chapter which appeared in the June *VETERAN*, reciting the experience of Gen. Shoup in that important event. Knowing the great importance of having these events of history related as correctly as possible, after reading this interesting chapter, I decided to make one or two observations on the subject, and to try and establish an important item of history which should be better understood than it is.

It will not do to trust too much, after these thirty-one years, to our own memories for exact facts about those tragic events. We may err in making our own experience and observation the standard for judging of what was done all along the line. Gen. Shoup's experience and my own correspond in many particulars, although there was a wide difference in our ranks as officers. There are points too in which we do not coincide. We all seek correct history.

The first attack of Sherman on the outer rifle pits, on the Cemetery or Graveyard road, as related by Gen. Shoup, on the evening of the 18th of May, in my experience was much more formidable than the General's recital would seem to indicate. I was in command of a section of a battery which had fired the last shots at the enemy as we retired from Big Black bridge on the morning of the 17th of May. These same two guns, by a double-quick movement, were unlimbered and run by hand into a small redoubt to the left of the road by the graveyard, and again fired the first artillery shots at the advancing enemy. Maj. Anderson, who had attempted to run a battery into a redoubt to the right of the road, was killed in the effort, and the battery did not get into position until sometime later. This skirmish line was well maintained until darkness set in. Hence I cannot agree with Gen. Shoup that Gen. Grant could have advanced into Vicksburg that night. I am well satisfied that the Federal forces were less prepared to have advanced into our lines that night than even the Confederates to meet such an advance.

Again, Gen. Shoup's observations in reference to the repeated assaults made upon our lines on the 20th, 21st, and 22d of May are not up to the history as given either by Federal or Confederate authorities. Then, the assaults, made for the first five days after the investment was completed, were something more "serious" to both sides, and especially to the Federal lines, than Gen. Shoup's account would seem to indicate.

Surely Gen. Shoup has not forgotten that on the evening of the 25th a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, extending from two to six o'clock, for the sole purpose of allowing the Federal forces to remove their dead and wounded, which were strewn all over the slopes, and in many places up to and on top of the Confederate rifle pits. These assaults were made principally on our zigzag line, extending from the Baldwin Ferry road to the same Graveyard road, and they were terrific in many places. The bluecoats scattered over this field of some four miles attested that many a brave man went down in these few days. After that the "starvation policy" looked more encouraging than the assaulting policy to Gen. Grant. No one who witnessed that scene of the memorable 25th of May, 1863, from either side, has ever forgotten it:

that evening when the defenders of the two grim battle lines "ceased firing" and crawled out into the bright evening sunshine onto their respective rifle pits, and witnessed the removal of the dead which had been lying between the lines for days.

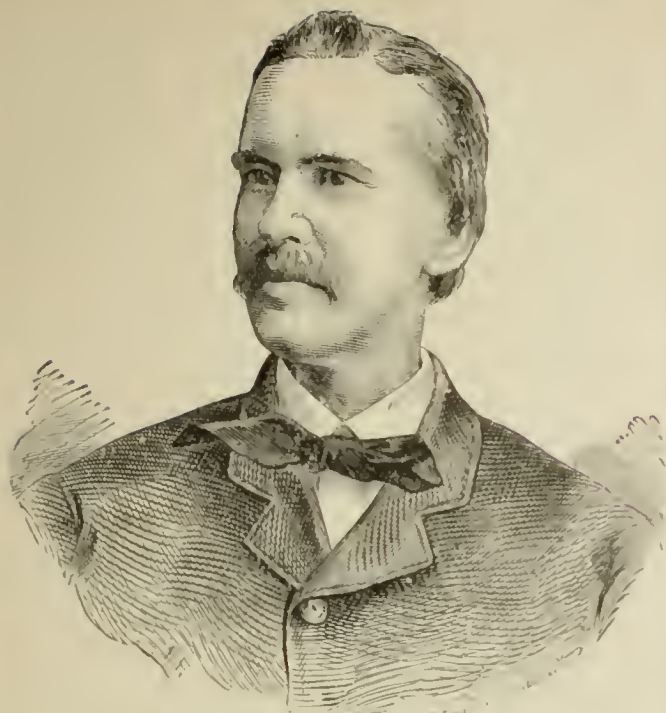
There has been controversy as to which side asked the suspension of hostilities for burial of the dead. We were informed at the time, and have ever so understood, that the flag of truce was sent out from the Confederate lines, making the specific request that hostilities be suspended a sufficient time for the enemy to remove and bury their dead exposed between the lines. The terms were agreed to at once, and hence the scene to which we have alluded, and which is not mentioned by Gen. Shoup. If this statement is not correct, I would be glad to see the facts in the *VETERAN*. This is important, as showing the humane spirit of the Confederates.

There are other points in Gen. Shoup's excellent article which I think are susceptible of criticism, but that is not my purpose. Time has leveled military ranks; the vivid experience and memory of the private soldier are good in evidence. In several particulars I cannot agree with Maj. J. W. Sparks about the surrender of Vicksburg, published in the July *VETERAN*. Gen. Pemberton had his faults, and the main one, in my humble judgment, was that he was too much in conflict with some of his subordinate officers; but I cannot believe in his being disloyal to the Confederacy.

In the October *VETERAN* Rev. E. C. Faulkner, of Searcy, Ark., calls attention to a blunder of this writer in a previous article, relating to the "Career and Death of Gen. Lloyd Tilghman," which was in omitting to note the Eighth Kentucky Regiment as a part of Gen. Tilghman's Brigade. My friend is right; it was a stupid blunder, for well do I remember the gallant daring and gentlemanly bearing of the remnant of the Eighth Kentucky after Donelson, under both Tilghman and Forrest.

Dr. J. R. Harper, Rosston, Tex., sends nine subscribers with his own renewal. He was a member of the Fifteenth Texas Cavalry, and was dismounted at Little Rock, Ark.; captured at Arkansas Post; was in prison at Camp Douglas three months; and paroled at City Point, Va. He was exchanged and remounted, and scouted awhile in Virginia. He was again dismounted and sent to the Army of Tennessee, and was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold. In the latter battle he was wounded in the right forearm. The Doctor adds: "I have been a reader of the *VETERAN* about a year, and have felt like I ought to try to do something for it, and upon seeing that my subscription had expired I put my thoughts into execution. The accompanying list of subscribers includes the names of all the ex-Confederate soldiers that get their mail at this office except one, and one from another post office. I think the average will be hard to beat. I never tried to make up a club for any paper before; but I found the boys 'mighty Confederate,' and had no trouble in getting subscribers."





Very Truly Yours,
Paul H. Hayes.

THE BROKEN BATTALIONS.

The sounds of the tumults have ceased to ring,
 And the battle's sun has set,
 And here in the peace of a newborn spring
 We would fain forgive and forget.

Forget the rage of hostile years,
 And the scars of a wrong unshriven;
 Forgive the torture that thrilled to tears
 [The angels, calm in heaven.

Forgive and forget? Yes! be it so,
 From the hills to the broad sea waves;
 But mournful and low are the winds that blow
 By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the spirit all thought of ill,
 In the midnight of grief held fast;
 And yet, O brothers! be loyal still
 To the sacred and stainless Past!

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud,
 From the waning mansion of Mars,
 And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
 And her eyes are misted stars.

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death:
 "There is duty still to be done,
 Though the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
 And the battle been lost and won."

And she points with a trembling hand below,
 To the wasted and worn array
 Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow
 For the grandeur that crowned "the gray."

O God! they come not as once they came,
 In the magical years of yore;
 For the trenchant sword and the soul of flame
 Shall quiver and flash no more.

Alas! for the broken and battered hosts;
 Frail wrecks from a gory sea;
 Though pale as a band in the realm of ghosts,
 Salute them! they fought with Lee,

And gloriol when dauntless Stonewall marched
 Like a giant o'er field and flood,
 When the bow of his splendid victories arched
 The tempest whose rain is—blood!

Salute them! those wistful and sunken eyes
 Flashed lightnings of sacred ire,
 When the laughing blue of the Southland skies
 Was blasted with cloud and fire.

Salute them! their voices, so faint to-day,
 Were once the thunder of strife,
 In the storm of the hottest and wildest fray
 That ever has mocked at life!

Not vanquished, but crushed by a mystic fate;
 Blind nations against them hurled
 By the selfish might and the causeless hate
 Of the banded and ruthless world!

Enough! all fates are the servants of God,
 And follow his guiding hand:
 We shall rise some day from the Chastener's rod,
 Shall waken and—understand!

But hark to the Past as she murmurs: "Come,
 There's a duty still to be done;
 Though mute is the drum, and the bugle dumb,
 And the battle is lost and won!"

No palace is here for the heroes' needs,
 [With its shining portals apart;
 Shall they find the peace of their "Invalides,"
 O South! in your grateful heart?

A refuge of welcome with living halls,
 And love for its radiant dome;
 Till the music of death's reveille calls
 The souls of the warriors home!

John C. MacKowen, Isle of Capri, Italy, November 4 1894: "The Italian postal authorities have sent you renewal for my yearly subscription (\$1) and the excess postage. As I know of no other Confederate veteran living in Italy, I have resolved myself into a Veteran Camp, which, like all sensible Camps, not only adopts your paper as its organ, but unanimously subscribes for it. This Camp, brought in frequent contact with Northerners, Italians, British, etc., recognizes their many good personal qualities, but sympathizes politically only with other Confederate Veteran Camps, and this Camp would be glad to see any members of other Confederate Veteran Camps in its headquarters here, Villa della Torre, where they will find a good dinner, a good bottle of wine, and a veteran's welcome, or as many dinners, bottles, and welcomes as the number of days they can pass in Capri during their tour through Italy. Your paper brings across the Atlantic homely odors of Southern woods, the delicious fragrance of jessamines and magnolias. Yes, and the blinding, suffocating fumes of gunpowder mingled with memories of marches, battles, wounds, dead and living comrades, of victories and defeats. The young generation which must carry on our work some day can learn through your paper the history of the wonderful bravery of their fathers and profit by it. A people is respected by the world when it knows how to use all its resources, and create new ones when necessary, to bring its high hopes to the practical, common sense status of accomplished facts.

At the recent annual election, Camp Isham Harrison No. 27 elected J. Warren Gardner as Commander, and W. A. Campbell was reelected Adjutant. Though a very busy man, Mr. Campbell has found time to do a great deal in the interest of the VETERAN.

BENEFACTIONS OF A COMRADE.



Mr. John C. Latham is a Kentuckian, a native of Hopkinsville. He enlisted in the Confederate army and served as a private soldier to the end, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., in May, 1865.

Young Latham returned to his native town, and was successful in business from the beginning. He engaged in business a few years at Memphis, and afterwards became the senior member of Latham, Alexander & Co., well-known bankers of New York. In visiting his old home and kindred, he remembered with pride the soldiers who acted and suffered with him. He remembered, too, the soldiers of the other side whose identity was lost in the grave, and standing by the splendid shaft erected to the memory of his honored father, he was moved by an impulse to erect a monument to the unknown dead of both armies buried in the

Hopkinsville Cemetery. However, being informed that the government had removed the Union dead to the National Cemetery at Fort Donelson, he determined to build a monument solely to the unknown Confederate dead buried there.

The monument is of granite, and admirably located. It is more than eight feet square at the base, and supports a pedestal of two polished stones upon which rests the die, four and a half feet square and seven feet high, with polished panels. The cornice of the die is polished, with cannons and laurel wreaths in bronze. The die is surmounted by a square obelisk with a Corinthian capital crowned with a pyramid of five polished balls, eighteen inches in diameter. Two bronze swords are crossed on the front, encircled by a bronze wreath. On the eastern panel of the die is inscribed:

CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Around this Column Is Buried All of Heroism That Could Die.

On the western panel of the die is the inscription:

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, 1861-1865

Beneath This God Is Mingled the Sacred Dust of One Hundred and One Unknown Soldiers, Who Were Attached to the Following Commands: First and Third Mississippi, Seventh Texas, and Eighth Kentucky Regiments, Forrest's Cavalry and Woodward's Kentucky Cavalry, and Green's Kentucky Artillery.

On the northern panel:

While Martyrs for Conscience Sake Are Respected, the Valor and Devotion of the Confederate Soldier Will Be Admired by the Good and the Brave.

On the southern panel:

This Monument Is Erected At the Place of His Birth, by a Surviving Comrade, to Commemorate the Virtues of the Confederate Dead.

A.D. 1887.

In a letter on the subject to the Hopkinsville Board of Council, Mr. Latham states:

I have felt safe from the suspicion of selfishness, because it was a memorial to the unknown dead. I have felt perfect confidence in the sympathy of all true women and brave men, believing that they would recognize in the tomb a deserved tribute to "all of heroism that could die;" I have rejoiced in the opportunity it gave me to do honor to the memory of my comrades in arms who left their homes and lost their lives "for conscience sake;" and finally, I have felt that this memorial shaft would beautify the city of the dead in which my father sleeps, and that the martial spirits of the dead soldiers beneath it would stand guard about his grave.

In now formally turning the monument over



THE LATHAM CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

to you as the official guardian of the city of Hopkinsville, I beg to say that every expense incident to its construction has been met, and to assure you that of the total cost there remains not one dollar unpaid. I have also made such an endowment provision as will yield sufficient income to keep the monument and grounds in perfect order for all time to come, thereby protecting the city against any future expense in connection with the matter.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from saying there is but one way in which this memorial might be in more exact conformity with my original purpose. I hoped in the beginning to make a joint monument to unknown Federals and Confederates, for in the death they suffered there was hardship, heroism, and valor, costing the precious lives of true-hearted American citizens. The United States Government having removed the dead Federals to the National Cemetery at Fort Donelson, there were only left my comrades, the Confederate dead, and to their hallowed memory I dedicate this shaft.

It seems appropriate in this connection to note several other things done for his native town by this successful and public-spirited gentleman. Besides these notes used, he has contributed much to the prosperity of roads over the county.



LATHAM COTTAGES AT HOPKINSVILLE.

Mr. Latham has improved the vicinity of the old family residence, preserved in its original character, and surrounded by flowers and swards, although not in the "blue grass region," by erecting beautiful cottages as illustrated above. They are an ornament to the town.



HOTEL LATHAM AT HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

The above illustration is of the new hotel so nearly completed that it will be formally opened January 3. The extent and character of the structure show progressive foresight that will animate others to rivalry for the prosperity of the town.



NEW BAPTIST CHURCH AT HOPKINSVILLE.

One of the most beautiful stone churches to be found anywhere is at Hopkinsville, and the Baptists are grateful to Mr. Latham for a munificent contribution to it. The VETERAN thanks Mr. Ira L. Smith, of the Planter's Bank, for the photographs from which these engravings were made. Mr. Latham will be the most surprised person who will see the display, doubtless, but it is certain that he is grateful for the grand monument that causes this article, and the VETERAN honors him for what he has done for his "old Kentucky home."

J. Will Hall, Liberty, Mo.: "I wish you would make inquiry through the VETERAN for any survivors of the steamer Webb's crew that ran past New Orleans in April, 1865. They will remember me as the man (or rather boy) who was lowered down over the ship's side and repaired the cannon ball holes. I would like to correspond with any of them."

PARTIAL LIST OF THE MULTITUDE WHO ARE HELPING THE VETERAN.

THEY will cheerfully serve those who apply to them by sending subscriptions and advertisements. Friends will help to fill the blanks below and make such additions as will help the great cause in hand.

ALABAMA.

Anniston J. M. Ledbetter
Athens W. B. Russell
Auburn Gen. James H. Lane
Benton Capt. W. H. May
Birmingham... S. L. Robertson
Camden J. F. Foster
Carrollton... Col. M. L. Stansel
Cedar Springs... G. W. R. Bell
Edwardville
Elkmont T. D. Griggs
Florence W. M. Bunting
Greenville A. S. Adams
Huntsville... W. M. Erskine
Jacksonville... D. Z. Goodlett
Lowndesboro... C. D. Whitman
Lower Peach Tree, B. D. Portis
Montgomery... F. G. Browder
Moundville... Capt. J. S. Powers
Oxford J. Timothy Pearce
Piedmont M. T. Ledbetter
Scottsboro... James Staley, Dr.
Andrew Boyd.

Seale P. A. Greene
Selma Edward P. Galt
Snowdown... J. B. Slaughter
Troy T. M. Murphree

ARKANSAS.

Arkadelphia... C. C. Scott
Bentonville... R. J. Laughlin
Booneville... D. B. Castleberry
Camden Hail G. Smith
Fayetteville... Miss A. M. Stone
Heleba C. N. Biscoe
Hope W. P. Agee
Hot Springs, Gen. J. M. Harrell
Huntingdon... Capt. L. B. Lake
Little Rock... Clem McCulloch
Morrilton... W. S. Hanna
Prescott T. F. Burns
Searcy Rev. E. C. Faulkner
Springdale... Dr. John Young
Van Buren ... C. W. Lehman

CALIFORNIA.

Santa Ana, Victor Montgomery
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
Washington, Miss S. H. Owen,
Miss Carrie Wilson, Mrs. Albert Akers, Mr. F. H. Poston,
Mrs. A. T. Buck, Mrs. L. R. Messenger, Mrs. D. P. Halsey.

FLORIDA.

Altoona R. L. Hopson
Brooksville... J. W. Corman
Cantonment... Jos. McVoy
Chipley R. B. Bellamy
Fernandina...
Inverness... W. C. Zimmerman
Jacksonville... W. D. Matthews
Lakeland H. McInnis
Leesburg... Capt. J. B. Milam
Marianna... John W. Pooser
Milton Thomas B. Brashears
Monticello... W. G. Denham
Ocala, Mrs. Gen. J. J. Dickison,
William Fox.
Orlando W. Gart Johnson
Pensacola... Gen. George Reese
Plant City F. W. Merrin
Sanford Otis S. Tarver
St. Augustine, J. A. Enslow, Jr.,
and D. L. Dunham.

Tallahassee
Tampa, J. M. Henderson and
J. W. Cooley.
Titusville... Rev. A. D. Cohen

GEORGIA.

Aacworth J. L. Leman
Athens Capt. W. P. Welch
Atlanta Col. John Milledge
Augusta F. M. Stovall
Canton Col. H. W. Newnam
Cartersville... Maj. A. M. Foute
Eagle Cliff... W. F. Allison
Eatonton Robert Young
Greensboro... Jesse P. Wilson
Hawkinsville... D. G. Fleming
La Grange J. L. Schaub
Macon Charles Herbst
Madison James E. Chiles
Rome
Savannah... Mrs. A. M. Raines
Union Point... O. E. Fluker
Washington... Miss G. Cordes

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore F. G. Barry
McAlester... Col. R. B. Coleman
INDIANA.
Evansville, Frank A. Owen, Dr.
A. J. Thomas.

KANSAS.

Coffeyville... Dr. T. C. Frazier
KENTUCKY.

Adairville... M. B. Stovall
Augusta... Col. L. P. Knoedler
Bardstown... A. B. Baldwin
Bell C. D. Bell
Bethel Jo Arrasmith
Bordley Fount Christian
Bowling Green, W. W. Hendricks, J. A. Mitchell.
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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARTILLERYMAN.

BY E. W. STRODE, INDEPENDENCE, MO.

A good deal has been said in the VETERAN about the siege of Vicksburg. I was one of the Missouri boys of Bowen's Division, and would like to make a correction of Tom J. Foster's statement in regard to the gun, "Lady Richardson." I belonged to the Third Missouri Battery, commanded at that time by Schuyler Lowe. The gun, "Lady Richardson," was captured at Corinth, and given to our company at Ripley, after we fell back to that point. She was No. 1, and I served on her while she belonged to the company.

If "Waul's Legion" had anything to do with her, I never knew it. They may have been our support part of the time at Baker's Creek. Gen. Tilghman was killed near our guns, but was not manning the "Lady Richardson," nor had he anything to do with her in any way. We lost her at Black River, with the rest of the battery. We were placed in position and our horses sent back across the river, some distance. Our left gave way, and the light artillery was without horses—something unusual. We stayed with the guns until we had to make a long

run and a fast one. Jim Cummings, as good a soldier as ever fired a gun, said he'd take the "Lady Richardson" rammer with him, to keep the yanks from turning her on us as we ran. Our company went into Vicksburg with horses, but no guns; not demoralized, as the sequel shows. Gen. Green told us there were some guns on the Yazoo that had been abandoned, when we went after and secured three of them. We again came near being captured. One of these guns was known as the "Crazy Jane." She was placed in a parapet, to the left of the Jackson road, and I expect she fired as many shots as, if not more than, any gun on our line. Perhaps more shots were fired at her also than any other, but they failed to silence her until the surrender. Gen. Green was killed near her. The yanks dug up to us and threw their dirt on ours and run a mine under us. Many men were killed around this old gun; besides our own, there were many infantry boys, sharpshooting. She was noted for throwing her shells in a crazy fashion, and many a poor reb and yank lost his life watching her peculiarities.

It would take too much space to tell all that happened: swapping tobacco, joking, throwing clods, hand grenades, etc. The yanks always contended that they would eat dinner on the 4th in Vicksburg and they did.

ANECDOTE OF DICK McCANN.

The famous Dick McCann was scouting around Nashville, holding high carnival and behaving himself much as Morgan had formerly done on the same ground. Capt. McCann had served for some time in infantry, but found it too slow for him. He accompanied our command in our first raid into Kentucky, and served with distinction in our operations around Gallatin during the summer of 1862. It would be impossible to relate all of his numerous adventures. He was busy prowling around night and day, and rarely permitted the enemy to venture beyond the fortifications of Nashville without some evidence of his thoughtful attention. Just before we arrived at Gallatin, his existence came very near a termination. He went on a scout one night with two of his men and Dr. Robert Williams. The Doctor frequently accompanied him on those visits, as he termed them, to the scenes of his happy childhood. Near the city they came upon a picket stand, and McCann sent his two men around to get between them and their base, intending, with the Doctor, to charge upon and capture them. The moon was shining and he stole closer than was prudent, when they discovered and fired upon him. One ball struck upon the brass buckle of his saber belt, but it was stout enough to save his life. However, the blow brought him from his horse, and he felt he was mortally wounded. Said the Doctor: "Dick, are you hurt?"

"Yes," groaned Dick; "killed deader than a corpse. Shot right through the bowels; quick, Bob, pass me the bottle quick!"

The Cumberland Presbyterian, Nashville, Tenn.: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the organ of those who fought on the Southern side in our civil war, but the fact that among its subscribers are a goodly number who fought for the Union shows that the bitter memories of the struggle that ended thirty years ago are fading from men's minds, while on both sides of the old sectional line, which happily has been blotted out as a result of the war, there is a growing patriotic pride in American heroism, whether the heroes wore the gray or the blue."

EFFIE ELISLER.

SHE TELLS THE STORY OF HER PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

The VETERAN honors a noble little lady whose career has been very similar to that of a Confederate soldier. For nearly four years she played "Hazel Kirke," making it the sensation of the American stage. She had but three weeks vacation in the time—a short furlough. Millions of people shed tears over her acting, and her reputation as a worthy woman has brightened all through her life of trial—of successes and defeats.

On a recent visit to Nashville, upon solicitation, she visited the VETERAN office and dictated the following short and very modest sketch of her career on the stage:

I was born in Philadelphia, but my home proper was in Cleveland, O. I was educated at the Ursuline Convent in that city. I always had a desire for the stage, but my parents were quite opposed to it, although my father was a manager and actor; my mother was also an actress, and her father an actor before her. Their principal objection was that my father was well to do, my associations had been entirely nonprofessional, and there was no necessity for my making the profession a means of living. While at school I divided my time between playing children's parts and studying music quite extensively, until I was about twelve years of age, when I was called upon to play the rôle of Virginia, in the tragedy known as "Virginus," with Mr. Edwin Forrest. It was during the last year of his professional career. There were no single ladies in my father's company, and as Mr. Forrest was persistent in his objections to the part being taken by a married woman, I was accordingly brought from school to play Virginia, the first legitimate part I ever essayed.

We were to open in the play in Detroit, my father's company going there for that purpose to support Mr. Forrest. His stage manager, a Mr. Wright, always directed his plays, but father asked Mr. Forrest as a favor to attend the rehearsal himself, as the part I was to play was a very important one, it being my debut legitimately. I had taken the precaution to provide myself with Mr. Forrest's prompt book, which always gave the business as he desired it. My first stumbling-block occurred in the speeches in the first act, when Virginus asks his daughter the question: "I hope you never play the truant?" The answer was: "No, indeed, my father." That had been eliminated and "Virginus" written above, and that, too, had been scratched out and nothing remained but "No, indeed," which I spoke. He immediately took me to task for it, and called upon his manager to read the line, but was told that was the way it was in the book. Not being a very religious man, he remarked that people would eliminate "Our Father" from the Lord's Prayer if they could. The rehearsal progressed all right after that, and he mentioned the fact that I was not to wear a trained dress.

At the end of the morning rehearsal the manager especially charged me not to



step on Mr. Forrest's gouty foot. Unfortunately, that was the very thing I did, but to my astonishment he never reproached me at all, but rather spoke words of encouragement to me.

The result of that performance was a desire that I should play Ophelia to his Hamlet. Though my mother at first said no, on account of my youth, she finally consented that I should play it if that would end any further work with him. Our dressing rooms at that time were all underneath the stage, and my great hope was that he, being gouty, would not come upon the stage during my mad scene of Ophelia, which was the important scene of the part, but in the midst of one of my bits of music I heard "Bravo! bravo!" from the entrance, in tones that I recognized as those of Mr. Forrest. After the performance he sent for me, and on going to his room he congratulated me, corrected a few mistakes that I had made, and predicted for me a bright future legitimately. The Detroit papers, in their reference to this performance, likened my playing Ophelia to the Hamlet of Mr. Forrest, as May and December.

One of the amusing experiences I have had happened in this way: I was sent

for from school to play the third apparition in Macbeth. That was before I played Virginia at all. The business of these apparitions is to come up through a trapdoor on the stage. Our stage was very low at that time, and we almost had to get on our knees before this trapdoor and crawl up. All day I had gone through the girlish trick of patting myself and saying my lesson over and over again. The speech goes this way: "Be lion mettle, proud; and take no care who chafes, who frets," etc. These words, with the rest of the speech, were quite as much to me as any figure on the stage. As I came up through the trapdoor, instead of saying "Be lion mettle," I said "Be lion hearted." Immediately I realized that I had made a mistake, and could not say anything more, but stood still. My mother was on one side and my father on the other, and they both endeavored to set me right, but without avail. Macbeth was waiting for me to say a little more, so in despair I pulled out my book from my bosom, where I had put it during my anxiety in the earlier part of the play, and read my speech from it. After getting through this and crawling away, I was in a mist of tears. The first person I

encountered was my father, to whom I said: "I shall never play that nasty part again." He replied facetiously: "You will play it the next time the piece is on." Those words are so impressed on my memory that I can now at any time repeat exactly the speech of the third apparition.

After my connection with Mr. Forrest, my experience was playing comedy and leading business, with such stars as Barry Sullivan, E. L. Davenport, the late Mr. Barrett, John McCullough, and last, but not least, dear Edwin Booth, after which I was formally initiated as a member of the profession.

In the meantime my father had built the Euclid Avenue opera house, in Cleveland, at a time when money was scarce and everything dull, and the investment proved a failure and shattered our fortunes. It was then I deemed it wise to go to the great metropolis. Much against my parents' will, I persisted in my determination to visit New York City in quest of an engagement, realizing that I must do my part toward the maintenance of our family. After visiting several agencies in quest of an engagement, either for opera, comedy, or sentiment, I was engaged for the part of Dolly Dutton, in the original production of "Hazel Kirke." Some business complications arose, and it was necessary to make a change in the cast, thus leaving the part of Hazel Kirke open, and I was finally asked to read the part to see if I was capable of playing it. The result was favorable; and the company then, after many rehearsals, started out on the road to get the piece in shape for its initial New York production. After eleven weeks on the road we returned to New York, and the famous Madison Square Theater, under the management of Marshall Mallory and Steele Mackay, opened most auspiciously with "Hazel Kirke." The run of the play in New York City with the original cast was one year, and I was told that I had accomplished a success in one night that it had taken one of our most prominent actresses six years to achieve. Then the most of the original cast went on the road, and we played through the entire country. It was then I made my first visit South. We went as far as the Pacific Coast, and I continued playing Hazel Kirke for the next two years and a half, during which time I had but about three weeks' rest, when I severed my connection with the Madison Square Company on account of ill health, brought on by the continuous playing of Hazel Kirke. After severing my associations with the Madison Square Company, I joined the Union Square Company for a period of about four months, since which time I have been traveling for myself, throughout the country with my own company, having presented to the public a number of plays the latest being "Doris," by Mr. Robert Drouet.

At one time my parents decided that I should enter upon the lyric stage as a profession. I had appeared in such operas as the "Bohemian Girl" and "Martha," singing the leading rôles in those operas; but my decided liking for the dramatic field made me continue where I had begun.

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 SOME REBEL RELICS. By Rev. A. T. Goodloe. A memorial volume of 315 pages; price \$1. Commemorates mainly the spirit, speech, and manner of life of the invincible "Old Reb of the rank and file during the war," and of the genius and splendor of "Dixie Land." Dr. Goodloe served from Alabama.
 Charles Henry Lee, of Virginia (an older brother of Richard Henry Lee, whose address upon the "Causes of the War" was in the "Souvernir"), has published a refutation of charges against Arthur Lee by Benjamin Franklin. This work (a fifty-cent pamphlet supplied by the VETERAN) gives a valuable historic version of controversies during the years 1770-81.

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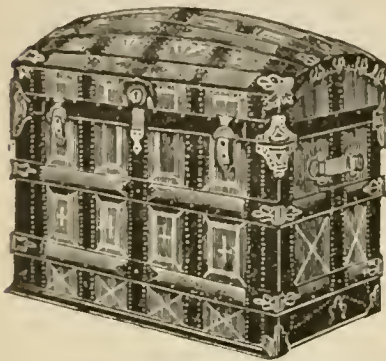
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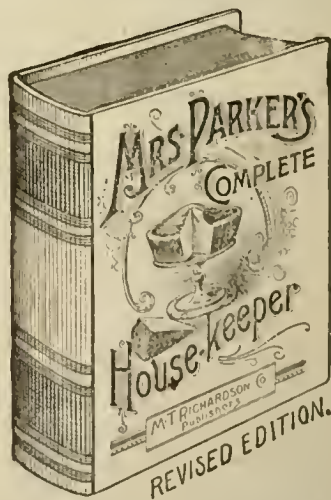
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Mrs. F. R. Parker, the author of this book, is a well-known
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Supplement to April Issue, 1894.

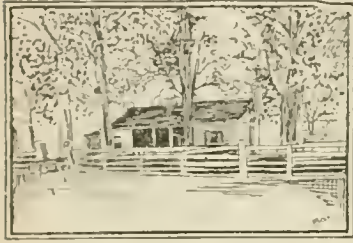
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By S. A. Cunningham.



JEFFERSON DAVIS IN 1866.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was born in 1808, and lived eighty-one years. His birthplace was in a broad, low house at Fairview, a small village in Christian (now Todd) County, Ky. He visited the place in 1866, and participated in the dedication of a pretty brick Baptist church that had been erected on the site of the



BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS,
FAIRVIEW, KY.

old house. There was a large gathering of people from the neighborhood, while others had gone many miles through excessive rain. It was a most disagreeable day. As the venerable gentleman stood in the midst of the congregation, whose hap-

py faces are indelibly impressed upon the mind of the writer, he used this language: "Many of you may think strangely of my participation in this service, not being a Baptist. My father was a Baptist, and a better man."

In her "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis" his wife copied, just as he furnished them to a stenographer, facts about his family and his own career, notes from which are embodied in this little sketch.

Three brothers came from Wales in the early part of the eighteenth century and settled in Philadelphia. The youngest, Evan Davis, subsequently removed to Georgia, then a colony of Great Britain. He was the grandfather of Jefferson Davis. The father, Samuel Davis, had moved from Augusta, Ga., to Southwestern Kentucky, and resided at Fairview when Jefferson, the tenth and last child, was born.

Samuel Davis had entered the army of the Revolution at the age of sixteen, with two half brothers named, Williams, and while a boy soldier met the beautiful Jane Cook in South Carolina, who became his wife and the mother of Jefferson Davis. In his infancy the family moved to Louisiana, but ill health induced their return to Wilkinson County, Miss. Three of his brothers were in the War of 1812, and the fourth volunteered, but "was drafted to stay at home." The Mississippi home of Samuel Davis was rather on a divide, whereby to the west on rich land were Virginians, Kentuckians, and Tennesseans, and to the east on inferior soil were South Carolinians and Georgians. The settlements were sparse, however, for Mississippi was then of the territory ceded by Georgia to the United States, and there were but few schools. At the age of seven Jefferson Davis was sent on horseback through the "wilderness" to a Catholic school in Washington County, Ky. He journeyed with Maj. Hinds, who commanded the "Mississippi Dragoons" in the battle of New Orleans, and with his family. On reaching Nashville they went to the "Hermitage" for a visit to Gen. Jackson. In the "Reminiscences" Mr. Da-

vis dwells upon that prolonged visit of several weeks and upon "his opportunity to observe a great man," and he had always remembered "with warm affection the kind and tender wife who presided over his house." Gen. Jackson then lived in "a roomy log house, with a grove of fine forest trees in its front."

In that Catholic school for a time young Davis was the only Protestant boy, and he was the smallest. He was very much favored, and roomed with the priest. One night he was persuaded by some associates to blow out the light in the reverend father's room, that they might do some mischief, which they did in a hurry. He was interrogated severely, but said he "didn't know much, and wouldn't tell that." Finally he agreed to tell a little about it on condition that he be given his liberty. That little was that he blew out the candle. After two years steamboats had been put on the river, and by a steamer the lad returned home from Louisville.

Conforming to a plan proposed by his brother, who went after him, the happy lad, with throbbing heart, approached his dear old mother and asked if she had seen any stray horses around there. She had seen a "stray boy," and clasped him to her arms. He ran to



MAGGIE DAVIS HAYES AND WINNIE DAVIS.

the field, where he found his father, who took him in his arms with much emotion and kissed him.

Young Davis went afterward to neighborhood schools, which were very poor; but one Mr. Shaw, from Boston, advanced him more than any other teacher he ever had. Shaw married in Mississippi, and he preached while teaching.

Jefferson Davis was sent again to Kentucky, and placed at the Transylvania University, near Lexington. Afterward he was one of the six United States Senators who were fellow-students at that university. At the early age of fifteen he was given a cadetship at West Point.

Here is a literal extract from his dictation: "When I entered the United States Military Academy, that truly great and good man, Albert Sidney Johnston, had preceded me from Transylvania, Ky., an incident which formed a link between us, and inaugurated a friendship which grew as years rolled by, strengthened by after associations in the army, and which remains to me yet, a memory of one of the greatest and best characters I ever knew. His particular friend was Leonidas Polk."

Mr. Davis then gives an account of Polk's religious convictions, and of his joining the Church. It is known that he afterward was a bishop in the Episcopal Church. Polk was a lieutenant general in the Western Army with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom he confirmed into Church membership only a few weeks before he was killed by a cannon shot from the enemy. The dictation ended too early. In referring to it, he said to his wife: "I have not told what I wish to say of Sidney Johnston and Polk. I have much more to say of them."

The history starts on from the dictation in a manner worthy the distinguished wife.

Our people generally know quite well how meanly the publishers treated the author in regard to the royalty on her book, and that she succeeded in stopping its sale when they owed her a little more than \$4,000. When legal technicalities are removed, and she can procure what is due her on sales, there will no doubt be many orders given for the work, both because of its merits and the wish to show an appreciation of her noble service in its presentation.

Mr. Arthur H. Marks, of Winchester, Tenn., elder son of the late ex-Gov. Marks, gifted and of great literary promise, but who has since died, said at a reunion of Tennessee Confederate veterans:



MR. DAVIS'S FAVORITE SEAT BY THE BAY AT BEAUVOIR.

Jefferson Davis was the man not only of his generation, but of his day. His unique personality would have fitted him nowhere else. His destiny was as broad as his country, and there was no other gap of American history wide enough to receive it. To us, as to all the world, he still stands for the Confederacy. He was covered with it. Between the dates of his birth and death was written all of that stormy chapter. In the name of Jefferson Davis we must raise a

monument to the Old South, for in his long career the glory of that Old South lies like a sword within its scabbard, inclosed from hilt to tip with years of precious service. To you Confederate veterans Jefferson Davis is a memory, but to the young men of the South he is an



MRS. MAGGIE DAVIS HAYES.

inspiration. For you he revives the past, but for us he animates the future. To you he is a majestic figure of battle smoke looming up in the haze and distance of a generation ago; but to us he is a living presence, an example of a man striding on before all of our ambitions, showing us by his knightly footsteps where we should tread.

MRS. V. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in her "Memoirs," gives an interesting sketch of the Howell family. Her grandfather, Maj. Richard Howell, fought in the battles of the Revolution. He helped to destroy tea landed by the "Greyhound" at Greenwich, N. J., in November, 1774. In 1775 he was captain of a company. In 1776 he was promoted to major, and commanded his battalion in several successful engagements. He had a furlough to go, and was in the act of starting, to see his twin brother, Surgeon Lewis Howell, who was dying, the day before

the battle of Monmouth, but waited and went into the engagement as a private in citizen's clothes. Gen. Washington commended him for his personal sacrifice. Having



JEFFERSON HAYES DAVIS.

ing waited for the battle, he never saw his brother alive any more.

In 1788 Maj. Howell was appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court, which position he held until his election as Governor of New Jersey, and was continued for eight years, when he declined to be a candidate on account of impaired health. He died in 1802. His daughter Sarah was one of the dozen young ladies selected to scatter flowers in Washington's path at Trenton bridge.

Mrs. Davis's father, William Burr Howell, fourth son of Gov. Howell, was appointed an officer in the Marine Corps, and served under Commodore Decatur in the War of 1812. In a close engagement his seat—a stool—was shot from under him, and another ball knocked from his grasp a tin cup of water. He was commended in orders three times for gallantry in action. After the war was over, in 1815, he went down the Mississippi in a flatboat to Natchez. He met and became intimate with Joseph E. Davis, brother of Jefferson Davis. In 1823 Mr. Howell married Miss Margaret Louisa Kemp. Joseph Da-

vis acted as groomsman, and the first child born to the couple was named Joseph Davis. "Thus the intimacy grew apace and ripened into three intermarriages in three generations."

Mr. and Mrs. Howell and their friend, Joseph E. Davis, went on a long journey to the North in 1825, and they together visited Mr. Davis's "little brother" (Jefferson Davis) at West Point on the trip. Her father referred to him afterward as a "promising youth," and her mother spoke of his "open, bright expression," in a letter that was preserved.

During his cadetship young Davis and a companion went off on a little frolic without leave, and, hearing that one of the instructors was going to where they were, they started back by a near cut to the academy, when young Davis fell over an embankment, a distance of about sixty feet, but happily he caught at a stunted tree, which broke the force of his fall. His companion,



WILLIAM DAVIS HAYES. "I AM A CONFEGORATE."

greatly distressed, leaned over the precipice and inquired: "Jeff, are you dead?" It was almost a fatal fall, and he was expected to die for weeks afterward. In this

connection another story is told of Cadet Davis. One of the professors, who disliked him, was delivering a lecture one day upon the value to a soldier in having presence of mind under trial. He looked at young Davis significantly. A few days afterward, when the large class was being taught how to make fireballs in a room full of explosives, one of them caught on fire. Instantly the uncourteous professor said, "Run for your lives!" and then did so himself. Young Davis instead threw it out of the window, thus saving the building and many lives. The modesty of the author deprives the interesting history of as full subsequent account of the Howell family as the public deserves. She supplemented the Howell name by becoming the wife of Jefferson Davis February 26, 1845.

MR. STEPHENS'S PRISON LIFE.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS, a native Georgian, was born February 11, 1812. He was of poor parentage in purse and was always poor in health. Entering politics at an early day, he became a Whig leader, but some ten years before the war of the sixties he "drifted to Democracy." Mr. Stephens served in Congress from 1843 to 1859, then after the war was elected to Congress again in 1877, and served four years. In 1882-83 he was Governor of Georgia—Governor at the time of his death.

Mr. Stephens's career is too well known to require extended notice here. Through a personal friendship of several years the writer recalls some of his peculiarities. Concerning his relations with Robert Toombs, with whom he so widely differed in many things and with whom he was so intimate, he explained that "Toombs acting and Toombs speaking are very different things." While discussing this topic, he suddenly asked, "Have you read the life of my brother Linton?" and, quickly turning his wheel chair to a table covered with slips of white paper, he asked his black servant, Alex, to get a postal card, and *on the address side* of the card wrote an order to Dodson & Scott, publishers, for the book. Amused at his using such material, I said, "I will retain the card if they are willing;" and he replied, "Ah, well, if you would like to keep it, I will try and write better;" and he made a duplicate, a very twin.

The extracts from Mr. Stephens's diary will give a vivid account of how ignorant people were of what to expect from the victors when our armies surrendered.

A complete history of the Confederate War will never be printed. Occasionally, after a lapse of several decades, new chapters will appear, seeming incredible, because the vigilant author did not "hand it in" sooner.

These reflections are given as introductory to a few chapters concerning the surrender and imprisonment of the Confederate Vice President that it becomes my fortune to possess. Many items will appear of general in-

terest, and altogether it will be interesting to those who most admired the extraordinary statesman. Strange as it may seem, a dismal blank occurred in a Southern record of events just at this period.

Mr. Stephens's own language is used, except where there are necessary abbreviations, and then the substance is given with the least change possible.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Fort Warren, near Boston, Mass., May 27, 1865—This book was purchased this day of A. J. Hall, Sutler at this Post, by Alexander H. Stevens, a prisoner on the Fort, with a view of preserving in it some regular record of the incidents of his imprisonment and prison life. It may be interesting to himself hereafter, sometimes, should he be permitted to live, to refer to it; and if his own life should not be spared, it may be of interest, in like manner, to some of his relatives and friends. He knows it will be of intense interest to his dear and only brother, Hon. Linton Stephens, of Sparta, Ga. Besides, he feels sure that all his relatives will be exceedingly glad to peruse it; especially in the event that they never see him again. For these reasons the book has been purchased.

HIS ARREST AT LIBERTY HALL.

Thursday, May 11, 1865.—This was a most beautiful and charming morning. After a refreshing sleep I rose early. Robert Hull, a youth of about sixteen years of age, son of Henry Hull, Jr., of Athens, Ga., spent the night before with me. After writing some letters for the mail, my custom being to attend to such business as soon as breakfast was over, Robert and I were amusing ourselves at a game of casino, when Tim came running into the parlor where we were, saying: "Master, more

Yankees have come; a whole heap of them are in town, galloping all about with guns." Suspecting what it meant, I rose, told Robert I expected they had come for me, and entered my bedroom to make arrangements for leaving if my apprehensions should prove correct. Soon I saw an officer with soldiers under arms approaching the house. The doors were all open. I met the officer in the library. He asked if my name was Stephens. I told him it was. "Alexander H. Stephens?" said he. I told him that was my name. He said he had orders to arrest me and put me in custody. I asked him his name, and to let me see his orders. He replied that his name was Capt. Saint, of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry, or mounted infantry. He was then under Gen. Upton. He showed me the order. It was by Gen. Upton, at Atlanta, for my arrest, and that of Robert Toombs. No charge was specified. He was directed to go to Crawfordville and arrest me, and then proceed to Washington and arrest Mr. Toombs, and to carry both to Gen. Upton's headquarters. I told Capt. Saint that I had been looking for something of this kind—at least, had thought it not improbable for some weeks—and hence had not left home. Gen. Upton need not have sent any force for me. Had he simply notified me that he wished me at his headquarters, I should have gone. I asked the captain if I would be permitted to carry any clothing with me, and how long I would be allowed to pack up. He said a few minutes—as long as would be necessary. He said: "You may take a servant with you, if you wish." I asked him if he knew my destination. He said, first to Atlanta, and then to Washington City. I called in Anthony, a black boy from Richmond, who had been waiting on me for several years, and asked him if he wished to go, and that I would send him to his mother in Richmond from Washington. He was willing to go, and was soon ready. It was about 10 A.M. when Capt. Saint came to my house. In about fifteen minutes—not much over—we started for the depot. Friends and servants followed, most of them crying. My own heart was full—too full, however, for tears. While Anthony was getting ready I asked Capt. Saint if I could write a note or two to some friends. He said I could. I wrote my brother in about these words:

CRAWFORDVILLE, GA., May 11, 1865.

Dear Brother: I have just been arrested by Capt. Saint, of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry. The order embraces Gen. Toombs. We are both to be carried to Atlanta, and thence to Washington City, it seems. When I shall see you again, if ever, I do not know. May God enable you to be as well prepared for whatever fate may await me as I trust he will enable me to bear it! May his blessings ever attend you and yours! I have not time to say more. A kiss and my tenderest love to your dear little ones. Yours most affectionately, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

This letter I sealed and addressed to him, and told Harry to send it over to Sparta immediately after I should leave. The captain said he preferred I should not send the note then, that we would come back, and after that I might send it. I told him it was a note simply announcing my arrest and destination. I told him he might read it. I opened it and handed it to him. He still objected, and I tore the note up. At the cars a great many people had assembled. All seemed deeply oppressed and grieved. Many wept bitterly. To me the parting was exceedingly sad and sorrowful. When we left the depot, the train backed up several hundred yards, where several soldiers, that seemed to have been put out there as scouts, got on. There was no stop until we reached Barnett. There we took another engine

and started to Washington. About four miles from the town the train stopped at a shanty occupied by a supervisor of the track. Here I was put off, with about twenty soldiers to guard me. The captain and the others went on to Washington. He said he expected to be back in an hour. He did not come until after dark. In the meantime there came up a cloud and a heavy fall of rain. The man of the house gave me dinner, fried meat and corn bread, the best he had. I was not at all hungry—indeed, had no appetite—but I ate to show my gratitude for his hospitality in sharing his homely but substantial fare. Soon after dark the returning engine was heard coming. I was intensely anxious to know what had been the cause of detention. When what we supposed was the returning train came up, it was nothing but the engine. The Captain had returned to bring his men some commissary stores, and went back immediately. I asked him what was the cause of detention, what had occurred, if Gen. Toombs was at home. He answered evasively, and left me in doubt and great perplexity. About nine o'clock the train came. The ground was saturated with water, and I got my feet partially wet—damp. This, together with the chilliness of the night after the rain, gave me a sore throat, attended with severe hoarseness. When the train was under way for Barnett, I asked the Captain if he had Mr. Toombs. "No," said he, "Mr. Toombs flanked us." This was said in a rather disappointed, irate tone, and I made no further inquiries. About eleven o'clock we took the night schedule up train at Barnett for Atlanta. It was cool and clear; some panes of glass were broken out of the windows of the cars, and I was quite chilled by the exposure. This was one of the most eventful days of my life. Never before was I under arrest or deprived of my liberty.

May 12.—Reached Atlanta about 8:30 A.M. Morning clear and cool; quite unwell; carried to Gen. Upton's headquarters. He had gone to Macon, but was expected back that night. Capt. Gilpin, on Gen. Upton's staff, received me and assigned me a room. Anthony made a fire, and Capt. Gilpin ordered breakfast. Walked about the city under guard. The desolation and havoc of war in this city were heartrending. Several persons called to see me. Gen. Ira R. Foster called. He was allowed to address me a note, and I was allowed to answer it, but no interview was permitted. Col. G. W. Lee called. He was permitted to see me, to speak to me, but not permitted to have any conversation. John W. Dunegan was permitted to visit my room and remain as long as he pleased. The same permission was extended to Gip Grier. Grier and Dunegan called several times during the day. Capt. Saint called and said he would send the surgeon of the regiment to prescribe for my hoarseness. The surgeon came and prescribed remedies that did me good. Maj. Cooper called and gave me a bottle of whisky. I started from home with about \$590 in gold, which I had laid up for a long time for such a contingency. Gip Grier offered me \$100 additional in gold if I wished it. I declined it. John W. Dunegan offered any amount I might want. Gen. Foster, in his note, offered me any assistance in the way of funds I might need.

May 13.—Did not sleep well last night. Gen. Upton called in my room early. I was so hoarse I could hardly talk. He informed me he had removed all guards; that I was on my parole. I told him I should not violate it. He seemed very courteous and agreeable. I learned from him that Mr. Davis had been captured; that Mr.

C. C. Clay had surrendered himself; that Mr. Davis and party, with Mr. and Mrs. Clay, would be in Atlanta to-night on their way to Washington also. Said he would send me in a special train to-night to Augusta, but from there to Savannah I should have to go in the same boat with Mr. Davis and party. I had frequent talks with Gen. Upton during the day, and was well pleased with him. Several friends called again to-day. Maj. Cooper, Duncan, Gip, Grier, and others, several times. Duncan gave me a bottle of Scotch ale, which I put in my trunk. He also gave me the name of a banking house in Europe with which he had funds, and authorized me to draw on it for any I might need. This evening a Col. Peters came to renew his acquaintance with me. We talked pleasantly and agreeably of past events and associations.

REMINISCENCES OF OTHER DAYS.

From my window just before night I took a bird's-eye survey of the ruins of this place. I saw where the Trout House stood, where Douglas spoke in 1860. Thought of the scenes of that day, the deep forebodings I then had of all of these troubles, and how sorely oppressed I was, at least, in their contemplation. Not much less so than I now am in their full realization, and myself among the victims. How strange it seems to me that I should thus suffer—I, who did everything in the power of man to prevent them. God's providence is mysterious, and I bow submissively to his will. In my survey I could not but rest the eye for a time upon the ruins of the Atlanta Hotel, while the mind was crowded with associations brought to life in gazing upon it. There is where, on the 4th of September, 1848, for resenting the charge for being a traitor to the South I was near losing my life. And now I am a prisoner under charge, I suppose, of being a traitor to the Union. In all I am now I have done nothing but what I thought was right. In my whole life, public as well as private, I have been governed by a sense of duty. I have endeavored in everything to do what was right under the circumstances surrounding me. The result be what it may, I shall endeavor to meet and bear with resignation.

At 9 p.m. Gen. Upton informed me that my train would start at 11 o'clock; that I might stop at home and get breakfast and take more clothing if I wished. The train that would carry Mr. Davis and party would leave two hours later, and I could remain until it reached Crawfordville. . . . I told Gen. Upton that there was another colored boy at my house, Henry, a brother of Anthony, whose mother was in Richmond. I should like, if there was no objection, to take him along with me to Fortress Monroe, whence I could send him to his home. He consented.

