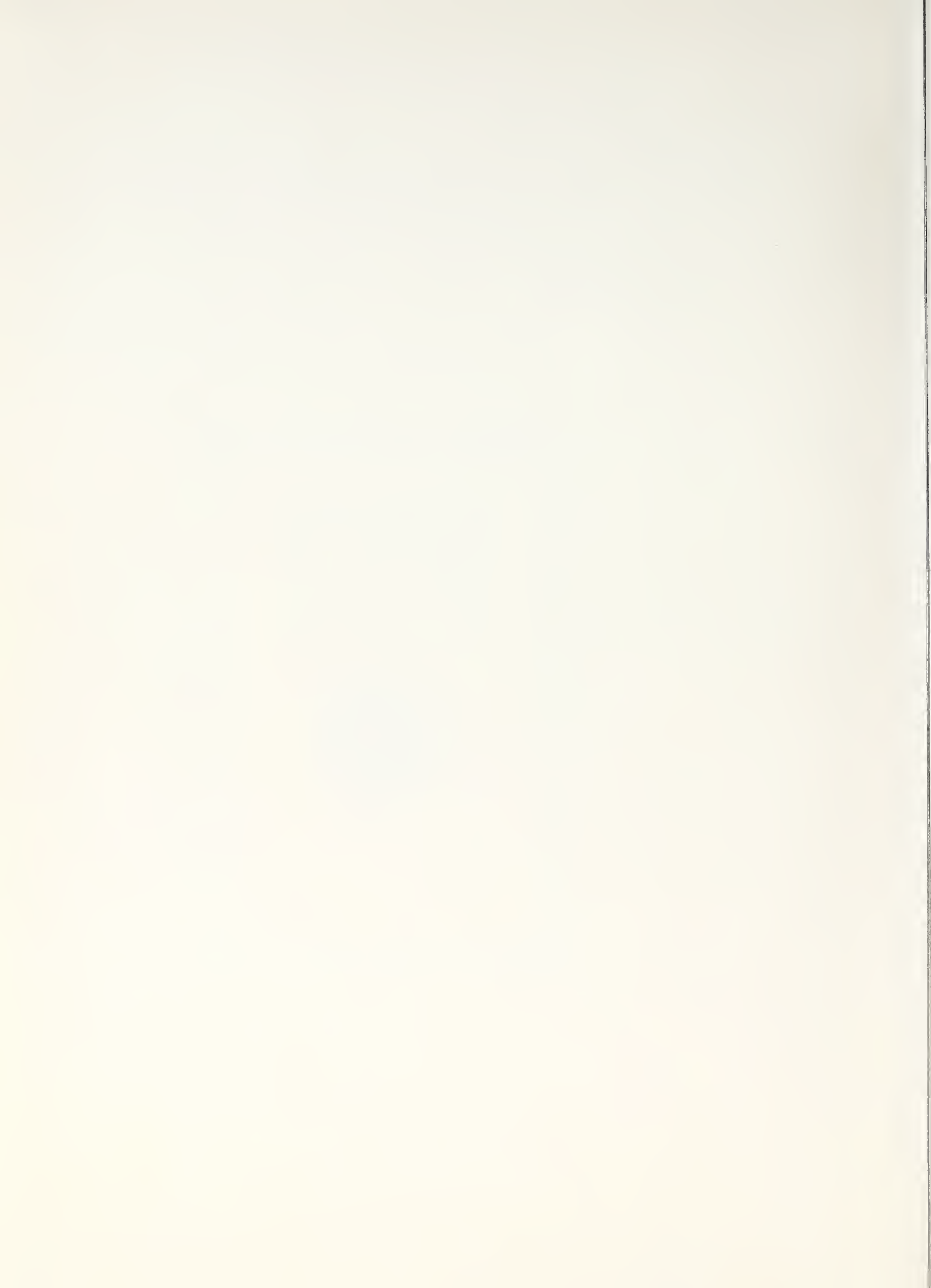


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Confederate Veteran

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VOL. XXXII.

JANUARY, 1924

NO. 1



MRS. FRANK HARROLD, OF GEORGIA
President General United Daughters of the Confederacy
(See page 5.)

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Mrs. Mary J. Dooling, of Locksburg, Ark. (Box 116), would appreciate hearing from any comrades of her husband, P. (Pat) H. Dooling, who served with the 1st Missouri Artillery, as she is trying to establish his record so as to get a pension.

Fred G. Mills, 91 Grant Street, Somerville, Mass., is seeking information of Christian Nicholas Slicer, a member of Company K, 14th Louisiana Regiment

(Lafayette Rifles, Capt. David Zable's Company). He wants to locate him, if living, or to learn where he is buried.

Capt. Edward N. Regua, who served in Hunter's Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, Trans-Mississippi Department, wishes to get a pension, and anyone who remembers him as a soldier in the Confederate army will please write to Judge Robert A. Waddill, Bartlesville, Okla.,

MONEY IN OLD LETTERS

Look in that old trunk up in the garret. It may contain some old letters, old used Confederate and old Union States postage stamps up to 1896 and valuable. Please be sure to leave the stamps on the envelopes, as I pay no for them that way. Write me whenever you find. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

W. M. Cook, of Rocky, Oklahoma, writes news well in advance, and writes that he will be eighty years old in January. I expect to take the VETERAN as long as I live, and after I have answered your last call, I want my children to read it.

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Confederate Veteran.

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

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

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

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VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1924.

No. 1.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

NAPLES, COLLIER COUNTY, FLA., January 1, 1924.

My Comrades: That the new year now with us may bring to each one of you good health and abundant prosperity is my very sincere wish.

May our Heavenly Father in his wisdom, goodness, grace, and loving-kindness lengthen our days and permit us to mingle again together and to enjoy the hospitality of the city of Memphis at our reunion in that city in June next is my constant thought and daily prayer.

My predominant thought has been the care for and comfort of the Confederate veterans who will gather at Memphis in June. I believe that this view animates and governs the members of the Memphis Reunion Committee. I am perfectly satisfied that the Memphis reunion will be in every respect thoroughly a veterans' reunion, and the thought to end will predominate in the making of arrangements by the Memphis Reunion Committee. With that end in view, I suggested to the Reunion Committee a home and home for every Confederate veteran. Comrades, who, while living with me in this view to a certain extent, have suggested that one of the delights of convention periods is where comrades can be quartered in large groups where they can get together and swap experiences, etc.

A distinguished comrade writes me, and his views are presented for consideration by the Memphis Reunion Committee, that both home comforts and group gatherings of the veterans are desirable. I give an extract from his letter:

It would be a lovely thing both for the host and for the guest for the Southern and Confederate sentiment of the day to find expression in such hospitality, and for the veteran on the other hand to feel that he had come home to his kind, where there are thousands of veterans where this entente would find its perfect fulfillment. Our comrades come from all walks of life. Of the thirty-three past reunions, I have attended twenty-nine, and with the comrades of our Camp have camped quarters with them in a tobacco warehouse at Nashville, fair grounds at Richmond, Washington Artillery at New Orleans, etc., and I recall how some of the old comrades got together, smoked corncob pipes, played their cards, and some of them danced, and all tell about their experiences and other experiences, and set up until one or two

A.M., and are sleeping at nine A.M. It would seem that provisions should be made for both."

Every provision will be made for the entertainment of the Sponsors, Maids, and other ladies of the Official Staffs, who will attend the Memphis reunion, but I believe that as a special duty it will be an added pleasure to the splendid women of the South, who will represent our various organizations at the reunion, to devote some of their time to visiting and looking after the veterans. This care and attention will be especially gratifying to my comrades and obviate criticisms that I have heard "that our gatherings were more for the women than for the veterans." The thought was conveyed to me in a letter from a prominent North Carolina veteran, and I accord to him credit for the suggestion which I heartily approve and earnestly commend. I believe that the women of the South will most enthusiastically contribute their valuable and valued aid in the matter. They can and will find the time, and it will be to them a pleasure in doing what is here suggested, and at the same time they will have ample opportunity for full enjoyment of the balls, receptions, etc., that will be provided for them by the people of Memphis.

RAILROAD RATES.

At an early date, I took up with the Memphis Reunion Committee the matter of reduced railroad rates of the railroads both east and west of the Mississippi River, not only for the United Confederate Veteran organization, but for all auxiliary organizations. A special Transportation Committee was appointed by the Memphis Reunion Committee, and have been and are diligently at work to secure the best rate possible from the railroads. A rate has been requested of one cent per mile traveled, and chairmen of the following passenger associations have been communicated with, as reported to me by the Chairman of the Reunion Transportation Committee:

Southeastern.—All east of Mississippi and south of Ohio and Potomac Rivers, to include Washington, D. C., and Cincinnati, Ohio.

Southwestern.—All west of Mississippi and South of Missouri Rivers as far west as El Paso, Albuquerque, etc.

Central.—All east of Mississippi, North of Ohio, and as far east as New York, Pennsylvania State line.

Trunk Line.—All north of Potomac east of New York, Pennsylvania State line, and west of New England States.

Request was made for round trip rate of one cent per mile for Confederate veterans, Members of immediate families, Sponsors, Maids, etc., Ladies' Memorial Association, Daughters of Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Date of sale desired, June 1-5, inclusive, and final limit June 30.

Rate one cent per mile traveled, estimated attendance, 41,000.

There should not be, but doubtless there will be, opposition by some of the railroads to the rate requested from them. Public sentiment in favor will secure the rate, and to this end I bespeak the friendly interest of the newspapers throughout the territory in which the reduced rate is requested. If every one who reads this request in the *VETERAN* will take the interest that should be taken in having it carried out, no better service can be rendered than by calling the attention of the newspaper in his or her locality and asking friendly aid of such newspaper. It is a rightful request, and should be courteously and earnestly placed before the various railroads. To effect what is desired, the expression of the press and the people should be requested at once. Let us all work to this end.

My reports are to the effect that the various subcommittees of the Memphis Reunion Committee are working earnestly toward making it one of the great reunions for Confederate veterans, and that it will be a great success none can doubt. The new auditorium and the new hotel at Memphis will be completed in ample time for our convention. Let us one and all show the good people of Memphis that we fully appreciate what they are doing toward our entertainment next June.

It is said that we all start every new year with good intentions and resolutions. One of the best resolutions which I commend to the people of the South in this new year is to resolve to subscribe for the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, and to carry out this resolution. It is the official organ of every Confederate organization. In order to practice what I preach, please find inclosed three dollars to pay for two annual subscriptions to the *VETERAN*, to addresses herewith.

W. B. HALDEMAN,

Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

THE MASTER AND HIS SLAVE.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

The probate records of Freestone County, Tex., show that on July 23, 1854, John Whitt, of said county, made his will, which was probated January 28, 1856, Mr. Whitt having died a few months before that date.

In that will is this solemn statement or request: "I will and desire that my beloved slaves be treated humanely and kindly, and their condition be as much ameliorated as is consistent with a state of slavery. I have not in my lifetime treated them, and hope that those who shall succeed me after my death will not treat them, in such a manner as that we shall be ashamed to meet them in heaven."

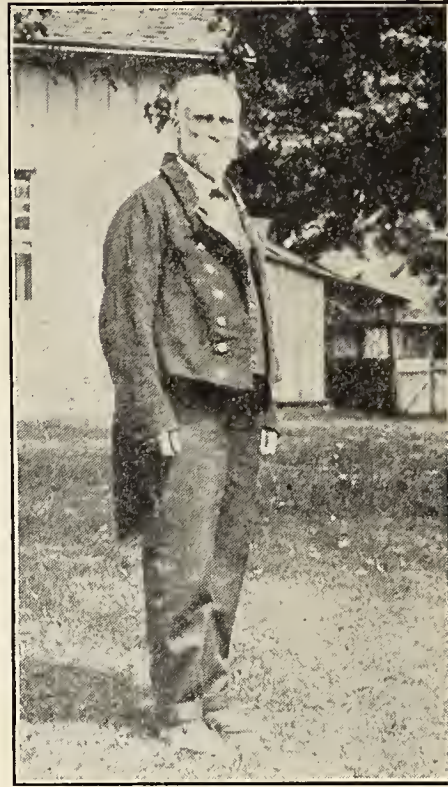
In this will Mr. Whitt applies the term "beloved" to his wife and children and, apparently, with as much solemnity, applies it to his slaves. Yet, there may be some people north of Mason and Dixon's line who doubt that a real friendship existed between the master, his family, and the servant.

Teague is in Freestone County, and I have copied exactly the records referred to above.

A FRIEND IN DEED.

Throughout its existence the *VETERAN* has been sustained largely through the helpfulness of good friends everywhere

who have given of their time cheerfully toward arousing in comrades and friends a spirit of appreciation of this journal of history and what it stands for, and their reports of subscriptions secured coming in from time to time are inspiration for special effort to make it worthy of their zeal. A good friend who has lately been especially active in this way is J. M. Weiser, of Dublin, Va., who felt he had a good idea about building up the *VETERAN*'s circulation and by putting this idea into practice he has added a hundred new subscriptions, and is now well started on the second hundred. With even a tenth of



J. M. WEISER IN HIS GREAT GRANDFATHER'S REGIMENTALS.

such effort generally, the result would make the *VETERAN* independent. Others will be written of later.

Comrade Weiser is one of the younger veterans both in years and spirit. He was born August 17, 1845, and volunteered for service at the age of eighteen, becoming a member of Company F, 54th Virginia Infantry, under General Bragg. He was afterwards under Joseph E. Johnston in the Atlanta campaign, followed Hood to the bloody fields of Franklin and Nashville, was captured at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., and closed his war career as a prisoner at Point Lookout. Returning home, he finished his education at Hampden-Sidney College, then traveled through the West for some years as a special correspondent of the *Pioneer Press*, being a writer of ability. However, the old home State drew him back, and for twenty years he has served his native town as justice of the peace, and in other ways he has helped to better local conditions and advance his community materially. Though not a licensed lawyer, he knows much law, and his keen judgment renders his findings worthy of the highest respect by fellow citizens and members of the bar, only twice having been reversed by higher courts in his twenty years of office. He is also Adjutant of Pulaski County Camp, No. 1829 U. C. V.

This picture of Comrade Weiser was taken on the lawn of his cottage home at Dublin, and he is wearing the continental regimentals of his great grandfather, Sergeant Henry Weiser, who was one of the half dozen expert rifle shots selected from Morgan's riflemen to pick off the British General Frazier at Saratoga.

Working with head, hands, and heart, loyally, freely and well, the life of this comrade stands as an example that could be most worthily followed.

THE NEW PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Americus, Ga., elected President General United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the Washington convention, is widely known throughout the South for her self-sacrificing spirit and constant effort to render the highest type of Christian service for her people. She is enthusiastic and active in all good works along patriotic lines, and especially is she imbued with the spirit of the Confederacy, its memories, and glorious ideals. Her elevation to leadership of this great organization is the first instance of promotion to that high office from official ranks, she having served as first Vice President General since the convention in St. Louis. And she brings to the office a record of accomplishment as leader of her State Division during the past four years which makes this a deserved recognition of her ability in leadership. Her activity and zeal have been an inspiration to the membership, and just a few of the things accomplished during her administration are recounted here:

Three thousand five hundred members added to the Division in four years.

A directory of the membership, containing 16,000 names compiled and distributed free of charge.

The income of the Division doubled.

The Division has doubled the amount paid annually to the treasurer General.

Three times Georgia has won the general organization prize for the State compiling the greatest number of World War records.

The State has twice won the Raines Banner, given for historical work.

In 1922 Georgia won the prize for the greatest number of new members.

The educational work of the Georgia Division has amounted to \$30,000 annually for the past four years.

Mrs. Harrold is a daughter of Mr. Billington S. Walker, of Monroe, Ga., and a sister of Gov. Clifford M. Walker, of Georgia. She was educated in the Monroe public schools and at Lucy Cobb Institute, where she graduated with first honor in her class. Her mother was Miss Alice Mitchell, of Griffin, and the Walker home at Monroe has long been noted for its hospitality. Removing to Americus upon her marriage, Mrs. Harrold has taken a part in all Church, club, and social activities of the town, her natural ability as a leader has been recognized and appreciated. Her noble heritage of Christian faith, loyalty to ideals, courage, and patriotism, bequeathed by a long line of distinguished ancestors, has inspired her with an earnestness to be worthy of that heritage and to pass on enriched by her own accomplishments.

THE NAPIER ARTILLERY.—Le Roy Napier's name occupies a very prominent place in Confederate history. It was he who equipped the Napier Artillery, the cannons alone costing in excess of \$60,000. When the cause of the Confederacy was facing a very severe crisis, Le Roy Napier, Sr., father of the famous commander, sold his entire cotton holdings in Liverpool and diverted the proceeds to the cause of State Rights. To him belongs the honor of buying the first Confederate bond to finance the war.—*Maccon (Ga.) News, Centennial Edition.*

Gen. William B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., will be at his winter home in Florida for the next four months. His mail address is Naples, Collier County, Fla.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR LEE ANNIVERSARY.

Feeling that it is the duty of all veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy to meet in some appropriate place to commemorate the anniversary of the birth of the noble Christian soldier, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and as it is sometimes difficult to make up a program, the VETERAN copies some items from programs that have been used, leaving to the local committee the arrangement of numbers and selection of songs.

Invocation.

Song, "How Firm a Foundation," General Lee's favorite hymn.

"Dixie," sung by Children of the Confederacy, audience joining in the chorus. The words to this song by Dr. Wharton are much more appropriate than the original.

Reading of General Lee's "Farewell Address" to his soldiers, or his order to restrain his troops when passing into the enemy country, or some other selection illustrating some phase of his character.

Violin or piano solo, "Medley of Southern Airs."

Address on General Lee (a short address is usually more appreciated on such occasion).

Solo. Some old Southern song. The poem on "Dixie" by Dr. F. O. Ticknor, sung to the air of Annie Laurie, is most effective.

A reading of some selection, such as "The Little Bronze Cross," is a good number just before or after presentation of the Crosses of Honor.

A song in which the audience can join.

Benediction.

There will be a special celebration at Stone Mountain on January 19 to dedicate the figure of General Lee, the first of the central group on which work is being done.

ONE OF THE BRAVEST TEN.

Much interest is being shown in the list of those whose likenesses will be perpetuated in the granite of Stone Mountain, and the following suggestion as to one of the ten selected to represent the "bravest of the brave" is worthy of consideration:

"When the ten bravest soldiers of the Confederacy are selected for the Stone Mountain Memorial, prominent among them should be John Tolbert, color bearer of Company B, 7th Virginia Infantry. It is said that at the battle of Gettysburg this brave Rappahannock boy had his colors shot down seven times—each and every time picking them up and advancing until he almost reached the enemy's line. His life was saved because the commander of the 25th New York Cavalry ordered his men not to fire on such a brave man. Recently the survivors of the 25th New York Cavalry erected at Gettysburg a shaft to his memory. Could there be a more fitting testimonial to this practically unknown hero than to immortalize his name with his likeness carved on Stone Mountain with Lee and Jackson?"

The VETERAN would be glad to publish accounts of such brave deeds, and even though all these heroes cannot be immortalized on Stone Mountain, their deeds will thus be put on record in history. A suggested title for such stories is: "The Bravest Deed I Ever Witnessed."

In renewing subscription for two years, Thomas D. English writes from Danville, Ky.: "At this writing I am hale and hearty and hope to be a reader of the VETERAN for many years to come."

MEMORIAL TO DAVIS OWEN DODD, OF ARKANSAS.

Confederate veterans of Arkansas, Daughters, and Sons of the Confederacy united to pay tribute to the boy hero of that State, David Owen Dodd, in the erection of a monument setting forth his patriotic action during the War between the States for which his life was a sacrifice. This monument was placed on the grounds of the War Memorial Building in Little Rock, and at the dedication exercises, Governor McRae made an address on the heroism of this young martyr and spoke of the fitness in having the monument on the grounds dedicated to the heroes of all the wars of the country.



MRS. GEORGE B. GILL.

The story of this boy's heroism is told in the inscriptions on the monument. A soldier in spirit, though not enrolled in the army of the Confederacy, he was evidently entrusted with a high mission by some Confederate commander, and his life was the forfeit. On the central shaft, just beneath the likeness of the brave boy carved in high relief, is inscribed:

"David O. Dodd,
Arkansas Boy Martyr of the Confederacy.
Born November 10, 1846.
Executed January 8, 1864.

"Aye, such was the love of the boy for his Southland,
Such his endurance, his courage, his pride,
That, ere he'd betray his own beloved band,
He sacrificed all and gallantly died."

On the left panel: "David Owen Dodd, a Southern boy of seventeen, when leaving for his home in the Southern part of the State was arrested, tried by Federal court-martial, and hanged in front of Old St. John's College, Little Rock, Ark."

On the right: "Papers found on David's person revealed valuable information to the Confederate forces. Freedom was offered if he would divulge the name of his informant, but he preferred death to dishonor."

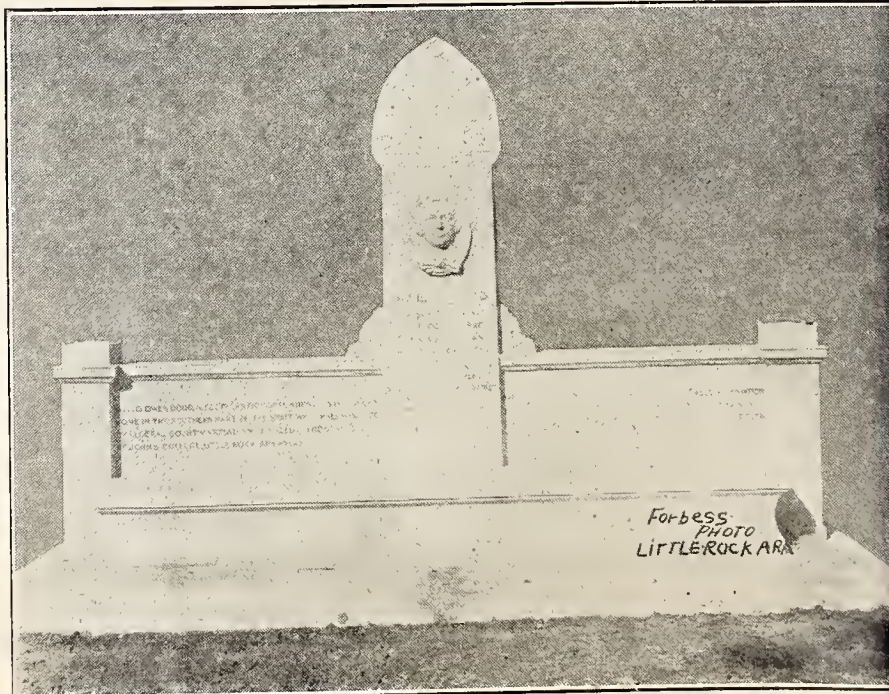
The idea of paying some tribute to such heroism as was displayed by David O. Dodd, originated with two young girls (now Mrs. Kathleen Kavanaugh and Mrs. P. J. Rice, of Little Rock) some ten years ago when members of a history class in one of the public schools of the city. They were studying of the nation's heroes and became especially interested in this young hero of their own State and believed a permanent record of his bravery should be made. A million-dollar hospital for children under his name was the first plan, but later on the memorial idea had to be changed to something of less expense. They had the assistance of the Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Confederate Veterans in

making up the fund, and under the administration of Mrs. George B. Gill, as President of the Arkansas Division U. D. C., the work was pushed to completion. Mrs. Gill was given the honor of writing the inscriptions, and in response to her request through the Presidents of Chapters of the Division, flowers in profusion came from all parts of the State, gathered by children from their gardens, so that even the grave in Mt. Holly Cemetery was covered with these fragrant tokens.

The quotation on the central shaft of the monument is from a poetic tribute by Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman to the memory of the boy martyr. A letter from the sisters of young Dodd, Mrs. Leonora Dodd Richmond and Mrs. Senora Dodd Booth, of Washington, D. C., expressing appreciation of the memorial erected to their brother, was read by Mrs. Cappleman as a part of the exercises at the unveiling. Two young girls, Misses Frances Vogler and Frances Gunn Richardson, dressed in the colors of the Confederacy, drew the veil from the monument, and flowers in red and white were placed by children on the base of the monument.

Leaders in the movement for this memorial were: Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V.—B. F. Red, Gen. B. W. Green, R. T. Martin; Memorial Chapter, U. D. C.—Mrs. George B. Gill, Mrs. J. T. Beal, Mrs. G. A. Leiper, Mrs. George Vaughan, Mrs. J. M. Lofton; Keller Chapter—Mrs. P. J. Rice, Mrs. Lawson Reid, Mrs. Pratt Cates, Mrs. R. J. Lea; Churchill Chapter—Mrs. Forney Smith, Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, Miss Leonora Beavers; Robert C. Newton Camp, S. C. V.—M. E. Dunaway, Dr. J. D. Jordan, Prof. J. H. Hinemon, A. J. Wilson.

"Dark was his doom as the darkness of ages;
Hard was his fate as the fellest of crime;
A blot on the enemy's blackest of pages
To murder a boy in his proud boyish prime.
But never a word of the source of his secret,
Never a word for the sake of e'en life;
True to the core for the hearts that had trusted,
A martyr to man 'neath the standard of strife."
—Josie Frazee Cappleman.



DAVID OWEN DODD MEMORIAL.

ONE OF WAR'S MYSTERIES.

Appendix B of "The Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury,"
by Diana Maury Corbin.)

In the winter of 1863, while Grant's army was lying before Vicksburg, a young gentleman of Virginia, serving in the Confederate army at Vicksburg, disappeared under circumstances of extraordinary mystery, and to this day his fate remains as inexplicable as it was on that when he was first missed by his comrades.

On the 27th day of January, 1863, the Confederate army occupying Vicksburg and its vicinity numbered near thirty thousand effectives. Maj. Gen. Carter L. Stevenson was in chief command, and Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury was next in rank, and commanded the right wing, holding the lines from Haynes's Bluff, on the Yazoo River, to the city of Vicksburg.

On the morning of January 27, General Maury, accompanied by Col. William E. Burnett, his Chief of Artillery, and by his young aide-de-camp, John Herndon Maury, son of Commander Matthew F. Maury, rode to General Stevenson's headquarters in Vicksburg, and, after concluding his business there, sent those two gentlemen of his staff to make a reconnaissance of certain positions near the Big Black Road. This was about 10 A.M. He has never seen his young aide-de-camp and kinsman, John Maury, since that moment; nor has he ever been able to ascertain with certainty what has been the fate of the young man.

Burnett returned to dinner at headquarters, and reported that about 1 P.M., having finished their business about the Big Black Road, young Maury left him in order to ride down to a point opposite the mouth of the canal and observe what the enemy was about there. No uneasiness was felt on account of his nonreturn that night. But when ten o'clock had passed next morning, and "Johnny," as all called him, had not yet been seen or heard of, a vague anxiety began to make itself felt. This was soon increased by hearing that on the previous evening, at about three o'clock, Generals Stevenson, Barton, and other officers from Fredericksburg, Va., of which town John H. Maury was a native, had seen a riderless horse resembling his gray mare on the far side of a crevasse in the levee of the plantation of Mr. Smedes, about four miles below Vicksburg. On hearing this, General Maury, accompanied by several officers and couriers, rode to the point indicated by General Stevenson, and there found his young kinsman's horse with saddle on and bridle hanging loose. A strong levee had been built by Mr. Smedes from the Highlands, more than a mile distant, down to the Mississippi River in order to shut out the waters of a bayou, which at some seasons would otherwise inundate his plantation. Recently this bayou had torn its way through this levee, making a breach of about twenty yards width, through which the water was now running deep. The trail of the mare led from the Highlands along the levee, entered the bayou at the crevasse, and passed out on the other side. From the point of exit the mare had been running back and forth so much that the party were unable to follow the trail farther, but concluded that Maury had been drowned in the attempt to cross the water, and immediately procured boats and commenced an active search for his body. This was continued without ever discovering any trace of the missing man until the next evening, when Colonel Burnett, an experienced Texas hunter, reported that he had been carefully examining the trail of the mare, and that he observed she was evidently mounted when she emerged from the bayou beyond the crevasse; that she had then been ridden at a trot along the levee to a point not far

from the river; that at this point her footprints on the levee ceased, she having turned off from it into the overflow, made a detour, and come up upon it again nearer to the crevasse; that from that point where she had thus come upon the levee she had galloped (riderless) back to the brink of the crevasse, near which she remained until she was found there; that, at the point where the mare had turned off, he found the paper cases of several cartridges, different from any used in our army; also a piece of india rubber or gutta-percha, such as Confederates could not procure, which had been used to cover the cone of a rifle. There were also at this point evidences of a scuffle, and on the brink of the Mississippi River, a few hundred yards distant, he found the edge of the bank freshly broken off, and signs that several men had there embarked in a small boat.

Although the space in which the body must lie—had the young man been drowned, as at first supposed—was small and easily examined, no one of the searching party had discovered any trace of it. Therefore, on hearing Burnett's report, the conclusion was adopted that Maury had been captured by some scouting party from the army across the river, and had been borne, a prisoner, to the other shore.

Next morning Major Flowerer, Adjutant General of Maury's Division, was sent under a flag of truce to General Grant to make inquiry about Lieutenant Maury. To our grief and surprise, he returned in the evening with the report that nothing was known of him by the Federal commander; but with the courteous assurance from General Grant and Admiral Porter, who knew young Maury well, that they would take all possible means to ascertain whether he had been made a prisoner by any of their party, and would communicate to General Maury the earliest intelligence they could procure.

General Grant had been personally acquainted with General Maury at West Point and in Mexico, where they had served together; and the unfortunate young officer whose fate was under investigation was known to Admiral Porter and to other officers of the United States Navy, who had met him while he was a boy at the Observatory of which his father was so long the chief. The conviction was then positive, as it is now, that those officers were sincere in their desire and active in their efforts to find the poor boy.

Soon after the fall of Vicksburg (July, 1863), General Maury, then in Mobile, received an ill-written letter (from an unknown and evidently uneducated writer) informing him that his young cousin had been made prisoner and had died of pneumonia, on the third day after his capture, on board a Federal gunboat lying off Vicksburg. At the time very little importance was attached to this letter. But not long after, Colonel Underhill, a gallant young Scotchman who had resigned his commission in the British army to serve in that of the Confederacy, wrote to General Maury a very clear and consistent narrative, which he had received from a Captain Smith of the 13th Iowa Regiment, United States Army.

Captain Smith and Colonel Underhill were natives of the same county in Scotland, and met during a truce before the lines of Vicksburg, Underhill then being aide-de-camp to Gen. Stephen D. Lee. During a sociable conversation on one occasion, Smith told Underhill that on the 27th of January he had crossed from the mouth of the canal with a party of four or five men to the levee on Smedes's plantation, in order to ascertain if we were constructing any batteries there. That soon after reaching the levee he observed a Confederate officer riding down it toward the point where he and his scouting party were. Lying close, they waited until the officer had come up to them and dismounted. While he was looking through his field glasses at the Federal works on the

opposite bank, Smith and his men sprang upon him and secured him. The mare broke away, ran out into the "overflow," and, surmounting the levee, galloped back to the point whence she had come. As soon as it became dark, Smith recrossed the Mississippi with his prisoner, and sent him to Grant's headquarters, where he believed he was when General Maury's flag of truce came to inquire for him two days after. Captain Smith showed Underhill the opera glass which he had taken from his prisoner and retained as a trophy of his exploit. The glass was that which General Maury had on that morning lent to his cousin (with his name and rank upon it).

There are several points in this narrative which give it every appearance of truth. It agreed, in the main, with Burnett's observations, and the theory deduced from them, of which neither Underhill nor Smith had ever heard. The opera glass seemed to fix the fact of capture, while the respectable standing of the two gentlemen, and the absence of any motive or object for such a fiction, leave us no right to question any part of their story.

As to Smith's belief that young Maury was at Grant's headquarters while that General was denying all knowledge of him, we must remember that Smith could only know that Maury had been sent up to headquarters, while Grant, having just arrived at the army with large reinforcements, and being occupied in organizing his forces, could not be expected to be interested in, or even informed, of the capture of a lieutenant. Therefore, we are justified in believing young Maury was captured and borne across to the Federal army. What was his subsequent fate is the mystery which has never yet been revealed.

For more than fifty years the father, the uncles, and many others of the kindred of this young gentleman have been well known officers of the naval and military service of the United States. Having passed almost his whole life at the National Observatory at Washington, he was himself well known to scores of navy officers. These circumstances, considered together with his position as staff officer of the general second in command of the army then at Vicksburg; the immediate, active, and persistent search made for him; the cordial interest evidenced by General Grant, Admiral Porter, Captain Breeze, and other officers of the Federal service in the investigation thus made about his fate, combine to make the mystery which enshrouds it as extraordinary as it has been inexplicable; while the beautiful traits, the fine intellect, the excellent attainments, and the gallant yet gentle and polite bearing of the young man, invest it, to all who knew him, with a peculiar and most painful sadness.

"His parents are now in the decline of life. Exiles from their home, they are borne down by this mysterious sorrow. If there be anyone living who knows facts relative to the time and manner of young John Maury's death, we beg such a one to make them known. Let not this cruel silence be longer kept."

This appeal was made by General Maury through the columns of the *Richmond Whig* in 1867. It was immediately copied into many Southern papers, among others, by the *Mobile Advertiser and Register*, which says:

"We published a week ago an article from the *Richmond Whig* upon the subject of the mysterious disappearance at Vicksburg, in January, 1863, of Lieut. John Herndon Maury, of the Confederate army, a son of Commodore M. F. Maury, at that time serving upon the staff of his relative, Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury.

"On the day when that article appeared—that is, on Sunday last—a stranger called at the office of this paper and

stated that he had some information upon the subject of the mysterious disappearance of the young officer.

"This gentleman gave his name as W. H. Harris, of Louisiana, formerly in the Confederate service as a scout, under the orders of Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

"None of the editorial corps of the *Advertiser and Register* were in when Mr. Harris called. A memorandum of the information given by him was hastily taken by one of the clerks of the office. It is very imperfect and unsatisfactory, and we have refrained from publishing it in the hope of learning something more upon the subject, but have not been able to do so.

"Mr. Harris states, according to this memorandum, that Lieutenant Maury was captured by a party of the enemy and taken across the Mississippi River, and that he was then shot, or, in other words, murdered, by order of one Griffin, a deserter from the Confederate service.

"He says that six balls were shot through his body, and that he was buried on the spot, about eight miles below Vicksburg, on the opposite bank of the river."

Many attempts have been made by Maury's family to communicate with this Mr. Harris, but he has never been heard from since.

THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF 1861.

BY STERLING BOISSEAU, RICHMOND, VA.

The Virginia convention of 1861 met in Richmond in the Capitol building February 13, 1861. The Legislature being in session, the convention met the next day in the hall of the Mechanic's Institute, there located on Ninth Street, west side, between Main and Franklin streets, though nearer Franklin than it was to Main, and facing the lower southern end of the Capitol Square. This description is given because at least one writer has stated that the Mechanic's Hall was then located on Bank street, which runs along the southern end and borders on the Capitol Square. The convention adjourned *sine die* on December 6, the same year. It had an adjourned vacation on May 1 to June 12, and again from July 1 to November 13.

This was one of Virginia's great conventions. It may be called the sister convention to the one just preceding the Revolutionary War. In one the Colonies seceded from Great Britain; in the other the State seceded from the United States. Indeed, it is called the Secession Convention, and this has a double significance, for not only did Virginia secede from the Union, but fifty counties in the northwest seceded from Virginia and formed the State of West Virginia. In the last show down of her delegates, Virginia seceded by a majority, while West Virginia seceded by a minority of her delegates, as will be seen later.

The convention was composed of one hundred and fifty-two delegates duly elected from all the one hundred and fifty counties then embraced in the commonwealth. Some of these counties, according to population, had two delegates, some one, and, in some cases, as many as four counties together had only one representative. The personnel of this convention will compare, in ability and prominence, favorably with any of the conventions of the State. There were three ministers of the gospel, one ex-President of the United States, one ex-governor, many prominent lawyers, financiers, and other business men whose biographies should be written and included in a full history of this great assembly, which has not been done. More has been written by far by West Virginia writers than by those in the old State.

The convention elected John Janney, who was classed as a Union man, as president, and John L. Eubank as secretary.

This would indicate that the majority of the delegates were in favor of staying in the Union under certain conditions. Mr. Janney made a great speech in which he expressed hope that the "flag that now floats over this Capitol . . . may remain there forever." But he also said, with almost prophetic wisdom, "The opinions of to-day may all be changed to-morrow," as, in fact, they were.

Virginia made two great efforts to preserve peace and the Union during the session of this convention. The first was the calling of the "Peace Convention," which met in Washington, participated in by twenty-one States. A Virginian, ex-President Tyler, was its president. Resolutions were passed by this "Peace Convention," and submitted to Congress, but nothing came of them.

The proceedings of this "Peace Convention," or "Peace Congress," fill a large volume. One of the Northern delegates said that the fugitive slave law, although the law of the land, "could not and would not be obeyed." (See speech of Mr. Chase in the convention.)

Another referred to the Union as not being "worth a rush without a little blood letting." (See letter of Mr. Chandler.)

Defiance of law and blood letting was in the Northern mind, as here indicated in a peace congress called by Virginia, and the same carried into execution.

The second effort made by Virginia for peace was the sending of a committee of three, William Ballard Preston, Alexander H. H. Stuart, and George W. Randolph, to see President Lincoln, but this, too, was without avail. The report of this committee is a part of the proceedings of the Virginia convention, but is too lengthy for this paper.

As stated, the majority of the delegates on assembling was for peace and remaining in the Union. I have a letter written by my father, the delegate from Dinwiddie, to my mother on March 12, in which appeared: "The majority of the convention is opposed to secession." Then, too, on April 4, Mr. Harvie, of Amelia, moved to amend the sixth resolution by striking out the whole, and insert the following:

"Resolved, That an ordinance resuming the powers delegated by Virginia to the Federal government, and provision for submitting the same to the qualified voters of the commonwealth for their adoption or rejection at the polls in the spring elections in May next should be adopted by this convention."

This was defeated by a vote of ninety to forty-five of those voting, seventeen delegates not present and voting. This was in the nature of a test vote only. The whole resolution must be analyzed—*viz.*, "striking out the whole of the sixth resolution," and "submitting to the people next May."

Now, if the majority of the delegates was against secession at the opening, again on two other occasions, as recited, what caused Virginia to secede? "The opinions of to-day may be all changed to-morrow," as Mr. Janney said in his address on being elected president. Now the charge had come and with it the cause.

Mr. Lincoln, who had been elected President of the United States by a *minority* of the votes cast, called on Virginia to furnish her quota of troops to coerce the seceding States back into the Union. A secret session of the convention was immediately called, and the vote taken, eighty-eight to fifty-five for secession of those present and voting. As there were one hundred and fifty-two delegates, this will show only one hundred and forty-three voting, nine not being present, or not voting. The ordinance of secession was passed April 7, 1861.

Here is where many writers stop, and do not go further into the matter of those not present and those who changed

from against secession to for secession. The final vote stood one hundred and two for secession, forty-seven against, one excused from voting at his request (Mr. Wilson), and two not voting at all, presumably absent from the convention (Mr. Saunders and Mr. Maslin).

As to the West Virginia delegates—that is, the delegates from the northwest Virginia counties, afterwards the State of West Virginia—the writer wishes he might be able to pass by the facts as recorded, that several of these were expelled from the convention; the names may be had from the proceedings. Of the fifty counties that now form the State of West Virginia there were forty-seven delegates. A majority of these voted against secession at first, but on the last showdown a majority signed the Ordinance of Secession—that is, of the forty-seven original delegates, twenty-six signed the ordinance; twenty-one did not. It so happened that the counties of Buchanan and Tazewell, now in Virginia, and McDowell, now in West Virginia, were represented by two delegates, both of whom signed the Virginia Ordinance of Secession. This would increase the number signing to twenty-eight to twenty-one who did not.

Two of the West Virginia delegates who had not voted were granted leave to cast their votes for secession, and three changed from against to for secession. One, Mr. Benjamin Wilson, was, at his request, excused from voting, and Mr. Thomas Maslin seems not to have voted, but signed the ordinance.

There was bitter feeling displayed in many instances, and writers on both sides have, since the convention, indulged in this same bitterness.

One writer accuses the Virginia delegates of being usurpers—that is, fifty counties call the other one hundred counties usurpers. Another calls the representatives of the one hundred counties "rebels," "traitors," etc., and the Confederate government "a bastard government." On the other hand we find one of the Virginia delegates in a speech referring to West Virginia as "the bastard offspring of a political rape." However, we find, many years after the War between the States, the veterans of both sides and the sons, and grandsons of each fighting shoulder to shoulder and side by side in the war with Spain. The United States acknowledging the right of Cuba to secede from Spain. We also see the United States recognizing and indorsing the secession of Panama from Columbia, and, more recently, the same United States, in the World War, recognizing, under the head of self-determination, the rights of Poland and a number of other countries to secede from Germany, Austria, and Russia. Indeed, the United States required Virginia to renounce her right to secede before being readmitted into the Union, a tacit admission of the right that existed.

Virginia, with the other States of the Confederacy, accepted the result of the war. We are now a reunited nation by virtue thereof. Would that there could be a "United History," written by representatives of the States involved, particularly Virginia and West Virginia, that posterity might not have to read two sets of history, in some cases biased.

A Northern writer has said that war decides only which of the two contending parties is the stronger; a history written jointly would show the facts. Neither side possessed all of the right nor all of the wrong.

The questions of State Rights and that of slavery should be treated fairly and without bias. The Northern States settled the slave question as they saw fit. Why should not Virginia have done the same? By her laws from colonial times she showed her desire to settle it by emancipation, freedom, and otherwise. Jefferson, a Virginian, suggested Liberia, while

others favored a State set apart in the Union. Monroe, a Virginian, had the capital of Liberia named for him, Monrovia. Marshall, another Virginian, had a certain section of Liberia named for him. A study of the emancipation movement will show numbers of Virginians prominent in the movement, and given special credit for the same. Numbers of Virginians gave freedom to their slaves in their wills and otherwise.

Robert E. Lee never owned a slave except those he inherited, and these he emancipated. Matthew Fontaine Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas," owned one woman, who remained as a member of his family. He was not in favor of slavery, considered it a curse, yet both these resigned positions in the service of the United States to stand for State Rights.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston never owned a slave, neither did Gen. A. P. Hill; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart owned two, inherited one, bought one; he disposed of one for cruelty, the other he gave away. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee never owned a slave.

Stonewall Jackson, born in the now State of West Virginia, owned two, whom he bought at their own requests. He immediately offered both the privilege of buying their freedom; one accepted, the other refused, preferring to remain with the family.

Dr. Hunter McGuire, of the Stonewall Brigade, stated that in Jackson's Brigade, only one man in thirty owned a slave, nor ever expected to own one. (Dr. McGuire attended Jackson after he was wounded, and later became one of the leading surgeons of the country, and a man otherwise prominent.)

Alexander H. H. Stuart, who was classed as a Union delegate in the Virginia convention, made a report to the convention on the slavery question, bearing also on the John Brown outrages at Harper's Ferry. This report should be read, as it was a part of the proceedings of that body.

He stated that "No law can be found on the statute books of any Northern State which confers the boon of freedom on a single slave in being. All who were slaves remained slaves. Freedom was secured only to the children of the slaves, born after the days designated in the laws; and it was secured to them only in the contingency that the owner of the female slave should retain her within the jurisdiction of the State until after the child was born," etc., too lengthy to quote in full here.

Our West Virginia friends complained of a nonequalization of taxation, and not being able to get the same internal improvements as those in the eastern part of the State. It has been human nature to spend the most money where the most people resided. This is done even now in cities and in country districts; In their case there must have been good ground for complaint, as a resolution was offered in the convention to remedy this, and the address by Governor Letcher, distributed over the State, under date of June 14, 1861, says in part:

"There has been a complaint among you that the eastern portion of the State has enjoyed an exemption from taxation to your prejudice. The State, by a majority of ninety-five thousand, has put the two sections on an equality in this respect."

Thus it seems that the majority here was trying to make amends for past delinquencies; but this had no effect.

The object of this paper is to try to bring out some facts, hoping that some one may follow it up and write a history of this convention showing the true facts. It was the official entry of Virginia into the Confederacy, as well as resuming the rights she had before the United States was formed. The Colonies and States existed before the Union; the Union was the child of the States, the States the creator of the Union.

The creator does not rebel against its creature, neither does the father rebel against the child.

May not the future historian take cognizance of the fact that Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, was arrested, put in irons, cast into prison, and kept there for some time, was brought before a petty jury composed largely of negroes, but never came to trial, and was given his liberty on bond?

There are still some who stood for State Rights who objected to being called rebels, traitors, usurpers, etc.; others simply pass these things by with a smile. The old song written soon after the war entitled, "I am a good old rebel," indicates the feeling. It was in this frame of mind that the writer composed the following lines, which have already appeared in the VETERAN, but the indulgence of repeating them as a close to this article is requested:

STATE RIGHTS AND SECESSION.

My daddy was a rebel, a State Rights rebel he,
His great-great dad a rebel too for rights of Colony;
If one was wrong and the other right, 'tis more than I can see—
The principle of Washington, the principle of Lee.

When old Virginia seceded she was forced into the fight;
West Virginia seceded from her, the North said this was right
Both North and South helped Cuba from Spain to make the
break—

For Cuba to secede from Spain was right and no mistake.

When Panama seceded, she was recognized, we see,
And more than recognition; that too is history.
Now self-determination is world-wide on the way;
Secession by another name's the order of the day.

The "yellow peril" an issue about the Golden Gate,
The Volstead Act an issue within the Empire State.
Truth crushed to earth rises again, takes only Time to tell—
For State Rights and Secession let's give the Rebel Yell.

THE CAVALRY AT KNOXVILLE.

BY J. W. MINNICH, MORGAN CITY, LA.

In the October VETERAN appears an article by J. A. F. Granberry on "Longstreet before Knoxville," an event which almost fully confirms Comrade Stiles's flip on Longstreet as printed on page 383, as follows: "Merely a rumor, Longstreet, acting alone, never took anything." Though I was a great fighter acting under orders, yet, as General Lee once complained, "General Longstreet is so slow."

It is not my intention here to detract one iota from his great and well-earned reputation, for there were few men in the Confederate service who had a greater admiration for the "Old War Horse" than myself.

But young as I was then, I felt that he had his "limitations," and that as commander of a large and independent force, he was not a "success." This began to dawn on me at Knoxville, and the query among us of the cavalry was, "Why didn't he walk right into Knoxville?" We all felt that he could have taken the place—not so easily as some suppose—but it could have been taken without much greater loss than we suffered when the attack was made. Our troops had forced Burnside into Knoxville, after crossing a wide, deep river in the face of a very light opposition at Loudon and Lenoir, and had followed the enemy so rapidly that he could not offer any protracted resistance to our advance.

The soldiers were enthusiastic and eager to try conclusions.

with the enemy, and were in high hope of capturing the town and its defenders, or, at least, driving them out and into the open country. Longstreet's force was greater than Burnside's by several thousands, if the official reports of the two commanders are to be relied on, and as we understood at the time, but in both cases we overestimated the numbers of each by several thousands. We fully expected Longstreet would move to the assault on the next morning (the 18th), and great was our surprise and chagrin when the day passed so quietly that I cannot recall a single shot being fired, unless there was a few cannon at greater or less intervals and a few rifle shots at long and ineffective range.

Instead of making an immediate assault and forcing the defenses, as could have been done, Longstreet sat down to a siege of the place, thus giving Burnside time to strengthen the light defenses which our troops had previously built. When, on the 29th, the assault was made, twelve days had elapsed, and then, with only half or less of the troops that should have been employed, the attack, under the circumstances, was bound to fail, as it did—and all because of Longstreet's *slowness*. This was the way we viewed it at the time and in subsequent operations in East Tennessee.

There is one point, however, on which I think Comrade Branberry is wrong, based upon my knowledge and experience. He says: "As we were accompanied (attended) by a large force of cavalry," and therein he is most certainly in error. The cavalry north of the river consisted of our brigade only, and one company, or possibly two, acting as headquarters scouts, couriers, etc., a member of which some years ago claimed that that small contingent was the only cavalry with Longstreet when he arrived before Knoxville. I took the trouble to set him right on that point. Our brigade consisted of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th Georgia Regiments, Col. C. C. Crews commanding the brigade. But Colonel Crews, with the 1st Georgia, did not cross the pontoon below Loudon, but with the other cavalry went from Loudon up the Little Tennessee, and attacked and drove the enemy cavalry from Marysville to opposite Knoxville. This was Martin's Division, Wheeler's corp, and it crossed the river below Knoxville a day or two after our arrival in front of the town on the evening of the 17th.

Possibly Longstreet had sent this large cavalry force up the south side of the river with the view of having it cross the river at the ford by which it afterwards did cross, and thus get in the rear of the enemy and cut off his retreat, or, at least, to retard him to the extent of enabling our troops, numerically superior, to catch up and bring on an engagement in the open and beat him. But the cavalry found itself hampered in its movements by a stiff resistance to its progress, and was forced to drive the opposition to its defenses near Knoxville before it could cross the river; and for that reason our cavalry could not cross to the north side in time to intercept the enemy—if such was the intention.

There was no forage, practically, on the north side of the river; hence the transfer of the great bulk of the enemy's cavalry to the south or east side of the river where the forage was more plentiful and, in many cases, as yet untouched. It was this force our cavalry had to contend with at Marysville and other points on the route to Knoxville by the east bank.

This disposition of Burnside's cavalry was undoubtedly made known to General Longstreet upon his arrival at Loudon; hence the sending of the bulk of our cavalry up the left bank and thus clear his right flank, keeping only one brigade to guard his left flank from a possible attack by Colonel Byrd, who was at Kingston with a brigade of Tennessee

cavalry, with some infantry. The numbers of that force were unknown at the time.

Our brigade crossed on the pontoon in the wake of the advance guard, which had become engaged almost as soon as it landed, and met with some casualties of a minor nature, as we met several men going to the rear, nursing wounds, soon after crossing. We pushed on until we reached the Kingston and Knoxville road, where part of the brigade was sent toward Kingston for several miles to and beyond the intersection of the Rock Ferry road. Meeting no enemy, and learning that Byrd was at Kingston, and no doubt unaware as yet that we had crossed the river, we felt safe from any interference by Byrd; and returned to the Loudon intersection for the night.

The infantry and artillery wagons, etc., crossed by the pontoon during the day and night of the 14th, and, turning to the right to connect with the Knoxville-Loudon road, engaged the enemy at Lenoir Station on the forenoon of the 15th. In that we had no part, having been sent toward Kingston, but about 9 A.M., of that day we started up the Kingston-Knoxville road at a rapid gait, meeting no opposition until we arrived within sight of the large brick house at Campbell's Station. There we found our rapid advance checked by a small cavalry command—probably not more than a regiment, which seemed inclined to contest our farther advance. For some time we engaged them with artillery, as the range was too great for rifles to be effective. After a short exchange of pleasantries they disappeared behind a ridge, and we saw no more of them that day. What loss they incurred, if any, I never learned. To my own knowledge, we had two men wounded in my company by spent balls, one on the forehead, which raised a bump the size of a pigeon's egg and a severe headache, and the other was struck in the pit of the stomach (solar plexus), which made the boy very sick for a while. At a much shorter range—well both would have proved fatal.