Sunday, May 14.—This is ever a memorable day to me. It is the anniversary of my stepmother's death. It is the day on which was severed the last tie that kept the old family circle together around the hearthstone at the old homestead. My father died just one week before, on the seventh. This was in 1826. At 11:30 this morning the cars reached the depot at Crawfordville. My coming was known, and a large crowd was at the depot to see me. I hastened to my house, as I had much to do. Church was just out, preaching over, and the congregation leaving. I could but give a hearty shake of the hand to many whose eyes were filled with tears. Nearly all my servants from the homestead were at church. I learned that John had been over to Sparta and informed my brother Linton of my arrest. Also

that he was sick. O what a pang that intelligence struck to my heart! In a hurried manner I had a re-packing of clothes. Henry and Anthony were soon ready. Such hurried directions as could be were given to the servants on the lot and at the homestead. The leave-takings were hurried and confused. The servants all wept. My grief at leaving them and home was too burning, withering, scorching for tears. At the depot there was an immense crowd—old friends, black and white. They came in great numbers and shook hands. That parting and that scene I can never forget. It almost crazes the brain to think of it. I could not stand it until the other train arrived, but told the Captain to move off. This he did. When we arrived at Barnett, we waited for the other train. Gen. Upton came in to see me, and suggested that I would be more comfortable in the car he had on the other train. In a short time we were under way again. Reached Augusta some time before sundown. Gen. Upton had a carriage for me to ride in to the boat, which was four or five miles from the city, down the river. After the other train came up, which was half an hour behind us, Mr. and Mrs. Davis were put in a special carriage, some officer with them, and Mr. Clay and Mrs. Clay in a separate carriage by themselves. Then, as our carriages passed each other, I for the first time saw them. They both bowed to me, and I to them. Mr. Davis did not see me until we reached the boat. A major from Indiana rode in the carriage with me. Mrs. Davis' white nurse came and asked to ride in our carriage. We let her in. She had Mrs. Davis' infant in her arms. Guards were in front, on the side, and in the rear—some mounted on horses, some in wagons—all well armed. After the carriages started, which looked much like a funeral procession, and we had got away from the depot, we found the streets lined on both sides with immense crowds of people. I recognized but one familiar face in the whole passage through the city, and that was Moore, of the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, although I bowed to several who bowed to me. All that I saw looked sad and depressed. When we reached the landing, it was a long time before we got on the boat. The walk to the river's edge was rough. Deep ravines without bridges had to be crossed, and it was with great difficulty, even with assistance, that I was enabled to get along. The boat was a miserable affair to bear the name of steamboat. It was a river tug without cabin. There were a few berths, which the ladies occupied. All the rest of us were put on deck, except Mr. Davis. He stayed in the part of the boat occupied by the ladies. There was a covering over us, but the sides were open. Gen. Wheeler and four of his men we found on the boat. The tide was coming right ahead of us at about six miles an hour, and it was all that the stout seamen with their oars could do to make any head against it. For some time it seemed as if we were drifting farther off. Capt. Fralley called twice for the tug—"Send the tug!"—but he was not heard by the officer on the "Tuscorora," and the tug did not come. After a long while we reached the ship, but not without some wetting from the splashing of the waves over the sides of the light boat. Right glad was I when we reached the steps on the ship's side. On deck we were introduced to several officers—Lieut. Blue and others. The captain took us to his cabin, and showed us our quarters: we were to be in the cabin with him. There was but one berth or stateroom in it. This the captain said he would assign to me, while he and Reagan would sleep on the circular sofa that ran around

the cabin. I declined depriving him of his room and bed. He said that it was no deprivation: that he generally slept on the sofa or in a chair; that he resigned it to me "in consideration of my age and past services to the country." These were his words. He was very polite and courteous. When he went on board the "Clyde," he took some strawberries to Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay, and the children of Mrs. Davis. He said he had known Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay before.

Sunday, October 1.—Another month is gone. October is here, and I am here too, in Fort Warren. How time flies, and how we become adapted to its passages with its changes! If I had known in May last, when I first reached these walls, that I would be here by an October sun, it would have about crushed me. But, as it is, I am here, and I am more cheerful than I was then. We walked out three times this beautiful day. I went to see Reagan in the forenoon. Had a good long talk with him. He was transcribing his biography in a blank book. Seemed to be oppressed, but not uncheerful. My morning reading was in Psalms. The one hundred and nineteenth came in my reading. Dr. — called and delivered messages from Mrs. Maj. A. She sent two photographs of herself, out of which I was to select one for myself. One was a bust or head view; the other was a portrait of the whole person in full dress. I chose the latter. The boat whistles at Gallop Island. O, if the boat should only bring good news for me from Washington, my heart would leap for joy and in gratitude, thanks, and praise to God for his mercy, his kindness, and his deliverance. Boat came; brought papers. No news, except that Hon. L. D. Walker has been pardoned. So it goes. I don't complain of that, but I do complain of being kept here, to the hazard of my health and the ruin of my private affairs, while all the leading men who forced the South into secession against my efforts are not only allowed to go at large, but are pardoned. This is gall and wormwood to me. It almost crazes my brain. It tempts me to mistrust God. This is the most painful reflection of all. My agony of spirit to-day is almost more than I can bear. The course of the administration at Washington toward me is personal and vindictive. No other construction can be given to their acts. If they had avowed it openly to my friends, and not have hypocritically pretended to be friendly disposed toward me, I should not have been so much affected. An open enemy I can meet face to face and defy, even if I fall under his blows; but a sneaking, hypocritical Jacob I have no tolerance toward. Judge Reagan came round this morning after the boat left, and brought us the joyous news that he had had an indulgence extended to him to visit his friends generally, to mess with Linton and me [Linton Stephens was then on a visit.—Ed.], and that he is to be transferred from his damp, underground cell to a room on a level with the one now occupied by me. This was good news indeed, and I felt exceedingly glad to hear it. He, Linton, and I immediately took a walk together on the rampart. The day was beautiful, but rather warm. On our return, Reagan and I played —. We all took dinner together. . . . I felt deeply mortified with myself for the irritation of spirit I permitted myself to indulge in to-day, simply mortified that I had suffered myself to give way for a moment to such sentiments or allow such feelings as I expressed on the foregoing pages. Human nature is frail and weak. I was smarting under a deep sense of wrong. The heart alone knows its own sorrows, but then it was wrong to grow impatient under suffer-

ing conscious wrong. I know it; I feel it. O God, forgive it, and, above all, forgive my temptation temporarily to distrust thy divine justice and mercy. Teach me in meekness, resignation, patience, and faith to bow to all thy dispensations, whatever they be. Thy will be done! O forgive me this great trespass as I forgive all who trespass against or wrong me! May I, with the same spirit as Christ upon the cross, say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," even in this wrong and injustice to me! Judge Reagan, Linton, and I supped together. I felt badly, thinking of my passion to-day. May the Lord forgive it!

The patriotic effort to secure Liberty Hall for the public was about to fall through when I had a conference with the eminent preacher, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, and he became much concerned about it. He offered, if by his action the money could be raised, to deliver four lectures in the largest cities of Georgia, the proceeds to be given for this cause. Dr. Talmage was an admirer and friend of Mr. Stephens, his uncle having been a minister at the South, and a chaplain of much prominence.

It is a humorous incident in the stories told upon Robert Toombs, mention of whom is made in the diary of Alexander H. Stephens, herein printed, that when he had gone to the national capital, from his home at Washington, Ga., to visit a gentleman of wealth, who met him at the station with his carriage, and in the good cheer of meeting forgot to inquire for his baggage until they had journeyed quite a distance. Then, startled at the oversight, he said: "What did you do with your baggage?" "I broke it," was Toombs's cool reply.

A CONFEDERATE WESTMINSTER.

As time advances, removing the actors in the tragedy of the Confederacy from the world's stage, and their memory becomes less and less a matter of personal knowledge, and more of tradition, literature and art should be invoked as custodians of their fame.

War is terrible, but never were soldiers endowed with military genius so unpolluted by its demoralizing breath as Davis, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and many others who have identified their names with the Confederacy. Their deeds and lives we can place without fear of comparison by the brightest episodes in history. Defeat cannot vitiate such virtue and genius as theirs, and for them and the principles which inspired their valor before all the world let us ordain fitting sepulture for ashes, fitting monument for a just though lost cause, for genius and virtue an apotheosis. Can these ends be achieved more coördinately than by the erection of a Confederate Westminster, so to speak, a national mausoleum, at Richmond, our capital, where Davis, Lee, and all the heroes of the South should be interred, their individual fame preserved and yet blended in the unity of the Confederacy? It is just that this relation between them and their cause be maintained, for one vivifying principle, State rights, ran through them all, quickening latent genius into flame, and while their individual names were blazoned on the temple of fame, they flashed on the world's horizon as a glorious constellation, the Southern cross, the Southern Confederacy.

NANNIE NUTT.

St. James City, Fla.

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

AN address by Col. Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, at the dedication of the Confederate monument at Old Chapel, in Clarke County, is given herewith. The facts set forth will give comfort to many a veteran who fought even more wisely than he knew. It demonstrates that the war was maintained by the defense upon principle, and that the sagacious leaders were not "fire eaters," but patriots who exercised patient intelligence until compelled to use sword and bayonet.



COL. RICHARD HENRY LEE.

Col. Lee is a grandson of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, who, on June 7, 1776, moved in the Continental Congress that "these united colonies are and of right ought to be free." He is a nephew of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, who in Congress prepared the resolutions on the death of Washington, which contained the memorable sentiment, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen;" and he was a first cousin to Gen. Robert E. Lee. [He has a daughter in Nashville, wife of Rev. J. R. Winchester.] Col. Lee was selected to read the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia in 1876. It will be remembered that Hon. William M. Evarts was orator of the day, and Henry W. Longfellow read the poem. In politics Col. Lee was always "an old line Whig," and opposed disunion; but when Virginia seceded

he promptly joined the Southern army, and was made lieutenant in the Second Virginia Infantry, which was a part of the glorious Stonewall brigade. He was seriously wounded and captured at Kernstown in March, 1862, and was for months at Johnson's Island. In that engagement his color bearer was shot down, when he caught up the flag and carried it through the thickest of the fight. When he fell wounded, Col. Allen, commanding the regiment, bore it successfully through the charge.

We are met in this place to look for the first time on a monument erected by loving hearts in honor, first, of the Confederate dead from this county, whose names adorn yon monument; second, of all Confederate dead, no matter who they are, who have been committed in this county to the keeping of their mother earth.

No more appropriate place for a Confederate monument could have been selected within the Valley of Virginia. Situated in one of the most beautiful of the counties of Virginia—one that, in proportion to her population and ability, contributed as much of men and means as any other within her confines to the Confederate cause; whose sons attested their valor from Manassas to Appomattox; which, during four years of strife, was the marching ground of friends and foes, and which witnessed "grim-visaged war" in all of its glory and in all of its shame.

It was in this county, too, that the great rebel of America, George Washington, developed his young manhood. Over her hills and valleys Daniel Morgan, of our Revolution, strove and roamed. Within this cemetery repose the remains of Edmund Randolph, one of the authors and defenders of the Constitution of the United States, in defense of which those in whose memory yon monument has been erected died. Within the chapel in this inclosure that great man, Christian, and bishop, William Meade, who loved his State and all that was true, lovely, and honest, and who taught our Robert E. Lee his catechism, reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Around us are the graves of pious fathers and mothers, of idolized wives, devoted brothers and sisters, and precious children, over which have been placed the monuments of love and sorrow. Many of those dead were with us in heart and soul in our conflict, praying for us as we marched through the cold of winter, the heat of summer, and engaged in the strife of battle, and who, when we returned after these four years of struggle, without banners and with crushed hearts by reason of the prostration of the hopes in which we trusted, and the loss of the cause we loved, kept us true to the belief that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and doeth all things well, and taught us to look upward and onward.

The soldiers in whose honor yon monument was erected were chiefly Virginians, but not all. Some were from the Old North State, some from our sister, Tennessee, and some from the land of the cotton plant. Some were dear friends with whom we of the Second Virginia Infantry and the Clarke Cavalry marched and fought. Mothers, some of them were your sons. Daughters, some of them were your brothers. Comrades, all of them were your fellow-soldiers. No matter where they were born, they were with you in heart and soul, and marched under the flag you and they loved.

Twenty-eight years have passed since the close of our

Civil War. Since then a majority of the adults living in those years have been called home, and almost a new generation has taken their places on the farm and plantation, and in the countingroom, shop, and office. Time, I trust, has healed the wounds of war; but with the revolving years the causes and events of that terrible struggle seem to be forgotten or, if not forgotten, considered as unimportant events of history. And even the history of those events, and the causes that led to that struggle, are not set forth fairly and truthfully. It is stated in books and papers that Southern children read and study that all the bloodshedding and destruction of property of that conflict was because the South rebelled without cause against the best government the world ever saw; that although the Southern soldiers were heroes in the field, skillfully massed and led, they and their leaders were rebels and traitors, who fought to overthrow the Union and to preserve human slavery, and that their defeat was necessary for free government and the welfare of the human family.

As a Confederate soldier and as a citizen of Virginia I deny the charge, and denounce it as a calumny. We were not rebels; we did not fight to perpetuate human slavery, but for our rights and privileges under a government established over us by our fathers and in defense of our homes. The South loved the Union. Her interests were identified with it. Her statesmen had aided in its creation and development. Her warriors had fought under its flag by sea and by land, and shed their blood in its defense. To the South the Union was a temple dedicated to American constitutional liberty: to the principles of a liberty approved by great thinkers and consecrated by the blood of martyrs; a liberty that was designed to protect the individual man in all that was right, and to prohibit him from doing that which was wrong; not a liberty for one class of people or section of country to prey on any other people or other section; not a liberty for the majority to invade the rights of the minority, and to use the powers of the government to the aggrandizement of the former and the injury of the latter, but a liberty guaranteeing equality of right and privileges to each section and each State. But when the priests that ministered at the altars of this temple sought to teach new theories of liberty, such as had not been taught by the fathers, and which were destructive of the principles of the Constitution, and fatally injurious to the rights of the States, and especially to the Southern States, then the cotton and sugar Southern States determined to abandon the temple and erect one where they could worship according to what they understood to be the faith delivered by the fathers who, in the belief of man's capacity for self-government, and in prayer to God, had built our political temple. In determining to separate those States thought they were sustained by the teachings of the Declaration of Independence, which declared in immortal words that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. They also thought that the powers granted to the general government, by virtue of which it alone controlled the States, were delegated powers, which could be revoked at any time by the party delegating. They read in the resolutions of some of the States adopting the Constitution of the United

States an express reservation of this power. Our own State, especially when she adopted the Constitution of the United States, declared that the powers granted to the United States could be resumed when perverted to her injury or oppression.

Those Southern States believed that the powers granted to the Federal Government had been used to their injury and oppression, and therefore they decided to abandon the Union. In taking this step slavery was not the cause, but the occasion, of the separation. It might as well be said that tea was the cause of our separation from Great Britain in 1776. The government of Great Britain, prior to that date, claimed the power to tax the colonies, although they were not represented in the Parliament. That power the colonies denied; they claimed they were British citizens, and as such were entitled to all the rights of every other citizen of that kingdom; that because separated from the island that contained the capital they were not less citizens of that kingdom; that it was a principle dear to a Britain that no money should be taken from him in the form of taxes except by consent of his representatives, and as they were not represented in Parliament England had no right to tax America. Notwithstanding the protests of the people of this country, England taxed America by putting a tax on tea. Hence the Boston tea party, the War of the Revolution, and its results.

The Southern States claimed they had exactly the same right in the Union as the Northern States; that her soldiers had fought in the war for independence, in that of 1812, in the Indian wars, and in the Mexican war; that her statesmen had contributed to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the development of American institutions, and the enlargement of the territory of the Union; that the common government should be administered for the benefit of all the people, and not to develop one section to the injury of the other sections, not to tend the social and moral views of one part of the country to the disadvantage of another part of it. They claimed that when the Union was formed slavery existed in all of the States; that it was recognized in the Constitution of the United States, and because it had become unprofitable in one portion of a common country, and therefore had ceased to exist in that section, the slaves of the North having been sold South, the powers of the general government should not be used to the injury of the South.

I would not do justice if I did not state just here that there was a section of people at the South and at the North in the early days of the republic, and since opposed to slavery on moral and economic grounds. Perhaps at our revolutionary period the antislavery sentiment was stronger in Virginia than in New England. Massachusetts was at that time engaged in the slave trade, deriving profit from the use of her ships in that traffic. It was not until after the great difference of opinion between the statesmen of the country as to the powers of the general government that the sectional differences on the subject of slavery became so decided and marked. With the increase of this difference of sentiment as to governmental powers grew the difference on the subject of slavery. In this State, about 1832, there was a most powerful antislavery party, headed by such men as James McDowell, one of the most eloquent and cultured of our Governors, and by Charles J. Faulkner, father of the distinguished United States Senator of that name from West Virginia.

But it was not until the failure of those who claimed

large powers for the general government on the subject of a national bank, international improvements, and a protective tariff, to obtain control of the government that the antislavery party assumed any considerable importance. A combination was made in the North and Northwest by those who claimed the aforementioned powers for the general government with the antislavery men. The combination claimed for the general government, on the subject of slavery:

1. Power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.
2. Under the power to regulate commerce, the power to prohibit the carrying of slaves from one slave State to another slave State.

3. The right to prohibit slavery in the territory of the United States.

1. You will observe that all these matters related to slavery, but the principle, under all this claim for power, like that in regard to the taxation of tea, was far deeper than appeared on the surface. It involved the integrity of the Constitution of the United States and the equality of the people of the Southern States. The District of Columbia contained the capital of the United States. Southern members of Congress came to Washington to discharge their duties, bringing with them their wives and children, and if by hostile legislation their servants—the maids of their wives and the nurses of their children—were to be liberated by act of Congress as soon as they trod the soil of the District, that city was no place for Southern Senators and Representatives.

2. As to the commerce between the States, as stated before, slaves were recognized as property when the Constitution was adopted. The Constitution of the United States contained a provision for their rendition when they escaped from one State to another; also for the continuance of the slave trade until 1808. To interdict the selling of slaves from one State to another would have been, in effect, to deprive the citizens of one of our Southern States of the right to migrate to another, also to deprive him of the use of what had been considered property from the foundation of the government.

3. To prohibit slavery in the territory of the United States would virtually exclude the Southern citizen of the United States from the common territory. The territory of the United States, about the settlement of which this controversy culminated, was obtained as the result of the war with Mexico, and to exclude the citizen with his slaves was, in fact, to deliver the territory purchased by the money and by the blood of all to one section of the country, to be organized into such political form as to give political power to one section of the country, and thereby give effect in legislation to all the views of the North on the subject of governmental powers. The South claimed an equality of right in all the territories, in the District of Columbia, and in the trade and commerce of the country, and to deny her rights was practically to make her people hewers of wood and drawers of water to the more prosperous and populous section. Notwithstanding the objections and even protests of her statesmen and people, the territory acquired from Mexico was organized so as to exclude slavery, and therefore the South from settlement therein. Not only was this done, but a sectional President was elected by a sectional majority on a sectional platform of party principles.

The South then seceded, not in a body, but separately. The Constitution of the United States had been adopted by States, each acting by itself and for itself. Our own State, Virginia, seceded in April, 1861. I would like to

tell about the action of the Gulf States, and of the views of their great thinkers and statesmen, but I have not time to do so. I am sure, however, you will indulge me for a short time, while I recall some things about Virginia, even if I repeat myself, connected with the part she took in the transactions of that period, and in those of our revolutionary days and since, which will present her to you as the grandest figure of any State in the records of time.

In every period of her history Virginia has stood up for the right, as she understood it, against her seeming interest and against power. Settled by English-speaking people, she inherited from them the love of truth and liberty and devotion to right that has distinguished the inhabitants of Great Britain from the days of her Alfred to our revolution. When the clash of opinions arose as to the rights of the British colonies in America, Virginia, against the seeming interest of her people—certainly against that of her leaders—took the side of the weak in favor of the right, and against the strong and wrong. Her Patrick Henry, by his Demosthenean eloquence, moved the hearts of his countrymen to resistance as the storm moves the sea. Her George Mason, amid the throes of revolution, gave to his State and the world Virginia's great bill of rights and her first Constitution, the first written Constitution the world ever saw. Her Jefferson, with his pen, recorded in memorable words the rights of a free people and the wrongs of America. Her Washington led the armies of the rebellious colonies to victory, peace, and independence. The war over, the colonies that had been united in defense against Great Britain formed a Union under what are known as the Articles of Confederation. Then, in order to strengthen the Confederation and promote the common welfare, Virginia ceded to the Confederacy all of her magnificent territory northwest of the Ohio River, now the abode of a great population and the center of wealth and political power.

The Articles of Confederation proving inadequate, a convention of the States was called, and that body gave to the world the Constitution of the United States. That instrument was largely the work of Virginia. The convention that formed it was called chiefly through Washington. Her Madison and Edmund Randolph and Henry Lee were its chief defenders in Virginia against the opposition of such men as Patrick Henry, George Mason, Thomas Nelson, Jr., and Richard Henry Lee, who opposed its adoption by their State without amendment, for reasons which, had they been heeded then, would in all probability have averted our Civil War. Some of the writings and utterances of these distinguished objectors, in the light of recent events, seem to be as prophetic as the words of the great Jewish prophet, Isaiah.

The Constitution was adopted, George Washington was made the President of the United States. He put the Federal Government in operation, organized the great departments of the government, recommended and approved appropriate legislation, and laid the foundation upon which has been built this great republic. The third President was Thomas Jefferson. Under his administration we obtained from the great Napoleon for \$15,000,000 title to the territory known as Louisiana, which comprised not only the State of Louisiana, but Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, and parts of Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, and the Indian Territory. Jefferson was succeeded by another Virginian, James Madison. Under his administration war was declared against Great Britain, which brought that power to respect our flag and the



STONEWALL JACKSON.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

ROBERT E. LEE.

rights of our sailors. To another Virginia President, John Tyler, are we chiefly indebted for the State of Texas. Although it was annexed during the administration of James K. Polk, the credit of its acquisition is due to John Tyler's administration.

After this came another war, in which our Winfield Scott planted the flag of the United States on the halls of the Montezumas, in the City of Mexico, and thereby obtained peace between this country and Mexico; and as a result of that peace all the territory of the United States bounded by the Mexican frontier on the south, and the Louisiana purchase on the east and north and northwest, and by the Pacific on the west, was added to this country. In the Mexican battles Virginia and the South bore their full part. No sooner was the territory acquired than the controversy arose as to its settlement between the sections of our country; one claiming that it should be kept open and free to the people of all the country, whether the North or the South; the other that it should be dedicated to freedom; that the national soil should be like the enchanted ground of an Eastern story, upon which all that entered, no matter how clad, were immediately arrayed in garments of light and beauty—so every slave, as soon as he trod the national soil with his master, should stand clothed in the robes of freedom. Apparently this seemed like the earnest protest of the lovers of freedom against slavery, but in reality it was but a scheme to exclude the South from the occupancy of the newly acquired territory. The student of the political history of the period will discover that it was not so much opposition, in the decade of 1850–60, to slavery as the desire to get political control of the country, in order that the vast powers of the general government might be wielded to aggrandize one section at the expense of the other. In the furtherance of that scheme it was important to exclude from the newly acquired territory Southern men and their influence in order that the views of the opposite school might take root and obtain power and control. No more effectual method than the exclusion of slavery, and thereby the Southern slaveholder, could have been devised. The Southerner was accustomed to slavery and slave institutions in his home and on his farm and plantation, and if prevented by law from taking his slaves to the territory of the United States, he therefore was virtually excluded. He would either have to forego the advantages of purchasing cheap lands or leave his labor and his domestic habits behind him. Therefore this scheme, however fair to the eye, was in effect a denial to the Southern slaveholder of any participation in the common territory, and was equal to a deed of cession of all that territory to the Northern States. It was the determination of the Northern States to adhere to that policy, by the election of a President pledged to such views, that caused, as heretofore stated, the separation of the Gulf States from the Union. Virginia, however, did not then secede. Her patriotic Governor, John Letcher, called an extra session of the Legislature to meet January 7, 1861. That Legislature convened a delegated convention of the people of the State, which assembled at Richmond on the 13th of February, 1861. That convention was composed of some of the most distinguished, conservative, and patriotic citizens of Virginia. Among them A. H. H. Stuart, John Janney, Robert E. Scott, John B. Baldwin, George W. Summers, and your fellow-citizen, Hugh M. Nelson, whose name graces yon monument—all Union men, as were the majority of that body. That convention chose for its President that eminent citizen of

London, John Janney. He belonged to a Quaker family, loved peace and the ways of peace. I doubt not that this had something to do with his selection. It was designed to show that Virginia was for peace, and not for war. Previous to that her Legislature had sent a commission, composed of four of Virginia's distinguished sons—viz., John Tyler, George W. Summers, William C. Rives, and James A. Seddon—to Washington to attend what was called a Peace Congress, that convened upon her invitation or suggestion. That Congress failed to accomplish any good results. On the 8th of April, 1861, the Virginia convention sent a commission consisting of William Ballard Preston, A. H. H. Stuart, and George W. Randolph, to see President Lincoln and obtain information as to his views, purposes, and policy in regard to the seceded States. The report of that committee was not satisfactory. After this the affair of Fort Sumter took place. It fired the Northern heart. President Lincoln called for his army of 75,000 men, and on Virginia for her quota. After this Virginia seceded. She did this chiefly because she was called upon to contribute her share of force to coerce the seceding States. As valuable as the Union was to her, as much as she loved it because of her part in its construction and maintenance, she held that it was not an end, but the means to an end—personal and political liberty, State equality and sovereignty; that the Union established by the fathers was one of consent, love, and affection, and not of force; that whether it was wise on the part of the Gulf States to separate was not a matter for her to determine, because in her judgment they clearly had the right to separate, and those wielding the powers of the government of the United States had not the right to force them back into the Union, and that to compel them by force to return would be to trample under foot the teachings and principles of the fathers. Therefore, with sad heart and tearful eyes, she passed, in April, 1861, her ordinance of secession.

I have made this brief reference to the foregoing facts in regard to Virginia's contributions to the cause of American liberty and to the Union, and to her course in the early days of 1861, to show how dear to her was the Union, how she yearned for peace, and that it was not slavery that induced her to separate from the then Government of the United States, but her love for the Constitution and the Union, as established by the fathers.

The record of our State from 1776 to April 17, 1861, is a glorious one. In the history of the States during the sad days between the election of President Lincoln and the war she stands as the sole champion of peace. Were I an artist, and wished to perpetuate on canvas some one scene in Virginia's great history, I would not select the great debate at Williamsburg, when Patrick Henry uttered those memorable words, "Give me liberty or give me death;" nor George Mason in the act of reporting his bill of rights; nor would I go to Philadelphia and paint the scene in the old Independence Hall, when a Virginia deputy moved that Congress should declare that the united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; nor would I select Thomas Jefferson reporting the Declaration of Independence; nor George Washington receiving the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown; nor the same great man attesting the Constitution of the United States; nor would I select the execution by Virginia of her deed ceding the northern territory; but I would go to Richmond in the sad days of 1861, and select as my subject John Tyler and his asso-

ciate Peace Commissioners in the act of leaving for Washington, there, if possible, to effect a peaceful settlement of the pending difficulties, and under my picture I would inscribe the words of the Master: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Failing in her efforts to secure a settlement of the difficulties, and having been called upon to aid in forcing her sisters of the South back into the Union, Virginia, as stated, seceded, and then joined the Southern Confederacy. Thereafter her territory became the Flanders of the war. Her ports were blockaded, her capital invested, her buildings were destroyed. Not only her mills that ground the grain for her people, the barns that protected the grain and sheltered her horses and cattle, but some of the very homes of noncombatant citizens were destroyed by fire. During all these years of carnage, of suffering and distress, she maintained her ancient renown, and remained as true to her faith and her duty as the needle to the pole. Her loss was great. Among those that died on her battlefields was the world-renowned soldier—that man of genius, courage, faith, and prayer—Stonewall Jackson, the dashing Ashby, the knightly Stuart, and the gallant Hill. And then other gallant officers and brave men, who fell in the various battles, large and small, from Manassas to Appomattox.

But there were a host of others in that conflict whose names, although not on yon monument, are in our hearts.

Virginia's Southern sisters were with her. She stood by them and they by her, and they were worthy of her. I would like to tell, if I had time, of the gallant band from Maryland, who on every field sustained the name and fame of old Maryland; of the Old North State—God bless her—and her Pender, Ramseur, Hoke, and others—her sons not only repose in this cemetery, but in every cemetery where the heroes of the Army of Northern Virginia rest; of Georgia and her gallant Gordon and his braves, who plucked safety from danger on many a battlefield, and won the admiration of all that love the true and the brave; of the troops from Louisiana under Taylor, Hays, and Nichols, who won imperishable laurels at Port Republic, Winchester, and Gettysburg—men without superiors in courage and dash in the ranks of either army in our war; of Barksdale's Mississippi men and their gallant deeds at Fredericksburg and elsewhere.

And then I should like to go to our Western armies and say something about that great man, Albert Sidney Johnston, who too soon for his country and her needs, on that woeful Sabbath day, May 6, 1862, gave his life for our cause; and of that great Christian soldier, the friend of our William Meade, Leonidas Polk, and his soldiers and their great deeds; of the great Hardee, without fear and without ambition; of that thunderbolt of war and superb soldier, Forrest; of the gifted Breckinridge and his gallant Kentuckians, who illustrated by deeds on many a battlefield their gallantry and devotion to the lost cause. Comrades and friends, the Southern army was a wonderful army, and not only in Virginia, but elsewhere, did deeds of valor worthy of comparison with any that history records, and justice will be done it by historians in the years to come, for

Thy scales, Mortality, are just
To all that pass away.

Our peculiar Southern institutions are now of the past, but those who lived under them can point with pride to the men and to the women that have been developed by them. Viewed from a material standpoint, the South

was far inferior to its successful rival. No vast accumulation of material capital in corporate or in individual hands appear in her statistics. No great monuments of human art or human labor adorn her scenery. Her rivers, great and small, were allowed to flow in comparative peace to the ocean, and the solitude of her mountains has generally been undisturbed save by the woodsman's ax, the rattle of the hunter, the voice of the herdsman, and the peaceful shepherd. And yet, notwithstanding all this comparative indifference to material development, she has produced men, women, and maidens the peers of the greatest of the descendants of Adam, in the Senate, on the field, or in the home circle. This statement as to her children is not to be confined to any period of the history of the South. It was illustrated in the War of the Revolution and since, and especially during our late Civil War. In the late war the Confederate generals achieved great reputation; but in front of them were brave soldiers, supported and encouraged by the counsel, the prayers, sacrifices, and example of self-denying mothers, wives, and sisters. It was the character, the courage, and devotion to their flag of the soldiers of the armies of the South that enabled our generals to work such wonders. The names of these brave private soldiers are not mentioned in history, but they are embalmed in the hearts of their surviving comrades and friends. It was the men so educated, sustained, and encouraged that followed Jackson from Manassas to Chancellorsville; that stormed under Early the forts and works of Winchester; that stormed the heights of Gettysburg; that fought and died at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania C. H. and Cold Harbor; that kept the hosts of Grant out of Petersburg from June, 1864, to April, 1865; that followed Albert Sidney Johnston from Kentucky to Shiloh; that fought under Bragg at Chickamauga; that fronted the armies of Sherman; and that stood with their faces to the foe, often without food or shoes, and did not surrender the sword until it fell from their sides.

But neither patriotism nor courage availed. The cause we loved was lost. My friends, it was not lost because our quarrel was not just, not because our leaders were not skillful and our soldiers brave; but because he who rules above deemed it best that it should fail. Said the gifted and eloquent W. C. P. Breckinridge: "He who has striven to discover the true secret of human history is often confused by the martyrdoms that seem to be in vain. Human hearts lie thickly strewn along the pathway of time, and brutal heels stain themselves with richest blood as they stride unfeelingly to power. The scaffold and the dungeon, the rack and the stake, the battlefield and the hospital confuse the earnest student who loves God, and he cannot unravel the riddle why such costly sacrifices should be in vain. The mockings and the scourgings, the bonds and imprisonment, the hiding in dens and caves, the beheadings and burnings with which our annals are tarnished and yet glorified, are the mysteries of God's dealings with men. But this we know: that the loftiest of mankind, the most divine of mortals, have been the martyrs whose blood has enriched the world, and from whose graves the richest harvest has been gathered, and that the seed sown with tears shall be reaped with rejoicing."

Beautiful and sad, but true words. My friends, as I look upon the graves around me, and yon monument, the most comforting thought to me is this: "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." God is in history—in all history; was in our history during our war, and al-

though the final result was not according to our desires and hopes, sure am I that the time will come when we will acknowledge that he in mercy and not in wrath afflicted us. I do not know when or how this will appear. Who knows but that the devotion of the South to the true principles of the Constitution may not in the future cause the fructification of those principles and their growth throughout the land? Who knows but that the example of courage and devotion to duty of our leaders and soldiers, our mothers, wives, and sisters, may not hereafter influence the leaders of our whole people to put duty and honor before power and place, and to do and think only of the things that are true, honest, and of good report? Who knows but that as a result of the knowledge which each section of our people acquired by the war, of the pluck of the other, and devotion to what each thought was duty, our whole people may be more closely bound together than at any former period of our history, and that hereafter Ephraim will not vex Judah, nor Judah Ephraim?

Human institutions have their uses and their limitations. They are the scaffolding to the building, a means to an end. Although African slavery was not the cause, it was the occasion of our war. It was useful and valuable in its day. It lifted a people who, in the land of their nativity, were savages, out of barbarism and animalism to such a plane of Christian civilization as to qualify them, in the judgment of the conquerors of the South, to participate in the government of the great republic. What a tribute to the much-abused South! What a monument to Southern Christian men and women! Match me if you can out of the record of missions subsequent to the days of the apostles and the early teachers of Christianity any work among the heathen that can compare with it in results, when viewed from the standpoint of those who have given the African the ballot.

But in the plan of the Great Ruler doubtless the time had arrived for African slavery to pass away. So far as we can see, it could not have been gotten rid of in this country except by the means used. Mr. Lincoln did not by his war proclamation intend to destroy slavery in the States. Its destruction was an evolution of the war—a war measure, consequent upon the events and results of war.

Moses, the world's great lawgiver, commanded his people to teach the laws he had been directed to give them unto their children, in the house and by the wayside, to bind them as a sign upon their hands, and as frontlets between their eyes. May we not, in imitation of the great lawgiver, tell our fathers, mothers, daughters, and teachers to teach the children committed to their care and instruction the principles of American liberty, State and national, not as taught by the precept and example of the multitude, but as delivered by the fathers of the republic, and for which our comrades died and fell in battle; tell and teach them that the dead, in honor of whom this monument has been erected, were not traitors, but true citizens, who gave their lives in defense of the truth, as they understood it, and of their altars and their homes; that Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Ashby, and Hill, and their soldiers, were not rebels nor traitors, but patriots, loving God and their fellow-men, and that they did their duty to their country; teach them also to look upward to the Great Ruler of all things, truth and untruth, and forward to the duties in life that may be before them; to do their duty as our brave soldiers did; to do it under all circumstances—to themselves, to their country, and to their God—and then,

come what may, success or failure, they will receive the plaudits of good men, the approval of their own consciences, and the approbation of their God.



Daniel Boone Statue, by End Yndell. (Daughter of a Confederate), of Louisville, Ky. Exhibited at the World's Fair.

GOVERNOR TURNER ON MR. DAVIS.

THE PATRIOT AND STATESMAN'S OPINION OF HIM.

In a speech at Clarksville, Tenn., Judge Turner said he did not care to make a speech, except to keep himself identified with the immortal idea of constitutional government.

This was not altogether an occasion of mourning. The South had much to be thankful for. Her grand leader had lived long enough to see the intense hatred and slander born of the war pass away, and to know that the divisions among his own people were healed, and all believed that he acted upon conscientious and upright judgment.

He spoke of Mr. Davis as a comrade as well as a statesman. He had seen him risk his life on two battlefields. He remembered seeing him at the first Manassas, and he felt outraged that the great guiding brain of the Confederacy, as he considered Mr. Davis, should take such risks. Again, when the noble Hatton fell, Mr. Davis was on the field. He saw Hatton's troops go into the fight, and noting Hatton at its head, Mr. Davis said: "That brigade moves in handsomely, but it will lose its commander." Mr. Davis thought for others, but not for himself.

He thought Mr. Davis the ablest defender of constitutional law in the Union. From his sacrifice he could come to no other conclusion than that Mr. Davis believed in the justice of the South's cause as he believed in the Christian religion. He had absolutely no doubt of the right of a State to go out of the Union when the terms of the Union were violated. His State papers would live as long as Jefferson's. He was the equal of Jefferson, Calhoun, and Webster, and superior to all who lived when he breathed his last. Mr. Davis was immortal. He would live while manhood lasts.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY MRS. SARAH E. BREWER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The splendid picture of the venerable Mrs. Sarah E. Brewer will gratify many friends of the remarkable woman. It is from a photo made some years ago. Her letter may be regarded as representing the ultra sentiment of a Southern woman. She proves her faith by her works, having subscribed directly \$500 for the Davis



MRS. SARAH E. BREWER.

monument, and given \$1,000 to a church enterprise on condition that members of it give \$300 to the monument fund. She is a zealous solicitor for the *Veteran*. The picture of Mr. Davis used as a frontispiece is from a photograph made for her.

Mrs. Brewer was a Miss Greer, a native of Tennessee. At a very early age she was entirely bereft of a liberal patrimony, a widow, and in poor health. The misfortunes animated her, and, serving for a time as a governess, she made headway slowly but surely. Her fortune was made in Cuba. After the war, when she had done much for her people, she returned to her native State. She has provided for many unfortunate relatives and made public bequests. Now, at the age of four score, she is as zealous as ever, having other worthy purposes to accomplish. Her letter is as follows:

I have so much love for this grand man and the glorious cause he and his brave soldiers fought for that I feel I must add my mite of praise to them, though they do not need it. The heroic struggle of these grand patriots will live in the heart of every true Southerner, and on the pages of the sublimest history ever penned by mortals. I was a resident of Cuba when the unrighteous Civil War was forced upon the South, and my mind and

strength went out, as it were, to the heroic, self-sacrificing soldiers who were engaged in fighting for our rights with an untold energy that surprised me. I watched closely the unequal contest, the suffering, the bravery of our people with a yearning sympathy and a fire in my soul that almost consumed me. England played her game of hypocrisy with us, while the Continent, with irresponsible men, replenished the Northern army. Our soldiers on many fields were outnumbered three or four to one, but in their renewed endurance under the most terrible provocations illustrated a heroism that was never equaled on the battlefield. I saw them slain, defeated, taken prisoners, led away to suffer and die among their enemies, and the cross weighted me to the earth. At last the end came. Our hero, friend, and President, Jefferson Davis, was taken prisoner, shackled, and put in a Northern prison, to suffer indignities and slanders heaped on him in venomous hatred, and ridiculed by his captors with the most stupendous lies that the world ever heard.

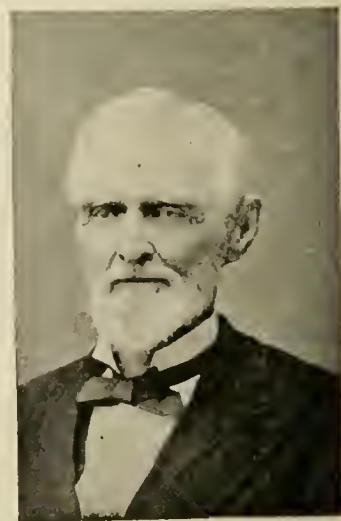
While he was in prison, and indignities were so unjustly put upon our beloved President, I sat in my foreign home with bowed head and folded hands, brooding over the ruin that had been meted out to the Southland by her cruel victorious foes.

After Mr. Davis's release from prison—and thanks to Gen. Grant we owe for his life—he went with his wife to my home in Havana. Worn and pale from prison trials, he was hardly recognizable as the grand, heroic, eagle-eyed leader of forces. With the beautiful climate, the close attention of his charming wife and the many devoted friends that surrounded him, he began slowly to rally to better health, giving us supreme pleasure. If I may trespass on forbidden ground, it is of our "Winnie" I would write. I never believed that she would wed a man from among her father's enemies. She is held so high in our hearts, so honored, so beloved, and I believe in the eternal fitness of things.

In my Havana home I had the pleasure of entertaining many eminent Southerners: Mason, Slidell, Beverly Tucker, E. Kirby-Smith, and others less noted, but equally true and brave to the cause we espoused.

Our Southland blooms again with thrift and beauty, the same old Southland with its chivalry. Phoenixlike she has risen from her desolation and her ashes without other aid than from her own sons' unflinching, indomitable will and energy. There is no "new" South. The very term is repugnant. Away with it! We are the same people, have the same instincts, the same chivalry, and the same patriotism.

We are determined by our united efforts to build a monument worthy of our beloved leader, our President, that will tower above all others ever built to the memory of man, that coming ages may see how we honored and loved the man who gave his all to establish our Southern Confederacy. May the angels keep watch above his ashes!



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CAUSE OF CONFEDERATES IN MARYLAND.

AN HONORED RECORD OF FAITHFUL MEN AND WOMEN.

THE Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland was organized in 1871. Its object is to preserve the material for a truthful history of the late war between the Confederate States and the United States of America, to honor the memory of comrades who have fallen, to cherish the ties of friendship among those who survive, and to fulfill the duties

when hundreds of ladies and the veteran comrades are conveyed to Loudon Park Cemetery to strew flowers on the graves of the dead. The graves of our soldiers and sailors in other cemeteries also receive like attention.

The society has done much more than this:

In 1878 about \$1,000 was realized by means of a musical festival for the Lee monument at Richmond.

In 1880 a life-size statue of a Maryland Confederate infantry soldier was erected by the society in the Maryland lot in the Stonewall Cemetery at Winchester, Va.

In 1882 a donation of about \$600 was made to the Southern Historical Society, Richmond, which enabled that society to continue its work at that time.

In 1885 a bazaar, held under the auspices and patronage of the society, realized about \$31,000, which was invested in an annuity fund, terminating in twenty-five years, producing a present annual income of about \$2,700, which is distributed, in cash, to needy and worthy comrades, and is also used for the burial of the dead. No Confederate soldier is denied assistance while living, nor permitted in death to lie in a pauper's grave. No matter how unfortunate his circumstances in life, a respectful burial, with proper attendance, in the Confederate lot is accorded him.

The Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line also dispenses among its needy members or their families about \$1,000 per annum, making the total disbursements each year nearly \$4,000.

ENTRANCE TO LOUDON PARK CEMETERY, BALTIMORE.

of sacred charity toward those who may stand in need of them.

In 1874, with the aid of an appropriation from the State of Maryland, the bodies of Marylanders who fell in the Confederate service were gathered from all the battlefields, from Petersburg to Gettysburg. Comrades were employed for this purpose, and brave soldiers were taken from fence corners and hedgerows where they had been laid. These bodies were reinterred in the Confederate lot in Loudon Park Cemetery, where are erected the central monument, "The Confederate Soldier," by Volck, and the monuments to Companies H and A of the First and Second Maryland Infantry, and that dashing cavalryman, Lieut. Col. Harry Gilmore. This beautiful plot contains about four hundred bodies. It is the property of the society, and provision has been made for its perpetual care by payments to the cemetery company. About ten thousand dollars have been expended upon this work. The bodies of all Confederate prisoners who died in Baltimore are also buried in the lot, and each grave is marked with a marble headstone, with the name, regiment, and State, whenever known, of the soldier who sleeps beneath. Since 1873 the society has always arranged for the observance of Memorial Day, June 6,



CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN LOUDON PARK CEMETERY, BALTIMORE.

In 1886 a monument was erected on Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, to the Second Maryland Infantry. It is a massive granite block, costly and imposing, and its inscriptions testify the valor of the men who fought where it stands.



MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME AT PIKESVILLE.

In 1888 the former United States arsenal buildings at Pikesville were secured from the Legislature of Maryland as a Confederate Home, with an appropriation of \$5,000 a year. The rooms have been furnished as memorial offerings. The Home shelters inmates from different States, but all were citizens of Maryland at the time of entry.

From time to time many addresses have been delivered by distinguished Confederates, and numerous pamphlets have been published by the Society.

The only stated public appearances of the society are at annual banquets and on Memorial Days. It has made no public parades except on the occasions of dedications of monuments at Richmond, Lexington, Winchester, Front Royal, Staunton, Hagerstown, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, or at the funerals of distinguished comrades.

The society now numbers above one thousand members, and the annual dues are \$1. An accurate record of each member, certified by commanding officers or comrades, is entered in the Historical Register of the society, and no unworthy soldier or deserter is permitted to become a member.

The sons of Confederate soldiers and sailors are entitled to membership in the society as "male descendants" upon arriving at the age of fifteen years.

All persons who are in sympathy with the Confeder-

ate cause, but who were not in the service of the Confederate States, are eligible to "auxiliary membership."

The Presidents have been successively: Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble, 1871; Maj. John R. McNulty, 1875; Lient. McHenry Howard, 1883; Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, 1883. Gen. Johnson is still President.

The annual report for last year shows the good done: . . . During the last year the committee expended \$2,663.38 in relieving the necessities of the sick and destitute comrades and in burying the dead. Of this amount, \$2,509.38 was taken from the Confederate Relief Bazaar Fund and \$154 from the treasury of the Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line.

During the year relief was granted to two hundred and two persons, six less than the previous year. Of this number, one hundred and ninety have been relieved from the Confederate Relief Bazaar Fund and twelve from the treasury of the Beneficial Association. Fifteen comrades were buried during the year.

The members of the committee, with a few exceptions, have shown great interest in the work, and cases of distress are rare among ex-Confederates. The Confederate societies have assisted the committee by acting as pallbearers at funerals and assisting in many other ways.

From the beginning at Harper's Ferry, in 1861, to the end at Appomattox, in 1865, they maintained the same high character and bearing; and the record of their deeds and the reputation of their commanders are held in veneration and affection by all familiar with the military history of the Confederacy, and have made for Mary-



INTERIOR VIEW OF MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

landers a name equal to any others in the admiration of a heroic people. From the early days of the war, from Manassas to Malvern Hill, from the Valley to Gettysburg, from the defense of Petersburg to Appomattox, was their valor and efficiency conspicuous.

The commandant of this Government Arsenal in 1860, just preceding the commencement of the war, was that distinguished soldier, Maj. (afterward Lieut. Gen.) Hunter. The State, after taking possession of the property, made no practical use of it; in fact, it was an item of expense for several years, by reason of the salary of a custodian. No repairs had been placed on the property for a period of some twenty years, and the condition at the time of the transfer to the care of the Maryland Line was little short of that of ruin. Work was at once commenced to rescue it from this sad plight in April, 1888, and in June, the same year, it had so far progressed as to admit of the formal opening and dedication. Appropriate exercises were held, with a large attendance of citizens from Baltimore and the neighboring country. Every year since reunions and like celebrations have taken place, which have been frequently attended by distinguished Confederates, many of whom have been prominent in the national councils of the country.

The administration of the Home rests with a Board of Governors of the Association of the Maryland Line, and is under the immediate supervision of a Board of Managers, who are largely aided in their duties by the labors of a Board of Visitors, which is made up of well-known ladies, who give the benefit of their counsel, and are untiring in their efforts in caring for the sick and

ministering to their wants. The command of the Home is intrusted to a Superintendent, Mr. W. H. Pope, a gallant soldier of the Maryland Line, who, with his devoted wife, have faithfully given their entire service to the institution.

It was determined from the first to make the institution in fact what it was in name—a home for those who sought its sheltering care—and this view was held in the furnishing of the rooms, and the rules enacted for the government of the inmates. These last have been framed so as to insure the least restraint possible with the maintenance of proper discipline and decorum. The rooms have been furnished in a substantial manner with many of the comforts and elegancies found in private homes at an estimated cost of \$10,000, which expense has been defrayed by the generous friends undertaking this important and interesting feature.

The total admissions, from the opening in June, 1888, to December 1, 1893, have been 139. Of this number 27 have died, three have been suspended or otherwise

discharged; the number now borne on the roster is 109.



MESS HALL, MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.

The library is supplied with many valuable and interesting books and periodicals, the gift of friends, and many newspapers regularly mail their issues free.

The total receipts of the Home to September 30, 1893, were \$37,620.40, and the expenses \$38,195. Of the receipts, the State has contributed \$27,500, and recently appropriated \$15,000 for the Home, to be expended during the next two years.

HUMORS OF THE MARCH.

BY W. A. CAMPBELL, COLUMBUS, MISS.

Too Much Crow.—As my command, Perrin's regiment, Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's brigade, was moving from Mississippi to Georgia, spring of 1864, a soldier by the name of Crow had a pass to go by his home and join the command as it came by. Crow's house was immediately on the road by which the command marched, and he had his family and neighbors present to see the command, at this time a large one. As we passed in front of the house the boys of Company "D" recognized Crow, and they all began cawing, and you would have thought the crows of Mississippi had all gathered in council as the cawing passed from company to company of the regiment. Our comrade, Crow, wisely beat a retreat.

The Side of His Head Shot Off.—A company of cavalry of this section of Mississippi was on duty on the Tennessee River. Privates John W. T., and a man named Gamble were on outpost picket. It was night, dark and wet, and the reserve picket were making themselves as comfortable as possible, when two shots rang out, and following closely after the shots they heard a horse coming rapidly down the road, and in a few moments Gamble retreated and reported that John W. T. was shot and the enemy was advancing. But in a minute or two another horse and rider came tearing in, and John was the rider. He said: "Captain, I am shot." The Captain asked him where, and he said: "The side of my head is torn off." The Captain put his hand to John's head and felt it and said: "It is true; take him back to the hospital." But when day came the wound on the side of John's head proved to be mud and water. The facts, as developed afterward, were that John and his friend had fired at a farmer's mule, and John's horse had thrown him, and as he went off his carbine had slapped him on the side of the head, and as he hit the ground his head went in the mud and the water. He never relished this story, but it was true.

Stampede among Texas Horses at Rome, Ga.—A friend of mine, now living here, in the drug business, was stationed during the war at Rome, Ga., and tells this incident: A Texas regiment of cavalry came in town and halted in front of the hotel, and the officers and many of the men scattered around town, but the majority of them remained mounted and took the easiest positions they could in their saddles, many of them sitting sideways with one leg thrown across the saddle. It was about dinner time, and the negro waiter came out with one of those Chinese copper gongs, and giving it one tremendous rap, made it rattle with that nerve-shattering noise so well known to passengers at railway depots. The result was fearful. Horses reared, plunged, and, turning like goats, stampeded in all directions, leaving many riders on the ground, and creating more excitement than the fire of a Federal battery of six guns would have done. But after a few minutes the officer of the regiment came up to see what was the matter, and, hearing the cause, told the proprietor of the hotel to hide his negro out, as his men would surely kill him if they found him. And sure enough in a few moments they came on the hunt for him; but the negro had been safely hid away, and was not seen any more during the stay of that Texas command. Any soldier who met Texas cavalry during the war knew that they were superb riders, and to throw them was no easy matter; but this Chinese gong dismounted more of them than a charge on infantry would have done.

THE REBEL YELL.

MANY people think of the three measured huzzas given now and then as "the rebel yell." It is shocking to an old Confederate to consider such deception. The venerable widow of Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes, in attending a Confederate reunion at Memphis a couple of years ago, modestly expressed her wish to hear "the rebel yell." Something of an old time cheer came from the throats of men who gladly tried to compliment the wife of the eminent naval commander. Kellar Anderson, who was of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade and had heard the yell, wrote a reminiscence for the *Memphis Appeal*. It is this same Anderson, called Captain and again Gen. Anderson, who honored this native Kentucky, his adopted Tennessee,



[Miss Ida H. Vinson, Shreveport, representative for Louisiana in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

and American heroism some months ago at Coal Creek, in defying the miners who had captured him and demanded his head as a ransom, when it seemed only hopeless to refuse their demands. One thing is sure: he had heard "the rebel yell."

There is a Southern mother on this stand who says she wants to hear "the rebel yell" once more.

The announcement transforms, and in an instant I find myself acting the humble part of file-closer to Company I, Fifth Kentucky Infantry, with pieces at the right shoulder, the brigade in route column. With the active, strong, swinging stride of the enthusiastic, trained soldier, they hold the double-quick over rocks, logs, gullies, undergrowth, hill, and vale, until amid the foliage of the trees above them the hurtling shell and hissing shot from the enemy's field guns give notice that, if retreating, they have missed the way. Yet there is no command to halt. Direct, on unchanged course, this battle-scarred and glory-mantled battalion of Kentucky youths continues, and as they reach the open woods, in clarion tones comes the order, "Change front, forward on first company," etc. The order executed found them formed on ground

but recently occupied by a battalion of their foes, and few of these had left their positions. The battalion of Kentuckians were in battle array where they once were, but now the ground was almost literally covered with the Federal dead, the entire length of our regiment of seven hundred men. Men, did I say? Soldiers is the word; there were few men among them, they being youths, but soldiers indeed. The increasing spat, whirl, and hiss of the minie balls hurrying by left no doubt of the fact among these soldiers. They are about to enter again, and forward is the order. "Steady, men, steady; hold your fire; not a shot without orders. It is hard to stand, but you must not return it. We have friends in our front yet. They are being hard pressed, and their ammunition is almost expended, but they are of our proudest and best, and Humphrey's Mississippians will hold that ridge while they have a cartridge."

It is nearing sunset, and after two days of fearful carnage—yea, one of the best contested battles of the times—the enemy has been driven pellmell from many

Simultaneously the support was ordered forward. As the Mississippians retired, the deep-volumed shouts of the enemy told us plainer than could words that the enemy thought they had routed them. O how differently we regarded the situation! If they could have seen them as we—halting, kneeling, lying down, ranging themselves in columns of files behind the large trees to enable us to get at the enemy with an unbroken front, each man as we passed throwing cap high into the overhanging foliage in honor of our presence—then I imagine their shouts would have been suppressed. "Steady in the center! Hold your fire! Hold the colors back!" The center advanced too rapidly. We are clear of our friends now, only the enemy in front, and we meet face to face on a spur of Mission Ridge, which extends through the Snodgrass farm, and we are separated by eighty yards. Thud! and down goes Private Robertson. He turned, smiled, and died. Thud! Corporal Gray shot through the neck. "Get to the rear!" said I. Thud! Thud! Thud! Wolf, Michael, the gallant Thompson. Thud! Thud! Thud! Courageous Oxley, the knightly Desha, and duty-loving Cummings. And thus it goes. The fallen increase and are to be counted by the hundreds. The pressure is fearful, but the "sand-digger" is there to stay. "Forward! Forward!" rang out along the line. We move slowly to the front.

There is now sixty yards between us. The enemy scorn to fly; he gives back a few paces; he retires a little more, but still faces us and loads as he backs away. We are now in the midst of his dead and dying, but he stands as do the sturdy oaks about him. We have all that is possible for human to bear; our losses are fearful, and each moment some comrade passes to the unknown. At last Humphrey's Mississippians have replenished boxes and are working around our right. Trigg's Virginians are uncovering to our left. I feel a shock about my left breast, spin like a top in the air, and come down in a heap. I know not how long before came the sounds, "Forward! Forward! Forward!" I rise on my elbow. Look! Look! There they go, all at breakneck speed, the bayonet at charge. The firing appears to suddenly cease for about five seconds. Then arose that do-or-die expression, that maniacal maelstrom of sound; that penetrating, rasping, shrieking, blood-curdling noise that could be heard for miles on earth, and whose volumes reached the heavens; such an expression as never yet came from the throats of sane men, but from men whom the seething blast of an imaginary hell would not check while the sound lasted.

The battle of Chickamauga is won.

Dear Southern mother, that was "the rebel yell," and only such scenes ever did or ever will produce it. Even when engaged, that expression from the Confederate soldier always made my hair stand on end. The young men and youths who composed this unearthly music were lusty, jolly, clear-voiced, hardened soldiers, full of courage, and proud to march in rags, barefoot, dirty, and hungry, with head erect to meet the plethoric ranks of the best-equipped and best-fed army of modern times. Alas! how many of them are decrepit from ailment and age, and although we will never grow old enough to cease being proud of the record of the Confederate soldier, and the dear old mothers who bore them, we can never again, even at your bidding, dear, dear mother, produce "the rebel yell." Never again; never, never, never.

The above story has thrilled thousands through the VETERAN. Kellar Anderson, of Memphis, has told it well.



[Miss Lizzie Clarke, West Point, representative for Virginia in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

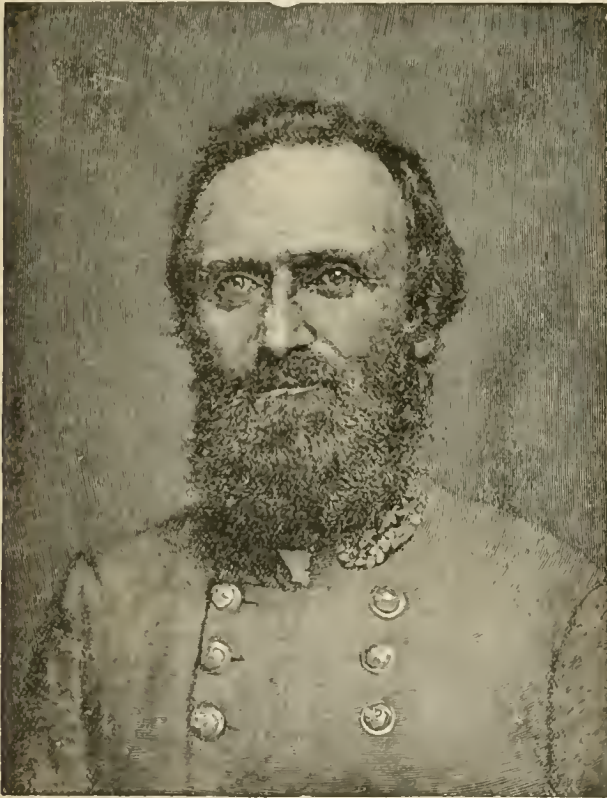
parts of the field. Our losses are numbered by thousands, and we are now advancing in battle array, the little red flag with blue cross dancing gayly in the air over the heads of those who were there to defend it. The last rays of the setting sun had kissed the autumn foliage when we stepped into open ground and found that we were among the wreck of what a few short minutes ago had been a superb six-gun battery. The uniforms of the dead artillerymen and the gaily caparisoned bodies of the many dead horses proclaimed this destruction the work of our friends. We look upon the dead, pull our cartridge boxes a little more to the front, and resolve once more to face the destruction we are now entering. The boom of artillery increases. The rattle of musketry is steady—aye, incessant and deadly. The sulphurous smoke has increased until almost stifling. Only fifty yards of space separate us from the gallant Mississippians we are there to support. They have clung to the ridge with a death-like grip, but their last cartridge has been fired at the enemy, and their support being at hand these sturdy soldiers of Longstreet's Corps are ordered to retire.

THE OLD VIRGINIA TOWN, LEXINGTON.

WHERE LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON ARE BURIED—
REMINISCENCES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES.

LEXINGTON, VA., is the most interesting town of its size in the South. The Washington and Lee University, founded by the "father of his country," and presided over by Robert E. Lee when he surrendered life's duties, is the most prominent and conspicuous institution of the place. It has a beautiful chapel across the campus from the university main building, in which the body of Gen. Lee rests, and over which is that lifelike work of Edward V. Valentine, representing in white marble the soldier and the Christian as it asleep on his couch. The



STONEWALL JACKSON.

old mansion in which Gen. Lee resided is near by, and it is the residence of Gen. Curtis Lee, his son and successor as President of the university. It is the family residence as well, the daughters residing there.

The Virginia Military Institute grounds adjoin those of the Washington and Lee University, and are entered through its campus. This old place, with its ancient cannon ornamenting the grounds, was especially interesting on the occasion of the visit which induces this article, for it was in honor of its President, who went to the front with its corps of cadets in 1861, and never returned until he had "crossed the river," honored second to no soldier hero of any country or time.

This writing is from memory of an only visit made

there July 21, 1891, an account of which was written at the time, but never published, and the copy lost.

The Lees were all at home and cordially interested in honoring the memory of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson. It was the greatest day in the history of old Lexington, for the attendance was much larger than that when the formal presentation of the recumbent figure of Gen. Lee occurred.

A superb colossal bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson had been provided, and his body had been removed from the original family lot to the central circle in the old cemetery of the town, and the bronze figure (it is also by Mr. Valentine) was in position.

The principal ceremonies were had under the broad shades of the university campus, some half a mile away, at the conclusion of which the great procession, numbering perhaps 20,000, passed through the main streets and near the old church where Jackson taught his negro Sunday school. The military—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—passed by the cemetery and formed on an adjacent slope in the rear.

By the statue, still under a white mantle, there was a platform covered with white bunting, upon which Mrs. Jackson ascended, taking her two grandchildren with her. She was dressed in black, her heavy black veil thrown over her shoulders, and the noble face giving cheer to the little children that were to pull the veil cord. Both children were dressed in white, their white faces and waxen curls producing the strongest contrast with the devoted widow of Stonewall Jackson. The writer occupied a position that could not have been improved for the sight, and, meditating upon it all, he thought much of whether he would not give his life, if by so doing all the South could have the comfort of the scene.

At the signal, little Julia Jackson Christian pulled the cord, and the magnificent figure of the Christian soldier stood as if in life, mid the shouts of thousands who followed him to the death, and other thousands of women, maidens, and young men who had grown up in the faith that a greater soldier than Stonewall Jackson had never gone to battle. The bright child who exclaimed, "I underveiled it," was frightened by the noise of cannon, musketry, and human voices that followed her act.

The hospitality of the people was remarkable. The pride and gratitude that their little town among the hills was the home and the burial place of Lee and Jackson was enough to bestir the entire people to the utmost to make every visitor a guest. The writer was fortunately assigned to the delightful home of Mr. McDowell.

Every old soldier present must have wished that he had served under Stonewall Jackson. The negro men of the town who had the honor of being taught by him in his Sunday school when boys were proud of it. One practical old man of the town, in commenting on him as teacher at the institute, said he was never proud of him until the Sunday that he started for the war. Then,

dressed in military uniform, with spurs and on horseback, he seemed to be exactly in the proper place.

DR. J. W. JONES'S RECOLLECTIONS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

It seems fitting in this connection to give reminiscences of Gen. Jackson, by Dr. J. William Jones, who was first to write and commend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN through its prospectus. It was written at the time referred to above for the *Atlanta Journal*.

I have to-day, after a lapse of thirty years, a very vivid recollection of his appearance and how he impressed me. Dressed in a simple Virginia uniform, apparently about thirty-seven years old, six feet high, medium size, gray eyes that seemed to look through you, light brown hair, and a countenance in which deep benevolence seemed mingled with uncompromising sternness, he impressed me as having about him nothing at all of "the pomp and circumstance" of war, but every element which enters into the skillful leader, and the indomitable, energetic soldier, who was always ready for the fight.

At First Manassas Jackson won the *sobriquet* of "Stonewall," which has supplanted his proper name, and will cleave to him forever.

"The chivalrie and heroic Bee, who had been steadily borne back all of the morning, and his little handful of brave followers nearly swept away by the blue waves which threatened to overwhelm everything before them, rode up to Jackson and exclaimed 'almost in despair: 'General, they are beating us back.' 'No, sir,' said Jackson, his eyes fairly glittering beneath the rim of his old cadet cap; 'they shall not beat us back. We will give them the bayonet.'

"It was then that Bee, about to yield up his noble life, galloped back to the scattered remnant of his command and rallied them by exclaiming: 'Here stands Jackson like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians! Let us determine to die here, and we shall conquer!'

"And thus was the name of the heroic Bee linked forever with that of 'Stonewall'—

"One of the few immortal names,
That were not born to die."

"But the *sobriquet* given was as inappropriate as can be imagined. Jackson was more like a cyclone, a tornado, a hurricane, than a stone wall.

"Jackson was accustomed to keep his plans secret from his staff and higher officers, as well as from the people, and once said: 'If I can deceive our own people, I will be sure to deceive the enemy as to my plans.'

"It was a very common remark in his corps: 'If the Yankees are as ignorant of this move as we are, old Jack has them.'"

HIS QUICK DECISION AND CRISP ORDERS.

"Jackson was noted for the quickness with which he decided what to do, and his short, crisp orders on the battlefield.

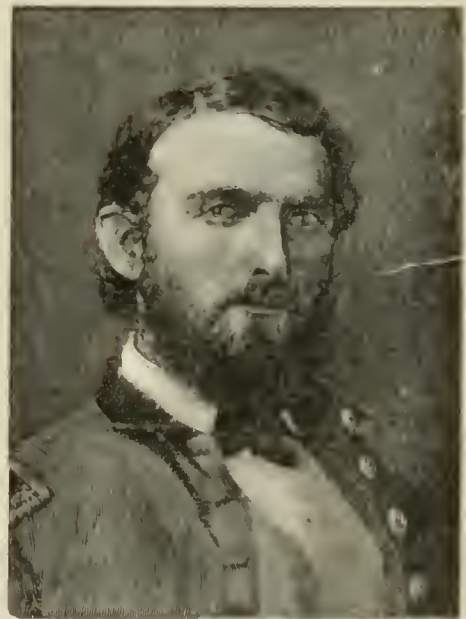
"I happened to be sitting on my horse near by, when Col. A. S. Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to Gen. Early, at Cedar Run, and, touching his hat, quietly said: 'Gen. Jackson sends compliments to Gen. Early, and says advance on the enemy and you will be supported by Gen. Winder.'

"Gen. Early's compliments to Gen. Jackson, and tell him I will do it,' was the laconic reply, and thus the battle opened.

"On the eve of another battle a staff officer rode up

to Jackson and said: 'Gen. Ewell sends his compliments and says he is ready.' 'Gen. Jackson's compliments to Gen. Ewell, and tell him to proceed,' was the quiet reply. And soon the noise of the conflict was heard. At Cold Harbor, on the memorable 27th of June, 1861, after he had gotten his corps in position, the great chieftain spent a few moments in earnest prayer, and then said quietly to one of his staff: 'Tell Gen. Ewell to drive the enemy.' Soon the terrible shock was joined, and he sat quietly on his sorrel sucking a lemon and watching through his glasses the progress of the fight. Presently a staff officer of Gen. Ewell galloped up and exclaimed: 'Gen. Ewell says, sir, that it is almost impossible for him to advance farther unless the battery [pointing to it] is silenced.' 'Go tell Maj. Andrews to bring sixteen pieces of artillery to bear on that battery and silence it immediately,' was the prompt reply.

"Soon the battery was silenced. 'Now,' he said, 'tell Gen. Ewell to drive them,' and right nobly did Ewell and his gallant men obey the order. When on his great



THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON AT TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

flank movement at Chancellorsville, Gen. Fitz Lee sent for him to ascend a hill from which he could view the enemy's position, he merely glanced at it once, when he formed his plan and said quickly to an aid: 'Tell my column to cross that road.'

"Just before he was wounded at Chancellorsville he gave to A. P. Hill the order: 'Press them and cut them off from the United States ford,' and as he was borne off the field bleeding, mangled, and fainting, he roused himself to give, with something of his old fire, his last order: 'Gen. Pendleton you must hold your position.'"

HIS RIGID DISCIPLINE.

"He was very stern and rigid in his discipline, and would not tolerate for a moment the slightest deviation from the letter of his orders. He put Gen. Garnett under arrest for ordering a retreat at Kernstown, although his ammunition was exhausted and his brigade was about to be surrounded, preferred charges against him, and was prosecuting them with utmost rigor, when the Chancellorsville campaign opened. He insisted that

Gen. Garnett should have held his position with the bayonet; that the enemy would have retreated if he had not, and that under no circumstances should Garnett have fallen back without orders from him (Jackson). After the death of Jackson, Gen. Lee, without further trial of the case, restored Gen. Garnett to the command of his brigade, and this brave soldier fell in the foremost of Pickett's famous charge on the heights of Gettysburg. A brigadier once galloped up to Jackson, in the midst of battle, and said: 'Gen. Jackson, did you order me to charge that battery?' pointing to it. 'Yes, sir, I did. Have you obeyed the order?' 'Why, no, General; I thought there must be some mistake. My brigade would be annihilated, literally annihilated, sir, if we should move across that field.' 'Gen. —,' said Jackson, his eyes flashing fire and his voice and manner betraying excitement, and even rage, 'I always try to take care of my wounded and bury my dead. Obey that order, sir, and do it at once.'

"I heard one day, on the Valley campaign, a colloquy between Jackson and a colonel commanding one of his brigades. Jackson said, quietly: 'I thought, Col. —, that the orders were for you to move in the rear instead of the front of Gen. Elzey's brigade this morning.' 'Yes, I know that, General; but my fellows were ready before Elzey's, and I thought it would be bad to keep them waiting, and that it really made no difference anyhow.'

'I want you to understand, Colonel,' was the almost fierce reply, that you must obey my orders first and reason about them afterward. Consider yourself under arrest, sir, and march to the rear of your brigade.' Jackson put Gen. A. P. Hill under arrest (for a cause that was manifestly unjust) on the Second Manassas campaign, and he probably put more officers under arrest than all the other of our generals combined. There is no doubt that Jackson was sometimes too severe, and that he was not always just, and yet it would have greatly increased the discipline and efficiency of our service if others of our Confederate leaders had had more of this sternness and severity toward delinquents."

His Attention to Minute Details.

"He was unceasingly active in giving his personal attention to the minutest details. He had an interview with his quartermaster, his commissary, his ordnance, and his medical officer every day, and he was at all times thoroughly familiar with the condition of these departments. It is a remarkable fact that, despite his rapid marches, he rarely ever destroyed any public property, or left as much as a wagon wheel to the enemy.

"Not content with simply learning what his maps could teach him of the country and its topography, he was accustomed to have frequent interviews with citizens, and to reconnoiter personally the country through which he expected to move, as well as the ground on which he expected to fight. Being called to his quarters one day to give him some information concerning a region with which I had been familiar from boyhood, I soon found out that he knew more about its topography than I did, and I was constrained to say, 'Excuse me, General, I have known this section all my life, and thought I knew all about it; but it is evident that you know more about it than I do, and that I can give you no information at all.'

"Often at night, when the army was wrapped in sleep, he would ride out alone to inspect roads by which, on the morrow, he expected to move to strike the enemy in flank or rear.

"After all, the crowning glory of Jackson, as it was also of Lee, was his humble, simple-hearted piety, his firm trust in Christ as his personal Saviour, his godly walk and conversation, and his life of active effort for the good of others. . . . Suffice it to say, that as I saw him frequently at preaching or at the prayer meeting drinking in the simple truths of the gospel, heard him lead the devotions of his ragged followers in prayers that I have rarely heard equaled and never surpassed in fervid appropriateness, knew of his active efforts for the spiritual good of the soldiers, and conversed with him on the subject of personal religion, I was fully satisfied that this stern soldier not only deserves a place beside Col. Gardner and Gen. Hancock and Capt. Vicars, and other Christian soldiers of the century, but that the world has never seen an uninspired man who deserves higher rank as a true Christian.

"I recall here just two incidents. In the early spring of 1863 I was one day walking from our camp to a meeting of our chaplains' association, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind me, and, turning my head, recognized Gen. Jackson riding along as was his frequent custom. As he came up we saluted, and he asked if I was going to the chaplain's meeting, and, receiving an affirmative response, he at once dismounted and, throwing his bridle over his arm, walked with me about two miles.

"I shall never forget that walk of the humble preacher with the great soldier. Military matters were rarely alluded to, and when I would introduce them he would promptly change the conversation. We talked of the recently organized chaplains' association and how to make it more efficient; of the need of more chaplains and other preachers in the army, and how to secure them; of the best way of procuring and circulating Bibles and religious literature; of certain officers and men in whose salvation he felt a peculiar interest, and for whom he asked that I would join him in special prayer and effort; of the necessity of having chaplains stick to the post of duty even more faithfully than other officers and men, and other kindred topics. And then we got on the subject of personal piety, the obstacles to its growth in the army, and of the best means of overcoming them, and as he quoted readily and aptly applied some of the most precious promises of God's word, I almost imagined that I was talking, instead of to this grim son of Mars, to one of the grand old preachers of the olden time who knew nothing about 'new theology,' but was content to follow implicitly the word of God, and to sing with the spirit and the understanding.

"I may now barely allude to his glorious death, the logical sequence to his noble life of simple trust and self-sacrificing toil in the vineyard of the Lord. Cut down in the execution of what he regarded as the most successful military movement of his life, shot by his own men, who would have died rather than willingly harmed a button on his old gray coat, his brilliant career ended in the full tide of his ambitions and hopes of future service for the land and cause he loved so well, he could yet calmly say to weeping friends who stood around: 'It is all right. I would not have it otherwise if I could. I had hoped to live to serve my country, but it will be infinite gain to be transplanted and live with Christ.' And in his delirium, after saying with the old fire of battle, 'Pass the infantry rapidly to the front;' 'Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action;' 'Tell Maj. Hawkins to send forward rations for the men,' a peaceful smile passed over his placid countenance, and his last words

were, 'Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.'

"And this great man died! Nay, he did not die! The weary, worn marcher went into bivouac—the hero of a hundred battles won his last victory, and went to wear his 'crown of rejoicing,' his fadeless laurels of honor, and heaven and earth alike have echoed the plaudits:

"'Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!'"

THE BARKSDALE-HUMPHREY BRIGADE.

DEAR VETERAN: I have just finished reading the June number, some of it twice over. It grows on me—gets better and better each issue. It ought to be, and I trust soon will be, in the hands of every man who wore the gray, and thousands who didn't. I am surprised at seeing so little in it from my native State (Mississippi), and especially from members of my old brigade, for I know a few were left to tell the tale.

They carried this scribe to Johnson's Island a short time before the close, or it is just possible you would not now be troubled with this sketch. As your journal is such a happy medium through which to communicate with each other, and as you have so kindly thrown open your columns to us, here goes.

I call it the "Barksdale-Humphreys" Brigade, not that it had no other commanders—and good ones, too—but because it was under those two generals it made most of its reputation.

Gen. William E. Barksdale, of Columbus, Miss., came into the brigade as colonel of the Thirteenth Regiment just prior to the battle of Ball's Bluff. The brigade at that time consisted of the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Mississippi, and the Eighth Virginia, commanded respectively by Cols. Barksdale, Featherstone, Burte, and Eppa Hunton. The first two became generals, the third was killed at Ball's Bluff, and the fourth went to Congress a number of years after the war.

Gen. Evans, of South Carolina, commanded us in that fight, and whether it was by accident or grit or good generalship, or all three combined, I know not, but anyhow we wiped up things so clean and got so many compliments, both from home and everywhere else, and were so feasted and toasted, and treated so kindly by the good people of Leesburg, that we didn't care how long the war lasted. So when the time came to reorganize at the end of our volunteer term, one year, and ex-Governor and ex-Senator A. G. Brown, and ex-Congressman O. R. Singleton, both captains of companies in my (the Eighteenth) regiment, told us that if we would reorganize immediately they would "wager their heads to brass pins the war would end in sixty days." (B.'s exact words.) They believed it and we believed it, and we "went in for durin'" almost to a man.

Alas! alas! vanity of vanities! Soon we were transferred on stock cars, reeking in mud, to Richmond, and, huddled on a steamer like cattle, took our way to the Peninsula. From the beautiful hills and fertile valleys, the crystal springs and clear, running streams, the fresh baker's bread and clover-fed beef, and the milk and honey of old Loudon, to the marshes and lagoons and brackish water of the Warwick! These, with the rancid bacon, the musty corn meal and rice, and the cool, damp atmosphere, made us realize what war was. About that

time (March, 1862) the troops from the different States were brigaded together, and the Eighth Virginia was exchanged for the Twenty-First Mississippi, Colonel (afterward General) B. G. Humphreys commanding.

During the Peninsula campaign, and up to the seven days' fight in front of Richmond, Gen. Griffith, of Jackson, Miss., commanded the brigade. On the morning of the battle of Savage Station, while we were driving the enemy before us along the railroad track, he was struck by a shell from one of the enemy's guns, fell from his horse, and died in a few hours. He was a good man, a true patriot, and a gallant officer.

Barksdale—the ranking colonel, Featherstone, having been previously promoted and placed in command of another brigade—took immediate command, was promoted



[Miss Adelle McMurray, Nashville, representative for Tennessee in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

to the rank of general in a few days, and continued in command until he fell, leading his men, at Gettysburg. The first verbal command that I recollect of his giving to the brigade as a body, and one that was characteristic of the man, was at Malvern Hill, two days after Savage Station. The enemy had stationed his artillery so as to sweep every spot of the open space, or farm. We had been moved up by a circuitous route into a dense wood bordering on the farm, concealed, as we thought, lying down, some crouched behind trees, all doing our best to keep out of danger till we should be called into action. Every old soldier knows the suspense of such a moment. The only available spot for our own artillery was a small elevated open space a little to our left, and every piece that attempted to unlimber there was knocked up almost before it could be fired, so perfect was their range, and so many were the guns bearing on it. I counted nineteen dead horses in that one place. Then when our artillery was silenced they began to feel for us. At first

the shells burst in the tops of the trees, then a little lower, and down came limbs mingled with pieces of shell. Then they began to burst in our midst, one shell killing and wounding seven men, setting the clothes of one of the latter on fire—a most horri-fying sight! It was at this crisis that Gen. Barksdale mounted his horse and yelled: "Attention! This brigade must take that battery." He was a man of whom it could be truthfully said: "Bold as a lion, yet gentle as a lamb." He was not a military man, but a pure type of genuine Southern chivalry, a Southern gentleman of the old school; quick to resent, and as quick to forgive; quick to punish disobedience in a subordinate, and as quick to ask forgiveness; just as far removed from military *hauteur* as one could imagine. I cite one instance: We were in camp. It was one summer evening. Gen. Cobb, of Georgia, his old friend and former fellow-Congressman, had dined with him. We were drilling, when the two generals, arm in arm, coats off, came walking out to look on. It reminded me very forcibly of two farmers in *ante bellum* days taking an afternoon stroll through the farm to look at the crop. We loved Gen. Barksdale because we knew he was proud of us and would do anything in his power for our welfare. No truer patriot ever fell on the field of battle.

Gen. Humphreys was a West Pointer—was there at the same time with Mr. Davis, but, unlike him, he chose a more peaceful calling: that of a planter in the rich bottom lands of the Mississippi, where he could enjoy the peace and quiet of home life and indulge in his favorite sport of hunting deer and bear. For the rank he held, as a commander of infantry, I do not think he had a superior in either army. He possessed all the qualities, both natural and acquired. He won the love of both officers and men by his great kindness. He won their unbounded confidence by his coolness and ability under the most trying circumstances. He was approachable on all occasions. His officers obeyed him implicitly, not because they recognized his right to command them, but because to comply with an order from him was the right thing to do. I cite one instance only to prove the above, and to show what estimate Gen. Longstreet put upon him. At midnight on the 6th of May, 1864, our (Longstreet's) corps was twelve miles from the battlefield. It was ordered to get there in the quickest time. We arrived on the ground about sunrise. It happened that our brigade was in front, our regiment leading. As we came up at a double-quick, in marching order, on the plank road, there were in a group, sitting on their horses, the following generals: Lee, Longstreet, Rhodes, Seales, Magowan, and, I think, A. P. Hill (I am not certain as to the latter). It was an extremely critical moment. Hill's men, who had been engaged the evening before and a portion of the night, were exhausted and outnumbered, and were falling back. Something had to be done, and done quickly. Gen. Lee turned to Longstreet, and said: "General, you had better form your line back a half mile and bring it up." Longstreet said: "I think we can form here." Turning to Humphreys, he said: "Form your line, General." We had just halted and were panting like lizards, when Gen. Humphreys straightened himself in his stirrups, and said: "Battalion front. By company, right half wheel, double-quick, march!" Wounded men and minie balls were coming through our ranks before we got loaded. The enemy got within a few steps of us in the dense cedar thicket, but we stood it until they began to back, then it was our time to press. Our brigade had done

good fighting before, but I thought it reached the climax on that occasion. My own company went in with two officers and thirty-four men, and lost sixteen killed and wounded in a very few minutes.

W. GART JOHNSON.

Co. "C," 18th Miss.

Orlando, Fla., June 26, 1893.

Mr. Johnson, in a pencil note, says:

I am growing old now, and my hand trembles so it is a very difficult matter to write with a pen. I fear my article is too long. I did not so intend it, but having begun couldn't help it. I know the heart will stir many a heart in Mississippi, and cause them to rally to the help of the glorious enterprise you have so nobly undertaken. May abundant success attend your efforts!

OUR UNKNOWN DEAD.

ADDRESS OF GEN. S. G. FRENCH TO THE U. C. V. CAMP, ORLANDO, FLA.

COMRADES: The solemn ceremony of Decoration Day has been performed. The few graves, alike of the Confederate and the Union soldiers that rest in our cemetery, have been decorated with floral offerings, and the cause that so few of Confederate dead sleep where loving kindred can care for them inclines me to say a few words in regard to the unknown dead.

There is evidence that in the beginning of the late war it was the intention of the Federal Government to concentrate their forces and form two or more grand armies and wage war only on the enlisted troops of the Confederacy, and by sheer power of numbers overwhelm their opponents and end the war by a second Sadowa or Sedan victory. In this, however, they were not successful. McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and Hooker unavailingly encountered Lee, and in the West no great victory was obtained.

During this time the Federal forces were largely increased, and a navy, which in the end numbered four hundred and seventy odd war steamers, was created, manned by thirty-four thousand seamen, and carrying four thousand four hundred and forty guns. This armament was stationed along the Atlantic seaboard, the Gulf coast, and on the waters of navigable rivers, occupying sounds, inlets, bays, and harbors, supporting and protecting, under cover of these guns, large detachments of their land forces, in numbers estimated nearly equal to a third of their troops in service. Now, whatever may primarily have been the object of these many isolated detachments, it soon developed into making raids into the adjacent country, and afforded opportunity to pillage when not met with opposing forces.

From Dalton down to Atlanta, and around that city, there was one continuous conflict for one hundred days, and not a day passed without some troops being engaged, and so the dead were left throughout a hundred miles on either side, resting where they fell.

If we turn to the East again, we find that Grant crossed the Rapidan May 4, 1864, and, taking the direct line to Richmond, immediately the battle of the Wilderness followed, and he announced that he was going "to fight it out on that line if it took all summer." A few days after came the battle of Spottsylvania, and on June 1 that of Cold Harbor, where the Federal troops refused to make a second attack.

In these three great and sanguinary battles the commander of the Union forces did not meet with success, and so on the first day of summer he left that line and swung around, as McClellan did, to the James River.

After Cold Harbor it seems as if there was no desire for another general engagement, and the hammering away mode of war commenced on Lee. On July 18, 1864, President Lincoln called for 500,000 more men, and so the detrition process went on for nine months, mainly on and near the picket line, being in all nearly eleven months and a half that Lee confronted Grant's hosts of men, and over all this extent of country lay the blue and the gray side by side in death. Devastation, as in the Palatinate, had done its work.

Now when the war ended, the Federal Government, with commendable zeal, very humanely collected most of their dead and had their remains removed to their beautiful cemeteries, and there keep green the sod and fresh the flowers on their graves.

There was no Confederate Government to collect and care for the remains of the Confederate dead. Along the banks of the Father of Waters for more than a thousand miles the inhabitants tread unawares over the unknown graves of those who battled for the South. Along the shores of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and the James wave the golden harvests on soil enriched by their blood and moldering dust. From the capes of the Chesapeake adown the stormy Atlantic, and trending around the Gulf, rest thousands of our dead; or go to the heights of Allatoona, to Lookout's lofty peak, or Kenesaw Mountain's top, and you may seek in vain where the dead rest. Time, with the relentless forces of the elements, has obliterated all traces of their graves from human eye; they are known only to Him who can tell where Moses sleeps in "a vale in the land of Moab." So the forgotten are not forgot, the band that made the thunder's home comes down every spring and paints with bright colors the little wild flowers that grow over their resting places, and they are bright on Decoration Day. The rosy morn announces first to them that the night is gone, and when the day is past and the landscape veiled with evening's shade, high on the mountain's top the last rays of the setting sun lovingly lingers longest, loth to leave the lonely place where the bright-eyed children of the Confederacy rest in death.

And wherefore did they die? They fell in defense of their homes, their families, their country, and those civil rights arising from that liberty God gave man as a heritage in the beginning. They furnished to their country much that will be noble in history, wonderful in story, tender in song, and a large share of that glory which will claim the admiration of mankind. We can to-day place no wreaths of immortelles on their unknown graves, yet we can rest assured that the echoes of posterity will render their deeds illustrious.

And now, as I look back on the past and recall to mind your trials and sufferings—which will be forgotten—I am sure the world will not forget that your valor MERITED A SUCCESS which is better now than to have achieved it.

THE MARY WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—A "Woman's Movement" to erect a monument at the grave of Mary Washington is not succeeding as it deserves. Mary Ball Washington, the daughter of Col. Joseph Ball, of Lancaster, Va., was born in 1706; married Augustine Washington, March 6, 1730; and died August 25, 1789, aged eighty-three years. She was buried on the spot chosen by herself on her own home plantation, "Kenmore," on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg. Forty years after, a patriotic citizen of New York, Mr. Silas E. Burrows, presented a handsome marble monument for the

spot, the corner stone of which was laid by President Andrew Jackson in 1833, that was nearly but not entirely completed, and is now in such a state of dilapidation and ruin as to be irrecoverable. Augustine Washington, father of George, died in 1743, and his body was deposited in the family vault in Westmoreland County, Va.

Since the above was put in type, news comes from Fredericksburg:

The small Mary Washington Association here is much stirred up because they hear the National Association has contracted for an \$11,000 monument of Vermont granite, to be commenced early in the spring. They expected the women of the country to do better than that

CONFISCATING PRIVATE PROPERTY.

A REMINISCENCE CONNECTING GEN. FISK AND PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON.

THE late J. B. White, of Tennessee, gives some interesting reminiscences of war times at Nashville. He describes vividly the confiscation of Gen. Donelson's property at Hendersonville, near Nashville, and how his application to restore it to the family after Gen. Donelson's death was treated. His petition for its restoration was emphatically refused, with the comment "No, sir; we will never give up that property whilst the government lasts." He refused to put in writing his decision, until Judge Lawrence, a Tennessean, but who had enlisted in the Union cause, suggested that he write on the application, "Refused," which he did.

Continuing his letter, Mr. White says:

The General occupied the home of John M. Bass, on Church Street, now owned by E. W. Cole. His headquarters were luxuriously furnished, and he was attended by a troop of handsome, well-dressed servants, both men and women. He sustained the greatness and dignity of the government in grand style!

After leaving the headquarters of the General, I went to see Mrs. Donelson, and told her the result of my petition and the failure of my application. I handed her the petition with the General's indorsement, and advised her to write to President Johnson, inclose the papers to him, and ask him to order Gen. Fisk to give her the possession of her home. I told her to explain to the President fully her condition and that of her family, and to remind him of the former relations that existed between himself and her husband, and to let me see her letter before she mailed it. I called next day and she had her letter ready. It was an admirable letter, well written, reminding the President that they were both natives of North Carolina and were residents of the same city, Raleigh; that her father was Gov. Branch, of North Carolina, and was Secretary of the Navy under Gen. Jackson; and that he had lived in Washington City with her father's family, when she was married to Gen. Donelson, and had removed with her husband soon thereafter to Tennessee; and that Donelson had always been his personal and political friend, and had supported him for Governor of Tennessee against Col. Gentry, his own brother-in-law, a man for whom he had the highest respect, yet his political and personal friendship was stronger than family ties; and now her husband being dead and his family without a home and dependent upon others for a shelter,

The Confederate Veteran.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Prop.

THIS Souvenir of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was designed to comprise the best articles in its issues of 1893, the demand having continued long after they were exhausted.

The Souvenir is not exactly as planned, it being remission time for issue and there being so much of interest pertaining to the reunion; and as the numbers for '94, so far, are also inadequate, it has been deemed best to have it contain the leading articles to date. There will be found in its pages condensed historic sketches, thrilling narratives of some of the greatest battles fought in the Confederate war, and pathetic reminiscences.

Those who may see this and are not familiar with the VETERAN are commended to its investigation. The VETERAN is published monthly, at \$1 per year, and it is distributed throughout the South with singular regularity.

THE gray and the blue are significant terms. This publication shall continue to be as gray as the century-burned granite. It is impossible for it to be otherwise. It will control every influence possible in the way of honor and good will to our fellows, our noble women included, and it will stop short of nothing in declaring our merit to the respect and the pride of all true Americans; but it is entirely without bitterness toward the other side, and it gladly honors their brave, true men.

Yes, we are far away now from any bitterness. The VETERAN will vindicate the truth of history at all hazards, but its mission is fraternal. Why, it is over thirty years since Stonewall Jackson finished a career that made his name immortal throughout Christian civilization; and we who finished the fight, even in defeat, and have persisted all these intermediate decades in the maintenance of good government, have no inclination to stir strife again. True, we would "turn all rascals out," but we seek peace along with good to our common country.

PARTICULARS OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

A LETTER to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, received in Richmond May 6, 1863, is the account given her of his wound. Many veterans will be surprised at the promise of his recovery.

At midnight of Saturday, his men being drawn up in line of battle, a body of troops was seen a short distance in advance of our line. It being doubtful whether they were friends or enemies, Gen. Jackson and staff rode forward to ascertain. Whilst he was engaged in reconnoitering, his men, being unaware of his movement, mistook him and his staff for enemies and fired a volley into them, instantly killing one of his staff and severely wounding Gen. Jackson and Maj. Crutchfield. One bullet passed through the General's right hand, whilst another struck his left arm below the elbow and, ranging upward, shattered the bone near the shoulder. He in-

stantly fell to the ground. His brother-in-law, who was with him, laid down beside him to ascertain the nature of his wounds. In a moment the unknown troops in front, who proved to be the enemy, advanced and captured two other staff officers who were standing over the General without noticing him. Soon after four of our men placed him on a stretcher and were bearing him to the rear, when they were all shot down. The injury to his right hand is severe, one of the bones having been shot away, but it is believed he will ultimately recover its use. It is a source of regret to know that his invaluable services must be lost to the country for a long time. More than all, it is painful to know that he fell beneath the arms of his own gallant followers. While the malicious, angry bullets of the Yankees were unable to reach him, "a chance volley and a mistake have laid low the hero of the country and the age."

This letter was published in Chattanooga May 10, and the paper containing it was preserved by Gen. O. F. Strahl, whose glorious career ended in the battle of Franklin.

EVACUATION OF JACKSON, MISS.

AFTER a week's siege the powerful forces that had captured Vicksburg pressed Johnston at Jackson until his withdrawal became necessary. During the six successive days of this great contest many prisoners were captured by desperate Confederates, and we were successful in securing various flags of regiments; but reinforcements continued until they confronted us to Pearl River, above and below, and were about to flank us across that river. My command was under severe fire of sharpshooters, who secured positions in palatial residences near our lines, and which we were compelled to burn to get rid of them.

As one of fifty volunteers from my regiment, the Forty-first Tennessee, to advance our skirmish lines, I pay high tribute to Spencer Eakin, the officer in charge, for his undaunted courage, which animated afresh our spirits while holding positions all that long August day on the south side of a plank fence in open field. Eakin was young, with face as fair as the maidens we left at home, but he seemed to have no knowledge of fear, and to be void of depression through our severest trials. We did not all survive that awful day.

I was assistant to the officer in charge of the skirmishers the night we stole away. My regiment covered the retreat over a large part of the front. We were deployed along the same line that Eakin's volunteers had established, not over three hundred yards in front of our temporary breastworks, and though the stillness was as death, our army moved away so quietly that our skirmishers, as a rule, knew nothing of it. It was my memorable duty to crawl along this skirmish line and whisper to the men the instructions about how to move on the retreat. Each soldier was to follow the movement of the man to his right.

My opportunity for judging the characteristics of my fellows on this occasion is utilized in the statement that

while one man would be sound asleep as ever he was in the babyhood cradle, another would hardly breathe sufficiently in his intense anxiety. This fact is stated not in praise of the one and in condemnation of the other. The man with steadier nerves and less fear had yielded to nature's demands and slept, but he would have been as valiant, if aroused, as his most watchful companion.

When we got back to the works, each moving by the man to his right, whether by the flank or abreast to the "about face," many were astonished to find the army gone. We missed our way to the Pearl River bridge, and when we finally reached it, near sunrise, the wooden structure had been set on fire, but we arrived in time to escape across it. S. A. C.

THE splendid full-page picture of Mr. Davis on the first page of the Souvenir is copied from a large photograph that he sent to Mrs. Sarah E. Brewer, now of Nashville, but who lived in Havana when he was released from prison, and entertained him and his family for some time afterward. When Mr. Davis left Cuba he went to Baltimore, where this picture was made. The following autograph note is on the margin of the picture:

Mrs. Sarah E. Brewer, with the respect and regard of her friend,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mrs. Brewer's zeal for the Davis monument may be realized in the fact that she subscribed \$500 to it directly, and has in addition secured \$300 through subscribing \$1,000 to a church in Nashville on condition that the \$300 be subscribed by members of that church to the monument.

The venerable lady is zealous for the VETERAN as well. She has secured many subscribers, although very feeble and rarely able to leave her house.

THE Daughters of the Confederacy in Missouri have shown something of what can be accomplished by a patriotic people. Without State appropriation, or other public aid, they have, by persistent zeal, erected a superb Home. The President, Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, says: "This monument to the energy of the women of Missouri must not be presented to the State Association before it is paid for. To avoid the necessity of borrowing money, we feel that it is only necessary to lay this matter before the ladies of the South." There was a balance due of about \$2,000.

THE destruction of Miss A. M. Zollicoffer's studio at the home of her brother-in-law, J. B. Bond, Esq., in Maury county, Tenn., occurred at night, and she barely escaped from the flames. She had about \$1,000 worth of paintings on hand. The most valuable of them all, in a historic sense, was a portrait of her father, Gen. Zollicoffer, which she had just completed for the room named in his honor at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home. It was a contribution to the Home. In this calamity there will

be sympathy throughout the South. There are living five of the six daughters to the General. Besides Miss Zollicoffer, the four others are Mrs. Wilson, of Nashville; Mrs. Metcalf, of Fayetteville; Mrs. Sansom, of Knoxville; and Mrs. Bond.

WASHINGTON, GA., does well her part in keeping alive the spirit of patriotism. At the dedication of Confederate graves there Capt. John T. Hester, a former citizen of the place, delivered the address. In it he said:

Who does not love the home of his birth? Who does not love the land of the magnolia and the honeysuckle? Who does not love Georgia—her hills and her valleys—from mountains to her sea-girt shores? Who does not love his whole country, from the granite hills of New England to the prairies of the Lone Star State, from the shores of the Atlantic to the rocky cliffs of the Pacific? But what means this large assemblage of your citizens? Every eye that glistens a tear, every bosom that graces a garland, every flag that marks the resting place of a hero, tell us that we are here to honor the memory of the men who struggled and who died for the sovereignty of the States, and who, for full four years, stood as a stone wall of defense between your homes and the invaders of your country!

In speaking of individual achievements and heroism, he paid this beautiful tribute to Robert Toombs:

He who wore the insignia of rank deserves no more of our flowers and our tears to-day than the gallant privates in the rank and file of our army, who followed wherever he dared to lead. Yet there is one who drew his sword in defense of his country's rights, and if I could usurp the inspiration of the artist and wear the chaplet of the gifted sculptor, I would claim to chisel his name upon the highest niche of fame. Not alone because he was a soldier, not because he was allied to this people by education and association; but because in the legislative halls of our country, when danger threatened, he manifested the intrepidity of the warrior, the sagacity of the statesman, and the manliness of the Southerner.

On every grave was a card bearing the picture of a Confederate flag in colors, and under it the lines:

Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

These cards were supplied by Mr. Henry Cordes, of Washington, who has since died.

JEFFERSON DAVIS and Abraham Lincoln were born in Kentucky, in 1808 and 1809, respectively; both left their native State in childhood's days; one emigrated North, the other South; both served in the Indian wars of the West; both commenced their political life about the same time, being Presidential Electors in the election of 1844, Davis for Polk and Lincoln for Clay; both were elected to Congress about the same time, 1845 or 1846, and were in the same year, and almost the same day, elected to preside over their respective governments—one as President of the United States, the other as President of the Confederate States of America.

GEN. E. KIRBY-SMITH.

THE last full general in the Confederate War, on either side, died at his home in Sewanee, Tenn., March 28, 1893.

Gen. Kirby-Smith was a native of Florida, and graduated at West Point in 1845. He was major in the United States Army when he resigned to go with his own people in 1861. He was made a Confederate brigadier in June, 1861, and a major general in October of

by Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Assistant Bishop of Tennessee, who said:

There are times when the reverent silence with which the Church lays her dead to rest may be fitly broken, and this is such a time. There are lives which stand forth conspicuous above their fellows, occupying lofty station or gifted with heroic qualities of soul, or illustrious with great achievement, and in the best way of all these ways—in essential worth—this was such a life. As the last full general of that Confederacy which is becoming more and more a tender and distant memory, our dear friend in his death closed another generation of men. As one by one the leaders have passed over to the silent shore, some of us have felt that the glory and sadness, the hopes, the memories, the regrets of that sublime but fruitless struggle were concentrated in him, lent new interest to his life, and crowned him with a crown of honor. Surely all that was best and truest and most worthy in that cause which we call "Lost" was imaged forth in this pure and manful and unselfish life. And when the recording angel shall unroll the scroll on which are blazoned the names of those whose lives have been lives of sacrifice for conscience sake, there will be none that will shine with a purer luster than that of Kirby-Smith. For these qualities of a great soldier were preëminent in him: courage, magnanimity, humility, unselfishness, and the fear of God. All the records of chivalry can disclose no truer nor higher attributes of nobleness than these. His strength was gentleness, his gentleness was strong. Valiant in fight, a stranger to fear, a hero in many a conflict, he was yet a little child in the genuineness of his simplicity, the reality of that humility which he learned at the feet of Jesus Christ. The magnanimity of great, majestic souls was his. When he surrendered, the war for him was over. No bitter accusations, no vengeful reproach passed his lips. Though it were the very furnace of affliction, the dread anguish of shattered hopes and a career cut short, no darkness of those dark days could dim the cheerfulness of his hope, the constancy of his faith. No temptation of public fame, no attraction of worldly advantage, no opportunity of self-

praise ever wrung from him one harsh or angry word in poor and pitiful contention of reviews. Yes, over all and through all and in all the impulses of his nature were that love and fear of God which made his home a Christian home and made his life a Christian life. No stress of financial embarrassment, no privations of those comforts which men hold dear tempted him for a moment to forget his honor. To toil even in his age, to suffer and to submit—these were small things to him compared to the sting of conscience. From the day when he deliberately spurned the wealth which his command of the Trans-Mississippi Department placed within his hands to the day—only a few weeks ago—when he refused a princely income as the price of principle, he was always inflex-



E. Kirby Smith.

that year. In 1862 he was promoted to lieutenant general, and in 1864 a full general. His achievements in the war are an interesting part of its history. President Davis is said to have told him, in assignment of the Trans-Mississippi Department, in 1863, that he gave him more authority than he dare put in writing.

The funeral was an occasion never to be forgotten by those who had the melancholy pleasure to be present. There was a special train from Nashville.

The Episcopal chapel at Sewanee was filled with mourners, veterans having first seats after the family. The usual service was interrupted, at the proper time,

ibly and grandly true to what he believed was his honor as a soldier, his duty as a citizen, his faith as a follower of Jesus Christ. Thus was he brave. Thus was he faithful. Thus was he a good soldier, tried and steadfast, amid the smoke and din and tumult of the blood-stained field. Thus was he a greater soldier on that harder battlefield of life, where those whom we expect to be the bravest too often flinch and fail.

To-day, therefore, those of us who are too young to have known him in the stirring scenes of his military career, but who have learned to love and reverence his character in the peaceful occupation and enjoyment of this place, come with sad hearts and glad devotion to pay tribute to the beauty and the strength of his unique personality. His faith was strong, his hope was buoyant. But above both of these and shining through them was a great and tender human love, of which the apostle speaks when he says: "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." To us here this was perhaps the most conspicuous quality of his nature. The most devoted of husbands! The most affectionate of fathers! To the trees, the flowers, the rock-ribbed mountain and the starlit sky; to the creatures that crawl and creep and fly and run and leap around us in the living world; to man and brute, nature in all her moods, and to nature's God, this man's heart went out in sweet, unselfish joy. God is love.