Why we did not advance farther was a puzzle to us of the ranks just then, but we were shortly enlightened when we saw a mass of blue coats debouch from the woods almost in our rear and deploy in the open field into column of regiments and advance rapidly toward Campbell's Station, but, fortunately they were on the Loudon-Knoxville road, and we were some two hundred yards north by west of the Kingston-Knoxville road, less than half a mile between the roads at that point. The two roads met at Campbell's house.

Though that mass of infantry passed within easy range, we did not molest them, nor did they molest us. We may have numbered 1,000 men, with three guns, while they appeared to number not less than 8,000 men. In fact, we felt that we were in a critical position, our only road out between the two, and behind us a high, brush-covered ridge. Our policy was to let them go by quietly, since they appeared disposed to be decent.

They passed on and disappeared, as had the cavalry, but halted about a mile or less above the intersection of the road to Concord Station, leading from Campbell's to the river through the village. We bivouacked where we were, and the next morning passed in the rear of our batteries engaged in shelling a Federal battery in the open field. Their infantry was in line about a quarter of a mile, more or less, in the rear of their batteries, extending across the valley, each end of the line resting on wooded hills which bordered the valley on both sides. In the engagement which followed, we took no part, having been sent down to Concord Station to remove any troops that might still be there; but they had abandoned the town during the night, or early morning, and we found not

even the company bakers. But we found what was far more important to us just then than a batch of prisoners would have been, and that was a batch of fresh-baked dough—2,000 loaves of good wheat bread—something we had not seen or tasted for a month or more, probably more, as our wagons could not keep up with our rapid moves, and more often than not we were dividing rations with our horses.

We did not spend more than two hours in Concord, then retraced our steps toward Campbell's, where we joined in the pursuit of Burnside's rapidly retreating troops, who had again taken to the road after an hour's stand. They did not stop until they entered the defenses of the town. Only a line of skirmishers were left outside the breastworks, who opened fire ineffectively on us when we arrived in sight of the town just before sunset. We had outstripped the slower marching infantry. We camped that night where we had halted, or near there, and then until the 23rd did picket duty, our main body having in the meantime crossed the river, and we rested our mounts until the evening of the 23rd, when the whole of the cavalry force, practically, started on an all-night ride to Kingston, arriving before that place about daybreak, Gen. Joe Wheeler in command. We carried on a desultory skirmish the whole day with Colonel Byrd's force, and left him in full possession at dusk. A disgruntled set of men we were, too. My regiment, the 6th Georgia, lay at the foot of a hill on which was a section of a battery invisible to us, and less than three hundred yards away, which was exchanging compliments with our battery posted on a hillside about a quarter of a mile to the right and rear of the left of our line. No damage was done to our guns, but the enemy's shot and shell, striking the hillside in front, around and above the guns, showered them with pebbles and small boulders. As we could see no one to shoot at, we lay there doing nothing. Many of the boys slept soundly after their night ride.

From reports read many years after the war had ended, I learned that some of our troops on the extreme right had made a charge on the enemy's position and had been repulsed with loss. So Colonel Byrd reported. Reports from our side were very indefinite. As we had lain wholly inactive during the whole day, out of sight, we could have no knowledge of what was transpiring on other parts of the scene of operations.

As General Wheeler was directing the operations, we expected that a determined effort would be made to drive the enemy out of Kingston, and to hold the place, but nothing of the kind occurred, if such had been the object of the expedition. At dusk we withdrew quietly and wended our way back to the intersection of the Loudon road, hungry, thirsty, and disgruntled. Our brigade was left at the intersection to guard against an attack on our communications from the direction of Kingston.

On the 28th word came to us, late in the evening, that the next morning an attempt would be made to storm the works at Knoxville. Some of us were jubilant and confident (confidence was our long suit), while others were less optimistic, myself among the latter. There had been too long a delay in getting into action. We understood that Longstreet had 22,000 troops to hold Burnside, with from 15,000 to 20,000, inside the town, and our superior cavalry could prevent supplies reaching him and we could starve him out. But as for taking the place by storm, that appeared to be another matter. We knew that the defenses had been greatly strengthened during the time we had been practicably idle, and any attempt to storm them must prove costly. Still we hoped for success before Sherman could reach Loudon. We had heard of the debacle at Missionary Ridge, and were no little de-

pressed by the news of that and others which had come to us previously—to wit, that there had been defections among the Tennessee troops, who had become disgusted with the conduct of the Tennessee and Chickamauga campaigns, and of the severe measures taken by General Bragg in inflicting punishment on the "mutinous" contingents. Bragg was becoming more and more unpopular throughout the army. Then we learned that Sherman was marching up the valley with ten or twelve thousand men, some said fifteen thousand, to relieve Burnside. Naturally, we were anxiously awaiting the results of the attack. From our position, thirty-five miles below Knoxville, with the light wind bearing in our direction, we heard the cannonading distinctly at times.

Early that night news came that the attack had failed and Longstreet had lost eight hundred men. A gloom as deep as the gloom of the night's darkness settled down upon us. Sherman's advance was reported to be between Athens and Sweetwater, the latter place only six miles from Loudon, and advancing rapidly. Longstreet must raise the siege, that was certain; which he did. The next day, during the early afternoon, we received orders to move at nightfall and rejoin the army at Knoxville. Orders were sent to the various picket posts to hold the posts until night had settled down, and then to withdraw quietly and follow the brigade till they caught up. The orders were obeyed except in the case of the picket at Rock Ferry. By some mischance that post, consisting of four or five men, was overlooked and they were captured by Byrd's scouts. At dusk the brigade started on a long night ride, and at sunrise we were in sight of Blaine's Crossroads, eighteen miles above Knoxville, fifty-three miles from our starting point at dusk. During the night the weather had cleared and, under the influence of a strong northwester, the road had frozen hard, and every little pinnacle of mud was an icy point that lacerated the feet of the infantry, many of whom were little bitter than barefoot; some, as I was told, wholly so. I know that after daybreak, when near the crossroads, I saw blood on the frozen road which only bleeding feet could have left. But the sun rose clear and warm, ushering in a beautiful and warm day, enabling us to dry out our sodden clothes, which had been crackling with ice during the night.

I have not had the opportunity or pleasure of reading General Longstreet's book, referred to by Comrade Granberry, but if any troops were left at Knoxville on the 30th of November, we failed to see them, and our brigade was the rearguard as far up as Bean's Station and I know that as soon as we arrived in sight of Knoxville we were cautioned to be as quiet as possible, as the infantry had all left the place; and when we arrived at the intersection of the Clinton road there was what we considered a long halt. The norther was just beginning to make itself felt, and we were shivering, and the wind no doubt aided in drowning any sound of our marching, which otherwise might have been carried to the troops in the trenches less than half a mile distant. But if they did hear any movements, it is probable they supposed they were made by troops taking up a new position west of the town. The night was as yet very dark, and they could not see what was passing almost within easy rifle range, and we felt relieved when we again started forward. Had they but known, or even guessed, they could have cut us off and forced us to make a wide detour to reach the crossroads. As it was, we passed by unmolested, and when only a couple of miles above the town, the weather began to clear and freeze and it was a hard freeze, though the sun came out warm afterwards, and for some days after it was very pleasant. On the 10th of December then there was rain, sleet, snow

and another freeze—and a fight at Russellville or Cheek's Crossroads. But that is "another story." After Knoxville came in rapid succession Clinch Mountain, December 6; Morristown, Russellville, December 10; Bean's Station, December 14; Blaine's Crossroads, December 16; Hay's Ferry-North's Farm, December 24; Mossy Creek, December 29, January 10; Strawberry Plains; Dandridge, January 16; Fair Gardens on 27th—all small affairs, but costing my regiment more than two hundred men. We had left Cumberland Gap the previous June 1862 strong and had some recruits in the meantime, and on the 27th of January following (my last fight) the regiment mustered only 462 all told. Before my last fight we learned that Longstreet had returned to Virginia with his corps. I marched afoot, in an opposite direction—Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, Chicago, and on to Rock Island. I left there June 18, 1865.

THE RICHMOND HOWITZERS AND THE BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

BY LIEUT. G. NASH MORTON, MARTIN'S BATTERY.

I was in Arkansas when the war broke out. I was anxious to join the troops of my native State and was waiting for her to secede. She was so slow that I had completed all my arrangements to join the Hempstead Cavalry, in which were several of my intimate friends, among whom was Armistead Burwell, afterwards Judge Burwell, of Charlotte, N. C. At last the news came that Virginia had seceded. I telegraphed to Hampden Sydney to have my name enrolled in the company made up of "the boys" of that college, and immediately set out for my home in Charlotte County. In descending the White River, we stuck fast on a sand bar, and were delayed



G. NASH MORTON IN UNIFORM OF RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

there for nearly two weeks. There was not a dwelling in sight anywhere. For miles on either side stretched the low wooded bottom lands subject to overflow.

Already disposed to chills and fever, of which I had had frequent attacks, I contracted a malignant form of that most depressing ailment. Arriving at Gravel Hill, my home, I had to undergo a course of medicine, which depleted still further my strength. As soon as the malady was sufficiently subdued, I got ready to join the "boys," who were now in West Virginia. My uncle and guardian, Mr. George C. Hannah, had robbed the plantation blacksmith shop of the large steel file, used in shoeing horses, and had it ground down to a huge knife with which I could chop off Yankee heads by the score. It was fitted with handle, leather case, and belt by old "Uncle George," plantation shoemaker. Such was our conception of war equipment. In camp, I found this battle-ax an excellent tool for chopping kindling wood.

On arriving in Richmond, I fell in with two old acquaintances making for the same destination as myself, Mr. Denny, of Richmond, and Mr. Thornton Nevin, of New York State. Both were students of Union Seminary, Va. Mr. Nevin was the son of General Nevin, who, though a Northern man, was a staunch friend of the South. On one occasion, when a regiment was marching by his gate on the way South, he stood at the gate, crying out: "I hope you will every one get killed." Why he was not hanged and quartered was perhaps due to his immense popularity among the poor people for miles around his mansion.

While arranging for passes and transportation, the news came that General Garnett had been defeated and that the "Hampden Sydney Boys" were prisoners. All three of us immediately applied for membership in the company of the Richmond Howitzers, stationed near Manassas. When advised that we had been accepted, the Secretary of War held us back until he could learn whether or not we were prisoners of war. In the meantime, Mr. Denny had taken us to his home, and never were two strangers more cordially received nor more hospitably treated. The two sisters were busy every moment in devising and with deft fingers executing something new for brother's comfort in camp, and what brother had, we had to have likewise. This spirit of hospitality and helpfulness toward stranger soldiers passing through Richmond on the way to the seat of war seems to have been characteristic of Richmond girls down to the end.

When news came that only those actually present were surrendered, we were released, and we proceeded in box cars on our way to Manassas. Arriving at the station, I belted on my machete, strapped on my knapsack, and leaped from the side door of our box car. I was so weak that I staggered under my load against the side of the deep railroad cut where our train had stopped.

Our first march after entering camp was from Manassas to Leesburg, about thirty miles. The march, though long, was not a difficult one. We had nothing to carry except the clothes on our backs, for the Howitzers had a baggage train equal to that of a brigade in the last stages of the war. We wore "havelocks" on our caps for the first and the last time. They were soon discarded along with many other things which filled our knapsacks as useless encumbrances.

I remember how, on the march, the hours were beguiled as I conversed first with one and then another of the men whom I had known before the war. There was Bob Stiles, who was to become famous as the author of "Four Years with Marse Robert," speaking with authority on the high standard of honor among the students of the University of Virginia in

contrast with the low standard prevailing at Yale, for he had but recently been a student at both. He was conversing with S. Taylor Martin, another university man, who was to be my superior officer, but close friend and companion, in Martin's Battery. There was John Esten Cooke, the novelist, whose acquaintance I had made in the summer of 1860, when we were both guests at the hospitable "Bower," the home of the Dandridges near Martinburg, in the lower Valley. There were, of course, Denny and Thornton Nevin, the latter to be my pastor for several years at Dobb's Ferry, N. Y. Also the inimitable John Nimmo, whom I had met at Charlotte Courthouse. There were Gibson and Allen Morton, both classmates of mine at college, class of 1859-60. Allen, the brother of Col. Richard Morton, and of his class *facile princeps* until his head was turned by Murphy, the chess player. Allen learned to carry on several games at one time, and also to play blindfolded, but all this at the expense of his studies. Late in the war, in one of our great battles, a bullet struck him square in the forehead and put at rest forever that fine and active brain.

At Leesburg, we pitched our camp near Mr. Washington Ball's house, close by a magnificent spring from which issued quite a large brook. Not far off was a farmhouse, still on Mr. Ball's property, where we could purchase fresh eggs and butter and delicious rich milk. The house stood near the outer edge of the broad, even plain extending from the foot hills on which we were encamped far away toward the Potomac. Skirting the river was a considerable stretch of woodland concealing precipitous bluffs rising from the river. It was in this wood and on the edge of these bluffs that the battle was fought.

Between us and the town of Leesburg was the estate of Mayor Swan, a Union man, who had removed to Baltimore on the outbreak of war. His house, with the beautiful grounds surrounding it, on which roamed several tame deer, was left in the keeping of a caretaker. Although the house was directly on our way in passing to and from the town, and we had to pass through the park, yet I never knew a soldier to enter the house or to break a twig on this alien's premises. He was let severely alone.

Mr. Ball was a near relative of General Washington. He was a cultured and well-informed gentleman, and those of us who were fond of society made occasional visits to his house, where we were always well received, although Mr. Ball himself was seldom cheerful. For some months we had a delightful picnic. We roamed over the country around, visited the ladies in Leesburg, played hockey, or bandy, as it was called in the South, where it was chiefly played on land and not on ice as in the North. As played by us, with a heavy dogwood stick, whose root formed the curve, and with the hard knot of wild grape vine for the ball, it was a real battle. It was a serious matter to be struck by either the stick or the ball. In the midst of a heated game, which I had organized among the Howitzers, I ran up behind an opponent to catch his stick as it was in full swing to strike the ball, and the end of the curve struck me on the face, cutting the entire eyebrow down over my eye, giving me my first wound of the war. Mr. Anderson, a fellow Howitzer, "Father Anderson," as we called him, ignorant of germs, microbes, and the like which so bother the modern surgeon, took out his needle case, which had been put into his knapsack by the good folk at home for the purpose of sewing on buttons and mending rents, and sewed up the wound, which healed in due time.

While at Ball's Bluff a little incident occurred which had no little influence on me whenever in the future I happened to be under fire. Near the farmhouse, of which I have already

spoken, was a Siberian crab-apple tree, heavily laden with ripe fruit. While I was under the tree picking up some wind falls, a fellow Howitzer shook the tree and the apples fairly rained down, literally covering the ground, but not one struck me. It seemed impossible that I should escape, and yet I did. When bullets were flying thick and it seemed impossible that I should escape, I almost always recalled the incident under the apple tree and took courage.

The captain of a company of the 13th Mississippi, who was doing guard duty at Ball's Bluff, became quite chummy with the men of our battery. He was a quiet, good-natured soul, talkative but serious, and he seemed fond of our society. Each one of us felt himself the equal of any infantry captain, and this particular infantry captain was proud that we recognized him.

One night we heard one shot after another fired by the pickets with the solemn interval of a funeral bell. Then there was skurrying to and fro. Men eagerly prepared for the long-wished-for opportunity of looking our enemy in the face. We marched out and unlimbered our guns in battery in the field adjoining the wooded country about the Bluff. Our genial infantry captain deployed his company as skirmishers in our front, and with them entered the wood. This was the last we saw of the poor fellow, for he fell in battle the next day. We spent the night in this position. What sleep I got that night was on the top of a worm fence just in our rear.

The next day we were ordered to take position on a hill to the right of the position which we had occupied during the night and across the road leading from Leesburg to Edward's Ferry. On this hill were the outlines of some earthworks, called by courtesy, "the Fort." The Fort commanded approaches to Edward's Ferry, but for our guns the ferry itself was not within range.

General Evans, who commanded the Confederate forces, was there most of the day. We Howitzers, who were all generals, and who felt no particular awe of the shoulder strap kind, crowded around him to hear the first news from the field as messengers came and went and to listen to the orders sent back. The General was on horseback and was imbibing generously. When inspiration was slow in coming from above, he invoked the aid of his canteen hanging at his side.

Barksdale's Mississippi Regiment was the first to become involved with the enemy. A messenger came from him saying that he needed reinforcements. General Evans ordered up the other Mississippi regiment and took a drink. Presently another messenger came with a like call for reinforcements. "Order up Colonel Hunton," who commanded the 8th Virginia, and so it went on until all his troops, except the Howitzers, became engaged. Not a cannon was fired on our side, and I do not think that a single one was fired by the enemy. It was altogether an infantry fight, and at close quarters. For a small affair it was terrific. The deadly aim of the Mississippians made almost every shot effective. In a small clearing near the Bluff, perhaps some negro's corn patch, the dead lay so thick that one could almost step from one body to another. The slaughter, however, was greatest where the enemy was driven headlong over the bluff, and where they endeavored to embark to recross the river. Colonel Baker, of California, who commanded the Federals on the battle line, was killed, and his death was greatly deplored throughout the North. It was stated at the time that we killed, wounded, and took prisoners more men than we had in our little army. The battle was fought in the woods. We could hear the rattle of the infantry, but could see nothing. Whatever generalship was displayed belonged to Barksdale, Hunton, and the other colonel.

That night my section of the battery was ordered to unlimber on the Edward's Ferry road where it passes through the wood. It was a dreary night. The mud in the road was over our shoes. It had rained and now the rain turned into snow. We took it by turns to man the guns and to sleep. Two of us joined our bed clothes. One oilcloth was spread over fence rails thrown down in the mud, two blankets covered us, and the second oilcloth was spread over the top of the whole to ward off the snow and rain.

Shortly after the battle, the enemy sent across the river at Edward's Ferry a flag of truce asking permission to bury his dead. Of course, the Howitzers had to be on hand to see that everything went smoothly. It was a cold, bleak day, the north wind blowing through us. None of us wore overcoats. The Yankees were all muffled up in theirs, the poor fellows trembling in their boots and looking miserable generally, reflecting on their dreadful disaster. When one of them spoke of the cold, Lieutenant McCarthy, who had his trousers stuck in his boots, pulled them out on one leg, taking care to pull up his drawers with the trousers, and showed his bare leg to the speaker, who was now joined by the whole group. "Look," said he, "We don't even wear drawers." The Yankees looked with amazement at each one of us without overcoats, and wondered, no doubt, as to what class of Hyperboreans we belonged.

General Evans now began a mysterious movement which even to to-day remains unsolved. At night he would order his whole army to fall back several miles, and then to return by morning and occupy the old positions until night, when the maneuvers of the previous night was repeated. It was said at the time that he had disobeyed orders in fighting the battle, that his orders were to fall back before the enemy and to draw him in upon the impregnable position prepared for him at Manassas. He could not be punished for fighting a successful engagement, especially as the people were tired of the waiting policy of our army, and that now General Evans was trying to undo the consequences of his error by pretending to be afraid. But it had no effect, and after more than a week of this foolishness, we settled down in camp, the artillery on the hill as before, and the infantry below us guarding the river.

While near Leesburg, our battery was sent with a supporting force to assist General Ashby in an attack on Harper's Ferry. We marched cautiously at night along the river road and in the early morning we reached the foot of Loudon Heights. We had to unlimber our guns and pull them up by hand to the top of the Heights. We found some wooden block houses on the summit. The enemy in Harper's Ferry threw several rifle shells, which came very near hitting us. If they had gotten our range and kept up the fire, they might have done us a great deal of damage. We certainly could not have reached them with our smooth-bore twelve-pounders, which could only send a ball to the foot of the mountain. I worked my way down the hillside toward the fighting in the Valley, and there had my first experience under fire. I had a splendid view of Ashby on his white horse as he formed his men in line of battle and charged in echelon across the field and into the wood near the Ferry. He captured the place, and we returned to Leesburg.

We settled down in camp and endeavored to make war as pleasant as possible. Several of us of like inclination drummed up some fox hounds in the neighborhood, and hired some plow horses from a near-by farmer, and took regularly to fox hunting over the scene of the late battle. The foxes were numerous, and we could always get up a chase, but holes in the cliffs were numerous also, and we never succeeded in catching the fox, who, as soon as he got tired, took to a hole.

It was contrary to the unwritten law of fox hunters in Virginia to shoot a fox chased by hounds, so we had to give him a chance for his life, which he always saved by running to cover.

We spent many pleasant hours around the camp fires. John Esten Cooke would tell a long, dry story, which generally had the appearance of a novel in the making. John Nimmo would break in with some of his drollery and set us all to laughing. John was a character. He was a New York drummer of Southern birth, and I had often met him at Charlotte Courthouse, where he was always a guest at my grandfather's. He was long, slim, and bony. He was rheumatic and wore red flannel underwear, which added greatly to his picturesqueness, especially in the morning when he turned out to wash his face. His good-natured groans, as he straightened his aching limbs, with now and then a swear word at his rheumatism, if the pain was too severe, could be heard all over the camp. He wore a huge mustache, which gave him a military look. Sometimes when sitting around the fire, he would burst out in a deep stage voice with some familiar quotation, now it was from Don Juan:

"Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming and grow brighter when we come."

Or he would break out with this from Othello:

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.

Then must you speak of one that loved not wisely, but too well; . . . of one whose hand,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe."

John would then give us a Sunday school lesson in Shakespeare that would put old Pollonius himself to the blush, quoting "full of wise saws and modern instances." "Modish it means," said John, "not modern." But John was a brave soldier, and he did his share of work and duty without complaint in spite of all his aches and pains. Lieutenant McCarthy was a whole-souled, impulsive Irishman, beloved by all the men. On duty he was as strict as any martinet; off duty he was everybody's friend and companion. In battle he seemed oblivious of danger. He was killed long after I left the battery.

In November, 1861, the election for President came off, and, as I had just become of age, I cast my first vote for Mr. Jefferson Davis, as, I believe, every member of the battery did.

While at Leesburg our captain, Shields, was promoted to colonel and placed in charge of Camp Lee, near Richmond, and Dr. Palmer was elected captain of the battery.

At some time during our stay at Leesburg, we all had an acute attack of homesickness, and I was again overcome by my old enemy, the chills. I obtained a furlough and hired a wagon to drive me to Manassas Junction. The roads had been badly cut up, and it took us all day to make the journey. The house which had been recently knocked up with upright boards to serve as a hotel stood like an island in the midst of liquid mud. I had to sit up all night, as there was no vacant bed in the house. I could not even lie down upon the floor, as it was trampled over with mud at least an inch thick. Home, when I got there, was never so sweet.

I never returned to the Battery, where I should have liked to serve as a private to the end of the war, but I could not stand the loss of sleep in doing guard duty, for when aroused for the second watch, I could sleep no more that night. So when offered two lieutenantcies, one in Mr. Martin's Battery, the other in Richardson's Battalion of Scouts, Guides, and Couriers, I felt bound to accept one of them.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

After its strenuous march from Heidlersburg, twelve or fifteen miles from Gettysburg, and the battle on Wednesday, July 1, and after galloping in pursuit of the broken Federal battalions into the town of Gettysburg and returning to Seminary Ridge after night and assuming position slightly north of the Lutheran Seminary (from which the ridge gets its name) near the point at which the Cashtown-Chambersburg road and cut of the then unfinished railroad (now a completed railroad and in use from Hagerstown, Md.) cross the ridge, Carter's Artillery Battalion, to which Reese's Alabama (Jeff Davis) Battery was attached, operating with Rodes's Division, Ewell's Corps, remained at attention, prepared to move promptly at any moment to the point at which its services should be most needed, during the night of the 1st and the entire day and night of the 2nd.

This means that the men of the batteries were at all times alert and ready to move with celerity; that they were clad in their ordinary, and perhaps only, dress day and night, and understood that they might be called upon to move at a double-quick at any moment; that the horses used to draw the gun and caisson carriages were kept in harness and, except for brief periods when they were taken for water, they were kept hooked to the carriages ready to move. A sentinel paced through the guns at night and kept watch over horses and guns.

Nothing occurred in the immediate vicinity of the position of the battalion during this time out of the ordinary routine, except the desultory firing of Hurt's Whitworths, in position some hundred yards or more north of the position held by Carter's Battalion and on the extension of the same ridge, and artillery firing of the same character, with an occasional spurt, by some of the artillery of Hill's corps, in position on the same ridge south of the Seminary.

The Whitworth guns were of English manufacture and had reached the Confederacy through the blockaded ports. I am not informed as to whether there were more than two pieces of Whitworth artillery in the Confederate armies. These had first been turned over to Hardaway's Battery, and when Hardaway was promoted to lieutenant colonel, Lieutenant Hurt was promoted to captain of the company, and his company continued to operate the guns. Hurt's command was a part of McIntosh's Battalion, A. P. Hill's Corps.

Maj. Gen. Daniel H. Hill states that "at Upperville, on November 2 (1862), this gun put to flight two Yankee batteries, and cavalry and infantry, at the distance of three and one-half miles." At Fredericksburg, December 13, 14, and 15, the same authority says: "Hardaway got a position with his Whitworth gun from which he could enfilade the line. They had established themselves in a hedgerow and had it lined with artillery. He drove out all their batteries and made them leave at a gallop." Hill also thinks that it was Hardaway's Whitworth gun that killed the Federal general, George D. Bayard, on December 14, as no other Confederate guns could carry so far as to the point where Bayard was struck. I heard of smaller Whitworths having been used by Confederate sharpshooters, and that they proved to be very effective at long distances which could not be reached by ordinary army rifles. At the time given by Gen. D. H. Hill, the firing of a gun with any degree of accuracy at the distance of three and one-half miles was remarkable and unusual by any other gun. The achievements in the recent World War seem to have greatly eclipsed the Whitworth record of sixty years ago, and the Whitworth presumably will have to modestly shrink into obscurity.

It is not amiss to say here that maps numbered 16 and 17, pp. 299 and 308, respectively, Volume III., "Battles and Leaders," purporting to show the positions of the troops of both armies on the 2d of July, place Carter's Battalion in position near the northern edge of Gettysburg. Nelson's Battalion is also located in position near by. My recollection is very clear that Carter's Battalion was not removed from Seminary Ridge on that date. In his report, Lieutenant Colonel Carter said: "On Thursday, July 2, my battalion was held in readiness to move into position, but was not engaged."

Lieut. Col. William Nelson, who was ordered to report to Major General Rodes, and by Rodes to report to Lieut. Col. Thomas H. Carter, commanding the artillery of Rodes's Division, said: "Having done so, I was ordered early on Thursday morning to keep my guns in readiness for action immediately in rear of the heights overlooking the town (Seminary Ridge evidently), at about one-fourth of a mile to the left of the Cashtown pike. About 11 A.M., I was ordered to bring my battalion immediately in rear of Gettysburg College, park my batteries, and await events. Having, with your assistance, selected positions which my batteries could occupy, in case the enemy should turn their attention to that portion of the line, I remained at that point until night when I returned to the position occupied in the morning."

This report was made to Col. J. Thompson Brown, Acting Chief of Artillery for the Second (Ewell's) Corps. When the batteries of Lieutenant Colonel Nelson were in park in rear of Gettysburg College, his battalion was then near the point at which the maps noted above placed it, but he states his batteries were in park and not in position for action, as shown on the maps.

Early Friday morning, July 3, before Aurora's approaching light had driven away the lingering morning stars, and long before Phœbus Apollo, in his flaming car of day, had dried Aurora's tears from the grass in the meadows and swales, the slumbering hosts on the battle field of Gettysburg were aroused by the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry. This commotion, exceedingly unwelcome at this hour, was a signal to the tired and sleeping hosts whom fate had spared from the death missiles, and others who had escaped the surrender of themselves and arms during the two previous days of unbridled carnage, to quickly shake off their drowsiness and assume their assigned positions to meet such emergency as might confront them.

Sleep is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man even. It resembles death; there is very little difference between a man in his last sleep and a man in his first sleep. Here were mingled hosts of sleepers of both classes; the one ready to do the bidding of their commanding officers, even to the point of joining their fellows whose sleep will ever prevent them from responding to the sound of the bugle or the tap of the drum; even the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry will make no impression on their deaf ears. Only "the last loud trumpet's wondrous sound" on the resurrection morn will wake them, transfigured at their Maker's call. All, Confederate and Federal, with the fashion of their countenances altered and shining like his own, will respond to the call.

When the firing ceased on the night of Thursday, July 2, Longstreet's troops were in possession of the high ground along the Emmettsburg road, which was held by Sickles's Third Federal Corps when the Confederate advance began on the right. The several brilliant and determined, but unsupported, advances, which came near being successes, made by the Confederate attacking column, led General Lee to believe

that, with proper concert of action, and the increased support which the artillery would render on the right, the Confederate troops would ultimately succeed, and he accordingly determined to continue the attack on the 3rd of July. The general plan was unchanged. Longstreet, reënforced by Pickett's three brigades, which arrived near the battle field during the afternoon of the 2d, was ordered to attack next morning, and Ewell was ordered to assail the enemy's right at the same time.

When Ewell received orders to renew his attack on the enemy's right, on Friday morning, the 3rd, as Johnson's position was the only one affording hopes of doing this to advantage, he was reënforced by Smith's Brigade of Early's Division, and Daniel's and Rodes's (old) brigades of Rodes's Division. Just before the time fixed for Johnson's advance, the enemy attacked him, to regain the works captured by Stuart the evening before. They were repulsed with heavy loss, and he attacked in turn, pushing the enemy almost to the top of the mountain (Culp's Hill), where the precipitous nature of the hill and abatis of logs and stones, with a very heavy work on the crest of the hill, stopped Johnson's farther advance.

Half an hour after Johnson attacked, and when it was too late to recall him, Ewell was notified that Longstreet would not attack until 10 o'clock; but it turned out that his attack was delayed until after 2 o'clock. Thus at the very outset the concert of action so much hoped for by General Lee had utterly failed.

When Maj. Gen. Henry W. Slocum, who was in command of the Federal right, learned that the returning divisions on the night of the 2nd, which had been detached for service with the hard-pressed Federal left, had encountered Confederate troops in their works, and that such troops had taken possession in their absence, he ordered that an attack be made on them at daylight on the morning of the 3rd, and that they be driven from the captured works.

Accordingly the twenty pieces of artillery, ten rifles and ten 12-pounders, operating with the Twelfth Corps, were placed in position, bearing on the vacated works held by Johnson's Confederate Division, about 1 A.M., of the 3rd.

At 4:30 A.M., these twenty guns were opened on the Confederate lines in possession of the Federal works, chiefly on the east side of Culp's Hill and the stone wall running parallel with the Baltimore pike. The batteries fired for fifteen minutes without intermission, at a range of from 600 to 800 yards. During the intermission which followed, an assault by the infantry occurred. And again about 5:30 A.M., were the batteries opened, and continued firing at intervals until 10 A.M., hurling a storm of missiles upon the Confederates, who were without the aid of artillery, the Confederate guns of this arm of the service being at too great distance to render effective service. There was complaint even, by the Federal infantry, over whom their batteries fired, that some of their men were hit, and even killed, by the defective ammunition used, notwithstanding the statement by the Twelfth Corps chief of artillery that the "firing of the artillery was excellent and splendidly accurate."

Major General Slocum said: "The enemy had been reënforced during the night and were fully prepared to resist our attack. The force opposed to us, it is said, belonged to the corps under General Ewell, formerly under General Jackson, and they certainly fought with a determination and valor which has ever characterized the troops of this well-known corps. We were reënforced during the engagement by Shaler's Brigade, of the Sixth Corps, and two regiments from General Wadsworth's Division, of the First Corps, and also

by Neill's Brigade, of the Sixth Corps, which was moved across Rock Creek and placed in position to protect our extreme right.

"The engagement lasted until 10:30 A.M., and resulted in our gaining our entire line of entrenchments and driving the Confederates back of the position originally held by them; in the capture of over 500 prisoners in addition to the large number of wounded left on the field, besides several thousand stand of arms and three stand of colors. Our own loss in killed and wounded was comparatively light, as most of our troops were protected by breastworks.

"The portion of the field occupied by the Confederates presented abundant evidence of the bravery and determination with which the conflict was waged. The field of battle at this point was not as extended as that on the left of our line, nor was the force engaged as heavy as that brought into action on that part of the line. Yet General Geary attests that over 900 of the enemy were buried by our troops, and a large number left unburied, marching orders having been received before the work was completed."

This was the engagement that created the turmoil which aroused the sleeping hosts during the early morning hours. It will be noted that the seven brigades under Johnson's command were forced to combat the entire Twelfth Corps of six brigades, and Shaler's and Neill's of the Sixth Corps, increasing the number to eight brigades, and an additional force of two regiments from Wadsworth's Division, of the First Corps. Here was an entire corps and fragments of two others, aided by twenty pieces of excellent artillery.

In noting his losses of officers, Gen. Edward Johnson, among a number of others, says: "Maj. B. W. Leigh, my chief of staff, whose conscientious discharge of duty, superior attainments, and noble bearing made him invaluable to me, was killed within a short distance of the enemy's line."

This heroic officer made himself conspicuous by his great courage, as is shown in the reports of more than one Federal officer. Brigadier General Geary, commanding one of the two divisions of the Twelfth Corps, states among other incidents: "At 10:25 A.M., two brigades of Johnson's Division, having formed a column of regiments, charged upon our line on our right. . . . The 1st Maryland Battalion (rebel) was in advance, and their dead lay mingled with our own. This was the last charge. As they fell back, our troops rushed forward with wild cheers of victory, driving the rebels in confusion over the entrenchments, the ground being covered with their dead and wounded. Large numbers of them crawled under our breastworks and begged to be taken as prisoners. Among these were many of the celebrated "Stonewall" Brigade, who, when ordered for the last time to charge upon Greene's breastworks, advanced until they met our terrible fire, and then, throwing down their arms, rushed in with white flags, handkerchiefs, and even pieces of white paper, in preference to meeting again that fire which was certain destruction. As they threw themselves forward and crouched under our line of fire, they begged our men to spare them, and they were permitted to come into our lines. The commanding officer of the regiment raised the white flag, when Major Leigh, assistant adjutant general of Johnson's Division, rode forward to order it down, and fell, pierced by a dozen balls, his body remaining in our possession."

Col. W. R. Creighton, of the 7th Ohio, says of this incident: "About 11 A.M., July 3, I observed a white flag thrown out from rocks in front of our entrenchments. I immediately ordered my men to cease firing, when seventy-eight of the enemy advanced and surrendered, including three captains, two first lieutenants, and two second lieutenants. At the

time the white flag was raised, a mounted rebel officer, Major Leigh, assistant adjutant general to General Ewell (General Johnson), was seen to come forward and endeavor to stop the surrender, when he was fired upon by my men and instantly killed."

THE BATTLE OF PIEDMONT.

(Written by Gen. J. D. Imboden in 1883.)

(Continued from December number.)

When the General said he had received my note a few moments before, I inquired whether he had ordered the artillery and supports to report to me? He replied that he had, and that they would be up in less than five minutes, I was astonished to hear that they were so near, when he remarked that *all* his troops were just back of us a few hundred yards. This astounded me; and my first thought was that his guides had misled him, or had left him and he had lost his way from Mrs. Gratton's to Mowry's hill. I exclaimed, "My God, General! You are not going to fight here, and lose all the advantage of position we shall have at Mowry's hill?" Poor Jones is dead, was killed that day and it might be well to drop this interview right here. But the truth of history is perhaps the best policy, and I will give it all. Col. Robert White, commanding the 23rd Virginia Cavalry, was with me and heard it, perhaps others, but I do not now remember who. Jones replied: "Yes! I am going to fight right here, if Hunter advances promptly to the attack. If he don't, I will go over there and attack his where he is," pointing to his troops then deploying into line. I answered: "*We have no advantage of ground here, and he outnumbers us nearly three to one, and will beat us.*" This seemed to anger him, for he replied with great warmth and an oath: "I don't want any advantage of ground, for I can whip Hunter *anywhere.*" I then said with equal warmth, "General I will not say you *cannot* whip him here, but I will say, with the knowledge I have of his strength, that if you do, it will be at the expense of a fearful loss of life on our side, and believing we have no right to sacrifice the lives of our men where it is possible to avoid it, as it is now, if you will even yet fall back to Mowry's hill, I enter my solemn protest against fighting *here* to-day." This aroused his anger still further, and turning sharply upon me, he said: "Sir! I believe I am in *command* here to-day." I responded: "You are, sir, and I now ask your orders and will carry them out as best I can; but, if I live, I will see that the responsibility for this day's work is fixed where I think it belongs."

This ended the colloquy, which was carried on very rapidly where we sat on our horses a little way off to ourselves, for just then Lieut. Carter Berkeley dashed up with his guns and reported to me for orders. I directed him to unlimber and open fire at once on Stahl's Cavalry, then massing about 1,200 or 1,500 yards in front of us. In less than a minute Berkeley was at work, and the effect of his well-directed shots was the rapid demoralization of Stahl's troopers, whose confusion was very great, till they withdrew to a safer distance. General Jones, almost immediately calmed down as soon as the firing of Berkeley's guns began, for he was brave to a fault, and I believe enjoyed the roar of the battle field. He asked me to ride with him alone over the ground between the road and the river toward Samuel B. Finley's house, directing his staff to remain till our return, remarking jocularly: "Gentlemen, I don't want any of you killed and don't want to be killed myself to-day." We had not ridden 500 yards, when, emerging from a belt of woods, the enemy dis-

covered us and opened fire with a rifle battery, so well aimed that one shot did not miss Jones ten feet. We galloped back and examined the line of battle Jones had selected for his left, in the edge of the woods on the north side of the road, just a few rods below the village of Piedmont.

Here all the infantry were in line, including the Augusta reserves, and constituted the left wing of Jones's little army. The men were in high spirits and cheered us as we rode along their front, where, for a part of the distance, they had torn down fences to form breastworks of the rails. Jones was gleeful, and often repeated as we passed from one command to another: "Aim low, boys, aim low, and hit 'em below the belt. And be sure you *see* them before you shoot. Aim low and make every shot tell." Thus cheering his men, we regained the road. By this time the enemy had opened a heavy artillery fire on Berkeley, and had driven in my skirmish line so far that they had brought our guns under the range of their musketry. I had received a message from that part of the field saying that all Berkeley's horses would soon be killed and the section would be unable to withdraw. I turned to Jones and said, "General, you have heard the message, what orders shall I give Lieutenant Berkeley?" "Direct him to move his guns back to this point immediately, and will put him and the rest of our artillery into the fight. Riding again toward the brow of the hill where there was considerable skirmish firing and a pretty heavy discharge from the enemy's batteries, then all in position on the opposite hill, we obtained a view of the whole of Hunter's army forming line for the attack.

My brigade, mounted, was in a field on the south of the road, and a good deal exposed, where they could do no good. Seeing which, I asked the General for orders. His reply was: "Move your men back. You will find Vaughan dismounted just back of the village. Dismount your men, sending your horses to the rear in the woods, and take position on Vaughan's right. You see that hill over there (pointing toward the round hill), throw out flankers to the foot of that hill, and protect my right flank. Hunter will try to turn my position *there*, and if you can prevent *that*, it is all I shall ask of you. I'll attend to the rest of the field." I replied, "Your orders will be carried out fully," touched my hat in salute and rode away. That was the last time I ever saw Gen. William E. Jones. In an hour afterwards he was dead and his body in the hands of the enemy.

In seeking the position to which I was ordered on Vaughan's right. I had to pass *through* Piedmont, and found his left resting on the road, and his line extending southward just in the edge of the woods on the Beard farm. Jones, with the infantry and artillery, was more than a quarter of a mile farther down the road, which left an unoccupied gap to that extent between the left wing of his little army and the right, a most dangerous and, as the result showed, fatal mistake in the formation of our lines.

I had reached my position, which commanded a view of nearly the whole field, when we discovered a heavy body of troops advancing on the north side of the road to attack Jones. These were the large brigade of Gen. R. B. Hayes, of Ohio (afterwards President of the United States) and of Colonel Utzy (pronounced "Yute-sey"), of Pennsylvania (a very gallant officer and noble-hearted gentleman, who has since the war become my warm and intimate friend, commanding a brigade). They had been preceded by a cavalry dash that was easily repulsed. Hayes and Utzy came bravely and steadily to their work, but were met with a fire so galling and destructive that they recoiled and fell back

over the brow of the hill in disorder. Protected by the hill, they rapidly reformed and returned to the attack, and were again driven back. This was the supreme moment, the crisis in the battle. Hunter was alarmed and had his wagon train in his rear turned around preparatory to retreat. If Vaughan and I had *then* been ordered *forward* the day would undoubtedly have been won. Our joint commands, 1,600 to 1,800 strong, had not fired a shot, for there was no enemy in *our* front, but there was a dense copse of woods over a quarter of a mile distant, and in front of us, and that extended to within 300 or 400 yards of Jones's infantry right flank on the road below the village.

By his two assaults on Jones's front, Hunter had discovered the "gap" of fully one-fourth of a mile between Jones's right flank on the north side of the road and Vaughan's left flank on the south side. He resolved, therefore, to make one more assault on Jones, and this time to assail *him* in flank. The copse of wood in front of Vaughan's troops and mine favored this, as it enabled Hunter, unseen by us, to throw a brigade into these woods, form it in line at right angles to Jones, and dash through the exposed opening or "gap"—within perhaps thirty minutes after Hayes and Utzy's second repulse. From our position on the right, we saw this flanking brigade emerge from the woods and move at quick time up a gentle slope directly on Jones's flank. This movement was immediately in front of Vaughan's Brigade, distant perhaps 600 yards. My brigade was still further off, being to Vaughan's right. Even then, if Vaughan and I had had orders, or permission discretion, to move, a rapid charge on the left flank of this flanking brigade of the enemy would have at least checked it and given Jones time to change front to the right and repel it. But Vaughan's orders, like mine, as he informed me that night, were peremptory to take the position assigned him and hold it *till further orders*.

So there he and I were held inactive, and, in less than ten minutes from the time the enemy emerged from the woods, they struck Jones in flank, killed him and many of his officers and men, and, doubling up his whole line, drove what they did not kill, wound, or capture toward Middle River and across it, with the exception of a few men who escaped in the direction of New Hope under cover of the woods.

The moment Jones was struck in flank I saw the day was lost, and ordered my men to regain their horses and mount so as to be ready to cover the retreating infantry. The artillery had fortunately been posted a little farther back than Jones's main line and escaped the charge of the flanking brigade of the enemy, and thus had a chance to escape up the road toward New Hope, about a mile distant. I started to see General Vaughan to concert a joint movement under his command, as my senior, to hold the now victorious enemy in check, supposing that he, being nearest Jones, would have received orders. I met a courier from Vaughan coming for me to go and meet and confer with him. Within a minute afterwards he and I met, when he remarked: "I am the senior and in command. Jones has been killed, and the infantry are in full flight. We must save all we can of our poor fellows, but I don't know this country, was never in it in my life before. You know it well, I hear, and I will adopt your suggestions." My reply was: "There is not a moment to be lost. We must gain the road as quickly as possible and, if pursued, fight our way back to Mowry's hill. We can hold the enemy there till night, collect our scattered men, and then decide where to go and what to do." I gave him guides and requested him to move out first, halt, and form at New Hope, as a support to my brigade, on the New Hope side of the belt of woods just

above the Beard farm. I sent orders to my command to move out by the left flank as rapidly as possible to the Crumpecker farm, to which I galloped with some of my staff to select ground for a stand.

As I reached the open ground, I came upon McClanahan's heroic battery of six guns. They had wheeled into the first field on their right where the road emerges from the woods, and had halted 300 or 400 yards from the woods, and were rapidly going "into battery for action" on admirably chosen ground. I called out to them from the road: "That's right, boys; double shot your guns with canister, and we will support you." The officers of that battery, especially Capt. John H. McClanahan, and Lieut. Carter Berkeley, and H. H. Fulton, had no superiors of their rank in all the Confederate army for cool, undaunted courage and skill in their important arm of the service, and the company noncommissioned officers and privates was composed entirely of picked men, devoted alike to their brave, intelligent, and gentlemanly officers and to our cause and country. There was no situation before which that battery ever quailed and there never was a time when its nerve was more severely tested than at that moment, for they had just narrowly escaped from a disastrous field, and they knew they were being pursued by the flushed victors, for we could even then distinctly hear the bugle notes of Stahl's cavalry brigade sounding the "charge" with which they came sweeping through Piedmont town toward us; and the heavy thud of hoofs on the solid road from more than 2,000 excited horses was distinctly audible by the time they had reached the Beard house, though we could not see them for the belt of woods through which the road runs, it had been there cut out and cleared of timber for more than sixty feet wide.

While the battery was unlimbering, a battalion of about eighty Tennessee riflemen, under Maj. W. W. Stringfellow, as I now remember his name, a perfect little game cock, not over five feet six or eight inches in height, and who had escaped from the battle field when poor Jones and so many others were killed, came out of the edge of the woods at a double quick and on up the lane toward me. I halted the Major and asked, "Will your men fight again?" He replied: "Yes, like hell if you give them the chance." I then directed him to form his men behind a strong rail fence which ran at right angles to the road and on the opposite side from the battery, and to open fire as soon as the head of the enemy's column came in sight. He gave the order, when his men scrambled over the fence with a defiant yell and, stringing themselves along the cross fence, two or three in a corner, were ready for action. In less time than it has taken to detail these preparations, the enemy appeared in close column, platoon front, at a gallop. Just at the entrance to the lane, the battery poured a salvo of all six guns into them, and the Tennesseans a rifle volley. The crashing of the shot on men and horses could be plainly heard. The head of the column, apparently several files deep, went down in a mass of groaning men and horses. The charge was checked, and another salvo from the battery compelled the column to retire. They rallied, however, on the other side of the wood and reformed near the Beard house.

By that time my brigade, mounted, came upon the field and formed line on some elevated ground a little in the rear of and to the right of the Tennesseans. The enemy's bugles again sounded the charge beyond the wood, and on came the column. Just as it reached the same, to them, ill-fated spot, the six guns of the battery again belched forth their iron contents and the Tennesseans poured out another

volley from their rifles, when down went men and horses and a wild retreat began toward Piedmont. They had enough; and, no doubt, discovering the proximity of new supports to the battery, my brigade having but just arrived, deemed further attempted pursuit hazardous, for we never saw them again.

After waiting a half hour to see if they would renew the attack, I ordered the battery to retire by sections, halting the sections at intervals of about four hundred yards, unlimbering till the other guns had passed and in their turn taken position and unlimbered successively, moving my brigade and the infantry battalion parallel to the rear guns until we had passed New Hope, some two miles. Here we came up with Vaughan, and he and I consulted about our further course. The full extent of the disaster then known to us, we could not expect, with fugitives and all, to have over 2,000 or 2,500 men fit to further oppose Hunter. General Vaughan said that Jones had received a telegram from General Lee the evening before, but had not shown it to him, or anyone so far as he knew, and, as he had put it in his pocket, the enemy would no doubt find it and learn its contents. We also knew that Crook and Averill were then within one or two days' march of Staunton.

Under these circumstances, it was decided that General Vaughan in person should proceed at once to Fisherville and open telegraphic communication with General Lee, and ask for a copy of Lee's telegram to Jones so that we might judge what effect it would have on Hunter's movements; and that I should bring on the troops to Fisherville that night, so that if reënforcements were on their way from Richmond, we would be in a position to again confront Hunter near Staunton; but if no help reached us, we could retreat to Rockfish Gap and thus save our commands and baggage from annihilation.

I reached Fisherville with the troops about 11 o'clock at night and found General Vaughan at Mr. Schmucker's house. He handed me a long telegram he had received from General Lee, repeating the one sent to Jones the day before. I cannot quote its language, but remember perfectly its purport. He had telegraphed Jones that it was impossible for him to spare any troops to the Valley for at least a week to come; that he, Jones, with such troops as he had must fight Hunter and drive him back, and then turn upon Crook and Averill and drive them out of the Valley. We knew, of course, Hunter would see this dispatch, as it would be found on Jones's body, and that thus informed he would push on to Staunton next day, and we could not prevent it. We thereupon decided to fall back to Waynesboro and Rockfish Gap early next morning and await orders or reënforcements from General Lee.

This is a detailed account of the battle of Piedmont. Its incidents are indelibly impressed on my memory, for it was the first time I had ever seen Confederates routed on a battle field of their own selection. My protest against fighting *where* we did, and the altercation with General Jones, coupled with the disastrous outcome of the combat, fixed every incident on my mind never to be forgotten.

Our losses were very heavy and never, from the nature of the temporary organization of the fragmentary detachments of our forces, could be ascertained. Killed, wounded, captured, and missing, the aggregate was little, if at all, less than 1,500 men and their arms. Besides Gen. William E. Jones commanding, Colonel Brown, of the 60th Virginia Infantry, whom I had assigned to the command of one of the temporary brigades formed at Mrs. Gratton's, was killed.

Several of the officers and men of Harper's Regiment of Augusta Reserves were killed and many wounded. The most prominent of these who fell was Robert L. Doyle, who had been lieutenant colonel in the 62nd Virginia Regiment Mounted Infantry, of my brigade, and resigned, being far beyond military age, but had turned out then as a volunteer with the reserves and was acting captain of one of the companies. Poor Doyle! He was a brave, genial gentleman, a good officer, and the life of the camp and the bivouac with his fun and anecdotes.

It would make this report too long to mention all the noted dead and wounded of that fateful day. No troops ever fought better than those who were engaged, and some day the people of Augusta County ought to erect a shaft on the spot where Jones fell and inscribe upon it the names of the glorious dead who there poured out their life's blood, dying to protect their soil and county seat from the invader's foot. In vain, it is true, but none the less glorious was their death, and its memory deserves to live as marking above all others one spot in Augusta memorable above all others, though the county teems with memories.

MACON IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.*

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER STORIES FROM THE LAND OF USED TO BE."

On December 1, 1860, at 12 M., the ordinance of secession was passed in South Carolina. Precisely at that hour, one hundred guns were fired in Macon, Ga., amid the ringing of bells and shouts of the people. On this date and hour was sounded the knell of that civilization known as the Old South.

The people rejoiced that night, believing that political independence was heralded by the bold action of Carolina. No prophet could foretell the tragedy of a four years' war and its direful results and far less see beyond the dark tragedy a future of undreamt progress and power for the whole country.

The year 1860 closed with another startling event. This transpired at Charleston, on Christmas Day. Major Anderson, U. S. A., was commandant of the garrison at Fort Moultrie, that historic fort of the American Revolution where the first decisive victory of the war for independence was won by Carolinians. It was now the crisis of another revolution; there was an explicit understanding between the President of the United States and the governor of Carolina that no hostile operations should occur on the waters around Charleston's ports—and every courtesy had been extended to the commandant at Fort Moultrie. Notwithstanding, on Christmas Day, Major Anderson committed the overt act of spiking the guns, burning this fort, and removing his garrison of ninety-eight men to Fort Sumter. This was the first belligerent act of the approaching conflict. Fort Sumter was to go down in history with the story of the firing of the first gun as *casus belli*, but the spiking of the guns at Fort Moultrie broke the peace. Grand old Fort Sumter stands in history as a fort that was never surrendered, the siege of Charleston and its defense by Confederate soldiers, for bravery and endurance, ranks with the siege of Sebastopol. . . .

The first unmistakable gesture toward the coming war was made that Christmas Day when Majr Anderson spiked the guns of Fort Moultrie, and the news ran like wildfire throughout the Southern States. Georgia was awakened from the capital to Savannah. Governor Brown, on January 3, arrived at the seaport and dispatched a corps of one hundred and fifty guns of the city military under Maj. A. R. Lawton to seize Fort Pulaski and the Savannah defenses. Then followed

the State convention, January 16, which decided the momentous question of secession. At this convention, Bibb County was represented by the finest citizenry: Washington Poe, Eugenius A. Nisbet, and John B. Lamar were delegates. The action of our State in withdrawing from the Union is associated with the purest and most honored names of history, and there is the record of valor, honor, sacrifice, and all the great virtues that belonged to the manhood of the South's representatives.

Macon's part in every movement of patriotism dates from the initiatory step and extended throughout the war period. Her gallant sons promptly responded to the call to arms in defense of home and country. Her wisest statesmen were sent to represent Georgia in the Confederate Congress. Less than a month after the spiking of guns at Fort Moultrie (January 23), delegates were selected to go to the new congress, which met at Montgomery on February 4; the new constitution for the Confederate States was adopted on the 8th of the same month. President Jefferson Davis was elected the following day, and he was inaugurated on the 18th. So it may be said that the Southern Confederacy was born in February, the birth month of the State of Georgia, the 12th of February being Georgia Day, when we proudly commemorate the landing at Savannah, in 1732, of the noble Oglethorpe and his matchless colony.

February, 1861, was a month of great events. In April was to come the portentous sequel to that overt act on Christmas Day in the firing on Fort Sumter and the call of President Lincoln for troops to invade the South.

On March 4, 1861, the day that Lincoln was inaugurated as President of the Federal Government, our Confederate Congress adopted the Stars and Bars as the flag of the Confederacy. At three o'clock P.M., on that day, the first flag of the young republic was hoisted over the Capitol at Montgomery. The design of the Confederate banner was telegraphed throughout the South, and on the night of the 4th Mrs. Thomas Hardeman, of Macon, with characteristic energy and patriotism, devoted herself to the labor of making the first Confederate flag to wave over the soil of Georgia. She worked all night, and the immortal flag was presented to the Floyd Rifles early on the morning of the 5th of March, 1861. It was thrown to the breeze from the armory, receiving from the proud recipients the first salute fired in the State in honor of Confederate colors.

On the 19th of April, 1861, the Rifles and Volunteers of Macon were summoned to the defense of Virginia in Confederate service. They left on twenty-four hours' notice, and arrived at Norfolk in three days, having the honor of being the first troops outside the boundaries of the Old Dominion to arrive in defense of her honor. These two companies, in connection with two others from Georgia, formed the famous 2nd Georgia Battalion: Capt. Thomas Hardeman, of the Rifles, was major in command. Between the two dates—March 5, when the first Confederate flag was given to the breeze from the Armory at Macon, and April 19, when the first Georgia troops marched to battle—had been the surrender of Fort Sumter to Confederates on April 12, and war had been made irrevocable. President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand troops to suppress the rebellion was a clarion call to the South to rise in defense against the military invasion of her soil.

A wealth of literature and biography from Southern pens has glorified the patriotism and characters of those days, tomes of books have been written on the history of the Confederacy—social, economic, political, and military. To one born after the cruel war was over, a casual survey of historical

events brings to notice one remarkable point of view, and that is the attitude of mind adopted and maintained by President Lincoln in ignoring the existence of a Southern Confederacy. He held the thought with all the perverse contradiction of fact, so familiar to those versed in new psychology, that there was no such thing as a Confederate government; our Constitution, Congress, President, cabinet, and complete departments of government were treated as mere errors of mortal mind, negative to the reality of the Federal government, having no existence in reality. It did come to pass that the nation which rose so pure and fair did actually fall, so pure of crime, because it was not recognized at home or abroad. But after all the auto-suggestion practiced by the Federal officials during the war to claim nonexistence of this nation—created by Jefferson Davis, as Gladstone said—there came a day in April, 1865, when recognition was given. The terms of surrender were addressed by General Grant to "General R. E. Lee as commanding the army of the Confederate States of America.* The Army of the Potomac recognized the Army of Northern Virginia, not as rebels of the Federal government, but as the conquered army of a fallen nation; a triumph at the last hour bought with blood and that shines above every nonrecognition thought ever held by a Federal mind and with a fame as lasting as the Stone Mountain Memorial.

The months of war that followed the marching away of the Georgia troops to Virginia were filled with valiant deeds by the people at home. In May, 1862, the arsenal at Savannah, under charge of Col. R. M. Cuyler, was removed to Macon. An extensive foundry owned by the Misses Findlay, with all its machinery, was commandeered, and a dozen large storehouses and other buildings were occupied for the deposit of a great variety of articles connected with the Ordnance Department. Over three hundred and fifty artisans and workmen were constantly kept at it in the manufacture of cannon, shot and shell, saddle harness, and leather work. The twelve-pounder Napoleon guns made by the arsenal were the pride of the army. The labor and armory establishments kept many operatives engaged in the manufacture of small arms, cartridges, etc. Numerous smaller factories turned out swords, buttons, enameled cloth, matches, soap, and wire. The latent genius for invention with which Southerners are endowed was called into activity by the dire necessity for self-preservation. Early in 1861 some of the most distinguished West Pointers reported to the Confederate government for service. Lieut. George Washington Rains, who had made a brilliant scientific record, a son of the South, reported for duty to President Jefferson Davis and was placed at once on special duty in the Ordnance Department and commissioned July 10, 1861. Gunpowder was most urgently needed. *Carte blanche* was given him as to choice of location and nature of the plant necessary for its manufacture, and this plant, at Augusta, supplied all the armies east of the Mississippi. In the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, in seven short months, the plant was in operation, and was at the time the largest and most complete powder manufactory ever seen on this continent. Wonderful achievements were made in the building of the first iron-clad by Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury and John Mercer Brooke; in the perfecting of the torpedo by Gen. Gabriel J. Rains; the completing of the submarine and electrical torpedo under direction of Commodore Maury for the sea-coast defenses of the South—all representing the genius at work throughout the Confederacy. These inventions, and others, were later confiscated by the Federals to be utilized and handed down to posterity without giving credit to the Southerners to whom it was due.

*See terms of surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April 9, 1865.

Macon, being the center of Georgia and of the Confederacy, was the locality of important institutions.

The Treasury Department established a depository here, appointing W. B. Johnston as head of the operations. At one time \$1,500,000 in gold was under its protection. This depository took highest rank of similar offices outside of Richmond, and its central situation made it the most important distributing point. Here, in seven days of February, 1864, the depository counted in and took up \$15,000,000, during the funding of the first issue of Confederate notes. Thus was the South drained of her treasure, as well as life blood, in defense of her land.

For protection of the State, local forces were organized, consisting of old men and youths left behind when the soldiers marched away to battle. To the organization and command of this special military department, Gen. Howell Cobb was detailed from the army of General Lee, and at once established headquarters of the Army of Georgia Reserves in Atlanta, in 1863, which was removed to Macon in 1864. The appearance of General Cobb in his native and beloved State, where he was venerated for his valor, patriotism, and prudence, infused a new spirit of zeal among the desponding. He soon organized armies throughout the State and protected it from invasion by the enemy on the coast and from raiders in the mountains; besides acting as an important auxiliary to the armies in Tennessee and North Georgia.

On April 27, 1861, was organized the Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Society, with Mrs. Washington Poe, President; Mrs. Thomas Hardeman, Vice President; Miss M. E. Boss, Secretary; and Miss Julia Wrigley, Treasurer. The first public meeting was held May 1, a constitution was adopted, and the efforts of the Society directed to the furnishing of lint, bandages, and garments to the sick and wounded in the field. An executive committee was elected and subcommittees appointed over the different classes of work to be performed. More than two hundred members had been added to the Society before the 1st of September, including an auxiliary society, consisting of a little band of juvenile patriots, who completed in two months thirty-six pairs of drawers, twenty pairs of socks, and thirty-three shirts. These donations from the children were accepted and an appropriate resolution passed. In the first seven months the ladies raised \$7,391.95, besides large quantities of useful material for camps and hospitals. By the fall of 1861 many sick and disabled soldiers were passing through Macon from battle ground and camp, and these, suffering for food and attention *en route*, led to the establishment of what was called a Wayside Home.

A company of ten citizens purchased the old Macon Hotel and placed it under the charge of the Relief Society, by which it was converted into a hospital and hotel for disabled soldiers—and a most beneficent institution it proved to be. Here on the historic spot of the old hostelry conducted by Mr. Stovall, where Lafayette had been entertained a quarter of a century before, the gentlewomen of Macon entertained the heroes of the Confederacy, ministering to their needs with all the tenderness of Sisters of Mercy. The Wayside Home has been described by one who saw it some years after the war as a commodious, two-story building, surrounded by a garden and roses.

(Continued in February number.)

Capt. W. W. Carson, Knoxville, Tenn., says: "We old rebels think that the VETERAN is doing great things for us and for our dead, and even for the nation, by setting out a little of the truth month by month."

ESCAPE FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY MRS. SALLIE WINSTON MORTON, ARDMORE, OKLA.

In the November VETERAN there was an article on "Famous War Prisons and Escapes," but there was no mention of the escape of prisoners from Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, near Sandusky, Ohio, which was one of the most noted of such escape adventures.

I have in my possession a small book with the title, "An Escape from Johnson's Island," which was written by my father, the late Col. John R. Winston, of the 45th North Carolina Regiment, who was a descendant of some of the builders of the nation, namely, Sir Edward Spottswood, first governor of Virginia, and Patrick Henry, of Revolutionary War fame.

Colonel Winston was captured at the battle of Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, and sent to Fort Johnson, where two thousand officers and three hundred privates were confined. This prison was inclosed by a wall fifteen feet high, and contained thirteen frame buildings, of which some were ceiled, but most were only weather boarded.

Many ineffectual attempts were made to escape from this cold, gloomy prison, which was repulsive to the sons of the fair Southland. The one successful effort was made January 1, 1864, by Colonel Winston, of North Carolina, Captain Davis and Captain Robinson, of Virginia.

This was accomplished by digging a tunnel with pocket-knives from the prison cell through the "dead line" to the outer wall, which was scaled by means of a ladder made of bench legs joined with clothes lines. Here they were successful in evading both the upper and the lower line of sentinels.

With the thermometer at 30 degrees below zero, and the lake covered with ice, they crossed to Ottawa County, Ohio, a distance of one mile. With little more than \$2 to defray the expenses of three men, they set forth on the perilous journey of three thousand miles, of which the most hazardous event was the crossing of the Detroit River. This necessitated a crawl of two miles over ice which was broken into large blocks, and air holes that could not be discerned because of the darkness and the newly fallen snow. After traveling one hundred and five miles in four days and nights, having eaten only two meals and three very light lunches, and slept but twelve of the ninety-six hours, they reached the Canadian border, where they were extended a hearty welcome. On their departure, the Canadians presented them with a purse containing \$1,350 in gold. After a voyage down the St. Lawrence River and on the Atlantic ocean, they finally ran the blockade into Wilmington, N. C.

When these brave officers arrived at their homes, through loyalty to their cause they again offered their services at the battle front, where they received a warm welcome and congratulations from their comrades in arms.

THE EDUCATED NORTH.—Another illustration of the shallowness and uselessness of much of the education of this country was given by no less an outfit than the undergraduates of the University of Maine. A questionnaire was sent out as to who was Henry James. Quite a number of the students had never heard of any James but the two-gun bandit who shot up so much of Missouri. Other questions were answered to the effect that Martin Luther was the son of Moses, the author of "Vanity Fair" was Shakespeare, Disraeli was a poet, and Moses was a Roman ruler.—*National Tribune*.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

(A tribute delivered by Mrs. Charles R. Hyde before the U. D. C. convention in Washington.)

Perhaps no women of the period were more delicately reared than the women of the Confederacy, but when the hour of trial came none more willingly denied themselves every luxury or gave greater proof of devotion to a cause, and "the principle of State rights was incarnate in the historical life of the Southern people."

If the South was unprepared for war, Southern households were less prepared to endure a four years' siege, and after the blockade was thrown around them with the isolation of a Chinese wall, Southern women found that they must manufacture or devise a substitute for three-fourths of the articles in common use, and also for food, drink, and medicine. This they did with much cheerfulness and resourcefulness, and the result of their labors was such that we who are descended from them need not the example of Spartan mothers nor Roman matrons to inspire us, for we have known and loved the woman of the sixties.

Time would fail me to tell of their ingenious manufactures. In the Confederate Museum in Richmond and in the Daughters of the Confederacy Hall in Charleston you may see for yourself articles made by them which sufficed for every natural need of life. Their celerity of manufacture was such that cases have been recorded where a soldier hurriedly called to his command was clothed in a homespun suit made on the plantation in twenty-four hours from the wool on the sheep's back. But when the ewe lambs of the flock volunteered, old Mammys could be correspondingly slow, like Penelope, retarding the weaving "to keep Mammy's baby at home." But self-preservation is the first law of nature; a castaway on a desert island devises means to prolong his existence.

The women of the South evinced other and higher qualities. Few have suffered greater privations, and as one after another need came upon them heroism became more apparent; delicate hands that had wandered idly over the harp strings dug the dirt from the smokehouse floors to obtain the much-needed salt; dainty feet that had known only the satin slipper ran on willing errands shod in coarse shoes the maiden had fashioned herself. They toiled early and late; they managed successfully large plantations with only the assistance of faithful slaves; they denied themselves the necessities of life that every little saved might sustain the able-bodied manservant and thus set free the soldiers in the field. They gave cheerfully of their penury, sending boxes to the soldiers containing wonderful homemade uniforms which their own hands had woven, army blankets made from carpets torn from the floors, and raincoats for sentinels fashioned from old rubber piano covers. They knitted far into the night after the precious lights were extinguished, and then kept lonely vigils at prayer till dawn for the loved ones far away.

They took long, dangerous rides over mountain and stream warning their countrymen of imminent dangers; they nursed day and night without pay in poorly equipped improvised hospitals; they dwelt in caves amid shot and shell at Vicksburg; they cut up their wedding dresses to make flags and embroidered patriotic sentiments upon them; and young girls cut off their long hair, woman's crown of glory, to sell in the markets of Europe to obtain funds for the cause they loved. But it is of more than this I would speak: I would recall to your mind the high resolve, the unparalleled fortitude, the undying devotion they displayed in sustaining the morale of the Confederacy. To them a cause for which they had gladly given husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers was sacred,

and they were nothing behind them in the desire to sustain constitutional rights, the full knowledge of which was their inheritance from illustrious sires.

They constantly wrote letters and sent addresses to the soldiers in camp and field which breathed the purest patriotism and inspired hope when even the face of Providence seemed veiled. One of the addresses reads:

"We have no fears for the future. Our honor and welfare are in the keeping of brave hearts and strong arms. Debarred from sharing with you the dangers of the battle field, our prayers shall follow you, and history in recording your virtues will write in letters of living light."

And when the end of all their hopes came, an end which they had never expected, and they saw go down in defeat a cause so dear to them they "laid in dust life's glory dead" and ate their crust drenched with tears, but they did not despair.

Women who had searched upon the battle field for their slain as did Edith at Hastings, or, like Rizpah of old, suffered neither "the birds of the air to rest upon them by day nor the beasts of the field by night" till stronger hands could dig a grave, or, with the defiance of Antigone, giving them sepulcher despite military prohibition, with sublime devotion, amid the wreck and ruin of once happy homes, welcomed the ragged remnant of a great army, knowing that they were companions of heroes, and "endured as seeing the invisible."

There was much to be done, and the work was a solace. With the end of the Confederacy came the downfall of the only domestic system known to them, and with brave hearts they took up untried duties. The fire must be rekindled upon the hearthstone and the children fed; the forbidden gray uniforms, often the soldier's only garment, tattered as it was, must be dyed another color and the offending buttons covered with treasured bits of crêpe.

They took up their heavy burdens, but all over our beloved land were mothers who, like Rachel, could not be comforted, for their sons were not; widows who were widows indeed; and many faithful to a tryst with a boy lover clad in Confederate gray who waved his hand in farewell and rode away to disappear from their ken forever, went through life constant to a vow, caring for no other man, knowing that down here "'tis dust to dust beneath the sod, but there, up there, 'tis heart to heart."

When quieter days came they began the work of gathering together the sacred dust of soldiers who lay in unmarked graves and reared monuments to them, and the sentiment engraved upon one of these tells the world the character of the men they loved and sustained, planter and poor man alike, all stood for their homeland in her hour of need:

"These were men whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor."

Such were the women of the Confederacy!

They were our mothers. We have seen and known them, but the day is fast approaching when a generation will arise which "knows not Joseph," and it is our sacred duty to tell the story of the deathless devotion of the women of the sixties.

"On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining!

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover."



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

"Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun.
Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done."

TEXAS COMRADES.

The following Confederate veterans of Williamson County, Tex., have recently "passed over the river" to join the many comrades on the other shore:

From Bedford Forrest Camp, No. 1609 U. C. V., of Leander, Tex., is reported the death of John M. Faubion, who was born near Newport, Tenn., and had reached the advanced age of eighty-two years. For two years before the War between the States he was a member of Captain Fry's company of Texas Rangers, then commanded by Gen. Henry McCullough, afterwards a distinguished Confederate general. John Faubion entered the Confederate service in 1861, as a member of Company A, Captain Ventress, of Morgan's Battalion of Cavalry, Green's Brigade, and served to the end of the war in the Trans-Mississippi Department. After returning home he was married to a Miss Harmon, of which union were born two sons and a daughter, both surviving him, also his second wife, who was Mrs. Thomas J. Cashion. He was a man of quiet and unassuming disposition, a good citizen, fulfilling all the duties of such. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Four brothers also served throughout the war, now all dead.

Another member of Forrest Camp, M. W. Casbeer, died at the age of eighty years. He entered the Confederate service in 1862 and served throughout with Company G, 17th Texas Infantry, Walker's Division. He was married in October, 1865, to Miss Amy Smart, and to them were born two sons and two daughters, who survive him. He became a member of the Christian Church in 1878, and was a devoted member during all his after life. It was said of him that he was "a character looked to by all who knew him as a silent proof of the divinely endowed in mankind." In the fullest sense "he lived in his house by the side of the road and was a friend to man."

J. H. Hargis, Commander of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of Taylor, Tex., was born in Sequatchie Valley, near Chattanooga, Tenn., July 7, 1844, and died at his home near Taylor, Tex., October 11, 1923, in his eightieth year. In his seventeenth year he entered the Confederate service as a private of Company H, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Brigade, Dibrell's Division, Wheeler's Corps, and participated in all the actions of his command throughout the four years of war. He was once in prison at Johnson's Island, but was never wounded. He was with Forrest when General Streight was captured and when the patriotic young girl, Emma Sansom, rendered such valuable aid. Comrade Hargis was never

married, but made his home with his brother, D. Hargis, at the splendid residence owned jointly by them. He was ever devoted to the cause for which he had fought, and contributed liberally to the work of the U. C. V., organization, as well as to every other good cause. He was commanding his Camp at the time of his death, and was a regular attendant on reunions of his comrades until his health failed.

[J. H. Faubion, Commander Camp Bedford Forrest, Leander, Tex.]

A. J. HUMPHREYS.

The hearts of many old neighbors and friends of A. J. Humphreys in Monroe, W. Va., were saddened by news of his death, which occurred on November 6, 1923, at the home of his daughter in Ashland, Ky., after a short illness. He was born on Anthony's Creek, Greenbrier County, Va., June 7, 1837, but as a young man he went to Monroe County and by far the greater part of his life was spent at and near Gap Mills; for a few years he lived at Pomeroy, Ohio. In January, 1861, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Ann Eads, of Gap Mills, and after the war was over, he and his wife made their home at Gap Mills and there reared their family, becoming valued factors in that community.

At the outbreak of war between the States, Mr. Humphreys enlisted in the Confederate army and served in General Jenkins's Cavalry and with the Confederate engineers, making the record of a loyal and valiant soldier.

As an engineer, he was at Christiansburg, Va., attending the repairs of the (then) Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, on April 12, 1865, when, at that place, the forces under General Echols, in which his brother, M. W. Humphreys, was serving, were disbanded on learning that General Lee had surrendered. He was a man with marked intellectual gifts, a gentleman of courtesy and honor, kind as a neighbor and affectionate in his domestic relations. He loved little children, and the influences of his life were cheering and helpful. His wife died some three years ago, after which he made his home with his daughters, Mrs. I. R. LeSage, of Huntington, and Mrs. J. A. Bywaters, of Ashland, Ky. He is also survived by two sons, Dr. W. J. Humphreys, of Washington, D. C., one of the most eminent authorities in the science of physics in the United States and the author of several scientific works, and Dr. L. W. Humphreys, a prominent physician of Huntington; and by four brothers, among them Prof. M. W. Humphreys of the University of Virginia.

His body was placed in a mausoleum at Huntington, and later on will be taken back to Monroe and laid by the side of his wife in the Mt. Carmel Cemetery at Gap Mills.

COL. OLFERD STRIEGLER.

At his home in Menard County, Tex., on September 26, 1923, Col. Olferd Striegler died in his eighty-fifth year. He enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company F, McCord's Regiment, Texas Frontier Cavalry, and served as a faithful and patriotic soldier to the close of the war.

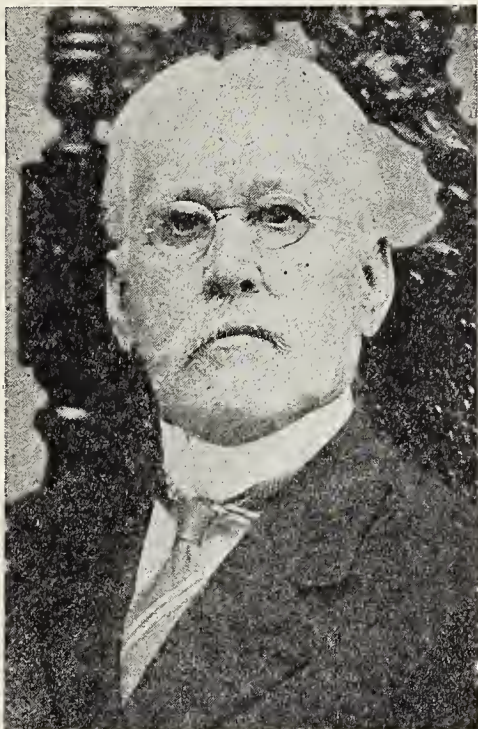
Comrade Striegler was born in Denmark, March 7, 1839, his parents removing to Swinburn in 1841, then emigrating to Texas in 1845 and locating near Fredericksburg. He was married in October, 1869, to Mrs. Lucy Ann Roberts, who died six years ago. He was an active member of the Mountain Remnant Brigade (5th) of the Texas Division, U. C. V., whose annual reunions he greatly enjoyed, and he held the honored position of first colonel of this brigade from its organization. He was a member of the Lutheran Church. Surviving him are two daughters and a son.

[L. Ballou, Brigade Adjutant U. C. V.]

FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS.

Frank Stovall Roberts, a native of Georgia, born at Macon on March 31, 1846, died at his home in Washington, D. C., on October 19, 1923.

He was a student at Athens, Ga., preparing for the University of Georgia, when the war came on in 1861. His two brothers, Charles and Joseph (Jodie), entered the Confederate army immediately, but his parents prevailed on Frank to wait, as he was only fifteen and the baby of the family. However, in March, 1863, when a call came for volunteers, he enlisted at Augusta, Ga., in a battalion of four companies then being organized. This com-



FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS.

mand was sent to Charleston for some weeks and camped on James Island, but it was not ordered into action, and shortly returned to Augusta and disbanded. Young Roberts returned to Athens, where he was ill for several months. His brother Charles came home on leave, as the Army of Tennessee was in winter quarters at Dalton, and in December both brothers left home to join the Oglethorpe Infantry, which was the 2nd Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters, Jackson's Brigade, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Shortly after joining this organization, Frank Roberts was picked for orderly duty by Maj. S. A. Moreno, Adjutant General on Jackson's staff, and went on duty at brigade headquarters. In February, 1864, Hardee's Corps was called out to oppose Sherman, and on its return to winter quarters Frank Roberts was left in the hospital at Dalton, then sent to the hospital at Marietta, where he remained until early in April, 1864, when he rejoined his command. He took part in the Atlanta campaign, and after a few days at home in early September, he rejoined the army and followed Hood into Tennessee, taking part in the bloody battle of Franklin and the rout at Nashville, then on the retreat south to Bainbridge, Ala., where the Sharpshooters were detailed to support a battery posted to defend the pontoon bridge against Federal gunboats.

The retreat from Nashville entailed terrible suffering in the bitter cold weather, and Comrade Roberts was one of the many who became ill and were sent to the hospital at Iuka.

After a few days, all who could walk were ordered to go to Corinth, as it was rumored that a Federal force was advancing from Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River. At Corinth the Sharpshooters were joined by his brother Charles, who had escaped from a prison train that was taking him North, and in a few days Comrade Roberts joined him. The two brothers and a comrade of Company B set out to walk to Verona, Miss., but were fortunate in getting a train to Meridian, and a few days later reached Mobile, Ala. There Comrade Roberts was in the hospital for two weeks, and was

then sent to the hospital at Macon, where he was when news of the surrender came. On the 20th of April, 1865, General Wilson arrived in Macon with his cavalry, and Comrade Roberts was captured and paroled.

After the war he located in Mobile, Ala., and there, on December 26, 1888, he married Miss Mary Herbert Mastin, youngest child of Dr. Claudius Henry Mastin. A daughter and a son were born to them, the daughter dying in 1915.

In 1898, Comrade Roberts was appointed paymaster's clerk U. S. A., at Atlanta, Ga., and later he was in Cuba for two years. Returning to the States, he served at many posts, including San Antonio, Tex., St. Louis, Mo., Washington, D. C., New York City, St. Paul, Minn., and Seattle, Wash. He was on duty in Washington, D. C., when transferred to the retired list in 1911, and continued to make that city his home. Since his retirement he had taken an active interest in preserving and correcting records of Southern history, especially of the war period, and had written much on that subject, as well as on the Southern people, customs, and life of the days gone by, especially in his native Georgia. He was taken ill in January, 1923, and suffered a long and severe illness—but his health improved, and he resumed his study and writing. The end came suddenly on the morning of October 19, and he was laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery by the side of the daughter whom he had so deeply mourned.

COMRADES OF TRIGG COUNTY, KY.

Reportd by Capt. F. G. Terry, Cadiz, Ky:

John H. Caldwell, a sergeant of Company A, 9th Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers, a part of the Orphan Brigade, died at his home near Cadiz, Ky., November 5, 1923, aged eighty-one years.

He was born in Trigg County, graduated at Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., in 1861, and shortly thereafter enlisted with Capt. Will Caldwell and entered the 9th Regiment, Colonel Hunt. He took an active part in the battles of Shiloh, Hartsville, Stones River, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Jackson, Miss., Chickamauga, and was with General Johnson from Dalton to Atlanta, Jonesboro, and New Hope. His brigade was later mounted and served to the close of the war under the command of Gen. Joe Wheeler. He was paroled with his company and regiment at Washington, Ga., May, 1865.

Returning to his home, he engaged in farming and teaching; later in life he was a successful surveyor and engineer. He was widely read and kept up with the affairs of the country. He was a loyal and faithful member of his Church (Baptist), and ever a true lover of the cause of the South and its friends. He leaves a family of one son and two daughters.

He was adjutant of Camp No. 965, U. C. V., for twenty-five years, and his departure from among us leaves but six original veterans in the county.

Pinkney B. Harrell, a lieutenant of Company D, 50th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, Captain Richards, Colonel Sugg, died at his home near Cadiz, Ky., November 7, 1923, aged eighty-eight years. He was a native of Trigg County, and entered the service of the Confederacy by enlisting with Captain Richards at Dover, Stewart County, Tenn., in the summer of 1861, and assisted in erecting the works creating Fort Donelson. He remained there till the arrival of the Federal forces under the command of General Grant, and was made prisoner with the other Confederates under General Buckner in February, 1862; was confined at Camp Douglas till September, and then exchanged at Vicksburg. At Jackson, Miss., he reenlisted "for the war," after which he had

a wonderful experience in the campaigns of Generals Bragg and Johnston. He was fond of relating his trials and troubles at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, from Dalton to Atlanta. About the close of the Atlanta campaign he was forced to retire from active duty on account of a badly injured leg. Mr. Harrell was a farmer, a man with decided notions as to politics and religion, and especially was he loyal to his Church and to his Confederate comrades. His departure is a great loss to his community, for he was greatly respected and venerated by all.

CAPT. SMITH LIPSCOMB.

On Sunday morning, December 2, and only a few weeks before he would have celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, there passed into the Great Beyond the soul of Capt. Smith Lipscomb of Bonham, Tex., one of the best known and loved among the Confederates of Texas. He was a familiar figure at State and national meetings of the Confederate veterans and was known wherever they gathered.

Smith Lipscomb was born in Spartanburg District, S. C., February 26, 1840. He was present when the firing on Fort Sumter took place, and when war was declared he went into the fray as a member of the 18th South Carolina Regiment. He was later appointed lieutenant and then captain of his company.

He was at the battle of Petersburg, Va., and was one of the three survivors who were blown up in that awful eruption of dirt, stone, and living bodies at the Crater explosion and came out alive. He alighted on his feet, and continued to advance toward the enemy.

At the reunion at Richmond in 1907, Senator Daniel introduced Lipscomb and recited his wonderful experiences in that inferno.

Lipscomb was at the surrender at Appomattox, and received his parole there. He had served throughout the entire war, being twice wounded. He was regarded as one of the ablest and bravest of the minor officers of Lee's army.

He returned home to a land devastated by war. Soon afterwards he was married, and went to Texas in 1866, settling first on the Brazos. In 1869 he moved to Fannin County, stopping for a few years at Ladonia. In 1873 he moved to Bonham to become a deputy under Sheriff John Dunn. So ably did he do his duty that at the end of Dunn's second term, he was elected sheriff and served four years. He was then elected tax collector for four years. His service in both offices was marked by ability, courage, honesty, and efficiency. At the end of his second term as collector he retired to private life and spent the remainder of his life on his farm.

He was a member of the Baptist Church, and a man of the strictest sense of honor and honesty. He is survived by his aged wife, five daughters, and three sons. On the day of his burial the business houses of the city closed their doors for one hour during the funeral service.

WILLIAM TOLBERT.

Comrade William Tolbert, Adjutant of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., of Mount Vernon, Tex., departed this life on November 19, 1923. As a Confederate soldier, he served with Company D, 11th Texas Infantry, Randall's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was a member for many years of the Missionary Baptist Church at Mount Vernon and always on the side of right and justice. A good soldier, good citizen, Christian gentleman, he will be sadly missed by his comrades of the Camp and all other friends.

[Committee: J. A. Dozier, T. L. Bryant, H. H. Weaver.]

J. C. CAMPBELL.

J. C. Campbell, Commander of J. E. B. Stuart Camp, U. C. V., of Terrell, Tex., died on November 22, 1923. He was one of the most beloved and highly esteemed Confederate veterans of his section.

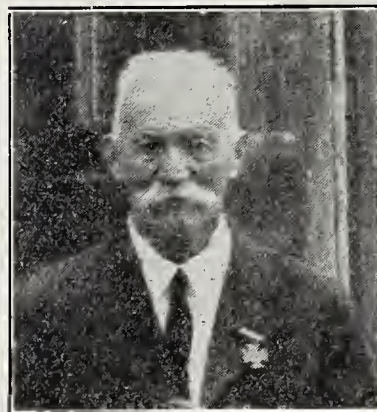
Entering the Confederate service early in 1861 as a member of Company E, 20th Texas Cavalry, he served with honor to the end in 1865. He shared in the privations and misfortunes of the Southern people after the war, and to the end of life was a staunch champion and defender of the principles for which he had fought.

As Commander of our Camp, succeeding Capt. J. W. Hardin, he held the love, esteem, and confidence of all comrades; in his private life he was known as a man of high ideals, strong convictions, with the courage to do the right on all occasions. He was a good citizen, a good neighbor, a kind and indulgent husband and father. In his passing we feel the loss of his comradeship and the uplifting influence of his association.

[From resolutions passed by J. E. B. Stuart Camp, November 22, 1923. E. T. Stewart presiding; J. R. Bond, Secretary.]

SILAS A. HENRY.

On March 21, 1923, Silas A. Henry died at his home in Russellville, Ark., after a short illness, at the age of eighty-two years, and was laid to rest in Pisgah Cemetery, south of Pottsville.



SILAS A. HENRY.

Comrade Henry was born in York County, S. C., June 10, 1841, the son of Andrew K. and Elizabeth Parker Henry, families of note in the history of the State. His parents removed to Arkansas in 1856 and settled in the New Hope community, his father living to the ripe age of eighty-six. Silas Henry received a fair education for the time, and when war

came on in 1861 he answered his country's call at the age of twenty, and made an enviable record as a soldier. He served as a member of Company B, Ben T. Embry's company, Arkansas Mounted Rifles, McIntosh's Brigade, and was the last survivor of this noted company. He took part in the battles of Wilson's Creek, Mo., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Franklin, Tenn., being wounded in each of the latter battles. One wound was received while charging the breastworks, and his comrades paid glowing tribute to his bravery. He returned home after the war and made as good citizen in peace as soldier in war. He served two terms as sheriff of Pope County, and later was county treasurer, capably discharging the duties of both offices.

Comrade Henry was thrice married, his first wife being Miss Nannie Bingham, of North Carolina, and of their ten children he is survived by six sons and a daughter. His second marriage was to Miss Nancy Oates, of Pottsville, who lived but a few years. In 1909 he married Mrs. Hattie McKay, who also survives him.

He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, faithful to the end. He was a man of typical Southern characteristics—gentlemanly demeanor and hospitality, and was never better pleased than when entertaining his friends in his home.

CAPT. R. J. WILSON.

Capt. R. J. Wilson, born in Pope County, Ark., September 20, 1835, died at his home in Russellville, January 31, 1923, having passed into his eighty-eighth year. His parents were natives of Tennessee, but went to Arkansas in 1834 and settled on a government claim. Of their eight children, Captain Wilson was the last survivor.

His opportunities for education were limited, but young Wilson made his way into Northwest Arkansas and there attended Cane Hill College, and was known as a good student. During his entire life he was a student of affairs, and by careful and constant reading kept himself abreast of the times.

After leaving college he returned home and continued agricultural pursuits until 1861, when he enlisted for the Confederacy, joining Scott's Squadron. He was promoted to captain and participated in many battles and skirmishes in service under Generals Price and Shelby. He returned home penniless to take up the battle of life, and became one of the successful men of affairs of his section as a merchant and landholder. He helped to organize the People's Bank of Russellville in 1890, and was its president to his death. His nickname of "Honest Bob" shows the universal feeling toward him as a business man. He was public spirited, a leader in movements for the good of his community and State.

In 1870 Captain Wilson was married to Miss Cassandra B. Ford, of Shreveport, La., whose father was a pioneer of that State. She died in 1884, leaving four children, and these sons and daughters are prominent citizens of Pope County. He was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church, serving as ruling elder and as teacher in its Sunday school, liberal in support of his Church and faithful to his duties as long as able. He lived a long and useful life and left an example of duty well done.

COMRADES AT HOUSTON, TEX.

The following losses in membership of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197 U. C. V., since August, 1923, were reported by J. T. Eason, Adjutant:

E. Barnes, died August 5.

W. H. Fleig, Confederate navy, aged one hundred years, six months, ten days; died September 13.

J. C. Parker, Company C, Madison's Regiment Texas Cavalry; died in October.

W. E. Goodman, Clark's Engineers; October.

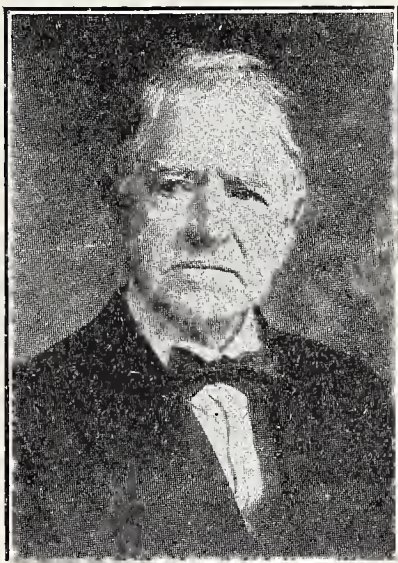
G. I. Turnley, adjutant Company G, 10th Alabama Infantry; October 23.

P. N. Harris, captain Company I, 4th Tennessee Cavalry; November 4.

Levi Hickey, Company C, Morgan's 5th Kentucky Cavalry; November 4.

E. P. Allen, Hood's Texas Brigade; November 30.

J. L. Hardy, Company K, 1st Tennessee Infantry (not a member of Camp).



CAPT. R. J. WILSON.

SAMUEL BELL HOSKINS.

(From memorial resolutions prepared by a committee R. E. Lee Camp, 158 U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex.)

Samuel B. Hoskins was born in Shelbyville, Bedford County, Tenn., November 26, 1839. He grew to manhood in his native county and State and had attained his majority when war between the States was declared. Born and bred of true Southern lineage, he inherited all the patriotic zeal of Southern manhood and early enlisted in Company A, 24th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, and proved himself a superb soldier. Though small of stature, his powers of physical endurance were phenomenal. It is related of him that at the end of a long forced march he was one of three men in the entire regiment who reached their destination without lagging. Hardy, brave, and dependable, he was often called for hazardous duty and always responded with alacrity.

He was in all the campaigns of the Army of Tennessee, especially in the battles around Murfreesboro. Never dangerously wounded, he served continuously and with distinction to the close of hostilities and surrendered with General Joseph E. Johnston.

He married Miss Sarah Jackson, of Bedford County, Tenn., and from this union were six children, three sons and three daughters. In 1894, after thirty-six years of wedded bliss, his beloved Sarah went to join her children and loved ones who had gone before. In 1895, Comrade Hoskins came to Texas, and has since made his home with his daughter, Mrs. J. A. McLin, who, with her brother, James Hoskins, of Azle, are sole survivors. On November 24, 1923, he quietly slipped away into the arms of his spirit loved ones and friends as falls to sleep the little babe upon its mother's breast.

In all respects Comrade Hoskins was a man of sterling qualities. In religion, in politics, in all moral issues, and in civic righteousness, he stood foursquare for the right.

[Maj. John E. Gaskell, Fort Worth, Tex.]

ANDREW JACKSON FARLEY.

A gallant soldier of the Confederacy, Andrew Jackson Farley, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ruby Dobbs, at Waxahachie, Tex., on December 5, 1923. At the age of twenty-four years he joined Company B, 3rd Tennessee Infantry, John C. Brown's regiment. He escaped capture at Fort Donelson, and joined the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Wheeler's regiment, and so served until the surrender in 1865.

After the war, Comrade Farley returned to Giles County, Tenn., and there married Miss Maitha Ann Knight, and to them were born ten children—six sons and four daughters, all of whom survive him, also his wife. He removed to Texas in 1891 and made his home there to the end. He was born and reared in Giles County, Tenn.

E. B. THOMPSON.

E. B. Thompson of Thomaston, Ga., was born in Hart County, Ky., on February 22, 1837, and became a resident of Upson County, Ga., in July, 1859. He joined Company D, 13th Georgia Infantry, in Thomaston, July 1, 1861, and served in the Confederate army until the surrender at Appomattox, reaching home in Georgia by May 1, 1865. He was wounded at Monocacy, July 9, 1864, at the same time that General Evans was wounded; and he received three wounds at the battle of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864. He was lieutenant and in command of his company at the surrender in 1865; had been on the pension rolls of Georgia since 1913. His death occurred at Thomaston on November 2, 1923.

[J. E. F. Matthews.]

D. R. CALDWELL.

D. R. Caldwell, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Tyler Tex., died suddenly on December 10, 1923, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. R. Herring. After funeral services there his body was taken to Noonday and interred in the family cemetery.

He was eighty-two years of age and was born in Chambers County, Ala. He lived in his native State until the War between the States, when he was among the first to enlist under the Stars and Bars. He served with distinction in the 6th Alabama Infantry taking part in many of the famous battles in Virginia. He was with the expedition commanded by Gen. Jubal Early, which penetrated as far north as Silver Springs, only three miles from Washington City. He was wounded three times, and was confined in the hospital at Richmond, Va.

After the war he returned to Alabama, and was married to Miss Amanda Henderson. They removed to Texas in the late sixties and settled near Noonday, where he lived up to a few years ago, when he moved to Tyler, which was his home until death. He is survived by a daughter and a son, Will H. Caldwell, also by one brother, B. H. Caldwell.

Comrade Caldwell was a member of the Baptist Church for over fifty years and took an active part in all Church work in the First Baptist Church of this city. He was one of its best citizens and had friends all over that section of the country.

W. R. CAMPBELL.

Comrade W. R. Campbell was born in Alamance County, N. C., on March 8, 1841, where he lived and grew to young manhood in the home of his parents. He moved to Arkansas and there resided until the breaking out of the War between the States, when, in response to the first call for volunteers, he enlisted in Company D, 8th Arkansas Regiment, under Capt. W. P. Jones. On the 7th of June, 1861, with ninety-six privates and seven commissioned officers, he left West Point, Ark., and went into training at Jacksonport for several months. With his command he spent the winter of 1861-62 in camp at Bowling Green, Ky. In the spring his command was ordered to Corinth, Miss. He fought bravely in the two days' battle at Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, in which many of his brave and heroic comrades lost their lives. He also fought with distinguished courage in the battle of Perryville, on the 8th of October, 1862; Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31 and January 2nd, 1863; Chica-mauga, September, 1863; Franklin, November 30, 1864, where he was severely wounded, from the effects of which he lost a leg. He was taken prisoner and sent to Nashville and thence to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was kept in prison until the latter part of May, 1864. He was then sent to Galveston, Tex., with others to be exchanged, but after his arrival in New Orleans the order for the exchange of prisoners was revoked, and they were sent to Vicksburg, Miss., until the close of the war.

After the war he came to Haywood County, where he continued to live a useful and honorable life until his death on the 7th of August, 1923. He lived an exemplary, Christian life, was a patriotic and public spirited citizen, conspicuous for his amiability, rugged integrity, and loyalty and devotion to his friends, and especially to his old comrades. He was a kind husband, an indulgent father, a generous neighbor, and loyal friend.

He left a wife and a number of sons and daughters to take his place in life and to battle for the accomplishment of the lofty purposes to which his life was earnestly devoted.

[Committee: M. V. Crump, John R. Bond.]

W. F. MILLER.

From resolutions passed by Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119 U. C. V., of Gainesville, Tex., the following is taken:

Comrade W. F. Miller, born in Giles County, Tenn., February 11, 1843, died at his home near Gainesville, Tex., January 6, 1923. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 soon after war was declared, in Company F, 12th Tennessee Infantry, Smith's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps.

He made a good and faithful soldier, taking part in several hard battles, one of them being the battle of Shiloh. However, he had the good fortune to go through the entire war without being wounded. He returned to his home in Tennessee at the close of the war, and soon afterwards he married and moved to Texas, settling in the Cross Timbers about eight miles east of Gainesville, where he resided until his death.

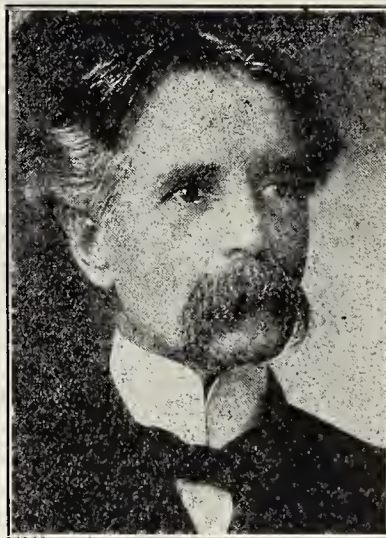
Comrade Miller professed religion when young and joined the Baptist Church. He was not only loyal to his country, but made a valiant and faithful soldier for Jesus Christ. He was on the moral side of every question and a true and loyal citizen of which any community might be proud.

"Be it resolved, That in the death of Comrade Miller, Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119 U. C. V., has lost another honored member, his family a kind and indulgent husband and father."

[J. P. Hall, A. G. F. Lay, Committee.]

GEORGE MURRAY ROBERTSON.

George Murray Robertson passed away on October 17, 1923, at his home in Deerbrook, Miss. He was born and reared in Huntsville, Ala., descended from two prominent Southern families, his father being Rev. John Murray Robertson, of Maryland, and his mother, Rebecca Lowrie Robertson, of North Carolina.



GEORGE MURRAY ROBERTSON.

As a youth of eighteen years in 1861, he joined the 4th Alabama Cavalry, Colonel Russell, Company C, Captain Gurley.

In his "Life of Forrest," Dr. Wyeth tells us of the bravery of Gurley's Company and how much Forrest depended on Company C. Captain Gurley

time and again said he could always depend on Murray in any contingency. There were four Robertson brothers in Russell's regiment, three with Gurley.

Murray Robertson was with us at the reunion in October looking well, strong, and handsome.

He was all that a son, brother, husband, and father should be—thoughtful of others, kind and generous to all.

His family still cherish a beautiful little silk flag presented to him on September 1, 1862, at Mooresville, Ala., by Molly Hussey, on which is written these words: "Receive this flag as an emblem of friendship, and may it fan thy noble brow to victory."

He leaves a wife, four children, and a sister to mourn his loss. Wherever he went he made lasting friends. His faith was that of his forefathers, trusting and true, and those near and dear to him, while mourning, feel that to some it will not be a long parting.

[A. B. D. R.]

GEN. WILLIAM W. CHAMBERLAINE, U. C. V.

(From resolutions passed by Camp No. 171 U. C. V., of Washington, D. C.)

"Died, at his home in Washington, William W. Chamberlaine, October 19, 1923, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and at the time of his death Honorary Commander with the rank of brigadier general of the United Confederate Veterans for the District of Columbia.

"He was a member of the Army of Northern Virginia and a native of Norfolk. His military service was notable. He served with the artillery and so greatly distinguished himself in the bloody battle at Antietam (known in Confederate history as the battle of Sharpsburg) as to be cited by President Jefferson Davis for gallant service and special efficiency in that memorable engagement. For this service he was commissioned a captain. With a small number of men he defended a bridge successfully with one piece of artillery. As private and noncommissioned officer and captain, he engaged actively in many of the great battles of the war. Probably no soldier or officer rendered more efficient service than did this veteran.

"At the close of hostilities, Captain Chamberlaine returned to his home and there engaged in the banking and railroad business. For a long period of time he was comptroller of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. He was exceedingly active in business and built the waterworks of the city of Norfolk.

"He retired in 1909, and became a resident of Washington. He took great interest in the organization and membership of this Camp, and also continued his membership and unabated interest in the Virginia Camp of Confederate Veterans. He maintained to the last his unceasing interest and connection with the Grand Camp of Virginia Veterans. When a vacancy occurred, Captain Chamberlaine was elected to be brigadier general of the District of Columbia Brigade. He was universally respected and admired for his manhood, his sincerity, his courteous and upright course, and for his patriotism. We, his associates in war and in peace, admired and loved him, and shall continue to cherish his memory so long as we live; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we deplore the death of our brigadier commander, and place on record this estimate of his services and worth as an example to all who shall come after us."

[Charles B. Howry, D. C. Grayson, J. Aill ene Brown, Committee.]

MAJ. R. A. BRIGGS.

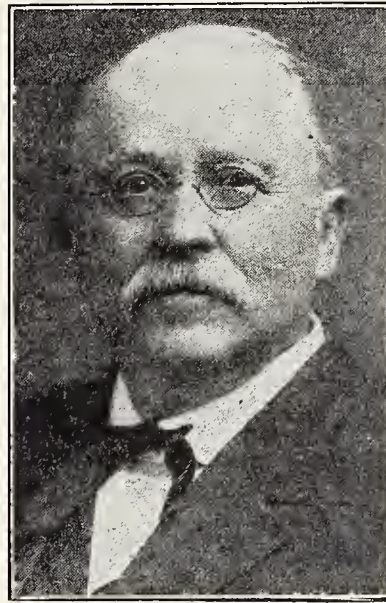
On April 24, 1923, Maj. R. A. Briggs answered the last roll call at his home in Shelbyville, Ky., in his eighty-first year. He was born October 6, 1842, near Bloomfield, in Nelson County, Ky., the son of Andrew and Sarah Ferguson Briggs. His father was a native of Scotland and his mother a member of a pioneer Kentucky family.

In 1862 he joined Gen. John H. Morgan's command, serving as a member of that great cavalry leader's bodyguard.

He was on the famous raid through Indiana and Ohio, making his escape by swimming his horse across the Ohio River at Buffington Island. From there he attempted to join the Confederate forces in Southwest Virginia, but was captured and confined in Camp Chase. After being released at the close of the war, he returned to his native county and on May 30, 1865, was married to Miss Mary E. Wykoff, who survives him with six children. At his death, and for several years previous, he was Commander of Camp John H. Waller U. C. V., of Shelbyville. His funeral services were conducted at the Methodist Church, of which he was a member, and he was buried in Grove Hill Cemetery with Masonic honors, he being a member of Solomon's Lodge.

COL. J. A. LONG.

Col. Jacob Alson Long died at his residence in Graham, Alamance County, N. C., October 4, 1923, after several years of failing health.



COL. J. A. LONG.

Jacob Alson Long was the third son of Jacob Long and Jane Stuart Stockard. He was born at the old Long homestead near Graham, April 6, 1846. While a student at the academy at Hyco, Va., in 1864, he left his books and enlisted in Wright's Battery, a Virginia organization, and continued with the Army of Northern Virginia until Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

After the war ended he returned home and later studied law under William K. Ruffin, a son of Chief Justice Ruffin, who was regarded by many as the

best teacher of law in the State. After receiving his license, Colonel Long began the practice of law in Graham in 1870. In 1893 he served one term in the State legislature, and was recognized as one of the strong and leading men of that body. He was chairman of the Finance Committee of the House.

He was always an ardent Confederate and deeply interested in whatever concerned the welfare of the veterans of the Confederacy and he held the rank of colonel in the United Confederate Veteran's Association, Army of Northern Virginia.

On December 20, 1871, he was married to Miss Esta Teague, only child of David Patterson Teague and Julia Frances Foucette. To this union were born seven children. These are: Mrs. S. Edward Everett, Mrs. John C. Halladay, and Mrs. Hersey Woodward, Jr., of Suffolk, Va.; Mrs. Robert J. Mebane, of Greensboro, N. C.; Mrs. A. H. Graham, of Hillsboro, N. C.; and two sons, Jacob Elmer Long, of Durham, N. C., and Ralph Long, of Winston-Salem, N. C.