What nobler tribute to his servant can there be than this? What crown of glory so unfailing! He loved much. He was much loved. And "whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away," but love never faileth.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Col. Claiborne, a veteran of two wars, stepped to the dais of the chancel and said:

I thank the reverend clergy conducting the services for the invitation to the old comrades of the deceased hero to give some expression of their feelings on this occasion. We come here to bury our friend, not to the sound of cannon, for the roar of a hundred brazen-throated guns cannot speak the praises of the dead hero as we estimate them, but we come to show our love and respect for him.

This is not the place nor the time for us to set forth his eulogy, yet we desire to say what we think of him as a man and brother, for he was one who felt the brotherhood of mankind, and dealt in charity with all men. I, who have known him from his youth, can give my testimony to the truth of all that the reverend gentleman has said of the life and characteristics of this good man. He was always gay and cheerful, no matter how darkly loomed the cloud of disaster. He was most courteous to every one, and we feel a just pride that he was a son of the South and an adopted son of Tennessee. He is gone. I know that he sits not at the feast of the heroes of Valhalla, for they were bloody. I rather see him now in the communion of those who have been redeemed through the intercession of Jesus Christ.

At the grave there were beautiful songs; and the firing of a salute by the military, largely sons of veterans, was followed by "taps" from the bugler.

SECRET SERVICE FUND.

CONFEDERATE GOLD PAID TO UNCLE SAM BELONGING TO THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

THE editor of the *VETERAN* called upon Capt. Ernest Cucullu, of New Orleans, and a conversation disclosed the fact that the last official Confederate order was issued to him. He had been on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith from the time that officer was able to resume command after his terrible wounds at Manassas.

Mr. Davis had communicated to Gen. Kirby-Smith the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Gen. Lee, and that he would endeavor to get to Cuba, and thence cross over to Texas, where, with 37,000 men west of the great river, they would make a stand at Hempstead, Tex. It was understood that in this last rally the best terms possible for capitulation would be made.

Capt. Cucullu was directed to take \$10,000 in gold and go to Cuba, so as to aid Mr. Davis in his plans. He suggested that \$5,000 in gold would be sufficient, and he only took that amount.

Gen. Kirby-Smith's headquarters were at Shreveport, but he had gone to Galveston with his aid, and the money stichel had been taken on board the "Grayhound," which was "ready to run the blockade." While they waited, a flag-of-truce boat hove in sight. It brought the news that General Buckner had surrendered at Shreveport. Then there was nothing to do by the man whom Mr. Davis intrusted with "greater power than" he "dare give in writing" but to surrender, and turn over the Confederate gold in his possession. A plea was made in behalf of several general officers, and it was agreed that they be paid in the aggregate \$1,700. The general commanding had due him thousands of dollars salary, but declined to take any part of it. Here is the order, which is certainly the last one ever issued:

GALVESTON HARBOR, June 3, 1865.—*Captain:* When you reach New Orleans you will, after deducting your necessary traveling expenses, turn over to Maj. Gen. Canby, United States Army, commanding, etc., \$3,300, being the secret service funds, Confederate States, remaining in your possession. Respectfully, your obedient servant. E. KIRBY-SMITH, *General.*

Capt. Ernest Cucullu.

After taking the money to Gen. Canby and getting his receipt, Dr. David Vandell, of Louisville, and another officer were found to be destitute, and Gen. Canby gave them \$270, and allowed \$1, which was charged by Capt. Cucullu for a carriage in New Orleans. Gen. Canby's receipt is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, NEW ORLEANS, June 6, 1865.—Received of Capt. Ernest Cucullu, aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, the sum of \$3,029 in specie, being the balance in his hands of the "secret service fund" of the Trans-Mississippi Department. ED R. S. CANBY.

Gen. Canby seemed surprised that such a fund was turned over to him. In speaking of it, he said: "It is just like Kirby, the soul of honor." They were fellow-students at West Point.

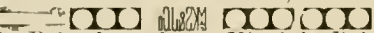
CARNAGE AT "THE CRATER," NEAR PETERSBURG.

LIEUT. COL. WILLIAM H. STEWART, of the Sixty-first Virginia, Mahone's old brigade, gives a thrilling account of the battle of the Crater. He was asleep under his little fly tent, when "a deep, rumbling sound, that seemed to rend the very earth in twain," startled him from his slumbers.

The whole camp had been aroused, and all were wondering from whence came this mysterious explosion. It was the morning of Saturday, the 30th day of July, 1864. The long-talked-of mine had been sprung, a battery blown up, and the enemy were already in possession of eight hundred yards of our intrenchments.

Two hundred cannon roared in one accord, as if every lanyard had been pulled by the same hand. The gray fog was floating over the fields, and darkness covered the face of the earth, but the first bright streak of dawn was gently lifting the curtain of night.

The sun rose brilliantly, and the great artillery duel still raged in all its grandeur and fury.

Soon after, Capt. Tom Bernard, Gen. Mahone's courier, came dashing up the lines on his white charger to the headquarters of Brig. Gen. Weisiger. Then the drums commenced rolling off the signals, which were followed by "fall in" and hurried roll calls. We were required to drive back the Federals, who had gotten almost within the very gates of the city of Petersburg. It was startling news, but our soldiers faltered not, and moved off at quick step. 

Wright's Georgia Brigade and our Virginia Brigade, the latter numbering scarcely eight hundred muskets, constituted the force detailed to dislodge the enemy, who held the broken lines with more than fifteen thousand men, and these were closely supported by as many more. I remember that our regiment, the Sixty-first, did not exceed two hundred men, including the officers, which I am quite sure was the strongest in the two brigades. I suppose we had marched the half of a mile when ordered to halt and strip off all baggage except ammunition and muskets. We then filed to the left a short distance to gain the banks of a small stream, in order to be protected from the shells of the Federal batteries by placing a range of hills between. The enemy were making dispositions to attempt their capture, for they were the very keys to the invested city. When nearly opposite the portion of our works held by the Federal troops, we met several soldiers who were in the works at the time of the explosion. Our men began ridiculing them for going to the rear, when one of them remarked: "Ay, boys, you have hot work ahead; they are negroes, and show no quarter." This was the first intimation that we had to fight negro troops, and it seemed to infuse the little band with impetuous daring, as they pressed onward to the fray. Our comrades had been slaughtered in a most inhuman and brutal manner, and slaves were trampling over their mangled and bleeding corpses. Revenge must have fired every heart and strung every arm with nerves of steel for the Herculean task of blood. We filed up a ditch, which had been dug for safe ingress and egress to and from the earthworks.

The "Crater," or excavation caused by the explosion, was about twenty-five feet deep, one hundred and fifty feet long, and fifty feet wide. About seventy-five feet

in the rear of the supporting earthworks there was a wide ditch, with the bank thrown up on the side next to the fortifications. This was constructed to protect parties carrying ammunition and rations to the troops. Between this irregular and ungraded embankment and the main line the troops had constructed numerous caves, in which they slept at night to be protected from the mortar shells. The embankment from the bottom of the ditch was about ten feet high, and commanded the outer or main line. The space from the outside of the fortifications to the inner edge of the ditch was more than one hundred feet wide.

The "Crater" and the space on both sides for some distance were literally crammed with the enemy's troops. They were five lines deep, and must have numbered between fifteen and twenty-five thousand men. Their historians admit that their charge was made by the whole of the Ninth Corps, commanded by Gen. A. E. Burnside, and that the Fifth and a part of the Second Corps were massed in supporting distance.

Mahone's old brigade, after being deployed, covered their front from the center of the "Crater" to the right. Our little band were desperate, and reckoned not the hosts that confronted them. I recollect counting seven standards in front of our regiment alone. Our column was deployed in the valley before mentioned, in full view of these hostile thousands. As the soldiers filed into line, Gen. Mahone walked from right to left, commanding the men to reserve their fire until they reached the brink of the ditch, and after delivering one volley to use the bayonet. Our line was hardly adjusted, and the Georgians had not commenced to deploy, when the division of negroes, the advance line of the enemy, made an attempt to rise from the ditch and charge. Just at that instant Gen. Mahone ordered a countercharge. The men rushed forward, officers in front, with uncovered heads and waving hats, and grandly and beautifully swept onward over the intervening space with muskets at trail. The enemy sent into the ranks a storm of bullets, and here and there a gallant fellow would fall; but the files would close, still pressing onward, unwavering, into the jaws of death!

The orders of Gen. Mahone were obeyed to the very letter, the brink of the ditch was gained before a musket was discharged, the cry of "No quarter!" greeted us, the one volley responded, and the bayonet plied with such irresistible vigor as insured success in the shortest space of time. Men fell dead in heaps, and human gore ran in streams that made the very earth mire beneath the tread of the victorious soldiers. The rear ditch being ours, the men mounted the rugged embankment and hurled their foes from the front line up to the very mouth of the "Crater." In the meantime the Georgia Brigade had charged, but were repulsed. Soon afterward it was reformed in column of regiments and again charged, but was met by such a withering fire that it again recoiled with a heavy slaughter.

Our bloody work was all done so quickly that I have scarcely an idea of the time it required to accomplish it; some say it was twenty minutes. It was over, I am sure, about noon; and then, for the first time, we realized the oppression of the scorching rays of that July sun, and many almost sank from exhaustion. The brigade captured fifteen battle flags, and our own regiment owned five of the seven that I had counted in its front.

The wonderful triumph had been won at the price of the blood of the bravest, the truest, and the best. Old

Company F, of Norfolk, had carried in twelve men, all of whom were killed or wounded. The Sixth Regiment, to which it was attached, carried in ninety-eight men, and mustered ten for duty at this time. The sharpshooters carried in eighty men, and sixteen remained for duty. Nearly half of our own regiment had fallen, and the Twelfth, Forty first, and Sixteenth Regiments had suffered in like proportion.

During the charge, Capt. John W. Wallace, of Company C, Sixty-first Virginia Regiment, was stricken down with a broken thigh. He lay upon his back, refusing to allow his men to take him from the field till the battle was over, waving his hat and urging his men to "Go on; go forward."

When Maj. W. H. Etheredge, of the Forty-first Regiment, jumped into the ditch, a brave Federal in the front line fired through the traverse and killed a soldier at his side. He immediately dropped his empty musket and snatched another from a covering comrade to kill Maj. Etheredge. At this juncture the Major, with remarkable self-possession, caught up two Federals, who were crouching in the ditch, and held their heads together between himself and his determined opponent, swinging them to and fro to cover the sight of the musket, the Federal doing his best to uncover it so as to unharm his friends by his bullet. Peter Gibbs, of the Forty-first Virginia Regiment, rushed to the assistance of the Major, and killed his foe. Gibbs was a gallant soldier, and fought with great desperation. It was said at the time that he slew fourteen men that day.

The Alabamians made a grand charge under a terrible fire, reaching the crest of the "Crater" without faltering, and here a short struggle ensued. They tumbled muskets, clubs, clods of earth, and cannon balls into the excavation on the heads of the enemy with telling effect. This novel warfare lasted only a few minutes, when Bartlett ordered up the white flag, and about five hundred prisoners marched to our rear. The negroes among them were very much alarmed, and vociferously implored for their lives. One old cornfield hand exclaimed: "My God, massa, I never p'inted a gun at a white man in all my life; dem nasty, stinkin' Yankees fotch us here, an' we didn't want to come fus!"

The appearance of this rough, irregular hole beggars description. It was estimated that it contained six hundred bodies. The importance of reconstructing this broken line of earthworks at once prevented the removal of these bodies; therefore they were buried as they had fallen, in one indiscriminate heap. Spades were brought in, and the earth thrown from the sides of the "Crater" until they were covered a sufficient depth. By three o'clock in the afternoon all was over, and we were enjoying a welcome truce. [Here follows an account of the odor on that hot afternoon, that is omitted from this account.]

There were thousands of captured arms around us, and during the night some of our men would shoot ramrods at the enemy just for the fun of hearing them whiz. One that was sent over drew from a Federal the exclamation: "Great God, Johnnie! you are throwing turkey spits and stringing us together over here. Stop it!"

A correspondent of one of the New York dailies, writing a description of this battle from accounts obtained from wounded officers who had arrived at Washington, uses the following language: "Often have the Confederates won encomiums for valor, but never before did they fight with such uncontrollable desperation. It appeared

as if our troops were at their mercy, standing helpless or running in terror, and shot down like dogs. No such scene has been witnessed in any battle of the war. The charge of the enemy against the negro troops was terrific. With fearful yells they rushed down against them. The negroes at once ran back, breaking through the line of white troops in the rear. Again and again their officers tried to rally them. Words and blows were useless. They were victims of an uncontrollable terror, and human agency could not stop them."

A bright and beautiful Sabbath followed, and nothing of moment occurred. At least three thousand of the Federal dead were still on the field, putrifying under the scorching rays of the sun. I remember a negro between the lines, who had both legs blown off, crawled to the outside of our works, stuck three muskets in the ground, and threw a small piece of tent cloth over them to shelter his head from the hot sunshine. Some of our men managed to shove up a cup of water to him, which he drank, and immediately commenced frothing at the mouth, and died in a very short time afterward. He had lived in this condition for nearly twenty-four hours.

On Monday morning a truce was granted, and the Federals sent out details to bury their dead between the lines. They dug a long ditch, and placed the bodies crosswise, several layers up, and refilled the ditch, and thus ended the tragic scenes of three days in and around the "Crater."

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

BY J. C. TAYLOR.

THE sun had set in all his glory
O'er a field of ice and snow,
O'er a field stained red and gory
With the lifeblood of the foe.

There on a drift of snow transplanted
Was the banner of the brave,
Pointing upward, ever upward,
Like the cause it could not save.

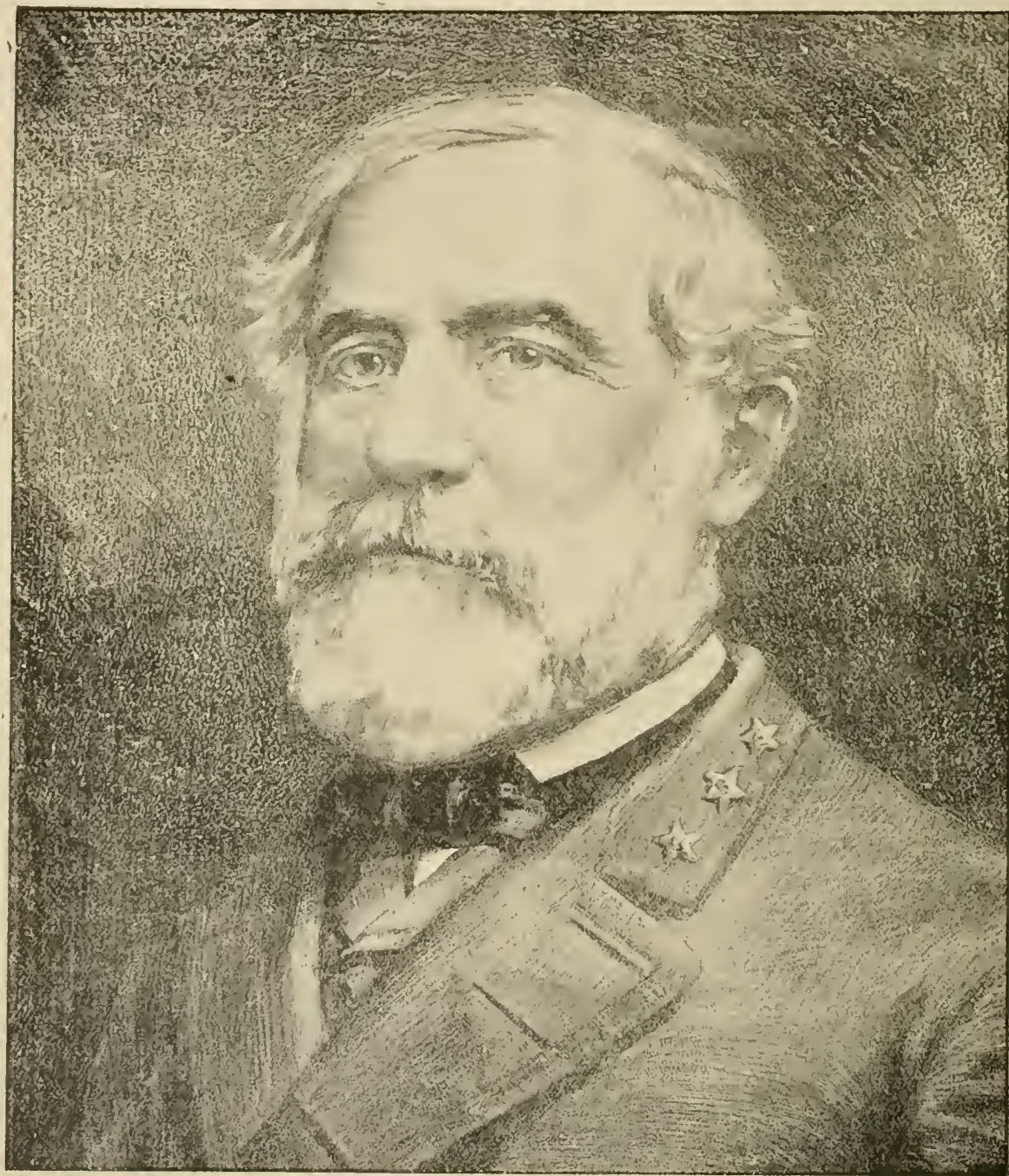
The snow-white field bright red was dyed
With the lifeblood of their country's pride;
Men who had shown themselves so brave
Now passed to glory and the grave.

Three cheers for the glorious ensign,
And three for the cause divine,
And three for Lee's brave soldier boys
Who fought, but all in vain.

And that banner pointing upward,
Ever upward to the sky,
Borne by an angel's small white hand
Shall be token of our Southern land,
And shall keep afresh the memory
Of that glorious band of LEE.

[The foregoing was written by a youth when fourteen. The author is the son of Mr. C. A. Taylor, of Richmond, Passenger Agent R., F. and P. R. R., who, though scarce of gray hairs, is a Confederate veteran.]

J. L. Cook, of Macon, Ga., sends the VETERAN a batch of Confederate official papers, the sight of which revives pathetic memories. Conspicuous in the lot is Voucher No. 9, paid July 9, 1863. It is a regular muster roll of Company I, Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, and for two months previous to May 1st, and is on "Confederate" paper.



GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY J. WM. JONES.

In complying with the request of the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to furnish a short sketch of our grand old chieftain, R. E. Lee, the difficulty is not want of ample material, but to compress within the required space even a small part of the things which crowd mind, memory and heart whenever we think of

"The knightliest of the knightly race,
Who since the days of old,
Have kept the fires of chivalry,
Aglow in hearts of gold."

The son of "Light Horse Harry Lee" of the Revolution, and descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors who played conspicuous parts in English History, a careful Genealogist has traced his ancestry back to King Robert the Bruce.

But ROBERT EDWARD LEE needs no royal lineage to fix his place in history, or account for his stainless character and noble deeds, for he was himself a born leader, a very King of Men, and derives no lustre from even royal ancestry.

So bright, cheerful and manly as a boy he met so fully his obligations at school and home that his widowed mother exclaimed, when he was leaving for the Military Academy at West Point, "How can I do without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me."

He passed through the academy and graduated second in a brilliant class without ever receiving a single demerit. Of the bright galaxy of American officers in the Mexican war, no other won greater fame, or performed more distinguished service. He was covered with "brevets" for "gallant and meritorious service," and General Scott did not hesitate to speak of him as "the very best soldier I ever saw in the field."

In 1852 he became Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and introduced a number of changes, and reforms which abundantly showed his capacity as Superintendent of the Academy, and manager of young men.

In 1855 the famous "Second Cavalry" Regiment was formed, and Hon. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War appointed to it that splendid corps of officers among whom were Albert Sidney Johnston, Colonel; Robert Edward Lee, Lieutenant Colonel; Geo. H. Thomas, and Wm. J. Hardee, Majors; Earl Van Dorn, John B. Hood, E. Kirby-Smith, Stoneman, and others, Captains; and Fitz. Lee, and others, Lieutenants.

Happening at home on furlough he was sent to Harper's Ferry to command the Marines who captured John Brown who was then "firing the first gun" of the great war that was to follow.

In March 1861 he came from his regiment on the frontier of Texas, in obedience to orders summoning him to Washington, and was made full Colonel of Cavalry. General Scott and other friends used all of their influence to induce him to "stand by the old flag," and he was offered the supreme command of the Federal army in the field. But although not a secessionist, and ardently attached to the Union, and the old flag and saying emphatically, "If the millions of slaves in the South were mine I would free them with a stroke of the pen to avert this war," he promptly replied to Mr. Lincoln's messenger, the elder Blair, "I cannot bear arms against my state, my home, my children." He went at once to General Scott, told

him his decision, resisted all of his entreaties, and the next day wrote his famous letter of resignation.

He was made Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces by the "Virginia Convention," and afterward full General in the Confederate Army, Gens. Sidney Johnston and Cooper ranking him. His services in organizing the new levees (in the West Virginia campaign, where the failure was due to causes beyond his control), and in preparing the seacoast fortifications of South Carolina and Georgia for the magnificent defense they afterward made, were all invaluable, but may not be detailed here.

When Gen. J. E. Johnston was wounded at Seven Pines the last of May, 1862, and Gen. Lee put in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, the situation was perilous in the extreme. McClellan, with 105,000 men, was strongly fortified within sight of the spires of Richmond, with 10,000 more men at Fortress Monroe, and McDowell's column of 40,000 which was to have moved down from Fredericksburg, only detained by the brilliant "valley campaign" of Stonewall Jackson. Lee's plans were soon formed and brilliantly executed. Sending Stuart on his famous "ride around McClellan," he secured the information he wanted as to the enemy's position, ordered Jackson to join him, concentrated other troops which swelled his numbers to 78,000 (the largest army he ever commanded) and then, by a series of splendid maneuvers and brilliant victories, forced McClellan to cower under the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing, defeated John Pope on the plains of Manassas, drove his army into the fortifications at Washington, and sent him to fight Indians in the West, and persecute gallant Fitz John Porter at Washington. Then followed the advance into Maryland, the capture of Harper's Ferry, the battle of Sharpsburg, where Lee, with 33,000 men, defeated every effort of McClellan's 87,000 to drive him from the field; and the battle of first Fredericksburg, where those plains were made forever historic as "Burnside's slaughter pen."

In May, 1863, Lee, with 52,000 men, won over Hooker's 132,000 the splendid victory of Chancellorsville, attacking Hooker in his entrenchments and driving him pell-mell across the river. Then followed the Pennsylvania campaign, in which Lee captured Milroy's garrison, artillery, wagons, and immense supplies at Winchester, and with 62,000 men fought Meade's 105,000 at Gettysburg, where he won a decided victory on the first day, gained important advantages on the second day, and was defeated on the third day, only because (as he always believed and said to his intimate friends) of the failure of Longstreet to carry out his orders.

In the campaign of 1864 Gen. Grant had more than 275,000 men in four converging columns (in South-western Virginia, the Valley, Culpeper, and up the James), which set out simultaneously to capture Richmond, and the world never saw armies more splendidly equipped. To oppose this mighty host Gen. Lee could muster, all told, during the campaign, scarce 75,000 men, destitute of every thing save the heroic courage and patient endurance of as true soldiers as history records. The result of the summer campaign was that after losing more men than Lee had Grant sat down to the siege of Petersburg—a position which he might have taken at first without firing a shot or losing a man—while Lee made his lines impregnable to a direct assault, and sent Early's Corps to defeat Hunter

and threaten Washington. He had outgeneraled Grant at every point and defeated him in every battle. Then followed the siege of Petersburg and that slow process of "attrition" by which Lee's army was reduced to 33,000 half-starved men to hold over forty miles of breastworks, and the thin lines were stretched until they broke, the retreat to Appomattox begun, and 7,800 ragged, starved heroes stacked their bright muskets, parked their blackened guns (nearly every piece wrested from the enemy in battle—two of them that very morning), and yielded to the "overwhelming numbers and resources" which surrounded them.

But grand as he was in war, Lee was even grander in peace. Refusing every offer of pecuniary assistance, he only sought a place for honest work, and accepted the Presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., where, as he expressed it, he "could teach young men to do their duty in life." He was only spared to fill this position five years, but even that brief time (I do not hesitate to declare from personal observation and careful study) he proved himself the greatest college President this country ever produced. It was my privilege to follow his standard during the war, and to see something of him during those stirring days, but my prouder privilege to know him intimately during the five years of his life in Lexington, and to have had free access to his private letters and papers. I speak, then, from careful personal observation and full study of his character and career, when I unhesitatingly pronounce him not only the greatest soldier but the noblest gentleman, the truest patriot, the purest man that ever figured in American history. And far above all this, he was one of the humblest, sincerest, most consecrated Christians whom I ever met. Taking Christ as his personal Savior, and fully trusting in him alone for salvation, he was a constant reader and student of God's word, a man of prayer, an earnest and efficient worker for the salvation of others, "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile," who lived and died in the service of the Great Captain, and now wears his glittering crown.

That crown with fadeless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

University of Virginia, Nov. 28, 1893.

Senator Ben Hill is credited with this tribute:

He possessed every virtue of the other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as 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!

DISLODGE the sentiment that this publication is only for veterans. It should be more for those who were not in the war, since its contents will make them more patriotic and prouder of their ancestry. The war was not against the principles of our parent government.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—SHARPSBURG.

Gen. H. Heth, of the "Antietam Board," War Department, sends a superb map of the battle ground with this letter:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1893.—Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.—Sir: Inclosed please find map No. 1, first of a series, illustrating the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, fought September 17, 1862. Working under an act of Congress we (the Board) are engaged in marking the lines of battle of the Union and Confederate Armies engaged in that great battle, the bloodiest of the war. It was a breast to breast fight, no breastworks were used except the natural breastworks that the field afforded. More men were placed hors de combat on that day than on any other one day of the war. At Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, and Spottsylvania the fighting covered three days, or more; at the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Shiloh, Stones River, Chickamauga and Atlanta the losses were divided between two days, but the bloody work at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, commenced at daybreak and ended about 4 o'clock the same day. Gen. Lee, in his report of this battle, says, page 151, Vol. XIX., War Records, "This great battle was fought by less than 40,000 men on our side." Gen. Lee displayed in this battle what a consummate master he was of grand tactics, absolutely necessary on this day, as he was outnumbered more than two to one.

The Tennessee infantry regiments engaged in the battle of Sharpsburg were the First Tennessee (Provisional Army), Seventh and Fourteenth, Jackson's Corps, Hill's (A. P.) Division, Archer's Brigade.

THE splendid picture of the Daniel Boone Statue, exhibited at the World's Fair, was presented with pride in the gifted daughter of a Kentucky Confederate, who secured one of the three medals given to women by the management of the great Exposition. The dedication of the statue was a most interesting event. When Col. R. T. Durrett, who was selected to unveil it, had given an interesting sketch of the life of Daniel Boone he grasped the ropes and, giving them a vigorous jerk, the American flag which had enfolded the statue parted and fell to its feet. A great shout went up, and there were calls for Miss Yandell, who appeared for a moment on the balcony overlooking her artistic creation.

Col. W. O. Bradley, the orator of the day, while speaking of eminent men of the State, said:

"From Kentucky came the two chief actors in our last memorable struggle—Lincoln and Davis. The one, imbued with the zealous faith of Peter the hermit, wielded the ax of Richard; the other, endowed with the chivalry of Bayard, wielded the scimitar of Saladin. It is not proper at this time that we should enter into a discussion of the cause or merit of that great conflict. Nature, with vines and flowers, has obliterated every mark that defaced the landscape, the roar of cannon has been succeeded by the sad, sweet notes of the dove, while time has healed every wound, and with fingers kindly deft erased malicious hate from every heart."

THE BIRTHDAY OF LEE.

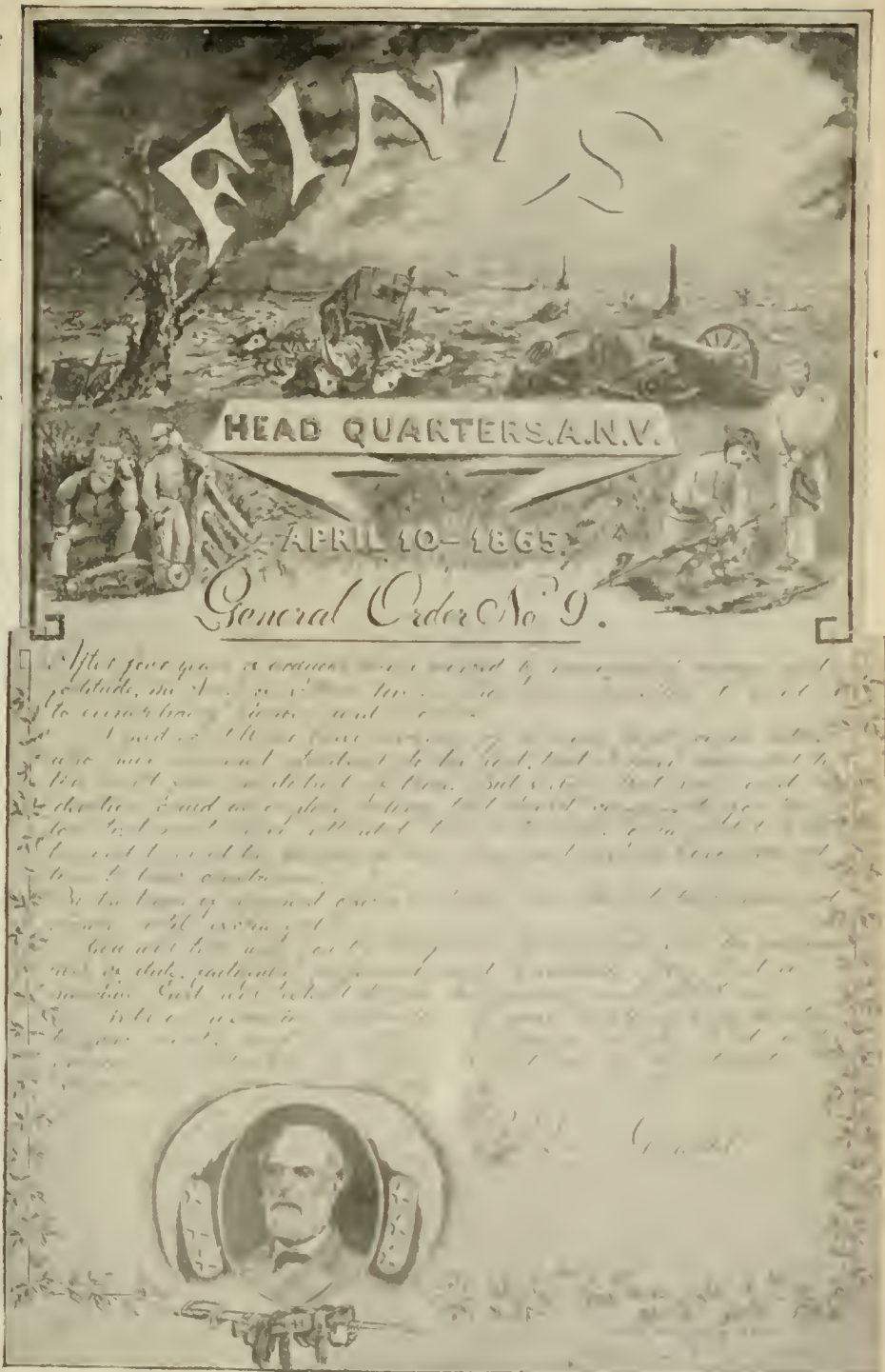
ANNUAL DINNER IN HIS HONOR
BY THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
CAMP OF NEW YORK.

THE Confederate Veteran Camp of New York gave its third annual banquet on January 19, Gen. Lee's birthday. Among the distinguished guests present were Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis and daughter, Miss Winnie. The Camp arose in honor of the "first woman" and the "daughter of the Confederacy." There was on the stage a large oil painting of Gen. Lee. Maj. Edward Owen managed the proceedings with high credit.

Of the responses by guests invited who could not attend, Mr. Cleveland wrote: "It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation if other engagements permitted, but the cares and duties now pressing upon my time are too numerous to permit of my attendance." Mr. Cleveland's name was heartily cheered, and so was that of T. W. Topham, commander of U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., who wrote: "I should be glad to help honor the memory of one of America's greatest soldiers." A similar statement from Gen. McMahon was also applauded heartily.

One of the leading speakers, ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, in speaking of Lee, said: "He was not misled by military politicians. In one of his letters he wrote: 'I can conceive of no greater evil than the dissolution of the Union.' When he returned to Virginia all his pride and devotion to the army inspired him to remain with it. He was told he could have command of the Union army if he remained. This was a dazzling offer. But he believed that his first duty was to Virginia, and when Virginia called he felt it his duty to answer without regard to personal considerations."

The speaker paid an eloquent tribute to Gen. Lee's virtues, his Christian character, his resignation in the hour of defeat, his courage and breadth of mind. In closing, Mr. Thompson said: "I deem it fortunate that



GEN. LEE'S LAST ORDER TO CONFEDERATES.

we have lived to see this day, never again to see brother arrayed against brother. We are fortunate to have lived to see what Grant prayed for and Lee labored for."

THE VETERAN takes much pleasure in publishing that the Southern Express Company, through its agency at Nashville, has been unstinting in its liberality for the promotion of the Davis monument and for the advancement of its interests.

Written for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

LEE.

BY R. H. DYKERS, WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

He fought the fight to finish,
And his soldier work is done;
Lee ever stands immortal!
Freedom's model of a son.

We've tried to mold his features,
To clothe him with a form;
To hold him up for men to see
How much he can adorn.

He came not home triumphant,
But a hero he did come;
With honor pure, unsullied,
And a love excelled by none.

No pathway strewn with flowers
Welcomed Lee back from the war,
But an anguish for his country
And the ruined homes he saw.

He who could stand undaunted
'Midst the crash and clang of arms
Grew grander when disabled,
Leading comrades to their farms.

For he trod the path of duty,
And he won respect and fame—
The proudest wreath of laurels
That a mortal man can claim.

'Tis not the smoke of battle,
The carnage, or the flame;
But we hold our Lee close to us,
We love to call his name.

And we shall tell all we know of him.
And the nation yet unborn
Shall learn to know and love him
Like the fathers that have gone.

FATE OF TWO FLAGS.

C. H. SMART, NASHVILLE, TENN.

THE younger generation can hardly realize the horrors of war. They listen to the stories of the battles, of how the bullets flew and the men dropped one by one, but still they fail to realize the deadly execution of the minie ball or the shot from a squirrel rifle.

The post of honor, as well as danger, in a battle is that of the color guard. Attached to the right center company of a regiment, the guard is composed of a sergeant and seven corporals, whose duty it is to carry the colors; and as the colors are most frequently the point of attack, it makes them the place of danger, for to lose them is a disgrace, to capture them an honor. In victory they were the salient point of the enemy's attack in their attempts to dislodge the victors, regain their lost ground, and capture the colors. In the repulse of a charge they were the rallying point of those who came out with their lives.

As an illustration of how dangerous is the position of

a color guard and how badly a flag can be riddled with bullets I present you with two specimens, one flag from each army. The first is the battle flag of the Forty-ninth Georgia Infantry. The spearhead is lashed to the staff with a piece of rope, bullet-imbedded in the staff. The flag is inscribed with the names of the battles in which it was borne—Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, Ma-



nassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Shepherdstown.

The second flag is that of the Second Wisconsin Infantry, of the famous Iron Brigade. It bears no device



except the name of the regiment. This regiment, according to "Fox's Regimental Losses in the Civil War," sustained the greatest percentage of loss of any in the entire Union Army—19.7 per cent.—and the brigade to which it belonged, according to its numbers, the heaviest of any of the war, the regimental loss being 238, and the brigade loss 1,131.

These two flags were indeed where the bullets fell the thickest.

[Concluded from page 27.]

she applied confidently to him to see that she was restored to her home, as she was advised she had a right to it. She had entertained him at her house, and her husband had been his friend when he needed friends.

This letter presented her case much better than I had presented it in my petition to Gen. Fisk. A woman can write much better than a man when her feelings are enlisted. I told Mrs. Donelson that her letter was well conceived and better executed. It was mailed to the President, and when he received it Judge East, of Tennessee, happened to be at the White House on business with the President. The Judge said that when the President received Mrs. Donelson's letter and read it he got into a towering passion, and swore that her father, Gov. Branch, was the first public man that ever noticed him or spoke a kind word to him; that one morning when he was out very early sweeping the pavement in front of the shop in which he was learning the tailor's trade a tall, gray-haired man came walking by and spoke kindly to him, commending his industry, and said: "That is right, my son; always be honest and industrious and you will make a man of yourself." He told him he was Gov. Branch, and gave him a silver half-dollar to keep in remembrance of him and the advice he had given. The President said he had the half-dollar then with him at the White House, and he ordered his private secretary, Browning, to go and get it; he wanted to show it to Judge East.

The President then ordered his secretary to send a telegram to Gen. Fisk (which was done that night) to give up the farm to Mrs. Donelson. Gen. Fisk paid no attention to the dispatch, believing, as he told me, that it was bogus. Mrs. Donelson waited some weeks and received no reply to her letter. I told her to write again, as the letter might have miscarried. This was answered, and a peremptory order made on Gen. Fisk to give up the place to Mrs. Donelson, and report to the President immediately why he had not complied with his first order; and if his reasons were not entirely satisfactory, some one would be put in his place who would obey orders.

Fisk came near losing his position, and he made up for the delay in action by immediate restoration of everything possible to the Donelson family.

The foregoing story is given simply as a reminiscence of war times. Judge Lawrence, who is referred to, was connected with the Union forces through much of the war, and made friendships for valiant services in behalf of citizens who were maltreated by the army. The family of the late Col. G. A. Washington will ever remember his kindness to them when two sets of soldiers went to Wessyngton and got into a quarrel over which should take his life because he had killed a soldier while stealing one of his horses.

THE CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.

A clever correspondent sends us the following:

"It is not generally known," said Gen. Rufus Saxton, in June last, at West Point Academy, "that the Confederate uniform was designed at West Point. It happened in this way: I was an instructor of artillery at the academy from May 1, 1859, to September, 1860. My quarters were in the east tower of the cadet barracks. Gen. Simon B. Buckner, who was Adjutant General of Kentucky, came here for the purpose of obtaining a new

uniform for the troops of that State. We agreed that the handsomest uniform was the cadet gray. He and I worked on it for several days. I remember suggesting to him that there was a good opening in one of the departments for a relative of his, and that he received the information very coldly. Buckner went South, and the uniform we had decided upon became that of the Confederate army."

MY LOVE AND I.

BY ASA HARTZ, PRISONER OF WAR.

My love reposes on a rosewood frame;

A bunk have I.

A couch of feathery down fills up the same;

Mine's straw, but dry.

She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh;

With waking eyes I watch the hours go by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state,

And so do I (?).

The richest viands flank her silver plate;

Coarse grub have I.

Pure wine she sips at ease, her thirst to slake;

I pump my drink from Erie's crystal lake.

My love has all the world at will to roam;

Three acres I.

She goes abroad or quiet stays at home;

So cannot I.

Bright angels watch around her couch at night;

A Yank with loaded gun keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles now stretch between

My love and I.

To her, this winter night, calm, cold, serene,

I waft a sigh,

And hope with all my earnestness of soul

To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole.

There's hope ahead! We'll some day meet again,

My love and I;

We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then.

Her love-lit eye

Will all my many troubles then beguile,

And keep this wayward Reb from Johnson's Isle.

Johnson's Island, February, 1864.

The above is published in compliment to a comrade who copied this paper when written, and has kept it all these years. It is not in good spirit. The prisoner's "love" was not in luxury. She gave many a "sigh," and she had not "all the world at will to roam." It will be helpful to recall the errors in it.

W. A. C., COLUMBUS, MISS.: "Company B of the Forty-third Mississippi Infantry, had a veritable camel, belonging to Lieut. W. H. H—, and the use he was put to was to carry the baggage of the officers' mess. The horses of the command were afraid of the camel, and the driver was instructed to stop just outside the camp when it halted. But in a forced march toward Iuka, Miss., the command had just halted after dark, and the camel and driver got in the line of march before he knew it. The result was that a horse made a break with a fence rail attached to his halter, and, running through the camp, he stampeded men and animals in every direction. Many men took trees or any other protection, and the panic spread through much of the brigade, and many men and animals were badly hurt, and one or two horses, I think, were killed. The camel was in the siege of Vicksburg and was killed there by a minie ball from the enemy. But none of the Forty-third have forgotten the stampede near Iuka, Miss., just before the battle of Corinth."



THE "HERMITAGE," RESIDENCE OF "OLD HICKORY," ANDREW JACKSON.

THE "HERMITAGE."

The Ladies' Hermitage Association was organized in 1889, and the State Legislature conveyed the house and twenty-five acres of land, that they might preserve the property as a perpetual memorial to General Andrew Jackson. In the residence are the portraits and household furniture belonging to General Jackson, numbering four hundred pieces. These have been in the "Hermitage" nearly three-quarters of a century, and they speak of his life, and remind an observer of the times and character of the great hero.

The Ladies'

Hermitage Association has worked indefatigably to purchase these works, which are the property of Col. Andrew Jackson, and are now making a final struggle to raise the purchase money—viz., \$17,500. They are making constant appeals to the public for this sum. Should they fail, the "Hermitage," the home of the old hero of New Orleans, will be dismantled. "The walls will testify, and empty rooms will speak of the lack of appreciation of his countrymen. These historic works will be scattered throughout the country, their owners being compelled by financial necessity to part with them for a moneyed value and the State of Tennessee and the 'Hermitage' itself will lose these beautiful mementos of the past."

The Association, in redeeming its trust to the State, has put a new roof upon the building, painted the exterior, refenced the twenty-five acres, and restored the old historic cabin from almost utter decay. Other minor improvements have exhausted their treasury as fast as the moneys were accumulated, but they do not despair of finally raising this money. They hold an option expiring July 1, of this year.

Mrs. Judge Nathaniel Baxter, President; and Mrs.



GRAND HALLWAY AT THE "HERMITAGE," NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN.

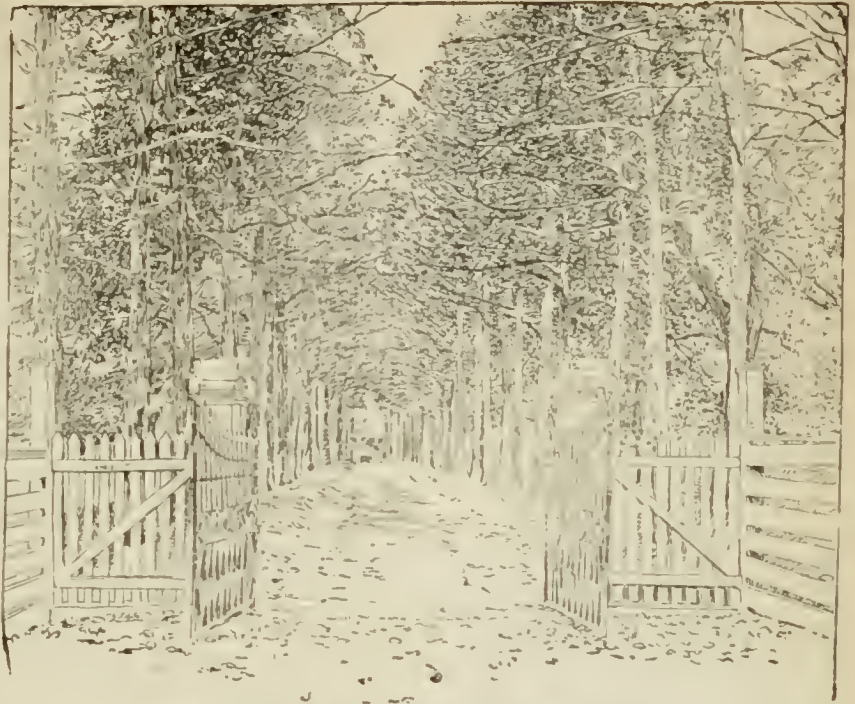
Duncan R. Dorris, the Secretary, have worked with unremitting zeal for this cause. The inscriptions on the tomb are:
On the shaft:

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

Born March 16th, 1767. Died June 8th, 1845.

On a slab, placed there evidently by the General:

Here lie the remains of Mrs. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound but could not dishonor; even death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God.



CEDAR AVENUE, ENTRANCE TO THE "HERMITAGE."

Andrew Jackson and the "Hermitage" may not seem especially pertinent in this book; and yet, and yet "Old Hickory," the "Nullifier," was a patriot, and the South honors his memory.

A UNION VETERAN COMMENTS.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 3, 1893.

Dear Sir: A few days since, on my way from Chicago home to this place, I discovered on the car seat in front of me a publication of some kind, and upon examination I found it to be a monthly entitled CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for June. We of the North have some very handsome and attractive-looking persons of the opposite sex, but I know of none more so than Mrs. Maggie Davis Hayes, as represented on the front leaf of your publication. I met Miss Maggie Davis in Washington with her father when a little girl.

Your cut of "Shiloh Church" looks as natural as on January 1, 1862, with the exception of the "Sibley tents." I took very great pleasure in reading the extract of T. M. Hurst's address on the "great battle of Shiloh."

With respect, HENRY WARREN.

THE St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, in writing of the VETERAN, says: "It abounds with interesting facts and incidents concerning men and things in the late war and after the war. Mention is made of prominent actors on both sides, but always in a spirit of fraternity and good will. It may, then, be read with interest and pleasure by people in all sections of the country."



TOMB OF ANDREW AND RACHEL JACKSON.

WHEN AND WHERE FATHER RYAN DIED.

THE Poet Priest of the South, Rev. A. J. Ryan, died at St. Boniface Franciscan Convent, Louisville, Ky. What a sorrow seemed to have veiled the life and death of this sweet hard and true poet, so loved by the people of the South! There is a breath of sadness in every line of his verses, as there ever was a shade of melancholy in his face. As a prophet he thus described with wonderful accuracy his own sad last hours:

He was dying fast, and the hours went by;
Ah! desolate hours were they.
His mind had hidden away somewhere
Back of a fretted and wearied brow,
Ere he passed from life away.

He passed from this world away at 9 P.M. on the 22d day of April, 1886, at the age of forty-six. He died among strangers who had never known him, yet they were friends, for they left nothing undone for him that human sympathy or Christian charity could suggest. The ex-Confederates of Louisville escorted his remains to the depot. He was buried at Mobile, Ala. Few men possess the power of so withdrawing from the world around them, and living within the realm of thought, as he did; and it is a singular fact that to the thousands who knew and loved him his death was a surprise, and that his funeral was comparatively unattended. EDWIN DRURY.

FATHER RYAN'S GRAVE.

IN the January number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN there is a statement that Father Ryan's grave is "without even a stone to mark his resting place." This is quite an old story. I here send you a sketch I have made from the "lonely grave," to let the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN know that Father Ryan has not been so neglected. The flowers in the bowl and the nicely clipped grass around the slab show that some one visits the place.

Father Ryan has a very handsome monument; and though not very elaborate, it is of the finest marble. At the base of the cross is inscribed: "Father Ryan; may he rest in peace. Born May 12, 1840; died April 22, 1886." At the head of the slab is a circle, within which is carved the Confederate flag, and beneath is, "Rev. A. J. Ryan, died April 22, 1886. Priest, Patriot, and Poet. R. T. P." While on a visit in the North last year I heard the same statement, that Father Ryan's grave was neglected, and as a Mobilian, and a daughter of one of the boys who wore the gray, I felt some pride about the matter, and when I got home I set to work to inform myself on the subject, and found in the little Catholic cemetery this beautiful monument, instead of a lonely grave covered with weeds.

LULU TOOMER.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

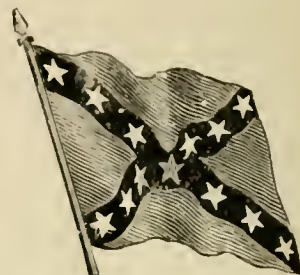
FURL that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it,
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down—'tis tattered,
Broken is its shaft and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high,
O 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

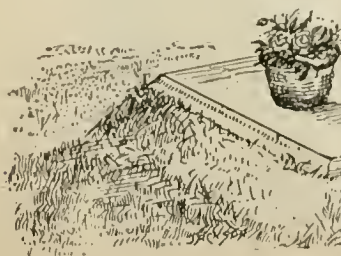
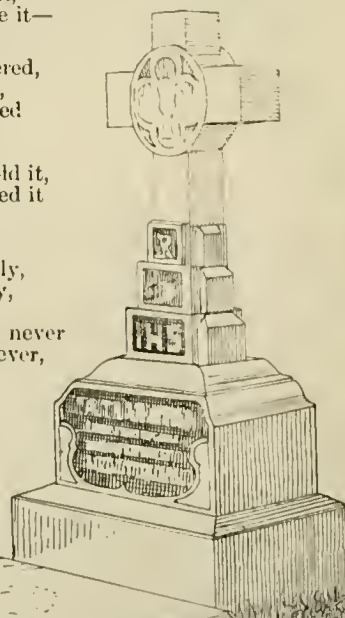
Furl that banner, furl it sadly—
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand, wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave,
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped
it,
And the hearts that fondly
clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;

And the banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And O wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.



Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages;
Furl its folds though now we must,
Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.



UNIVERSITY PRESS, NASHVILLE.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

THE CARNAGE AS SEEN FROM THE CENTER OF THE CONFLICT.

BY S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE VETERAN.