Two years ago Colonel and Mrs. Long celebrated their golden wedding, surrounded by their children and grandchildren.

He was a member of the Masonic Fraternity and a Presbyterian in faith, which well accords with his personal traits of character—a faithful adherence to high ideals and fidelity to every trust.

Gently, painlessly, like a little child he went to sleep, surrounded by his wife, all of his sons and daughters, and his youngest brother.

REV. J. W. PERRY.

Rev. J. W. Perry, than whom there was no more loyal soldier and Confederate veteran, died at his home in Greenville, Ga., November 12, 1923, in his seventy-seventh year. Doctor Perry served many pastorates in his day, being one on the most prominent Baptist ministers in Georgia, and was universally beloved by all who knew him.

A native South Carolinian, he removed with his parents in very early life to Florida, from which State he entered the Confederate service when quite a lad. His wife and several sons and daughters survive him.

[E. B. Terrell.]

Confederate Veteran.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead, N. C. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
MRS. W. J. WOODRIF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In expressing my thanks for the great honor you conferred upon me at the 1923 convention in Washington, I feel that it is not for myself that I should speak, but rather as the representative of the Georgia Division, for no one knows better than I that it has been through the splendid work of the Georgia Daughters as a Division that my name as their Division President was brought before the general organization.

"The glory of life is—
To love, not to be loved;
To give, not to get;
To serve, not to be served."

The Georgia Daughters have proved the truth of this old precept in their every thought and deed during the years that I have been their President. It would have been impossible for me not to have learned the perfect truth of those same lines with their example constantly before me. Therefore, it is with nothing but the intense desire to serve you that I accept the trust and begin my service to you as President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

It is, beyond question, the greatest honor that can be paid to any woman to know that she has the confidence of the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; to know that they are willing to place themselves for two years under her guidance. It is the knowledge of this confidence that compensates for the time and strength I have given and shall give to our organization.

Duty and service are the supreme factors in life. Looking into my own heart, I can say to you with fervor: "I shall try at all times to make a good fight and to keep the faith."

Let us hold fast to our trust in God, depending always upon his love, mercy, and justice, and consecrating ourselves to the thought that "To-day is your day and mine. The only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it; now is our time, this we know; it is a part of action, it is a part of love, and it is for us to express love in terms of usefulness."

Again let me thank you for bestowing upon me this supreme honor. In attempting to fill the high office of your President General, I shall strive at all times to live up to our avowed ideals and to serve you to the utmost of my ability.

Yours in U. D. C. bonds,

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

NOTES ON THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

The opening exercises of the thirtieth annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, were held in the beautiful ball room of the New Willard Hotel, from the ceiling of which hung nineteen crystal chandeliers, whose bright lights are reflected by seventeen pier mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling; its eighteen immense windows, with heavy hangings of gorgeous rose velvet; its two thousand gilt chairs, so arranged as to seat comfortably a capacity audience; strains of inspiring music from the Marine Band Orchestra; Confederate veterans in uniform occupying boxes on each side of the platform; beautiful young Southern girls in costumes of white with red, acting as pages; handsomely gowned women and distinguished sons of the South—such was the setting for the entrance of the General U. D. C. officers, the speakers, and the guests of honor.

Addresses of welcome were delivered by Mrs. W. E. Hutton, President of the District of Columbia Division, who presided, and by Hon. E. F. Colladay, President Board of Trade, representing Hon. Cuna H. Rudolph, President Board of Commissioners of the District. Greetings were extended by Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V.; Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cask, President General D. A. R.; W. McDonald Lee, Commander in Chief S. C. V. To all of these Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, of Tennessee, daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, gave feeling response. Hon. John Temple Graves being prevented by illness, Representative Tom Connally, of Texas, delivered the address of the evening. Mrs. C. R. Hyde, of Tennessee, presented the ex-Presidents General, Mrs. Katie Cabell Muse, Mrs. Lizzie G. Henderson, Mrs. C. B. Stone, Mrs. A. B. White, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Mrs. R. W. McKinney. Mrs. C. P. Odenheimer was prevented from reaching Washington for the opening meeting, but was presented later during the convention. The Honorary Presidents present—Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Bryan, and Mrs. Norman Randolph—were presented by Mrs. W. D. Lamar, of Georgia. Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Virginia, presented the President General, Mrs. L. R. Schuyler.

The addresses were interspersed with delightful musical numbers. So great was the interest in the opening of the convention that by the time the exercises began, the hotel elevators were allowed to be run only as far as the ninth floor, and at that point firemen were stationed with orders to allow no one else to go to the tenth floor. On Historical Evening the crowd was fully as large.

* * *

The vital interest of a convention centers in the report of the President General. For more than an hour Mrs. Schuyler read, so clearly and distinctly that not a word was lost, the record of her efforts for the past year, the contents showing that remarkable success had crowned these earnest efforts.

Matters mentioned in the report, some of which were given later in detail in individual reports, were:

The signing by the President General of 30,888 Certificates in the two years.

The chartering of a Chapter in Providence, R. I., thereby adding another State to the list, making thirty-six States, with a Chapter in France.

The fine response from Divisions to Relief Work. The name of the committee was changed, with Mrs. Randolph's consent, from the "Janet Weaver Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women" to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women," to prevent confusion with the fund in the Virginia Division hearing Mrs. Randolph's maiden name. A contribution of \$500 to this fund was reported as having been given by Bernard Baruch, of New York, through the President General, Mrs. Schuyler.

The stupendous task of arranging scholarships, the funds for which total more than \$123,000, besides the income from the \$50,000 Hero Fund.

The appointment of Dr. Matthew Page Andrews on the Advisory Committee undertaking to put out the American Historical Motion Pictures under the caption "Yale University Press," a request having come to the President General from A. H. Jennings, Historian General S. C. V., for aid in securing representation of Southern organizations on this committee.

The endowment of two dormitories, at a cost of \$1,500 each, in George Peabody College for Teachers—one by the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter of New York, bearing the name of Mrs. Sullivan, and the other from a member of the same Chapter, Mrs. Theda Buford Philips Hill, to bear the name of her father, James Allen Phillips.

The great progress made during the past year on the Jefferson Davis Highway, six States having the route officially designated, with the Highway finished and marked in some of them.

The urging of Chapters to contribute to the Maury Monument fund, so that the \$1,089.45 still lacking on the pledge of \$5,000 may be contributed without further delay.

Among the acts of the convention was the unanimous adoption of the three recommendations made by the President General—viz.:

1. That the sum of one thousand dollars be appropriated annually for the Jefferson Davis Highway.
2. That the sum of fifteen hundred dollars be added to the one thousand dollars appropriated last year for the bust of General Lee to be presented to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England.
3. That the convention confer the United Daughters of the Confederacy Cross of Honor for World War Veterans upon one of the South's most distinguished Confederate Sons, Maj. Gen. Robert E. Lee Bullard, U. S. A., Commander of the Eastern Area, and also upon Major Wallace Streater, U. S. A., to whom we owe the conception of this beautiful cross.

Also the adoption of a recommendation from the Committee to award the University Prize Essay, that there be an endowment fund of \$10,000, the interest from which shall be used for a prize, or prizes, in universities of the country. Eight hundred dollars has accumulated on the fund, and the President General contributed her expense account of \$200, provided the fund should be named for the late Mrs. Simon Baruch, of New York.

The advancement of the Cunningham Memorial from a Scholarship to a Fellowship in George Peabody College for Teachers.

The indefinite postponement of the report of the Committee on the revision of State Constitution and By-Laws.

The election of ex-President Woodrow Wilson and of Chief Justice Howard Taft as honorary associate members.

The election of Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, of North Carolina, and of Mrs. William Hume, of Tennessee, as Honorary Presidents.

When the announcement was made that only \$7,000 more is needed for the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky., a total of \$7,777, was quickly subscribed from the floor. At Birmingham the North Carolina Division pledged \$1,000; it has paid \$2,250.

Rules for the bestowal of the Cross of Service on lineal (male) descendants of Confederate veterans serving during the World War were adopted, and will be printed and distributed to Chapters as quickly as possible. The Crosses are \$1.00 each, and bestowal days are January 14, January 19, June 3, September 27, November 11 (Armistice Day). The convention also voted the bestowal of two crosses of service every year at the annual meeting of the U. D. C. on men who had won especial distinction during the World War. Gen. Lejeune and Col. Joseph Wheeler were the true recipients under this action for this year.

* * *

Historical Evening was unusually brilliant, being presided over by Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, South Carolina, Historian General. Among the striking features, were the bestowal of the Crosses of Service on Gen. Robert Lee Bullard and on Maj. Wallace Streater; the return to Gen. Nat. Wales, of Massachusetts, of his sword, captured by Scout William Downs Farley, of South Carolina, the presentation being made by Mrs. E. D. Smith, wife of Senator Smith, of South Carolina, and a niece of Scout Farley, to an army officer detailed for the purpose of receiving it; the unveiling of the portrait of Admiral Semmes by his daughter, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Tennessee (the portrait that is to be placed in the Salon d'Alabama at Geneva); the presentation of Division Historians, of Dr. Matthew Page Andrews; of A. H. Jennings, Historian General S. C. V.; and the award of prizes to Miss Marion Salley, of South Carolina; Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, of Tennessee; Mrs. Bell Allen Ross, of Alabama; Mrs. J. L. Woodbury, of Kentucky; Mrs. W. G. Williams, of North Carolina; Miss Lucy West, of Texas; Mrs. E. J. Burch, of South Carolina; Mrs. R. P. Holt, of North Carolina.

Mrs. W. E. Massey, Director General C. of C., spoke on the "Children of the Confederacy" and delivered prizes totaling \$100, given by Mrs. Lawton, Historian General, in checks to Thompson Hunt, twelve years, of Virginia; Elizabeth Lott, seventeen years, of South Carolina; Jennie Jones, thirteen years, of Virginia, for the best answers to a set of historical questions. Mrs. C. J. Milling, President of the South Carolina Division, presented to the Historian General, Mrs. Lawton, the complete works of John C. Calhoun, to be sent to the Oxford Library in response to a request from the Oxford professor of American history. The climax of an evening replete with interesting incidents was reached in a wonderful address, "Jefferson Davis, the American," by Hon. Douglas Freeman, editor of the *Richmond News-Leader*.

* * *

Apart from the convention proper there stand in bold relief three notable occasions: The trip to Annapolis for the presentation of the Maury Portrait to the Naval Academy; pilgrimage to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery, and the privilege accorded the members of the convention of paying homage to ex-President Woodrow Wilson.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, November 20, several hundred delegates, with the general officers, went to Annapolis. The President General, Mrs. Schuyler, presided over the exercises, and the presentation of the portrait was made by Mrs. Charles Phillips, of the Atlanta Chapter, the donor. The acceptance was by Rear Admiral Wilson, Superintendent of the Academy, who introduced Dr. Charles Alphonso Smith as the speaker. Dr. Smith recounted many incidents and events in the life of Maury that made him a great naval man. Miss Hergesheimer, of Nashville, Tenn., the painter of the portrait, was present at the unveiling. It shows Maury in full uniform, with his hand resting on a world globe.

The ceremonies at Arlington were most impressive. In a voice that carried distinctly to those farthest from her, the President General, Mrs. Schuyler, in beautiful and appropriate words, presented into the keeping of General Hart, U. S. A., the first Cross of Service, bearing the mystic circle instead of a number, and a replica in bronze of the insignia of the U. D. C., these to be placed in a glass case in a room in the amphitheater provided for memorials to the Unknown Soldier from many countries, individuals, and organizations. In the name of the U. D. C., Mrs. Schuyler placed on the tomb a handsome floral tribute of red and white. On this afternoon, for the first time since the War between the States, the room in which General Lee was married was opened to the public, a courtesy extended to the Daughters.

Leaving Arlington, all automobiles returned to the city, driving to S Street, there to have the honor of seeing the war-stricken President, and of hearing from his lips words of appreciation for their visit to him. He and Mrs. Wilson came to an upstairs window that all might be able to see and to hear him. Later, Mrs. Wilson came to the downstairs front door to receive from Nashville Chapter No. 1, a bunch of red and white carnations. It was the hour for the afternoon drive regularly taken by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and so another glimpse was had as they drove from the side door of their home. Never during the convention was the name of Woodrow Wilson mentioned that the entire convention did not rise and cheer to the echo.

* * *

From a social standpoint, more courtesies were extended than it was possible to accept. An afternoon tea was given each delegation by some former resident of that State. The entire convention was received by Mrs. Coolidge in the Blue Room of the White House, the President General receiving in the Red Room. Mrs. Coolidge's cordial clasp of hand and the expression of genuine interest in her face made each guest feel that the First Lady of the Land was really enjoying the occasion.

A reception to the entire convention was given by Mrs. Francois Berger Moran, great niece of George Washington, at her palatial home on Massachusetts Avenue. During the afternoon a scenario was shown, the filming of which had had Mrs. Moran's personal supervision—scenes depicting the life of General Washington from babyhood to his death. Mrs. Moran is never so happy as when she can entertain her guests with moving pictures that she has supervised, her house being so spacious as to take care of seven hundred people comfortably at these entertainments.

At Annapolis, too, Admiral Wilson and his beautiful wife entertained the entire party of Daughters at a tea.

* * *

Others besides those already mentioned as being presented to the convention were: Gen. Julian Carr, Past Commander in Chief U. C. V.; Maj. Giles B. Cooke, last surviving member

of General Lee's staff, bright, cheery, and full of fun; Mrs. Francis Parkinson Keyes, whom it was a delight to hear not only on account of her literary attainments, but for her sincere interest in the rehabilitation of Arlington; Dr. Sawyer, physician to President Harding, who spoke to the convention concerning plans for the Harding Memorial. Dr. Sawyer impressed the Daughters as possessing the very qualities that he attributed to them. In the course of his remarks, he said that during his residence of many months in the New Willard he had had occasion to observe many women who had come to Washington attending conventions; but none of them had so impressed him with their earnestness, sincerity, loyalty, and love of truth as had this gathering of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Another charming guest in whom every Daughter felt the keenest interest was Rev. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, D.D. Dr. Schuyler made the invocation at the Memorial Hour, exercises presided over by Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, when Special Memorials were presented in memory of Mrs. C. B. Tate, Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, Mrs. Rosa Marion Bowden, Gen. Luke E. Wright, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Maj. Benjamin Sloan, and Dr. John O. Willson.

Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Americus, Ga., was elected President General by a large majority vote. The wonderful work accomplished by the Georgia Division under the leadership of Mrs. Harrold gives promise of what may be expected of her as leader of the great organization.

The Executive Committee will decide upon the place of meeting for the 1924 convention.

The names and addresses of the incoming officers are found at the top of the U. D. C. Department's first page.

(Continued on page 34.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPIC FOR STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

January.

The Emancipation Proclamation to take effect January 1, 1863; not humanitarian, but a war measure.

Note the views expressed by Lincoln and his Cabinet as given in the "Diary of Gideon Welles."

February.

Chancellorsville, May 1, 2, 3, Confederate victory. Stonewall Jackson mortally wounded. Died May 10, 1863.

HISTORICAL PROGRAM FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

January.

In the beginning of the War between the States, what navy had the North? What had the South?

February.

Tell of the first Confederate ship of war, the Sumter, commissioned June 3, 1861.

Tell how she ran the blockade of the Mississippi River, June 30, 1861; and tell of her other exploits.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, HISTORIAN GENERAL, C. S. M. A.

Our hearts have been greatly saddened by the sorrow that has come into the life of our beloved President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, through the death of her husband. His was the strong arm upon which she leaned and his loss will be keenly felt. She is bravely trying to carry on the work which he so heartily approved. She needs our loving support as never before. Let us tell her she shall have it.

A request comes from her for me to take charge of our page in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the month of January, hence this New Year's greeting from your Historian General.

First, I shall stress our historical work and outline for the Associations the work for this year along this line. I shall not send out "An Open Letter" this year, relying upon this greeting to convey to you the line of work you are expected and urged to do.

Have you appointed a historian for your Association? Is her heart in the work? Is she a willing worker? Has she accomplished anything since you appointed her? If not, select one who will.

Have you appointed an orator for Memorial Day? It is not too early to do this. Be sure that your orator is loyal and true to Southern ideals. Have you outlined your program for that day, planning to interest the children of to-day and having them attend these exercises in a body? Have you asked the college authorities to arrange the athletic games so that they shall not be scheduled for Memorial Day? Have you stressed the laying of flowers and wreaths by the children upon the graves of our dead heroes in gray? Are all graves well marked?

The *Scrapbook* for 1924 will devote the April number to the origin of Memorial Day, the objects for which Ladies' Memorial Associations were organized; the origin of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, the origin of the Junior work, and the number of monuments that have been erected by the Memorial Associations to the Confederate soldier, when and where erected, with a list of these monuments and the inscriptions upon them.

I shall send complimentary to each Association that is not a subscriber to the *Scrapbook* a copy of this volume for your historian. Have her file it.

To collect this data concerning the monuments in your midst and to secure pictures of the monument with the history of its erection is the work asked from your Association Historian this year. Order from the McGregor Co., Athens, Ga., a package of the punched paper, regulation size, to fit the binders (\$1.50 per package). Then your own local dealer can there-

after duplicate any order when he knows the size of paper and where punched. Much of value in papers sent has to be put aside because of neglect in observing this instruction, and this is not always the historian's fault. Secure the paper for her.

There is no excuse for any Association not sending this record. If there has been no monument of this kind erected in your city, find those erected in near-by cities without Associations or where the Associations have merged with Daughters of the Confederacy, *which should never have been done, for the work of both is distinct*. The Daughters of the Confederacy were organized at Nashville, Tenn., by Memorial Association workers to carry on a larger and broader work along historical and educational lines. This work the Memorial Associations could not do, but this was never intended to take the place of the Association work or to be an organization independent of the Memorial Associations, but simply to supplement it.

OBJECTS OF WORK.—There are many objects for which our Associations should work and to which they should gladly contribute. Our President General has urged us to do this. Have we been loyal to her request?

ORGANIZING ASSOCIATIONS.—How many have been interested in organizing new Associations this past year? How many will you report organized next year?

CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—Has your Association subscribed for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN? How can we ever forget the work Mr. Cunningham has done to preserve Southern history? How many members of your Association have subscribed? To encourage subscriptions, I well offer three prizes to that Association securing the largest number of new subscribers for 1924: First prize to be a bound copy of the 1923 *Scrapbook* including "Truths of History," "The South Must Have Her Rightful Place in History," "Henry Wirz, the True Account of the Andersonville Prison," and "The Wrongs of History Righted," valued at \$4.50. The second prize to be a bound copy of the 1923 ten numbers of the *Scrapbook*, valued at \$3.50. The third prize to be a copy of "The South in History and Literature," \$1.50.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.—Has your Association sent to Mrs. William A. Wright, the Chairman of this Committee, a contribution to this great work?

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.—When the Jefferson Davis Monument is completed, then will the Association, C. S. M. A., and Chapters of the U. D. C., turn with full force to aid in the *greatest of all the world's monuments*, and it is to vindicate the principles for which the Confederate soldier fought. Think what it will mean to the South! See to it that every Association has some great hero or organization of heroes placed

upon that Founders' Roll in Memorial Hall at Stone Mountain. Each Association can raise \$200 annually for five years to do this if they earnestly try. Begin at once to plan for it. What a disgrace to be indifferent to such an undertaking!

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD.—How many have sent contributions to this noble undertaking? Are you willing to be indifferent to the marking and preserving this spot of the South's greatest victory? Send a contribution, and send it quickly.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.—This has not been assigned as one of our objects, but we must aid this in every way possible. Thousands will pass over this highway, and it must be marked with things historic, and each Association should be interested in aiding in this matter, of marking wayside homes, hospitals, etc.

THE HEROES IN GRAY.—What are we doing to give joy and to bring brightness into the lives of our Confederate veterans who are now with us? Are you planning that Memorial Day dinner for them? Are you sending boxes of good things to the Homes for them? Are you remembering them on Christmas Day, New Year's Day, Valentine Day, Thanksgiving Day, and birthdays? This would mean much to them.

"REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH."—What are you doing to help Mrs. Collier in her work? Are you sending her the names of women who should be in this second volume? Are you willing to pay for the expense of having these women put in that book? Have you bought a copy of Volumes I and II.

STARS AND BARS FOR CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.—Last but not least, we must not forget that loving thought of our President General for those living mothers. Are we aiding her in finding them? In a few years not one will be left, and this honor is a beautiful tribute from Mrs. Wilson's loving heart.

Your Historian General will expect full reports from your Association when we meet in convention in Memphis, June 5, 6, 7, 1924.

A CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

One of the few remaining mothers of the Confederacy passed from earth with the death of Mrs. Mary Joyner Solomon on November 12, 1923, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. T. Lee, in Coldwater, Miss. She was ninety-seven years of age, and a native of Livingston, County, Ky., but spent the greater part of her life in Mississippi, though for some years residing at Bolivar, Tenn. One son, James H. Solomon, was a Confederate soldier, serving several years. She was the mother of fourteen children, seven of whom survive her.

During the war Mrs. Solomon personally captured a Federal soldier, took his horse, saddle, two pistols, and bridle, which she gave to her seventeen-year-old son, and, turning the prisoner over to the Confederates, requested that he be treated kindly and exchanged for a captured Southern fighter. For several years after the war she resided in Fayetteville, Tenn., in order to give her children educational advantages.

On August 29, 1923, at the Baptist Church in Coldwater, the Rev. William Pickard, of Chattanooga, presented her with a gold bar and badge on behalf of the Tennessee Division of the Confederate Mothers' Congress.

NOTES ON THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

(Continued from page 32.)

Of all the delightful experiences enjoyed by the Daughters of the Confederacy from South Carolina to the convention in Washington, the climax was reached at Petersburg, November 26, the occasion being the unveiling of a bowlder to mark where two hundred and fifty South Carolinians under Elliott lost their lives July 30, 1864. During the past year, under the direction of Miss Armida Moses as Chairman and Mrs. C. J. Milling as President of the South Carolina Division, plans have gone forward for placing this bowlder on the Crater battle field. Mrs. Ashby Wickham, of Petersburg, formerly Miss Porcher, of Charleston, had assisted in every way possible. The representatives from South Carolina were met at the train by committees from various organizations and by the high school band playing "Dixie." Forty automobiles decorated with Confederate flags were in parade formation. These were at once filled with guests and citizens, two mounted policemen leading the parade in the down-town district. The national colors and the Confederate colors, with Confederate veterans as a guard of honor, headed the parade proper, followed by Legionnaires with the flag of the American Legion. Next came the South Carolina Daughters, followed by officers and members of the Petersburg Chapter, U. D. C., Children of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, city officials, city council, members of school board, officers of the Chamber of Commerce, local National Guard unit, and members of Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs.

Arriving at the bowlder, a most interesting program was rendered, consisting of music by the band, songs by the children, and addresses of welcome by city officials. After the presentation of Mrs. C. J. Milling, President of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., who made the response to the addresses of welcome, the following presentations took place: Miss Mary Poppenheim, ex-President General, U. D. C.; Mrs. R. D. Wright, past Recording Secretary General, U. D. C.; Miss Armida Moses, Chairman Crater Bowlder Committee, South Carolina Division, U. D. C.; Mrs. Ashby Wickham, representing those who provided the bowlder; Mrs. J. W. Simpson, niece of Col. David Fleming, and Mrs. Allen Jersey, niece of Gen. Stephen Elliott, who unveiled the bowlder; Mrs. Alice V. D. Pierrepont, President Petersburg Chapter, U. D. C. This was followed by the presentation of the heads of local organizations who participated in the unveiling.

The large Confederate flag covering the bowlder was then drawn, revealing a very handsome, rough-hewn bowlder of South Carolina granite, with an appropriate inscription beautifully executed on a bronze tablet. This was followed by the formal presentation of the bowlder to remain in the safe keeping of the city, Mayor Zimmer accepting.

The address of the afternoon was made by Arthur Kyle Davis, President of the Southern College, Petersburg.

One of the most impressive numbers on the program was the ceremony of dipping the colors just before taps was sounded—United States flag, Confederate flag, Legion post flag, carried by members of National Guard in uniform, S. C. V., and members of Petersburg Post, respectively.

The guests were then driven to historic Blanford Church, where Congressman Drewy described in interesting fashion the many historic facts connected with the church, commemorated by memorial windows, tablets, etc.

A largely attended reception was given by Mrs. MacGill, in honor of the South Carolina Daughters, in the handsome old home of General Mahone, she being his daughter.

This bowlder is the first one to be erected there by a Confederate State.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

ANNIVERSARY OFFERING.

ONCE AROUND THE TRACK.—The editorship of this department has been held by the present incumbent for a year now. He has so far escaped lynching (touch wood), and the complaints and corrections have been, in general, mild and good-tempered. The wish continually intrudes itself that more of our Sons' organization took the VETERAN and read their own department therein. Much good cannot be done until we get into wide touch with our members. But these things improve as the days go on. The VETERAN is the only publication owned and acting as official organ by and for all the various Confederate organizations. The stories it carries are largely the first-hand tales of actual participants in an epic drama so fast now fading into the realm of written history. The "spoken word" is now a faint whisper and soon shall be heard no more.

WHAT! ON THE ROCKS?—Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee" has gotten into its stride and is now opening in New York. Its première in Richmond was a failure. The play was bitterly criticized by all Confederate organizations there, and its historical faults were scored in the papers. At Norfolk there was applause and favor bestowed, and later at Washington it seemed to meet some favor. Perhaps at Norfolk the tendency to go contrary to what Richmond does was largely responsible for the thumbs-up policy adopted there; perhaps at Washington some of the crudities of the play had been ironed away and the run of the piece made more pleasing to the unthinking theater goer.

There is apparent now a tendency among the superficial to urge acceptance and approval of Drinkwater's "Lee." "It deserves support," announces a headline of a Washington paper; "Southerners should back Drinkwater's play," writes a Southern scribe.

The poison of the play is carried in a perfumed bag. Under the guise of wishing to be fair and a tendency to flatter there lurks the bane of untrue history and false characterizations. The foremost direct objection to the play is the defamation of the character of Jefferson Davis. This vicarious martyr, carrying to the bitter end the accumulation of Northern hate of his people and his country, is made still further a victim by the misrepresentation and false characterization of this play. Drinkwater makes of Lincoln the familiar demigod of the New England apotheosis; he makes of Jefferson Davis a petulant old woman. Should Southerners "back" a play where Jefferson Davis is so pictured? The address of Dr. Douglas Freeman, on Historical Evening of the United Daughters of the Confederacy convention in Washington, when he spoke on "Davis, the American," pierced like a glittering ray the murky clouds of calumny which indifference and hate have drawn so densely about the figure of this President of a great American people, and shall Southerners sit supinely and "back" this Drinkwater effort which does what it can to add to the misrepresentation of the Confederacy's President? The excellence of the play as a play—

its emotional appeal—covers such stabs as the wretched lines which make Lee mouth the absurd canard about the war being fought on account of slavery; the pictures of our great heroes, approaching caricature though they may, nevertheless woo the mind from the fact that the whole slant of the play is historically false. Since the above was written there has come a rumor that the play is not succeeding. There is a chance it may be withdrawn after all.

A GREAT CONVENTION.—The convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held at Washington in November, was one of that organization's best meetings. I tried to write a description of it for this column. It sounded like a panegyric of a hotel register. Name after name of that crowd of accomplished and notable women, accompanied by some measure of praise for each where much was deserved, rolled into the account until it was plainly seen that space was lacking and reiteration was the predominating feature. So the effort was abandoned, but the good works of that convention will live for many a day, and its pleasant features for a long time to come will make a basis for a confusion indeed of happy memories.

GENERAL ORDERS.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.
RICHMOND VA., November 30, 1923.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 4.

1. The resignation of Lee O. Miller as a member of the Executive Council is accepted, and the appointment of Jesse Anthony, of Washington Camp, No. 305, Washington, D. C., to fill the vacancy, is hereby announced.

2. Announcement is made of the appointment of John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, as Commander of the Georgia Division, and of Farrar Newberry, of Little Rock, as Commander of the Arkansas Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

3. All Camps are requested to elect officers to take effect in January and immediately send the initiation fee and per capita tax to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Law Building, Richmond, Va., in order that he may in turn send the 1924 Membership Cards to Camp Adjutants to sign and distribute to members paying.

4. You will find inclosed a blank "Roll of Officers and Members." On or about February 1, 1924, the Adjutant in Chief will get out a directory giving the officers and the number of members of each Camp. Fill out this blank as soon as you elect officers, and return to the Adjutant in Chief with remittance for all members in good standing. See that your Camp officers and members get in this directory.

5. The next reunion and convention of the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held at Memphis, Tenn., June 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1924. Camps should institute campaigns at once to increase their membership. Write the Adjutant in Chief for blanks and information.

6. Division Commanders will be the ones responsible for the success or failure of their respective Divisions. They should begin now to organize and reorganize camps comprising their Division. The standing of the Divisions will be sent you monthly. I trust that your Division will make a good showing and not be found at the bottom of the list.

W. McDONALD LEE,

Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans.
Official.

WALTER L. HOPKINS,
Adjutant in Chief.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION, S. C. V.
HEADQUARTERS OKLAHOMA DIVISION, S. C. V.
DUNCAN, OKLA.

GENERAL ORDERS Nos. 1 and 2.

I announce the following staff officers, who will be respected and honored accordingly:

John H. Robertson, Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City.

D. C. Hybarger, Division Quartermaster, Chickasha.

Clifton Ratliff, Division Inspector, Oklahoma City.

J. W. Bolen, Division Judge Advocate, Ada.

W. S. Ruth, Division Commissary, Coalgate.

Dr. S. A. McKeel, Division Surgeon, Ada.

Rev. Forney Hutchinson, Division Chaplain, Oklahoma City.

W. W. Robertson, Division Historian, Oklahoma City.

A. L. Davis, Division Color Sergeant, Chickasha.

The Division is hereby divided into Eight Brigades corresponding to the Congressional Districts of the State of Oklahoma, and the following appointments made as Brigade Commanders:

First Brigade, Dr. S. R. Lewis, Tulsa.

Second Brigade, J. Will Baker, Okmulgee.

Third Brigade, A. H. Ferguson, Durant.

Fourth Brigade, Luther Harrison, Holdenville.

Fifth Brigade, E. Riddle, Oklahoma City.

Sixth Brigade, Frank S. Sneed, Lawton.

Seventh Brigade, Stansell Whitesides, Altus.

Eighth Brigade, Edgar Love, Tyrone.

By order of

L. A. MORTON, *Division Commander.*

Attest:

JOHN H. ROBERTSON,

Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

NEWS OF WASHINGTON CAMP, S. C. V.—At a reception given to those official ladies who will accompany Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., to the Memphis reunion next June, the following ladies were entertained:

Miss Carrie Aldrich Conway, Sponsor.

Miss Rebecca Fairfax Fred, Maid of Honor.

Mrs. Josephus C. Trimble, Chaperon.

Mrs. Thomas H. Baker, Matron of Honor.

Mrs. Jesse Anthony, Retiring Chaperon.

Mrs. A. W. Tuck, Retiring Matron of Honor.

Among new members of Washington Camp are Bascom Slem, Secretary to the President, and Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune. Certificates of membership were presented to these distinguished gentlemen at this meeting.

TEXAS DIVISION, S. C. V.—In general order No. 1, Division Commander Lon A. Cook announces the appointment of Elgin H. Blalock to the position of Adjutant and Chief of Staff of the Texas Division, S. C. V., and it is highly gratifying to note that this same general order carries the request that one member of each Camp be designated to solicit subscriptions for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and it says: "This publication is yours; it is doing its part to keep alive the traditions of our beloved Southland, and it is your duty to support it."

A SEMMES ITEM.—One of the vitally interesting events of the U. D. C. convention at Washington was the unveiling by his daughter of a portrait of Admiral Raphael Semmes, which is to hang in the Salle de l'Alabama at Geneva, Switzerland. A letter from Semmes published in the volume of

correspondence of Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens, and Howell Cobb some years ago is of interest. The letter is to Mr. Cobb and is under date of January 26, 1861, at which time Semmes was still a Commander in the U. S. Navy. It reads: "I have said I do not think we shall have war, and these are my reasons for the opinion: If the border slave States join you, the old Confederacy will be split nearly in half, and the idea of coercion will be simply ridiculous; if they do not join you, being retained by compromises which satisfy them, they will be a barrier and safeguard to you and will hold the hands of the vandals who might otherwise be disposed to make war upon you." One of these "compromises" offered was the preliminary to the Emancipation Proclamation, where Lincoln offered to any State coming back into the Union the *status quo* as to slavery in her borders. The Admiral was wrong in his opinion. "Coercion" may have been "ridiculous"—it was unconstitutional and tyrannical—yet the "vandals" did not hesitate to embark upon it.

FROM A "NEAR VETERAN"

Interesting and valuable articles are found in all departments of the VETERAN, and I am going to suggest another department for the "Near Veterans"—that is, those of us who were here during the War between the States, too young to bear arms, yet who saw something of those times and what followed, Reconstruction, perhaps more horrible than the war.

I was born in Virginia, not in the United States; but in Virginia, *Confederate States of America*, having first seen the light of day during the war period. And I claim to be a "Near Veteran," as I was on the firing line toward the close of the war. To be exact, for history must be exact, I was an infant in the battle of Five Forks, Dinwiddie County, Va., C. S. A., which was fought on April 1, 1865. Bullets passed into the house, piercing furniture, etc., yet, I am told, I stood as stanch as Stonewall Jackson, and, moreover, I uttered the "Rebel Yell." All this is personal, but is necessary to establish my "near vet" identification.

Not long after the close of the war, while living at Dinwiddie Courthouse, I witnessed a scene that made a lasting impression on me, notwithstanding my youth.

While at play with some companions in the village, we heard loud singing from many voices, and saw a large company of negroes marching along the Plank Road bearing a flag and singing "We'll rally 'round the flag, boys." Some of the marchers wore gaudy sashes. We thought war had broken out again; in this frame of mind we ran home and told our parents that a large company of negro soldiers was coming up the road to the Courthouse; we were told that there was no war, that the negroes were only being marched up to the polls to vote. I had not up to that time ever heard of "polls" and "voting," and after this had been explained, I obtained permission to go to the polls to see the performance; and this is what I saw: A white man seated in a chair near the voting precinct. He was wearing a tall hat, as well as a long linen duster, and in his hands he had the ballots. The negroes would file by, receive a ticket, which they deposited in the ballot box, then they formed in groups, all smiles, thinking perhaps of the "forty acres and a mule," which was a by-word among them then and after. I saw no native white men voting, for they were disfranchised because they had fought for State Rights, yet they were the educated people, taxpayers and property holders, but had no voice in any governmental affairs; the carpetbaggers and negroes had everything their way. These negroes had assembled at

Olive Branch Church, a few miles east of the Courthouse, and came from there along the old Petersburg-Boydton Plank Road, now a part of the tourist highway from the North through Washington, Richmond, Petersburg, and Dinwiddie County en route to Florida.

It was this very spectacular thing that made such an impression on me. As I grew older, the true significance dawned upon me. A black picture of the times fittingly set to the blacker background that brought it into being. Such was my first impression of Reconstruction. Is there any wonder that some forty years after, Ernest Crosby wrote in the *North American Review* (Vol. 177, p. 871), as follows:

"We stabbed the South to the quick, and during all these years of reconstruction turned the dagger round in the festering wound. The spirit of war and imperialism has never yet settled any question, except the question as to which side is stronger; and now, after forty years, we are beginning to learn that the negro has yet to be emancipated. If the South had been permitted to secede, slavery would have died a natural death."

THE "THREE-ARMED" SOLDIER.

BY MRS. NANCY NORTH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The recent national and district conventions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Washington, have called up many interesting reminiscences of war times, especially the part which some women took in the great struggle.

It is said that General Grant once remarked that he could not carry on war without the help of the noble women. He was never afraid to trust and honor a brave woman, and put great confidence in their ability for service. In 1862, Major Powell (afterwards Chief of the United States Geological Survey) and his bride spent their honeymoon in camp, and the girl wife went prepared to follow her soldier husband wherever he might go. Within one month after their marriage, during the battle of Shiloh, Major Powell lost his arm and was brought to headquarters, where his wife nursed him. General Grant sat one day inside their tent, trying to cheer the young man through an hour of suffering, but as he went away he said to some one: "A right arm, too, his work is done in the army." Mrs. Powell heard it. She stood in the tent door, with a very positive look on her face, and as General Grant came out, she said: "No, General, don't say so. I am a woman, and young, but I've enlisted in this war. Let me be the right arm. We'll find plenty of hard work to do for the army yet. Try me, General. If I fail, discharge us. See how a 'three-armed' soldier can serve you!"

"All right, Mrs. Powell," said the General, "you are a commissioned officer from this hour! Send your husband's messenger to my tent; I will make out the papers."

General Grant shook hands with the plucky little woman, and, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "How soon will the 'three-armed' soldier be ready for marching orders?"

That evening a written document signed by U. S. Grant was given to "Mrs. Major Powell," good until the final day of the war, and that "perpetual pass" gave her permission to follow the army through all its service, to be her husband's right arm in camp, in field, in marches, or battles. His wife lived in tents, slept on the ground in blankets, and took care of the sick, and General Grant never had cause to regret that "perpetual pass." Just before his last illness, a brother officer remarked to him one day: "It was a mistake to allow so many women to follow the army."

The General took the cigar from his mouth, pushed his hat to the back of his head, and said: "Colonel, you don't

know what you are talking about. Did you ever hear of my 'three-armed' soldier, Officer Powell?"

"No, I think not," replied the Colonel.

"Well if it had not been for a little dark-eyed girl I should have lost a good officer and a brave man. This 'three-armed' officer did me and the country great service." He then told the story of his "perpetual pass."

Many such instances are recorded of the bravery, courage, and devotion of the women of the war, which will live on "perpetually" in the hearts of coming generations, "the lofty marks of what hath been."

THE OLD WILLOW TREE.

The VETERAN has received several communications in regard to the old willow tree between Staunton and Winchester, Va., with correction as to its location. The following is taken from a letter by Mrs. Emma Plecker Cassell, of Staunton. She says:

"This tree, known as 'Old Willow Spout,' is not near Winchester, but it is nine miles from Staunton, on the west side of the beautifully macadamized road which is now part of the Lee Highway, leading from Staunton to Winchester. It is in sight of Augusta Stone Church (Presbyterian), commonly known as 'Old Stone Church,' which dates back to 1740. Having been reared in this Church, and drinking from the 'Old Willow Spout' as far back as I remember, I can give some of its early history.

"The first willow tree dates back to 1829, into which a wooden pipe was placed, carrying the water from a nearby spring. About two or three feet from the ground was inserted a spout in the bole of the tree, from which water supplied by the spring constantly flowed. In 1880 the roots in the wood stopped the flowing, the old tree was taken out, and a branch from the original tree was planted in its place, through which the water has flowed for forty-three years continuously.

"Hundreds of the Southern soldiers and many of the Northern army stopped there and drank its cold water and bathed their wounds. J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry was often said to surround it as they passed up and down the Valley.

"I enjoy reading the VETERAN; it seems to get better and better every year, or time endears it to me."

R. E. Holley, of Bloomington, Ill., sent a short article about the tree by C. W. Senseney, who was a soldier of Company D, 18th Virginia Cavalry, and got acquainted with the old tree in war times; also a picture of Mr. Senseney standing by the old spring in 1920 quaffing a draught of the delicious water. He visited it again in 1923.

C. J. Stewart, of the Pension Department of the State of Oklahoma, headquarters at Oklahoma City, says that office is very much in need of information on Cabell's Brigade, Fagan's Division, Arkansas Troops, under Gen. Sterling Price's Cavalry (sometimes referred to as Mounted Infantry), Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A., and he asks that all applying for pensions will furnish the history of that Brigade from the spring of 1864 to the close of the war. This will be for the benefit of all applying for pensions.

J. W. Fancher, of Berryville, Ark., sends subscriptions and writes: "I shall solicit for the VETERAN and try to get each member of our Camp to become a subscriber and reader thereof, for it is the only advocate of our principles, past, present, and for the future, and it has proved to be a good and true, just, and able advocate."

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The Managing Editor of "Women of the South in War Times" takes this occasion to announce that, largely through Mrs. R. P. Holt's suggestion, Mrs. Edwin Robinson has been appointed Chairman of the Committee on Publicity in her place.

Mrs. Holt retires from the chairmanship of this important committee with the gratification that she has started the work and almost doubled the results in the second year of her incumbency under the retiring President General. She shows her keen interest in the future success of the work by the suggestion she made in regard to Mrs. Robinson. It was Mrs. Robinson who carried the State of West Virginia "*over the top*" with 124 copies to spare in a very wonderful campaign. West Virginia, therefore, having fulfilled her quota, has no official amount to make up, and Mrs. Robinson can devote her attention to the work in general. President General Mrs. Harrold has not yet heard from all the State Presidents in regard to appointments, but the following are announced for the ensuing year. The address of the new Director General is Mrs. Edwin Robinson, 532 Fairmont Avenue, Fairmont, W. Va.

APPOINTMENTS ANNOUNCED FOR 1924.

Ohio.—Mrs. I. V. Shoe, 764 East Mitchell Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Arkansas.—Mrs. C. W. Henry, 4001 West Tenth Street, Little Rock, Ark.

Maryland.—Mrs. Clayton Hoyle, Dickerson, Md.

Missouri.—Mrs. W. C. Curd, Saverton, Mo.

New York.—Mrs. W. R. Marshall, 353 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York, N. Y.

North Carolina.—Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Gastonia, N. C.

Pennsylvania.—Miss Adelaide King, North Wales, Pa.

Virginia.—Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk, Va.

"A Friend" refers to the sketch of McHenry Howard in the VETERAN for November, and adds this tribute: Captain Howard was the author of a charming book of reminiscences, "Recollections of a Maryland Confederate Soldier," published in 1914, and which is a lasting monument to his memory. It may also be stated that Captain Howard's mother was a daughter of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner;" and further, that she gave six sons to the Confederate cause.

"An Old Soldier's Daughter" asks that anyone who knew Thomas Haywood Marshall, who joined the Confederate army in 1861 from Trenton, Tenn., will write to the VETERAN of his association with this comrade. She also says: "I have been a reader of the VETERAN from the second year it was published, and think it is the right thing in the right place, for we need the true sentiment of Southern interest for the young, there is so much of the opposite taught these days."

A BLACK SHEEP.—While scouting down on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, an aged woman, bearing the same name, was asked if she were a kinsman of General Palmer. She lived down on the Eastern Shore near where General Palmer's grandfather was born. "Did you all say he were a General?" she asked. When she got an affirmative answer she was quite sure he was a kinsman. "But," went on the interrogator, "he was a general in the Union army."

"Well," she said, after a pause, her face lengthening, "there must be a black sheep in every family."—*National Tribune*.

LETTERS THAT CHEER.

Mrs. Mary D. Ruiz, of Fincastle, Va., writes in renewing subscription: "I look forward to my VETERAN with increased pleasure as the months roll around and trust never to fail in renewing subscription."

H. E. Robertson, of Chester, Va., says: "You are still doing a noble work. I read every word of the VETERAN, and then sigh because there is no more to read in each number, but must wait for the next."

From C. B. Tate, Pulaski, Va.: I am more and more impressed with the good work which is being done by your publication, and I speak a good word for it on all occasions. I am three months from seventy-seven, but read the VETERAN without glasses. May it live as long as important errors in history call for exposure."

D. V. Rudicil, of Summerville, Ga., renews subscription and says: "I wish all the old soldiers and sons could take the VETERAN. I want to take it as long as I live. My father was chief surgeon under General Forrest in the 6th Georgia Cavalry."

W. T. Redmond, of Durham, N. C., writes: "I am in my eighty-first year, one of the few living who were in the first battle of Manassas. My eyes are weak, but if I get so I can't read, I can feel your valuable paper."

Miss Emma Hampton, of Cleveland, Tenn., writes: "I cannot tell you the amount of pleasure it brings to me monthly. I feel as though I could not do without so valuable and delightful a visitor."

Hon. Clay Sharkey, of Glen Allan, Miss., writes: "I have been a subscriber for many years, and I am glad the VETERAN did not deteriorate after Major Cunningham, who was such a devoted friend to the Confederate cause and zealous for a truthful history for our children to read after we 'cross over the river.'"

Mrs. Charles D. Martin, Recorder of Crosses for the Alabama Division, U. D. C., renews subscription and writes: "There is no history as true, and none that I enjoy more."

From James P. Coffin, Batesville, Ark.: "I read every number of the VETERAN with avidity, and hope to keep up my interest, notwithstanding the fact that I have passed my eighty-fifth birthday. I was born and reared among the mountains of East Tennessee, but when I returned there during the early days of May, 1865, with the parole given me at the surrender of the Army of Tennessee, that mountain climate was not salubrious, and I came West 'to grow up with the country.' I served through the war in Company I, 2nd Regiment Tennessee Cavalry (Col. Henry M. Ashby), and would be glad to hear from any survivors of that regiment or of Ashby's Brigade."

Joe M. Scott, of Fort Smith, Ark., who served with Company E, 6th Tennessee Cavalry, says: "I was eighty years old the 27th of last April, and will remain one of the readers of the VETERAN while I am permitted to live. I think it has no equal in Southern literature."

A letter from J. M. Barker, Jr., of Bristol, Va.-Tenn., shows his appreciation as the son of a veteran. He says: "My first year's subscription was presented to me by my father, and I am glad to renew it. He is a veteran of the War between the States, and, of course, I am vitally interested in anything to perpetuate the memory of that wonderful army. I am also a graduate of Washington and Lee University, and anyone who has stood at the shrine of Robert E. Lee must be inspired by his true greatness and nobility."

“MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PRAEVALET”
(Old Testament, The Vulgate. I. Esdras iv. 41.)

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ADDRESS DR. DUNBAR ROWLAND, DEPARTMENT OF ARCHIVES AND HISTORY,
THE CAPITOL, JACKSON, MISS.

Carlton Ashworth, of Wills Point, Tex. (R. R. No. 6), is trying to get in communication with some of his comrades of Forrest's command who can testify to his service and enable him to get a pension. He served under Wheeler before being attached to Forrest, and that his nickname was "Brownlow," that he was in the battle at Franklin, Tenn., as a courier; was also at Columbia, and on the night before the battle of Franklin his comrades had him sing, "Just Before the Battle, Mother." All this is mentioned that some comrade may recall him. He left on furlough just before the battle at Nashville, and on his return was captured and held in prison until the close of the war. He is now seventy-six years old and needs a pension.

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PRISONERS' LETTERS.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written by prisoners during the time of the Confederacy. Old stamps purchased. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. Ida Lang, 406 Willard Street, Houston, Tex., is trying to get a pension, and wants to hear from any old comrades of her husband, F. Lang, who served in the New Orleans Home Guards.

T. C. Miller, Adjutant of Garland Rodes Camp C. V., of Lynchburg, Va., would like to get in communication with any member of the 11th Virginia Infantry. Write to him at 301 Fauquier Street, Lynchburg, Va.

J. T. Casey, of Alexandria, Ala., would like to hear from some member of the 28th Tennessee Cavalry, Hill's Brigade. He was under Captain Arledge, and Lieut. W. A. Aikin. Comrade Casey enlisted in Cherokee County, Ala., and was mustered out at Blue Mountain, Ala. He needs a pension, and will appreciate hearing from anyone who can help to substantiate his record as a soldier.

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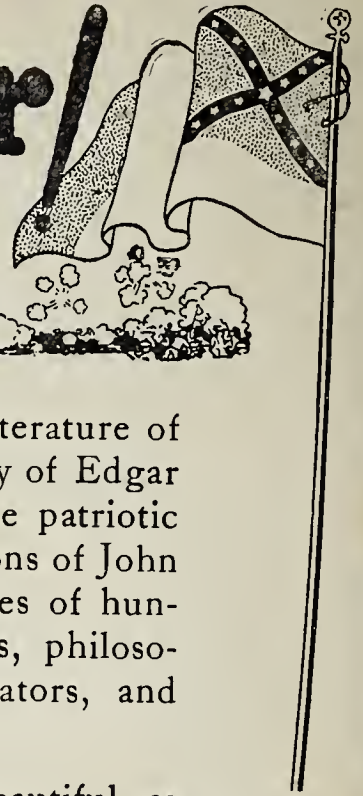
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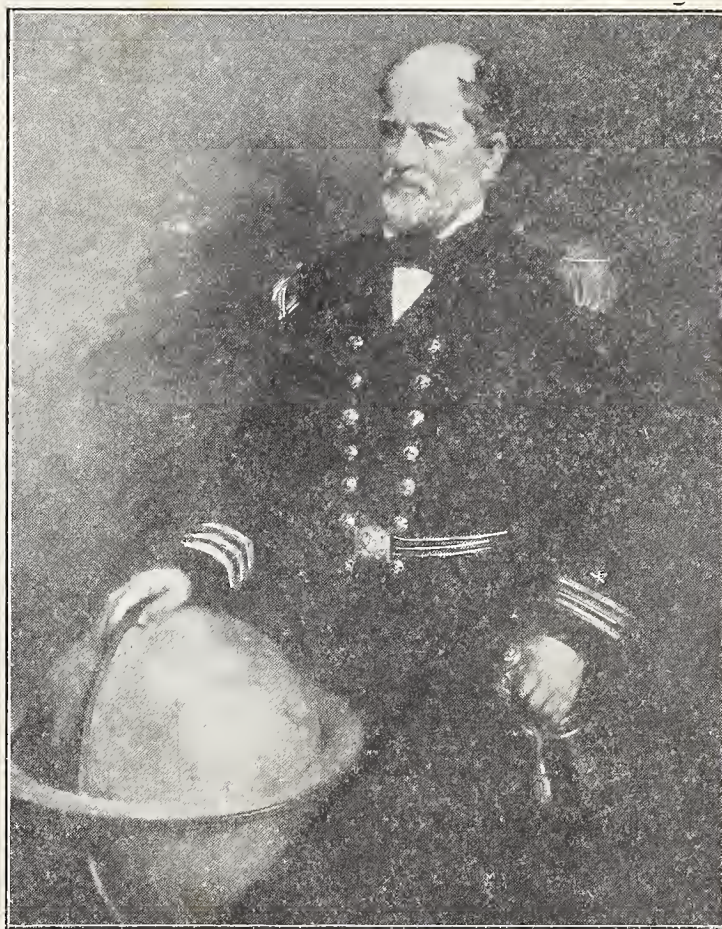
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C L Willoughby
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VOL. XXXII.

FEBRUARY, 1924

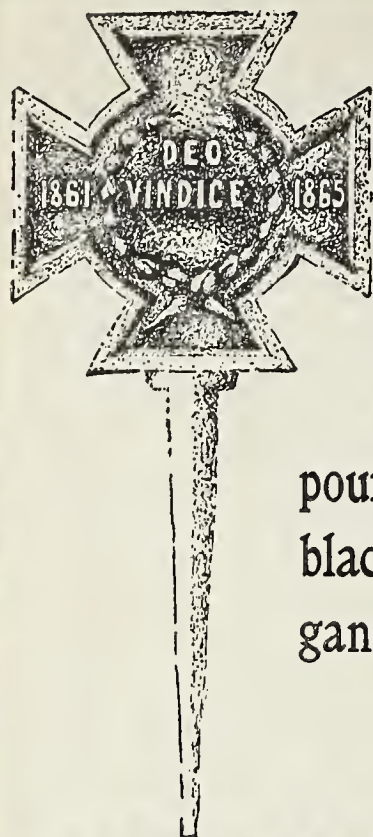
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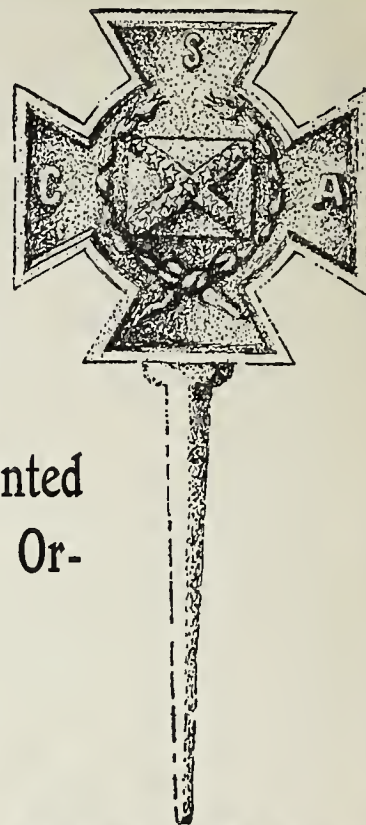
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PORTRAITS OF THE HEROES OF THE CONFEDERACY

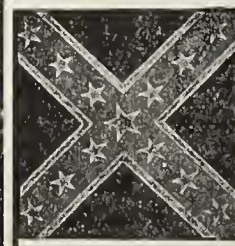
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Forest Hill, Richmond, Va.

Davis Biggs, of Jefferson, Tex., writes that through the medium of a notice in the VETERAN he has been enabled to obtain pensions for several needy comrades and their widows, which labor of love has given him great satisfaction.

Mrs. Strabelia Y. Buyers, of Columbia, Tenn. (504 High Street), is anxious to get in communication with some survivors of Company C, Captain Barnes's Company, of the 9th Tennessee, Biffles's Regiment of Cavalry, who can remember Edward H. (Sleepy) Jordan, for whom she is trying to secure a pension. He joined the company on September 1, 1863, when only seventeen years old, and was captured near Selma, Ala., and released about April 26, 1865, after the war was over. He was from Columbia, Tenn., but is now a resident of Memphis. Any information will be appreciated.

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VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1924.

No. 2.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

MAURY.

1806—JANUARY 14—1924.

"They that go down to the sea in ships."

Pathfinder o'er the drear and trackless waste!
Deep calleth unto deep; and answer bold
Thou gavest forth from out thy giant hold
Upon the wisdom that the ages traced
For guidance of thy steadfast soul, out-faced
To truth and swerveless law that doth enfold
In light and liberty, ordained of old,
The singing stars, in rhythmic might enmeshed!

The "river in the ocean" northward flows
To warm to life the sterile lands and sear
Beneath the pole, discovered since thy time;
So, fealty to thy Southern Cross bestows
Upon the Northern mind a vision, clear,
Of Liberty and Brotherhood sublime!

—A. W. Littlefield.

Dedicated to the Boston Chapter, U. D. C.

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

NAPLES, FLA., January 22, 1924.

To My Comrades: In my next communication to you through the VETERAN, I hope to be able to announce definitely the conclusion arrived at by the railroads as to the rate to the Memphis reunion for the United Confederate Veterans and all of their auxiliary organizations. This matter will probably be determined at the meeting to be held at Jacksonville, Fla., the latter part of January. If the effort made to secure a liberal rate, a rate just both to the railroads and to those who will attend the Memphis reunion, which is being urged by the Memphis Reunion Committee and your Commander in Chief, is receiving the support of the people and the press, so earnestly asked for in my last communication to you, we can hopefully look forward to our request being granted by the various railroad companies. Due announcement will be made through the public press and the VETERAN just as soon as a decision in the matter is reached. Everything points to the certainty that the reunion at Memphis, June 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1924, will

equal, if not surpass, any previous reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and its auxiliary organizations.

The passing of Gen. B. W. Green, Commanding the Arkansas Division, United Confederate Veterans, at Little Rock, Ark., January 15, 1924, brings to me full realization of a great loss to our federation, to whose interest he brought fidelity of purpose, great ability, and thorough devotion. He was in every way a worthy member of the United Confederate Veterans—able, fearless, untiring. He will be sadly missed when we gather at our next reunion. His comrades will miss him and mourn him, and, for them, I tender sincere sympathy to the wife and relatives who feel most deeply a great personal loss. He has gone to his reward, and the sorrow remains to those of us who have been deprived of his presence with us.

Every month the CONFEDERATE VETERAN contains a lengthy list of the passing of those who served the South during the War between the States, and is doing a splendid service in thus recording those of our comrades who are being called from earth to glory. In this connection, I desire to impress upon my comrades in every State that linked its fortunes with the Confederacy to see to it that as a comrade passes his name, regiment, and command be sent to the VETERAN for record. This applies to every Confederate soldier, whether belonging to the United Confederate Veterans or not. The death of every member of our federation should also be promptly reported to our New Orleans headquarters for record on the lists kept at those headquarters. To those of us who remain, whose days are prolonged through the mercy and goodness of God, there is the sad privilege and duty of thus remembering our dead.

With deep and abiding affection for those who live, and a memory devoted and true to those who have been called, I am,
Your comrade and friend.

W. B. HALDEMAN,
Commander in Chief U. C. V.

W. B. Taylor, of Dallas, Tex., writes: "We take several newspapers and magazines, and had rather give up all of them than the VETERAN, as I read every line of it as soon as I get one. I was in General Lee's army from start to finish, but enjoy reading of other parts of the army. I belonged to Company D, 3rd South Carolina Regiment, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V."

LEE AT STONE MOUNTAIN.

(Unveiling January 19, 1924.)

BY KATHERINE DRAYTON SIMONS, HISTORIAN C. IRVINE WALKER
CHAPTER, U. D. C., SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

In the gray of the granite mountain
He is riding on to-day;
And his gray-clad columns follow
On the steep and stone-cut way.

*Long since 'twas written that it should be
A stony path to the Calvary!*

In the gray and gold of the morning,
In the gold and gray of the night,
He shall ride, untouched by the turmoil
Of kings or the ages' flight.

*And the carven ranks of his soldiers gone
Shall follow on in the Southern stone!*

Sorrow and pain and anger,
Hatred and death are fled.
It is only glory lingers
With the great immortal dead.

*For they knew defeat—whate'er it cost—
Could never mean that their cause was lost!*

Like a starry constellation
That flames in the Southern sky—
Like a bright, heroic pageant
Of the names that never die—

*To the end of time, on the mountain side
Of the land they loved, shall his army ride!*

LEE MEMORIAL DAY.

The one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee was observed generally over the South, perhaps with a deeper appreciation of this truly great character as it becomes more and more understood. In many States of the South this day has been made a legal holiday by legislative enactment, as it should be in all of them. In Nashville a special proclamation was issued by the mayor, the city offices were all closed, and memorial services were held at the First Presbyterian Church.

The most noted observance of the day was in the dedication of the Stone Mountain Memorial, near Atlanta, Ga., where the famous sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, and his assistants have been working since December 1 on the figure of General Lee, most prominent in the central group that will adorn the mountain side. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, many thousands attended the exercises, among them governors of several States, Confederate veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and others of prominence. Mrs. C. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, now ninety-four years of age, to whom is due the honor of having conceived the idea of this memorial at Stone Mountain, gave the signal by which the flags covering the head of General Lee were drawn away, and at the same time, down the precipitous side of the mountain, tons of rock crashed to the ground in a mighty sound that echoed around the earth the fame of Lee and his incomparable army.

Mrs. Plane wore a costume of the sixties and was accompanied by thirteen boys and thirteen girls, children of the Confed-

eracy, who distributed chips of the granite cut from the head of General Lee among the audience as souvenirs of the occasion which dedicated the first part of the greatest memorial to any cause, and which will truly be the "eighth wonder of the world." It is estimated that ten years will be required to complete the great undertaking. Each of the thirteen Southern States composing the Confederacy will name its heroes to be immortalized in these panoramic groups, and some of these have already been named, as follows:

Georgia.—Gens. John B. Gordon, Ambrose R. Wright, P. M. B. Young, H. T. Benning, Thomas R. R. Cobb.

Louisiana.—Gens. P. T. G. Beauregard, Leonidas Polk, Francis T. Nicholls, Harry T. Hays, Alfred Mouton.

Arkansas.—Gens. Patrick R. Cleburne, Thomas C. Hindman, Thomas J. Churchill, D. C. Govan, James F. Fagan.

Mississippi.—Gens. E. C. Walthall, Will T. Martin, Earl VanDorn, William Barksdale, Robert Lowry.

Tennessee.—Gens. N. B. Forrest, John Adams, Felix Zollicoffer, William B. Bate, B. F. Cheatham. Sam Davis, Confederate Hero Scout.

Virginia.—Gens. J. E. B. Stuart, Joseph E. Johnston, A. P. Hill. Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury.

NOT AT GETTYSBURG.—Col. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., calls attention to a little error in the January VETERAN, saying: "I read of the purpose to perpetuate in the granite of Stone Mountain the names of ten Confederate soldiers as representing 'the bravest of the brave.' The sentiment is fine, and if the plan is carried out, the greatest care should and will be taken to have the record correct in every particular. John Tolbert was one of many brave color bearers of both armies at the battle of Gettysburg, but the 25th New York Cavalry did not participate in that battle, so the colonel of some other regiment is entitled to the credit of a timely recognition of the valor of the Rappahannock boy."

BUILDING UP THE VETERAN.—W. C. Kinsolving, Commander of Tom Green Camp, of Abilene, Tex., and Assistant Adjutant General U. C. V., writes to Commander in Chief Halderman as follows: "In deference to your wishes to have the circulation of the VETERAN increased, I am glad to inform you that I have succeeded in making up another club of ten subscriptions, and will forward to Nashville through the Tom Green Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy. This is the second club of ten we have made up in the last two months, which we think is doing pretty well for a small Chapter."

Commander Lon A. Smith, Texas Division S. C. V., Austin, in sending out his General Orders in October concluded with the following paragraph: "It is requested that one member in each Camp be designated to canvass the membership for subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This publication is yours; it is doing its share to keep alive the glorious traditions of our beloved Southland, and it is your duty to support it."

STONE MOUNTAIN.

Stone Mountain seems a part of nature's plan
To hold to view the Flower of Dixieland;
Borglum wrought, there grew in grand serenity
Our Immortelles about our peerless Lee.
Nature's noblemen on Nature's monument to-day—
Our Southland's Flower—Her Sons who wore the gray.

—Sterling Boisseau, Historian R. E. Lee Camp,
No. 1, S. C. V., Richmond, Va.

CAPT. FRED BEALL COMMANDER FOR LIFE.

When the richly merited honor of being made Commander for life of the Confederate veterans of the District of Columbia was bestowed upon Capt. Fred Beall, who has for many years commanded Camp No. 171, of Washington, D. C., he received this highly prized letter from Commander in Chief William B. Haldeman, writing from his winter home in Florida:

"My Dear Captain Beall: No greater honor can come to a man than that which has come to you in being elected Life



CAPT. FRED BEALL.

Commander by the comrades of your Camp, whom you have so efficiently and earnestly served. . . . I know of no man who deserves more than you the sincere respect and admiration of his Confederate comrades. God bless and keep you."

And the VETERAN appreciates this privilege of paying tribute to a friend who has through many years given his support and coöperation in its behalf no less zealously than he has worked for the advancement of his Camp and comrades. Friends everywhere will be interested in the late honor which signified the confidence and appreciation of his comrades, and they will also be interested in this bit of his personal history as a Confederate soldier, which he furnished upon request of the VETERAN:

"I began my service as a private in Capt. P. A. Mann's Company of Partisan Rangers, organized at Aberdeen, Miss. Soon after its organization the company was ordered into active service, and in our first battle the first sergeant of the company was demoted while the battle was raging, when Captain Mann ordered me to take charge of the company as first sergeant. I served with his company until it was consolidated with the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, all the time responding to every duty that devolved upon me. I never missed a fight

from the time I enlisted till the close of the war, and we were engaged in many hard battles.

"In 1864 Colonel Pegues, who commanded a regiment in our brigade, was ordered to take a thousand men to South Alabama, and I was ordered to report to him as his quartermaster. Some time later news came to us that General Sherman was marching through Georgia. I asked to be relieved, that I might go to my command, then pursuing Sherman, but Col. Pegues declined my request, saying he couldn't do without me. After some argument, I stated to him that I had never known a soldier to be punished for going to the front, that I was going, with or without his consent, and, saluting him with 'Good-by,' I at once started for the front.

"We followed Sherman through Georgia and South Carolina into North Carolina, and I was with my command when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered. President Davis and some members of his cabinet were escorted to Washington, Ga., by our brigade and that of Basil Duke. At Lawrenceville, S. C., I was detailed to dispose of all horses, mules, and camp equipage, and my horse also got sick, so I was not able to keep up with the command, and only reached it the night after it had surrendered. We started then to go to General Taylor at Mobile, but when we reached Alabama we learned that he had surrendered, so there was nothing to do but to go home, which I reached on the 17th of May, 1865, and never surrendered. I am still a Confederate, as devoted to the cause as ever."

THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW.

From J. M. Weiser, Dublin, Va.:

Living now in the home town of Gov. E. Lee Trinkle, Wytheville, Va., is a Confederate veteran, Sam Chinault, who served in the same company (F), of the 54th Virginia as did the writer.

At the battle of Jonesboro, fifteen or twenty miles South of Atlanta, August 30 (as I recall the date), 1864, we had charged and been driven back over open ground to the shelter of our own breastworks. All the men lying on the ground charged over were supposed to be dead, till the movement of an up-lifted arm showed life in one. Instantly the great soul of Sam Chinault responded. Without discarding his gun, which action might have lessened the risk of being shot at, he strode forward under the fire of the enemy and, reaching the wounded man, with the strength of an ox, which he possessed, placed the stranger on his broad shoulders and bore him back to safety. But Sam had discovered on this trip two more wounded men, all strangers, from a Kentucky command, but that didn't matter, and straightway made the second and third trip of mercy and rescue under a constant fire, which fortunately failed to reach the target aimed for, though one of the three comrades rescued received a second wound while on the hero's back.

"In the days of the years that are fading" no braver act was done.

From Gen. J. H. Harp, Commander Florida Division, U. C. V., Crescent City, Fla.:

In the last days of May, or first of June, 1864, while we were in the trenches to the left of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., there was continuous heavy artillery firing on our lines, making it necessary for us to stay in the trenches, though the frequent heavy rains had made the trenches damp and muddy. One day a time-fused 12-pound shell struck our earthworks below the headlog, and its velocity was so impeded that it fell in the trench right among the men at that point, the fuse

burning and spluttering, just ready to explode. Of course, we sprang out of that trench at once, but while the fuse was still burning and spluttering, Sergt. I. P. (Pete) Collier, of Company K, 5th Georgia Regiment, jerked up that shell in his hands and tossed it out of the trench. It fell into a puddle of water and the fuse was put out, so the shell did not explode. I think that was a cool, brave act, and for it Pete Collier was offered a commission as lieutenant in Company E, but he would not leave his old Company K, the Upton Guards. When the shell struck the puddle of water, we sprang back into the trench without waiting to be told to get back. I wonder how many of the old 5th Georgia who witnessed that scene are living now. Comrades, speak up!

CASUALTIES AT GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPT. H. C. MICHIE, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In the *VETERAN* for July, 1923, page 258, Colonel McFarland compares the losses of the 11th Mississippi with the losses of Pickett's Division in a way that does injustice to the latter. He makes no allowance for the killed and wounded among the missing who fell into the hands of the enemy. He also says Brockenbrough's Brigade broke, leaving Davis's Brigade's left flank exposed. General Longstreet does not say that Brockenbrough's Brigade broke before the other brigades of Pettigrew's Division.

Then, in the August number of the *VETERAN*, Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, corrects Mrs. Ida Lee Johnson in a reference to Pickett's Division loss (page 249), and says Pickett's loss was only 22 per cent, more than half being prisoners, leaving 11 per cent killed and wounded, this in face of the report of General Longstreet, a native of South Carolina, who gives the losses at 2,863, out of 4,900 engaged, which would be about 58 per cent.

All the brigade generals and field officers of Pickett's Division were killed or wounded except one, who was taken prisoner. Nearly all the wounded were taken prisoners, so there could be no correct report of killed and wounded; they could only be reported missing. My company (H, 56th Virginia, Garnett's Brigade) had casualties that will give an idea of the terrible losses. It carried into the battle thirty-seven officers and men, of whom one officer was killed, two officers wounded and captured, thirteen men killed and fourteen men wounded, six captured; only one escaped unhurt. Total, fourteen killed, sixteen wounded, six prisoners, one escaped.

General Longstreet commanded all the troops engaged in the battle of Gettysburg on July 3. After making all arrangements for the attack and putting the troops in motion, he recounts as follows:

"The advance was made in very handsome style, all the troops keeping their lines accurately and taking the fire of the batteries with coolness and deliberation. About halfway between our position and that of the enemy, a ravine partially sheltered our troops from the enemy's fire, where a short halt was made for rest. The advance was resumed after a moment's pause, all still in good order. The enemy's batteries soon opened on our lines with canister, and the *left* seemed to stagger under it; but the advance was resumed and with the same degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries and only halted to deliver a fire, when close under musket range. Major General Anderson's Division was ordered forward to support and assist the wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble. Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge and entered the enemy's lines, capturing some of his batteries and gaining his

works. About the same moment, the troops, that had before hesitated, broke their ranks and fell back in great disorder, many more falling under the enemy's fire in retiring than while they were attacking. This gave the enemy time to throw his entire force upon Pickett, with a strong prospect of being able to break up his lines or destroy him before Anderson's Division could reach him, which would in its turn have greatly exposed Anderson. He was, therefore, ordered to halt. In a few moments, the enemy, marching against both flanks and the front of Pickett's Division, overpowered and drove it back, capturing about half of those of it who were not killed or wounded."

CASUALTIES, PICKETT'S DIVISION.

(Pages 360-363 "Official War Records," Volume XXVII.)

Garnett's Brigade: 78 killed, 324 wounded, 539 missing; total, 941.

Armistead's Brigade: 88 killed, 460 wounded, 663 missing; total, 1,211.

Kemper's Brigade: 58 killed, 356 wounded, 317 missing; total, 731.

Grand total: 224 killed, 1,140 wounded, 1,499 missing; total, 2,863.

Only those are reported killed and wounded who are known to be so. Many of the missing are supposed to be killed or wounded.

Eleventh Mississippi Infantry, page 344: Casualties on 3rd of July: 32 killed; 170 wounded; no missing.

THE BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

BY P. B. GOCHNAUER, SR., UPPERVILLE, VA.

The article on "The Battle of Ball's Bluff," in the January *VETERAN*, by Lieut. G. Nash Morton, of the Richmond Howitzers, in some respects is very misleading. Colonel Barksdale's 13th Mississippi Regiment was not engaged in that battle, but was doing duty at Edward's Ferry, some distance below on the Potomac River, where the enemy in large force was trying to effect a crossing. The battle was opened by the 8th Virginia, commanded by Col. Eppa Hunton, who, by a desperate struggle and heavy loss of life (five being killed outright in our company, which numbered only forty when we went in), succeeded in holding the enemy in check under a murderous artillery fire in conjunction with their infantry attack, until the 17th and 18th Mississippi Regiments came in on our right with a rush and daring that drove the enemy back. Colonel Hunton then ordered the 8th Virginia to storm the battery, which was done, and the three enemy howitzers were captured and taken back to Leesburg.

These statements can be verified by Mr. Eppa Hunton, a son of Col. Eppa Hunton, also by Capt. Lewis Shumate, who was in the battle. The character of both these gentlemen is unquestionable and no one knowing either of them would for one moment doubt their veracity. It will do the 17th and 18th Mississippi Regiments great injustice, as also the 8th Virginia, to let this statement go without correction. If there are any of the 17th and 18th Mississippi Regiments still living, I am sure they will verify that I have here stated, as they are the only regiments outside the 8th Virginia that were in the battle.

A CORRECTION.—A typographical error changed the name of the writer of the article on "How General Taylor Fought the Battle of Mansfield, La.," to J. E. Sliger, when it should have been J. E. Sligh, of Long Beach, Calif., lately deceased. And the additional notes to article should have been credited to his brother T. S. Sligh, of St. Louis, who is still living.

STUART.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS, CHICAGO, ILL.

Here's a name that the Southland will never forget,
Or the halo of romance that clings round it yet;
On the hearts of her sons it is graven in glory,
In letters of gold on the page of her story;
Through her hills and her valleys 'twill echo for aye—
Stuart! Jeb Stuart! Dashing, and gallant, and gay!

He was handsome and gallant—a *preux chevalier*—
Matchless audacity, supreme capacity
To dazzle, and baffle, and confound the foe;
Uneasy their slumber when Stuart was near—
He struck, and they scarce knew whence came the blow.
He cowed their audacity, curbed their rapacity,
As he rode round their camps and their armies at will,

Till to their minds loomed he thus:

A grim, gray, ubiquitous
Demon portentous of daring and skill.

O'er the clashing of armies far thundered his fame;
And gray-bearded warriors heard Jeb Stuart's name,
And hailed the great trooper the peer of all time,
From Murat—beau sabreur—to bold Pappenheim.
Peerless in leading and fearless in fray—
They swore that he rode round an army each day—
Stuart! Jeb Stuart! Dashing, and gallant, and gay!

Sweet to his ear was the bugle call ringing
When, as the "Charge!" rang out, thundered the battle shout,
And his gaunt, gallant squadrons rushed over the plain
To the shock of the onset, with bright sabers swinging,
Till the meadow ran red with the blood of the slain!
But when, with victorious shout, they drove the foe in rout,
Then Stuart shone forth at his noblest revealed:

Never more valiant foe
Ever gave blow for blow,
Or victor more generous e'er won a field!

The thunder of battle to him was delight,
As with garlanded steed he dashed into the fight,
With a song on his lips, as at Chancellorsville,
When with youth's gay insouciance, a great leader's skill,
He led "Stonewall's" gaunt veterans into the fray
Until victory crowned that fierce, terrible day,
And Hooker's blue legions reeled back in dismay
Before Stuart! Jeb Stuart! Dashing, and gallant, and gay!

And Virginia! Dear mother, Virginia! With pride
She hailed the adored one! her dashing, gallant son!
Flung him the garlands he loved so to wear
(Dear as the saber he wore at his side
Was to Stuart a wreath from the hands of the fair).
And when his day was done, his glorious course was run,
Fast fell her tears o'er the grave of her slain;

Nor wept she alone, for the Southland was weeping
O'er the tomb where the hero forever was sleeping,
Deaf to the bugle call—calling in vain.

But could he have chosen, that day he lay low,
So would he have died, with his face to the foe,
In the forefront of battle, his sword in his hand,
For the Southland he loved, for his dear motherland!
And his fame shines untarnished and dimless for aye—
Peerless in leading and fearless in fray—
Stuart! Jeb Stuart! Dashing, and gallant, and gay!

AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

BY J. C. GATES, OXFORD, MISS.

Several weeks ago, while reading in the *VETERAN* an article by Judge John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., on the battle of Gettysburg, it flashed into my mind that perhaps he was the young Purifoy who was in prison with me at Camp Douglas for twenty-two months some sixty years ago. So I wrote to the Judge and he answered my letter promptly, saying he was not the man, but that his brother, E. H. Purifoy, who is now living at Selma, Ala., no doubt was my old prison comrade, and that he was forwarding my letter to him. Sure enough, he was my old prison comrade, and he wrote me at once, rejoicing that we both were alive and had traced each other after a separation of nearly sixty years. We were both captured at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863, and were not released until July, 1865, there being no exchange of prisoners after we were captured. Young Purifoy was in the 44th Alabama Regiment, Longstreet's Corps. At the battle of Chickamauga he had a Testament his mother had given him in his inside vest pocket, and a Minie ball pierced that Testament and stopped at a verse which said, "I will shield thee," or "No harm shall come nigh thee." I have forgotten the exact verse, but I saw this myself, and it made an everlasting impression on me.

This young man and I were very close friends during all of our prison life. After being captured, we were taken to Nashville, some two hundred of us, and placed in the sixth story of what is now the Maxwell House, which at that time was not quite finished, and had never been used as a hotel. One morning there was a great crowd around the stairway and in the hall waiting for the word to go down to breakfast, when all at once the floor gave way and crashed through to the next floor and on down to the bottom, killing quite a number of the prisoners and two Yankee guards, and wounding a great many. The ladies of Nashville came with their carriages to take the wounded to their homes, but the Yankees would not allow it. All that were not injured, and I was among that number, were taken to the penitentiary, where we stayed for three days. We were allowed to walk around the inclosure, but at night were locked up in cells. My cell was No. 10. I never will forget it. There I first came in contact with what we called "graybacks." We were sent from Nashville to Chicago and placed in Camp Douglas prison, where we remained until the surrender. No one can imagine the suffering and trials we had to endure. This young friend and I were then just seventeen years old. One morning we had a very severe test, something that would try one's mettle. We were sitting on a bench in our barracks, and a Yankee captain came up and said, "Boys, don't you want to get out of here?" I spoke up and said, "Yes, we certainly do," and he said: "You have an opportunity now." "In what way?" I asked, and he told us they wanted to raise a regiment among the prisoners to go out on the frontier, that the Indians were giving trouble. I said, "Do you mean that you want us to join your army?" "Yes," he replied. "We will never do it." He then said: "If you stay here you will die with the smallpox." They were dying at the rate of ten to fifteen a day. "If we die, we will die Confederate soldiers," was my rejoinder, and this was at a time when there was no hope of ever being exchanged.

In September, 1864, a great plan was organized among the prisoners at Camp Douglas, which, if successful, would have been one of the greatest feats of the war. There were a great many Southern sympathizers in Chicago called "Copper-

heads." We had secretly organized the whole prison of 11,000 men into companies, regiments, and brigades, and on a certain day in October we were to make a dash from the prison and go into Chicago. It had been arranged with the "Copperheads" to join us, take the arsenal and arm ourselves, and go over to Rock Island, release 10,000 prisoners there, and join Kirby Smith in Arkansas. But one of our number (Shanks, from Texas), who was elected a colonel, betrayed us. He was given a sutler's store by the Yankees for the betrayal.

In conclusion, I want to say that my old prisoner comrade and I have arranged to meet together once more before we pass out to talk over our suffering and trials in that awful prison.

MAURY'S EFFORTS TO AVERT WAR.

(From "Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury," by his daughter, Mrs. Diana Corbin.)

Maury made earnest efforts to avert war, maintain peace, and insure to the South her equal rights in the Union. He addressed pathetic appeals to the governors of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware "to stand in the breach and stop this fratricidal strife."

To Governor Packer, of Pennsylvania, he wrote:

"OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, January 3, 1861.

"*Dear Sir:* When the affairs of a nation are disturbed, quiet people, however humble their station, may be justified in stepping a little out of their usual way. In all exertions of duty, something is to be hazarded; and I am sure you have only time to hear what I wish to write, none to listen to apologies for venturing to write you this letter. You recollect that, in the nullification times of South Carolina, Virginia stepped forward as mediator and sent her commissioners to that State with the happiest results. But we are now in the midst of a crisis more alarming to the peace and integrity of the Union than those memorable times. We have the people in no less than seven of those States assembling, or preparing to assemble, in their sovereign capacity to decide, in the most solemn manner known to them, whether they will remain in the Union or no. The most remarkable feature in the whole case is, it appears to me, this: that here we have a national family of States that have lived together in unity for nearly threescore years and ten, and that a portion of them are preparing to dissolve these family ties and break up the Union, because—because of what, sir? Ask legislators, ask governors, ask whom you will, and there are as many opinions as to the cause of discontent and the measures of redress as there are leaves in the forest. At no time have the people of any one of the discontented States, acting in their sovereign capacity, even authorized a remonstrance to be made to their sister States of the North against their course of action. We have heard a great deal of this from politicians, partisans, and others, but if the people of any one of the Southern States, acting in their sovereign capacity, have ever remonstrated with the people of the Northern States as to the causes of dissatisfaction and complaint and thus laid the matter formally before you of the North, I cannot call it to mind. Neither has any Northern State so much as inquired of the people of any Southern State either as to the cause of their offense or as to the terms and conditions upon which they would be willing to remain in the Union.

"It does appear to me that in and out of Congress we are all at sea with the troubles that are upon us; that the people, and the people alone, are capable of extricating us. You, my dear sir, and your State—not Congress—have it in your

power to bring the people into the 'fair way' of doing this. This brings me to the point of my letter: Then why will not the great State of Pennsylvania step forth as mediator between the sections? Authorize your commissioner to pledge the faith of his State that their ultimatum shall not only be laid before the people of the Keystone State, assembled likewise in their sovereign capacity, but that she will recommend it to her sister States of the North for like action on their part, and so let the people, and not the politicians, decide whether this Union is to be broken up.

"I am sanguine enough to believe that the great body of the Southern people entertain opinions, sentiments, and feelings in conformity with my own in this matter. With distinguished consideration, I have the honour to be,

"Respectfully, etc.,

M. F. MAURY."

To His Excellency Gov. William F. Packer, Harrisburg, Pa.

As much as ten years before this his active brain was considering the best disposition to be made of the slaves in the South, as is shown by this letter to a relative:

"OBSERVATORY, 24th December, 1851.

"*My Dear Cousin:* I received your letter yesterday and was grieved that any of my writings should give you pain. Do you recollect the ride we took together many years ago, you on your little black pony Rosabel and I on my darling Fanny, that I rode on from Tennessee? It was on the road that leads from Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania Courthouse; time, the month of May, 1825. We had much talk as to my calling in life. You took an interest in my welfare, spoke kindly to me, and gave me good advice, which went straight to my heart, sank deep, and made me love you dearly. . . .

"No, my dear cousin, I am not seeking to make slave territory out of free, or to introduce slavery where there is none. Brazil is as much of a slave country as Virginia, and the valley of the Amazon is Brazilian.

"I am sure you would rejoice to see the people of Virginia rise up to-morrow and say, from and after a future day, say 1st January, 1855, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in Virginia. Although this would not strike the shackle from off a single arm, nor command a single slave to go free, yet it would relieve our own loved Virginia of that curse. Such an act on the part of the State would cause slave owners generally either to leave the State with their slaves, or to send them off to the Southern markets. But they would be still slaves in your own country. . . . We must take things as we find them, and if we would be practical and do good, we must deal with mankind as they are, and not as we would have them. . . .

"If you will read my article published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* against the 'Right of Search,' which article was sent in the proof sheets to Lord Ashburton, and commended to him as containing a plan which, if carried out, would be most effective in breaking up the slave trade, . . . you will see that my plan was adopted exactly as I proposed it, and we have now a squadron on the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade. . . .

"Now for the last two years I have been urging upon the government to make a treaty with Brazil and to remind her in that treaty that we are her best customers for coffee; that nearly all she produces is consumed in the United States, where it is admitted duty free, and, of course, the consumption is largely increased thereby. I have urged that we should say to Brazil in that treaty: Stop the African slave trade or we will put a duty on that coffee and thus lessen the demand for the fruits of slave labor, and so take away from you the interest in the tariff act. . . . Brazil is a slave country,

and all the travelers who go there, I am told, say that the black man, and he alone, is capable of subduing the forests there. To make it clear that the people of Amazonia will have slaves—they are very near to the coast of Africa, and if they cannot get them in one way they will in another. The alternative is, shall Amazonia be supplied with this class from the United States or from Africa? In the former case it will be a transfer of the place of servitude, but the making of no new slaves. In the latter it will be making slaves of free men and adding greatly to the number of slaves in the world. In the former it would be relieving our own country of the slaves, it would be hastening the time of our deliverance, and it would be putting off indefinitely the horrors of that war of races which, without an escape, is surely to come upon us. Therefore, I see in the slave territory of the Amazon the safety valve of the Southern States.

"I cannot be blind to what I see going on here. It is coming to be a matter of faith among leading Southern men that the time is rapidly approaching when, in order to prevent this war of races and its horrors, they will, in self-defense, be compelled to conquer parts of Mexico and Central America and make slave territory of that which is now free.

"Am I not right? Am I not humane when, insomuch as I see these tendencies, I try to prevent them by substituting a lesser for a greater evil? And though I cannot do all the good that I would, may I not be permitted, in my humble way, to prevent harm?

"How glorious is Lewis Herndon's mission into that valley in comparison with the achievements of Clive and Warren Hastings!

"I may be wrong in preaching up Amazonia; but I am, my dear cousin, as firm in my convictions of right as you are when you enter your closet and shut the door to pray, and may God help us both."

SECESSION CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA.

BY STERLING BOISSEAU, RICHMOND, VA.

PRESENTATION OF GENERAL LEE.

The ceremony of formally receiving Maj. Gen. Robert E. Lee by the convention on Tuesday, April 23, was recorded by the official reporter as follows:

Mr. President. I am now informed that Major General Lee is now in the capitol and will present himself whenever it be the pleasure of the convention to receive him.

Mr. Morton. I would inquire whether appropriate seats have been assigned for the Vice President of the Confederate States and the other invited guests?

The President. Yes sir. The chair would suggest that the invited guests be first introduced into the hall and assigned their seats before Major General Lee is invited into the hall.

Mr. Sheffey. I would suggest, in conformity with the suggestions of gentlemen around me, that the convention ought to receive Major General Lee standing.

The President. The chair would merely ask the attention of the convention to the suggestion.

Mr. Johnston then introduced Judge Allen, a member of the Advisory Council. Mr. Critcher next introduced Colonel Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute.

Mr. Morton. I would suggest whether it would not be proper to receive the Vice President of the Confederate States standing.

The President. It will be so understood by the convention.

At this stage of the proceedings, the Hon. A. H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States, entered the hall

accompanied by the governor and was introduced to the President by Mr. Johnston, a member of the committee appointed to invite and conduct that gentleman to the hall.

Mr. Morton introduced Capt. M. F. Maury, late of the United States navy, who, with Colonel Smith, constitute the other members of the Advisory Council.

Every delegate was on his feet during this ceremony.

The governor and Mr. Stephens were assigned seats on the right of the President and the three members of the Advisory Council on the left. At this time Major General Lee entered, leaning on the arm of Mr. Johnson, of Richmond, chairman of the committee appointed to conduct the distinguished military chief to the hall. As they reached the main aisle, Mr. Johnson said: "Mr. President, I have the honor to present to you and to the convention Major General Lee."

The President. Major General Lee, in the name of the people of your native State, here represented, I bid you a cordial and heartfelt welcome to this hall, in which we may almost yet hear the echo of the voices of the statesmen, the soldiers and sages of bygone days who have borne your name and whose blood now flows in your veins. We met in the month of February last, charged with the solemn duty of protecting the rights, the honor, and the interests of the people of this commonwealth. We differed for a time as to the best means of accomplishing that object; but there never was, at any moment, a shade of difference among us as to the great object itself; and now, Virginia having taken her position, as far as the power of the convention extends, we stand animated by one impulse, governed by one desire and one determination, and that is that *she shall be defended*; and that no spot of her soil shall be polluted by the foot of an invader.

"When the necessity became apparent of having a leader for our forces, all hearts and all eyes, by the impulse of an instinct which is a surer guide than reason itself, turned to the old county of Westmoreland. We knew how prolific she had been in other days of heroes and statesmen. We knew she had given birth to the Father of his Country; to Richard Henry Lee, to Monroe, and last, though not least, to your own gallant father; and we knew well, by your own deeds, that her productive power was not yet exhausted.

"Sir, we watched with the most profound and intense interest the triumphal march of the army led by General Scott, to which you were attached, from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico; we read of the sanguinary conflict and the bloodstained fields, in all of which victory perched upon our own banners; we knew of the unfading luster that was shed upon the American arms by that campaign; and we know, also, what your modesty has always disclaimed, that no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor and your military genius.

"Sir, one of the proudest recollections of my life will be the honor that I yesterday had of submitting to this body the confirmation of the nomination made by the governor of this State of you as commander in chief of the military and naval forces of this commonwealth. I rose to put the question, and when I asked if this body would advise and consent to that appointment, there rushed from the hearts to the tongues of all the members an affirmative response that told with an emphasis that could leave no doubt of the feeling whence it emanated. I put the negative of the question for form's sake, but there was an unbroken silence.

"Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are, at this day, among the living citizens of Virginia, 'first in war.' We pray to God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your

charge that it will soon be said of you that you are 'first in peace,' and when that time comes you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being 'first in the hearts of your countrymen.'

"I will close with one more remark. When the Father of his Country made his last will and testament, he gave his swords to his favorite nephews with an injunction that they should never be drawn from their scabbards except in self-defense or in defense of the rights and liberties of their country; and that, if drawn for the latter purpose, they should fall with them in their hands rather than relinquish them.

"Yesterday, your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hand upon the implied condition that we know you will keep to the letter and in spirit, that you will draw it only in her defense, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than the object for which it was placed there shall fail."

[Applause!]

Major General Lee responded as follows:

"*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:* Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred had your choice fallen on an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

[Applause.]

The chair was then vacated, and some time was spent in the introduction of delegates to Major General Lee and the tender to him of congratulations by the members.

Upon resuming the chair, the president formally introduced Vice President Stephens, Special Commissioner from the Confederate States of America, who addressed the convention.

Messrs. Tyler, Preston, Moore, Holcombs, Bruce, and Harvie were appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Stephens to arrange with him the terms of a union or alliance between this State and the Confederate States, subject to the will of this convention.

RESOLUTIONS.

On June 22, 1861, Mr. Goggin, of Bedford County, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Whereas, it appears to this convention that while the enemy was marching in force upon Philippi, Barbour County, where a portion of our volunteer army was then stationed, two young ladies, influenced by the most praiseworthy and patriotic considerations, on the 2nd day of this month, performed alone, unassisted, and unprotected, in the midst of those who were coöperating with, if not in fact forming part of, the enemy's forces, a perilous journey of many miles from their homes, in the county of Marion, to the former place, and there communicated to Colonel Porterfield, the officer in command of our forces, intelligence of the enemy's advance on that post, as well as other important facts, with a view to the safety and preservation of our troops; and after the battle of Philippi, which occurred on the next day, those ladies continued to render essential services in aid of the cause which they had so generously volunteered to promote; therefore

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of all the loyal and faithful people of this commonwealth are due, and are hereby tendered, to Miss Abbie Kerr and to Miss Mary McLeod, the ladies referred to in the foregoing preamble.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be communicated to each of them by the secretary of this convention."

SHELBY'S OLD IRON BRIGADE.

BY JOSEPH POLLOCK, SHIRLEY, ARK.

From his headquarters at Ozark, Ark., General Hindman sent Lieutenant Kearney to organize three Missouri regiments into one Missouri cavalry brigade. Four miles from Newtonia, Mo., the work of organization commenced, and at an election the Lafayette County regiment elected Shelby as colonel, Gordon lieutenant colonel, and Kertley major. The Jackson County regiment elected Hayes colonel, Jeans lieutenant colonel, and Gilray major; and the Southwest Missouri regiment elected Coffee colonel, Hooper lieutenant colonel, and Nichols major. Thus the organization was completed, and Colonel Shelby assumed command of that immortal brigade which carried its flag into a hundred desperate conflicts and poured out its blood like water from the Missouri to the Rio Grande.

Those three regiments were welded into a compact mass of dauntless men and were led by a young soldier whose name, then unknown, burst afterwards into a brilliant light of glory. This old iron brigade never faltered in a charge when his clear voice urged it on. Many times naked, destitute, fighting, freezing, starving, and surrounded, it never surrendered; surprised, it never scattered. Its iron ranks were rent fearfully in many rugged fights; the graves of its bravest heap the earth from Missouri to Mexico. Twice it saved a beaten army from destruction, standing like a living wall between pursued and pursuer. In its long and bloody career, it fought Yankees, Dutch, Indians, Negroes, ironclads, alligators, rattlesnakes, fever, smallpox, starvation, and wintry blasts. But we still held the banner of the Bars proudly and defiantly to the breeze, and when Kirby Smith surrendered the Trans-Mississippi Department and the command separated at Corsicana, Tex., five hundred officers and men still held our old battle flag to the breeze and marched to Mexico. We buried our flag and Shelby's plume in the waters of the Rio Grande.

CAPTURE OF THE 10TH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

After the destruction of the Queen City, an ironclad of thirteen guns, which took all the fight out of the Tyler, at Clarendon, Ark., Shelby sent Captain Langhorne south toward Searcy to look after a Federal regiment from Little Rock, and was met near Searcy. The Federal regiment was the 12th Missouri, which took but few prisoners. Although this made but little difference, there were four squadrons of Federals, and Langhorne, with thirty men, drove them back upon their main body, killing thirteen and capturing seven. Langhorne had to give ground, but it took a regiment to make him do it, and then he got three more and brought all ten of them to Shelby's camp at Jacksonport, Ark., losing only one man, his junior second lieutenant, Columbus White, wounded and captured.

A week after Langhorne's foray, the 10th Illinois Cavalry came gayly up to Searcy, as it had been in the habit of doing for some time before Shelby arrived in the neighborhood, and sent a challenge for any regiment in Shelby's Brigade to come down and fight. The poor fellows were brave enough, but so unwise and so little used to warfare. It was the simplest and easiest thing on earth to be adjusted. One heavy night's march and no more was needed. At early daylight, and wholly unlooked for and terrible as a destroyer, we burst full upon the unwatched camp of the 10th Illinois. The four sleepy guards died at their posts like men, and other comrades, wrapped in their blankets, made scarcely any resistance, and it was so feeble that it called down destruction. Nearly every man, horse, gun, and pistol fell into our hands. It was one of

the most complete surpriscs and captures of the war, and the poor Illinois men looked woebegone two days afterwards when they were marched under guard into Jacksonport, Ark.

The surprise gave the Federal commander at Duvall's Bluff the idea that his detachment had been betrayed by some of the citizens of the town of Searcy, and he threatened them with extermination, conflagration, and many other horrible things. General Shelby informed him very coolly that "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" would be demanded for every injury inflicted upon those guiltless people. This threat had the desired effect, and Searcy escaped its promised fate.

Some time I may write how we surprised and captured the ironclad Queen City and took all of the fight out of the Tyler at Clarendon, Ark., I would like to hear from any old comrades who were with us when we accomplished that feat.

MACON IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.*

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER STORIES FROM THE LAND OF USED TO BE.

During the first three years of the war, as numerous and terrific as were the battles, the women of the South, by their devotion and industry, almost clothed the soldiers and supplied the hospitals with bandages and other articles. There were in 1864-65 no less than six thousand soldiers in and around Macon, a number equal to the white population of the city, and these were ministered to by the women of the city. . . . Miss Mary Baber-Blackshear has letters written during the war telling of the devoted work done by her grandmother and aunt.

Sidelights on war-time conditions and economics are found in some letters written from Wesleyan College during the war. The college was an interesting place when the President, Dr. Bass, and the faculty family had boarder refugees added to to the student body. During the last year of the war the number of pupils was so reduced that carrying on the institution at all was a debatable question. October 3, 1864, the college opened with only forty pupils, twelve boarders.

The faculty was also depleted, and it seems that lots might be cast to decide which of the remaining members might resign to lighten the expense and leave a living wage for absolutely necessary instructors. The French teacher had left for a more promising position in Florida, safely out of reach of the menacing invasion by Federal forces, now under command of Sherman at Atlanta. The wife of one of the faculty wrote cheerfully of the situation, not dreaming of the pending ruin soon to be visited upon Macon. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Cosby W. Smith, who, with the children, had gone to South Georgia.

"We are getting along pretty much in the same way as when

you left. A good many of our refugee boarders have left, most of the gentlemen are gone and some of the families. Mrs. McLean has gone to Augusta; Mrs. Hardee had a letter from her a few days ago in which she said she was very lonely, as the Colonel was away. She is boarding at the Planters Hotel. . . . Mr. Cockrill's family is still here, also Mrs. and Miss Hardee. We had the honor of having General Hardee's presence in the college a few days ago. He was on his way to Charleston, where he is to take command, having been removed by request from the Army of Tennessee. It seems he and Hood cannot agree. President Davis came on to try to reconcile the difficulty between them; but I suppose it could not be effected. Mr. Davie stopped in Macon and made a short speech, in which he complimented General Hardee very highly. . . . We opened yesterday with forty pupils, but others have come in since, and we hope they will fill up gradually, as they find Macon is comparatively safe now. We hear that most of Sherman's army has gone back in the direction of Marietta, and Atlanta is left with but few men of the enemy as garrison. Hood is trying to get around on Sherman's rear; what he is to effect remains to be seen."

Intimate family letters afford a peep behind the scenes, telling of resorts to all manner of makeshifts and plans, if not to "turn an honest penny" to obtain the sorely needed number of Confederate notes, now so depreciated in value, to supply the necessities of life. The present writer has the privilege of giving some items culled from letters written by a professor at Wesleyan to his wife in South Georgia. Having at the college about fifty paying pupils and it being estimated that one hundred and twenty were required to pay current expenses, the financial situation was precarious.

The professor writes: "Charley Conner paid me \$100.00 for marrying him, and I have paid my much-dreaded State and county taxes, \$125.79, not quite covered by the fee. . . . Flour in this market is said to be worth \$75.00 to \$80.00 a sack, sorghum syrup \$5.00 per gallon, bacon \$3.00 per pound, sugar \$7.00 per pound, beef \$1.25, butter \$6.00, coffee \$18.00 per pound. . . .

"Green has just returned from Coweta with Jane, both well. He had a pretty rough trip, but got through with it without delay. He brought a box for you containing bacon and flour." [Note.--Green and Jane, negroes, seemed to carry on traffic, going out into the country and buying provisions to sell to the needy. Green was the professor's body servant. He traveled back and forth between South Georgia and Macon, buying and selling and using his wits to help take care of the family. The absolute confidence reposed in Green was remarkable. No sum of money was too large to be intrusted to him; and, moreover, he was considered sufficient escort for a young lady traveling from South Georgia to Macon to enter Wesleyan College. The professor wrote urging the attendance of this young lady, saying: "Fannie will be as safe in Macon as anywhere. Green can bring her back with him." Proof enough of the chivalry of the black man!]

One more item on the economic condition: "Aunt Dinah Lamar has sold the entire lot of handkerchiefs and collars for \$40.00. She says she sells the collars at \$5.00 apiece." Ladies in South Georgia were sending needlework to Macon to be sold by this negro mammy.

Up to November 2 the high cost of living seemed to be the greatest cause for apprehension; the city price of flour was \$110.00 a sack, with the tendency upward. There still was a feeling of security, in that Macon was far from the seat of war. The professor wrote:

"It is true the Yankees are holding Atlanta, and, I suppose,



MRS. LOULIE KENDALL RODGERS,
Noted writer of Georgia, as a young
lady of the sixties.

by a strong garrison, but we feel no fear nor concern about them here. They dare not venture out this way." . . .

Whether this was founded on confidence in the home guard or not, I do not know. The real menace next recorded was the coming of smallpox. The professor wrote that a soldier coming from Columbus had the disease. It later became epidemic in the camps around Macon.

Sherman's army moved from Atlanta on November 16. We will not rehearse the scenes of that march to the sea. After the sacking of Milledgeville, the capital of the State was temporarily moved to Macon. After the fall of Atlanta, the last lingering hope of security departed from Macon. The city was crowded with refugees from the region devastated by Sherman. For military reasons, the Federals in the march to the sea did not sack and burn Macon.

The historical records of our State are fairly complete in attesting to the military defense during the war, and military heroes are honored perennially. But there were other heroes uncounted whose services to their countrymen deserve place among those of louder fame. In the "War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl," by E. F. Andrews, there is brief mention of such characters. One Sunday in April, at the very hour perhaps when direful tidings whispered to President Davis as he worshiped at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, presaged the end, a little band of worshipers in Georgia is pictured as follows:

"April 9th,

Sunday, 1865.

"I went to worship with a little band of Episcopalians, mostly refugees, who meet every Sunday in a schoolhouse. It is a rough place, with very uncomfortable benches, but beautifully situated in a grove just at the entrance to Lovers' Lane.



REV. G. G. SMITH,
Chaplain of Phillip's Legion, Georgia Volunteers.

The services were conducted by old Mr. George, who used to come out to Tallassee plantation as far back as I can remember (the writer was twenty-four years of age) and hold mission services for father's and Mr. Nightingale's negroes, sometimes in Uncle Jacob's cabin, sometimes in the little log chapel on Mr. Nightingale's Silver Lake place. He teaches in the little schoolhouse all the week to support his family—a full baker's dozen—and holds Church services on Sundays for refugees and soldiers of the faith stranded here. He has spent his life in mission work, laying the foundation for Churches for other men to build on. There is something very touching in the unrewarded labor of this good man, grown gray in the service of God. The Churches he builds up, as soon as they begin to prosper, ask the Bishop for another pastor. He wore no surplice, and his threadbare silk gown was, I verily believe, the same that he used to wear in the old plantation chapel. It was pathetic to see him, his congregation still more so. It consisted mainly of poor wounded soldiers from the hospitals. . . . They came, some limping on crutches, some with scarred, mangled faces, some with empty sleeves, nearly all with poor, emaciated

bodies, telling their mute tales of sickness and suffering, weariness and heartache. . . . What can our country ever do to repay such sacrifice? And yet it is astonishing to see how cheerful these brave fellows are, especially Cousin Bolling's patients, who laughingly dub themselves 'The Blind Brigade.'"

In this "War-Time Journal" there is also brief reference to another of the heroes of service, Father Hamilton, of Macon, and his work among the war prisoners at Andersonville, "like a Good Samaritan in those dens of filth and misery." It has been my pleasure to learn that Father Hamilton and his work during the war is still remembered by residents of Macon. The memory of old ladies is the historian's treasure store, and to such memories we are indebted for the following particulars. The accompanying picture has been treasured with these memories:

Father Hamilton (Rev. W. J. Hamilton) was born in Ireland, and was "an accomplished scholar and devoted priest. He was stationed in Macon during the war and after. He lived with his mother and sister, who came from Ireland to keep house for him. His home was on the corner of Fourth (Broadway) and Cherry, the southwest corner, now occupied by the Allen Department Store. The Catholic Church, called the Church of the Assumption, was located in the middle of the Square, between Poplar and Plum, on Fourth Street, next the old Union Station, just where stood the express office, on the left side of the street going out toward South Macon. Father Hamilton was a man of unbounded charity, doing all in his power to lessen the anxiety of the Macon people during this trying period, irrespective of creed or condition. When smallpox broke out in the camps and spread to the city, his ministrations were untiring, going from camp to city home, wherever the plague claimed a victim. His heart was torn at the condition of the prisoners at Andersonville, and he tried to visit them once a week. Some ladies in Macon recall that their mother from time to time went to Andersonville to buy provisions for her family, always taking a supply of cooked food for the poor Federal prisoners. She knew one of the guards, who permitted her to send in her supplies. She often saw Father Hamilton on these trips. He would go around among his friends, gathering food, medicine, anything to alleviate the suffering of the poor victims of war, and with laden baskets and pockets filled he went to the camp and ministered to the prisoners as only a good priest could. There were young German and Irish lads in the herded crowd of the Catholic faith, and to them he must have brought the peace of heaven. . . . The terrible conditions of this camp have been too often described to need repetition. After his weekly visits, Father Hamilton would have to retire to the cellar of his residence to remove the vermin from his clothing and person before he could again go among his people. God's protection followed this Good Samaritan: he did not fall a victim to his charity.