THE removal of Gen. Johnston and the appointment of Hood to succeed him in command of the Army of Tennessee was an astounding event. So devoted to Johnston were his men that the presence and immediate command of Gen. Lee would not have been accepted without complaint. They were so satisfied that even in retreat they did not lose their faith in ultimate success. They were not reconciled to the change until the day before the battle of Franklin. The successful crossing of Duck River that morning at an early hour and the march to Spring Hill, where the Federal retreat was so nearly cut off (a failure for which it was understood Gen. Hood was not to blame), created an enthusiasm for him equal to that entertained for Stonewall Jackson after his extraordinary achievements. That night the extensive valley east of Spring Hill was lighted up by our thousands of camp fires in plain view of and close proximity to the retreating lines of the enemy. The next morning, as we marched in quick time toward Franklin, we were confirmed in our impressions of Federal alarm. I counted on the way thirty-four wagons that had been abandoned on the smooth turnpike. In some instances whole teams of mules had been killed to prevent their capture. A few miles south of Franklin the Federal lines of infantry were deployed, and our progress was checked; but we pressed them without delay until they retired behind the outer works about the town. Soon after they withdrew from the range of the hills south, overlooking the place, and we were advanced to its crest. I happened, though in line of battle (as I was "right guide" to my regiment), to be close to where Gen. Hood halted his staff and rode along to the top of the hill, and with his field glasses surveyed the situation. It was an extraordinary moment. Those of us who were near could see, as private soldiers rarely did, the position of both armies. Although Franklin was some two miles in the distance, the plain presented a scene of great commotion. But I was absorbed in the one man whose mind was deciding the fate of thousands. With an arm and a leg in the grave, and the consciousness that he had not until within a couple of days won the confidence which his army had in his predecessor, he had now a very trying ordeal to pass through. It was all important to act, if at all, at once. He rode back to the nearest of his subordinate generals, and, shaking hands with him cordially, announced his decision to make an immediate charge. He said: "We will make the fight."

No event of the war, perhaps, showed a scene equal to this. The range of hills upon which he formed offered the best view of the battlefield, with but little exposure to danger, and there were hundreds collected there as spectators. Our ranks were being extended rapidly to the right and left. In Franklin there was the utmost confusion. The enemy was greatly excited. We could see them running to and fro. Wagon trains were being pressed across the Harpeth River and on toward Nashville. Gen. Lowrey, of Cleburne's Division, made a speech to his men. Our brigadier general, Strahl, was quiet, and there was an expression of sadness on his face. The soldiers were full of ardor and confident of success. They had unbounded faith in Gen. Hood, whom they believed would achieve a victory that would give us Nashville. Such was the spirit of the army as the signal was given

which set it in motion. Our generals were ready, and some of them rode in front of our main line. With a quick step we moved forward to the sound of stirring music. This is the only battle that I was in—and they were many—where bands of music were used. I was right guide to the Forty-first Tennessee. Marching four paces to the front, I had an opportunity of viewing my comrades, and I well remember the look of determination that was on every face. Our bold movement caused the enemy to give up, without much firing, its advance line. As they fell back at double-quick, our men rushed forward, even though they had to face the grim line of breastworks just at the edge of town.

Before we were in proper distance for small arms the artillery opened on both sides. Our guns, firing over our heads from the hills in the rear, used ammunition without stint, while the enemy's batteries were at constant play upon our lines. When they withdrew to their main line of works it was as one even plain for a mile. About fifty yards in front of their breastworks we came in contact with formidable *chevaux-de-frise*, over or through which it was very difficult to pass. Why half of us were not killed yet remains a mystery, for after moving forward so great a distance, all the time under fire, the detention immediately in their front gave them a very great advantage. We arrived at the works and some of our men, after a club fight at the trenches, got over. The colors of my regiment were carried inside, and when the arm that held them was shot off they fell to the ground and remained until morning. Cleburne's men dashed at the works; but their gallant leader was shot dead, and they gave way, so that the enemy remained on our flank and kept up a constant enfilading fire.

Our left also failed to hold the works, and for a short distance we remained and fought until the ditch was almost full of dead men. Night came on soon after the hard fighting began, and we fired at the flash of each other's guns. Holding the enemy's lines, as we continued to do on this part of them, we were terribly massacred by the enfilade firing. The works were so high that those who fired the guns were obliged to get a footing in the embankment, exposing themselves in addition to their flank to a fire by men in houses. One especially severe was that from Mr. Carter's, immediately in my front. I was near to 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 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 to 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 left alive. It seems as if we had no choice but to surrender or try to get away, and when I asked the Gen-

eral 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 sank 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, the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Col. Stafford was. His staff officers started to carry him to the rear, but he received another shot, and directly the third, which killed him instantly. Col. Stafford was dead in the pile, as the



FAMOUS LITTLE CHURCH AT SHILOH, TENN.

morning light disclosed, with his feet wedged in at the bottom, with other dead across and under him after he fell, leaving his body half standing, as if ready to give command to the dead!

By that time only a handful of us were left on that part of the line, and as I was sure that our condition was not known, I ran to the rear to report to Gen. John C. Brown, commanding the division. I met Maj. Hampton, of his staff, who told me that Gen. Brown was wounded and that Gen. Strahl was in command. This assured me that those in command did not know the real situation, so I went on the hunt for Gen. Cheatham. By and by relief was sent to the front. This done, nature gave way. My shoulder was black with bruises from firing, and it seemed that no moisture was left in my system. Utterly exhausted, I sank upon the ground and tried to sleep. The battle was over and I could do no more; but animated still with concern for the fate of comrades, I returned to the awful spectacle in search of some who year after year had been at my side. Ah! the loyalty of faithful comrades in such a struggle!

These personal recollections are all that I can give, as the greater part of the battle was fought after nightfall, and once in the midst of it, with but the light of the flashing guns, I could see only what passed directly under my own eyes. True, the moon was shining, but the dense smoke and dust so filled the air as to weaken its benefits, like a heavy fall before the rising sun, only there was no promise of the fog disappearing. Our spirits were crushed. It was indeed the Valley of Death.

This brief story has been published within five years in nearly every prominent daily paper in the South.

STORY OF AN EPITAPH.

Soon after the fall of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh and the transfer of his remains to New Orleans, a lady visiting the cemetery found pinned to a rough board that rested on the temporary tomb the following beautiful epitaph. It was written in a delicate hand with a pencil, and the rain had nearly obliterated the characters, but she made a verbatim copy of the manuscript and sent it to one of the New Orleans papers with the request that if possible the name of the author should be published. This was gladly done, and the exquisite lines went the rounds of the press of this country and England as a model of English composition. Lord Palmerston pronounced it "a modern classic, Ciceronian in its language." Public curiosity being aroused, the authorship was traced to John Dimitry, a young native of New Orleans, and a son of Alexander Dimitry, who before the war occupied a distinguished position in the State Department at Washington. Young Dimitry, though only a boy, served in Johnston's army at Shiloh, and on visiting New Orleans and the grave of his dead chieftain wrote the lines on the inspiration of the moment and modestly pinned them on the headboard as the only tribute he could offer. When the question arose concerning the form of epitaph to be placed on the monument erected to the memory of the dead Confederate general the committee of citizens in charge, with one voice, decided upon this, and it is now inscribed upon the broad panel at the base of the statue.

IN MEMORY.

Beyond this stone is laid,
For a season,
Albert Sidney Johnston,
A General in the Army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,
On the sixth day of April, A. D.,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;
A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all:
His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;
And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.
Not wholly understood was he while he lived;
But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears.
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure;
In his honor—impregnable;
In his simplicity—sublime.
No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion;
No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim
Than the dead soldier
Who sleeps here.
The cause for which he perished is lost—
The people for whom he fought are crushed—
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—
The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines,
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time which,
Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.
In honor, now, our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him,
Three commonwealths proudly claim him
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience
Unmixed with blame,
Have been, in all conjectures, true to themselves, their country,
and their God.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY ANNIE JOHNSTON, SAVANNAH, TENN.

From its sources in the mountains,
Gushing forth from many a glen,
With its many crystal fountains
Far beyond the haunts of men,
Swelling fast and roaring louder
In its mighty power and glee,
Sweeping on by lonely Shiloh,
Flows the grand old Tennessee.

Sunshine beams in tender glory,
Springtime breezes softly blow
O'er the spot that soon in story
A bloody name is doomed to know.
April showers fall like teardrops
Where men's graves are soon to be,
On the grass-grown soil of Shiloh,
Near the shores of Tennessee.

Sunset shed its parting splendor
O'er the landscape calm and still,
Stars come out and gaze in tender
Pity o'er the death-doomed hill;
Midnight falls, and white-winged spirits,
Flitting o'er the world in glee,
Pause and gaze on lovely Shiloh,
Near the shores of Tennessee.

But with sunrise sounds a death note,
E'en the cannon clear and loud,
And in fierce and deadly combat
Face to face two armies crowd!
Louder, hotter grows the battle,
As the men on both sides see
They must fight like men at Shiloh,
On the shores of Tennessee!

And as noonday's lurid glory
Once more gilds the Southern sky,
On the field, upturned and gory,
Many hearts all pulseless lie!
Johnston, with the rest, lies dying—
What a grand, good man was he!
His brave soul takes flight at Shiloh,
Shiloh on the Tennessee!

Once again night's peaceful curtain
Falls around the death-strewn place,
Until morn it is not certain
Which side victory's honors grace:
But with dawn the battle rages,
And it shortly proves to be
That her own are doomed at Shiloh,
Shiloh on the Tennessee.

Once more midnight's holy breezes
Kiss the upturned faces there,
As many a manly bosom freezes,
Many a death groan cuts the air.
Many a wife is left a widow,
Many a mother's heart will be
Broken as the news from Shiloh
Is wafted down the Tennessee.

Angels through the air seem wailing
O'er the world that faints in tears,
For in blood and dust lie trailing
Hopes that once could feel no fears;
And they droop their wings in sadness
As in blood they bend the knee,
Bow their heads and weep o'er Shiloh,
Shiloh on the Tennessee.

GEN. GRANT AT SHILOH.

A NASHVILLE LADY GIVES VALUABLE HISTORIC TESTIMONY.

MRS. W. H. CHERRY, of Nashville, Tenn., pays fine tribute to Gen. Grant. The home of the lady was, at the

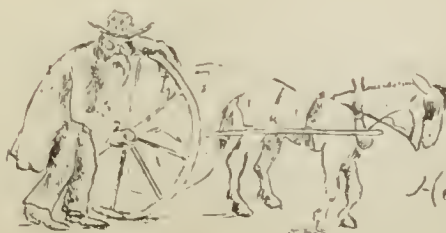
time mentioned, on the Tennessee River bluff at Savannah, a few miles below where the battle of Shiloh was fought:

I believe Gen. Grant was thoroughly sober. He was at my breakfast table when he heard the report from a cannon. Holding, untasted, a cup of coffee, he paused in conversation to listen a moment at the report of another cannon. He hastily arose, saying to his staff officers: "Gentlemen, the ball is in motion; let's be off." His flagship (as he called his special steamboat) was lying at the wharf, and in fifteen minutes he, staff officers, orderlies, clerks, and horses had embarked.

During the weeks of his occupancy of my house he always demeaned himself as a gentleman; was kind, courteous, genial, and considerate, and never appeared in my presence in a state of intoxication. He was uniformly kind to citizens, irrespective of politics, and whenever the brutality to citizens so frequently indulged in by the soldiers was made known to him, he at once sent orders for the release of the captives or restoration of the property appropriated. As a proof of his thoughtful kindness, I mention that during the battle on Sunday he wrote and sent to my mother a safeguard to prevent her home being used as a hospital. Yielding to the appeals of humanity, she did, however, open her home to the wounded and sick for three months in succession, often ministering to their wants and necessities in person. In such high esteem did Gen. Grant hold such magnanimity under the most aggravating circumstances, that he thanked her most cordially, assuring her that, considering the great losses and gross indignities she had received from the soldiers, her nobility of soul was more to be admired than the fame of a general leading an army of victorious soldiers.

On one occasion he asked to be introduced to my mother and family, saying, "If you have no objections to introducing me, I will be much pleased." I replied: "Not because you are a great general, but because I believe you to be a gentleman, I will unhesitatingly introduce you to them." In deference to the fact that I was a Southern lady, with Southern proclivities, he attired himself in a full suit of citizen's clothes, and, touching himself on the shoulder, said, "I thought you would like this best," evincing gentlemanly instincts of which the honors of war or merited promotion had not deprived him.

I feel that it is due to the surviving members of Gen. Grant's family to mention some evidences of his great-heartedness as shown in kindness to Southern people. "Military necessity" was not to him a term synonymous with unlicensed vandalism or approval of terrorism. He was too great and too true to his manhood to be fettered by prejudice.



I can't go
any farther
until I get
some
Grease

Head Quarters

N B Forrest Camp
U C V.

GEN. A. P. HILL.

PARTIAL SKETCH OF HIS THRILLING CAREER, BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES.

If an intimate personal acquaintance, warm friendship, and close association with him during the most eventful period of his life, an ardent admiration for his character, a high estimate of his ability as a soldier, a full knowledge of his career, a sincere love for the man, and an honest desire to vindicate his name and fame at the bar of history constitute qualifications to speak of A. P. Hill, then I think I may, without improper egotism, claim that I have at least some right to be heard on this noble theme.

I first met A. P. Hill at his old home in Culpeper, where the bright buttons, lithe figure, and manly bearing of the West Point cadet "at home on furlough" attracted my boyish fancy and excited my boyhood's ambition that I, too, might go to West Point and be a soldier.

It seems but yesterday that I saw in Culpeper and in Washington the young artillery officer whom I so much admired, or when I met him in Culpeper when he had just brought to his old home his bride, the beautiful and accomplished sister of the afterward famous Confederate general, John H. Morgan.

When at Harper's Ferry in the spring of 1861 the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment was organized of volunteer companies, who were among the first in Virginia to take the field, and which I had the high honor of being "high private in the rear rank," it was with great joy that I recognized in the new colonel my old friend, A. P. Hill. From that day to the close of his life I watched his brilliant career as he rose through the successive grades of brigadier general, major general, and lieutenant general. Since the war I have studied his history in the light of the official records, and my admiration for the man and the soldier has steadily increased as the years have gone on.

A. P. Hill was one of the most thoroughly accomplished soldiers whom the war produced. Educated at West Point in the palmy days of the academy, he had graduated with honor; and devoted as he was to his profession, he had, as a young artillery officer in the United States army, earnestly studied the great campaigns of the great soldiers of history, and sought by every other means in his power to perfect himself in all that pertains to the art of war, or the details of the duties of the soldier. He was, therefore, considered by his fellow-soldiers as high authority in everything pertaining to military matters.

When appointed colonel of the Thirteenth Virginia regiment at Harper's Ferry in the early spring of 1861, he proceeded at once to organize, equip, drill, and discipline his regiment until it was soon pronounced one of the finest in the service.

NOT EVEN TIME TO PREACH.

I well remember how rigidly he enforced his orders for frequent drills. I had never myself been a member of any volunteer company until the "Louisa Blues" were called into service on the memorable 17th day of April, 1861, and I felt it my duty to enlist soon afterward in the ranks of that company. The first Sunday I spent at Harper's Ferry I made several appointments to preach; but I was put in the "awkward squad," drilled six hours that day, and sent on picket that night, so that I did not get an opportunity of wedging in a sermon.

I am sure your readers will pardon the natural pride of an old soldier in his own regiment if I shall say that there was no better regiment in the army than the old Thirteenth Virginia, which gave to the Confederacy one lieutenant general, one major general (James A. Walker), and one brigadier general (J. E. B. Terrill)—a regiment of which Gen. R. E. Lee once said to me in Lexington, "It was one of the best regiments I ever saw in the field," and which Jeb Stuart, Stonewall Jackson,



GEN. A. P. HILL.

Ewell, Early, and others mentioned in terms of high praise in official reports. I would not detract from the just meed of praise due to the other field officers, the company officers, and the rank and file, which was composed of as splendid material as ever kept step to the music of Dixie, yet it is but simple justice to say that the after efficiency of that grand old regiment resulted in no small measure from the impress left upon it by its first colonel, A. P. Hill.

During the winter at Manassas Gen. Hill was for most of the time in command of the brigade, and so mingled rigid discipline and kind consideration for the command as to win the respect, admiration, and love of the whole brigade, as he had always had of his own regiment.

MADE BRIGADIER GENERAL.

In the early days of 1862 Gen. Hill received his well-deserved promotion, and with his commission as brigadier general was put in command of the famous old brigade which Longstreet had commanded.

When Gen. Lee (with that far-reaching strategy and bold determination which preëminently characterized him) decided that instead of waiting for McClellan to take the initiative he would himself attack the enemy in

his intrenchments and drive him from before Richmond, he assigned to A. P. Hill the important and delicate duty of crossing the Chickahomny at Meadow Bridge and moving down on the enemy at Mechanicsville to drive him off, so that Longstreet and D. H. Hill could cross at that point and join in the further advance.

An important part of the plan was that Stonewall Jackson, fresh from his splendid Valley campaign, should move from Ashland and flank the position at Mechanicsville and Ellerson's Mill. But Jackson was detained by the burning of the bridges, the felling of timber across the roads by which he moved, etc., twenty-four hours beyond the time that he told Gen. Lee that it would be necessary for him to consume in making the march; and fearing that the enemy might discover Gen. Huber's weakness below Richmond, and march over him into the city, Gen. Lee decided that it was best to wait no longer for Jackson, and ordered A. P. Hill to advance on the enemy. This he did in superb style.

I shall never forget the thrilling scene in Jackson's corps as A. P. Hill's guns opened at Mechanicsville on that memorable afternoon of the 26th of June, 1862, and the "foot cavalry" made the hills and valleys and woods ring with their Confederate yells as they eagerly pressed forward with anticipation of coming victory. Hill moved forward in fine style, and drove the enemy from their position at Mechanicsville, thus opening the way for Longstreet and D. H. Hill, whose divisions were thrown across the Chickahomny at that point.

In the early morning of the 27th of June the Confederate troops on the north side were in motion, and the Federal forces, under gallant Fitz John Porter, awaited them in positions naturally strong, but which had been fortified with all the appliances of engineering skill and ample material.

LITTLE POWELL A STRIKING FIGURE.

It was my privilege to see that day a number of our leading generals: our grand old chieftain, R. E. Lee, clad in a uniform of simple gray and having the bearing of a king of men; Stonewall Jackson, in his dingy uniform, mounted on "Little Sorrell," sucking a lemon and evidently very impatient at the delay in the advance of his column; stern old Ewell, who impressed one as being every inch a soldier; Jeb Stuart, in his fighting jacket, and with the bearing of the "flower of cavaliers," and others who were "winning their spurs." But no soldier whom I saw on that historic day impressed me more than A. P. Hill. Dressed in a fatigue jacket of gray flannel, his felt hat slouched over his noble brow, sitting his horse with easy grace, glancing with his eagle eye along his column as it hurried past him into battle, and yet taking time from his pressing duties to give me a warm grasp of the hand and a cordial greeting as he inquired after "the boys of the old Thirteenth," I was more impressed than ever before with his soldierly bearing, and said to a friend as he rode off: "Little Powell will do his full duty to-day." And right well was this prophecy fulfilled. Encountering the enemy in his strong position and heavy intrenchments near Cold Harbor about 2 o'clock p.m., Hill bore the brunt of the fight for about two hours, until Jackson got into position, and Longstreet went to his assistance, and then bore his full share in the grand charge which swept the field along the whole line of Cold Harbor and Gaines's Mill, capturing fourteen pieces of artillery and many prisoners, and driving the enemy in great confusion from every position. I may not give in detail the further movements of

those seven days of carnage and Confederate victory, which raised the siege of Richmond and drove McClellan's splendid army to the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing.

THE BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM.

No soldier bore a more conspicuous part or won more laurels in those great battles than A. P. Hill. He especially distinguished himself and covered with glory his "Light Division" in the battle of Frazier's Farm, where alone at first, and afterward supported by Longstreet, he made a fight and won a victory which Gen. Lee had designed to make complete by having Stonewall Jackson cross Whiteoak Swamp and strike the enemy in flank and rear—a movement which Jackson, for once in his brilliant career, pronounced "impracticable," and failed to execute. It was during these movements that an incident occurred of which President Davis told with evident gusto. The President was reconnoitering at the front when he met Gen. Lee on the same business, and remonstrated with him, saying: "This is no place for the commander of the army." The General gently explained, and rejoined: "It seems to me that this is clearly no place for the commander in chief of all our armies." "Just then," said Mr. Davis, in telling me the incident, "gallant little A. P. Hill galloped up, and exclaimed: 'What are you two doing here? This is no place for either of you, and as commander of this part of the field I order you both to the rear.'" "We will obey your orders," was the laughing reply, and they moved a little to the rear and became absorbed in a consultation about the situation, when Hill again galloped up and exclaimed: "Did I not order you away from here? and did you not promise to obey me? Why, one shot from that battery over there might deprive the Army of Northern Virginia of its commander and the Confederacy of its President."

SEEN AT HIS BEST.

After the brief rest succeeding the seven days around Richmond, Hill was assigned to Jackson's corps and sent to join him near Gordonsville. He was an active participant in the battle of Cedar Run, where Jackson defeated his old "Quartermaster General Banks," and led his "Light Division" on the field just as some of Jackson's troops had been thrown into great confusion, and just in time to turn the tide of battle and save the day.

As I saw him at the crisis, with coat off and saber drawn, throwing out skirmishers to stop stragglers, tearing off the bars of a lieutenant who was skulking to the rear, and giving his clear, crisp orders as he hurried his veterans into the fight and hurled back the blue lines who were advancing flushed with victory, he seemed to me the very personification of the genius of battle, the very beau ideal of the soldier.

At second Manassas, during the crisis of the struggle for the famous railroad cut, Hill sent a staff officer to inquire of brave old Maxey Gregg how he was getting on. "Tell him," said the old hero, "that our ammunition is exhausted, but rocks are very plentiful, and we will hold our position with them until we can get ammunition." Sending his staff and couriers to fill their haversacks and pockets with cartridges and distribute them to the men, Hill himself galloped to the line and excited the wildest enthusiasm as his clarion voice rang out: "Good for you, boys! Give them the rocks and the bayonet, and hold your position, and I will soon have ammunition and reinforcements for you."

CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Crossing with the army into Maryland, A. P. Hill performed a most important part in the capture of Harper's Ferry, with its garrison of 11,000 troops, a large number of small arms, seventy-three pieces of artillery, and an immense supply of stores of every description. He was left to parole the prisoners and secure the stores, while Jackson hurried to Sharpsburg, leaving him orders to follow as rapidly as possible.

Hill's forced march from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburg and his rush into the battle at the critical juncture, changing the whole face of affairs, and converting threatened disaster into splendid victory, are among the most brilliant achievements of the war. With 2,000 of the advance of his division he rushed on the field at double-quick, and with the help of other troops, who rallied at his coming, checked Burnside's victorious legions, and then drove them back in such confusion that he was soon calling piteously for reinforcements, and McClellan sent him that famous message: "I have not a man to spare you. If you cannot hold your advanced position, then hold the bridge to the last extremity. The bridge! The bridge to the last man! All is lost if the bridge should be lost."

AT HAMILTON'S CROSSING.

A. P. Hill remained with Jackson in the Valley, led his advance across the mountains to join Lee at Fredericksburg, held the front line near Hamilton's Crossing on December 13th, and contributed his full share toward winning that great victory. I remember seeing him after the battle visiting, as was his custom, his field hospitals, looking after the comfort of his wounded, and with his own hands lifting some of the poor fellows into more comfortable positions.

I may add that I met no general during the war who was more careful to make proper provision for his sick and wounded, who gave more personal attention to them, or who was more tender and sympathetic to the suffering.

He greatly enjoyed the rest of the winter at his headquarters near Moss Neck, enlivened as they were by the sunshine of the presence of wife and babies, but he diligently employed his time in preparing his "Light Division"—now bronzed veterans of many a glorious field—for the next campaign.

With Jackson on his march to Chancellorsville and flank march to Hooker's rear, he was moving his division into line of battle to take the advance when Jackson was shot down by his own men, and, after giving his chief needed personal attention, Hill hurried to assume command of the corps and finish the brilliant movement which Jackson had so auspiciously begun; but he was wounded himself soon after, and compelled to relinquish the command and leave to Jeb Stuart—dashing, glorious Jeb Stuart—who was sent for and put in command, the glory of carrying line after line of the enemy's breastworks, as he gave the old corps the watchword, "Charge, and remember Jackson," and rode at the head of the charging columns, singing in clear notes that were heard above the din of battle:

"Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the wilderness?"

Soon after Chancellorsville A. P. Hill was put in command of the Second corps until the Army of Northern Virginia was divided into three corps, Longstreet being retained in command of the First, grim and gallant old Ewell being promoted to the command of the Second,

and A. P. Hill being made lieutenant general and placed in command of the Third corps, which was made to consist of Heth's, Anderson's, and Pender's divisions.

Gen. James Longstreet, in an article written several years ago for the *Century*, severely criticises Gen. Lee for the promotion of A. P. Hill, naming other officers whom he considered his superiors in merit, saying that Lee recommended it because Hill "was a Virginian;" but Gen. R. E. Lee, in his official letter to President Davis recommending the creation of the three corps and the officers to command them, says that he preferred A. P. Hill because he regarded him as "upon the whole the best soldier of his grade with me." That was a great deal for Gen. Lee, always careful in his recommendations, to say, and the world will take his judgment in preference to that of Gen. Longstreet.

It may not be improper to add that I called the attention of President Davis to Gen. Longstreet's criticism, and asked him if Hill's being a Virginian had anything to do with his promotion, and he wrote me very fully, saying, among other things: "So far from that being true, I should at that time have been glad to have appointed one of the lieutenant generals from another State, as there had been complaint in certain quarters that Virginia was getting more than her share of the promotions. But the truth was that A. P. Hill was so clearly entitled to the place, both on account of his ability as a soldier and the meritorious services he had rendered, that Gen. Lee did not hesitate to recommend him, and I did not hesitate to make the appointment."

And certainly Hill's after career in command of his splendid corps at Gettysburg, in the campaign of 1864, and during the siege of Petersburg, fully justified the good opinions of Lee and Davis.

WOULD NOT LEAVE HIS COMMAND.

I remember how hard I tried to induce him to go to the house of a friend when he lay in his ambulance near Spottsylvania C. H., too sick to mount his horse, and his surgeons begged him to take a "sick leave," but he firmly and persistently replied: "No; I cannot leave my command, and just as soon as possible I shall take charge of my brave fellows again."

COURAGEOUS UNTO DEATH.

But, alas! the end drew nigh. A. P. Hill had spent a delightful winter at Petersburg, cheered by the presence of his wife and children, but his health was poor and his surgeons had persuaded him to take a "sick furlough" and rest for a season at the house of a relative in Chesterfield County, but he had left strict injunctions with his staff to be notified of any threatened movement, and accordingly on Saturday, the 1st of April, he hastened back to his headquarters, and when his thin line—"stretched until it broke," as Gen. Lee expressed it—was cut in sunder in the early hours of Sunday, April 2, Hill at once galloped to the scene and exerted himself with even more than his accustomed gallantry to reestablish his lines.

Finding this impossible, for the enemy outnumbered him fully five to one, and he had no reserves, he determined to reach and take personal command of the part of his corps which had been cut off, and it was in this brave attempt that he was shot down and instantly killed by a squad of the enemy whose surrender he had demanded.

His body was recovered by a charge of the members of his staff and the headquarters guard, and was tempo-

rarily buried at the home in Chesterfield, whence he came to take command of his corps.

No general orders announced his death, no guard of honor attended his burial; for the grand old army of which he had been so conspicuous a member had taken up its sad march to Appomattox C. H.

But he has lived in the hearts of his old corps and of loving comrades, he will live in life-speaking bronze that loving hands have reared, and he has passed into history as one of the noblest, truest, grandest soldiers of all the bright galaxy that made the infant Confederacy the admiration of the world, and will extort from posterity an indorsation of the noble sentiment of the English bard:

No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crime.



GEN. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, BALTIMORE, MD.

BILL ARP'S FACTORY YARN.

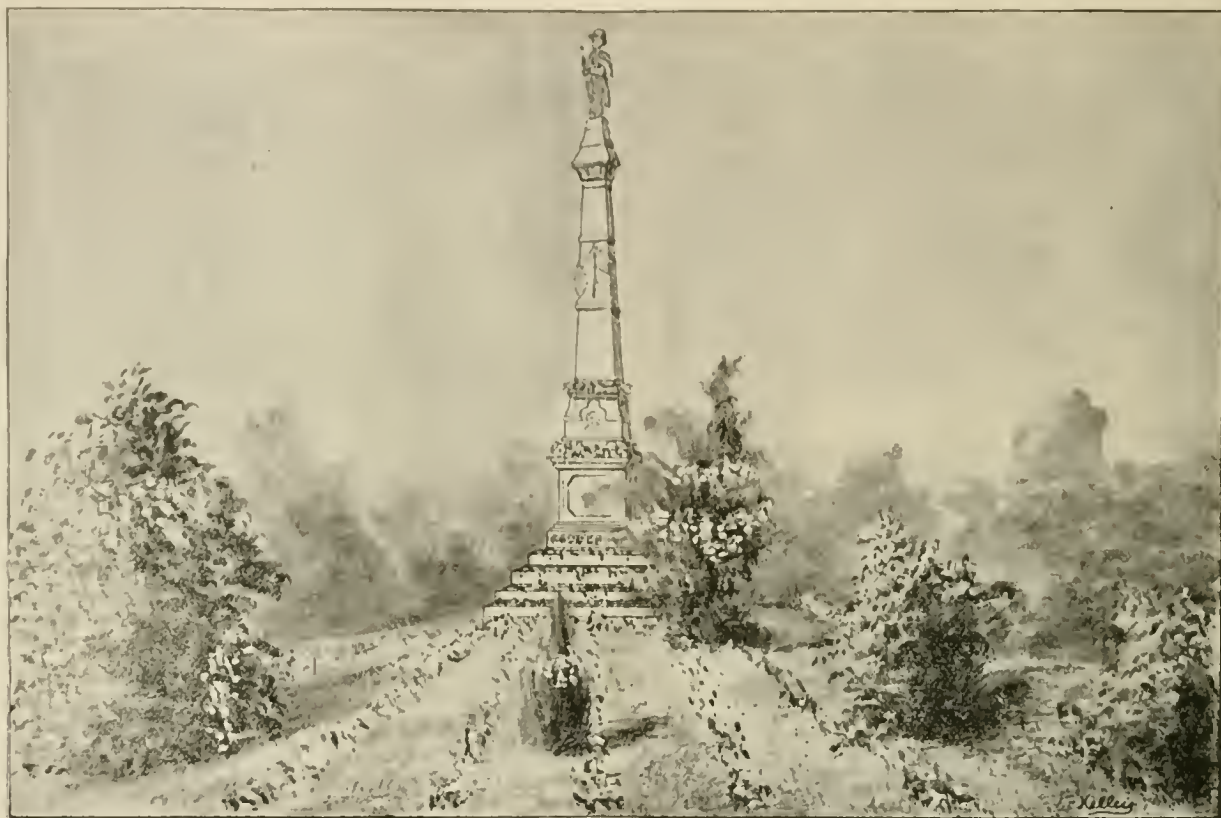
THE signs of the times are very hopeful. Action and reaction is the law of human progress. We make war and we make peace. We abuse one another, and afterward comes the love feast. The pendulum is always swinging. A few years ago a Northern man would hardly have ventured South to tell us what he thought of us. Now he goes and comes and says what he pleases, and his utterances are courteously tolerated. Old Father Time is a wonderful doctor. I have been under his treatment, and find myself better; better in charity and hope and humanity, with broader patriotism and less prejudice, with more philosophy and less bigotry and conceit. I think I am improving daily, and will soon be ready to certify that old Doctor Time is a wonderful man, and that his medicine is good.

Our American people are never as mad with one another as they think they are. It is a kind of surface enmity, while the heart beats warmer than they are willing to admit. Let a yankee and a Georgian meet together in Egypt or Peru, or on the Suez canal, and they instantly become friends, and would defend each other to the very death. The love of country makes us kin, and kindred makes us kind.

When I was a merchant in a country town I managed, somehow, to provoke the enmity of my principal competitor. To avenge himself he put out posters that he would undersell anybody, regardless of cost or profit, and added a codicil that he would sell factory yarn ten cents a bunch cheaper than it could be bought in the village. Determined to keep up with the sensation, I put out my posters to the effect that I was going to sell my goods so cheap that Spence would have to give his away or take down his handbill. The first day of the contest a customer called for two bunches of yarn, 8s and 10s. I didn't have the 10s, but I gave him a bunch of 8s for nothing, on condition that he would buy the 10s at Spence's. He went down forthwith, and asking the price, Spence looked straight at him and said "What did Arp charge you for that bunch?" "Nothing," says he, "he is giving it away." With a spasmodic jerk Spence threw down a bunch on the counter and snapped a dime by the side of it. "There's your yarn, sir, and there's your money. I'll see who can play this little game the longest." Well, I wasn't foolish enough to play it any longer, but from that day our intercourse was much more limited than our animosity. We never came to a pitched battle, but it was a regular skirmish all summer. Early in the fall Spence went to New York, and I followed a few days later. Arriving about midnight, the hotel clerk said that they were very much crowded, but if I didn't mind bedding with a Georgian, he could accommodate me. I was conducted to the room, and as the light shone on my bedfellow's face I saw it was Spence, and Spence saw it was me. There was no time to calculate, or say prayers, and we didn't want any, for no two brothers ever gave each other a more earnest and cordial greeting. From that day until his untimely death we were friends.

REV. DR. E. E. HOSS, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, general organ of the M. E. Church, South: "Nashville, Tenn., December 6, 1893. *My Dear Mr. Cunningham*: I must be allowed to congratulate you on the great success that you have achieved with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. From the beginning it has been a most interesting publication. Of high literary character, breathing a noble spirit of patriotism, and without a trace of bitterness, it is worthy of the highest commendation. That you should, in so short a time, have gotten a *bona fide* subscription list of nearly 7,000 copies in 42 different States and at 1,590 post offices is the best testimony to the merit of the VETERAN.

An advertisement of the "Military Annals of Tennessee (Confederate)" is given on the back cover of this Souvenir. This is doubtless the clearest record of Tennesseans in the Confederate army that ever will be printed. For accuracy and detail the author, Dr. Lindsley, was untiring. The great Publishing House represented by Barbee & Smith is a credit to the country, and is deservedly the pride of the South.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, MT. OLIVET, NASHVILLE, TENN.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

MONUMENT AT NASHVILLE, TENN.—This picture is a good one. The monument is of Vermont granite, and is forty-five feet six inches high. The first base is sixteen feet square; above it there are three gradations, then the tall shaft surmounted by a private soldier of colossal size. In bold letters on upper base are the words, "Confederate Memorial." It cost \$10,500. The other inscriptions are as follows:

Front.—"This shaft honors the valor, devotion, and sacrifice unto death of Confederate soldiers of Tennessee. The winds of heaven, kissing its sides, hymn an everlasting requiem in memory of the unreturning brave."

Rear.—"Erected through the efforts of women of the State in admiration of the chivalry of men who fought in defense of home and fireside, and in their fall sealed a title of unfading affection."

Right.—"In the magnanimous judgment of mankind, who gives up life under a sense of duty to a public deemed just is a hero."

Left.—"The muster roll of our dauntless dead is lost, and their dust dispersed on many fields. This column sentinels each soldier grave as a shrine."

MONUMENTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Concerning Confederate monuments in South Carolina, William E. Breese, President First National Bank, Asheville, N. C., writes: "I notice that you omit South Carolina so far from your list of memorial monuments. I know no State so full of them, and none as fine, except in Richmond. In Charleston the Washington Light Infantry

have erected two, one \$8,000, the other \$13,000; Irish Volunteers, one for \$15,000; Charleston Light Dragoons, \$14,000; German Artillery, \$20,000; Ladies' Memorial Association, \$25,000; one to John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, \$5,000; S. H. Anderson ("Fighting Dick"), \$2,000; Gen. Ripley, \$2,000. The old Citadel Academy and all the churches have on walls and vestibules memorial tablets. Columbia has one, Camden, Cheraw, Greenville, Anderson, etc. I write only from memory, being a former South Carolinian. I have always thought that South Carolina headed the list. The Richmond monuments were from contributions all over the South. The South Carolina monuments are all home affairs."

Newberry, S. C.: "The ladies have erected a monument to the Confederate dead from this county in the courthouse square. It is of marble, and cost \$1,300."

Anderson, S. C.: "Our noble women have organized a Confederate Memorial Association, and are now raising funds to erect a monument in our city."

MONUMENT AT KNOXVILLE.—It is a graceful, well-proportioned shaft, twelve feet square at the base, and twenty-four feet high. It is surmounted with a heroic statue of a private soldier, standing at parade rest. The inscription "commemorates the heroic courage and unshaken constancy of more than 1,600 soldiers of the South, who, in the great war between the States, 1861 to 1865, were inspired by the holiness of a patriotic and impersonal love, and in the mountain passes of Tennessee, whether stricken in field or in hospital ward, gave ungrudgingly their lives to their country."

MONUMENT AT CHICAGO.—In June, 1891, Gen. John C. Underwood was authorized by the ex-Confederate Association of Chicago to raise funds with which to erect a monument at Oakwoods Cemetery, in that city. Starting with a nucleus of \$1,500 raised by that association, through a lecture previously given there by Gen. J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, he, assisted by prominent members of the association, succeeded in raising the necessary funds, and has had erected a handsome monument over the Southern dead in Oakwoods Cemetery.

Citizens of Chicago subscribed \$10,000 for the purpose. There are six thousand Confederate dead buried in Oakwoods.

The monument is of "Pearl" granite from Georgia. The memorial presents a dignified and imposing appearance.

The lower base or platform is fifteen feet six inches square, upon which are laid three other bases; and on the front of one of them, cut in raised and polished letters of bold outlines, are the words "Confederate Dead." The upper base is adorned with a series of rich moldings, and on the front of this stone is placed an enlarged model of the well-known Confederate seal, worked in bronze, representing in relief a mounted soldier (Gen. Washington) inclosed within a wreath wrought by entwining the foliage of products peculiar to the South.

The "die" of the monument is made of one massive stone, the dimensions being six feet square by two feet ten inches high.

On the front side, north face, the following inscription is worked in incised letters upon a polished panel: "Erected to the memory of the six thousand Confederate soldiers here buried, who died in Camp Douglas prison, 1862-65."

On the other three sides are placed artistic bronze panels: that on the east represents the "Call to Arms" at the beginning of the Confederacy. It is a very striking scene, and relates the thrilling story. Figures representing men in various conditions of life—the laborer, artisan, and professional man—are depicted as they are hastening from their avocations to enroll for the war. The panel on the west represents the "Lost Cause." In the foreground of the medallion is an unarmed Confederate soldier in rude and picturesque garb, leaning on a staff. His attitude reveals deep dejection. He is gazing upon a dismantled log cabin. The broken door lies extended across the deserted threshold, part of the roof has been carried away by a round shot, and the house in which he was cradled is a ruin. Near by lie a discarded cannon and war debris and the sun slowly descending in the west, by its departing rays, furnishes an appropriate setting to the picture and lends completion to the idea sought to be expressed by the deft hand of the sculptor.

An elaborate piece of masonry, ornamented with a carved wreath on each of its four gables, forms the crown to the "die" and completes the pedestal; and from it as a base springs the shaft, two feet six inches square at the bottom and twelve feet in height, surmounted with a finely designed battlemented cap which supports a bronze statue of a typical Confederate foot soldier eight feet high.

This statue is true to nature and perfect in detail, even to the placing of the trousers within the socks to guard against dust, a common practice with Confederate infantry.

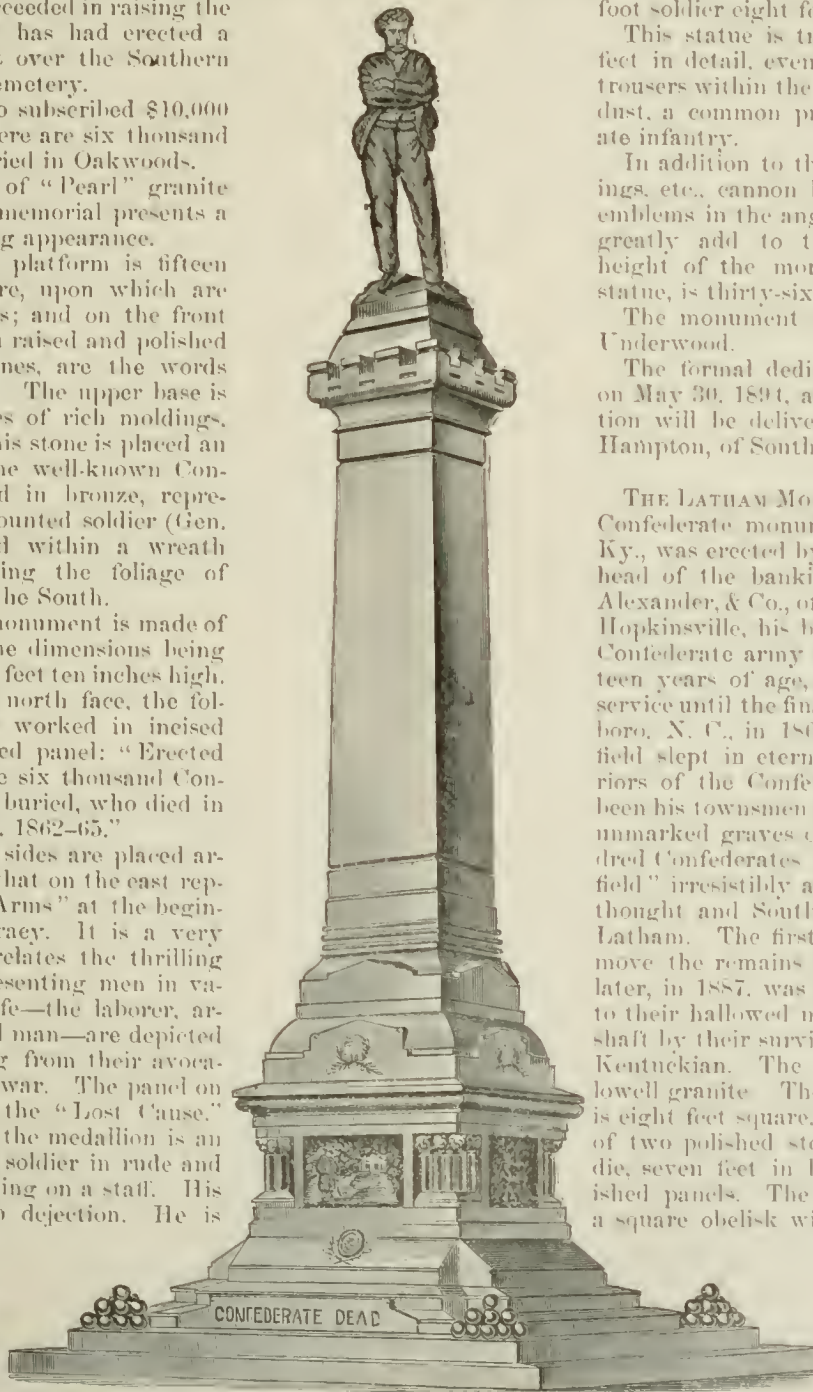
In addition to the bronze panels, carvings, etc., cannon balls piled as military emblems in the angles of the second base greatly add to the effect. The total height of the monument, including the statue, is thirty-six feet six inches.

The monument was designed by Gen. Underwood.

The formal dedication will take place on May 30, 1894, and the dedicatory oration will be delivered by Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina.

THE LATHAM MONUMENT.—The Latham Confederate monument, at Hopkinsville, Ky., was erected by John C. Latham, the head of the banking house of Latham, Alexander, & Co., of Wall Street. He left Hopkinsville, his birthplace, to enter the Confederate army as a private at seventeen years of age, and continued in the service until the final surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. In an unattended field slept in eternal rest the dead warriors of the Confederate army who had been his townsmen and schoolmates. The unmarked graves of more than one hundred Confederates lying in the "potters' field" irresistibly appealed to the tender thought and Southern patriotism of Mr. Latham. The first step was taken to remove the remains to an eligible lot, and later, in 1887, was erected and dedicated to their hallowed memory this handsome shaft by their surviving comrade, a noble Kentuckian. The monument is of Hallowell granite. The base of the structure is eight feet square, supporting a pedestal of two polished stones. Above this the die, seven feet in height, with four polished panels. The die is surmounted by a square obelisk with Corinthian capital, crowned with a pyramid of five polished cannon balls. The whole structure is thirty-seven feet high, elegantly wrought of the finest granite, marked for its classic taste and simplicity.

The monument to 12,000 Confederate dead in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, is a granite pyramid forty-five feet square and ninety feet high, erected by the ladies of Hollywood Memorial Association. It cost about \$50,000.



MONUMENT AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.—All honor to the women and the men of Alexandria, Va., who close by the capital of the nation have erected a superb monument to their own Confederate dead. It is surmounted by a soldier with hat in hand, his arms folded, and standing with his head a little dropped, as if he was preparing to make another vigorous battle—a battle with conditions which mean the recovery of fortune, and redemonstrating merit to distinction as a patriot. An old paper comes to the VETERAN, which says: "For all time will Alexandria bear in her heart of hearts the manner of those gallant men who, on the 21th day of May, 1861, left their homes at the call of public duty, for the monument is inscribed with the names of those Alexandrians, whose homes never saw them again, but the hearts of whose fellow-citizens will enshrine them forever.

'Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished tear has flown,
The story how you fell;
Nor wreck nor change nor winter's blight
Nor time's remorseless doom
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.'

Names of scores who went from Alexandria and never returned are engraved. The other inscription on the monument is: 'Erected to the memory of the Confederate dead of Alexandria, Va., by their surviving comrades, May 24, 1889.' On the south face, and on the north face, the words: 'They died in the consciousness of duty faithfully performed,' will be cut after the unveiling of the memorial." It cost \$4,400.

MONUMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Confederate monument in Greenwood Cemetery, built by the Ladies' Benevolent Association, is of white marble, surmounted by a figure of a Confederate infantryman "on guard." Around the pedestal are the busts of Lee, Sidney Johnston, Polk, and "Stonewall." It was unveiled in 1867. Value, \$25,000.

The monument of the Washington Artillery is a marble shaft on mound, statue of an artilleryman on top, sponge staff in hand. On the base are inscribed the names of those members of the command who were killed or died in service, also the names of sixty engagements in which the command participated. Unveiled February 22, 1880. Value, \$15,000.

The monument of the Army of West Virginia is a column fifty feet above the ground, or thirty-eight feet above the mound on which it stands. On the summit is a stone statue of Stonewall Jackson, eight feet nine inches high. Under the mound are vaults for the dead. Jefferson Davis's remains are deposited there at present. Unveiled in May, 1881. Value, \$25,000.

The monument of the Army of Tennessee is a mound containing tombs for deceased members, surmounted by an equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston in bronze. At the entrance to vaults is a marble life-size figure of a Confederate sergeant calling his roll. Value, \$35,000.

The Robert E. Lee monument is a Doric column of granite on a grassy mound, surmounted by a bronze statue of Lee fifteen feet high. Entire height, one hundred and six feet eight inches. Column, sixty feet. Unveiled February 22, 1884. It is in St. Charles Street. Value, \$40,000.

NATCHEZ, MISS.: "We have built a very handsome monument to our Confederate dead, costing \$3,000. It is a shaft with life-size soldier in marble. Statue made in Italy."

THE MONUMENT AT CAMDEN, S. C.—Dr. John W. Corbett supplies this data: "The corner stone of this monument was laid on the 10th of May, 1883, Memorial Day, and it was completed in June. The railway yard was crowded with coaches and engines. Crowds went in private conveyances from all portions of the county and neighboring counties. The procession contained, besides the civic lodges, four bands of music, sixteen infantry companies, three cavalry companies, and three artillery corps, in all about seven hundred men in uniform. The stand near the monument was richly and profusely decorated with festoons of palmetto leaves and jessamines, and almost completely covering the stand was a great number of battle-scarred flags. Gen. Wade Hampton was the orator of the day. The monument is a cylindrical shaft of marble, four feet in circumference and eight feet high, on a marble base; under this base are three large blocks of Fairfield granite; surmounting the shaft is an urn, on which is a dove; the dove has its wings outstretched and is facing the south; the total height of the monument is twenty feet. The square base to shaft is inscribed as follows: 'This monument is erected by the women of Kershaw County, in memory of her brave sons who fell during the Confederate War, defending the rights and honor of the South;' 'They died for home and country, and are gratefully remembered wherever they be.

Countless hearts have conned their story;
Countless hearts grown brave thereby;
Let us thank the God of glory,
We had such to die.

It is situated at an important street crossing. An iron fence incloses it."

MONUMENTS IN TENNESSEE.—The monument at Clarksville, Tenn., was constructed from Barre granite; its cost, \$7,500.

The Confederate monument in the grassy courthouse yard at Bolivar, Tenn., is very beautiful. It cost \$2,700, is of marble, about thirty feet high from ground to top, urn on top, shaft draped with flag. The ornaments are cannon, tents, drums, flags, etc. Inscription on south side: "To the Confederate dead of Hardeman County." West: "Hardeman County erects this monument to the memory of her sons fallen in the service of the Confederate States." East: "In hope of a joyful resurrection." North:

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

A movement was started for a Confederate monument at Fayetteville, Tenn., but it was abandoned on account of a disastrous cyclone which swept the town.

Jackson, Tenn., has erected a tall shaft, including the figure of a Confederate soldier at parade rest. It is in the courthouse yard.

The people of Tipton County, Tenn., are raising funds for a county monument, and have contributed more than \$50 to the Davis monument.

The ex-Confederate Association of Grayson County, Tex., are preparing to erect on the public square at Sherman a \$2,500 monument to the memory of ex-Confederate soldiers.

MONUMENTS IN RICHMOND.—Monument to 12,000 Confederate dead in Hollywood Cemetery, a granite pyramid forty-five feet square and ninety feet high, erected by the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association at

a cost of \$50,000, now almost covered by that beautiful evergreen vine, the Virginia creeper.

Monuments over the grave of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, in Hollywood Cemetery, to the dead of Pickett's Division and the dead of Otey Battery—both on Gettysburg Hill in Hollywood—and to the Richmond Howitzers, on Howitzer Place, just west of Monroe Park, represent an outlay of approximately \$11,000.

The greatest monument to a Confederate that has ever been erected, size and quality of material considered, is the Lee monument in Richmond. In the reference to it elsewhere no idea of its magnitude can be had, except that it cost \$75,000. A more accurate description may be expected hereafter.

Monument to the Private Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy, in Marshall Park, overlooking the site of Libby Prison, a copy of Pompey's Pillar, surmounted by a heroic bronze figure of the Confederate infantryman, erected by private subscriptions at a cost of about \$50,000.

Heroic statue, in bronze, of Gen. T. J. Jackson, by Foley, presented by admiring Englishmen to the people of Virginia, erected in Capitol Square on a granite base, at the expense of the State. Aggregate cost, about \$15,000.

Bronze equestrian statue of Gen. R. E. Lee, by Mercie, ornamental granite pedestal, from designs by Pujot, at the western extremity of Franklin Street, erected by private subscriptions at a cost of about \$75,000.