When Bishop Perisco came from India to become Bishop of Georgia, Father Hamilton became Vicar General and was transferred to Augusta. Two years later, when Bishop Gross came to Georgia, he was stationed in Columbus two years; later in the Mobile Diocese, where he died.

Another hero of service in the Confederacy was a brilliant young Methodist divine, Rev. G. G. Smith, chaplain of Phillip's Legion, Georgia Volunteers. In Virginia he followed the soldier's fortune, offering prayer and religious consolation to the wounded and dying, as brave as the bravest, until desperately wounded. He returned to Macon, "poor crippled-up George Smith," as he was referred to by a friend of that time, to take up the battle against poverty against many

odds; that would be a story of heroic warfare, nobly won. Though crippled in body, this Confederate chaplain retained the gifts of mind and pen that won for him the place of Georgia's outstanding historian and genealogist. His historical collections are invaluable for future historians.

Countless prayers ascended to the heavenly throne from the altars of the South, and in darkest days they seemed unanswered. But one beautiful prayer, written by this Georgia chaplain in April, 1865, was blessed with fulfillment. I have copied these lines from his own album, where they were penned by his hand:

"A PEOPLE'S PRAYER FOR GENERAL LEE.

"O Thou who gave to Israel's hosts
Their Captain true and tried,
Who from his form in every strife
Death's missiles turned aside,
So smile upon our Captain true
So he may see forever pass
These fearful scenes of strife."

The fame of Father Ryan as a poet is so widespread that we have not associated his name with any locality. It is interesting to learn of his connection with Macon. A chaplain in the Confederate army, so much was he a son of the South that we are glad he was not born on a foreign shore. The matter of his birthplace has been disputed, but his words and sayings are so clear in the memory of some of his resident friends that they testify on the subject. Father Ryan was close friend of the Wards, of Irwinton and Macon. Mrs. James Fullam, aunt of a Sister of Mercy at Mont de Sales, remembers that Father Ryan always said that he was born at Norfolk, Va. His father was born and reared in Ireland, and his mother,

to whom he so reverently dedicated his published poems, was no doubt a lady of Virginia.

The visits of the poet-priest to the plantation home of these friends is recalled with tenderest affection, his love for children and his interest in their studies. In this old home there were for years numbers of schoolbooks on whose fly leaves were penned spontaneous verses that flowed like a stream of poetic delight from his cultured mind, as he said of his verses, "written at random, off and on, here, there, anywhere, just as the mood came." Unfortunately these schoolbooks were destroyed in a fire, but his thought for the children lives indelibly in memories of the good priest and his influence. Wherever the name Confederate is honored, there is honor for the patriotic verses of our poet-priest. And he also touched the deep and spiritual feelings of the heart and lifted the mind to celestial views. It is true, as has been written, "His poems have moved multitudes. They have thrilled the soldier on the battle field, and quickened the martial impulses of a chivalric race; they have healed the soul wounds of the suffering, and they have raised the hearts of men in adoration and benediction to the great Father of all."

Father Ryan died on the 23rd of April, 1880. April, the tragedy month of the South!

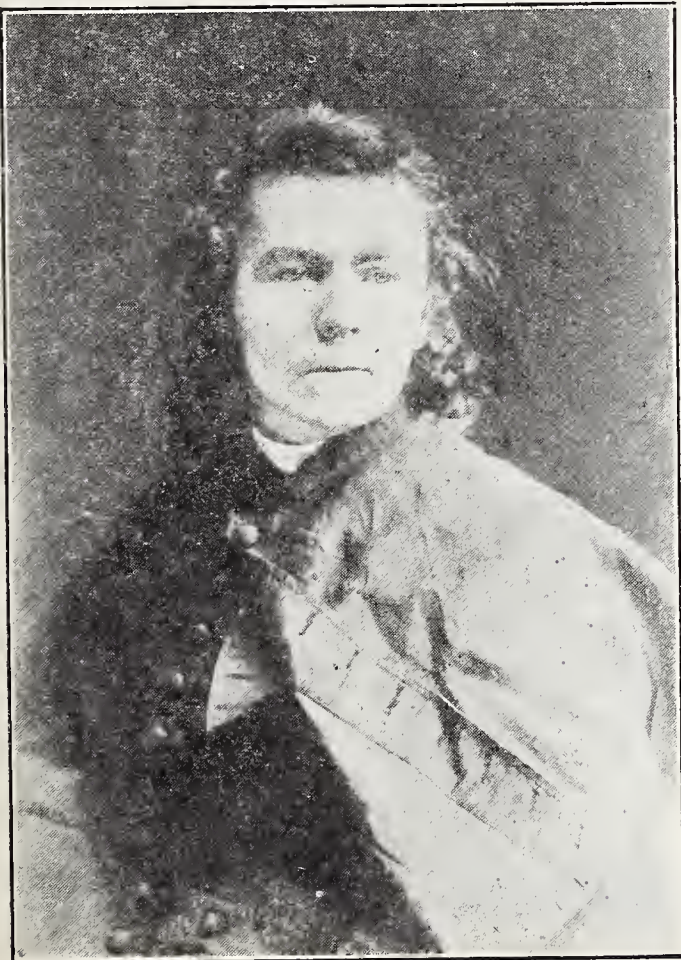
Of his patriotic verses as "The Sword of Lee," "Sentinel Songs," and "The Conquered Banner"—after years of peace he repented not one word, saying he would write them again "in the same tone and key under the same circumstances."

Such deathless loyalty belongs to the souls of the great.

The surrender of Macon, April 20, 1865, has been recounted by many eyewitnesses and Confederate veterans. The scenes and experiences of those days make a thrilling narrative. The following is a succinct account written nineteen years after:

There are records to prove that General Wilson acted with reasonable justice to the conquered people of Macon. At Columbus, Colonel Mott had told the Federal officer that in Mr. J. H. R. Washington, of Macon, he would find a gentleman worthy his confidence in every way. On reaching the city, General Wilson sent for Mr. Washington, who, during the war, had commanded the Silver Grays, a company of the Home Guard, and on this summons he hastened to don his best suit of homemade jeans and report at headquarters at Hotel Lanier. General Wilson received from Mr. Washington a verbal statement as to contents of warehouses and commissary, and on existing conditions, and on this statement issued orders for the distribution of food and clothing to the needy people of Macon. The country far and near had been tithed to obtain supplies for our armies, but lack of transportation had left the stores unmoved. That the city was protected and the stores kept intact may have been due to the prudence of Mayor O. G. Sparks some months previous. There is still in existence a document, under date of February 14, 1863, in the form of a petition addressed to Hon. James A. Seddon, Secretary of War, C. S. A., Richmond, to the effect that this city, as central point in the Confederacy and location of munition plants and stores, should have continued protection of police and fire companies, and these should not be subject to conscription. This petition is signed by O. G. Sparks, mayor, W. P. Goodall, Leon Cherry, Lewis J. Grace, Vergil Powers, Stephen Collins, Benjamin F. Ross, aldermen.

So when Macon was surrendered to the Federals, warehouses and commissaries were full to overflowing with all kinds of supplies which, under order of General Wilson, were justly distributed to our people. Many refined, educated citizens were in want; delicate ladies, men, and boys stood in the bread line to receive necessities from the hands of the military



FATHER RYAN.

agents. This relief was further extended on advice of Mr. Washington. It had been ascertained that the inmates of the State Asylum at Milledgeville were in a starving condition. Under Mr. Washington's direction, covered wagons were put into service, loaded with needful supplies and dispatched to Milledgeville to relieve the unfortunate beings who could not care for themselves.

Mr. Washington possessed the full confidence of the commanding general. His daughter, Mrs. Bellamy, has copies of various orders issued to him. Here is one:

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS M. D. M.
MACON, GA., May 15th, 1865.

"SPECIAL ORDER

"No. 79.

"Mr. J. H. R. Washington, a loyal citizen of Macon, will take possession of the Macon post office with all papers and fixtures and make immediate preparation for opening the office, reporting his action to the Postmaster General of the United States.

"By Command of Brt. Maj. Gen. Wilson.

E. B. BEAUMONT."

Macon witnessed the culminating scene of our country's tragedy in the passing through her streets of President Davis as a prisoner of war, after his capture in South Georgia. The story of this capture has been written many times, often by malignant and untruthful pens. But truth has prevailed. The latest version, written by an ex-officer of the Federal army, leaves nothing to be desired in sympathy and fairness.

At that hour of defeat when Jefferson Davis was prisoner, on his way to Fortress Monroe to suffer untold torture for nearly two years, there was indeed mourning throughout the land. At Macon the agony and distress were intense. One Georgia woman, Mrs. Rebecca Lattimer Felton, has written of that time, as, crushed at defeat and the capture of President Davis, she sat and talked to a Federal soldier. . . . Time has brought many strange things to pass. Mrs. Felton now writes her name ex-Senator Felton, the only woman having had the honor of being seated in the United States Senate.

Jefferson Davis returned once more to Macon, after all the storms of life had passed, a serenely triumphant old man, forever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. All that had been withheld of praise and honor was heaped on him then, as thousands venerated his noble presence and listened to the ring of the clear, brave voice. Too feeble to give handclasp to all, the passing throngs but touched his hand in reverence as he stood at that moment the beloved chieftain who had sacrificed all for the South.

Now, the latest and outstanding biography of Mr. Davis (above quoted), a work of historical accuracy and literary charm, holds full vindication of his career as soldier, statesman, and American gentleman. This is from the pen of an ex-officer of the Federal army, who fought on the Northern side in the War between the States. Truly our day of triumph has come. The faith of many, as voiced by our poet-priest, has been realized:

"And so—say what you will—

In the heart of God's own laws

I have a faith, and my heart believes still

In the triumph of our cause.

"The Victor wields the sword:

Its blade may broken be

By a thought that sleeps in a deathless word

To wake in the years to be."

LONGSTREET'S ATTACK AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

As previously stated, General Lee determined to continue the attack on the 3rd of July, without changing his general plan, and Longstreet was ordered to attack, and Ewell to assail the Federal right. In Ewell's effort to perform his assigned part, he sent Gen. Edward Johnson against Culp's Hill with a greatly increased force, when he was attacked and, in turn, attacked his adversary, but failed to make a success of his effort, and was forced to retreat; hence he failed to retain a footing.

Brig. Gen. A. L. Long, who was General Lee's military secretary during the Pennsylvania campaign ("Memoirs of General Lee"), states that Johnson's failure to capture or securely maintain a position on Culp's Hill, on the morning of the 3rd of July made a reconsideration of the military problem necessary by General Lee; that Cemetery Ridge, from Round Top to Culp's Hill, was at every point strongly occupied by Federal infantry and artillery, and was evidently a very formidable position. There was, however, a weak point upon which an attack could be made with reasonable prospect of success. This was where the ridge, sloping westward, formed the depression through which the Emmetsburg road passes.

Noting that by forcing the Federal lines at that point, and turning toward Cemetery Hill, the right would be taken in flank and the remainder would be neutralized, as its fire would be as destructive to friend as foe, and, considering that the losses of the Federal army in the two previous days must weaken its cohesion, and consequently diminish its power of resistance, General Lee determined to attack at that point, and the execution of it was assigned to Lieutenant General Longstreet, while instructions were given to Ewell and Hill to support him, and a hundred and forty-five guns were massed to cover the advance of the attacking column.

General Long further states that this decision was reached at a conference held during the morning on the field in front of, and within cannon range of, Round Top, there being present Generals Lee, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Heth, and Long, and Maj. C. S. Venable; and Col. Walter H. Taylor, General Lee's adjutant general, states he was also present. The plan of attack was discussed, and it was decided that General Pickett should lead the assaulting column, to be supported by the divisions of McLaws and Hood and such other force as A. P. Hill could spare from his command. It is stated by the same authority that the only objection offered was by General Longstreet, who remarked that the guns on Round Top might be brought to bear on his right. This objection was answered by General Long, who stated the guns on Round Top could be suppressed by the Confederate batteries. This point being settled, the attack was ordered, and General Longstreet was directed to carry it out. As Pickett's Division was fresh, having taken no part in the previous day's fight, to these veterans was given the post of honor in the approaching action, which promised to be a desperate and terrible one.

Col. Walter H. Taylor ("Four Years with General Lee") states that the mode of attack and the troops to make it were thoroughly debated. He understood the arrangement to be that General Longstreet should endeavor to force the enemy's lines in his front. That, in addition to the divisions of Hood and McLaws, Pickett's was then up, fresh and available. Heth's Division of Hill's Corps, was also mentioned as available, having in great measure recuperated since its active engagement of the first day; so also were the brigades of Lane

and Scales, of Pender's Division, Hill's Corps; the Confederate extreme right was comparatively safe, being well posted and not threatened, and one of the divisions of Hood and McLaws, and the greater portion of the other, could be moved out of the lines and be made to take part in the attack. "Indeed, it was designed originally that the two divisions last named, reinforced by Pickett, should make the attack; and it was only because of the apprehension of General Longstreet that his corps was not strong enough for the movement that Hill was called on to reinforce him.

Orders were sent to Hill to place Heth's Division and two brigades of Pender's Division at General Longstreet's disposal, and be prepared to give him further assistance if requested. The assault was to have been made with a column of not less than two divisions, and the remaining divisions were to have been moved in support of those in advance. Colonel Taylor confirms General Long's statement with reference to the use of the divisions of Hood and McLaws, in the column of proposed attack.

Hill, who was present at the field conference, seems to have imbibed the same conclusions, as he says: "I was directed to hold my line with Anderson's Division and half of Pender's, now commanded by General Lane, and to order Heth's Division, commanded by Pettigrew, and Lane's and Scales's brigades, of Pender's Division, to report to Lieutenant General Longstreet as support to his corps in the assault on the enemy's lines. As the troops were fling off to their positions, Major General Trimble reported to me for the command of Pender's Division, and took command of the two brigades destined to take part in the assault." This is an extract from Hill's official report of the work of his corps in the Pennsylvania campaign, and is shown to have been prepared in November, 1863, hence it cannot be charged that what he said was an afterthought.

Maj. C. S. Venable, of General Lee's staff, who was also present at the field conference on the morning of the 3rd, confirms the statements of Long, Taylor and Hill as to the proposed use of Hood's and McLaws's divisions in the proposed assault on that date. Gen. Henry Heth, who is also shown to have been present at the morning conference on the field, July 3rd, made two reports on the work of his division during the Pennsylvania campaign, both of which are available to this writer; the first is dated September 13, 1863, and covers the events of the 1st of July, the first day's battle. In this battle he was wounded and was succeeded by Brigadier General Pettigrew. Heth's second report is dated October 3, 1863, and covers the evening of the 13th of July, when his division was on duty in front of the Federal army at Falling Waters, and ends with its withdrawal to the Virginia side of the Potomac River, July 14. Thus a gap exists between the 1st of July to the evening of the 13th. If General Heth has subsequently placed his recollections of the facts, developed by that conference, in tangible form, it has not been the fortune of this writer to inspect it.

In his report, dated July 27, 1863, General Longstreet says: "On the following morning (July 3), arrangements were made for renewing the attack by my right, with a view to pass around the hill occupied by the enemy, on his left, and to gain it by flank and reverse attack." This, he thought would be a slow process, but not very difficult. After his orders for the execution of this plan were issued, General Lee joined him and ordered a column of attack to be formed of Pickett's, Heth's, and part of Pender's divisions, the assault to be made directly at the main position, the Cemetery Hill. He states the distance to be passed over, under the fire of the enemy's batteries and in plain view, seemed too great to insure great

results, particularly as two-thirds of the troops to be engaged in the assault had been in a severe battle two or three days previous, Pickett's Division alone being fresh.

In this statement it should be noted that Longstreet confirms that part of General Long's statement as to the objective point at which the assault should be directed, but materially fails to agree with him in the troops which should compose the assaulting column, as the divisions of Hood and McLaws are not mentioned. To add to the complication, General Lee does not seem to have attempted to make a correction of Longstreet on this apparent omission. Longstreet further reports that, about 2 P.M., General Pickett, who had been charged with the duty of arranging the lines behind the Confederate batteries, reported that the troops were in order and on the most sheltered ground.

Writing of these events more than twenty years later ("Battles and Leaders of the Civil War"), General Longstreet said the morning of the 3rd broke clear and indicated a day on which operations would not be interrupted by the elements; that the positions held by the two opposing armies were practically the same as the previous day. That the position of the Federals was quite strong, and the battle of the 2nd had concentrated them, so that he considered an attack from the front more hazardous than the battle of the previous day. That he was disappointed when General Lee reached him, on the morning of the 3rd, and directed that he should renew the attack against Cemetery Hill, probably the strongest point of the Federal line. For that purpose he had already ordered up Pickett's Division. That he indicated to General Lee that he, Longstreet, was much inclined to think the best thing was to move to the Federal left.

That Lee said: "No, I am going to take them where they are, on Cemetery Hill. I want you to take Pickett's Division and make the attack. I will therefore reinforce you by two divisions (Heth's under Pettigrew, and Pender's under Trimble) of the Third Corps."

Longstreet replied, "That will give me fifteen thousand men. I have been a soldier, I may say, from the ranks up to the position I now hold. I have been in pretty much all kinds of skirmishes, from those of two or three soldiers up to an army corps, and I think I can safely say there never was a body of fifteen thousand men who could make that attack successfully."

He further states that General Lee seemed a little impatient at his remarks, and he said nothing more. As General Lee showed no disposition to change his plan, Longstreet proceeded at once to arrange his troops for the attack. Pickett was put in position and received directions for the line of his advance as indicated by General Lee. The divisions of the Third Corps were arranged along his left with orders to take up the line of march, as Pickett passed before them, in short echelon. Pickett's advance was to begin when the Confederate batteries succeeded in silencing the Federal batteries. As soon as his orders were communicated along the line, Longstreet directed Colonel Alexander (who commanded a battalion of artillery and who had been an engineer officer) to carefully select a point from which he could observe the effect of the fire of the Confederate batteries. He was to give notice to General Pickett when he discovered the Federal batteries silenced or crippled, and Pickett was ordered, on receipt of such notice, to move forward to the attack.

Colonel Taylor confirms Longstreet's statement that he proceeded at once to make the dispositions for attack, and states further that General Lee rode along the portion of the line held by Hill's Corps, and finally took position about the

Confederate center, on the elevated point, from which he could survey the field and watch the result of the movement.

General Long says the preparations for the attack were completed and the signal for battle given about twelve o'clock. Brigadier General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery for the Army of Northern Virginia, states "about 1 P.M., on the concerted signal," the Confederate guns, "nearly one hundred and fifty, opened fire along the entire line from right to left." Longstreet states everything was in readiness about 1 P.M. The weight of evidence points to 1 P.M. as the hour, or near hour, and the signal for beginning the advance by the assaulting column was two cannon shots fired in quick succession by the 3rd Company, Washington Artillery, commanded by Capt. M. B. Miller.

General Long stated that the signal for battle was immediately followed by the concentrated fire of all the Confederate artillery on Cemetery Hill, which was promptly responded to by the powerful Federal batteries. Then ensued one of the most tremendous artillery engagements ever witnessed on an open field. The hills shook and quivered beneath the thunder of two hundred and twenty-five guns, as if they were about to be torn by some powerful convulsion. For more than an hour this fierce artillery conflict continued, when the Federal guns began to slacken their fire under the heavy blows of the Confederate batteries, and ere long sank into silence, an example which was followed by the Confederates.

Longstreet says the signal guns broke the prevailing stillness, and immediately one hundred and fifty Confederate cannon burst into a deafening roar, which was answered by a thunder almost as great from the Federal side. The great artillery combat proceeded. The thunder on Seminary Ridge, and the echo from the Federal side, showed that both commanders were ready.

Longstreet concluded that the Confederate fire was less effective than was anticipated, and sent word to Colonel Alexander that unless he could do something more he would not feel warranted in ordering the troops forward. After a little, some of the Federal batteries ceased firing, and Colonel Alexander thought the most suitable time had come. Sending word to Pickett, that officer rode to Longstreet's headquarters and asked if the time for his advance had come. Longstreet states that he was convinced that Pickett would be leading his troops to needless slaughter, and did not speak. Pickett repeated the question and, without opening his lips, Longstreet bowed his answer. In a determined voice Pickett said, "Sir, I shall lead my division forward," and rode back to his command.

Col. Walter H. Taylor states that after a heavy artillery fire along the entire line, and at a given signal, the movement began, but the plan agreed on was not carried out. The only troops that participated in the attack were the divisions of Pickett (First Corps) and Heth (Third Corps), the latter, since the wounding of Heth, commanded by General Pettigrew, and the brigades of Lane, Scales, and Wilcox. The two divisions were formed in advance, the three brigades as their support. The divisions of Hood and McLaws (First Corps) were passive spectators of the movement.

Colonel Taylor further states that, to one who observed the charge, it appeared that Pettigrew's line was not a continuation of that of Pickett; but that it advanced in echelon. It seems there was some confusion in the forming of the troops, for Capt. Louis G. Young, of Pettigrew's staff, says: "On the morning of the 3rd of July, General Pettigrew, commanding Heth's Division, was instructed to report to General Longstreet, who directed him to form *in the rear* of Pickett's Division and support his advance on Cemetery Hill, which

would be commenced as soon as the fire from our artillery should have driven the enemy from his guns and prepared the way for attack. And I presume that it was in consequence of this having been the first plan settled on that the erroneous report was circulated that Heth's Division was assigned to the duty of supporting that of Pickett. But the order referred to was countermanded almost as soon as given, and General Pettigrew was instructed to advance *upon the same line* with Pickett, a portion of Pender's Division acting as support." When the firing ceased, General Long states that a deathlike stillness reigned over the field, and each army remained in breathless expectation of something yet to come still more dreadful. In a few moments the attacking column, consisting of Pickett's Division, supported on the left by that of Heth, commanded by Pettigrew, and on the right by Wilcox's Brigade of Anderson's Division, appeared from behind the ridge, and, sweeping over the crest, descended into the depression that separated the two armies. The enemy for a moment seemed lost in admiration of the gallant array, as it advanced with the steadiness and precision of a review. Their batteries then opened upon it a spasmodic fire, as if recovering from a stunning blow. The force that moved to the attack numbered about 15,000 men. It had a terrible duty to perform. The distance which it was obliged to traverse was more than a half mile in width, and this in an open plain in full front of the enemy, who thickly crowded the crest of the ridge, and within easy range of their artillery."

The survivors of both armies who participated in, or were in hearing of, the thunder of the guns which preceded the attack on the 3rd of July received such deep impressions of its grandeur that I am sure they have never lost them. Grand, august, imposing, sublime, consummate, majestic, impressive, etc., are too puny to express a just conception of its magnitude. Soldiers who had participated in scores, perhaps in hundreds of previous actions, had heard no such din prior to that action.

The long-range guns only of Carter's Battalion were engaged in that bombardment, and, as these had to fire over the heads of the Confederate line of battle, their fire was confined to solid shot to minimize the danger to friends. As Reese's Battery (Jeff Davis) consisted of four 3-inch rifles, all its guns engaged in the action. It was in this action that the first shots were fired by the battalion since its active work on the 1st of July.

BEHIND THE LINES: THE ACHIEVEMENTS AND PRIVATIONS OF THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

(Essay by Miss Marion Salley, of South Carolina, which won the Rose Loving Cup at Washington convention U. D. C., 1923.)

When, in that memorable spring of 1861, the tocsin of war rang throughout the South, summoning brave men to fight, it sounded also for the daughters of the South, bidding them put on the breastplate of endurance and stirring them with enthusiasm for the cause.

The early companies volunteered and enrolled with no little ostentation, all having fancy names and flags probably presented by the ladies of the community. Then war appeared to youth as some great pageant, and soldier boys departed confident that the war would soon be over. But the mothers were wiser than they, and one expressed the sentiment of many when she wrote: "We are very weak in resources, but strong in stout hearts, zeal for the cause, and enthusiastic devotion to our beloved South. We must do what we can for the comfort of our brave men. We must sew

for them, knit for them, nurse the sick, keep up the faint-hearted. There is much for us to do, and we must do it. The embattled hosts of the North have the whole world from which to draw their supplies, but, if our ports are blockaded, we shall indeed be dependent upon our exertions, and great must those exertions be."

And heart, body, and soul the women enlisted in the cause; heart, body, and soul they remained in it until the curtain was rung down upon the last sad scene in the drama. They sent fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons to the bloody scenes of battle. They laid the very nearest and dearest of their heart treasures upon their country's altar, and most of them at home encountered fiercer conflicts than those enacted upon the fields of carnage, enduring pain, hardship, and suffering which would have made even men's hearts quail. Abused, insulted, often driven to the very verge of desperation, their loyalty never wavered, nor could their fond belief in the righteousness of what they called the "glorious cause" be shaken.

Never had a country gone to war more poorly prepared, but never were a people more unselfish in their devotion. Women vied with each other in giving. "Soldiers' Relief Associations" were soon organized and company after company equipped with uniforms made by the ladies.

War became stern reality. The government could poorly provide food, clothing, and ammunition, and then it was that woman's wit was tested. Spinning wheels, looms, and dye pots were soon brought into requisition. Wool of home production was speedily converted into soldiers' garments. Later on, when the wants and privations of the army grew more pressing, Southern homes withheld nothing that could add to the soldiers' comfort. Every available fragment of material was turned into some useful article. After the stores of blankets in each home had been cheerfully given, carpets were utilized in their stead and wool mattresses ripped open and woven into covering and clothing. Bits of wool scraps, left from former garments, were unravelled, carded, mixed with cotton, spun, and knitted into socks. And how the women did knit! One sock, two socks, even three socks were turned off the needles daily by experts.

In a small room in Columbia, S. C., early in the war, the first Wayside Hospital was founded, and during the great conflict seventy-five thousand soldiers were relieved by having their wounds dressed, their ailments attended, and very frequently being clothed, through the untiring efforts of a few patriotic ladies. From this little nucleus spread the great system of "Wayside Hospitals" throughout the South.

Because they sacrificed all to Confederate hospitals, Mrs. Ella Trader, the "Florence Nightingale of the South," and "Captain" Sally Tompkins spent their last days in poverty. The former organized hospitals in four States, gave carloads of supplies, the services of her servants, and herself worked from four o'clock in the morning until twelve at night to relieve suffering which defied description in horror and hopelessness. The latter, after the Confederate government had taken over private hospitals, was granted the commission of captain and allowed to maintain her own hospital, and there she cared for thirteen hundred wounded soldiers.

Cultured Southern women who had never known suffering and horror volunteered as nurses and matrons in hospitals. Every private home had its quota of sufferers, and the "spare bedroom" was never empty save when given an airing for a new occupant. Scraping lint and making bandages for the hospitals was a favorite pastime.

It was a woman who realized the value of fresh air and raised the windows in an overcrowded hospital where odors

had become intolerable, and, when the occupants breathed a sigh of relief, the male attendants confessed that opening windows had not occurred to them! Another, when she found the patients complaining of the only article of diet—soup made from dried, worm-eaten peas—ate a bowl of the soup in their presence and assured them that the soup was nourishing and the worms harmless!

After the battles, numbers of women would arrive to give aid and comfort to the wounded left on the fields. On such an occasion, Miss Tillie Russell, of Virginia, sat all through one night, holding a sleeping soldier and thereby saving his life.

Like Rizpah of old, two young girls, finding that one of their neighbors had been shot as a spy and his body left tied to a tree, guarded the body for two days and nights, keeping off hideous vultures hovering near. On the third day relief came, the body was cut down and "given sepulcher with kindred dust."

In a beautiful little Florida town a surprise attack occurred, and the old men and boys of the "home guard" were all killed or taken prisoners. Numbers of dead bodies were left in yards and gardens, and no men were there to bury the dead save one or two very old ones. And so mothers laid out their dead sons, sisters helped dig graves, and wives and young sons made coffins.

Writers love to exploit the traditionary stories of the rides of Revolutionary heroines, but how many tell the true story of Roberta Pollock's ride and warning to Mosby's men? Or of Emma Sansom, who guided General Forrest to a "lost ford," over which he could cross the stream without being detected by the enemy? Or, again, of a Georgia girl who rode through the storm of a winter's night many miles to give information to the Confederates that Sherman was on his way to Atlanta?

School histories lay great stress on the story of Molly Pitcher, of New England, who took her husband's place in battle during the Revolution, but never a word is said of Betsy Sullivan, of Tennessee, or Lucinda Horne, of South Carolina, or Betty Taylor Phillips, of Kentucky, who went to war with their husbands in the sixties and endured every hardship suffered by the men.

Individual deeds of daring and endurance by the Southern women may be given almost indefinitely, for where heart-stirring are involved, women will always do and dare!

Some endured the horrors of prison life. Mrs. William Kirby, of Louisiana, for smuggling arms and ammunition, was made to serve in close confinement on Ship Island, guarded by negro soldiers; Mrs. Elizabeth Duckett, of Maryland, was imprisoned "because she could not help being a Rebel," and after her release interceded with Lincoln and saved her brother's life; Mrs. Margaret McLure, of St. Louis, with some of the loveliest women of Missouri, was first imprisoned at home and later banished under guard to Memphis. A Federal officer, seeing these, exclaimed: "If this is what they are making war on, God help us!"

When Dan Emmett wrote his famous song beginning,

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
'Simmon seed an' sandy bottom"—

he little thought that, within a few years, persimmon seed would be used for dress buttons. For while all women were rivals in giving to the soldiers, there were needs at home too urgent to be disregarded. Women soon learned that necessity is the mother of invention, and the story of their ingenuity is one of the wonders of the ages. As time went on, clothing supplies rapidly diminished and, with even calico

at eight dollars a yard, new things were out of the question, so the contents of old trunks were brought out and utilized, old material unravelled out and made over, and "the click of the shuttle was heard in the loom for each click of the trigger in fight." Hats, gloves, and shoes were made at home, and proudly was worn the homespun dress. Wherever ladies gathered, new processes of dyeing were discussed, and one clever one composed a parody beginning:

"I am dyeing, Hessie, dyeing,
Boils the kettle hot and fast,
With the bark of plum and walnut,
Gathered in the days long past."

Through the diaries of these women the sunshine of wit sparkles like a thread of gold through a darker background. Fashion, ever uppermost in woman's mind, found its way into Southern homes, and Fashion distinctly tabooed anything dyed dark blue! Word came that bonnets were to be larger in front, and "Immediately," writes one, "Southern girls began to build vestibules to their bonnets." Next, there came a dim, mysterious whisper through the blockade that bonnets were larger behind, "and feminine activities turned in that direction and sheds were added to the rear."

In those days of self-denial there were wonderful developments in the cuisine. Raspberry leaves were used for tea. Persimmons and hickory nuts formed favorite ingredients for fruit cake. Peanuts, parched okra, and sweet potatoes made coffee, "Long sweetening" of sorghum syrup took the place of sugar, while floors of smokehouses were dug up for salt, and soda substitutes made from cob ashes.

Many a Southern woman who, before the war, never thought of traveling alone, braved the uncertain ways of railroads and the rough company on trains in order to be as near as possible to her husband in camp. But, above all, the Southern woman.

"... battled with Famine and Want
Where Pillage and Plunder preside at the board.
And the specters of Poverty haunt
The fireside."

And they, who had suffered hardships, buoyed up in the hope of success which never came, finally faced the vandal and the despoiler.

In the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, Sheridan's men so devastated the land that a "crow flying over it would have to carry his rations with him," while, in South Carolina and Georgia, hundreds of chimneys, "Sherman's sentinels," told their tale. Mothers with babes in arms, toddling children, young girls, and old men and women bent with age were rendered homeless and destitute; and, hardest of all for the women to bear, was the suffering of their children.

But even through those experiences, Southern women stood up with a fortitude that has no parallel in history. Hiding their most valued possessions, bearing insulting remarks with dignity, standing by each other and sharing what food they could get, if only a few scattered grains of corn, they came to the bitter end unashamed, and unafraid.

Many, when they heard of the invader's approach, fled for refuge, only to be met by another wing of the army. At the time the downfall of Jerusalem was foretold, it was said, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter;" but this was what happened in the South. Through bitter cold and rain they went until somewhere, somehow, they found shelter.

"And so, when the harvest of souls shall appear and the Reaper shall gather the grain,
And the Angel shall shout, 'Resurrection' for those who have died and were slain,

A million of women who fought this same fight shall ascend
through the blossoming sod
And go up through the lilies that bloom over them to live
on as the lilies of God."

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHTING AT AIKEN, S. C.

BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

In February, 1865, Wheeler's and Kilpatrick's cavalry commands were in almost daily combat, and on the 11th General Wheeler played a little game of strategy on General Kilpatrick to draw him away from the infantry. Wheeler arranged to have his men concealed in the thick woods near and around the town of Aiken. Then a small force was to go out, make the attack on Kilpatrick's command, and figure a retreat, which was well conducted up to this time. When the Yankees had gotten well into the town, Wheeler's men were to charge upon them from the woods; and in a few minutes there was a real mix up of Yankees and Confederates, fighting with guns, sabers, and pistols.

At the front, where our company started, there was a large cypress pond, and in getting by it, I, with one other member of our company, was forced to the left, and when we reached the opposite side of the pond we were directly in front of a mounted company formed in line of battle.

We were riding parallel to their line, and while in that position this mounted company was firing at us at a distance of twenty-five yards. My comrade was an arm's length on my right, and received a shot in his right side which passed through his body and only a few inches in front of me. The poor fellow cried, "I am shot," and insisted on my getting down to help him off his horse while we were in front of that company of soldiers and they shooting at us with pistols as rapidly as they could fire. Turning my horse about, I told my man to follow, and took him to a place where he would not be exposed so much, helped him off of his horse, spread down his blanket, and made him as comfortable as I could, and then left him to take my place with the company. This wounded soldier was Buck Busby, a young man of about twenty-one years. He was sent to the hospital and died that night.

As I look back at our perilous position and my escape without a scratch, it seems little less than a miracle. My comrade and I were the only men in front of a company of twenty-five or thirty men, and they were firing at us as they would at a target.

In that mix up of Confederates and Federals, a member of our company by the name of Motes was captured, and as the Yankee was taking him away, Motes whipped out his gun, which was concealed under the blanket that he wore over his shoulders, shot and killed him, and made his escape. On Motes's return to his company, he told his experience, but the boys would not believe it, as he did not always confine his statements strictly to the truth. But Motes affirmed that he was telling the truth this time, and "I will prove it," he said, and when we got to a certain place we found it even as he said. He seemed to grieve over the killing.

Before this fight was brought on, Captain Brazier, of the 10th Confederate Cavalry Regiment, was out on picket duty, and about fifteen men with him. On his way back to his command he went into a farmhouse to get breakfast, leaving some of his men at the gate on watch. But before he got his breakfast, a squad of Yankee cavalry dashed up and cut the captain off from his horse. His men made their escape and reported Captain Brazier captured, with two or three men

However, after a while Captain Brazier and his men came up on foot. The officers and men of his regiment gave him a hearty greeting and congratulated him on his fortunate escape. But he was still mad and anxious to go into the charge. He was furnished a horse and everything being ready to receive the Yankee cavalry, which came charging into the town about this time, Wheeler's men met them in charge after charge and the fight was on in a real mix up.

Captain Brazier crossed sabers with a Federal officer and slew his man. The enemy was defeated and began a retreat, and there was a running fight between Wheeler's and Kilpatrick's men for five miles, when the latter were driven back to their entrenched infantry. When the thing was over, Captain Brazier had the marks of five bullets in his clothing, but was unhurt. Captain Brazier was a very quiet man, kind to his men, but a brave officer. During the fight, General Wheeler captured colors, prisoners, horses, and arms, besides killing and wounding many, saved Aiken and Grantsville and Augusta from capture.

If Captain Brazier is still living, I would like to hear from him or any comrade who was in that fight.

THE BOY GUNNERS OF LEE.

BY MRS. NANCY NORTH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The *Field Artillery Journal*, of the July-August edition of 1923, contains a most interesting article by Jennings C. Wise, Lieutenant Colonel of the Field Artillery, O. R. C., entitled "The Boy Gunners of Lee," in which are recounted many striking instances illustrating the manner in which the gunners defended themselves against both infantry and cavalry (a Confederate gun, ordinarily, was not captured until actually taken possession of by the enemy and withdrawn from the field). The defensive ability of the soldier was most remarkable, and on many occasions they were known to save their guns with their sponge and rammer staffs. There were so many deeds of exceptional nature performed by them that it would almost seem invidious to mention some without referring to others, but, in this instance, we can take up only a few of these notable exploits.

History has never presented in the fullness which they merit the heroic deeds and daring of the boy gunners of General Lee, prominent among whom was Col. W. T. Poague, commander of the Rockbridge Artillery, who followed the fortunes of Jackson in the Valley to Sharpsburg and to Chancellorsville and made the unparalleled march through rain, mud, and snow by which he brought his command to the field of Fredericksburg. All these exploits were superb, but it was in the somber Wilderness of Spotsylvania that Poague loomed up preëminent against the sky of Southern valor. Though his unsurpassed heroism in the Battle of the Wilderness was passed over by the contemporary historian, not so by General Lee, for one year afterwards, when dangers beset his army and all seemed lost, it was the gallant Poague that Lee called upon at Appomattox to lead the way for the remnant through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death!" "No heroism could transcend the limits of the soul of this great commander," so affectionately referred to by Colonel Wise, the writer, who knew him well while serving during the two years before General Lee's death, as an officer of the Virginia Military Institute.

An extraordinary incident which may be cited to illustrate the fortitude of Lee's gunners occurred in the battle of Malvern Hill. A cannoner in Stribbling's Fauquier Battery, named Joe Kendall, a plain country lad, lost one of his arms, and in the excitement of the conflict was permitted, upon his insistent

request, to hold with his one hand a number of loose horses, which had been left under cover. "At least I can do that much," he urged. Soon his lifeless body was found lying at the feet of the horses, the bridle reins of which were gripped in his stiffened hand. Kendall had bled to death, but remained faithful to his charge even after death. It was in honor of this humble but heroic private soldier that the Camp of Confederate veterans of his home county Fauquier, was named—Joe Kendall Camp, Warrenton, Va.

Perhaps the finest artillery maneuver on the field of battle known to Lee's army was the charge of Alexander's Battalion of six batteries across the field of Gettysburg, from its original position to the Peach Orchard, when that position was seized by the Confederates. It is probable that no more superb feat was ever performed by so large a body of artillery on the battle field under fire. For five hundred yards the foaming horses dashed forward, fairly bounding over the fields, every officer and noncommissioned officer riding at his post. Not a team fell or swerved from the line except those which were struck by the blizzard of Federal shell hurled upon them by fifty guns. Most of the enemy's projectiles overshot their mark, and, as the great line of twenty-four guns and over four hundred animals reached the position abandoned by the enemy, "action front" was executed as if by a single battery, and Alexander's Battalion went into action. There had never been such a perfect maneuver even at the United States Military Academy, where he had formerly served as instructor of artillery. Truly might Mars have looked down with delight from his Olympic seat upon the fine arena of Gettysburg, for never in this world had such a warlike scene been set before. Surely there was glory enough for any soldier to be found at the head of the command he led across the fields into action, in front of the Little Round Top and under the eyes of one thousand men and ample reward, too, for on that momentous day the young Georgian, at the age of twenty-six, won the star of an artillery brigadier!

One more incident in connection with Alexander's Battalion should be recounted. While Taylor's (or Eubanks') old battery was charging with the battalion, Corp. Joseph T. V. Lantz was struck from his limber by a shell, which broke his legs above the knees, and he soon died. To one of his comrades who came to his aid, he said: "You can do me no good; I am dying. Follow your piece!" Nearby lay the lifeless body of a young cadet, Hill Carter Eubank, who, only a few days before, left the Virginia Military Institute to serve with the guns of his father's old battery. Of such caliber were the enlisted men in Lee's artillery.

Though most of the officers mentioned were men of aristocratic birth, it must not be thought that a democratic spirit did not prevail among the commissioned personnel of Lee's artillery. One of the most respected field officers in the artillery corps was Joseph McGraw, a teamster of Irish blood, aged twenty, who rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel. This remarkable officer was discovered by Pegram, in whose original battery (Purcell) he enlisted, and was rapidly advanced by him through the lower grades. He was a young man of powerful frame and exceptional ability to command men, his courage proverbial. While sitting on his horse at Spotsylvania, a solid shot tore away his left arm, leaving only a stump in the shoulder socket; and when his subordinates paused to proffer him assistance, he cried out in unshaken tones, "Don't mind me, men; I'm all right. Give 'em hell!" and then fell forward from his saddle without a flinch or a cry of pain. Upon regaining consciousness, Major McGraw refused to receive the usual anæsthetics, and, exercising the prerogative of his authority as senior officer to the surgeon in attendance upon

him, commanded the latter to remove the shattered stump of his arm, which was done without eliciting a groan from the patient or a blink from his marvelous blue eyes, while he quietly puffed away at his pipe, remarking: "I reckon I'll be off duty thirty days." Not long after this, Colonel Pegram, while sitting in his tent at Petersburg, heard a mounted man approaching, contrary to his orders against such reckless exposure in the trenches. McGraw rode up to the tent, calmly saluted with his right hand, and reported: "Sir, Major Joseph McGraw returns to duty!" Just before the withdrawal of the army from Petersburg, he was again promoted and placed in command of twenty-four guns. On the retreat, he jocularly remarked that he held the unprecedented record of having lost twenty-three guns in twenty-four days—his guns, without horses, having been left in the trenches.

Col. Thomas Henry Carter, with his battalion operating against the enemy's shipping about City Point, preyed with great effect upon the Federal gunboats, and his men, equally skillful as gunners, cavalry scouts, or infantry patrols, fought according to the circumstances. Such service for field artillery was unprecedented. Verily, Carter was the Marion of the artillery. It is said, as he sat crossed-legged upon his saddle in the midst of the guns at Seven Pines, while the hostile shells rained down upon his battery, Gen. D. H. Hill, of iron nerve and noted for his rugged speech, rode up to Carter, saluted him, and declared that he would rather be the captain of the King William Artillery on that day than President of the Confederacy. "Old Raw Hide," as Hill was dubbed by his men, was not given to pretty speeches. Carter, like many of his compeers, was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. He was a kinsman of Lee, and it was to his home that the great general repaired immediately after Appomattox. His daughter married Capt. Robert E. Lee, Jr., with whose conduct at Sharpsburg we are familiar. Upon the arrival of General Lee at "Pampatike" (Carter's home), whither he hastened from Appomattox to find in that secluded retreat a brief refuge from the world, nothing more touching could be pictured than the greeting that there awaited him—the outstretched hand of Carter firmly clasping that of his immortal commander as the great soldier dismounted and ascended the shattered portico of Carter's wrecked but still hospitable home. And the two gray-clad, silent warriors, with bowed heads and firmly compressed lips, entered the darkened doorway, where the beautiful mistress of "Pampatike" greeted them with tearful welcome. No words were uttered as the door closed behind them, and, if uttered it would have been a mockery at that moment. And so let us avert our eyes from the sacred scene, leaving the great General there in the home of the veteran gunner who, like his comrades, had served him so faithfully for four long years—leave them there alone with "Sue Roy," typifying as she did the heroism of Southern womanhood—leave them there in the peace which has come to them all at last.

It is not of Lee and his gunners alone should we write, but also of those mute warrior steeds which, from the surrender at Appomattox exchanged the gun for the plow and harrow. Who can tell the emotions of Lee's gallant gunners when they struck the plowshare of peace into the soil of their native fields? And did not the dumb patience of the faithful brutes bearing like themselves the wounds and scars of battle, hold for these gunners a lesson of fortitude and impress upon them the fact, as they gently stroked the muzzles of the faithful steeds, that together the old war horse and the veteran must labor on for the salvation of the Southland?

LAST WORK OF WHEELER'S SPECIAL CONFEDERATE SCOUTS.

BY EDWARD KENNEDY, CENTERVILLE, ALA.

On the night of April 17, 1865, Sherman's Cavalry was encamped between Lincolnton and Rutherfordton, N. C. Quite a while before this date, General Wheeler, knowing from the past work of Lieut. H. C. Reynolds (Company I, 51st Alabama Regiment) that he was fully capacitated for scout work, ordered him to select fourteen men from the 51st Alabama and report at his quarters, there to meet Capt. A. M. Shannon, of the 8th Texas, and Lieutenant Wilson, of the 11th Texas, with about twenty selected men, and organize as Special Scouts, subject to orders of General Wheeler only. They were to operate daily in small squads, some remaining in camp for case of emergency. Their work was so successfully done that the enmity of our foes was aroused to where they charged us with murdering all prisoners after they had surrendered.

Prisoners in our hands told us that their officers had read out to their men such accusatory papers, and these statements were sustained by a complaint sent in by General Kilpatrick on the 22nd of April, and said complaint is to be seen on page 436 in DuBose's book on "Gen. Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee." A prompt reply was given to General Kilpatrick's paper, and two prisoners readily signed it.

This complaint was based on work done the day before (21st) by nine members of the scouts, five Alabama and four Texas boys, Lieut. H. C. Reynolds in command.

They had three engagements that day, in the first of which two were killed; in the second, ten killed; one captured, and one wounded and captured, one of his crowd escaped; third engagement, one captured, one killed, several escaped. Total, sixteen, yet the complaint stated their loss as eighteen with two throats cut.

We knew nothing of such an act. Pistols were the only weapons used by the scouts. Several days after this correspondence General Wheeler met Kilpatrick to discuss the question of exchanging prisoners, as General Kilpatrick often arrested old citizens and dumped them in with war prisoners to tramp the road with the horses.

Captain Shannon was one of the party accompanying General Wheeler, and just before the discussion closed General Kilpatrick said: "If a member of your scouts ever falls into my hands, I intend to have him publicly executed. They are virtually fighting under the black flag, therefore, not entitled to the rights of regular prisoners of war."

General Wheeler replied that he would like to know if he executed anyone.

General Kilpatrick said he would let him know, and Captain Shannon then said: "General Kilpatrick, you will have to capture before you can execute, and you have never been able to do that yet; but should you, and execute, I assure you that you will find you have paid dearly for your revenge."

On April 15, 1865, the scouts learned through General Wheeler that the surrender of General Johnston to General Sherman was inevitable. They then consulted and unanimously decided: "No surrender; disband, and in small squads strike for home, and later we probably can reassemble west of the Mississippi River with Gen. E. Kirby Smith."

Therefore, soon after dawn the next morning (Sunday, April 16, 1865), the Alabama boys bade their Texan comrades good-by and started for Alabama.

During the day we met several squads of Confederates going in to be with their commands at the surrender. They earnestly urged us to go back, warned us of the dangerous undertaking, telling of the Federal forces guarding every road to prevent the escape of any Confederate.

We moved on, reached the Catawba river just before night, and found a Federal picket on duty at the ford. We inquired of a citizen living nearby if there was another point on the river where we could cross. He said there was not. We then asked if he knew of a skiff on the river. He had one. We then asked as to the banks, if we could get our horses into and out of the river. In his field the banks were open but steep, on opposite side also steep; that many years back an excavation was made for a ferry, long since abandoned; trees were growing in the roadway.

The skiff was secured, the excavated point located, and a small light made to designate landing.

The crossing now ready, two horses were led up, pushed down the sand bluff, one on either side of the skiff, taken up the river some little distance so as to make safe landing at a designated point, and in this way all crossed in fairly good condition, mounted and, going through the woods for a mile or more, we reached the road leading into Lincolnton, arriving there about sunrise, and there got breakfast and forage for our horses, all of which was very much needed.

The mother of one of our men (J. H. Robinson, of Selma, Ala.) lived four or five miles out from that town, and he asked that we go a mile or so out to a point he knew, where a picket could be placed on a hill top so as to see all passing the road, while men and horses could rest behind the hill and he visit his mother and return after noon.

After his return, we mounted, moved on, and soon found fresh horse tracks in the road in front of a residence, and learned that a squad of Federal cavalry had been there and said they were looking for a squad of rebs somewhere in that section. Did they find them? They said they had not and were going to quit hunting them and try to catch up with their command, which had gone on.

During a few months previous, the work of the scouts had severely tested the durability of their horses, and there were three or four so much jaded that it was uncertain that they could hold out to make the six or seven hundred mile journey confronting them if not relieved of their burden, their riders. Loath to abandon the steeds that had so faithfully carried them into and out of so many dreadful encounters, a remount from the Federal camp was decided on. Reaching the camp soon after night, the first thing done was to locate the picket, then, waiting for all camp fires to burn low and all men quiet in their first and longest nap, the two camp pickets were taken charge of, and the camp was entered by two men, selecting one horse each. This trip was successfully made.

The next two men to go were Lieut. H. C. Reynolds and Jack Clark, with the same orders as to one horse each. Clark found two and, not being able to decide which to take, he took both. With the two going through the bushes, he made a noise that aroused the Federal camp guard, who was crouched over his low-burned camp fire. Just at that time Reynolds and his horse was between Clark and the camp guard and quite near the guard, and thereby became the accosted man. Clark went on with his two horses; reaching his waiting squad, he was asked: "Where is Reynolds?" "I left him down in the camp." "Captured?" "No, he and the camp guard were quarreling as to ownership of an old horse. I guess he will soon come on."

As the guard walked up to Reynolds he asked: "What are you doing with that horse?" Reynolds said: "My horse got loose, and I'm going to tie him." The guard retorted: "It's not yours, it belongs to Company --," and took hold of the halter. Reynolds then told him not to talk so loud. "I'll talk as loud as I please." "You don't know whom you are talking to; I'm one of the rebel scouts." That somewhat unnerved the

guard, so he lowered his voice and quite a lengthy discussion ensued.

Reynolds told the guard he would have to go out with him, but the guard said he could not, "because you will kill me if I go." Reynolds said: "No I'll not, but will have to if you don't go, because my life depends on my taking you out, and I'll turn you loose as soon as my safety will admit of your release."