Bronze heroic statue of Gen. William C. Wickham, by Valentine, provided by private subscription, and erected in Monroe Park on a granite base at the expense of the city. Total cost, about \$15,000.

Bronze heroic statue of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, by Sheppard, erected over Hill's remains on the Hermitage road, just north of the city, by private subscriptions, at a cost of about \$15,000.

Monument to seventeen thousand Confederate dead in Oakwood Cemetery, a massive granite obelisk, erected by the ladies of the Oakwood Memorial Association, at a cost of about \$5,000.

Monuments are well advanced for an equestrian statue of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and a monument to Gen. John R. Cooke.

CEMETERY AND MONUMENT AT FREDERICKSBURG.—Mrs. J. N. Barney, who raised \$5,100 for the Confederate cemetery, with which marble headstones replaced rotting wood, and a creditable statue of a private soldier was placed in the center, in telling of the work, said: "I received several shower baths of cold water thrown on me by doubting people, who said the South was too busy trying to make a living to attend to putting headstones to its dead soldiers, but I did not mind a word they said. First I put a box on my hall table for the babies to drop pennies in. It was fine fun for the servants to make the little fat hands unfold for the purpose. Then the children brought me the five-cent pieces; boys and girls on their way to school would contribute their money to put tombstones to the soldiers who died to save their homes. I succeeded in stirring my poor, little battle-scarred town until I secured \$250 from voluntary contributors. Then I branched off into all the States. Simply by using my pen and bringing the matter to the hearts of the dear Southern people I raised \$5,100, and you saw the result." In conclusion she said: "We must have that monument to Mr. Davis, and that shortly, while our generation lasts. It is due our lost cause that we should."

WINCHESTER, VA., has erected a \$10,000 monument to the unknown Confederate dead in Stonewall Cemetery. In addition to this principal monument, different States have erected shafts. There is one for Virginia that cost \$1,000. Maryland has a superb structure, capped with a statue of a private soldier, by O'Brien, that cost \$2,500. The statue was made on an order that failed, and the work was secured at a small percentage of its value.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., has honored her soldier dead in a highly creditable way. It is in a monument that cost about \$9,000, is fifty-five feet high, and has a statue on each corner of the base. The statues represent the four branches of service: infantry, cavalry, artillery, and navy.

A MONUMENT is being erected near Newport News, Va., to cost between one and two thousand dollars. It is the work of the Lee Camp of Confederate veterans and their friends at Hampton, Va.

WOODSTOCK, VA.: Subscriptions have been made in this county for the Lee monument at Richmond, Jackson, Lexington, and elsewhere.

SHEPARDSTOWN, VA.: A Confederate monument has been erected at a cost of \$2,500. It is a marble shaft.

CYLEPPER, VA., has a monument that cost \$1,000.

"UNCLE" DAN EMMETT, AUTHOR OF "DIXIE."

A WRITER from Mt. Vernon, Va., during April, 1893, wrote: "'Uncle' Dan Emmett, the composer of the celebrated and soul-stirring song, 'Dixie,' is living here on the bounty of friends. The Actors' Fund of New York has forwarded sums of money from time to time to supply his wants. Uncle Dan is seventy-eight years old, and since he began as a boy of ten to work for a living his life has been one long series of ups and downs, adventures and triumphs. And now, suffering from hardships and poverty, aged and forsaken, he is at work on a life of Daniel Boone in poetry, which is almost completed. He has received word to go to New York, that his friends may demonstrate their kind remembrance of him at a benefit. Asked about the composition of 'Dixie,' Mr. Emmett said: 'In 1859 I was connected with Bryant Brothers' Minstrels, of New York. One Saturday night Jerry Bryant came to me and said: 'Uncle Dan, can't you write me a hurrah walk-around, something to make a noise with, and bring it here for rehearsal next Monday morning?' I told him I thought I could. He said: 'Do so, and bring it.' Going home, Sunday being a rainy day, I composed 'Dixie' for him, and he was so delighted with it that he made us rehearse it all day Monday for the evening performance. It was a 'go' right from the start. When the war broke out Bryant Brothers' Minstrels were forbidden to sing it. It became so unpopular in the North that when the band played it in the streets of New York they were hooted and jeered at.'"

While giving a sketch of Dan Emmett, who wrote "Dixie," it seems fitting to say a word about "Yankee Doodle." The story I get is that for one hundred and thirty-five years it has been a historic air. Few, perhaps, remember that to an English wit and musical genius we are indebted for the old tune. But true it is, although it was composed in a spirit of rivalry, awakened by the sight of the "Yankee Doodles who came to town" in answer to Gen. Amherst's appeal to the colonies for aid.

It was in the summer of 1775 that the British army was encamped on the east bank of the Hudson, a little below Albany. They were to open a campaign against the French Canadians, and the well-disciplined and uniformed troops awaited the arrival of the volunteers. In they came, a motley crowd—old men, middle-aged men, and young men—but all with brave hearts beating and strong arms ready to do battle. Some were mounted on ponies, others on old farm horses, taken from the plow, and many, with zeal which knew no fatigue, hurried on foot. Each carried his own outfit and provisions. No two were dressed alike; there were long coats and short coats, and no coats at all; there were high hats and low hats, covering closely cropped heads or wigs with flowing curls. In they marched, and the regular soldiers made merry at their expense. Even the officers were not better mannered, and the surgeon, Dr. Shackburg, entertained his friends at mess by playing "Yankee Doodle," which he had composed in derision of the volunteers.

Twenty years later "Yankee Doodle" cheered the heroes of Bunker Hill; and later still, more than ever endeared to American hearts, it was exultantly played as Lord Cornwallis's army marched into Washington's camp at Yorktown.

MECHANICSVILLE AND GAINES'S MILL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF M. T. LEDBETTER, PIEDMONT, ALA.

THE following story of Mr. Ledbetter's experience is long even after some condensation, but it is a vivid illustration of how it was. Many young fellows may think strangely at the fear and depression of Confederate soldiers who made so grand a record. Occasionally some heroic soul would seem destitute of fear, but comrades everywhere will recall the dread of battle. The Zeb Vance story about the rabbit on the battlefield is apropos. As it ran to the rear of our lines, the General said: "Go it, Molly Cottontail! If I had no reputation to sustain, I would run too."

Dear Veteran: I wish to give your readers some of my recollections of the "seven days' battle" before Richmond, especially the first two days at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill. I was a private of Company C, Fifth Alabama Battalion, General Archer's brigade. On the evening of June 25, 1862, near sunset, our brigade received orders to cook rations and be ready to march at a moment's warning. On that order we boys began to hustle, for we believed that a big battle was upon us. We could see it in the air. Before we had time to start fires even we received orders to "fall in! fall in!" You could hear the order in every direction. We were directed also to relieve ourselves of all baggage. Well did we know that this order meant a battle. Our knapsacks, blankets, etc., were all soon tumbled into baggage wagons, and we were quickly in line, with our guns glittering in the light of the setting sun, ready to march or do anything else.

Starting on the march, our battalion was ordered to "front face!" and the various company officers made known the cause of the stir and confusion. We were told that fighting would begin on to-morrow and that we must be "brave boys" and stand firm, be true to our country, etc. That was a solemn time to me; I will never forget it. After this another thing was done that

made me more solemn than ever, and it had the same effect upon the other boys. Our commander appeared in our front, with our battle flag in his hand, and said: "Boys, this is our flag; we have no regular color bearer; who will volunteer to carry it? Whoever will, let him step out."

The "god of day" was now setting; all nature seemed to be dressed in mourning. Every man seemed to realize that it was a dangerous position to occupy. It was only a moment though before I stepped out and took it. The officer told me to stand still until he made another call. He then said: "I want five men to go with this color bearer as guard." It was not long before the required number volunteered. I knew that to stand under it in time of battle was hazardous, but I was proud that I had the courage to take the position, for it was a place of honor. The officer in charge ordered us to take our places in line, and soon we were on the march.

We marched all night slowly, occasionally halting. The entire army seemed to be on the move. Everything indicated a great battle. About noon the next day we were halted, and lay down by the roadside. I dropped down by my flag, and was so worn out that I was soon asleep. Suddenly I was awakened from my sweet rest by some of the boys "pounding" me in the side. "Get up! Get up! A big battle is raging, and we are getting ready to go into it." I jumped up quickly, rubbed my eyes, and was soon in my place. We moved off in the direction of heavy firing. Cannon were booming and small arms could be heard distinctly. It was now about 4 o'clock p.m., and in less than one hour we had crossed over the Chickahominy and were into the thickest of the engagement at Mechanicsville. The battle raged furiously until about nine o'clock at night. The casualties of my old battalion were very heavy. We fought under very many disadvantages. The enemy had felled large trees in their front, and it was with great difficulty that we made our way through this entanglement of tree tops, vines, and every other conceivable obstruction under a heavy fire. Many of the boys were killed in trying to get through. I had to wrap my flag around the staff while crawling through this abatis.

My flag was riddled in this battle, having been pierced with ten bullet holes through its folds, while a splinter was torn out of the staff about six inches above my head. I came out, though, without a scratch, and was ready for duty the next day. In these engagements some of the boys were shot down by my side. Two of them, Murphy and Lambert, were killed.

When the firing ceased, our lines fell back a short distance, in a thick woods, and huddled around, talking over the various incidents of the battle. I had escaped unhurt, while many of my comrades were lying cold in death, and many others were badly wounded. Early next morning the enemy furiously shelled the woods we were in, cutting the branches of trees off over our heads. We could do nothing but stand and take it. They kept up this terrific cannonade about one hour. The piece of woodland was full of troops. To our surprise, the cause of all this heavy cannonading was to protect their retreat to the next line of fortifications at Gaines's Mill. About nine o'clock we moved out after them, going over a considerable portion of the battlefield. I well remember Meadow bridge, near which it was said Gen. Lee led a charge in person. I saw many of our soldiers near this famous bridge stuck in the bog up to their knees and dead. We passed over this bridge and pursued the enemy on to Gaines's Mill. Here we found

them strongly protected behind triple lines of heavy earthworks, with head logs to protect them. It looked like foolishness to undertake to move them but they had to be moved. Our brigade crossed the bridge that spans the stream near Gaines's Mill, and we were soon in a deep-cut road. We followed this road about four hundred yards, when we halted and formed a line of battle and moved off in the direction of an old apple orchard, which was on the top of a little knoll about two hundred yards in front. At the foot of this knoll our line halted, and we were ordered to lie down. This order was obeyed quickly. The little knoll afforded very little protection, but we used it for all it was worth. We buried ourselves in the ground for an hour or so. Finally a courier galloped up to Gen. Archer, delivered a message and then galloped off. Then the General walked in front of us and gave the command, "Attention!" in a loud, commanding tone. At this command the whole line arose. The next command was "Forward, march." We moved out in regular line of battle toward the enemy's impregnable lines of breastworks. Our General was in front, leading the charge. About the time we got to the top of the little knoll, the command was given, "Right shoulder, shift arms, charge!" An incessant fire was being poured into our lines. Young Jim Crow, of Company C, was here shot through the arm, right by my side. The regular "rebel yell" was raised, and then across a level plain, through an old field, over deep gullies, for about six hundred yards, we charged the enemy in his stronghold. We got to within about one hundred and fifty yards of their lines, when we delivered our first fire. At this time I kept moving on toward them, not thinking that our lines would fall back or retreat after getting that near, although the fire from the enemy's triple lines was furious and the boys began to waver. Just then Gen. Archer waved his sword over his head and gave the command: "Follow me!" That command was ringing in my ears until I was shot. I moved on—my color guard was near me—until within about fifteen or twenty paces of their front line, when I looked back to see if the boys were coming; just then I was shot through my right hip. I did not know how badly I was wounded; I only knew that I was shot down. I raised up on my hands, like a lizard on a fence rail, and took in the situation as best I could. I soon decided if I could get up I had better do so. It seemed like death either way, but I determined to make the effort to get away. I got up, but I found I could not walk, and if I made the trip at all I would have to drag my leg. I grasped my wounded leg with my right hand and started. Just then I saw four of the boys lying down, but I could not tell whether they were all dead or not. I made my way back, dragging my leg, under a galling fire, when a minie ball struck my left wrist and tore it up and took my thumb at the same time. I mended my gait a little toward a deep gully. Before I reached it I looked back to see if the "Yanks" were coming, and just at that moment a ball cut a little from under my chin. A few more hops and I tumbled down into the deep gully. I wanted to stay there, but the boys insisted that as I was badly wounded I had better try and get to the rear or I would be captured. That scared me up. The thought of being captured, and lying in a Northern prison in my condition, was horrible. I could not stand the thought of such a fate. So I did not remain in the deep gully but a minute or so. Sergeant George Williams (who was afterward killed at Gettysburg) assisted me out of the deep gully. I had

now about six hundred yards to go before I could reach the deep-cut road near the mill. I knew that if I could make it there, I would be pretty safe. My route was strewn with the dead and wounded. They lay so thick that it was with very great difficulty, under the withering fire of grape and canister, that I made it back to the deep-cut road. Over this entire route I dragged my helpless leg. I took shelter behind a large oak tree that stood by the roadside, in sight of Gaines's Mill. I lay down and felt pretty safe, although the shells were bursting all around me. I lay here an hour or more, watching the great number of reinforcements that were passing by, going into the battle, that was raging furiously. Another charge was being made. I could hear them yelling. The wounded were carried back to the mill along this road. I kept a steady watch for our litter bearers. I was anxious to be removed farther to the rear, and I was now in a helpless condition, and it seemed I was dying of thirst. I would have freely given the whole world for a drink of water. Finally four of our litter bearers came along making their way back to the field. I halted them. They had lost their litter in the charge, and were using as a makeshift a big U. S. blanket. They spread the blanket down and placed me on it. In the darkness of the night they missed their way, and I was carried to a North Carolina battlefield hospital, and on that account I failed to receive the attention that I should have had. I remained at this battlefield hospital from Friday evening, June 27, 1862, until about four o'clock Sunday evening, when I was placed in an ambulance, with a Dutchman, who had his leg cut off. He died that night. We arrived in Richmond about midnight. The hospitals in the city were all full. We were hauled around the city from hospital to hospital, and failing to find any room, we were then carried out to Chimborazo, a suburban hospital. Here I found a resting place in Ward No. 32. It was now about two o'clock a.m. Monday. I was very hungry by this time, having eaten nothing since I was shot Friday. I called a servant to my "bunk" and told him I wanted something to eat, that I was starving to death. He said "I am sorry for you, but you will have to do without until regular breakfast." I then called for the ward master. I made an earnest appeal to him, but without success. He said: "It is positively against the rules," etc. Breakfast came about seven o'clock. The servants waited on me nicely, and brought me in plenty to eat.

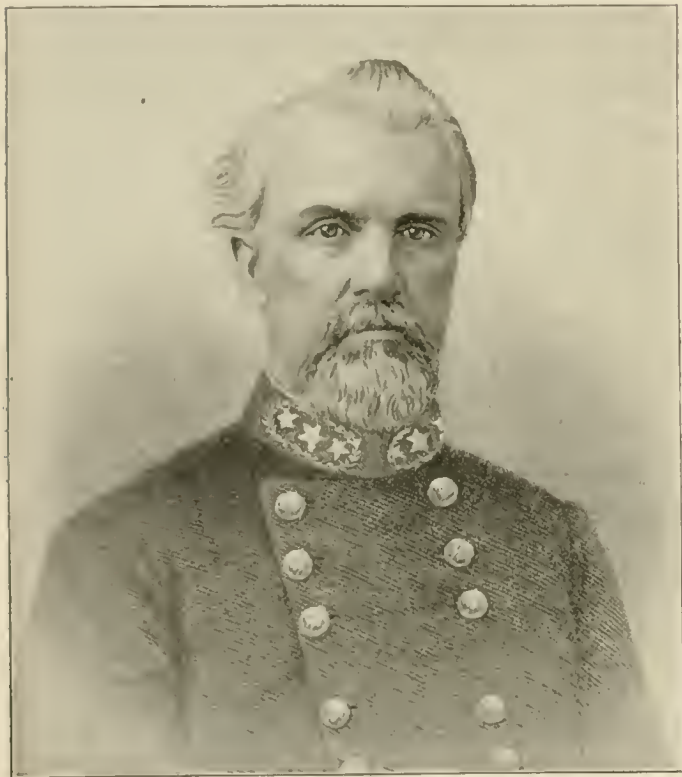
The foregoing is a rough recital of facts of those trying times—times that will ever remain fresh in my memory, and I trust you will give it space in the *VETERAN*, and that it will be interesting matter to many of the dear old comrades.

GEORGE B. LAKE, Edgefield, S. C., writes: "I was in the first regiment organized in the war—Gregg's First Regiment, S. C. V. I saw the first gun fired on Fort Sumter, and was continuously in the service. I commanded the company immediately in rear of the four-gun battery that was blown up at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864, when myself and thirty-four men were buried. Thirty-one men were killed by the explosion, and myself and the other three live men were dug out by the enemy after they captured the works. I was sent from there to Fort Delaware, and released July 1, 1865, after the war had ended. Gregg's First Regiment, S. C. V., was a six months' regiment. The company I commanded at Petersburg the day of the explosion was of the Twenty-second, S. C. V., Co. B."

GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

Born in Bedford County, Tenn., July 13, 1821; died at Memphis, Tenn., October 29, 1877. He removed to Hernando, Miss., in 1842, and was a planter until 1852, when he removed to Memphis.

Gen. Forrest was one of the most remarkable men developed by the war. In fighting he was the Stonewall Jackson of the West. United States Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, in his great speech as orator for the



GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

United Confederate Veterans, at their reunion in New Orleans in April, 1892, said: "Forrest, the 'Wizard of the saddle,' O what genius was in that wonderful man! He felt the field as Blind Tom touches the keys of a piano. 'War means killing,' he said, 'and the way to kill is to get there first with the most men.' There is military science—Napoleon, Stonewall, and Lee—in a nutshell. He was not taught at West Point, but he gave lessons to West Point." Erroneous statements have been published, even in encyclopedias, concerning his illiteracy.

His lovely Christian wife died in Memphis only a year or two since. Of his family now living, there are Capt. William Forrest and his three children: Mary, Bedford, and William.

A move ment was inaugurated at Memphis a few years ago to build a monument to Gen. Forrest and promised coöperation from members of his old command in various sections give assurance that it will be accomplished by and by.

THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

[Written by Maj. S. A. Jones, of Aberdeen, Miss., and republished in the VETERAN along with a reply.]

REPRESENTING nothing on God's earth now
And naught in the waters below it;
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
Hoping to redeem on the morrow.
But days flew by, weeks became years,
Our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so scarce our treasury'd quake
If a dollar would drop in the till.

We knew it had scarcely a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it;
It looked in our eyes a promise to pay,
And each patriot believed it.
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And then little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

But our boys thought little of prize or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day
Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it, it tells our history over
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest, and born of the angel hope,
Like our hope of success it passed.

Richmond, Va., June 2, 1865.

REPLY FROM ACROSS "THE CHASM."

THANKS, worthy friend, most heartfelt thanks,
Both for the gift so kindly sent;
And for the lesson by it taught
Of wisdom and content.

Say not it represented naught,
For, to my mind, its worth
This day exceeds the fondest hopes
Of those who sent it forth.

What thoughts of dangers bravely met,
Of hardships calmly borne,
Of hopes deferred, with sickened hearts,
Through winter and through storm,

Come to our minds while yet we gaze
On "promises to pay,"
Which ne'er were paid and ne'er shall be
Until the judgment day.

'Tis ever thus with this world's hopes.
We plan and work and pray;
But God knows best, and blesses us
In his own time and way.

His way is best! Could we but feel
How sure his blessings are,
Our promises would be far less,
Our doing would be more.

Like foes we meet on hostile fields
When this money bought you bread;
Like brothers now we meet again,
Since the demon, war, has fled.

Warned by our sorrows in the past,
May we like brothers stand
Shoulder to shoulder in resolve
To guard our native land.

Invincible we then shall be,
Armed with truth and right,
Ready to help each suffering soul
That seeketh aid or light.

Then say not they are valueless,
For the lessons they have taught,
May be of value greater far
Than could with gold be bought.

GEN. LEE AT GETTYSBURG

It was on the morning of the 3d of July, 1863, at Gettysburg. On the evening before, Hood and McLaw's divisions of Longstreet's corps, on the right wing, had driven the enemy from all his positions on the open plain to the stronghold of Cemetery Ridge. My company (C, Eighteenth Mississippi), with others, was occupying the extreme front picket line in direct range of the sharpshooters. We were in the edge of an apple orchard. Adjutant Harmon, of the Thirteenth Mississippi, and I were hugging a pile of rubbish, anything to hide behind, that we had thrown together, when Gens. Lee and Longstreet—on foot, no aids, orderlies, or couriers, fifteen or twenty steps apart, field glasses in hand—came walking past us, stopping now and then to take observations. They were arranging, as we soon found out, for the famous charge of Pickett's division. As Gen. Lee halted in a few feet of us, knowing the imminent danger he was in, one of us said: "Gen. Lee, you are running a very great risk." At that moment the searching minie was cutting close to him, showing that he was the mark aimed at. He went on with his observations as calm and serene as if he were viewing a landscape. A few minutes afterward we heard him say to Longstreet, in substance, "Mass your artillery behind that hill," pointing to a ridge just in our rear, "and at the signal bring your guns to the top of the ridge and turn them loose." It put us to thinking of what would become of us, the picket line. We could not leave our posts; we were in plain view of the enemy, without protection except from small arms; we had no utensils with which to throw up earthworks. We knew the shells from our guns would go over us, but those of the enemy? Well, spades or no spades, we went into that ground quicker than you would think. We were like the fellow after the ground hog, *it had to be done*. Bayonets, pieces of board, anything to get out of sight. Two or three to a hole, and we went in like gophers.

That was the grandest and at the same time the most terrible artillery duel I ever witnessed. Think of it. There were sixty-five (I was told) of our own pieces on that one spot, and more on another portion of our line, all firing as fast as they could, and the cannon of the enemy replying. I don't know how long it lasted. When it stopped on our side, Pickett's division charged! They had to march over us. Doing nothing myself, I had time to look. It was one of the grandest sights ever mortal eyes looked upon. It makes me shudder now, as I see the shells plow through the ranks of that gallant band.

W. GART JOHNSON.

Orlando, Fla., July 18, 1893.

Mr. Johnson's letters give much pleasure to his comrades, but he is too feeble to write often.

GEN. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CHEATHAM.

BORN in Nashville October 20, 1820; died September 4, 1886. He served as captain of volunteers in the Mexican War, and distinguished himself in the severest battles there. On returning from Mexico he was appointed major general of the Tennessee Militia.

In the Confederate service he was at once made brigadier general, and soon afterward a major general. He was in many fierce battles, and always was the pride of



GEN. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CHEATHAM.

his soldiers. In the Hood campaign he commanded one of the three corps. No officer in the Confederate army possessed more cordial friendship of his men than Gen. Cheatham. He was careful in protecting them to the best advantage, but he and they alike shared any peril when duty called.

"Mars Frank" was the familiar term under which any private soldier would address him, who hesitated to ask the same things of their regimental commanders. After the war he engaged in farming, and when he died was postmaster at Nashville. The honor and affection in which he was held was verified by his having "the largest funeral that has ever been held in Nashville." The procession was more than a mile in length. His faithful, lovely wife "crossed over the river" not long after him. Their five children—three sons and two daughters—are all doing well, and live in a good home at Nashville, provided by their parents.

CHICKAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD— SNODGRASS RIDGE.

BY GEO. E. DOLTON, ST. LOUIS, MO.

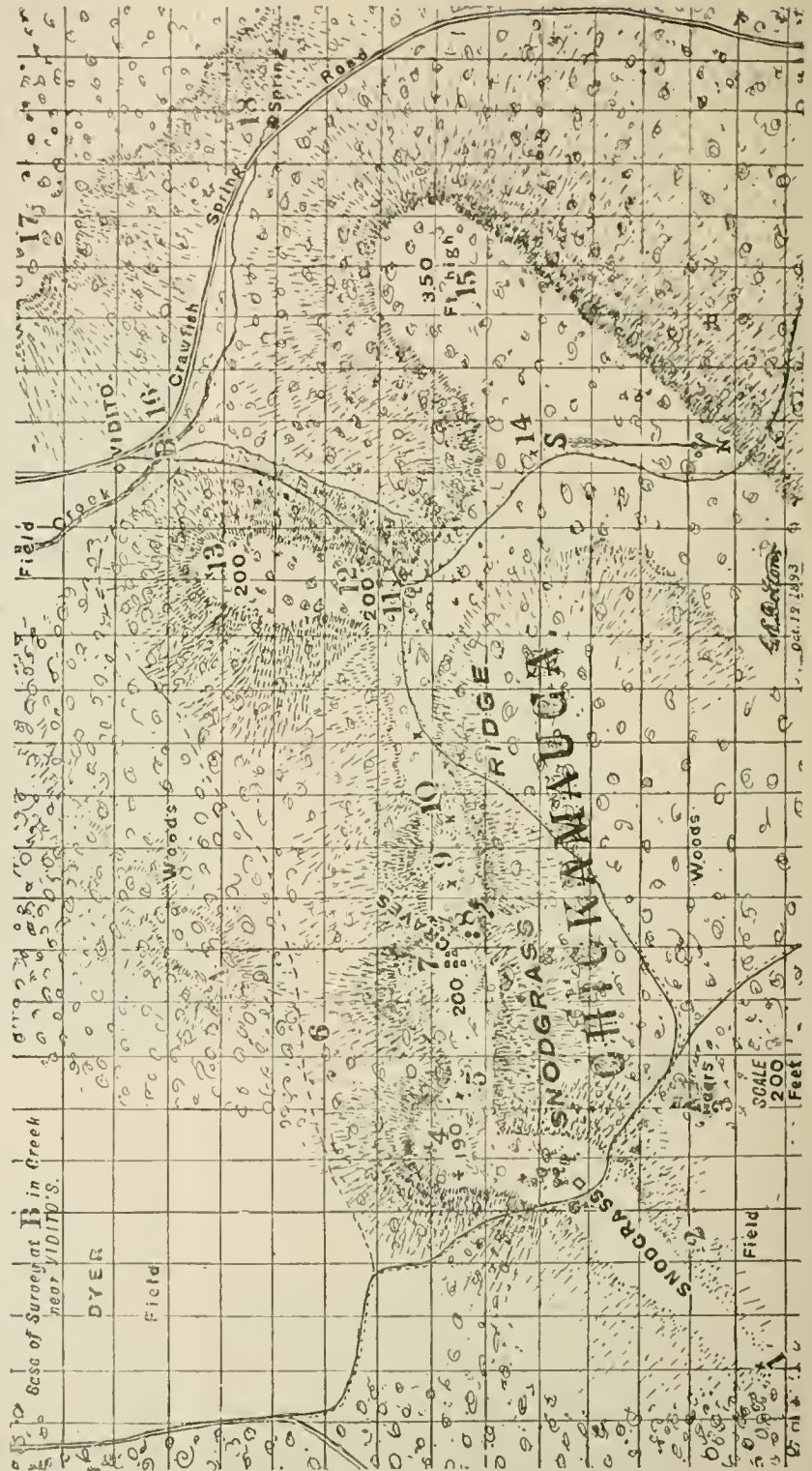
Is the light furnished by official figures we find that the battle of Chickamauga was one of the bloodiest battles of the war, if not the bloodiest, in proportion to the number of troops engaged; that it was far bloodier than even Gettysburg.

Of all the battles, none were so seriously confused as to where the various regiments and brigades fought as at Chickamauga on the two days of the battle; and of all that confusion worse confounded, no other portion of the field compares with what is known by the various names of Snodgrass, Horse Shoe, Missionary, and Battery Ridge. In the assaults upon and defense of the ridge the troops on both sides so frequently changed places, and were so often commingled with other troops, that the various places fought over by any one command are still, after thirty years, in doubt in the minds of nearly all the participants.

Monuments marking where each command is supposed to have done its hardest fighting are being located on the field; but on account of the chaotic jumble of the battle along and on the ridge on Sunday afternoon of September 20, 1863, much of the allotment of place is mere guesswork. I have for several years, as time would permit, been endeavoring to correctly locate every command that was engaged in any part of the battle, and to aid in the work have made and sent out very many maps of portions and the whole field for those engaged to mark on where they fought, as nearly as possible, and to send the same to me.

I made a hurried survey of the ridge, and from that produced the map herewith. I think it will be found near enough to absolute correctness to enable any one who took part in that portion of the battle, and who can recall any of the localities where he was, to mark the same on the map.

I respectfully request every one who was engaged on any part of the field covered by this map to please drop me a postal card, giving the command to which he belonged, and present address, stating how many of the maps he would like, and I will mail them to him free of charge. In return I wish him to mark one showing all the places he can recall where he was, stating the command with which he was then connected, company or battery, regiment and brigade, and give as nearly as possible the hour of the day when he was at each place. Also state, if possible, the troops on each flank at each time, and also the troops he confronted at each position, if he knows, and return the map so marked to me. I will be deeply grateful to every one who will assist me in this manner to positively determine how, when, and where each command was en-



gaged in that portion of the battle, and any thing I can do in the way of furnishing information, etc., regarding that or any other engagement of the war, I shall be most happy to supply. See key to this map following:

KEY TO SKETCH OF SNODGRASS RIDGE.

The parallel lines are 200 feet apart. At Figure 13 the ridge is about 200 feet above the bed of the creek,

where the wood road crosses it at the Vidito house. It is about the same height at Figures 4, 7, 9, and 12. At Figure 14 it is about 275 feet high, and at Figure 15 it is fully 350 feet high.

At A, on the ridge running north and south through the Dyer farm, is where the nine Union cannon were captured in the forenoon of Sunday, September 20, when Gen. Bushrod Johnson was scouring the Dyer field. At about the most southern part of that ridge shown is where he captured the large pile of Federal knapsacks; and just to the west of it is where he had one cannon placed in the Vidito field which shelled the Union wagon train then trying to pass through the gap at Vidito's, at Figure 16, resulting in the capture of the train.

Figure 17 is the broad, high, long ridge on the west side of the Crawfish Spring road, over which Gen. Hindman's men drove Gen. Sheridan, and on which Hindman halted, and from which his troops moved to the right or east and joined Gen. Bushrod Johnson in the assault of Snodgrass Ridge.

Figure 13 is the largest spur of the ridge to the south. Across this Gen. Dias's brigade was formed and advanced toward Figure 11, where the Federal battery of three guns stood.

Figure 12 is where the Twenty-second Alabama Infantry left its flag on one of its charges.

Figure 10 is the lowest portion of the ridge, and is where the brigades of Kelly and Trigg crossed at dusk and passed to the east along the north side of the ridge and then advanced up to the south and captured the Twenty-first and Eighty-ninth Ohio and the Twenty-second Michigan Infantry. From Figure 10 to Figure 11, for a considerable distance to the south, the land is almost level, so that the two sides fighting on that part of the ridge were on nearly an equality as regards lay of land; but from Figure 10 around to near the Snodgrass house, the ridge is very high, with considerable prominences at Figures 9, 7, and 4, and depressions at Figures 8 and 5, and troops thereon would have a decided advantage over an attacking force.

At Figure 7 are some citizens' graves that were a very prominent landmark for many during the battle.

The Federal general, G. H. Thomas, was at Figure 2 the greater portion of the day, his headquarters being at Figure 3.

Figure 1 is the extreme eastern end of Snodgrass Ridge, and slopes regularly and gradually to the level plain, from the Snodgrass house.

Figure 6 is where a body of Confederates wearing a bluish uniform struck a regiment of Federals armed with Henry rifles, and were the first Confederates to reach Snodgrass Ridge. Who were they?

At Figure 9 there was a body of about one hundred Confederates lying on the summit of the ridge at the time that Gen. Granger's Union reserve brigades, under Gen. Steedman, were advancing toward the west along the wood road to the north of the ridge. When the column was well abreast of these Confederates, they arose and fired at the Federal column, the infantry of which immediately formed line and began to charge up the ridge, but were halted by Gen. Steedman before halfway up, and were then led along to the west, forming line along the ridge from Figures 10 to 11, placing two guns of a battery near Figure 10, three guns at Figure 11, and one gun a little to the east of Figure 11. What Confederate troops were those on the ridge at Figure 9 that fired as above stated?

At Figure 18 is a spring of water. Near this, Gen.

Dias's brigade bivouacked at night after the battle, establishing a picket post of about forty men on top of the ridge near Figure 15.

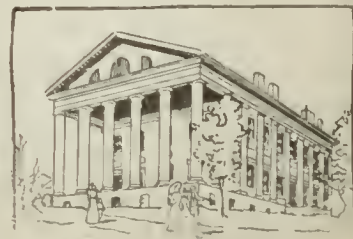
ANOTHER LETTER.

Geo. E. Dolton, St. Louis, Nov. 27: "I am very anxious to obtain some information regarding an accident in the battle of Chickamauga, and know of no better place to apply than through the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Just before Gen. Bushrod Johnson began his right wheel movement on the west end of Snodgrass Hill on Sunday afternoon of September 20, 1863, as the head of Gen. Granger's Union reserve forces was moving along the north side of the ridge toward the west end of it, there was a body of perhaps a hundred Confederates on the third prominence in the ridge west of Snodgrass house—the prominence on which the three Union regiments Twenty-second Michigan and Twenty-first and Eighty-ninth Ohio, were captured after dusk. As the Union column was marching past these Confederates, they rose up and fired down on the Union men. At this, the Federal infantry started on a charge up the ridge, but were halted by Gen. Steedman and marched to the end of the ridge. The troops following this portion of the Federal column charged up and over the hill until they struck the advancing column of Confederates, when they were themselves driven back up and over the hill."

VIVID WAR INCIDENT.

On the morning of May 4, 1865, after the surrender of the Army of Tennessee by Gen. Johnston, at Greensboro, N. C., after being paroled, I and a few comrades were at Salisbury, N. C., and left about seven o'clock A.M., for our homes, all of us going westward, and all stepping at a lively gait. We were going toward Charlotte, N. C., and traveling parallel with the railroad. A few miles out from Salisbury I noticed clots or lumps of blood often in the road, and as the road was full of men, some walking and others riding, I thought it probable that a horse had been hurt and was bleeding. But soon I saw a man sitting on some railroad wood with, as I thought, a red-bosomed shirt on, and upon getting close to him I saw he was red, but with his own blood. As I have already said, the road was full of men, but no one seemed to give the unfortunate man any attention until I got opposite to him, when two men said something to him which I did not understand, but I heard him say in a very distinct voice, "No, there is no use trying to do anything, for I am dying. But you can take that coat," which lay six or eight feet from him, "to my wife, in Augusta, Ga. She is the daughter of Gen. Rains." During his talk he put his hand in the gaping wound, which had been made, as we supposed, by himself, and got out the blood and rubbed it all over his arms. And the two men turned away from him and moved on, and I did so too. He was an officer of some rank, but I could not tell the rank. His uniform was what we called English cloth, though considerably worn. He was a fine-looking man about thirty years of age.

W. F. ALLISON.



[Confederate Capitol, Richmond, Va.]

MR. STEPHENS'S PRISON LIFE.

[See page 5.]

A DEPLORABLE mishap occurred by omitting the second of the three chapters from this diary in printing the first form of this Souvenir. The omission occurred on page 7, at the seventeenth line from the bottom of the right-hand column. At end of this chapter return to page 7 and read "The tide was coming right ahead of us," etc.

Gen. Wheeler and four of his men were on the boat. They had been captured near Albany some days previous, and had been sent down to the boat some hours before our arrival. The whole party were Mr. Davis and those captured with him, Mr. and Mrs. Clay, myself, Gen. Wheeler, and his men, numbering over twenty. I don't know exactly how many were in Mr. Davis's party. I recognized Gen. — and Col. William Preston Johnston, of his staff, Mr. Harrison, his private secretary, and Postmaster-general J. H. Reagan. Mr. Davis had with him a man and woman, also colored servants, and a little boy; his children, Jeff, Maggie, and Varina; also Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, and her brother, J. D. Howell. A young man, a grandson of Judge —, of Kentucky, was also with him. I did not see him after we got on the boat. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay came on the deck where we were. Our meeting was the first Mrs. Davis and party knew of my arrest. Gen. Wheeler had not heard of the arrest of any of us. Mr. Clay told me he had been on parole all the way, and that he did not come on in the procession with the rest of us; that he had been permitted to drive his carriage out in the city (Augusta) and visit some lady acquaintances of his wife. He gave me all the particulars of his surrender.

On taking leave of me, Gen. Upton turned me over to Col. Pritchard, of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, who had captured Mr. Davis, and who then took charge of all the prisoners. The General told Col. Pritchard that I and Mr. Clay were on parole, and he allowed us the run of the boat. I asked him to grant me permission to write to my brother; and he said he supposed this permission would not be denied whenever I got to a place where I could write.

On the cars from Barnett to Augusta I traveled with Gen. Elzy (C. S. A.), who had been paroled. I requested him to write to John A. Stephens at Crawfordville, and say to him I wished him to remain with his mother until he heard from me. I greatly and deeply regretted that I did not meet John at home to-day, as I passed there.

My feelings this night on this boat pass all description. We were all crowded together in a small space on the boat's deck, covering over us, but both sides open. The night was cool and the air on the water damp, and I was suffering from a severe headache. No mention was made of supper, but I thought not of supper. I had taken breakfast at 12, and did not feel as if I should ever want to eat again. Clay and I united our cloaks, coats, and shawls. Gen. Wheeler sent us a blanket. Mrs. Davis sent us a mattress, and we made a joint bed in the open air on deck. I put the carpetbags under our heads, and, strange to say, I slept sweetly and soundly and arose much refreshed the next morning. The boat raised steam and left the bluff—not wharf—about nine o'clock at night. Reagan, Wheeler, and the rest, including the servants, stretched themselves about on the open space the best way they could. All had covering of some sort but one little boy.

Just before I fell asleep I witnessed this scene: A little black boy about fourteen years old, ragged and woe-begone in appearance, was stretched on deck right in the passage way. Whose he was, or where he was going, I knew not. An officer came along, gave him a shove, and told him in harsh language to get away from there. The boy raised up, waked from his sleep, and replied in a plantation mood: "I have no lodging, sir." That scene and that reply were visibly on my mind when all my present cares were most opportunely and graciously, if not mercifully, drowned in slumber as I was being borne away from home and all that was most dear to me on the broad and smooth bosom of the Savannah.

May 15.—Waked much refreshed, morning beautiful, got a rough soldier breakfast. Mr. Davis came out on our deck soon after I got up. It was our first meeting since we parted the night after my return from the Hampton Roads Conference to Richmond. Talked to-day a good deal with Clay, Reagan, and Wheeler, but spent most of my time in silent, lonely meditation on the side of the boat, looking out upon willows on the margin of the sluggish, muddy, crooked stream. Most of my thoughts were filled with home scenes and Sparta scenes and their kindred associations. Col. Pritchard introduced to me Captain Hudson, of his regiment, and a Mr. Stribling (?), who was a correspondent of the *New York Herald*. We talked a good deal on the state of the country, etc. The entire day was clear, mild, and beautiful.

May 16.—Went to sleep last night as the night before. I omitted to note yesterday that we got dinner and tea at the usual hours, potatoes (Irish) and beef stewed together for dinner; at tea a good cup of black tea that suited me well. There was hard-tack on the table; some prefer that, but I chose the soft or what is known as light bread or "baker's" bread. The table was small; only four could be seated at once. It took some time for all to eat. We reached Savannah this morning at four o'clock; did not land, but were transferred from the tug to a coast steamer bound to Hilton Head—a much more commodious boat. On it we got a good breakfast—beef-steak, hot rolls, and coffee.

On the passage to Hilton Head I took a berth and slept most of the way. Reached Hilton Head about 11 o'clock A.M. The day was clear and rather warm, though not hot or sultry; anchored off in the harbor, and were transferred to another steamer bound for Fortress Monroe. This was the "Clyde," a new boat, a propeller of about five hundred tons. There were several good berths in the cabin below, and quite a number of staterooms on deck above. The ladies and most of the gentlemen selected staterooms. I preferred a berth below, and chose my place there, which I found on the voyage was a most excellent choice. After we were transferred to the "Clyde," quite a number of officers and other persons came aboard. They brought New York papers, *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News*. It had been a long time since I had seen these prints. Here for the first time I heard of the military commission trying the assassins of Mr. Lincoln. The officers came down into the cabin where I was, and talked some time of the state of the country. They were all courteous and agreeable. Capt. Kelly, formerly of Washington City, who knew me there, told me he was now in the Quartermaster Department at Hilton Head. He was pleased to speak kindly of his former recollections of me; alluded to my Milledgeville speech in November, 1860; spoke highly of it, and expressed regret that I had not adhered to it. I told him I had. In that speech I had, with all my ability, urged

our people not to secede. The present consequences I then seriously apprehended, but in the same speech I told them that if in solemn convention the people of the State should determine to resume their delegated powers and assert her sovereign and independent rights, I should be bound to go with the State. To her I owed ultimate allegiance. In that event her cause would be my cause, and her destiny my destiny. I thought this step a wrong one, perhaps fatal, and exerted my utmost power to prevent it; but when it had been taken, even though against my judgment, I, as a good citizen, could not but share the common fate, whatever it might be. I did as a patriot what I thought best before secession. I did the same after. He did not seem to have recollected that part of the speech, which acknowledged my ultimate allegiance to be due to the State of Georgia. The whole conversation was quite friendly. He manifested a good deal of personal regard toward me.

At about three or four o'clock the "Clyde" put out to sea. Before leaving, Mrs. Davis addressed a note to Gen. Saxon (?), who had charge of colonization, in confiding to him the little orphan mulatto boy she had with her. The parting of the boy with the family was quite a scene. He was about seven or eight years old, I should think. He was little Jeff's playfellow; they were very intimate, and nearly always together; it was Jeff and Jimmy between them. When Jeff knew that Jimmy was to be left he wailed, and so did Jimmy. Maggie cried, Varina cried, and the colored woman cried. Mrs. Davis said the boy's mother had been dead a number of years, and this woman had been as a mother to him. As the boat that was to take Jimmy away left our side, he screamed and had to be held to be kept from jumping overboard. He tried his best to get away from those who held him. At this, Jeff and Maggie and Varina screamed almost as loud as he did. Mrs. Davis also shed tears. Mrs. Clay threw Jimmy some money, but it had no effect. Some one on the deck of his boat picked it up and handed it to him, but he paid no attention to it, and kept scuffling to get loose, and wailing as long as he could be heard by us.

After all, what is life but a succession of pains, sorrows, griefs, and woes! Poor Jimmy! He has just entered upon its threshold. This will hardly be his worst or heaviest affliction, if his days be many upon this earth.

The "Clyde" is long and narrow, and rolls very much at sea. The Purser on the "Clyde" is named Moore, a son of the captain of the boat. He expressed some kind personal regard for me this evening: said he was from Philadelphia; gave me a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, and requested anything I could spare as a little memento. I chanced to have in my pocket a chess piece of a set that was very prettily made. It was a bishop. I took it out and asked him how that would do. He seemed highly pleased with it.

May 19.—We enter Hampton Roads this morning; a pilot boat meets us; we are asked where we wish to be piloted to. "To Washington," was the reply.

The "Tuscarora" leads the way, and we arrive at Hampton Roads. Col. Pritchard goes to Fortress Monroe, returns, and says we must await orders from Washington. Before going ashore I asked him to inquire if I would be permitted to telegraph or write home. He could, on returning, give no information on that point. We anchor in the harbor, and the "Tuscarora" anchors close by. We see near us the iron steamer "Atlanta," captured at Savannah. Dinner at usual hour, and all hands at the table

except Miss Howell; all with good appetite except myself. My throat is still sore from continued hoarseness, but much better than it was when I left Hilton Head. I have, however, no relish for food.

May 20.—Still at anchor in the Roads. Col. Pritchard informs us he got a telegram last night informing him that Gen. Halleck would be at the fort at noon to-day and give him further orders. The day is dull; nothing to enliven it but the passing of steamboats and small sails in the harbor. A British man-of-war and a French lie near us.

Called Henry in the cabin; told him he would go from there to Richmond; gave him \$10, and told him to be a good, industrious, upright boy, and never to gamble. Col. Pritchard came to the cabin at eight o'clock at night and told Judge Reagan and myself that some officers in the captain's room wished to see us there. We went immediately, and found Capt. Fraley, of the "Tuscarora," and Capt. Parker, of the war steamer, in the cabin. Capt. Fraley received us courteously, and told us that he had orders to take Reagan and myself aboard the "Tuscarora" the next day at ten o'clock. He had come over that night to give us notice, that we might be ready. In reply to the question of our destination, he told us Boston. I knew then that Fort Warren was my place of confinement and imprisonment. I told him I feared the climate would be too cool and damp for me; I should have greatly preferred to go to Washington, if the authorities had so decided.

Before we left the captain's office, Gen. Wheeler and party came in. His conference was with Capt. Parker. We learned from what passed that Capt. Parker was to take them in his steamer the next morning to Fort Donaldson. Reagan and I left Gen. Wheeler in the office. I sent for Capt. Moody, who was a fellow prisoner with us, taken with Mr. Davis, and who had been a prisoner of war at Fort Warren, to learn from him some of the prison regulations there. He spoke in very favorable terms of them, said he had been in several prisons, and he had been better treated at Fort Warren than anywhere else. Being relieved of the suspense we had been in for several days, Reagan and I went to our berths at an early hour. I slept but little, thought of home, sweet home; saw plainly that I was not to be permitted to see any one there. This was the most crushing thought that filled my mind. Death I felt I could meet with resignation, if such should be my fate, if I could be permitted to communicate with Linton and other dear ones while life should last.

May 21.—Anthony was not permitted to go with me; gave him \$5 and same advice I gave Henry. I gave him my leather trunk he had brought his clothes in. Saw Mrs. Clay and requested her to write to Linton and Mrs. D. M. DuBose the same thing—my destination and present condition. We do not know what is to be done with Mr. Clay, or where he is to be sent. After that shall be made known, it is Mrs. Clay's intention to go North, if allowed—that is, if her husband shall be confined. Yesterday evening we got New York papers; saw the progress of the trial of the assassins. Mr. Clay expressed to me the fullest confidence that nothing could be brought against him in such a crime. He spoke in the strongest terms of deepest regret at it; said how deeply he deplored it, and his explanation to that effect, when he first heard of President Lincoln's assassination. We had a long talk this morning.

Gen. Wheeler and those who went with him left at 6 A.M. I was up and took my leave of them; the parting

all around was sad. At ten o'clock Capt. Fraley came up in a tug; came aboard the "Clyde." Reagan and I were ready; we took leave of all. Anthony and Henry looked very sad; Anthony stood by me to the last. Mrs. Davis asked Capt. Fraley if he could not go; he said that he had inquired of the officer commanding the fleet, and he had informed him that his orders related to only two persons. This closed the matter just as I had at first looked for. I bade Anthony good-bye, the last one. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Clay, and Col. Harrison I had before taken leave of. Upon taking leave of Mr. Davis he seemed to be more affected than I had ever seen him. He said nothing but good-bye, and gave my hand a cordial squeeze. The tone of the voice in uttering good-bye evinced deep feeling and emotion. With assistance, I descended the rope ladder to the deck of the tug. All the baggage being aboard, off we steamed to the "Tuscarora."

THEY WENT TO SLEEP ON DUTY.

This story is by one of Forrest's scouts: On day in 1864 orders came to the regiment for a detail for scout and picket duty, and the instructions accompanying the orders were for the detail to proceed along a certain road until the enemy was discovered, then stop, hold him in check if possible, but under all circumstances to inform the general of the whereabouts and the strength of the enemy. All knew that when "Old Bedford" (Forrest) issued orders he intended them to be obeyed, and promptly too. So, worn out as the men were, it was not long before the party, under command of Lient. Garner, started on what might prove a wild-goose chase, and was just as likely to prove a tiger hunt, with lots of tiger in it. Of one thing the men were sure: they would go until they found the enemy if he was on that road.

Every old soldier knows that on such expeditions he always picked out a mate. One of the men, Burns, a youngster in point of years, but an old soldier, and one of the best that Forrest had, picked out Dick Townsend for his chum. Townsend was riding a gray, almost white horse. This part of it Burns did not like at all, but decided he would rather risk Townsend with a white horse than any other man there with a less objectionably colored horse. But I'll let Burns tell the rest.

"We had ridden ten or twelve miles when, just after dark, we came up to an old fellow's house and asked him if there were any Yanks about, and he told us they were camped just across the creek, about half a mile ahead. We went on quietly, keeping a good lookout, and sure enough when we got near the creek we could hear dogs barking. They always had dogs about their camps; why, we never could tell, unless it was because the negroes followed them and the dogs followed the negroes. We halted, and could distinctly hear them talking, and after listening long enough to be sure that we had accomplished our mission, we fell back down the road about a quarter, and put out a picket. It came Townsend's and my turn to go on late, and we went to the top of the hill with a lot of orders, mostly 'nots'—namely, not to talk, not to smoke, not to make the least noise, and not to shoot if possible to avoid it, and not under any circumstances to dismount, but to sit quietly on our horses and watch. I do not know how long I had been there when I got so sleepy it seemed to me I should fall off my horse. I leaned over, and in a whisper asked Townsend if he was sleepy too. He said he was nearly dead. Finally we could stand it no

longer, and got down off our horses and began walking back and forth in front of them as far as the halters would let us, but this didn't do any good. Looking around I saw that the road was raised, that is, it was higher than the ground on either side of it. I told Townsend that I was going to sit down on the ground and rest. We both sat down, putting our feet in the ditch. There were plenty of weeds growing close up to the side of the road. I leaned over and put my head down on my hands as they rested on my gun. I did not expect or intend to go to sleep, but I was completely fagged out. I don't know how long I had been in the position described, when something passed by through the weeds with a whisk, whisk, that waked me instantly. It was right under my nose when I saw it, and I tell you the truth when I say it nearly scared the life out of me. It scared me so bad I yelled, 'H— fire, what's that?' as loud as I could, and then I saw it was nothing but a coon. Almost instantly we were on our horses listening, but the Yanks never heard a word, or if they did they made no sign. As soon as we found we hadn't alarmed them we got to laughing, and really after the scare was over it was about as funny an adventure as any that happened to me during the war. It shows how little it takes to scare a fellow almost to death when he is tired out and expecting to be scared anyhow. Just before day we withdrew, but Townsend and I laughed all day over that terrible fright."

A PLEA FOR HISTORY.

BY THE WIFE OF GOVERNOR NORTHEN, OF GEORGIA.

I HOPE it may never be said of the South that she has ceased to appreciate the sacrifices of her men or the patient endurance of her women in her hour of darkness and need. I saw the widow yield to her country her eldest born, on whom she leaned to manage her estate; then another and another son in quick succession until her baby boy of sixteen was called. I saw the wife bid good-bye to the husband, and draw close to her breast the little ones who depended on him for bread, and looking aloft cry: "God pity us." How fondly do I remember the contending emotions of fervent patriotism, love, and pride in my own heart as I saw my young husband start to the front arrayed in the suit of gray which my willing hands had woven, cut, and made. He who was mine now yielded to God and his country.

Shall the South ever forget these things? Never! Sweep away the dust of time! Let nothing dim their lustres! As Rizpah, in sacred writ, stood guard over the bodies of the dead whom she might not bury, and drove away the vultures which would have fed on their bodies, so we will resist and drive away the unholy touch of every harpy who would drag down in the dust the sacred memories of the past. It ennobles us to write of noble deeds. It enkindles in our breasts the sacred flame of heroism, and the hovering spirits of our dead heroes shall inspire us to emulation.

In Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, there is an irregular-shaped, small spot of ground inclosed with a neat iron fence. On the gate is the name "Jefferson Davis," and on the marble headstone is engraved:

JOSEPH,
Son of our Beloved President,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Erected by the Little Boys and Girls of the Southern Capital.

The lad lost his life by falling from a window of the Confederate "White House" during the war.

CAREER OF GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN.

DURING the memorable campaigns extending from the construction and defense of Forts Henry and Donelson to the final investment of Vicksburg but few Confederate generals were more prominent and more popular in the Western army than was Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, of Paducah, Ky. As a West Point educated soldier and officer, his ability and bravery were soon recognized. His skill and efficiency in the construction and his heroic defense of Fort Henry—especially on the 6th of February, 1862—marked him as an able commander and a brave man. He was in command of the troops in the fort only, and when the unequal attack came on the land forces made good their escape, but he bravely held the fort until nearly half his gunners were either killed or wounded. And when the victorious Commodore Foote, with his armada of seven gunboats, took possession of Fort Henry he had as prisoners of war Gen. Tilghman and staff and sixty men. But with this began a prominent career of Gen. Tilghman. He did not remain a prisoner but a few months, and was exchanged most probably for an officer of equal rank captured by the Confederates at the battle of Shiloh. At all events, in the fall of 1862 he rejoined the Army of the West, then in North Mississippi, and was put in command of the First Brigade of Loring's division. At the battle of Corinth, Miss., he took a prominent part. Then in all the operations of that Mississippi army, first under command of Gen. Van Dorn and then Gen. Pemberton, our Gen. Tilghman bore a conspicuous part up to the time of his death, on the 16th of May, 1863. During the retreat of the army from Holly Springs to Grenada, Tilghman's brigade was assigned the responsible position of rear guard, and repeatedly gave battle to and held in check the advancing forces of Gen. Grant. It was during these days of trying service that Gen. Tilghman had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of Gen. Pemberton, and which that general continued to cherish, with jealous hatred added, up to the very day that the brave Tilghman was killed.

With these memories so prominent and distinct to the writer of these lines, it has always been a matter of regret that so little has been known and said of the faithful and gallant services, although short, of that grand specimen of the Southern soldier, and that so little notice of his death upon the battlefield has ever been given. So far as is known by the writer, no authentic or fair statement of the death of Gen. Tilghman has been published, and this sketch is given in the hope that a fuller and more worthy notice of his services and his death may be given by some one better informed and more competent to the task.

Gen. Lloyd Tilghman was killed between 4 and 5 o'clock, on the evening of the 16th of May, 1863, on the battlefield of Baker's Creek, or Champion Hill. Gen. Loring's division occupied the right of Pemberton's line; Tilghman's brigade, composed of two Mississippi regiments (the Fifteenth and Twenty-second), First Louisiana, Rayburn's (Mississippi) battalion, and McLendon's battery, afterward known as Merrin's (Mississippi) battery, occupied the extreme right. The first guns of that memorable battle were fired into this brigade early in the morning, but almost immediately the heavy fighting drifted to the left of our line.

For hours the enemy seemed to be in full force and ready to advance upon us. Bowen's division having been driven from its position, our division dropped back to

keep in alignment with Bowen's, and soon after this, which was then sometime after midday, the enemy advanced in force and was there held in check by Loring's division until night came on. After repulsing the enemy's first assault they threw forward their line of sharpshooters, and with their artillery on the main line kept up the fight until dark. About two hundred yards to the front, and a little to the left of our battery, there was a large farmhouse and a row of plantation cabins. These cabins were taken possession of by the enemy's sharpshooters, and they were picking our men off rapidly. Gen. Tilghman directed the gun-sergeant to train his gun, a twelve-pound howitzer, and dislodge the enemy from the cabins. He dismounted from his horse and gave some directions about sighting the gun. While this was being done, a shell from one of the enemy's guns on the line exploded about fifty feet to the front. A ragged fragment of this shell struck the General in the breast, passing entirely through him and killing the horse of his adjutant a little farther to the rear. His death occurred, of course, very soon, and his remains were carried to the rear. That night they were started to Vicksburg, accompanied by his staff and his son, Lloyd Tilghman, Jr., and the next evening they were buried in the city cemetery in Vicksburg.

One more brief item, and I leave this subject for some abler pen. The dislike and jealous treatment of Gen. Pemberton, to which I have alluded, annoyed Gen. Tilghman very much all the spring of 1863. Gen. Loring was the close friend of Gen. Tilghman, and stood as a break-water between the two men. But on the 15th of May, the day before the battle of Baker's Creek, and not two hours in advance of the fulsome order to "prepare to meet the enemy," came an order from Gen. Pemberton relieving Gen. Tilghman of his command, and directing the senior colonel of the brigade to take its command.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The whole army right close up, face to face with Grant's army, twice or three times as strong, and our officers all in a stew.

Gen. Loring again cut the Gordian knot. The next morning, even after the enemy had disturbed our early repast, this one-armed general rode squarely up to the pompous Pemberton, and in language more forcible than elegant, more caustic than clever, informed the general commanding that unless he then and there revoked the order of the day before in reference to Gen. Tilghman he might dispense with his (Loring's) services for that day's battle. And then it was that an order was hastily written—on the pommel of a saddle, I believe—restoring Gen. Tilghman to his command and to one more day's faithful, brave service for the Confederacy, and before the sun went down on that day he yielded up his life for the cause he believed just and holy.

It is a well-known fact of history that in the terrific bombardment of Fort Henry by Commodore Foote with his flotilla of seven gunboats, and after a large number of the gunners within the fort had been killed, either by the enemy or the explosion of two heavy guns of our own, Gen. Tilghman assisted with his own hands in manning the guns of the fort. So it is also true that the last act of this brave man was to sight a field gun and direct the cutting of a shell fuse, so as to do the best execution upon the invaders of his country. F. W. M.

Plant City, Fla., July 13, 1893.

THE figure on the front cover page fairly represents the manhood and solemnity of the Confederate soldier.

THE SOUTH'S GREAT BATTLE ABBEY.

BY MISS CAMILLE WILLIAMS, JACKSON, TENN.

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a nation's trust
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

As a nation progresses in civilization and enlightenment, so will its reverence for its dead be shown. As far back as the days of Edward the Confessor we find the germ of a national burying ground for England in the beginning of Westminster Abbey. In that spot, dear to the hearts of all in whose veins runs the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, lie entombed the greatest and best that Englishmen as well as Americans hold dear. The tomb of the monarch, statesman, poet, priest, and soldier lie there, and no spot of that green island is so dear to the hearts of her people as that which contains the graves of her honored dead.

It is the pride and glory of every Frenchman to point to that spot made sacred by the resting place of the great Napoleon. And to no day in their history do they point with greater tenderness than to that on which all that is mortal of the great world conqueror was deposited beneath the lilies of his much-loved country.

Egypt, once the seat of the world's civilization, had the tombs of her Pharaohs. Scotland brought home the heart of Robert Bruce and reverently entombed it in Melrose Abbey. And so carefully did Spain preserve the haughty figure and stern lineaments of the Cid Campeador that at one time, when the enemies of his country were about to prevail over her armies, the body of the stern old warrior, placed in front of the host he had once led to victory, spread confusion and dismay throughout the ranks of the foe. It is to this principle of reverence for the dead and their last resting places that we owe the deathless spirit of patriotism, that spirit which makes a man love his country next to his God, and bids him welcome death in preference to dishonor.

The love of country itself is not more deeply intertwined with the most sacred feelings of the human heart than that love which makes a shrine of patriot graves. It is this feeling which for nearly one hundred years has caused the hearts of Americans to turn reverently to that spot on the gently flowing Potomac made holy by the grave of the father of his country. And it is that feeling which caused the South, only a few short months ago, to witness the most solemn pageant that ever wound over her flower-decked hills and perfumed valleys. No spectacle of the closing years of the nineteenth century is more imposing than that of carrying the dead chieftain back to the spot where the most stirring scenes in the great four years' drama were enacted—that drama in which he was the most conspicuous figure, and which ended so tragically at Appomattox.

The leader in our glorious wars
Was now to glorious burial slowly borne.

And henceforth to all true Southern hearts, what Melrose Abbey is to Scotland, Westminster to England, and the glorious Pantheon to France, will be that silent city of the dead where Jefferson Davis sleeps among 12,000 of his comrades, heroes of the lost cause. At last the South has her Battle Abbey, and though she may not gather within it all who laid down their lives for love of her, the tomb of her chieftain will, in the slowly revolving years, be looked upon as the representative tomb

of that cause for which men poured out their life's best blood.

Listen to the South, weeping for them still, her forgotten braves. Louisiana, who rocked him so tenderly to her heart, fanning his brow with the perfumed breath of her orange groves. And Mississippi, how she wept to give up her favorite son, the one who, above all others, has shed luster on her name! The soft swell of the Gulf bursts like a sob from her bosom, the mighty roll of the Father of Waters joins in the sad refrain, and, pointing to the green-covered mounds at Shiloh and Vicksburg, and a hundred other well-fought fields, she cried in tones tremulous with sadness:

List, sons, your watch is long,
The soldier's guard was brief;
Whilst right is right and wrong is wrong
You may not seek relief.

Go, wearing the gray of grief;
Go, watch o'er the dead in gray;
Go, guard the private and the chief,
And sentinel his clay.

Virginia, the grand old mother of the South, has gathered to her bosom the mightiest of the sons of valor. In the shadow of her lofty mountain pines sleeps Robert E. Lee, the kingliest soul that ever drew sword in the cause of truth and justice. In her arms also nestles the lofty Christian hero, Stonewall Jackson, who murmured when dying: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Here, too, sleeps the Prince Rupert of Southern cavaliers, Stuart, the gay and gifted cavalryman, one of Stonewall's band, in life and sleeping under the same green coverlid in death. And what pen could describe in fitting terms the number of green hillocks, whose only designation are the mystic letters, "C. S. A." How wonderful, how passing strange, that those letters, so fondly worn and cherished once, should now represent only the shadow of an empire. What deeds of sacrifice, of valor, and of honor wrought for them, "C. S. A." It was no shadow to those who followed Lee, and the Johnstons, and Stonewall Jackson, and Bedford Forrest, for four long and bloody years. It was no shadow to those who, dying, blessed it with their latest breath, believing that victory, like an overshadowing halo, had crowned the offering of their lives. It was no shadow, that which floated over valiant armies, wasted at last by disease, hardships, and death, overpowered by armies recruited from the world's enlisting grounds; and it is no shadow to us to whom it is committed to treasure up the memory of those who died for us, who threw themselves, for the sake of Fatherland, into the imminent deadly breach, and instead of victory found a grave. Shall not those graves be sacred to Southern hearts?

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

A PHILOSOPHIC DARKY.—Some time ago two colored boys, between whom there was a feud, met and began to quarrel. One of them became very abusive, and called the other a great many hard names. The other listened to him until his stock of vituperation was exhausted, and then he said: "Is you done?" The first intimated that he had no more to say. Then he replied: "All dem things you say I is, you's dem."

GEN. W. L. CABELL,

COMMANDER OF TRANS-MISSISSIPPI
DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

His prominence in Confederate matters makes this personal and official sketch all the more interesting:

Gen. Wm. L. Cabell was born in Danville, Va., Jan. 1, 1827. He was the third child of Gen. Benj. W. S. and Sarah Eppes Cabell, who lived to see seven sons and two daughters grown. Six sons held prominent positions in the Confederate Army. The seventh, Dr. Powhattan Cabell, died from the effect of an arrow wound received in Florida just before the Confederate War began.

Gen. Cabell entered the Military Academy at West Point in June, 1846, graduating in 1850. He entered the United States Army as Second Lieutenant, and was assigned to the 7th Infantry. In June, 1855, he was promoted to First Lieutenant and made Regimental Quartermaster of that regiment. In March, 1858, he was made Captain in the Quartermaster's Department and ordered on duty on Gen. Pessifer F. Smith's Staff, who was then in command of the Utah Expedition. After Gen. Smith's death Gen. Harney assumed command, and Capt. Cabell remained on Gen. Harney's staff until the close of the expedition, when he was ordered to rebuild Fort Kearney. In the spring of 1859 he was ordered to Fort Arbuckle in the Chickasaw Nation, and in the fall of that year to build a new post about 100 miles west of Arbuckle, high up on the Washita River in the Indian country.

When the war became inevitable Capt. Cabell repaired to Fort Smith, Ark., and from there went to Little Rock and offered his services to the Governor of the State. On receipt of a telegram from President Davis he went to Montgomery, Ala., then the Confederate Capital. Capt. Cabell reached Montgomery April 19th, where he found the acceptance of his resignation from the United States Army, signed by President Lincoln.

He was at once commissioned as Major under the Confederate Government, and under orders from President Davis left on April 21st for Richmond to organize the Quartermaster Commissary and Ordnance Departments. He remained in Richmond attending to all these duties until June 1, 1861, when he was ordered to Manassas to report to Gen. Beauregard as Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac.

After the battles of the 18th and 19th of July Gen. Joseph E. Johnston assumed command and Major Cabell served on his staff until January 15, 1862, when he was relieved and ordered to report to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the Army of the West. He was assigned to Gen. Van Dorn in the



Trans-Mississippi Department, with headquarters then at Jacksonport, Ark.

He was next promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, and assigned to command of all the troops on White River, where he held the enemy in check until after the battle of Elk Horn, March 6th and 7th. After that battle the army was transferred to the east side of the Mississippi. The removal of this army, which included Price's Missouri and McCulloch's Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas troops, and his own command, devolved on Gen. Cabell, and was performed within a single week from points along White River.

Van Dorn's Army continued, after reaching Memphis, to Corinth, and Gen. Cabell was assigned to a Texas brigade with an Arkansas regiment attached. He commanded this brigade in several engagements around Farmington and Corinth, and commanded the rear of Van Dorn's Army on the retreat from Corinth to Tupelo.

Gen. Bragg's Army was ordered to Kentucky, and Gen. Cabell was transferred to an Arkansas brigade, which he commanded in the battles of Iuka and Sallito in September, and at Corinth on October 2 and 3, 1862, also at Hatchie Bridge on the 4th of October. He was wounded leading the charge of his brigade on the breastworks at Corinth, and also at Hatchie Bridge, which disabled him from command. What was left

of his command was temporarily assigned to the 1st Missouri Brigade under Gen. Brown. He was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department to recuperate and inspect the Staff Departments of that army.

When sufficiently recovered for duty in the field he was, February, 1863, placed in command of all the forces in Northwest Arkansas, with instructions to augment his command by recruits from every part of the State. He was very successful, and organized one of the largest cavalry brigades west of the Mississippi. He commanded this brigade in more than twenty battles. On the raid into Missouri under Gen. Price he was captured in the open field near Mine Creek in October, 1864, and was taken to Johnson Island (in Lake Erie), and later to Fort Warren near Boston, until released August 28, 1865.

Gen. Cabell went from Boston to New York, and thence to Austin, Texas. He subsequently lived at Fort Smith, Ark., and engaged in the practice of law until he moved to Dallas, Texas, in December, 1872. He was Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in Arkansas, and Chairman of the Arkansas Democratic delegation that went to the Baltimore Convention which nominated Horace Greeley for the Presidency. He was four times elected Mayor of Dallas; was a delegate from the State of Texas to the Convention that nominated Mr. Tilden in St. Louis and President Cleveland at Chicago in 1884 and 1892. He served as U. S. Marshal under President Cleveland's first administration.

Gen. Cabell is Lieutenant General of the Association of United Confederate Veterans, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, embracing all the country west of the Mississippi River. He is ever zealous in forwarding their interests.

Gen. Cabell married the daughter of Maj. Elias Rector, of Arkansas, a woman of great intelligence and courage, and noted for her ready wit. During the war she followed her husband and did much to relieve the sick and wounded. Her name was "Shingo," an Indian name, meaning "Little Bird," and the soldiers thought no name so sweet or more appropriate as she came from near or far to answer their cries for aid when in distress. His oldest son Ben. E. Cabell, was Deputy U. S. Marshal under his father, and is now Sheriff of Dallas County, Texas, being the youngest man ever elected to that office in the county. Three other sons, all noble boys, and one married daughter, Mrs. J. R. Currie, whose husband is a Mississippian, form his household and share his love for the South, and prize her noble and wonderful history.

TEXANS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Commanders and Adjutants in Texas have not responded as fully as was expected to the request for information of where their Camp members served in the war. In the outset \$5.20 was expended in postage to secure the statistics. It would be a most interesting table, but only about one third of the 131 Camps have responded. The figures they furnish will be interesting in the aggregate. One month more will be given. The aggregate reports are as follows: Camps, 42; total membership, 6,201. Of these 2,519 enlisted from

Texas, 660 from Alabama, 540 from Mississippi, 523 from Tennessee, 311 from Arkansas, 357 from Florida, 211 from Missouri, 219 from Louisiana, 160 from Virginia, 413 States unknown. The next report will give names of the Camps and number from each State, and must then be dismissed.



S. S. CRITTENDEN, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V., S. C.

Maj. Gen. Stanley S. Crittenden, commanding the Division of South Carolina, United Confederate Veterans, is a native of his State, and is sixty-three years old. His father, Dr. John Crittenden, was one of the early settlers of Greenville. His grandfather, Nathaniel Crittenden, of Connecticut, was a Lieutenant, and one of six brothers in the Continental Army. The mother of Gen. Crittenden was Miss Stanley, a member of that well known family in the old North State. He was educated in Greenville and at Elizabeth, N. J.

In 1855 Gen. Crittenden married Miss Eliza E. Lynch, of Virginia, who died in 1868, leaving one son and three daughters. He afterward married Mrs. C. A. Bedell, of Columbia, S. C., a lady eminent for her culture.

Gen. Crittenden was a planter. He volunteered at the first call for troops, and was elected First Lieutenant of a company that became part of the 4th South Carolina regiment under Col. J. B. E. Sloan, and participated prominently in the first battle of Manassas. This regiment and Wheat's battalion, forming Evans' brigade, on our extreme left, commenced the great battle and held the hosts of the enemy in check for two hours before being reinforced. The regiment suffered severely in killed and wounded. The day after this battle Lieut. Crittenden received the appoint-

ment of Adjutant in place of the gallant Samuel D. Wilkes, of Anderson, who was killed.

In the great battle of Seven Pines, in May, 1862, when many of this gallant regiment were killed, Adj. Crittenden was wounded by a minie ball in the left breast while in front of his command. During his absence because of this wound Gov. Pickens appointed him Lieutenant Colonel of the 4th Regiment of Reserves then forming for the defense of the Carolina Coast. At the expiration of this service on the coast he volunteered as a private in Gen. Gary's mounted regiment, Hampton's famous legion, for service around Richmond. He also served on the staff of Gen. Gary.



[Miss Della Hayne, representative for South Carolina in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

After the war Gen. Crittenden returned to planting, but for ten years served in his State Legislature as Representative and as Senator. He was Postmaster at Greenville four years during Mr. Cleveland's first administration. He succeeds Gen. Ellison Capers, now Assistant Bishop of South Carolina, and has devoted much time and attention to the interests of the brotherhood, and the number of Camps has increased from six to more than thirty. He hopes to meet the representatives of at least fifty Camps of United Confederate Veterans from the Palmetto State at Birmingham.

J. J. DICKISON, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V., FLORIDA.

Born in Monroe County, Va. At an early age he was sent to South Carolina, and educated in that State. When of age he engaged in business in Georgetown, S. C., and for several years did a large business as a cotton merchant. While a resident of Georgetown he was Adjutant and Inspector General of Cavalry, which

position he filled creditably to himself and his adopted State. In 1856 he removed to Florida, was a successful planter until the secession of the State. Early in '61 he raised an artillery company, and was elected First



Lieutenant. Preferring cavalry service he organized a cavalry company, was elected Captain, and served until near the close of the war, when he was promoted to Colonel. After the war he served four years in the State Legislature of Florida. With the restoration of the Democratic party to power, he was appointed Adjutant General of the State, and served four years. As a Confederate officer he was, in the highest sense, "ever faithful to duty." His efficient and faithful services are recognized throughout Florida, and his name is as a household word in every home, identified with that sacred cause.

The historical narrative of "Dickison and his Men," or "Reminiscences of the War in Florida," is a tribute of affection and gratitude, and a valuable contribution to the history of the Confederate War. It portrays many brilliant achievements and soldierly qualities of that gallant command. True, "the bravest are the tenderest," a fact illustrated by his ever watchful interest in the "soldier boys" confided to his care by patriotic mothers. He gave his own son, a noble youth of eighteen, who was killed in an engagement with the Federals near Palatka, August 3, 1864. In distress of spirit the bereaved father and victor, though dearly bought, carried on horseback the lifeless form of his noble son, the blood still flowing from the wound, to the encampment six miles distant. This affliction was peculiarly trying, as this beloved son was the only surviving child of his first marriage.

Other sketches of Major Generals and young lady representatives in last pages of this issue.

JOHN C. UNDERWOOD, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V.

John Cox Underwood, eldest son of the late Judge Joseph Rogers Underwood and his second wife, Elizabeth Threlkeld Cox, was born September 12, 1810, in Georgetown, D. C., while his father was a member of Congress from Kentucky. His early instruction



was from his admirable mother, from the schools of Bowling Green, Ky., and at a high school in Jacksonville, Ill. Later he took a four years' course at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York. He graduated with distinction as a civil engineer in June, 1862. While a student at the Polytechnic, through his relative, Maj. John Todd, U. S. A., then on duty at West Point Military Academy, he secured the military text books used at the "Point" and studied the course in military engineering and the art of attack and defense as taught there.

His emphatic Southern sentiments, boldly expressed, got him into trouble with his Northern associates on the fall of Fort Sumter. After his graduation he returned to his home in Kentucky, but that section was overrun with Federal soldiers. Resisting all appeals to the contrary, for his father was a Union man, he mounted his horse and, running the Federal pickets, came farther South. Through his brother-in-law, Maj. A. M. Rutledge, of Gen. Polk's staff, he was given a staff position by Gen. S. B. Buckner, and afterward at Murfreesboro tendered another staff appointment by Gen. Breckinridge. On Buckner's written recommendation he was appointed a First Lieutenant of Engineers. He joined Hon. Geo. B. Hodge (afterward a General), then a member of the Confederate

Congress, in raising a regiment of Kentucky cavalry, of which Hodge was to be Colonel, Underwood receiving the provisional appointment of Lieutenant Colonel. He did not go with Buckner to the Trans-Mississippi Department, as had been intended, but returned to Tennessee early in 1863, and, having typhoid fever he fell into the hands of the enemy on Bragg's retreat from Tullahoma. After several months he was taken by his father to Bowling Green, Ky., and was paroled. Before he got well Vicksburg had fallen, Gettysburg had been fought and lost to the Confederates, and the Federal Secretary of War, Stanton, refused further exchanges.

Underwood played the "citizen dodge," and was ordered through the military lines South, but Gen. Granger, at Nashville, objected, and he was placed in the military prison at Louisville. He was afterward sent to Cincinnati, and several months later was sent to Fort Warren, near Boston. This was in October, '63, and he was kept there until the fall of '64.

Through the personal influence of United States Senators who had served in the Senate with his father, President Lincoln directed that he be paroled, but "not to enter an insurgent State without permission from the Secretary of War." He went to Washington three times, the last in February, 1865, in attempts to secure his exchange, but was unsuccessful, and he was a prisoner on parole at the close of the war.

He became a planter, and later followed his profession as a civil engineer and architect. He was Mayor of Bowling Green, State Commissioner, and Lieuten-



[Miss Etta Mitchell, representative for Mississippi in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

ant Governor of Kentucky. He was also a member of the State Democratic Committee.

Gen. Underwood is one of the most prominent Odd Fellows living, having been Grand Master of the Jurisdiction of Kentucky, Grand Sire of the entire Order throughout the world, and for the past eight years the General commanding the military branch thereof.

He has resided in the Northern States for six or seven years, and is the Major General commanding the Division of the North, U. C. V. Through his efforts the ten thousand dollar monument in Chicago has been erected over the 6,000 Confederate soldiers buried in Oakwoods Cemetery. It is the only Confederate memorial on Northern ground, and is a most beautiful material tribute to the soldier dead of the "lost cause." The money was principally raised by donations from the liberal citizens of Chicago. It will be formally dedicated May 30.

In addition to his division command, he is Commander of the Northern Department, U. C. V., embracing the States of Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and all the Northern States east of the Mississippi River. He is collecting data relating to the Confederate dead buried in the North. He organized the U. C. V. in Kentucky, selected and appointed Gen. Boyd to command that division, which has since grown so rapidly, and has done much toward perfecting the federation of Confederate veterans.

Gen. Underwood married Miss Drue Duncan, of Warren County, Ky., in 1867, and they have three grown children, a son and two daughters.

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS,

Commander Georgia Division U. C. V., is one of the most remarkable of living Confederates. At eighteen he was a lawyer, at twenty-two a judge, at twenty-five a State Senator, and at thirty-one a Major General in the Confederate Army. One of the most successful of



his heroic exploits was in leading the charge whereby Marye's Heights were recaptured. His deeds of valor secured for him rapid promotion from Colonel to Major General in the Army of Northern Virginia. Before

the end of the struggle his heart turned away from desire for military conquest, and he said: "I determined to enter the ministry when the war should end, for it was better to save men than to destroy them."

Gen. Evans is personally very popular with the best people. A Georgia paper, of the many that praise him, states:

"The people love Gen. Clement A. Evans because they recognize in him all the elements that ennoble



Miss Annie McDougald, Columbus, representative for Georgia in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.

the patriot, and all the instincts that consecrate the Christian gentleman. They love him because his voice and his pen are as eloquent and polished in advocating every thing that will build up the moral and material greatness of the community, as his record of service on the battlefield in behalf of his country and section is spotless and glorious. They love him because he magnifies any position he occupies, and is typed in the lines:

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

A Georgia private tells a thrilling story of Sergeant Oakley, who "carried the colors of his regiment two hundred yards in front of the line" at Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. He did this, and waved it conspicuously to determine whether a certain battery was Confederate or Federal. After showing the colors to assure the identity of his command he deliberately returned with them to his line. In June of the next year Gen. Leonidas Polk was on an inspection, and when at the 4th Tennessee Regiment he called for the Color-bearer, when he ungloved his hand and said, "I must shake hands with you." Then raising his hat, the General continued with great feeling and real martial eloquence: "I am proud to uncover in the presence of so great a man." The effect was fine, and a great shout rent the air.

W. N. BUSH, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V.

W. N. Bush, Major General commanding Northeastern Division of the Texas U. C. V., is a native of Kentucky. He was born in Clark County, May 27, 1833, and was married to Miss Bettie Raney, of the same county, on April 17, 1856. They removed soon thereafter to Collin County, Texas, where he engaged



in farming and stock raising. He enlisted as a private in Company G, Alexander's Regiment of Cavalry, which served in the Trans-Mississippi Department. The regiment was dismounted in 1862, after doing hard service in Arkansas, Missouri and the Indian Territory. While in cavalry his horse was shot under him. At the reorganization of the regiment in '62, he was elected 1st Lieutenant of his company. Ere long he was promoted to Captain. Early in '63 his regiment was removed to Louisiana and put in Gen. Polignac's Brigade, Mouton's Division, where he served until the close of the war. This division did efficient service in meeting and repulsing Gen. Banks on his expedition up Red River. The Alexander regiment captured the Nims battery of Banks' army. It was the first capture of cannon at Mansfield, and Gen. Bush was the first man to reach the battery. In the second day's fight at Pleasant Hill he received a wound in the leg. In this engagement Banks was driven back to the Mississippi, but with heavy loss to the Confederates. He held the confidence of officers and comrades as a man and commander. At the close of the war he returned to his home in Collin County, Texas, and with renewed energy rebuilt his interests. In 1870 he was elected Sheriff of his county, served faithfully and efficiently for four years, when he returned again to his farm, where he has remained, being financially successful. In January, 1892, he was commissioned Major General by Gen. Gordon to com-

mand the Northeast Texas Division, U. C. V. That division has increased to fifty-eight Camps from three Camps since his appointment. He has spared neither time nor money in trying to get the old Confederates in touch with each other. He is thoroughly devoted to these interests.

Gen. Bush is nearly six feet high, weighs two hundred and ten pounds, and is still a very active man.

Late advices from Texas are that "Gen. Bush will attend the reunion at Birmingham with a full force from all of the Camps in North Texas."

MISS A. C. CHILDRESS,

OFFICIAL STENOGRAPHER AND TYPEWRITER OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The VETERAN presents to its readers the picture and a short sketch of this young lady, who has done so much for the VETERAN, and who is so prominently identified with the great organization of the United Confederate Association.

Miss Childress' family are originally from Nashville, Tenn. She was born in New Orleans, and is the daughter of a veteran. Her father, Mr. Geo. P. Childress, was a member of Scott's Cavalry, and served in the army from the beginning to the end of the war. Like many other Southern women, to whom the war is as a dream, she is an ardent believer in the sacred principles her father and friends fought for, is a worshipper of the memories of the "lost cause," and is devoted to the story of its victories and defeats, and the valor of its brave soldiers and heroic leaders.



Possessed of a good mind, well educated, being an expert in figures, a rapid and tireless worker, she is a very valuable assistant in the organization of such a great enterprise. She had exceptional advantages for this peculiar work, having assisted Adj't Gen. Moorman through all his labors in the organization of the Veteran Confederate States Cavalry Association, which was his conception, and embraced a division in each Southern State, commanded by a Vice-President, with one President commanding the body. Miss Childress, as Secretary, assisted in these memorable reunions, familiarizing herself with names and places of all leading veterans. Gen. Moorman secured her valuable services, and to which duties she has applied herself ever since with the devotion of an Eastern worshipper. She reported the proceedings of our last great reunion at New Orleans.

SAM. T. LEAVY, MAJOR GENERAL, U. C. V.

Sam. T. Leavy was born near Lexington, Ky., in 1842; was raised on a farm and received a common school education. He enlisted, July, 1862, in Company I, of Gen. John H. Morgan's Kentucky regiment. In September of that year he was appointed 2d Lieutenant in Company G, 9th Kentucky Regiment, com-



manded by Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge. In 1863 the 9th Kentucky remained under orders with the Army of Tennessee, while the rest of Morgan's cavalry were on the Ohio raid. During the fall of 1863 the 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky were formed into the 2d Kentucky Brigade, attached to Gen. Wheeler's corps, and served to the close of the war with the Army of Tennessee. On Sherman's march to the sea this brigade was very active, and did much valiant service.

December 1, 1864, Capt. Leavy was dangerously wounded while leading a charge in a cavalry fight near Bethel Church, in Brock County, Ga. His was a remarkable recovery, as he was shot through the bowels and hip. There is only one other case on record where a man received a similar wound and survived.

After the war he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but later followed his fancied occupation, stock raising and farming. In 1887 he was elected State Senator for the 22d Kentucky Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Woodford, Scott and Jessamine. He went to Oklahoma City and located in April, 1890, and in June, 1890, was appointed Democratic member of Townsite Board, No. 4. He was chosen as first delegate from Oklahoma Territory to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1892, and cast his ballot for Cleveland and Stevenson.

In October, 1874, he was married to Miss Lizzie,

daughter of Col. Willis F. Jones, of Woodford County, Ky., who was killed in 1864 near Richmond, Va., while serving on the staff of Gen. Chas. W. Field. Capt. and Mrs. Leavy have three children, two boys and a little girl, and are now living in Norman, O. T. Gen. Leavy is diligent for the wellbeing of comrades.

ROBERT COBB, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V.

Robert Cobb, Maj. Gen. U. C. V. for Northwestern Division of Texas, is a native of Caldwell, now Lyons, County, Ky. At the age of twenty-three he joined the 3d Kentucky Infantry. He was soon elected First Lieutenant and then Captain of his company, which was assigned temporarily to artillery duty. When retransferred the 3d Kentucky was continued in artillery service, and he was promoted by Gen. J. E.



From an old photograph.

Johnston to Major of artillery, and assigned to the command of battalion with Breckinridge's division. He participated in the battle of Shiloh, the first siege of Vicksburg in 1862, Baton Rouge, then Harts-ville and Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Jackson, Miss. He was at Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and that great campaign of fighting every day between Dalton and Jonesboro, Ga. When the war was over he was married to Miss Virginia Walker, and after a few years of planting in Monroe County he removed to Kentucky, and thence to Wichita Falls, Texas, about eight years ago, where he is engaged in the practice of law.

Gen. Cobb is very popular with comrades, and is zealous for promoting the important interests of veterans. His daughter, Miss Virginia Leoma, was alternate with Miss Laura Gaston, of Dallas, in representing the great State at the reunion in New Orleans.



Miss Eliza Laurens Chisolm, Birmingham, to represent Columbia in the Tableaux.

I'M GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

I'm gwine back to Dixie, no more Ise gwine to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, I can't stay here no longer,
I miss de ole plantation, my home and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

CHORUS.

I'm gwine back to Dixie, I'm gwine back to Dixie,
I'm gwine where de orange blossoms grow,
For I hear de children callin', I see sad tears a fallin',
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton, I've worked upon de ribber,
I used to think if I got off I'd go back dare no nebbber;
But time has changed de ole man, his head is bending low,
His heart's turned back to Dixie, and he must go.

I'm travellin' back to Dixie, my step is slow and feeble,
I pray de Lord to help me, and lead me from all evil;
And should my strength forsake me, den kind friends come and take me,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.



Mrs. W. D. Gale, nee Miss Meta Orr Jackson, selected before her marriage to represent Tennessee in Birmingham Reunion.

"GOING BACK TO JESUS."

The sweetest rendition of Dixie ever heard is that which begins, "I'm gwine back to Dixie." The following lines, sung in the Tabernacle at Nashville in the presence of thousands of people recently, furnished a treat that would please a multitude of veterans.

I am going back to Jesus,
I can no longer wander;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
I cannot grieve him longer,
I miss the sweet communion,
The peace and heavenly union;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
And I must go.

CHORUS.

I'm going back to Jesus,
I'm going back to Jesus,
I'm going where the living waters flow;
For I hear his sweet voice calling,
Repentant tears are falling;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
And I must go.

I lived in sinful pleasure,
In riot spent my treasure;
I dreamed the world was joyful
For me without my Savior,
But O when Satan found me,
With bitter chains he bound me;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
And I must go.

I'm trav'lin' back to Jesus,
My step is slow and feeble;
I pray the Lord to lead me
And keep me from all evil;
And should my strength forsake me,
Dear Jesus, come and take me;
My heart's turned back to Jesus,
And I must go.



MRS. ALBERT AKERS.

"I HAD RATHER HAVE MY PICTURE IN THE VETERAN THAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE."

Mrs. Alice Pickett Akers, on greeting the founder of the VETERAN in the dazzle of the National Capital, used the above language in a manner so natural and

sweet that her picture is given. Her handsome, eloquent, and courageous father gave his life to the Confederacy, and her husband, Maj. Albert Akers, was shot many times, and twice entirely through the body. They now reside in Washington City.

JOHN BOYD, MAJ. GEN. U. C. V.

John Boyd, Major General U. C. V. for Kentucky, was born in Richmond, Ky., January 7, 1841. At eleven years he emigrated to Texas and resided about a year in Indianola, and afterward the same time in Richmond. He was at the latter place during the yellow fever scourge in 1853, his family suffering great loss. He returned to Lexington, Ky., in 1854, where, with the exception of the war, he has ever since resided. His education was limited, and obtained wholly from the public schools. He joined the army of the Confederate States at the time it occupied Central Kentucky, in 1862, and served as a private in the Buckner Guards of Cleburne's division throughout the war. He participated in every battle in which that illustrious division was engaged, and was surrendered with the Army of Tennessee by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensborough, N. C. His parole is dated May 1, 1865, and he has preserved it.



In addition to being the commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., he is also the President of the Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky, an organization which has done and is still doing a vast amount of good in aiding the living and burying the dead Confederates of his State. This Association has a liberal admission fee, and its bank account has hardly been under two thousand dollars at any time for years. He has recently done a work for the South that entitles him to the gratitude of every man who honors the cause for which the Southern people sacrificed so much. He has a complete list of the Confederate dead buried in the Confederate cemetery at Lex-

ington, and has recently begged the money and erected a beautiful monument over them. He has had their names cut on the monument and numbered, and a corresponding number at the head of every grave. Every Southern State is represented



Miss Elchora Graves, Lexington, representative for Kentucky in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.

Gen. Boyd is so diffident that the VETERAN thanks him for the sacrifice of allowing this prominence. He rarely ever goes from home. He stays there and works for his devoted wife, and, as indicated above, for Confederates living and dead.

DEDICATION OF CHICAGO MONUMENT.

Gen. John C. Underwood writes from Washington City, April 12, that the dedication of the Confederate Monument at Oakwoods Cemetery, Chicago, will take place on May 30, 1894. Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, will deliver the dedicatory address, and Maj. Henry T. Stanton, of Kentucky, will read a poem, and other ceremonies will be announced in next issue. He adds: "The monument cost ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars, and is the only Confederate monument erected in a Northern State. By authority of the United States Government four cannon will be parked, and piles of shot made on the Government plot in said cemetery in additional ornamentation thereof, a recognition which should be fully appreciated by the veterans. I will announce railroad transportation rates, by circular, in the near future."

The superintendent of transportation at New Orleans will give round trip ticket to Birmingham for \$7, and the Trans-Mississippi agents have promised to meet any railroad rates made east of the Mississippi. This would make the round trip from Dallas to Birmingham about \$15. It is expected that an Alabama State organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans will be effected at time of the Birmingham Reunion. Camp Clayton, of Birmingham, is sending many letters to the Camps throughout Alabama, and is meeting with most cordial responses. This is as it should be. The Sons of Veterans must be able to take up the work as the older men lay it down.

Camp Clayton has chosen the VETERAN for its organ, and the State organization is expected to do so.

REUNION OF TEXAS VETERANS AT WACO.

The division of Texas United Confederate Veterans had an interesting and profitable gathering at Waco, April 5th, 6th and 7th. The parade was seriously dampened by a shower of rain, but in the Assembly Hall spirits revived. Rev. Frank Page, one of the youngest Confederates, having been sworn in as a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, Chaplain of



[Miss Elizabeth Pasco, Monticello, representative for Florida in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

the Pat Cleburne Camp, at Waco, introduced the service with this significant prayer:

Almighty God, the creator and governor of the world, we ask thy blessing and direction upon this assembly. We thank thee for the love of country and of home with which thou hast endowed mankind, made in thine own image. We thank thee for the noble men thou hast given us in times past, and that so many of their companions are with us to-day. May the memory of our fallen heroes ever be dear to us. May we always honor these brave soldiers of our country who survive. Our Father, comfort and bless them in their declining years. Look with mercy upon them and their families, and supply their wants. We have no bitterness against any. We pray for all the soldiers of our common country, both North and South. Bless this country, especially this great commonwealth. O, Lord, save the State, and mercifully hear us when we call upon thee. Give peace in our time, O Lord, for it is thou, Lord, only that maketh us to dwell in safety. And as in times past these men have been faithful, so may they be true soldiers of the cross in the great battle of life, following Jesus Christ, the great Captain of our salvation, against sin, the flesh and the devil, and may peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, flourish in our borders. We ask it all for Christ's sake.

The welcome by Judge George Clark so emphasized the position taken by the VETERAN on the "Lost Cause" that it is given in full:

Comrades and Confederate veterans, I need not say

friends, I need not extend to you a formal welcome to Waco, because you knew in your hearts that you had that welcome before you came in our midst. The pleasant but unnecessary duty has devolved upon me to open to you the hearts and the homes of this good city, and I stand here, comrades, to bid you a royal welcome to royal hearts that beat in the home of Granbury and of Harrison and of Ross.

As I look upon this sea of faces, and hear the yell that is not unfamiliar to my ears, my thoughts, fellow-soldiers, go back many, many years. Without bitterness and without malice I stand here to claim the proud honor which belongs to us all—that we were Confederate soldiers.

It is sometimes said that our cause is lost. Some causes are never lost. They may be crushed in defeat, they may go down in seeming ignominy, but in the end, like truth crushed to earth, they rise again. The Confederate soldier is always and under all circumstances true to principle. There was no selfishness in his heart, no thought of the morrow with him. He put all upon his country's altar, and went forth and gave his time and his heart and his life to the cause. What did that cause represent? I said it was not lost, and I repeat the assertion. It could not be lost.

It stood first for the rights of the States. Upon its solid foundation hangs the liberty and prosperity of the whole of America. Inside of eleven years after the surrender of our armies, before the grandest tribunal that ever sat upon earth, it was decided that the States were supreme in this nation. We are not indebted to our friends, soldiers, for this decision, but it came from those who had been our enemies.

They went upon record with the solemn declaration that no matter what might be the action of a State in the selection of a President its action was final. So that part of our cause, instead of being lost, is triumphant throughout the north and the south, the east and the west as the highest law in the land. There was another great principle for which we stood, and that is that we fought against the interference of the government with the rights of the property of the individual. Our contest was broad upon the idea of individual rights of life, liberty and property. The fight is still upon us, fellow-soldiers, the fight for constitutional guarantees in this country, the fight for the enjoyment of our lives, the right of the enjoyment of our liberty and that equal dignity of right to enjoy the fruits of our labor. Tell me not that the cause is lost when hosts of Americans are marshaling in defense of these rights, and that flag [pointing to a Confederate banner], the flag of the old Confederates, typifies the fight. Turn it loose and let them all see it! [The man holding the flag shook it out, and the whole building rang with cheers.] Brave men have followed it, patriots have died under it, lovely woman has blessed it with her prayers and consecrated it with her tears. It stood for the rights of life, liberty and property from 1861 to 1865. It didn't tell a lie then. It speaks no lie to-day.

We stand to day with our brethren of the whole country, marshaled now under a different flag [taking hold of the Union banner], and we will be as true to this as we were to that. With our faces firmly set, fellow-soldiers, against the aggressions of government, against the aggressions of anarchy, against the aggressions of communism in every shape, come from whatever quarter it may, standing true to the Constitution

and the flag of our country, in defense of the rights and liberties of this people, we would not join any band that would march upon Washington now. We marched upon Washington once before in a manly fight and under the true flag, and the next time we march upon Washington we will take this flag with us [pointing to the United States flag amid cheering] to cover us, and we will raise it against the hosts of communism, let them be led by whom they may. Am I not right when I say it's a misnomer to call our cause lost? It could not be lost. God, in his inscrutable wisdom, if we were untrue to principle for which we contended, and of which we are not ashamed, would raise up another race that would prove better men than we were. The cause is triumphant, and the Confederate soldier will go down into history occupying the proud page he should occupy, and we every year will turn aside one day at least to weep over our dead and talk over the trying times of the past.

We meet in no spirit of malice or of strife, standing as we have ever stood, true to the flag of our country and to the institutions of our government, and I know we will ever stand true to the principles of our cause, which are eternal.

Now, welcome again to Waco: welcome to our homes. Let enjoyment rule all of our hearts; but, comrades, let us not forget in our moment of joy those old heroes who have crossed the river. Let us make it a point, according to our means, to rear to their memories grand monuments, to show to all future eyes the deeds done by them, the cause for which they fought and the cause for which they died.

Gen. L. S. Ross, an honored ex-Governor of Texas, delivered a very interesting address upon that section of Texas, remembering when the first cabin was built, and when the postoffice was in a "bee gum" hat. He paid beautiful tribute to his faithful comrades of the war. Judge Reagan, who was Postmaster General, and is the only member of the original Confederate Cabinet living, gave an address, held over for May VETERAN.

CHARLEY HERBST, OF KENTUCKY.

There was no uncommissioned soldier in the Confederate Army more faithful and constant in all duties than Charley Herbst, of the 2d Kentucky Regiment. He is worthy of high place in the VETERAN. An intimacy with its editor since prison life at Camp Morton in 1862 enables him to give this positive testimony, and he does it with special pride and gratitude. It was intended to surprise him with the picture and sketch of himself. The hundreds yet living of the four thousand fellow-prisoners at Indianapolis will recall the cultured gentleman who was so quick and so accurate in his detail work at the little postoffice in Camp Morton during the spring and summer of 1862, and how their hearts throbbed when he would call their names on letters from home. Everybody knew "Charley." The writer introduced himself, and afterward Charley's unselfishness and friendly devotion secured many returns in hospital and in camp.

When he had four holes shot into his body at Dallas, Ga., on the Johnston-Sherman campaign, and was located in a hospital, although lying on his back, he

sent this message: "Now that my opportunities are better for writing, I will send you two letters for one."

Early after the war he was engaged for months in marking graves of Confederate dead between Dalton and Atlanta, and was helpful in identifying many a noble martyr who gave his life for Dixie. A letter of Mr. Herbst to some nieces furnishes the following data:

At the opening of the war he was in the hardware trade in New York City. He returned to Kentucky



in April, 1861, and joined Company H, 2d Kentucky Regiment, the first regiment formed at Camp Boone, Tenn. He was made Commissary Sergeant. He was captured with his regiment at Fort Donelson and sent to Indianapolis, Indiana. While in Camp Morton he was made Sergeant of Division 13. He was appointed assistant to Mr. Evans, the camp postmaster, by Col. Owen, commandant of the prisoners. Later he was assigned to duty at the Surgeon's headquarters. He was with his regiment in the battles of Murfreesboro, Jackson, Miss., Mission Ridge, Rocky Face Gap, Resaca, and Dallas, Ga., where he was severely wounded, and was on crutches for about six months. While convalescing was assigned to office duty under Lieut. Battey, in Macon, Ga. In November he reported to the regiment at Stockbridge, Ga., where he saw Atlanta burning, and with his mounted regiment retreated to Macon, Ga. Later he was a bearer of dispatches to Dalton, Ga., for Col. Hiram Hawkins, of the 5th Kentucky Infantry. Again he was assigned to duty, under Col. John F. Cameron, who appointed him Sergeant Major of the detachment, with whom he remained several months. Then he rejoined his regiment and remained with it up to the surrender under Gen. Johnston, April 26, 1865.

For twenty-three years he served as Librarian in Atlanta and Macon, Ga., where he now lives. He has lived in that State nearly ever since the war, but has ever registered as "of Kentucky."

FOUNDER OF THE FIRST CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL.

MRS. ALICE TRUEHEART BUCK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Among the Southern veterans residing in the National Capital are some noble women, whose sacrifices and devotions to our cause have never been recorded in history. The frosts of time have whitened their heads like the old soldiers, but the purity and beauty of their hearts is not marred. One of these, Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, daughter of Ex-President Tyler, established the first hospital in the South. When the war commenced she was in New York with



her husband, who was Paymaster in the United States Navy, stationed at New York. They immediately came South and cast their fortunes with our people—he taking a position on the Alabama and she on another, and sometimes the more trying battle ground. In Philadelphia, on her way south Mrs. Semple met a friend who suggested to her that more soldiers died from sickness than the bullet, and that she inaugurate a movement for the establishment of hospitals, which she did as soon as she reached Richmond, in May 1861. She arrived there the day the blockade set in. There she met her father who was a member of the Confederate Congress, and he obtained permission of Mr. Pope Walker, Confederate Secretary of War, to establish a hospital at Williamsburg. Mrs. Semple's appeal to the ladies of Williamsburg was heartily responded to. Col. Benj. S. Ewell was in command of the Peninsular, and with other gentlemen encouraged and assisted the move. The Female Seminary which

stood upon the site of the Colonial Capitol, was selected for the purpose desired. The ladies went to work diligently, Mrs. Semple making the first bed with her own hands. Very soon seventy-five cots were in place. Dr. Tinsley, now a practicing physician in Baltimore, and Dr. W. C. Shields were the surgeons in charge. Very soon troops from different points were centered there. About that time Mrs. Semple left Williamsburg and returned after the battle of Bethel, June 10. There were then so many refugees from Hampton and other places, and so many sick soldiers (none wounded as yet) needing attention and comforts, that William and Mary College, the Court House, and several churches were taken for hospitals. Dr. Willis Westmoreland in charge. Dr. Westmoreland sent a message to Mrs. Semple's residence asking her to inspect the situation, which she did, and when she found so many needing more than the kind citizens could immediately supply, she went to Richmond the next day for supplies. General Moore rendered all the assistance he could, and the people of Petersburg, Pittsylvania and other places contributed liberally of food, clothes and bedding. The first death in the hospital was that of young Ball, Company A of Fairfax County, Va. The young hero gave up his life for his country, and that was all that was known of him there, but the lady who received the tender look from the soft blue eyes, and smoothed his golden hair for the last time never forgot him. It is to be hoped his family found his remains. The New Orleans (French) Zouaves, and Captain Zachary's troops were stationed there at that time, and the ladies made and presented a flag to them, the address being made by Mr. Edwin Talliaferro. General Magruder now took command of the troops. Among them was a brigade from Georgia under General McClaus. Colonel Ewell also was there with his regiment awaiting orders. All of them gallantly assisted the ladies in their work. Knowing the part Mrs. Semple had taken in the noble work, Colonel Ewell asked General McClaus if he had called upon her. He answered, "No, but I'll go directly." When he returned from his visit to Mrs. Semple and the Colonel asked him what he thought of her, he said, "Why sir, I hadn't been in that room five minutes when, if she had said to me, 'McClaus, bring me a bucket of water from the spring,' I would have done it."