The guard asked permission to go back to his camp fire, promising to remain mum till the camp arose the next morning. His request being denied, he then asked Reynolds if he was a Church member and a Mason. Reynolds said he was. The guard then asked: "Do you promise me upon your honor as a gentleman, Christian, and Mason that if I go out with you that you will turn me loose as soon as your safety will permit of it, unhurt?" Reynolds said: "I do." The guard then said, "give me your hand." Reynolds said: "I can't change the position of my right hand (pistol in it), but will give my left." The Federal reached for the left, then said: "I'm subject to your orders." Reynolds pointed the way out, and soon joined his waiting squad, accompanied by prisoner and horse.

The night now being far spent, the scouts with their three prisoners and seven horses added, mounted and continued their homeward journey; and next morning, just at sun rise, they halted and told the prisoners to dismount, get in the center of the road, keep out of all horse lots and dwellings, and probably by that hour next morning they would be in their comrades' camp. As they moved off down the road in a "turkey trot," a shot or two was fired in their rear (aimed so as to do no personal injury) to increase their speed.

Thus the laborious and hazardous work of the Alabama boys of General Wheeler's Special Scouts was ended April 18, 1865; and this is shown when, where, and to whom the last soldier of General Sherman's army surrendered.

THE SOUTHERN FLAG.

Here lies the flag which heroes taught
My ardent soul to love.
For it what noble deeds were wrought!
Can ensign waken purer thought,
Or stronger feelings move?

They say 'tis dead. O, no, 'tis not;
'Twill live while time shall last:
Its home is peace and fame, I wot,
And not where shells fall thick and hot
Before the battle blast.

For years it braved the battle gale
That filled our Southern skies;
It felt the sting of leaden hail,
It heard its conquered people wail;
But now enshrined it lies!

And it is stained? O, yes, 'tis true,
But not with blots of crime—
'Tis heroes' blood, that sanguine hue
That lingered on these bars of blue,
And tells of strife sublime.

Thou art not yet, proud flag, so low
That none will homage give;
Before thee, with uncovered brow,
One loyal heart, at least, will bow
And say, forever live!

—Monroe Proffitt.

A VISION OF THE PAST.

BY JAMES P. WHITMAN, HORSEPEN, VA.

This little incident of years past is related in the hope that it may cheer the hearts of some old comrades who went through that terrible War between the States and have since fought successfully the wolf from his door. All of them have passed the seventieth milestone of life, and are now sitting calmly by the riverside, awaiting the summons, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Come! come up higher, where peace, joy, and happiness reigneth forever; and where war, pestilence, and famine are unknown." And, comrade, if you have placed the same confidence and faith in the Great Judge of all the earth that you once placed in that immaculate leader, Gen. R. E. Lee, you need not fear to enter into the mysteries of the great beyond.

* * *

It has been many years since the shrill call of the cavalier's bugle and the clash of arms was heard on the hills and plains of Virginia, yet the echo is ringing still. Age may add age to its stories, but nothing can crowd the events of the War between the States from the memory and heart of the old Confederate soldier. The historian and the sage have written the story; but when a few old veterans meet around the festal board, or their own humble hearthstones, there is a charm not found in the pages of history.

Just before the call of the bugle to arms was heard on the hills and plains of Virginia, with a dozen couples of my companions and schoolmates, mounted on those splendid roadsters of the times, each with his best girl or sweetheart, we gave rein and bit to our impatient mounts, and, riding with the wind—not to the chase of the fox or the music of the hounds, but to love's fond dreams, overflowing with joy, happiness, and peace to all the world—on we rode through the charming scenes of country to the home of some generous host whose table, groaning under delicious viands, awaited our arrival, Dismounting and caring for our horses, we rejoined our companions around the festal board. What a delightful entertainment! How skillfully our sweethearts parried the thrusts of love's eyes, as they sat opposite to us at table, but could not conceal the blush of love and purity that rested on those sweet, dimpled, virtuous cheeks that the lips of man had never profaned. After refreshments, the carpets and surplus furniture were hastily removed from the best room, and a place prepared for the musicians. The dance opened with the old Virginia Reel, then followed by those graceful figures, the cotillon and quadrille. With flushed cheek, piercing bright eyes, peace, joy, and love reigning in their young hearts, how skillfully and gracefully they responded to the step and time of the music until the "wee small" hours, and our hostess announced the time to retire. With reluctance we bade them good night, wishing them pleasant dreams.

* * *

I was sitting by a grate fire, burned down to one small fading glow, while over the gray mountain top the evening star was leading up to the night. My wife was opposite on the hearthstone, those tapering fingers casting stitch after stitch over the bright knitting needles, preparing a Christmas present for some one in need. The flight of years had silvered the once beautiful auburn locks, the dimple in the cheeks had faded, but the brilliant blue eyes retained the spirit of youth, as if it were but yesterday we participated in that enjoyable ride.

I had been reading one of J. Esten Cooke's best novels, "Mahon"; the sound of the old wooden clock on the mantel, that had ticked off the days, months, and years of the past

century, was all that disturbed the stillness of the night. The lamp had burned low, casting its weird and flickering shadows over the room. The book had fallen to the floor; semiconscious, my mind had run back over the vista of years, half a century, to my soldier days, when I was trying to serve my country and a just and righteous cause, dear to me and sacred to the hearts of my countrymen. There seemed a veil of mist over memory, yet, as I tried to recall the past the curtain began to lift and reveal. I thought I was standing on the top of the Blue Ridge Mountain, near Snicker's Gap, overlooking the plains of the south and the valley to the north. The moon was just setting in the western horizon, millions of silvery stars studded the heavens. Not a breeze ruffled the leaves of the dwarf chestnut and pines that stood below me; the calm and silence would have been oppressive but for the enchanting scene below. On the plains to the south, an army of Confederate soldiers encamped, their tents spread over the entire plain on either side of the road. At this hour they were sleeping, perhaps dreaming of loved ones at home, of preparations being made for Christmas, and the meeting of their sweethearts again when the furlough came.

Away to the east was the City of Washington, the capital of a once united people, but now the seat of fanaticism and sectionalism. Under such influence the vast and increasing armies of the North were to overrun the South. But now, looking to the east, the sun was just casting its golden rays over sea and land, driving back, as it were, the silvery stars in the blue-vaulted heavens.

The bugle sounded "Awake, and prepare for breakfast." Where silence reigned, the camp sprang into vigorous life, some preparing the Johnny cakes, and roasting on forked sticks poor army beef and salt pork; many others going to the cool and sparkling brook that wended its way through the camp for their morning bath, filling their canteens with delicious spring water that arose from the base of the mountain and flowed eastward into the Potomac, this was to serve in place of tea or coffee, for the aroma of that delightful beverage was absent. Breakfast over, tents were struck, blankets folded, knapsacks slung, and arms shouldered prepared to move. Again the bugle called, "Form ranks; prepare for inspection." Corps after corps, with subdivisions, quickly responded, leaving space between each, until the plain was covered with soldiers and their glittering arms. Then General Lee, with his staff, was seen to emerge from a small grove and ride forward, hat in hand, through the lines of formation, amid ten thousand cheers of welcome that might have been heard on the plains of Gettysburg. After which there fell a deep silence, those old veterans standing at attention. Again the bugle sounded, echoing and reëchoing over plain and mountain: "Forward! March!" Each corps with its subdivisions, with banners flying and bands playing, formed in columns of fours, filed into the road, with General Lee and staff in the van, wending their way to the eastern slope of the mountain; away to the south the artillery, wagons and ambulances, could be seen taking their places in the line of march.

How long I stood enraptured at the scene, I do not know, but presently my faithful black threw up her head and neighed. I mounted and rode back to the gap, and found myself in the presence of the awe-inspiring and great soldier, General Lee. I saluted and was turning to rejoin my regiment near Berryville, when I was halted and asked what command I belonged to. I saluted and answered. Then General Lee gave me a dispatch to Gen. A. Jenkins to move forward to Hagerstown, Md. Down the steep incline I rode, across the Shenandoah, and on through one of the most picturesque spots of Virginia. The dew on the grass and

flowers hung suspended like pearls in the morning sun; the larks from the meadows circled away overhead, with songs of greeting to the morning zephyrs; a Bob White on the fence was calling loudly for his mate and little ones in a harvest field, ere the sickle of the husbandman should reap the golden grain and the tread of the reaper would destroy the little nest under the turf, where his mate had dwelt and reared a beautiful and contented brood.

I had given my faithful mare the rein and bit, and in that even canter of the trained mount I rode on. What a contrast to the ride I had had with my sweetheart in years past, just before donning the gray uniform. Had she not plighted her hand and life to me, and, in return, had I not solemnly vowed to be true to her plighted faith. And with the assurance of her faithfulness to her vows, and that I had an interest in her daily prayers, on I rode, until the sentinel at headquarters halted me. I dismounted and, saluting, delivered the dispatch to the general. The command moved forward. When near Martinsburg, W. Va., our advance was fired on by the Yanks. The General dismounting, the command (except the 14th Regiment) moved on the enemy stationed behind a stone fence. We were ordered to charge, amidst the rattle of musketry, roar of artillery, bursting shells, and charging cavalry. I gave the rebel yell and sprang forward—knocking over a rocking-chair and overturning a four-gallon can of cream which my wife had placed near the fire to sweeten, she having retired some hours before, and was sleeping sweetly and peacefully until awakened by that horrible and blood curdling “Rebel Yell” She sprang from the bed, exclaiming with affright:

“Jim! what in the world is the matter; are you crazy?”

“No, wife! I must have been dreaming of being in battle. Calm yourself.”

“Goodness! what is this you have done; turned over the can of cream.”

“My dear wife, I beg your pardon; it is better that than the shedding of blood.”

“Well, you”—Further than this I say not and decline to record what followed. For when the good, sweet, and even-tempered lady of the house becomes “riled,” she is an expert hand with the broomstick.

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH THE CAVALRY.

BY H. M. STRICKLER, LURAY, VA.

I volunteered in the cavalry service in 1862 and served under Col. E. V. White, who commanded a battalion of six companies in the brigade first commanded by General Turner Ashby, afterwards by Gens. W. E. Jones and Thomas L. Rosser. I was orderly sergeant of Company E. A good many engagements had given us a taste of war. When on the 8th of June, 1863, we were summoned to Culpeper Courthouse and there found the flower of our Confederate cavalry assembled; and there we had a great parade reviewed by Governor Letcher and other dignitaries.

I think our cavalry was never in finer condition or ever made such a grand appearance as at that time. It was said that others were reviewing us also, spies sent out by the Federal cavalry, and the next day, which was a memorable one, the 9th of June, they concluded to try us.

It was a real cavalry fight at Brandy Station. Our brigade under Gen. William E. Jones, was fighting what we thought was the front of the Federal army, but it was only a feint to engage us while they crossed at another ford to gain a position in our rear, which they accomplished. Then we had to do some fighting sure enough. The two armies met in a clash

right near the residence of John N. Botts, on an eminence. We penetrated their ranks, but lost heavily in men being killed and captured. I had been elected lieutenant on the morning before the fight. Our captain, John H. Grayhill, was captured and did not get back till the war was over, and I found myself the only officer in the company, and it continued so to the end.

I think the defeat of the enemy became more effectual by their getting into our rear. When the tide turned, it was a complete rout, and when the evening came we had possession of the field.

I saw General Stuart that day riding out on the field where shot and shell were raining around, and he didn't seem to bat an eye. We were terribly mixed up for awhile, I thought some of our men were taken too easily. I heard the call to surrender, but I said: “No, sir.” I had too much dread of prison life. I came right up with a young man armed to the teeth. I said to him, “I can't take you prisoner, for I am afraid I will not get out,” and he responded: “I can't take you, for I'm afraid I will not get out.” I would like to see that fellow again. I could not harm him after that conversation, and he was so nice about it.

I continued in the army till the close of the war. I was rather severely wounded in falling back from Five Points below Petersburg, and had to be hauled off the field. I managed to get outside of Grant's line of march and remained in a pleasant home for a month, when my brother, who had been a surgeon in the 5th Louisiana Regiment, not finding me at our own home near Luray when he got there came in search of me. I was there on crutches.

While in the army I preached to the soldiers a great deal and had a good voice to sing also, so, after the war, I kept it up. I joined the Baltimore Conference and spent forty-five years in the ministry of that Conference. I am now over eighty years of age, enjoy life, and can still render service to the Church. I see the VETERAN through the kindness of a friend.

GOT BREAKFAST, BUT—

A good story is told of Gen. George Custer and Gen. Pierce Young, of Georgia, who were messmates and classmates and devoted friends at West Point. In the war they were major generals of cavalry on opposing sides. One day when he was with his troops near by, General Young was invited to breakfast at the Hunter mansion in Virginia. The beautiful young ladies had prepared a smoking hot breakfast, to which the General was addressing himself with ardor, when a shell burst through the house. Glancing through a window he saw Custer charging toward the house at the head of his troops. Out of the window Young went, calling to the young ladies: “Tell Custer I leave this breakfast for him.” Custer enjoyed it heartily and looked forward with pleasure to the dinner which he was assured he would get later in the day. In the meantime Young, smarting over the loss of his breakfast and his hasty retreat, drove the Federal line back, and by dinner time was in sight of the Hunter mansion again. Custer, who was just about to sit down to dinner, lost no time preparing to “move.” He called to one of the young ladies and laughingly said: “That's Pierce Young coming back. I knew he wouldn't leave me here in peace. Here's my picture; give it to him, and tell him his old classmate leaves his love with this excellent dinner.” And out of the window he went like a flash, while the Georgia general walked in and sat down to dinner.—*National Tribune*.

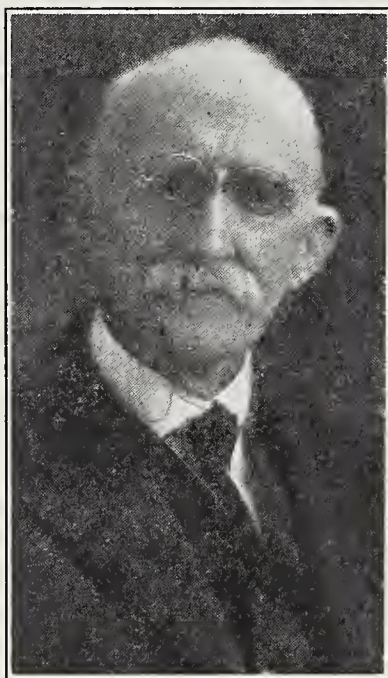


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year."

CAPT. ELISHA SCOTT CARSON.

Capt. Elisha Scott Carson, born in Charleston, S. C., September 2, 1842, died at his home in Sumter, S. C., on October 11, 1923, having passed into his eighty-second year. He was the youngest son of Elisha and Susannah Marsh Carson. His parents were living on their plantation, Homefield, near Statesburg, at the outbreak of War between the States, and young Carson was attending a military school; but so eager was he to enlist that he left school and joined two military companies, one at Sumter and the other at Statesburg. He entered the Confederate army as a member of the Statesburg company, known as the Claremont Rifles, Kershaw's South Carolina Regiment, and at the bombardment of Fort Sumter he was the youngest member of his company, being then but nineteen years of age. He was afterwards transferred to Company G, Hampton's Legion, Hagood's Brigade, A. N. V., where he served with gallantry until the end of the war. From a private, he rose rapidly through various subordinate offices until he was elected captain of his company. He was the idol of his men, sharing with them privations and hardships and dangers of all undertakings. On the night before the surrender at Appomattox, he was captured and taken to Farmville, Va., where he was paroled.



CAPT. E. S. CARSON.

Returning to his native State, Captain Carson engaged in farming in Sumter County, and later engaged in business at Sumter. He was twice sheriff of the county, making a record as a brave and efficient officer. He was a Mason, and for years served as Adjutant of Camp Dick Anderson, U. C. V., of Sumter. He was twice married, first to Miss Annie Spann, of whose children a daughter and son survive. His second wife

was Miss Harriet Spann, a sister of the first, who survives him with four daughters and two sons.

He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Sumter, sorrowfully attended by his comrades of the gray and a host of relatives and friends.

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The Memorial Committee of Camp No. 453 U. C. V., of Tippah County, Miss., O. A. Porter, chairman, reports the following losses in membership during 1922 and 1923:

D. J. Bartlett died September, 1922. He was a true and faithful soldier, a devoted member of our Camp, and a consistent member of the Methodist Church. He was once magistrate of his community and ever interested in the up-building of his country.

John Garner, another member, passed to his eternal reward in October, 1922, aged about seventy-nine years. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

Pink Tapp departed this life October 13, 1922, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. He served as lieutenant of his company in the 34th Mississippi Regiment. In his young days he joined the Missionary Baptist Church and lived a true Christian life.

J. R. Barber, who died about the 1st of November, 1922, was a member of Sol Street's Company.

George Willingham, called "Uncle George" by those who knew him, died December 1, 1922.

John P. Ford, of Union County, Miss., was born in Greenville County, S. C., November 16, 1836, and had therefore passed his eighty-seventh year. He was a true Confederate soldier, a devoted husband and father, and a member of the Methodist Church. He passed away on January 26, 1923.

J. R. Brown died on June 9, 1923, lacking but a few months of having completed eighty-seven years. He was a member of Company A, 34th Mississippi Regiment, and a true and faithful soldier, ready for any duty. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church. He had served two terms as magistrate in his native county of Benton. He was laid to rest in New Salem Cemetery by fellow Masons. He is survived by his wife and several children.

John S. Pitman died during February, 1923, aged eighty-one years. He served with Company A, 34th Mississippi Regiment, and was faithful to the end. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church, a kind husband and father, rearing a large family.

COMRADES AT LIBERTY, MISS.

(From memorial tribute to members of Amite County Camp of Confederate Veterans.)

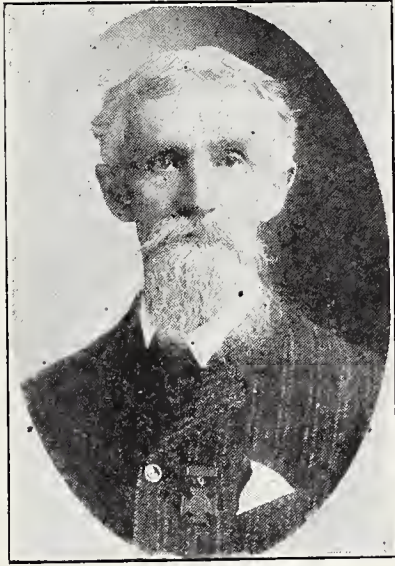
The committee appointed at the annual meeting of Camp No. 226 U. C. V., at Liberty, Miss., September 11, 1923, reported that since the last annual reunion the following comrades had been lost to the membership: C. C. Smith, Ed J. Forman, W. W. Jackson, W. H. Cox, Dempsey Whittington, J. E. Raiborn, Bart Brabham, S. Richmond, R. J. McNeil, John T. Newman; also the following Confederate widows: Mrs. Theodore Bates, Mrs. J. E. Boatner, Mrs. M. R. McKay, Mrs. D. W. Fenn, Mrs. Oveda Nunnery, and Mrs. H. G. Lewis.

Our departed comrades shared with us the dangers and hardships of the cruel and destructive war of 1861-65 that drenched our beloved country with the best blood of its noblest young manhood, and the deceased widows of our comrades shared with us the griefs, sorrows, trials, anxieties and troubles that prevailed in our country during that terrible, and unhappy period of time.

[Polk Talbert, H. D. McInnis, T. F. Ford, *Committee.*]

ADDISON HARVEY BALDWIN.

Addison Harvey Baldwin, born September 25, 1838, in Stockport, N. Y., died on September 17, 1923, in San Francisco, Calif., lacking but a few days of completion eighty-five years. He married Miss Lida T. MacMahan, with whom he spent fifty-seven years of a most happy and exemplary married life, and is survived by his wife, four children, six grandchildren, and three great grandchildren. Mrs. Baldwin writes: "My husband, Addison H. Baldwin, joined the Galveston Rifles, on May 1, 1861, and on October 1 he enlisted for the war with the 26th Texas Cavalry Regiment, Col. X. B. DeBray in command. He served with



A. H. BALDWIN.

Company F, of that regiment, to the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged, about May 1, 1865. Enlisting as a private, he was promoted to corporal, and subsequently to sergeant, and with his command took part in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Old River, Marksville, Yellow Bayou, Grandecore, and Opelousas.

"My brother, Charles T. MacMahan, enlisted in Company K, Terry's Texas Rangers, May 1, 1861, and was in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and all the battles fought east of the Mississippi until the close of the war. After Chickamauga the order came to send the best mounted man of Company H with an important dispatch to General Bragg, and to my brother was entrusted the message. The history of the Terry Texas Rangers shows them always in front in their one hundred and forty-three engagements and on retreats acting as the rear guard to protect the forces.

"Another brother, Shelton W. MacMahan, also enlisted in May, 1861, as a member of Captain Quinn's Company, Col. George Flournoy's Regiment, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was in many battles in Arkansas and Louisiana and was honorably discharged in May, 1865."

O. C. DOBSON.

O. C. Dobson, born April 16, 1842, died October 3, 1923. On the 15th of July, 1861, he joined the 2nd Mississippi Regiment, Company K, and his first service was in Western Virginia under General Floyd. He was later transferred to the 40th Mississippi Regiment and served as drum major part of the time.

After the war Comrade Dobson was successfully engaged in the mercantile business and left a competence to his family. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church from his young manhood, and a faithful Christian. He is survived by his third wife.

Comrade Dobson and I were boys together and comrades in war, his death leaving me the only survivor of my company in Texas. I was eighty-one in March, 1923, and he reached the same age in the April following. We had corresponded for many years. He attended the reunions with much delight as long as able to go.

David W. Campbell, Crockett, Tex.]

ANDREW C. MACE.

Andrew C. Mace, son of John and Rebecca Mace, was born in Randolph County, Va. (now West Virginia), February 19, 1840, and died November 21, 1923, in his eighty-fourth year. His parents removed to Hacker Valley sometime before the War between the States, and when that came on he cast his lot with the South and was in some of the hardest-fought battles of the war, one of which was Gettysburg, coming out unharmed. After the war closed he returned to his home at Hacker Valley and went to work as a farmer. He married Miss Margaret F. Stalnaker in October, 1867, and to them were born five sons and three daughters, all of whom survive him.

"Uncle Andrew" was a hard worker, and by his thrift accumulated a good bit of this world's goods and gave to each of his boys a farm. He was a devoted member of the Methodist Church.

COMRADES OF UPSON COUNTY, GA.

The following deaths have been reported by J. E. F. Matthews, of Thomaston, Ga.:

Henry H. Howell of Upson County, Ga., died at his home near Thomaston, Ga., on January 1, 1924. In August, 1864, he joined Company F, 9th Regiment Georgia Reserves, James W. Atwater, captain, and served until the close of the war in April, 1865. T. A. Dallas and W. C. Franklin, members of the same company, still survive. Mr. Howell was on the pension roll as an ex-Confederate soldier.

William K. Hayes, of Upson County, Ga., was born in Columbia (now McDuffie) County, Ga., July 11, 1840, and on August 31, 1861, at Big Shanty in Cobb County, Ga., he enlisted in Company H, 22nd Regiment Georgia Volunteers, and served until the surrender at Appomattox. George A. Duckworth, of Warren County, Ga., testified that they were boys to together and served in the same company through the war, and that "W. K. Hayes came as near doing his duty as any man in the Army of Northern Virginia, and if any man in Lee's army is entitled to a pension for faithful service, W. K. Hayes is." He was placed on the pension roll of Upson County, Ga., in 1906. He died January 12, 1924, and was buried in Crawford County. He was in his eighty-fourth year.

"The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto him."

WALTER STEWART.

Weary with the burden of ninety-two years, on the night of October 31, 1923, Walter Stewart, of Woodland, La., passed into the land of rest. His body was laid by the side of his wife just a few yards from the old home, with services conducted by the Presbyterian minister of Clinton, La.

Comrade Stewart was the oldest native-born resident of East Feliciana Parish and was born in the immediate vicinity of his late home. He graduated from Centenary College, at Jackson, La., with honors of his class and was teaching when the war came on. He enlisted at once in the 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Scott's Company (E), as orderly sergeant, and was a private messenger for General Bragg; was in the hardest battles of Tennessee, Virginia, and Kentucky, serving the four years, and was honorably paroled at the close of hostilities.

Returning to his native section, he began life again as a farmer and lived out his life as an honorable and useful citizen. He married Mrs. Frances Jane Robins, and is survived by three daughters, two sons, seven grandchildren, and seven great grandchildren.

CHARLES J. HOUSER.

"Ripe in years, rich in kindly deeds, a good soldier goes to his reward."

Comrade Houser was born in Lincolnton, N. C., January 11, 1845; "fell on sleep" at his home in Anniston, Ala., on December 8, 1923, surrounded by the wife of his youth and seven children.

He enlisted, June 1, 1861, in Company D, 1st North Carolina Infantry, was wounded once; fought in the Seven Days Battle and eleven other engagements. He was captured at the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, and was paroled on June 25, 1865.

In January, 1870, he was married to Miss Margaret Nelson, who survives him. He was a charter member of Camp Pelham, U. C. V., which was organized in 1893 and of which he was commander at the time of his death.

He came to Anniston in 1889 and entered into the building business and was a leader in construction. He built the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was a ruling elder for many years. He also built the Parker Memorial Baptist Church, the First Methodist Church, and many other public buildings, which stand as monuments to his skill. Perhaps his greatest achievement was in building the hanging bridge in Royal Gorge, Colo., and the High Bridge, in Kentucky.

But the monuments that endure longest and are most treasured by those who are left are not built of wood or stone, but in the hearts of his fellow men. Comrade Houser built by his noble life and kindly acts monuments of love and esteem that will not crumble as long as life shall last.

When Comrade Houser joined Camp Pelham, there were about one hundred members. When he left us, there were but seventeen. It will not be long now until all of the boys of the sixties will have "crossed over the river" to "rest under the shade of the trees."

[H. F. Montgomery, *Adjutant*.]

WILLIAM D. MORRIS.

A reputable citizen, honored and esteemed; a valued Churchman, faithful to religious principles; a Confederate soldier with a heroic record of sacrifice and service; a husband and father devoted, considerate, greatly beloved—the death of William Dabney Morris, age seventy-six, occasioned a wide sense of loss.

William Dabney Morris was born in Louisa County, Va., June 3, 1847, and the family removed to Henry County, Tenn., when he was six years old. His home had been in Paris for twenty years.

At the age of fifteen he joined the Confederate army, enlisting in Company G, 7th Tennessee Regiment Cavalry, under Forrest, and served the remainder of the war, being one of thirty of the company of one hundred and sixty-four men present at the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., April 12, 1865. No more daring troop followed the great Forrest than the company in which he fought. William Morris was one of the forty soldiers detailed by General Forrest to escort Gov. Isham G. Harris on a visit to his family in the spring of 1864.

Youngest of the local Confederate Camp, Comrade Morris was one of its most popular members. He took an active interest in preserving Confederate memories and attended all reunions possible.

He was married to Miss Mary Mitchum, of a prominent Henry County family in 1871. Two years ago they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, which marked a life of connubial bliss.

Twenty four years a member of the county court of Henry,

he ever took an active interest in city and county affairs. A prominent stock raiser and farmer, he served several years as president of the Henry County Fair Association, was a former director of the bank of Henry, and a member of the board of education. He was public spirited and progressive and stood for the moral, religious, and educational welfare of his community. His Church affiliation was Baptist from an early age. He was a deacon of the First Baptist Church at Paris, and had served as clerk of the Western District Baptist Association. In disposition friendly, charitable, courteous, friends he numbered among all ages. His wife survives him with five sons and a daughter.

SIMON HENRY BROOKS.

Simon H. Brooks died at his home in Upson County, Ga., on January 6, 1924. He was born in that county on the 12th of March, 1842, and was therefore in the eighty-second year of his age. As an ex-Confederate soldier, he had been on the pension roll since 1910.

Comrade Brooks prepared from memory the names of one hundred and ninety members of his company, which was known as the Woodson Guards, Company I, 6th Georgia Regiment. It was under Dr. Thomas O. Heard for six months, and about a week after the company went into service, Dr. Heard was promoted from captain to lieutenant colonel, and A. B. Mallory from first lieutenant to captain; and at the expiration of six months, the company was organized as Company I, under John F. Lewis as captain, in the 32nd Georgia Regiment and enlisted for the war.

Some members of the company still living are John Abercrombie, D. W. Lewis, Green Morgan, J. Cad Ray, J. D. Tilman, and J. J. Wallace.

"Enough of merit has each honored name
To shine untarnished on the rolls of fame,
And add new lustre to historic page."

[J. E. F. Matthews, Thomaston, Ga.]

SAMUEL E. WALKER.

Death has again invaded the thin ranks of Ben T. Duval Camp, No. 146 U. C. V., at Fort Smith, Ark., and taken from us Comrade Samuel E. Walker. He was a member of Company E, 14th Virginia Infantry, and took part in all the great battles around Richmond and Northern Virginia. Death came to him very suddenly in the city of Tulsa, Okla., while visiting his son. He was buried October 9, 1923, in the Confederate burial ground, Oak Cemetery, at Fort Smith. Comrade Walker was an honored member of Ben T. Duval Camp, and his hearty smiles and pleasant association will be sadly missed by his few remaining comrades and his devoted family.

Be it resolved, That in the loss of Comrade Walker this Camp is deeply grieved, and his family has the sincere condolence of the Camp; and that a page be set apart to his memory on our record book.

[J. M. Hopkins, R. S. Grigsby, Joe M. Scott, *Committee*.]

MINTREE HALE.

Mintree Hale, born in Grayson County, Mo., July 6, 1841, died at his home near Meadow Grove, Nebr., on December 11, 1923, in his eighty-third year. He and his brother Jack, who is now Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. William B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., served through the war together, giving gallant and faithful service to the Confederacy. He is survived by four sons and a daughter. His devoted brother went from Oklahoma to attend the funeral on December 13.

JOHN M. GLAZNER.

The death of John Madison Glazner, of El Campo, Tex., who passed away December 18, 1923, took another of the few Confederate Veterans of that section and recalled many stories of his adventures during the War between the States, his many narrow escapes from death, and his nine months' stay in a Federal prison. He was born in DeKalb County, Ga., January, 1841, and enlisted in Company E, 12th Alabama Regiment, at the outbreak of war, serving until he was captured in 1865. He was in prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, being released on parole.



JOHN M. GLAZNER.

In February, 1867, Comrade Glazner was married to Miss Edna Louisa Wilson, of Talladega, Ala., and eleven children were born to them—six sons and five daughters—all surviving with the exception of one son, as follows: C. H. Glazner, of Eufaula, Okla.; Rev. B. L. Glazner, of Santa Anna, Calif.; J. E., L. C., and M. H. Glazner, of El Campo, Tex.; Mrs. A. Lincoln, of Wharton, Tex.; Mrs. Ethel Bickley, Mrs. Fannie Walker, Mrs. Martin Thompson, and Mrs. A. A. Anderson, of Houston. He removed to Texas in 1895, and three years later located at El Campo, where his wife died in 1909. Two years later he was married to Mrs. Kittie Porter, on that place, who survives him.

John M. Glazner was one of the most esteemed and respected men in that section of the country, a man of courage and tenderness and a devout Christian. He was buried by the side of his wife in the El Campo Cemetery.

ROBERT JESSE BARTETT.

In the early morning of October 17, Robert Jesse Bartett answered the last roll call at his home near Morristown, Tenn.

He was born in Springdale, Claiborne County, Tenn., November 11, 1843, and was thus nearing his eightieth birthday when the Lord called him home to rest with his comrades and many friends he loved so well.

He professed religion at the age of eleven years and joined the Baptist Church. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of eighteen, serving with the 61st Tennessee and the 64th Virginia under Vaughn and Pridemore. He was in the siege of Vicksburg, and remained in the service until the end of the war.

In 1865 he was married to Miss Rebecca Parsons, in Lee County, Va., but their home was always in Tennessee. He was survived by his wife and four daughters. He was a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for many years and has them all filed away. He often talked of the hard times in the war. He loved the South and was a member of the veteran Camp in Morristown.

We laid him to rest with his Cross of Honor on his breast,

and among the flowers was a wreath beautiful with little Confederate flags he loved so well. We mourn his passing and hope to be reunited at that day of all days, when the just shall rise and he will be with the Lord and the redeemed forevermore.

[A Daughter, Mrs. Dora L. Munsey, Morristown, Tenn.]

CALVIN C. HART.

Calvin C. Hart, a great grandson of John Hart, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born on a farm near Beverly, Randolph County, W. Va., on the 13th of December, 1842. He volunteered in the Confederate army under Gen. John D. Imboden, and was assigned to artillery duty as No. 1 in Captain McClanahan's Battery, under Lieutenant Fultz, and was engaged in the battles of Gettysburg, Second Battle of Bull Run, Williamsport, Winchester, White Post, Berry's Ferry, Charlestown, Opequan, New Market, Piedmont, Lynchburg, Patterson's Creek, and Hopewell.

On the 2nd of April, 1868, he was married to Miss Julia Foggy, to which union five children—three sons and two daughters—were born. After a brief sickness, he departed this life on the 8th of January, 1924, at his home on the farm where he lived his life of eighty-one years and twenty-six days.

After the funeral, conducted by his pastor, Dr. L. B. Hensly, of the Presbyterian Church of Beverly, in which he had been an elder for forty-five years, in the presence of a large congregation and honored by the presence of eleven Confederate veterans and one Union veteran, he was laid to rest in a beautiful cemetery on the farm, and in sight of where he was born, by the side of his beloved wife, who preceded him to the grave nearly thirteen years. He leaves to mourn his five children, twenty-three grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.

THOMAS HUDSON.

In the death of Thomas Hudson, aged eighty-two, during November, 1923, the last survivor of the famous Canebroke Rifle Guards has passed. He was born at Uniontown, Ala., and had lived there nearly all of his life, being at one time an enterprising newspaper man. He had owned and edited the *Marion Standard*, and also established two other papers.

Comrade Hudson was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge and the Knights of Pythias, of Uniontown, and an active member of the Presbyterian Church. He was an alumnus of the University of Alabama and of the University of Virginia. Leaving the latter institution when Alabama seceded from the Union, he returned to Uniontown and joined the Canebroke Rifle Guards in the spring of 1861, and surrendered with General Forrest's command at Gainesville, Ala., in the spring of 1865.

Surviving him are four sons and a daughter.

W. E. JONES.

At the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. O. Hollingsworth, in Jackson, Miss., funeral services for "Uncle Billie" Jones were conducted, following his death on September 20, 1923. For a number of years Comrade Jones lived near Terry, and was a member of the Baptist Church there and an esteemed and worthy citizen. He had reached the age of eighty years. He was a veteran of the War between the States, in which he served as a member of Company C, of the famous 3rd Mississippi Infantry. After the close of strife, he returned to Mississippi, and in 1872 was married to Miss Conelia Riser, of Hinds County, who survives him with the following daughters and son: Mrs. J. O. Hollingsworth, Jackson; Mrs. Ida Eager, Clinton; Mrs. R. E. Hall, Chicago; Mrs. P. B. Ackerman, Clay, Calif., and E. P. Jones, of Memphis.

JUDGE GEORGE H. CRAIG.

The death of Judge George H. Craig, in his seventy-eighth year, at Selma, Ala., closed a life which had been closely associated with the growth and development of Dallas County and Selma and removes from active usefulness a man whose vitality and courage were without peer.

As Commander of the Second Alabama Brigade, U. C. V. and as a jurist and man of public affairs, Judge Craig occupied an important place in the fabric of the city's life and wielded a wide influence throughout the State.

He was one of two native-born Dallas Countians who have represented this district in Congress, the other being his own son, Hon. W. B. Craig.

He held many city and county offices, and was made sheriff at the age of twenty-three. He served as judge of the criminal court for six years, and at twenty-eight years of age, then a young lawyer of seven years' experience, he was appointed judge of the circuit court to fill a vacancy. He was elected to the same office for a term of six years.

Several federal appointments were tendered him. President Arthur named him United States Attorney for the Middle and Northern District of Alabama, and President Cleveland appointed him to the Board of Visitors to the United States Military Academy at West Point at the time that his son, John W. Craig, graduated from West Point.

As a youth of sixteen, he enlisted as a ninety-day volunteer in Capt. William Beaird's company, and was made sergeant. At the end of his enlistment period, his father, in an effort to keep him from reënlisting, sent him to the University of Alabama, where he remained for almost a year, when he joined the cadet corps and was stationed at Montgomery, Selma, and Blakeley, Ga.

When Croxton's Brigade entered Tuscaloosa, young Lieutenant Craig was in command of a part of the first line of defense, and showed such conspicuous gallantry and ability as a leader of men that he was afterwards complimented by Colonel Morton, Forrest's chief of artillery.

After the disbanding of his company at Marion, Lieutenant Craig returned to Cahaba, where he immediately joined a company under Capt. Ranse Hunter. Later he was with Gen. John T. Morgan's cavalry escort, and with them surrendered at Meridian.

In 1868 he married Miss Alvena White, and three sons and a daughter survive him, also thirteen grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Always courtly in his manner and considerate always of others, Judge Craig was a compelling and delightful figure in whatever gathering he was found.

COMRADES AT MARTIN, TENN.

Five members of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 892 U. C. V., at Martin, Tenn., have been lost to the membership during the past year, these comrades being J. H. Goodview, J. W. Rambo, Robert Meickler, Dan Stacey, and D. A. Grubbs.

Most of our Camp members are getting pretty old, a few of the number being very feeble and not able to meet with us. The membership now numbers forty-five.

[J. J. White, Commander; D. J. Bowden, Adjutant.]

COMRADES AT DOVER, ARK.

Commander T. M. Taylor reports the loss of the following comrades from the membership of Camp No. 977 U. C. V., of Dover, Ark., during the past year:

B. B. Baker, aged ninety-eight years; Silas A. Henry, 82; J. C. Clayton, 78; H. S. Simpson, 77; W. M. Thompson, 83;

W. D. VanZandt, 75; L. C. White, 85; J. D. Hogan, Capt. R. J. Wilson, 87, Bob R. Griffin; Dr. T. H. Goodner; W. J. Evans.

THE MONUMENT TO CAPT. SALLY TOMPKINS.

A letter from W. F. Carpenter, of Mathews, Va., is a stern call to duty in paying tribute to one of the noblest of women in her devotion and sacrifice for the soldiers of the Confederacy. He writes: "Though I am a Canadian, I have lived long enough in Virginia to know the people fairly well and to acquire a deep affection for them personally, as well as considerable sympathy for the Confederate viewpoint in the War between the States. It, therefore, surprises and pains me to read of the inadequate—shamefully inadequate—proposal in regard to a memorial to the late Capt. Sally F. Tompkins. During more than four years I have many times passed the unmarked grave, and was often indignant at the reflection thereby cast upon the value of her work and upon the Confederate name. Therefore, I rejoiced when evidence came that something was soon to be done. My rejoicing, however, was shortlived when I read that it was proposed to erect a monument to cost \$1,200, which would burden each Camp to the extent of *two dollars!* My feeling is that each Camp should be called upon for twenty dollars, thereby providing \$12,000, which will be little enough. My objection to the present scheme is based upon two considerations: In the first place, a memorial costing \$1,200 would be surpassed by private monuments already erected in the cemetery, and this would entail reflection upon the gratitude of Confederate veterans. In the second place, if Capt. Sally Tompkins did one half as much for the Southern cause as is reported, and if she was worthy of the verbal praise her name now receives—and I think she was worthy of much greater eulogy—then to erect a monument costing such a paltry sum would cast doubt upon the unique value of her services and also upon the sincerity of the words of praise that flow so readily. No, those who are proud of their association with the Confederate cause cannot afford to be satisfied with the present plan, which takes such a trifling attitude toward a great duty and high privilege. If sufficient money cannot otherwise be raised, it would be a beautiful tribute to a noble heart now silent to omit for one year some of the various celebrations and devote to the work the funds thereby saved. I hope the VETERAN will be able to announce that there was a mistake somewhere and that the error has been remedied."

If such be the feeling of one who is of the South only since the period which called forth the devotion of Capt. Sally Tompkins, should not we feel all the more strongly that justice will not be done the memory of this brave woman if the proposed memorial fails to express the gratitude of our people? Veterans, Daughters, and Sons of the Confederacy can combine and make this memorial a fit tribute to the work she did in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers. Friends everywhere are urged to take up the work at once, and let's see what progress can be reported at the reunion in Memphis next June. Write to Walter Greene, Chairman, Box 3 Greensboro, N. C., and learn what has been done so far, then get to work.

George D. Ewing writes from Pattonsburg, Mo.: "I have been a subscriber for nearly thirty years. It is somewhat like the wine, if it has not improved in general interest, it has not lost anything in historical reputation or its general make up as the years have flown by."

INCIDENT OF THE OAT FIELD.

[The following amusing incident of the march from Richmond to Gordonsville in July, 1862, was told by Capt. Charles M. Blackford, commanding the Wise Troop, 2nd Virginia Cavalry (Munford's Regiment), then detailed as couriers at Jackson's headquarters, in a letter to his wife. The story was sent to the *VETERAN* by Hon. Berkeley Minor, of Charlottesville, Va., through the courtesy of R. Colston Blackford, son of Captain Blackford.]

After the three distinguished gentlemen (Davis, Lee, and Jackson) had talked a few moments on the steps (of the President's house in Richmond), they shook hands very cordially in telling good-by; but our observant eyes satisfied us that both Lee and Davis bade Jackson farewell in a manner which indicated that they would not see him again soon, or, in other words, that he had been ordered to move. This opinion was confirmed by his manner when he rejoined his staff. He got on his old sorrel horse, which a courier had been holding for him, and, without a word to anyone, and in a deep brown and abstracted study, started in a gallop toward the Mechanicsville Pike, which we soon reached. His order, published to his corps, very strictly enjoined preservation of the crops on the roads along which the army and its trains moved, and forbade all officers and men from riding out in the fields on the roadside. This day Jackson was especially anxious to get back to his quarters, doubtless for the purpose of making his arrangements for his move. Unfortunately for his speed, the pike was filled with long wagon trains, one set going in and the other going out. It was impossible to make time under such circumstances and yet obey the orders. He had not spoken since he got on his horse. He first dodged in and out among the wagons for awhile, but his progress was slow, much slower than his needs demanded. He obviously remembered his orders, but determined to violate them. He told the adjutant to make the cavalcade fall into single file, and then dashed out into an extensive oat field, overripe, on the left of the pike, and struck a rapid gallop. Several hundred yards ahead of the place where he thus rashly violated the sacred oat field there was a very nice brick house sitting back some distance in a grove of oaks, with a lane leading down from it to the pike. In the porch a round and fat little gentleman, in his shirt sleeves, with bald head and very red, red face, was sitting, smoking his pipe, with one eye on the morning's *Examiner*, and the other on his beloved oats. When he saw the cavalcade ride out of the road and commence its rapid movement along the edge of his field, he threw down his paper, rushed down the steps, flew along his lane, and before we had reached the place where lane and pike united he was standing like a lion in our path, puffing and blowing, wiping the perspiration from his brow and so bursting with rage that all power of speech seemed for a time to be gone.

The General saw him, and, for the first time in his career, seemed inclined to retreat; but our irate friend had regained his speech and made the attack as Jackson drew rein within ten feet of him. "What the hell are you riding over my oats for? Didn't you know it was against orders?" was the form of his outburst. The General looked confused, fumbled at his bridle rein, and was as much abashed as any schoolboy ever caught trespassing in a watermelon patch. Before, with his slow speech, he could get out a word of explanation, our volcanic friend had another eruption: "D—n you, don't you know it is against orders? I intend to have every d—n son of you arrested. What's your name anyhow?" addressing himself to the General and pausing for a reply. "My name is Jackson," said the General, half as if he wished for the occasion that it was something else. "Jackson! Jackson!" in a

voice of great contempt. "Jackson! I intend to report every one of you and have you all arrested. Yes, I'd report you, if you were old Stonewall himself, instead of a set of d—n quartermasters and commissaries riding through my oats! Yes, I'll report you to Stonewall Jackson himself, that's what I'll do."

"They call me by that name sometimes," said the General, in the same subdued, half-alarmed tone.

"What name? Stonewall?"

By this time several of us had ridden up pretty close to see the fun, and I think the old fellow saw a smile playing on our faces, and his suspicions began to be aroused. "What name did you say, sir?" in a somewhat different tone. "Stonewall?" The truth flashed on him. "You don't mean to say you are Stonewall Jackson, do you?" "Yes, sir, I am."

I can give you no adequate description of the sudden change that came over him. His anger was gone in an instant, and in its place came an admiration that was adoration. His color vanished, his lips parted, and tears stood in his eyes. Again his emotions stilled his tongue for an instant; then his speech came with all the vigor of his vernacular, and he shouted, as he waved his big bandana around his head: "Hurrah for Stonewall Jackson! By —, General, do me the honor, please, to ride ail over my d—d old oats!" His nature asserted itself.

It was a wonderful scene and one that I shall never forget. I may not have given every word he said, but what I have written is as nearly correct as so peculiar a colloquy, and one so excited, can ever be reported. He would not let the General pass till he and all of us had taken a glass of cold buttermilk with him. He pressed the General to take every variety of strong drink, but buttermilk was all he would take. And so great was our friend's admiration for old Stonewall that even his refusing to take something stronger did not seem to lower him in his estimation, as I think it would have done had the refusal come from some lesser light. He made no apology for his oaths; on the contrary, emphasized his admiration as he had his anger with a choice selection, which it is unnecessary for me to repeat.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.—Charles T. Woodruff writes from Elizabeth, N. J., after having read Gen. Horace Porter's account of the surrender at Appomattox: "In all history, I cannot find the equal of Grant and Lee on this occasion. Charles Francis Adams has placed in words on the side of the North the noble qualities displayed by General Lee at this time; Gen. J. B. Gordon, Thomas Nelson Page, and others, the part taken by General Grant. It must have been that they were both Americans and placed the standards of surrender for all time. Should not all Americans feel proud of their acts? And it is acknowledged by all impartial writers on the subject that both Grant and Lee were the most successful of generals, North and South. Now, it appears that this was not the opinion of Grant and Lee themselves. In John Russell Young's "Around the World with General Grant," this is taken from a conversation with Grant: "I never ranked Lee as high as some other generals of the Confederate army. I was more afraid of Joe Johnston." And in "Recollections and Letters of General Lee," compiled by his son, Capt. Robert E. Lee, this appears: "I asked him which of the Federal generals he considered the greatest, and he answered most emphatically, 'McClellan, by all odds.'"

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
2440 Third Street

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
711 Leland Avenue

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODRIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In this, my first message to you of the new year, let me first of all take this opportunity to thank you for the many hundreds of kindly greetings you sent me during the recent holiday season. I was made very happy by these evidences of your thoughtful remembrance.

As the new year opens before us, let us work with greater zeal to keep in the front ranks of workers for the many noble enterprises of the United Daughters of the Confederacy—memorial, historical, benevolent, and educational. Let us use its opportunities in building a greater organization, by extending our endeavors, and by carrying forward the principles of true American patriots.

Membership.—It is one of the highest duties and greatest pleasures of membership in our body to bring into its ranks all eligible women and to keep firm those ties of friendship which draw all Daughters together in mutual interest. We have passed the 100,000 mark in our roll of members; let me stress, however, the danger in measuring the strength of our organization by numbers alone; it is actual accomplishment in service which really counts. We should think of our increased membership only in that it gives us more ability and more opportunity to serve.

The great need in adding to our ranks is for young members. In the hands of youth we must leave our hopes, our aspirations, and our unfinished tasks. Under our rules, as you know, we can form special Chapters for members between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and the "Alexander Allen Farris" trophy is offered for the division sending in the greatest number of new members between these ages for the year.

We have long since reached the point where no individual Daughter can honor the United Daughters of the Confederacy by becoming a member. Ours is one of the greatest organizations of women in the world, and it is the United Daughters of the Confederacy which honors any woman admitted to membership in its ranks.

Cross of Service.—One of the new features of our work is the offering of the Cross of Merit (the World War Insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy) to soldiers and sailors of the World War whose ancestors were Confederate veterans.

It may be noted that the manufacturer has assumed the expense of making these crosses, and the Chapters are urged to order them as promptly as possible.

The committee, with Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., as chairman, in its report at the recent convention at Washington, recommended special rules for carrying on this work. A special form of record blanks, showing both war records and proper indorsements, was recommended. The rules are as follows:

CONDENSED RULES AND INFORMATION.

1. The medal shall be known as the "Cross of Service."
2. It shall be awarded to lineal male descendants of Confederate soldiers and sailors who served actively in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States or its allies between the dates of April 5, 1917, and November 11, 1918, provided the service began at least ten days before November 11 and extended for a period of not less than ninety days. This does not include boys who were in military training at universities or colleges or R. O. T. C. or S. A. T. C. students. It is a military decoration, intended for those who were in active service. No "conscientious objector" shall be given a Cross of Service.
3. The cross shall be obtained by Chapters from the Custodian of Crosses, through the State Recorder of Crosses, but application blanks for same shall be secured from the State Director of World War Records.
4. The price of the Cross is \$1, and money must accompany order to Custodian of Crosses.
5. Crosses may be awarded January 14, January 19, Memorial Day, June 3, September 27, and November 11.
6. No cross will be awarded until the application paper is properly filled out and contains all of the required data.
7. Chapters and Divisions should keep duplicate copies of the application, but the *original* must be sent to the Custodian of Crosses. Application blanks for use of Chapters and Divisions will be furnished by the State Directors of World War Records at a cost of two cents each.
8. No veteran of the World War shall receive more than one Cross, but record may be filed of all ancestors, of whom he is a *lineal* descendant, who served in the Confederate army or navy.
9. When a veteran of the World War, entitled to a Cross of Service, has died, the Cross may, upon proper application, be presented to his eldest child (if there be one) or to his widow, his mother, his father, or his next nearest kin, in the order named. The Cross so awarded must never be worn by any one.

MRS. J. A. ROUNTREE,
Chairman Insignia Committee.

Jefferson Davis Monument.—Work on the Jefferson Davis monument, now being erected at Fairview, Ky., birthplace of the immortal Confederate leader, is progressing. At the recent convention our organization pledged the amount necessary for the completion of this undertaking.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have claimed it as their right to complete this tribute to President Davis. Through six decades we of the South have remained constant to the memory of our heroes, and I can conceive of no better way of proving our continued faith to the great of the past than by prompt redemption of this pledge.

Let us make it possible to unveil this monument on June 3, 1924.

Lee Memorial Chapel.—Your President General is a member of a special committee, authorized under a resolution adopted at the general convention, which is called, by that resolution, to meet with the Board of Trustees of Washington and Lee University on January 18 and 19. This resolution, which is self-explanatory as to its purpose, is as follows:

"1. That, in accordance with the suggestion of the President of Washington and Lee and the unanimous recommendation of the Chapel Committee, a representative committee be appointed consisting of the chairman of the Chapel Committee, the outgoing and incoming Presidents General of the U. D. C., and the President of the Virginia Division.

"2. That this committee be requested to meet in mutual conference with the Board of Trustees of Washington and Lee, at their approaching midwinter meeting, January 18 and 19, to consider in friendly conference the question of the nature and location of the U. D. C. Memorial Chapel, in the hope that the present controversy among those who share a common loyalty may be ended and a satisfactory solution of the problem attained.