So the women of that day helped the cause by cheering the living and caring for the sick and wounded, and the beautiful woman who inaugurated such a glorious work still smiles encouragement to every generous and loyal deed for the good of our loved Southland. The women of this generation also have a work to do, and they are banding together for the purpose. In Washington, besides the soldiers and their families, there are needy ones from every State who have been shipwrecked on the sea of life. Our Southern Relief Association is composed of about three hundred women who labor zealously in caring for this class, those who have no friends to help them. It is refreshing to meet with an organization so generous and loyal in spirit and practice. When preparing for entertainments wealthy women don their aprons and work by the side of those who are poor, oft times without knowing each others name. Every Southern heart that beats over a well filled pocket should open it now, for soon our veterans will "pass over the river." There they will neither want nor suffer. While honoring the dead let us not forget the living.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

CHANGES IN ORDER OF DEPARTMENTS CONSIDERED.

GEN. JOHN C. UNDERWOOD, CHICAGO.

In consequence of the rapid growth of the United Confederate Veterans, the department east of the Mississippi River, formerly commanded by the late Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, will, at the Birmingham meeting of the Federation, probably be divided into two, and may be three, departments, and in view of such possible legislation it may be well, and can certainly do no harm, to consider the following suggestions. It seems to me that the territory east of the Mississippi River should be divided into three departments, as follows:

1. The "Atlantic" Department, representing in the main the Army of Northern Virginia, and comprising the States of South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the Northern States east of Ohio, to be commanded by either of the distinguished Generals, Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, or Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.

2. The "Gulf" department, largely representing the Army of Tennessee, and composed of the States of Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, to be commanded by one of the eminent Generals, W. H. Jackson, of Tennessee, or Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi.

3. The "Northern" Department, embracing Kentucky and the Northern States east of the Mississippi River and west of Pennsylvania, to be commanded by Gen. S. B. Buckner, of Kentucky.

At present I command the provisional department of the North, comprising the States of Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia and the Northern States east of the Mississippi River, and having in a manner introduced and organized the U. C. V. where possible therein, I think it propitious to divide my department, and in fact all the territory east of said river, as outlined above, and to place in command the most distinguished and popular of the living Confederate Generals, that the U. C. V. Federation may receive the benefit of their official connection with it as members high in command.

The "Trans-Mississippi" Department should remain as now organized, with its several divisions, in the large State of Texas, where the U. C. V. membership is so numerous as to make such an organization not only possible, but advantageous and desirable; and Gen. W. L. Cabell, who has done so much toward recruiting the Federation and perfecting its organization, should be made a full General in recognition of his services; and besides retaining his departmental command, he should be made second in command to the illustrious Gordon, who, for the present, at least, ought to be kept at the head of the Federation.

The reason for making a fourth permanent department by adding Kentucky to the Northern States previously designated is, that thereby there will be embraced a first-class division of living Confederates with the scattered Camps throughout Northern States; and, all being under the command of the officer having charge of the many thousands of dead Southern soldiers buried at Indianapolis, Columbus, Johnson's

Island, Chicago, Madison, Rock Island, Alton, etc., he will, by such means, be the better enabled to care for their graves and the cemetery grounds in which they are located.

The U. C. V. Federation having become a great organization throughout all the Southern States and the entire country where Confederate veterans are resident, I believe the present to be the proper time for bringing to the front the greatest possible number of the living Confederate heroes who, because of their illustrious deeds, possess extraordinary military renown, and thereby will be enabled to work the advancement of the Federation more successfully than if they were less distinguished personages.

Personally, I have lost none of my enthusiasm, zeal and willingness to labor for the advancement of the movement, but, recognizing the advantage to be derived by placing the Generals named in command, I am perfectly willing to surrender my department command to the chivalric Buckner. I do not think that the selection of *division* commanders should be made alone on the basis of the past honorable services and the military renown of officers, but more particularly on account of the availability of the men and their activity and enthusiasm in recruiting and otherwise working for the Federation.

Again, the life of the organization is undoubtedly vested in the annual meetings of the regular council of the Federation and general reunion of veterans from all sections of the Southern country, and in furtherance of such necessity a centrally located and thoroughly Southern city should be selected as the permanent headquarters of the Federation. With that object I would suggest New Orleans as the most advantageously located point, and the week previous to "Mardi Gras" as the propitious time for holding such annual reunions. By such a course the meetings of the veterans would always take place in a large, conveniently located city, commodious in its appointments, liberal in its hospitality, and lavish in its truly Southern pulsations. By selecting the time named for the reunions, the veterans and their families could enjoy the Mardi Gras festivities, meet during the most pleasant month of the year in the South, and easily avail themselves of the half rate for round transportation, always made for the New Orleans Mardi Gras occasions throughout the whole South and larger portion of the North, and thereby insure a greater attendance than could possibly be obtained any other way.

I trust that these suggestions will receive such favor as to secure place in your valuable columns.

A BRAVE SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

Notices of a few of the many brave men of the Confederate Army have appeared in your columns. I send you a record of one whose name I have forgotten, if I ever learned it, in the hurly burly of the day, and I write with the hope that the recital of the incident may recall it to some of the actors in the scene.

About eight or ten days before Gen. Lee evacuated the lines at Petersburg he had been preparing for the inevitable by throwing boards across the trenches, covering them with earth and blankets, and quietly withdrawing his guns from the lines. These were parked near the reservoir at Petersburg, and the preparations would have been completed for a successful retreat if the judgment of the President had not over-

ruled that of the General. Deserters, however, reported these preparations to the enemy, and they opened a fire upon us that lasted some time before we made any reply. When our batteries and mortars responded the enemy concluded that they had been deceived. A South Carolina battery was stationed about where the plank road crossed our lines, and it did splendid service. A Lieutenant was in command of the guns, and in the heat of the fight a shell fell a short distance in advance of this officer, and plowed up the ground under him, so that he seemed to have had his legs cut off as he fell into the hole. As he sunk down he noticed that one of his guns hung fire; he gave the command which sent the proper man to the front of the gun with his priming wire, and before he touched the vent the gun was discharged, and none of the gunners were hurt. I have often told the story as an evidence of the cool gallantry of an officer who saved the lives or limbs of his men, when he thought himself to be mortally wounded. He escaped, however, unhurt. What is his name?

*FLAG OF THE FIRST REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA
REGULAR ARTILLERY.*

CLAUDINE RHETT, CHARLESTON, S. C.

One of the most interesting incidents of the winter of 1892-93 to the veterans of Charleston has been the recovery of the long lost regimental colors of the 1st Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery and their presentation by the surviving officers of that command to the city of Charleston.

In the early days of the civil war the ladies of Charleston, by the hands of Mrs. Gen. R. S. Ripley, gave a handsome silk flag to the artillerists who then garrisoned Fort Moultrie. During the bombardment of Fort Sumter the hot shot fired from Moultrie caused Maj. Anderson's surrender of Fort Sumter to the Confederates, April 13, '61. A detachment of these artillerists was then placed in charge of Fort Sumter, and was thenceforth known as the 1st Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery. The flag went with them, and was used daily on parade.

Iron-plated ships of war are now in use all over the world, but they were first tried in Charleston harbor, April 7, 1863, when Ericsson's fleet of monitors attacked Fort Sumter. They were confident that they would take Charleston, but our artillerists gave them such a warm reception that in the course of two hours the much vaunted iron-clad fleet withdrew from the contest badly worsted.

Fighting for Charleston began again on July 10, 1863, and the guns of Sumter were employed by day and by night until that fortress was reduced to the condition of a silent, dismantled earthwork, when it was placed in charge of an infantry guard, and the artillerists were withdrawn and sent to man other batteries around the harbor, after forty-eight days of continuous service, exposed to hunger and great fatigue. Gen. Beauregard, in recognition of their services, issued the following complimentary order:

Charleston, S. C., August 27, 1863. General—The Commanding General has witnessed with genuine pride and satisfaction the defense made of Fort Sumter by Col. Rhett, his officers and the men of the 1st

Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery, noble fruits of the discipline, application to their duties, and the soldierly bearing of officers and men, and of the organization of the regiment. In the annals of war no stouter defense was ever made, and no work ever before encountered as formidable a bombardment as that under which Fort Sumter has been successfully held. Respectfully your obedient servant,

THOMAS JORDAN, Chief of Staff.

To Brig. Gen. Ripley, Commanding First Military District South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.

When Charleston was evacuated in 1865, Lieut. Col. Yates, who commanded the regiment (Col. Alfred Rhett being in command of the brigade of regulars), left the flag in Charleston, no other flag than the Confederate battle flag being allowed in the field. Upon his return to that city, after the surrender of Johnston's army, he was informed that the flag had been hidden in a garret for safe keeping, and had been destroyed by rats. Recently it was found in the hands of a relic seller, and was immediately bought by two of the officers of the 1st Artillery for \$100.

Col. Yates' widow resides in Bessemer, Ala., with her daughter, Mrs. Roberts, who was born on the 13th of April, 1861, and was baptized Belle Sumter, in memory of her father's participation in the capture of Fort Sumter. No sooner did these noble women hear of the finding of the old flag than they claimed the right as Col. Yates' representatives to bear the expense of procuring it for the city of Charleston, and forwarded the money for that purpose. The recovered emblem of the 1st Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery was then formally presented to the City Council, and has been placed alongside of the full length portrait of Gen. Beauregard, and just above Charleston's proudest historical treasure, the sword of Beauregard.

NEED OF A UNITED STATES HISTORY.

REV. J. H. McNEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

One of the pressing needs of our whole country is a history of the United States, for schools and for popular use, written from the Southern standpoint. We do not want a prejudiced, partisan account of our political and social life, and of our civil war, but a clear, vivid story of the difficulties, efforts and growth of our people, in the light of those great ideas and principles which controlled the actions of Southern statesmen from the origin of the Republic.

Hitherto Northern men have written the history, and naturally in the light of Northern ideas and principles. Of course our great civil war has been treated as a "wicked and causeless rebellion," as a war stirred up by a few ambitious spirits for personal ends, and for the maintenance and extension of the institution of slavery. Our children are taught to believe that we were rebels and traitors against "the best government the world ever saw." Now, a movement so widespread, so nearly unanimous, and which called forth the enthusiastic devotion and the heroic efforts of millions of people for four years, is not causeless. But the causes lie far back in our history. The contest was between two different conceptions of the nature of our government. The Southern people made their desperate struggle to maintain the government which

they believed its founders established. When they were defeated they accepted in good faith the government as it now is, and are loyal to it, but they do not believe that it is the government according to the idea of the framers of the Constitution. It may turn out to be better. Certainly they have no idea of trying to establish by force their idea of State's rights. But they will always contend that they fought for the Constitutional rights of the people, as originally guaranteed to them.

Now, the histories written by Southern men, as far as I have seen, do not set forth clearly the idea and purpose which animated the South in all the years before 1860, when it controlled the government. Our historians are usually content to give our side of the civil war, with some of the causes that led up to it; but for all the period preceding that fearful contest they differ little from Northern writers.

How few of our children know that Jamestown, Virginia, was settled before the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country, or that the vast domain which forms four-fifths of the United States was won by Southern men, or that slavery was forced upon this country by England, seconded by New England, or that in 1860 one-tenth of the slaves were communicants in churches.

What we need is a history of the country from the beginning, which shall show the wonderful part the South had in its conquest and development, and the patriotic spirit and great sacrifices made by the South for the Union. It can only be written by one in thorough sympathy with the ideas of the South, as well as with thorough knowledge of the great facts of history.

The history of this country to the close of the civil war is not the "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," as Vice President Wilson wrote it, but the history of the overthrow of the Constitution as it was originally adopted. While giving hearty devotion to the government as it now is, and while laboring to make it a glory and a blessing to the world, we yet owe it to our ancestors, and to our dead, to show in history that government, as we believe it was intended by its framers, and as it made such wonderful progress under our administration of it until the opposing idea triumphed.

Upon our Confederate veterans lies the duty of securing this vindication of their cause from the facts of all our past history. We owe it to our fathers, to ourselves and to our children that the history of our common country should not be left to be told by those who are out of sympathy with our spirit and principles, and so are unable to do justice to our motives or actions; and who therefore fail to record the glorious part we had in winning and developing the country, and fail to understand the meaning of the heroic struggle we made, not to preserve slavery, but to preserve our rights under the Constitution.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Accept profound thanks for what you have sent to go in the VETERAN. Be patient for literal production or liberal extracts. Preference has been given so far specially to those who had never written for publication. It is the greater compliment for them to write, and they seem to remember better than the educated. The VETERAN does not intend partiality toward any person or any section of our own dear Dixie. It prays for long life in the faith of doing great good. Write concisely, and only facts.



Gen. E. D. Hall, of Wilmington, Department Commander of North Carolina, is very much the type of Old Hickory. He raised the first volunteer company in that section, if not in the State, and arrived at Manassas just at the close of that memorable victory July 21, '61. Soon after this he was appointed Major of the 7th North Carolina Regiment, and so acquitted himself in the battle of New Berne that he was elected Colonel of the 46th North Carolina, although a personal stranger, even to its officers. His regiment was put in Walker's brigade, afterward famous as Cook's brigade, and it is said they were in every battle in Lee's army. Gen. Cook was wounded several times, so that Col. Hall, being senior Colonel, had to take the command. This he did at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Mary's Heights, and Bristow Station. He declined the appointment of Brigadier General, although A. P. Hill insisted upon it, in loyalty to his friend's (Gen. Cook) approaching recovery. In December, 1864, he resigned active service on account of disability. After his health improved he was elected to the Senate. He took strong ground, when necessary, in behalf of his people in the period of reconstruction. He was nominated as Lieutenant Governor and canvassed the State, but with 25,000 white people disfranchised and the ballot given to the negroes, there was no chance for success. Gen. Hall has ever been zealous for the old veterans, and may be credited with getting pensions from the State. He was unanimously elected President of the North Carolina Veteran Association. In their reunions Gen. Hall has secured remarkable favors, so much so that veterans could attend practically without money or price.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

J. F. Shipp, Quartermaster General U. C. V., writes as follows to Maj. Eshleman, New Orleans, in reply to inquiries concerning the cost of erecting monuments on the battle-field of Chickamauga. Maj. Eshleman's letter was in regard to building monuments to Louisiana troops who participated in that battle.

I have just had a long interview with one of the Ohio State Commissioners, who states that their Legislature has made an appropriation to erect a monument to each regiment, battalion and battery of artil-



Miss Carrie T. Cochran, Eufaula, representative for Alabama in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

lery from Ohio who took part in the battles around Chattanooga, the cost not to exceed \$1,500 each. That amount, however, may be supplemented by friends of the commands so that more expensive monuments may be erected. The appropriation provides for paying the expenses of the Commissioners to locate the lines and positions of the various commands engaged in the great battles during each day and at various hours during the progress of the battles.

All monuments erected at the expense of the States must be submitted to the War Department for approval, the object being that nothing shall appear upon the tablet or monument that is not strictly in accord with the facts, nor anything that is offensive in character.

I am informed that the Park Commissioners have asked for authority to have the foundations of the monuments, and the cost of installing the same, to be done at the expense of the Government and under their supervision. I think that authority will be granted, as it is the proper thing to do.

I find, upon examining the records, that Louisiana had at Chickamauga four infantry regiments, one cavalry regiment and three batteries of artillery; at Mission Ridge, or Chattanooga, four infantry regiments,

one cavalry regiment and two batteries of artillery. Therefore, to locate a monument to each Louisiana command at both Chickamauga and Chattanooga would require fifteen monuments, say \$1,000 each—\$15,000; and say for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the Commission, \$1,000, making a total of \$16,000.

The foregoing are points in the letter of general interest.



[Miss Lillie McGee, Van Buren, representative for Arkansas in Reunion U. C. V. at Birmingham.]

Charles Todd Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee who has ever been an honor to comrades at home and abroad:

SEWANEE, TENN., March 7, 1894.—Dear Mr. Cunningham: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN comes to me full of good things, and I wish to thank you for your faithful work in giving to the Confederate soldiers such an admirable and accurate record of the days that "tried men's souls." The typography, the illustrations, and the whole "get-up" of the paper, leave nothing to be desired. The editorials and letters of correspondents are full of interest to one who took part in the struggle to preserve the constitutional rights of the States.

I am yours with all good wishes.

THE OTHER SIDE.—The letter from Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, from which the following are extracts, was written last summer to Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis. The title of the book was first designated as "The Prisoner of State." That title, however, was afterward reserved as the second part or division of the poem: "My Dear Young Friend—I have often wished to utter the gratitude my heart has so long cherished toward you for your noble poem, 'The Prisoner of State,' which you kindly read to me in Memphis, while it was yet unfinished. Then it gave rare promise of excellence, rarely attained, which, I understand, it has more than fulfilled since that time. Could the dear Prisoner of State have lived to see it, it would have been a rich reward, after his protracted sufferings, to know that his noble patience, under wrong, had inspired his young country woman, who was an infant when he suffered, to write so great a poem as a tribute to his memory and to the truth of history. Your unfeigned desire to tell only the exact truth, setting down nothing in malice, rather under than overstating the circumstances attending the outrages committed upon a helpless prisoner of State, touched me greatly, and if possible, increased my respect for you, and I can vouch for the exact accuracy of your narrative. In the name of Mr. Davis' descendants I thank you."

THE GALLANT GEN. LANE.

Gen. James H. Lane, of Alabama, is a native of Virginia—Mathews Court House. A "star" graduate with distinction from the Virginia Military Institute, he afterward took a scientific course at the University of Virginia. He served as Assistant Professor of Mathematics at his alma mater, the Virginia Military Institute. He was afterward Professor of Mathematics in the Florida University at Tallahassee. When the war begun he was engaged as professor in the North Carolina Military Institute at Charlotte. He took an active part at once, and was made Major of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, and was in "the first battle of the war," according to D. H. Hill. He was dubbed



the "little Major" of "the Bethel Regiment." With a handsome outfit of sword, bridle, saddle and stirrups from this command, he left them to serve as Colonel of the 28th North Carolina, of which he was unanimously chosen Colonel. This same compliment was paid him by this regiment upon its reorganization and volunteering for the war—the first twelve months to so enlist, according to Gen. Holmes. When Gen. Branch was hastening to the right in the great battle of Gettysburg, A. P. Hill dashed up to the command and called out, "Who commands this regiment?" Lane stepped forward and saluting, said, "I do, General." Hill replied: "Take your regiment, Colonel, at a double quick, deploy it along that road, defend that unsupported battery and drive back the enemy advancing through that corn." About dark Branch ordered Lane to rejoin him, and that, doubtless, was

the last order of that brave officer; for, as Lane approached his line he recognized Maj. Englehard, and asked, "Where is Gen. Branch?" Englehard, in a voice which betrayed his emotion, replied, "He has just been shot; there he goes on that stretcher, dead, and you are in command of the brigade." Two days afterward Branch's brigade, under Lane, and the brigades of Gregg and Archer, constituted the rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia, when Gen. Lee recrossed the Potomac without the loss of a wagon.

The brigade petitioned for Lane's promotion, and on the recommendation of Lee, Jackson and A. P. Hill he was appointed Brigadier to succeed the lamented Branch. Gen. Lane was wounded on the head at the first Cold Harbor at the same time that the noble Campbell was killed in front of his regiment with its colors in his hands. He received an ugly and very painful wound a few days afterward at Frazier's Farm, when his regiment was charging a battery, but he refused to leave the field, though advised to do so by the Division Surgeon. At the second Cold Harbor he was dangerously wounded, and was borne, profusely bleeding, from the field.

This noted North Carolina brigade took an active part in every important infantry battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and Gen. Lane was in active command from Sharpsburg to the surrender at Appomattox Court House, except about two months when confined by serious wounds.

After the surrender Gen. Lane begged his way to the home of his childhood, which had been in the enemy's lines, to find his aged parents ruined in fortune and crushed in spirit at the loss of two noble sons. He remained there huckstering and working his father's garden and a small lot in corn until he could borrow \$150 to enable him to leave his old home again in search of employment more congenial to his habits and to the physical ability of a wounded soldier.

This "Little General" enjoyed the confidence and respect of President Davis, as is seen from the following beautiful and touching tribute: "I willingly bear witness to his character and general capacity. Endeared to me as he is by his services to the South when he was the youngest Brigadier in the Confederate Army, I admit that I feel a warm interest in his success, not for himself only but also as a good example for the youth of the State I love so well."

Gen. Lane married miss Charlotte Randolph Meade, of Richmond, Va., who died several years ago. He has four daughters, and lives at Auburn, Ala., where he is Professor of Civil Engineering in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. The VETERAN will print soon an address of his about our women in war times.

Lowndesboro, Ala., March 19, 1894.—At a meeting of Camp T. J. Bullock, No. 331, U. C. V., Adjutant C. D. Whitman offered the following resolution, which was adopted: That we heartily indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and accept it as our official organ, and cheerfully recommend it to all soldiers, regardless of whether they wore the gray or the blue. It is worth the price, \$1 a year.

Graham Hughes, Secretary, Owensboro, Ky., March 10: "Sir—I am commissioned by the Confederate Association of this place to notify you that your magazine has been indorsed by it as an able and true representative of Confederate interests."

LIEUTENANT GENERAL S. D. LEE.

Born at Charleston, S. C., September 22, 1833. Graduated at West Point, in 1854. In the United States Army until South Carolina seceded when he resigned in 1861. He was one of the officers who carried Beauregard's demand for the surrender of Fort Sumpter, and afterward the order to open fire on the fort. He was Captain of Artillery, Hampton's Legion, in Virginia, then Major, Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel of artillery, and was in the battles of the Peninsular campaign from Yorktown to Richmond, Seven Pines, Savage's Station and Malvern Hill. He did gallant service also in the battles of Second Manassas and Sharpsburg. He was promoted to Brigadier Gen-



eral and sent from Virginia to Mississippi and commanded batteries and garrison of Vicksburg under Gen. M. L. Smith. He defeated Sherman at Chickasaw Bayou, in the winter of 1862 and 1863. Three horses were shot from under him at Baker's Creek. After the siege of Vicksburg he was made Major General to command all the cavalry in Mississippi, Alabama, East Louisiana and West Tennessee. He was again promoted to Lieutenant General and placed in command of that department. He organized cavalry regiments, confronted Sherman's army of 30,000 men with his cavalry force of 2,500 men from Vicksburg to Meridian, fought with General Forrest the battle of Harrisburg, Miss., against A. G. Smith's army, where the odds were 5,000 against 16,000 Federals. The latter withdrew toward Memphis. Later he was assigned to command of Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee, before Atlanta, and was in the battles of 28th of July and also at Jonesboro. He was with Hood in his Ten-

nessee campaign, his corps was left at Columbia with two divisions, artillery and wagon trains of the army, while Hood made his flank movement at Spring Hill, arrived at Franklin in time to take part with one division in that terrible battle, having marched from Columbia after the balance of the army had reached Spring Hill; was in the battles around Nashville, and repulsed the enemy in his assault on Overton Hill, which was held until the left and center of our army was driven back in disorder. He covered retreat of the army, after its disastrous rout, his corps being the only one with organization intact. During the next day after the rout, he presented a defiant front, repulsing every effort of Wilson's cavalry, from early dawn to 10 o'clock at night. So successful was this persistence that little or no effort was made for battle afterward. On the second day of the battle, a rear guard was organized under the command of Generals Walthall and Forrest, the latter having arrived from Murfreesboro, but the pursuit was feeble after the first day, no fight of consequence occurred, and Hood was allowed to recross the Tennessee River. Gen. Lee was severely wounded while with the rear guard in the afternoon of the day after the rout. He surrendered with his corps, under Gen. J. E. Johnston, in North Carolina.

Since the war Gen. Lee has been a planter, and President of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, which position he now holds. He has represented his county and district in the State Senate, and was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of his State. He was sixty years of age September 1893. He is the third officer in rank of living Confederates, Generals Longstreet and A. P. Stewart having older commissions.

W. L. GOLDSMITH, OF MERIDIAN, MISS.

He is too modest to speak of his own brilliant achievements. I knew him in the Army of Northern Virginia. The world knows what S. D. Lee did at second Manassas—how with eighteen guns he contributed so largely to win that great victory. Just after the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, in 1862, when the army had recrossed the Potomac, Gen. R. E. Lee sent for Col. S. D. Lee and told him he had recommended him for promotion as Brigadier General, and that he wished to place him in command of all the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. A few days after this Col. Lee was again invited to Gen. Lee's headquarters. On arriving Gen. Lee handed him his commission as Brigadier General, saying that President Davis had ordered him to select the most accomplished artillerist in the Army of Northern Virginia and direct him to report to Gen. Pemberton, who was then at Vicksburg, Miss. Gen. Lee told him that he would be compelled to select him for that duty, as he had already made him his Chief of Artillery.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY NEAR RESACA, GA.—D. H. Livermore, President of the bank at Calhoun, Ga., writes that about \$35 has been subscribed for repairs on the Confederate Cemetery of Resaca dead, and an account will be kept of all names, and if a sufficient amount for making the repairs is not raised all sums will be returned. Through President Thomas the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway has contributed \$25. It is very desirable that repairs be made on this burial place of the noble men who fell in the cause of the South at Resaca and vicinity:



The United Confederate Veterans.

The object and purpose of this organization are strictly social, literary, historical and benevolent; to cherish the ties of friendship that exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common suffering and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve our record as far as possible.

Neither discussion of political or religious subjects, nor any political action, will be permitted in the organization.

Gen. Jno. B. Gordon, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, makes this appeal:

"Comrades, no argument is needed to secure for those objects your enthusiastic indorsement. They have burdened your thoughts for many years; you have cherished them in sorrow, poverty, and humiliation. In the face of misconception you have held them in your hearts with the strength of religious convictions. No misjudgments can defeat your peaceful purposes for the future. Your aspirations have been lifted by the mere force and urgency of surrounding conditions to a plane far above the paltry consideration of partisan triumphs. The honor of the American government, the just powers of the Federal government, the equal rights of States, the integrity of the Constitutional Union, the sanctions of law and the enforcement of order have no class of defenders more true or devoted than the ex soldiers of the South and their worthy descendants. But you realize that a people without the memories of heroic suffering or sacrifice are a people without a history.

At one of the first of Confederate reunions there was a large gathering at Pulaski, Tenn., and the eminent General John C. Brown, whose name is ever to be honored in Tennessee and at the South, was very active for the success of the entertainment. It was after his service as Governor. I wrote him a note suggesting that steps be taken there that day to designate our great war, whereby the Southern people at least would have the same expressive term. He did not get the note in time to submit it, but expressed sincere regret at failure. One of his most gallant regimental commanders, Col. J. P. McGuire, who has since died also, concurred heartily in the suggestion.

"To cherish such memories and recall such a past, whether crowned with success or consecrated in defeat, is to idealize principle and strengthen character, intensify love of country, and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and nobler womanhood. Whether the Southern people, under their changed conditions, may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which



GEN. JNO. B. GORDON, COMMANDER U. C. V.

began with their Washington and ended with their Lee, it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guarantee of future progress and the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim they can present to the confidence and respect of the other sections of the Union."

Let steps be taken without longer delay to abandon such terms as "the late unpleasantness," "the late war." Even "the civil war," and "the war between the States," are terms hardly fitting in dignity. "The Revolution" characterizes, with proper effect, the struggle of our ancestors. "The Mexican War," recalls history of which those who participated are proud.

The VETERAN proposes that we adopt "The Confederate War" as our term, and exercise diligence for it. All the world would accept it, and the "rebellion" would not be remembered as a disloyal epoch when the pride of the term ceases to be understood by new generations.



FIRST CAPITOL BUILDING OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Montgomery will always enjoy the distinction of having been the first Capital of the Confederate States, for there, February 4, 1861, delegates from six seceding States assembled to organize the Government of that Republic; there its Constitution was adopted in the same year, and there, February 18, 1861, on the steps of the Capitol, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President and Alex. Stephens Vice President of a power which has passed from among the nations of the earth forever; but whose brief existence was like some brilliant meteor, and the record of whose armies is marked with a fortitude and daring unsurpassed by the trained Napoleon, or the serried columns of the Iron Duke.—*Berney's Hand-book of Alabama.*

STACK ARMS, BOYS, ALL IS O'ER.

[Affectionately dedicated, April 9th, to the Confederate Veterans, by Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine. Read on Memorial Day at Charleston, S. C.]

Ab, yes! this is the saddest day of all the blessed year,
For still the echo of those mournful words I seem to hear,
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

Though three decades have passed since then, I hear them still,
As through the portals of the past they come my soul to thrill,
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

They gave the death blow to our hopes, and left naught in
their stead
Save love for those who guided us, and reverence for our dead.
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

As thus with heads low bowed we stood, a mist came o'er our
eyes,
And something on our gray coats fell, that falls when loved
one dies.
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

For through the vista of the future years looked grim despair,
And desolated homes, in which were vacant chairs stood there;
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

And now the old gray coat and hat must hang upon the wall,
For ne'er again shall wearer answer to the bugle call.
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."

Aye, yes! this is the saddest day of all the blessed year,
For still the echo of those fatal words I seem to hear,
"Stack arms, boys, all is o'er."



GEN. FREDERICK S. FERGUSON.

Frederick S. Ferguson is a native of Huntsville, Ala., was graduated at the Wesleyan University, Florence, Ala., in July, 1859, and until the war taught school and studied law. In January, 1861, he was with the expedition commanded by Col. Lomax, Florida, and soon afterward was appointed Second Lieutenant of artillery in the regular regiment raised by Alabama and transferred to the Confederacy. Having passed the examination for a commission as an ordnance officer, he served in artillery, and was staff officer to Gens. Gardner, Higgins and Page. During the siege of Fort Morgan he commanded one of its batteries with the rank of Captain, and was captured with its garrison in August, 1864, from which time until June, 1865, he was a prisoner at Fort Lafayette, N. Y., and Fort Warren, Mass.

EDITOR HENRY CLAY FAIRMAN, of the *Sunny South*, will recite his poem, "The Veterans of the South," to the United Confederates at Birmingham. Mr. Fairman has written a thrilling serial, entitled, "The Third World; a Story of Romance and Strange Adventure," which will begin in the *Sunny South* with the issue of April 21st.

CAPT. B. F. HALL, Santa Ana, California, writes: "I commanded Company A, 55th Tennessee Regiment, Quarles' Brigade, Walthall's Division, in the battle of Franklin. Every man of my company who went into the fight was either killed or wounded except myself. Most of them lay in front of the old gin not far from where the brave Cleburne fell.

HARVEY'S SCOUTS.

In 1886 the survivors of this company met at Canton, Miss., and appointed a committee to raise funds for a monument to their fallen comrades. This committee, as then formed, and afterward employed, met on the 26th of last February at the Hotel Royal, in New Orleans. Present—George Harvey, Wiley N. Nash, W. H. Howcott, Wallace Wood, George Shelby, Scott Field and James L. Goodloe. These gentlemen hail from Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee. The committee has collected, principally from the surviving scouts, \$1,500, and accepted the design of F. H. Venn, of Memphis. It will be of valley granite, massive and classic, decorated with the Confederate battle flags, the Confederate States seal and sabres in copper, with appropriate wreaths and inscriptions; notably the names of those killed in battle. A young daughter of one of these soldiers, Miss Evelyn Nash, had collected copper cents since her early childhood, and donated five hundred to the fund. It is now proposed to fuse these coins into medallion, and fix it in the granite with words to indicate that it is her memorial to her father's comrades. This, probably is the only monument erected by one company to its dead, and will bear record of undaunted bravery. I think it is the only company especially mentioned by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and Gen. Claiborne devoted several chapters to it in his History of Mississippi, the records of which were lost by fire; but these chapters were saved in the hands of Wiley N. Nash, who, fortunately, had the proof sheets.

With from forty to seventy men, this command has the record of 1,969 Federal soldiers killed and captured within less than two years. It does not seem that these ever were "buttermilk rangers," as nearly every one of the original forty-six were either killed or wounded. The New Orleans *Picayune* gave accounts of the deliberations of this committee in its issues of February 27th and 28th, and March 1st, and the brilliant "Pearl Rivers"—Mrs. Nicholson—extended to them numerous courtesies. The original command was of picked men from Wirt Adams' brigade, and served, mostly, under the heroic Maj. Gen. Wm. H. Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, and Forrest. They were young, venturesome and successful; and the dignified lawyers, bankers and planters, of the survivors, hardly remind us of that hardy looking, reckless band of the fearful war time. The monument will be unveiled at Canton, Miss., next August. The survivors and their families will attend. J.

The Chattanooga *Times*: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is of concern to every one of the brave men who were engaged in that great struggle between the North and the South, and so fair, so honest, and so impartial is its conduct that one becomes deeply interested in it, no matter whether he wore the blue or the gray. The last two numbers of the journal have been unusually interesting, and it is pleasing to note the growing circulation of Mr. Cunningham's paper.

The Woodville Miss., Camp, No. 49, U. C. V.: Resolved, That this Camp approve the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., and we hereby adopt it as the official organ of this Camp. P. M. STOCKETT, *Adjutant*.

FORREST'S CAPTURE OF WOOLFORD.

Geo. W. Youngblood, Golden City, Mo.: I saw in the November VETERAN how Woolford was driven by the inch, as it were, from Loudon to Knoxville. Here is what I want to say: I belonged to Forrest's old brigade, Company A, 11th Tennessee Cavalry. After the battle of Chickamauga we were camped at Cleveland, Tenn., and Woolford at Philadelphia, eight miles south of Loudon. We started one morning, and rode all day and all night. The next morning we surrounded Woolford. He was ready for "the fun." The 11th was in line behind the artillery, the 4th in our rear, the 8th on our right, the 9th and 10th on the road between Philadelphia and Loudon to cut off their retreat. Forrest hadn't occupied a road running west, and when it got too hot for the boys in blue they started west. Forrest saw the gap, and ordered our regiment (the 11th) to dash across the road. It was about half a mile from us. At the same time the 4th took our place in the line. We got in about 200 yards of the road when Col. Holman ordered my company (A) and Company B to charge. We went at them like wild men, firing our revolvers, and with the old Confederate yell we went through their line, still shooting and yelling, Col. Holman at the same time coming down on the other side of the road. They whirled back for town. With the old 11th Tennessee still after them, they rushed through Philadelphia for Loudon. Here they met the 9th and 10th. The only thing they could do was to surrender. We got 500 prisoners, 7 pieces of artillery, 82 wagons, 600 stand of small arms, with all of their camp equipage. This was before the seige at Knoxville. Longstreet was then on his march from Chattanooga. He came up in a few days. Then we drove them into Knoxville, where we cut their line in two. After the battle I saw some dead yanks in the branch and pulled some of them out.

THE FUND FOR CAPT. SLOAN.

In receipting for the \$77.75 so generously contributed from El Paso, Texas, and the other sums received and forwarded since issue if the March VETERAN, Capt. J. N. Sloan, of Pontotoc, Miss., writes: "What shall I say to these good people? God bless you, my friend, and each contributor. I am proud that I was a Confederate soldier and did my duty in behalf of our beautiful Southland. Please say to each that I do most assuredly thank them for their generous contributions."

Judge Wyndham Kemp, Adjutant of Jno. C. Brown Camp, El Paso, Texas, March 15: At the meeting of Jno. C. Brown Camp, U. C. V., held the 2d inst., \$10 was appropriated for the relief of Capt. J. N. Sloan, of Pontotoc, Miss., whose appeal was published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and a committee of two appointed to solicit aid from the people of El Paso. As the result I inclose you New York draft, to your order for Capt. Sloan's benefit, of \$77.75, receipt of which please acknowledge. I also inclose a Mexican paper dollar, which Capt. Sloan may wish to preserve as a souvenir. It was contributed by a friend. We are greatly indebted to Dr. W. M. Yandell and W. J. Fewell for raising among outside friends the assistance for Capt. Sloan contributed outside of our Camp.

SEVEN PINES, OR FAIR OAKS.

BY S. H. PENDLETON.

The first is the Southern name, and the second the Northern name for the battle fought May 31, 1862, by McClellan against Joseph E. Johnston, in front of Richmond, in the marshes of the Chickahominy.

A little incident will serve to show how comparative history has been written, and the value of some history. When any man of ability and abundant resources for facts attempts to write history and fails to reveal important facts, except by imputation, it is equal to denial or ignorance.

"History of the United States," by J. A. Spence, D. D., elaborately illustrated, four volumes, one of the



[Richmond, looking toward Petersburg, 1865. Piers of James River Bridge.]

handsomest publications of our war, says as regards the losses at Seven Pines: "McClellan reported a total of 5,737; a few days afterward he reported that the number would be at least 7,000. The total 'rebel' loss was, according to their reports, nearly 7,000. Pollard's statement for the rebels' is: 'We had taken ten pieces of artillery and 6,000 muskets, besides other spoils; our total loss was more than 4,000.'"

When Dr. Spence wrote history, so-called, why could he not have told the truth about those ten pieces of artillery? If they were actually captured by the rebels, why not tell the truth? This much for Dr. Spence's history.

McClellan's own story, page 380, says: "Some of the guns in the redoubt were taken, and the whole line was driven back upon the position occupied by Gen. Couch. The brigades of Gens. Wessells and Palmer, with the reinforcements which had been sent them by Gen. Couch, had also been driven from the field with heavy loss, and the whole position occupied by Gen. Casey's division was taken by the enemy."

Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. 2, page 128, says about Seven Pines: "Our success upon the right was proved

by our possession of the enemy's works, as well as by the capture of ten pieces of artillery, four flags, a large amount of camp equipage, and more than one thousand prisoners."

But neither tells the full and true story of the ten guns. My present purpose is to supply the deficiency by telling the balance and the whole truth of the matter. I was at that time Senior 1st Lieutenant of the Williamsburg (Va.) Artillery—Capt. John A. Coke—and was familiar with the battle-field. The weather had been almost destructive, to say nothing about bullets. The roads were axle deep in mud and slush, and the fields and even woods through which men fought had to be trudged or waded through knee deep. The ten guns rested between the lines all day. The Confederates could not bring them in, the Federals could not recover them. About 10 o'clock that night, I remember well, was an order from my chief, Col. John Thompson Brown, of the 1st Virginia Artillery, that I should take charge of a detail of officers and men from his command and bring those guns from the field. We did it, and the further relation is simple. It required caution to get them off, even in the night, and I was instructed to have all our harness so wrapped as to avoid noise. I would be happy to tell the name of every man in that solemn company, but there were perhaps fifty. One thing is certain: we went through the mud, found the guns, hitched on to them and brought them safely into our lines before the break of day, rejoicing over them many times afterward when turned in good effect against the enemy. That was a time when the Confederacy needed guns, and we got those ten splendid brass ones.

Another little incident of this affair never to be forgotten is the bold figure of D. H. Hill, whose troops had done most of the fighting that won the guns. Gen. Hill, long after midnight, was between the picket lines, and sternly asked my business there threatening a night attack. My mission was easily explained—an order from Gen. Longstreet to bring off those guns—and the 1st Va. Artillery never disobeyed an order.

COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN COMRADES.

Griffin, Ga., February 3, 1894.—His Excellency, Peter Turney, Nashville, Tenn.—My Dear Sir: I write to ask if you are the Col. Turney who commanded a regiment in James Archer's Brigade, and fit, bled and died in the same. If you are not, excuse me for trespassing upon your time, but permit me to say that you need not get a hump on your back for being taken for that Col. Turney, whether he is dead or alive, for no Turney was more gallant and honorable than whom I knew him. If you are, by any possibility or freak of fortune, the same Col. Turney that I last saw in the charge upon Burnside's Corps at the stone fence at Sharpsburg, allow Capt. Flynt, of the 19th Georgia Regiment, to shake your hand severely, and then to shake and shake again, and congratulate you upon the honors which you have achieved, or had thrust upon you. If you are my old comrade of the war, and would like to hear any thing about one so humble and obscure in the war and since, drop a line to T. W. Flynt, Griffin, Ga., and he will endeavor to provoke you into giving him an account of yourself since those days, so that he shall have an excuse for boring you with a short history of himself. But suffice it for the present to say that he had a romantic adventure.

HUMORS OF WAR TIMES.

A. C. McLeary, Humboldt, Tenn.: A friend sent me two numbers of the *VETERAN*, December and January, and I read both of them through the first night, and was reminded of many funny things said and done during the war. I was a private in Company G, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest. The greater part of our company were boys from sixteen to twenty, and we were a jolly set. German Tucker took a Confederate cracker to show to some ladies living near camp, and they wanted to know how we ever got them to pieces. He told them that we put one corner of the cracker in our mouth, place the chin on a stump and get some one to hit us on top of the head with a maul. Bill Combs, when discussing the crackers as an article of food, said, "I can get full of the 'dad gum' things, but can't get enough."

Late one night we were cooking rations for one of our Middle Tennessee raids. Two of the boys, one in the 14th Tennessee Regiment on another hill, and one of my company, were "jawing" at each other, when the 14th man yelled out, "Yon go to h—." Our man answered, "There's no way of getting there now, the yankees have burnt the bridges." Fourteenth answered, "They did a good thing for you, then."

While on that raid we marched and fought for days and nights in succession. Late one dark night we were on the march, it was raining, and we were all wet, cold, tired, sleepy and hungry. We were bunched up in a creek bottom waiting for those in front to cross the stream. Not a word was being spoken. Old sore backed horses were trying to rub their riders off against some other horse. We knew we would have fighting to do as soon as day broke, and we had the blues. All at once Joe Leggett said: "Boys, I have become reckless; I've got so I don't care for nothing. I had just as soon be at home now as to be here." The effect was magic. While the skill and bravery of our Generals and the fighting qualities of our soldiers could not have been excelled, if it had not been for those jolly spirits to animate others the war would have come to a close much sooner.

Let us have something more from Capt. Hord. I laughed more while reading his Mike Kelly article than any thing I have seen concerning the war. It reminded me of my experience when Hood's army left Nashville. Not in Mike's charging qualities, but in trying to mount a frightened horse when the yankees and their bullets were coming fast. I was a good rider, and when at myself could mount a horse as quick as an Indian. But I had sprained my left ankle so severely I could not stand on it to put the other foot in the stirrup. Six or eight of us were on guard—I was a volunteer. We were at an old brick house on the bank of the Cumberland river five or six miles below Nashville. Our horses were over the hill out of the range of the gunboats three or four hundred yards from us. The first thing we knew our boys were running the yankees, our boys in front, down the Charlotte pike below us. As they passed they sent R. B. Bledsoe, one of our company, to tell us to get away if we could. The rest of the guards left me at once. Bledsoe saw me, run his horse some two hundred yards to where I was, jumped from the saddle, threw me the reins, and was gone like a flash, hoping to get to my horse and then make his escape.

Well, I must close, as I have already called for more space than I expect to get. However, Mr. Editor, I must tell of the uneasy ride this same old ankle caused me to take. When we got back to the Tennessee River our time came to cross the pontoon bridge about midnight, and it was very dark. Gen. Cheatham was there to see that every thing started on the bridge in proper order. Orders were to dismount and lead across, but there was no walking for me, so I kept my seat and was on the bridge when Gen. Cheatham railed out, "Why in the — don't you dismount?" "I have a sprained ankle, General, and can't walk." "All right, if you are a mind to risk it I will." When a boy I rode bucking mules, jumping horses, young steers, and a railroad train with wheels jumping the ties, but all this was pleasure compared with that pontoon ride. The river was bank full, the bridge in a swing, jumping up and down. My eyes being up above the rest, the lights on the bank in front blinded me like a bat. It seemed to be the widest river in the world.

LETTER WRITTEN IN WAR TIMES.

The following letter was recently sent to the writer with request for its return. The company referred to was B, 41st Tennessee Regiment:

In the Ditches near Atlanta, July 30, 1864, 8 o'clock A. M.—My Dear Friend C. H.: As I commence this every thing is comparatively calm, though there was "heavy" skirmishing all night, so reported, and it has been intense this morning on the left. Our brigade is a "support" for the cavalry on the right.

Day before yesterday, I understand, there was a "lively" engagement on the left. We did not hear any thing except the artillery. I suppose that our loss was quite heavy, but do not credit near all that I hear in regard to it. We hear that the yankees burned the supply train of our corps.

The papers were thankfully received that you gave me. There has not been a late paper here in about two weeks. We get no news.

I arrived safely to my command with the onions. The boys were eager for them, and say I must get another furlough. In the engagements during my absence some of our trust soldiers, and my near and dear friends, gave their lives for their country. One of my company, a good soldier and steady young man, was shot through the head. The yankees never seriously wounded one of my company, but have shot three through the heads, killing them instantly. Of all that were killed in my regiment I fear that neither one was prepared to die. How strange that men will go blindly into eternity, when a light is offered that will show them the way. My dear friend, I desire that you so live as that all may be well with you under all circumstances.

The onions referred to, a two bushel sack full, were bought in Macon for \$60, and the purchaser declined \$300, and had the pleasure of their distribution to comrades in his regiment.

Lt. Gen. S. D. Lee, Agricultural College, Miss.: I consider your last two issues as splendid, and had made up my mind to write you especially commending the February number. The material is just what it ought to be, and I wish you eminent success in your work. I wish you had started such a monthly ten years ago.



R. W. Jennings

The National Cyclopedia of American Biography, Vol. 2, page 130, says:

"R. W. Jennings, the founder and manager of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, Tenn., was born in Edgefield, S. C., March 19, 1838, where his father and grandfather had been raised. At the age of sixteen he commenced clerking in a retail store, and in 1855-56 he became bookkeeper for the Trion Manufacturing Co., at Trion, Ga. In January, 1857, he came to Nashville and secured a position as bookkeeper for the wholesale house of Gardner & Co., where he remained until 1861, when he entered the Planters' Bank as bookkeeper. In 1864 he filled an important position with

the great house of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, where he was directed to overhaul and examine into the books of that firm, running back for a period of nineteen years. In 1865 he was teller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., resigning this in December of that year to accept a partnership in the two firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., Nashville, the latter being the largest wholesale house which has ever been established in Nashville. Withdrawing from these firms in 1872 he was, until 1884, the senior partner in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Goodbar & Co., Jennings, Eakin & Co., Jennings, Dismukes and Woolwine, and R. W. Jennings & Co. Thus Mr. Jennings brings to his work as a business educator the ripe experience of thirty years in actual business."

24 OUT OF 25.

A prominent citizen of Martin, Tenn., came to the city recently to enter his son in some one of the business colleges here. It was suggested to him that the best judges on that subject would be the business men of the city. Of these he inquired to the number of twenty-five, and he reported that twenty-four of that number recommended Jennings' Business College as being the most practical, the other gentleman expressing no preference. Of course Mr. Jennings got the young man. "Straws always show how the wind blows."

From WHOLESALE MERCHANTS of Nashville.

Mr. R. W. Jennings, Nashville, Tenn.: We, the undersigned merchants and business men of Nashville, desire to express our approval of the methods you have adopted in conducting your Business College. Your long experience as a practical bookkeeper and office man, your truly practical method of teaching, and the fact that your examples are taken from books in your possession which you have yourself heretofore kept, give you advantages not possessed by other colleges, and we cheerfully commend your school to all who can spare the money and time to attend it. We speak from an observation and experience of many years as business men when we say no commercial school taught by men who have not themselves had an experience as

practical bookkeepers can compare with one where the examples are taken from transactions which have actually occurred to the teacher.

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Dismukes & Co., Wholesale Hats;
The Bransford Hardware Co., Wholesale Hardware.

We could have gotten one hundred other prominent Nashville business men if we had the room for their names.

Rare Books for Sale.

A copy of "Beechenbrook," by Mrs. M. J. Preston, a poem of the war, printed in Richmond in the winter of 1865; paper covers—Confederate paper. As facilities for printing were limited, there were a comparatively small number of copies.

Also a book of "Southern Poems of the War," collected by Miss Emily V. Mason, printed (a limited number) in Baltimore in 1866. At the time it was considered the best collection that had been made. Either of the above will be supplied by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for \$25.

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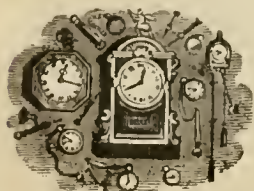
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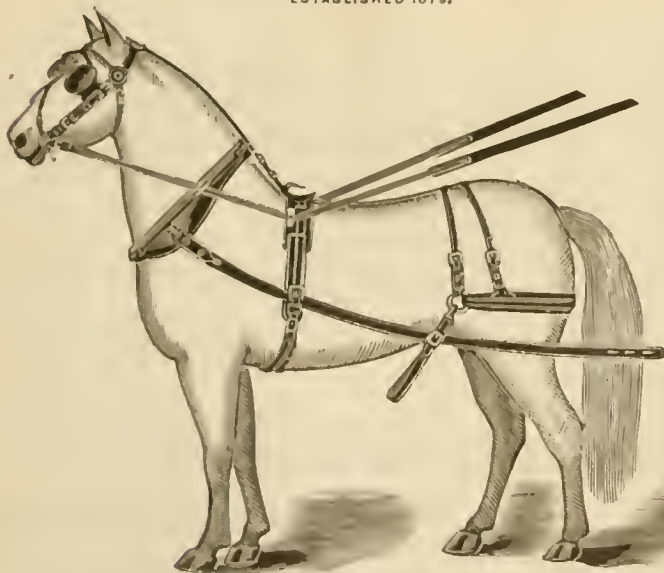
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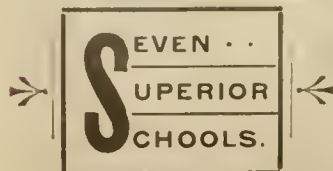
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Nashville *Christian Advocate*, organ of the M. E. Church, South, March 15: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., S. A. Cunningham, editor, is well on the way into its second year. From the first number it has been a pronounced success. It is patriotic and progressive. Cheerfully accepting the present, it at the same time loyally clings to the memories of the past. * * * We do not see how any old Confederate can get along without this periodical.

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 "Sketch of the Battle of Franklin, and Reminiscences of Camp Douglas," by John M. Copley. \$1.
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 "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Henry M. Field, D. D. \$1.50. This book comprises a series of letters on the South. Fifty pages are devoted to the battle of Franklin, and the author is especially complimentary to this editor. The closing chapters are on Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

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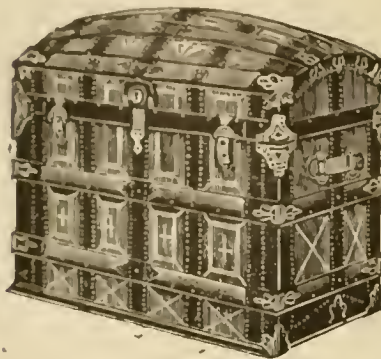
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