"The President General adopted a suggestion made from the floor, and added as a fifth member the outgoing President of the Virginia Division."

Tax Exemption.—Of importance to all Chapters is a new ruling by D. H. Blair, Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington. This ruling was brought about following a special visit to Commissioner Blair's office by Mrs. C. M. Chesley and Mrs. G. E. Judd. It will be seen that this relieves the U. D. C. from paying the Federal amusement tax on tickets to entertainments given by the organization.

The letter from Mr. Blair to Mrs. Chesley is as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C. November 19, 1923.

"Mrs. R. H. Chesley: Boston Chapter, U. D. C., Room 416 New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C.

"*Dear Mrs. Chesley:* In a conference this morning with you and Mrs. Judd, you brought to my attention the fact that the United Daughters of the Confederacy have been paying admission tax on entertainments given by it, and that the collector at Boston, Mass., has been basing his holding on a letter from Washington stating that the organization was not exempt. The matter has been reconsidered on additional evidence, and it is held that admissions to entertainments given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy are exempt from tax on the ground that the proceeds of such admissions inure exclusively to the benefit of an educational and charitable society.

"Respectfully, D. H. BLAIR, Commissioner."

It is frequently necessary for many of you to correspond with the chairmen of different committees under our organization. For your convenience in this respect, I am giving here the names and addresses of those committee chairmen with whom you are most likely to have correspondence:

Education.—Mrs. T. T. Stevens, 620 West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund.—Mrs. Amos Norris, 713 Platt Street, Tampa, Fla.

Southern Literature and Endorsement of Books.—Miss Elizabeth Hanna, 341 Roland Court, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. John C. Brown Memorial Peace Essay.—Miss Mollie Kavanaugh, 712 Cedar Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky.—Mrs. E. H. Morrison, Tarboro, N. C.

World War Records.—Mrs. J. A. Rountree, 3210 Cliff Road Birmingham, Ala.

Maury Monument.—Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, 735 Westover Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

Lee Memorial Chapel.—Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, Paducah, Ky.

"Women of the South in War Times."—Mrs. Edwin Robinson, 532 Fairmont Avenue, Fairmont, W. Va.

Rutherford History Committee.—Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Gastonia, N. C.

Stationery.—Mrs. E. L. Huey, Bessemer, Ala.

Praying that the new year may see the work of the United Daughters bring a new and greater blessing to the entire nation, that peace, harmony, and love may ever rest within the hearts of all Confederate daughters, and that the new year may shower a kindly benediction of success upon our efforts,

Cordially yours.

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

FROM THE EDITOR.

My Dear Publicity Chairmen: It is indeed encouraging to have such interesting reports from so many of you during the past month; and our only regret is that the limited space prevents the publication of your reports in full. To those of you who are serving for the first time as Publicity Chairmen, we ask that you bear in mind that your communications must reach me by the *first day* of the month in order that your notes may go in on the fourth to the office of the VETERAN. I send in material to the department only once during the month, so please remember the date—the first. For some issues we receive quite a number of reports, each of which must be condensed in order to come within the space assigned us. Again, perhaps, we may have only a few reports, in which case all may be printed in full. We regret that we cannot print details of programs, entertainments, etc. From the many splendid things done by Chapters in your Division each month, select those that will be for information and inspiration to others. It was a real pleasure to meet several of you in Washington, and we are hoping to meet still others at the 1924 convention. With the earnest desire that through your coöperation the U. D. C. Department may be of real service and interest to the organization, I am,

Faithfully. (MRS. R. D.) ELOISE WELCH WRIGHT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

From reports and personal letters, it would seem that the Division conventions held during the fall of 1923 were the best so far in their history.

Mrs. Stillwell, of Little Rock (Arkansas's Publicity Chairman, who is seventy-eight years young!) says: "Our convention was wonderful in several ways—in the numbers attending, in the full reports from various sections, and the enthusiasm and determination to make this a superior year along all lines." Arkansas has wisely provided an expense fund for the use of the Division President, enabling her to visit the Chapters throughout the State, this personal contact awakening sleeping Chapters and creating increased interest in active ones. Also opportunity is given for her to organize new Chapters.

* * *

Mrs. James Harris, Jr., President of the U. D. C. Chapter, of Americus, Ga., sends an interesting description of a "brilliant reception at the home of Mrs. Frank Lanier when Americus Daughters of the Confederacy, together with hundreds of

friends from other organizations of the city and surrounding territory, gathered to do honor to Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General U. D. C., who first won honor as the first President of the Americus Chapter and later served four years as President of the Georgia Division. Among the interesting features of the afternoon was the presentation to Mrs. Harrold of a handsome silver loving cup, beautifully engraved, carrying with it the appreciation of the entire membership of the Americus Chapter, as well as the love of Americus residents."

* * *

The Kentucky Confederate veterans were made very happy with an all-day Christmas celebration on December 28, when members of the A. S. Johnston Chapter and A. E. Camp C. of C. from Louisville, went out to the Home, loaded with gifts—socks, handkerchiefs, pipes, tobacco, candy, books, etc. The packages were put on a beautiful Christmas tree in the sun parlor just off the infirmary. The presents were given out after lunch, and then Southern songs were sung, and the Virginia reel and other old-time dances were enjoyed.

Remembrances were sent by several Kentucky Chapters; by the Chapter in Minneapolis Minn.; and by the Stonewall Jackson of Cincinnati, and the Gen. Joe Wheeler of Dayton.

Genera Osborne, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., from his winter home in Texas, sent a special Christmas letter with a card to each veteran in the home. Mrs. J. L. Woodbury was chairman in charge of the day

* * *

Mrs. Preston Power, of Baltimore, writes enthusiastically of the Maryland Division convention, held in Baltimore, of the splendid reports along all lines of work, and of the privilege enjoyed by the convention of having as its guest the President General, Mrs. Schuyler, and of her helpful words. The 1924 convention will meet in Frederick, guests of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter. Mrs. Power puts special emphasis on the fact that the Hagerstown Chapter has made plans to bestow Crosses of Service, on January 19, upon eight World War veterans, descendants of Confederate veterans. This Chapter sent baskets to veterans in the Confederate Home, and is co-operating with the eligible men in the city to form a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans.

* * *

Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, sends the following interesting notes from the Missouri Division:

Mrs. James B. Gantt, a zealous worker in the U. D. C., has presented a handsome white satin banner, hand embroidered, to James B. Gantt Chapter, of Farmington, in honor of her husband. The beautiful banner is a fitting tribute to one whom all U. D. C. hold in loved remembrance for his devotion to the Confederate cause.

Thanksgiving tide was appropriately observed at the Confederate Home in Higginsville. A big feast, music, and speaking.

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter is placing pictures of General Lee in all the schools and colleges of Boone County.

The U. D. C. Chapters of Kansas City were hostesses to the U. C. V. reunion in the early fall.

Higginsville Chapter, No. 2031, is helping a Higginsville boy to complete his education at the University of Missouri.

At the recent convention it was voted to have an especially designed U. D. C. spoon to be used for prizes, gifts, etc., by members.

The old ladies at the Confederate Home, the youngest

being seventy-six, are making fancy work, aprons, and quilts to sell for their pin money. The gayest of colors are used.

All copies of the book, "Reminiscence of a Missouri Woman during the Sixties," published by the Division a few years ago, have been sold.

Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, Superintendent and Matron of Confederate Home at Higginsville, are making a great success of their work.

* * *

Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, of Lakewood, tells us of something very unusual—viz., the entertaining of the Ohio convention—visitors and delegates—by the baby Chapter of the Division, with a membership of nine, only five of whom live in Columbus. This is the Southern States Chapter. A two-day session, delightful luncheons both days; Historical Evening, attended by many guests, among them the governor of Ohio and his wife; the crowning event socially being a beautiful reception given by the governor and Mrs. Donahay at the State Mansion, assisted by the members of the Chapter.

The two hundred and forty-one members of the Ohio Division contributed during the year, as shown by reports at this convention: \$620, for relief work; \$350, for education (scholarships); \$100, for Davis Monument Fund.

Their work was by no means confined to these three lines.

* * *

Miss Loryea, of St. Matthews, tells of the splendid convention of the South Carolina Division in Newberry, at which the General Chairman of Education, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, was a charming out-of-state guest, and delighted all who heard her inspiring address. The Historian General, Mrs. Lawton, gave a fine address on Historical Evening; and Miss M. B. Poppenheim, ex-President General was an inspiration at every session. Under the able administration of Mrs. C. J. Milling, the Division has forged ahead along all lines, the crowning event of the year being the unveiling of the handsome boulder on the Crater battle field at Petersburg, the first marker to be placed there by a Confederate State.

John M. Kinard, Commander of the South Carolina Division of Sons, appealed to the convention for coöperation in his efforts to organize Camps, and his slogan, "A Camp for every Chapter," was enthusiastically adopted.

Not only the three U. D. C. Chapters and the Camp of Sons, but all the other organizations in the city vied with one another in social attentions to the delegates, delightful entertainments having been arranged for every intermission between business sessions.

* * *

We welcome into the circle of Publicity Chairmen, Mrs. C. F. Drake, of Rockdale, Tex., an ardent U. D. C., the organizer of the Elizabeth Willcox Wallis Chapter now numbering, in its first year, seventy-two members.

Mrs. Drake rejoices that the Texas quota of \$1,000 to the Jefferson Davis Monument was oversubscribed by \$225; also that the Dick Dowling granite boulder commemorating the feat of this great soldier at Sabine Pass was completed, by subscription at the recent convention; that a fund has been raised for marking the graves of Confederate dead at Courtland Va.; that the portrait of Mrs. L. J. Storey, first Regent of the Texas Museum at Austin, has been completed and will be unveiled in the Confederate Museum at an early date.

* * *

It is also our pleasure to welcome Miss Maria Vass Frye, of Keyser, as Publicity Chairman for West Virginia. In her

letter for this month she tells us that the delegation to the Washington convention was the largest that has ever gone from West Virginia to a general convention. Huntington Chapter sent a Christmas basket to every veteran from West Virginia who is in the Confederate Home in Richmond. McNeill Chapter sent a Christmas remembrance to every veteran in Mineral County. This Chapter has also offered a prize of \$5 in gold to the student in the high school writing the best essay on Robert E. Lee, the award to be made with appropriate exercises on January 19.

* * *

From North Carolina comes the good news that the Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee, Mrs. H. E. Morrison, whose severe illness prevented her being at Washington, is rapidly recovering and is busy with plans for the unveiling on June 3.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

U. D. C. Outline for March.

General Lee moves northward—

1. To gain control of Pennsylvania cities.
2. To threaten Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.
3. To engage the Federal army wherever met.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

March.

Give an account of the battle of the Virginia and the Monitor, March 9, 1862.

PRIZES OFFERED FOR 1924.

1. *The Raines Banner*.—To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records and doing the best historical work.
2. *Rose Loving Cup*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Jefferson Davis, the American."
3. *Anna Robinson Andrews Medal*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "The Emancipation Proclamation."
4. *A Soldier's Prize \$20*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "The Soldier Diplomat of Kentucky, Maj. Gen. Henry T. Allen."
5. *Robert's Medal*.—For the second best essay submitted in any contest.
6. *Youree Prize, \$100*.—Awarded by War Records Committee to Division directors on per cent and per capita basis.
7. *Hyde Medal*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "The Siege of Vicksburg."
8. *Orren Randolph Smith Medal*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "The Confederate States Navy."

9. *William Alexander Leonidas Cox Medal*.—Given by Mrs. Eleanor Cox Griffith, of Washington, in memory of her father for best essay on "Gen. Joseph Wheeler."

10. *Mary D. Carter Prize of \$50*.—For the best criticism by a Daughter of the Confederacy of any history of the United States used in the schools or colleges

RULES GOVERNING CONTESTS.

(a) Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.

(b) Essays must be typewritten, with fictitious signature. Real name, Chapter, and address must be in sealed envelope, on outside of which is fictitious name only.

(c) Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by September 1, 1924.

(d) Essays on all subjects given may be submitted, but only two on each subject can be forwarded by State Historians.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS WILL BE FOUND USEFUL.

"The Library of Southern Literature." Martin & Hoyt, Atlanta.

"The Women of the South in War Times." W. S. Publication Committee, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore.

"Jefferson Davis, His Life and Personality," by Morris Schaff.

"The Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis," by J. William Jones, D.D.

"Speeches and Orations by John Warwick Daniel." J. P. Bell Company, publishers, Lynchburg, Va.

"A Heritage of Freedom," "The Birth of America," "American History and Government," by Matthew Page Andrews.

"Diary of Gideon Welles," Houghton-Mifflin Company, Publishers.

"History of the United States," by Percy Greg.

"Memoirs of Service Afloat," by Admiral Semmes

"HYDE-CAMPBELL" PRIZE.

Things We Should Know.

QUESTIONS FOR GRAMMAR AND JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL PRIZES, 1924.

For the best answers to these questions, a prize of \$50 will be awarded; to the second best, \$15; and the third best, \$10.

The answers should be brief and clearly written, each contestant bearing in mind that our most distinguished writers rarely ever "hand in" their first and second copies, but frequently recopy their work many times.

All these questions should be at least approximately covered by any up-to-date United States history textbook intended for use in the upper grades of the grammar schools and junior high schools.

A majority of the questions are based on Southern themes; for it is beginning to be recognized everywhere that Southern themes have long been disproportionately neglected.

The questions are intended to stimulate thought and interest on the part of the pupils, and thereby help the teacher. The questions themselves have been suggested or passed upon by competent teachers in several States. It is believed, therefore, that they are thoroughly practical and not only in keeping with sound pedagogical theory and practice, but in harmony with the most interesting recent developments in investigation and interpretation.

1. Write a paragraph of about one hundred words on the

(Continued on page 77.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
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MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
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MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.. *Corresponding Secretary General*
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1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

OUR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.

"Dear Miss Rutherford: I had a collapse and have been two weeks in the Wesley Memorial Hospital, Emory University, Ga. My physician says if I am careful I may be able to go home the last of this week.

"Please tell of your visit to Dallas, and take the page allotted to us in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"Will you express my appreciation for the expressions of love and sympathy sent by the hundreds of friends, and say for me that only my physical condition makes personal replies impossible.

"Do this for me and I shall be very grateful."

THE SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, DALLAS, TEX.

In November came an invitation from the Southern Memorial Association, Dallas, Tex., to deliver a historical lecture for the benefit of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association.

If there is one thing that appeals to me now, it is that Stone Mountain Memorial, which is being carved to vindicate the South in history. Of course, I accepted the invitation and arranged to spend December 16-22 in the trip there and back.

Later came letters urging me to prove the historical falsehoods in Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" and "Robert E. Lee," which had recently attracted attention in Texas, and I was urged to speak fearlessly about the wrongs in Southern history.

This Southern Association has a membership of two hundred and fifty of the most representative women in Dallas, and while organized just a year ago by Mrs. S. M. Fields, it has been most progressive in many ways, and the C. S. M. A. has cause to take pride in it.

I was met at the station by Mrs. Murrell Buckner, my hostess, and was taken by Mrs. Rogers and her son to her home.

I found awaiting me a lovely bunch of red carnations sent by Mrs. Buford, the President of the Association, explaining that illness would prevent her attending the exercises that night.

I don't think I ever saw entertainments planned more beautifully and carried out so perfectly.

Mrs. J. J. Hardin, the chairman of the program committee, had every detail ready, and everything moved along in a most satisfactory way.

The exercises were held at the City Temple. Rev. Dr. Gibson, the pastor of the Munger Methodist Church, opened with prayer.

Judge T. M. McCullough made a most gracious introduction of the speaker. Mrs. M. C. Turner, the Third Vice President of the Association, introduced the new State President, Mrs. S. M. Fields, who presented to the speaker of the evening a large bouquet of lavender chrysanthemums from the Southern Memorial Association tied with the colors of the C. S. M. A. The subject chosen was "History as It Is Written: History as It Should Be Written," and what was said must have been an eye opener to many in the city, reading the press reports the next morning. The misrepresentations the South has had to bear so long were fully laid bare.

I laughingly said to my people when I reached home that the Dallas people literally "ate me up" by beautiful courtesies and gracious compliments and showers of exquisite flowers while there, but as soon as I left the newspapers completely "devoured me" by attacks questioning the authority for my statements.

Fortunately, the authority could be given beyond dispute, and the responsibility of publishing my answers was thrown upon them.

On Thursday afternoon, December 20, a brilliant reception was given at the beautiful home of Mrs. Sam P. Cochran on Cedar Springs Road. In the receiving line with Mrs. Cochran and the guest of honor were: Mrs. S. M. Fields, Mrs. Lucy Cary, Mrs. Thomas Buford, Mrs. G. G. Wright, Mrs. George W. Truett, Mrs. M. C. Turner, Miss Lucy C. King, Mrs. D. P. Woodward, Mrs. W. L. Lemmon, Mrs. F. S. Davis, Mrs. T. L. Westerfield, Mrs. J. J. Hardin, Mrs. Rhodes S. Baker, Mrs. Murrell L. Buckner, Mrs. Sam Leake, Mrs. Sawnie Aldredge, and Mrs. Anna Rembert. The house party includes Mrs. C. H. R. McElroy, of Kansas City; Mrs. S. J. Blake, Mrs. Robert H. Higgins, Mrs. Maury Hughes, Mrs. Fritz Cochran, and Mrs. Joseph G. Smith.

Mrs. Temple presented to the speaker and Mrs. Cary each a beautiful bouquet, after the Colonial style—red rosebuds and violets.

Many beautiful dinners, luncheons, and drives were planned, but all could not be accepted.

It was a beautiful visit never to be forgotten. Mrs. J. S. Muse, the President of the Dallas Chapter U. D. C. sent a bouquet of white rosebuds, and just as I left a box of marvelous poinsettias was handed me and a large box of Texas's best candy, which I brought home with me as trophies.

It was nice to be a belle, for men and women, old and young,

in Dallas seemed to vie with each other in doing me honor and throwing beautiful roses. As we grow older these things tell.

Other associations must enlarge their membership ranks and begin to work for the things our Association should stand for. I feel sure a large contribution from the Southern Association will follow for Stone Mountain, for the audience that evening was wonderful, inasmuch as the spirit of Christmas was in the air. It was a charming audience to speak to, for they were such intelligent and appreciative listeners. These women are brave, as were their mothers, and were not afraid to hear the truth. I am sure they will stand for the truths of history.

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD,

Historian General C. S. M. A.

LETITIA AUSTIN FRAZER, TENNESSEE STATE PRESIDENT C. S. M. A.

With her wonderful smile upon her face and the light in her blue eyes that suffering and the weight of eighty-six years could not quench, on the morning of November 8, 1923, the gentle spirit of Letitia Austin Frazer passed into her Father's house.

Of her the *Commercial-Appeal*, of Memphis, said editorially: "The story of what this good woman did during the dark days of the war, and of her splendid life in Memphis since that time, is part of the splendid traditions of Memphis. . . . Her whole life was an inspiration to those who knew her. It was as a benediction to be in her presence during her declining years."



MRS. L. A. FRAZER.

Letitia Austin Frazer was born in Warren County, Miss., May 23, 1837. She was the daughter of Col. Hugh Rice Austin and Eliza Ann Ragan, the former of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock which early settled in Augusta County, Va., the latter of the same stock which pioneered in Alabama. They had removed to Memphis when the war broke out, and Letitia was one of the young girls who met with the Ladies' Aid Societies and the newly organized Southern Mothers' Association in the basement of the Second Presbyterian Church, corner Main and Beale, and of the First Baptist Church, corner of Second and Adams, to make the uniforms which the tailors cut out and to scrape lint for the Confederate hospitals. Sometimes they met in the home of Miss Phoebe Frazier, on Tennessee Street, which home, after the fall of Memphis, became the headquarters of General Sherman. Letitia was married in 1862 to Capt. Charles Wesley Frazer, a young officer of the 21st Tennessee, and afterwards of the 5th Confederate Regiment. The young bride at first went into camp with her husband, but afterwards followed the movements of the army as closely as circumstances permitted.

At the surrender of Cumberland Gap, among the helpless old men, women, and children remaining in the garrison, was Mrs. Frazer with her baby, a few months old, and her nurse.

Her husband, with other officers, had been sent forward for removal to the officers' prison on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, while those remaining in the garrison were ordered to vacate at once. As the little procession was passing out through the narrow defile, the guns above on the mountain side began booming and bombs were falling on all sides. The mother, realizing the imminent destruction of all the little company, thought quickly. "Run!" she cried to the nurse, "Run ahead and hold the baby high up, and let them see what they are doing!" The effect was magical. The guns were silenced, the long line of smoke cleared, and the little procession took up again its halting march.

With her husband a prisoner on Johnson's Island, the faithful wife found a boarding place in Sandusky in the home of a Copperhead family, and watched each opportunity for crossing to the Island. Sometimes it was by an excursion boat, and sometimes by sled over the frozen Lake Erie; but to both she was indifferent if by chance she should see her husband. This she was sometimes permitted to do with the aid of an opera glass, as he stood upon the steps of a blockhouse, and she, upon the board walk of the garrison, some distance away. At last no communications were permitted on account of the constant tunnelling of the prisoners to escape. But, hearing through a priest that Captain Frazer was about to die from pneumonia and starvation, the little wife made the trip to Washington alone to procure, if possible permission to see her husband from President Lincoln himself.

The story of the trip is too long for the present sketch, but Letitia returned with the precious document written upon the President's visiting card and by his own hand. Of this she was promptly relieved by the provost marshal at the Island who substituted the unlimited permit with one of his own for a single day. But Mrs. Frazer had an interview with her husband, purchased the needed provisions, medicines, and an overcoat in Canada, and, through the services of the same priest, they were gotten into the prison.

About that time Captain Cole's plans had matured for the firing on the gunboat Michigan, which guarded the Island, preparatory to the escape of the prisoners and the consummation of his conspiracy. For some reason, he chose Mrs. Frazer to give the signal from the Sandusky side. But she had promised her husband that she would take no part in any schemes for the release of prisoners, and his pleading was in vain. However, Cole had been seen to enter the house on several occasions, and Union spies were set to watch it. Upon the capture of Cole, Mrs. Frazer was summoned by his attorney as a witness in his behalf, and made an unwilling trip to Cleveland, with an officer, several times. The case was postponed each time, and by the time it had come up for final disposition, Captain Frazer had been paroled, and he hastened to carry his little wife over into Canada out of reach of the summons.

On return to the home in Memphis, the perpetuation of the principles and truths of the Southland became a life work with both Captain and Mrs. Frazer. Captain Frazer was one of the organizers and, for the last thirteen years of his life, was the President of the Confederate Historical and Relief Association, now the Confederate Historical Association, Bivouac No. 18, which is perhaps the oldest Association in the U. C. V.; while she joined the band of faithful women who, without organization, yearly crowned the graves of our dead with wreaths and crosses. Later, in her drawing room, she perfected an organization of these women into the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis, of which she was the active President for many years, as were also two daughters.

(Continued on page 78.)

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

NEWS AND NOTES.

A FEW SHOTS NOT HEARD AROUND THE WORLD—THE LORD ACTON LETTER.—The Lord Acton letter, which Gen. Robert E. Lee wrote that nobleman in December of 1866, and the authenticity of which is unquestioned and beyond question, is one of the most important documents made generally public for a long time. Few seem to have previously seen it or known of it, although it was published in the VETERAN some months ago.

The letter is like a voice from the tomb. It is a complete refutation of the slanders against Lee's memory and fame, which have been rather prominent of late, wherein he is figured as a reluctant sort of Southerner, fighting without heart, not in accord much with principles which animated his native land, and realizing in the end that "what had happened was best after all." Even so distinguished a divine as Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, has been quoted as representing General Lee "thanking God that he could not establish State rights," etc. We quote a portion of the Lee letter which very effectually shows his stand on the political questions of that day (and of this day, forsooth!). He says to Lord Acton: "The South has contended only for the supremacy of the Constitution and the just administration of the laws made in pursuance of it. . . . I yet believe that the maintenance of the rights and authority reserved to the States and to the people not only essential to the adjustment and balance of the general system, but the safeguard to the continuance of a free government. I consider it as the chief source of stability to our political system, whereas the consolidation of the States into one vast republic, sure to be aggressive abroad and despotic at home, will be the certain precursor of that ruin which has overwhelmed all those that have preceded it." Realizing, however the futility of the discussion, General Lee adds: "I will not weary you with this unprofitable discussion—unprofitable because the judgment of reason has been displaced by the arbitrament of war." Does this look like a man "thanking God he could not establish State rights?"

The distortions of American history have been, and are, weird indeed! The efforts to put into Lee's mouth sentiments he would have scorned are an extremely reprehensible form of this widespread misrepresentation. As this is being written, an effort is being made by the history departments of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, directed by their Historian General, Mrs. St. J. Alison Lawton, of Charleston, S. C. and by the History Department of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, to have papers all through the country print copies of this letter on General Lee's birthday. How successful this effort is lies with the respective editors of the papers selected. The letters of prominent men are a stumbling-block to those who would establish false gods (and their name is legion), as well as to those who would defame the great of this earth. The truth of history could be well settled, and truthfully settled, if written from conclusions based upon the letters of our prominent men of both sides, but these letters and documents would

not serve the purpose of those who are busy in either defamatory or apotheosizing efforts.

TEXAS DIVISION.

James S. Hogg Camp No. 951, of Jacksonville, Tex., at their regular meeting held November 22, 1923, elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: C. C. Nicholson, Commander; W. M. Harris, First Lieutenant Commander; C. F. Adams, Second Lieutenant Commander; Sam H. Lane, Adjutant; C. L. Newburn, Surgeon; W. E. Watters, Quartermaster; J. M. Newburn, Chaplain; Allan Earle, Treasurer; Fred J. Fry, Color Sergeant; John B. Guinn, Historian.

The Commander made the following appointments for the standing Committees of the Camp:

Relief Committee.—J. B. Armstrong, Chairman; Ernest Smyrl, J. M. Newburn, W. E. Watters, and F. J. Fry.

Membership Committee.—John B. Guinn, Chairman; Charles F. Adams and W. M. Harris.

This Camp voted for the inauguration of a drive for new members, each member to report back to the next meeting with at least one application.

A new Camp was organized during the month of November at Corpus Christi with twenty-one members, and charter has been issued and the Camp designated as Colonel Hobby Camp No. 713. The following officers were elected for the year: E. T. Merriman, Commander; H. R. Sutherland, First Lieutenant Commander, Gordon Boone, Second Lieutenant Commander; Joe C. Blackrall, Adjutant, Dr. J. H. Grant, Surgeon; Curran L. Benton, Quartermaster; Rev. J. W. Sykes, Chaplain, G. J. Merriman, Treasurer; William T. Barron, Jr., Color Bearer, F. A. Tompkins, Historian; W. E. Pope, Judge Advocate.

At the regular meeting of Dick Dowling Camp No. 281, Port Arthur, held December 3, four new applicants were elected to membership—Dr. T. A. Fears, H. C. Crawford, Henry Matrice, and W. J. Reed. After a brief business meeting, a five-course dinner was served, followed by talks by a number of the members present. Commander A. W. Dycus presided.

A special meeting of this Camp was held on the evening of December 11, and the following newly elected officers for 1924 were installed: A. W. Dycus, Commander; F. P. Wood, First Lieutenant Commandant; Sam R. Nicks, Second Lieutenant Commander; J. W. O'Neal, Adjutant; T. A. Fears, Surgeon; H. C. Crawford Quartermaster; R. A. Shivers, Chaplain; W. L. Blackmon, Treasurer; W. J. Reed, Color Sergeant; C. N. Ellis, Historian; Elgin H. Blalock, Judge Advocate.

New Camps were organized as follows:

Kingsville No. 177, Kingsville, Tex.; J. D. Gibbs, Commander, with fifteen members.

Sinton Camp No. 476, Sinton, Tex., J. C. Russell, Commander; twelve members.

Hart Mussey No. 221, Alice, Tex.; C. L. Tanner, Commander; eleven members.

ELGIN H. BLALOCK,

Adjutant and Chief of Staff Texas Division.

AN INQUISITOR.—In Miss Mildred Rutherford's quite effective "Answers to Newspaper Attacks" she mentions how the editor of the *Times-Herald*, of Dallas, Tex., disputes and questions her right to assert that General Grant owned slaves and that General Lee did not offer his sword, at Appomattox, to General Grant.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT U. D. C.

(Continued from page 73.)

attempted settlement at Roanoke Island, mentioning in particular the first American child born of English parents, and give brief references to the pictures of the first English artist in North America (white), and to the work of the first scientist (Harriot). Value, 10.

2. Every American boy or girl knows the name of the vessel which brought over the second distinct group of settlers to Plymouth in 1620. Give the correct names of the three vessels that thirteen years earlier brought over the first permanent settlers. Give the correct names of these vessels, their tonnage, the length of the voyage, and the date of their landing at the point of first settlement. Value, 10.

3. Who, above all others, helped to plan for freedom and liberty in America not only in the planting of Jamestown, but in securing permission for the Pilgrim exiles in Holland to come back to England and sail for America. Write a paragraph of fifty to seventy-five words about this great founder of America, Sir Edwin Sandys. Value, 15.

4. In from one to three brief paragraphs, tell why it is quite false to say or to give the impression that the first colonists were poor or weak characters. Tell something about Captain Martin, the most successful first settler, and of Captains Archer and Percy, and of John Laydon. Tell of the wreck of the Sea Venture and how the crew were all saved, and of Shakespeare's interest in this important event. Value, 20.

5. Tell how the first legislative assembly in the New World made plans for the first American school, and of the special grants of lands for the first boys and girls. Value, 10.

6. These five questions are based on the very beginnings of our country. After answering these, write a brief paragraph of about fifty to one hundred words showing why it is very important to have a correct idea of the origin of our country. Value, 15

7. Write briefly (from one hundred to three hundred words) on some incident in the early history of the State in which you live. Value, 20

MISS MARION SALLEY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following notes about Miss Salley were sent by Miss Edith Loryea, Editor South Carolina Division U. D. C., who says, "We are very proud of her:"

"Miss Marion Salley, the winner of the Rose Loving Cup, offered annually by the General U. D. C., for the best essay on a given subject—the subject this year being: 'Behind the Lines: The Achievements and Privations of the Women of the South.' This most coveted prize was presented to Miss Salley on Historical Evening during the State convention in Newberry, Mrs. J. Frost Walker, Division Historian, having received it in Washington for Miss Salley.

"Miss Salley is from Orangeburg, S. C., and is a graduate of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C. Since her graduation, she has taken an active part in the club life of Orangeburg and also of South Carolina. She is a member of a number of literary and patriotic societies, being active in both the U. D. C., and D. A. R. She is serving her third year as President of the Paul McMichael Chapter, U. D. C. For three years she served as Historian of the State Division, D. A. R., her work during that time having been highly commended. For a number of years, she has been sponsor for Camp Glover, U. C. V., of Orangeburg, S. C.

"She is the Division Director for 'Women of the South in War Times,' and recently won, for the second time, the first prize for selling the greatest number of books."

The editor of this erudite publication would perhaps be interested in reading the article of a recent magazine where is set forth the trials and tribulations of Copernicus and Galileo and others whose various theories and assertions as to the sun moving around the earth and other incidentals caused great questioning and vehement denials. Of course most of these theories have passed from a state of theory into one of accepted facts and these struggles took place some years before doubts assailed the mind of the editor of the *Times-Herald*; but why should a few years count in the profound emotions and mental stresses of this newspaper.

MEMPHIS.—The Sons of Memphis are stirring themselves in preparation for the soon-to-be reunion. Not so very long ago an enthusiastic meeting was held there, and Camp N. B. Forrest, S. C. V. was revived and put into good working shape. At this meeting the U. D. C. and the U. C. V. were both represented and lent their encouragement. Below is a list of officers of this Camp elected at this meeting: Prof. J. L. Highsaw, principal of the Crockett Technical High School, was unanimously elected Commander. Officers other than Professor Highsaw elected are: First Lieutenant Commander, J. Elmore Holmes; Second Lieutenant, Commander, Thomas B. Hooker; Adjutant, Thomas L. Campbell; Treasurer, M. G. Bailey; Chaplain, Dean I. H. Noe; Surgeon, Dr. Percy Toombs; Quartermaster, Capt. Walter Chandler; Color Sergeant, George W. Silvertooth; Historian, David Fentress.

NEW YORK CITY CAMP.—The annual meeting of New York Camp was held January 14, in Hotel McAlpin, New York City, after due and regular notice had been sent to the entire membership, twenty members in good standing being present. The following representative men were elected to office for the ensuing year: Commander, Silas W. Fry, 100 Grand Street, New York City; First Lieutenant Commander, David W. Timberlake; Second Lieutenant Commander, Judge William Mack; Adjutant, Charles E. Farris, 105 Hudson Street, New York City; Surgeon, Dr. Warren Coleman; Quartermaster, John Newton Marshall; Chaplain, Rev. John R. Straton; Treasurer, Minter M. Mays; Color Sergeant, L. W. McCord; Historian, J. Avery Webb.

WHO REMEMBERS THIS COMPANY OF BOYS?—D. O. Smith, of Mobile, Ala., is anxious to get some information about a company of boys to which he belonged, of which he says: "When the Confederacy called for the boys between the ages of sixteen and sixty, I was one of several hundred mustered in at Brandon, Miss., under A. Y. Harper, who had been lieutenant colonel of the 6th Mississippi Regiment. After a few days at Brandon, we went to Meridian for some time, and thence to Corinth. After some weeks of suffering with cold and hunger we were sent home. I do not know what company or regiment we were in. I was so small that the colonel relieved me of my gun and made me his messenger boy. I can recall but two members of the company—Tom Deering and S. P. Monroe—and there is no record of the company in the Mississippi State archives. Any information of the crowd of kids composing this little army under Colonel Harper will be appreciated. I was then living a mile south of Lake, Miss., in Scott County."

Miss Emma Hampton, Cleveland, Tenn., writes: "I cannot tell you the amount of pleasure the VETERAN brings to me monthly. I feel as though I could not do without so valuable and delightful a visitor."

LETITIA AUSTIN FRAZER.

(Continued from page 75.)

ters of Admiral Semmes, one of whom is now entering upon her thirteenth year of service.

As State President for Tennessee of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, one of Mrs. Frazer's latest pleasures was in locating six of the mothers of living Confederate veterans for presentation of the gold bar. Alert to every local and national interest, she was a great reader, and her Bible and the daily paper were always beside her. She was a stanch advocate of the League of Nations and an ardent admirer of Woodrow Wilson. She had eagerly looked forward toward hearing his voice over the radio on Armistice Day, the day upon which she was laid away.

Mrs. Frazer is survived by two daughters—Virginia Frazer Boyle and Phoebe Frazer—her gallant husband having preceded her twenty-five years, and her only son, Charles Wesley, Jr., having passed away suddenly nine months before her.

She left a message of hope and comfort to those she loved, the first four verses of the fourteenth chapter of John the words of her trusted Saviour which had comforted her during her months of separation from her precious son. Beloved and revered by her friends and worshipped by her children she gently passed with the drifting of the autumn leaves.

TO MARK VIRGINIA BATTLE FIELDS.

BY JOHN GOOLRICH, JR., FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Representative S. O. Bland, of this district, has introduced, or will very shortly introduce, into Congress a bill for an appropriation of \$3,000, for the expenses of a commission, to consist of one Federal veteran, one Southern veteran, and one noncombatant whose duties will be to look over the battle fields of Chancellorsville, Spotsylvania, The Wilderness, and Fredericksburg, with a view to establish a battle field park, or to suitably mark them.

These were four of the most important conflicts of the War between the States. Within a radius of seven miles, there fell on these battle fields 104,000 men, in nine days' actual fighting. Over their roads moved those great armies of Lee and Jackson, Hooker, Burnside, and Grant. In every stillness of their forests lurks history, and beneath almost every pine some soldier gave his life.

At Fredericksburg, when seven divisions, one after another, charged the stonewall, the Federal soldiers gave an example of courage that is not often equalled in war. At Chancellorsville "Stonewall" Jackson marched down the old Furnace Road to execute a strategic movement which Henderson, officer and military writer, says was the most perfect piece of strategy ever executed in any war; and here, when he had driven back Hooker's army and won a battle which the day before seemed lost, he gave his life for his country. In the Wilderness Grant and Lee met in terrible battle, face to face, and where the old Brock Road crosses the Plank Road was decided the fate of the Confederacy; while at Spotsylvania, at the Bloody Angle seventy thousand men during one day were put into an area of seven hundred acres to battle hand to hand.

To me there is no consideration of the commercial quantity in the establishment of this park or the marking of this field. Instead, I look upon it as a shrine to which through future ages can go the descendants of those who live to-day, and which will bring to them a vision of the things for which their forefathers fought, and how they fought for them.

It is psychologically true that men's minds work from without, not from within. But for the statue to Nathan Hale, men

might have forgotten him, and few would know much to-day of Bunker Hill had they not put a shaft upon its summit. History would have recorded these things, but history records many things. To place a monument or a marker means to tell the story of history with an exclamation point or to write it in italics.

It is for this reason I suggest that every Confederate, and especially those who tramped those forest roads of the Wilderness country with Lee and Jackson, should take an interest in this project. It is not intended to ask for any money. It is merely asked that every veteran or Son or Daughter of the Confederacy, or that every man who still can feel a thrill when he hears the story of the men who marched and fought in the sixties, will write a letter to the Congressman and Senator who represent him and ask them to sustain the movement of Representative Bland to mark the battle fields at Chancellorsville, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Fredericksburg. It is a small thing to do. It may mean much to this and to coming generations.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

I wish to express my great appreciation for the honor conferred upon me by our President General, largely through the suggestion of Mrs. R. P. Holt, as chairman of the Committee on Publicity for our book, "The Women of the South in War Times." In succeeding our very efficient chairman, Mrs. Holt, I cannot feel that, like Elisha of old, I am well fitted to receive this mantle, but, with your hearty coöperation, I shall to the best of my ability "carry on" this splendid work. Of the distribution of our entire pledge of 10,000 copies made by the delegates at the St. Louis general convention, 997 were sold the first year, and 1,684 this past year, leaving a total of 7,319 copies yet to be distributed this year, I hope.

My recommendation is that we definitely systematize this work, each State Director, to the best of her ability, disposing of her quota by suggesting quotas for the Chapters and providing for Chapter distributors.

Let us keep in constant touch with each other, all along the line, each one doing her bit. By this concerted action, our work will soon be accomplished, our obligation met, and each Division "over the top" by November, 1924, and all commitments discharged.

With my best wishes, OPHELIA MCKAY ROBINSON.
Fairmont, W. Va.

WITH THE HEAVY ARTILLERY.—W. H. Dickson, of Hosston, La., writes: "I volunteered from Magnolia, Ark., and served with Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, Heavy Artillery. I helped to man the gun known as 'Whistling Dick,' previously called 'Long Tom.' The name was changed by the Federals after an engagement with a passing fleet at Vicksburg, on account of the shrill, distressing noise it made. It was mounted just above the city on Wyman Hill, houses having been moved to make the location possible. We boys were so well trained in maneuvering the gun that we could load and shoot it twice in a minute. I have seen it stated that this gun was an eighteen-pound piece, which is a mistake; it was a thirty-two pound Parrott rifle. I know, for many a time I helped to shoot it.

"If any survivors of my company should see this, I would be glad to hear from them."

Mrs. James W. Orr, of Jonesville, Va., renews for 1924 and says: "I do not want to miss one. They are too valuable to be lost."

"MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PRAEVALET"
(Old Testament, The Vulgate. I. Esdras iv. 41.)

THE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

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GEORGE H. HAKES,
290 Broadway, New York City.

Jack Lang, old and in need of a pension, was with Captain McDonald, of Smith County, Tenn., and served as scout for General Lee. I went to Texas with General Price in 1861. Anyone who remembers anything of his army career will confer a favor by writing to Capt. J. A. Creager, Commander Camp Cabell No. 125 U. S. V., of Vernon, Tex.

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MR. C. E. BROOKS

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 192 State St., Marshall, Mich.

R. W. Childress, of Charlottesville, Va. (802 Monticello Road), is seeking information on the war record of his uncle, Thomas B. Tompkins, who was a lieutenant and, he thinks, captain of Company A, of the 45th Georgia Infantry, when he was killed at Gettysburg. He was reared at Macon, Ga., and went into service under Colonel Hardeman, of the 45th regiment. A copy of the roster of Company A is especially desired. Possibly some survivor can furnish it.

M. W. (Mark) Peacock, of Naples, Tex., in his eighty-third year, wishes to establish his war record so as to secure a pension and would like to hear from any surviving comrades who can testify to it. He enlisted at Macon, Ga., but says his comrades were all Tennesseans with the exception of one man, Joe Adams; his service was with Captain Cromwell, under Colonel Lawton, and he took part in the last battle of that command, fought at Columbus, Ga. He was in the war till the end, but can't remember just how they got through. Will appreciate hearing from any of those comrades. Address him at Naples, Route No. 3, Box 102.

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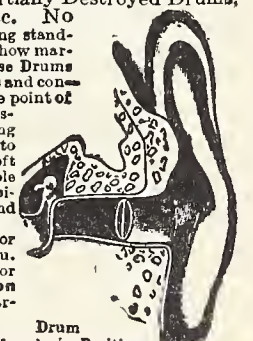
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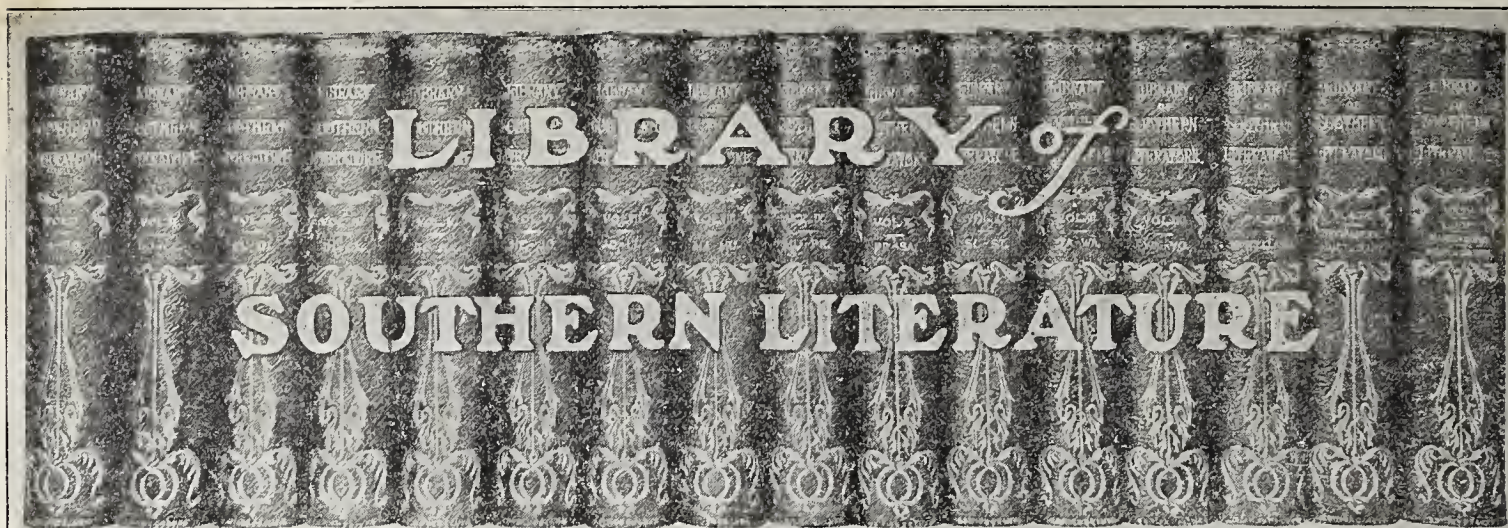
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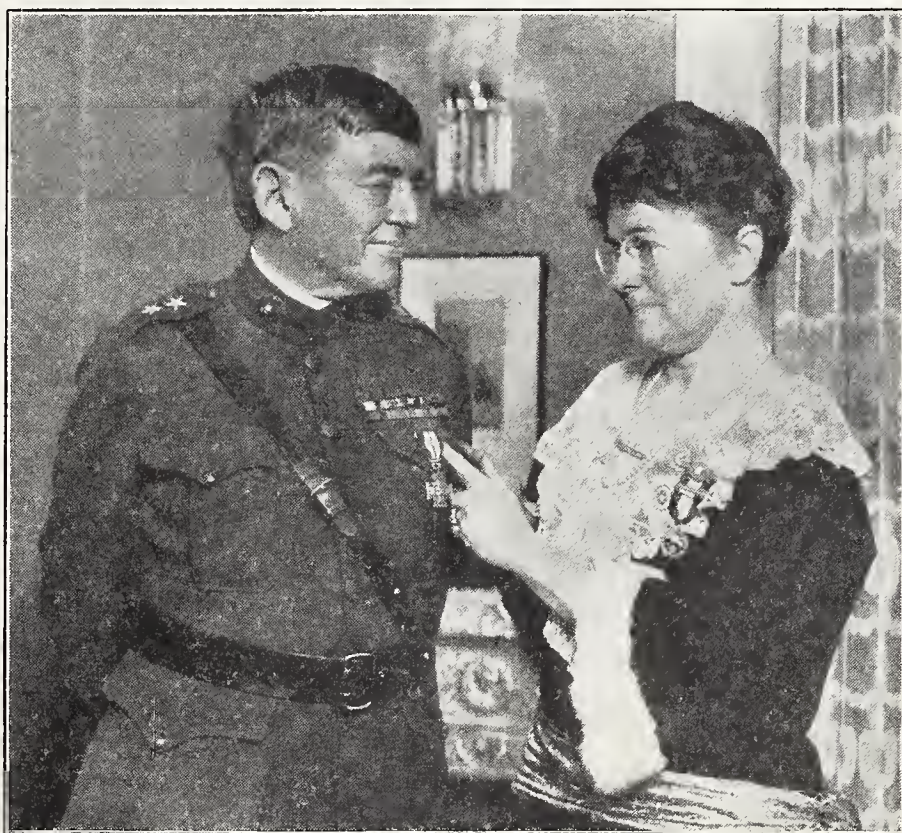
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VOL. XXXII.

MARCH, 1924

NO. 3

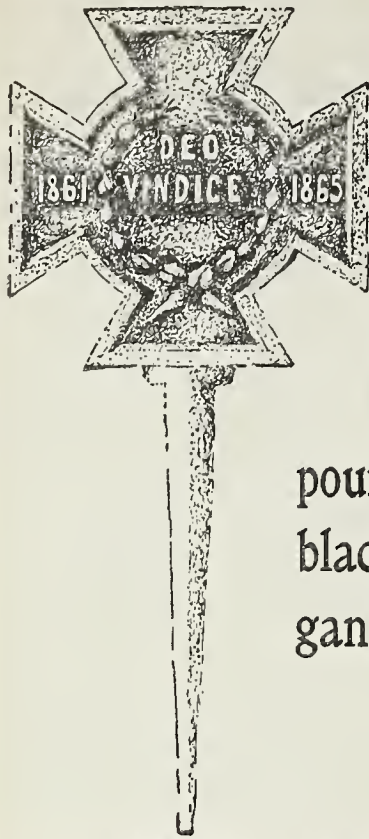


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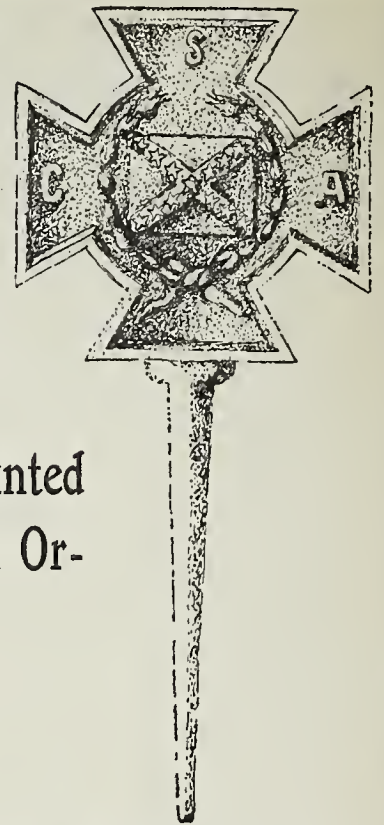
Major General Lejeune, of the United States Marine Corps, being decorated by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, retiring President U. D. C., with the Cross of Service bestowed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy upon World War veterans of Confederate ancestry. This interesting ceremony took place in the home of Mrs. Schuyler, in New York City, on December 11, 1923.

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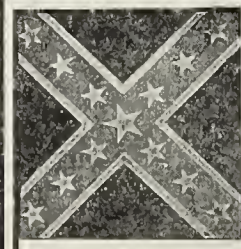
Mrs. Johnson Collins, Llano, Tex., is trying to locate some one who knew her husband in the Confederate army. He enlisted in Harris, or Montgomery, County, Tex., living near the line between those counties, but she does not remember the company and regiment. She is trying to get a pension. Address her, or J. A. Coursey, at Llano, Tex.

Rev. James Marshall, secretary of Mobile Presbytery, Mobile, Ala., would like to get in communication with anyone who surrendered with Private Edmund Rasha Cannon, Company A, 61st Alabama Infantry, who was paroled at Appomattox. He enlisted from Wilcox County, Ala., and went on a vessel to Fort Morgan after the surrender.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written by soldiers, also by war prisoners during the time of the Confederacy. Old slave quotations and other letters purchased. **GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.**

Comrades or friends of Harmon Smith who can give any information of his record as a Confederate soldier will please write to his wife, who is old and needy and is trying to get a pension. Her address is Lockesburg Ark. She does not know his company and regiment.

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

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

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VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1924.

No. 3.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

REUNION COMMITTEES.

To My Comrades: Assuming that you prefer to have real live news rather than advisory suggestions, I am in the main confining this communication to information that ought to be interesting, and will be valuable to those who expect to attend the reunion, June 3-6, of the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. John D. Martin, a prominent lawyer and president of the Southern Baseball League, has been selected as General Chairman of the Memphis Reunion Committee. Dr. Austin P. Finley, Assistant Superintendent City Board of Education of Memphis, has been selected as Vice Chairman. The organization, which is about complete, is as follows:

Finance.—Mr. Lloyd T. Binford, president Columbian Mutual Life Insurance Company, a fine business man, has been selected as Chairman of the Finance Committee.

Housing.—Mr. Thornton Newsum, a thoroughly successful Memphis business man, who is in close and energetic touch with hotels and homes, has been selected as Chairman of the Housing Committee. Those who know him know that his arrangements will be very complete.

Commissary.—Mr. George W. Person, a successful real estate man, has been selected as Chairman of the Commissary Committee. He was in charge of this Department at the Memphis reunion of 1909, and did his work well. He has appointed two well-established and experienced caterers as assistants, and has arranged for cooking and service to be done in the spacious Market Annex of the New Auditorium. There is no doubt that his plans, being well laid, will be successful, and that any Confederate veteran can get coffee and food any moment of the twenty-four hours, besides regular meals.

Registration and Badges.—Mr. Thomas B. King—the man for the place—has been selected as Chairman of the Registration and Badges Committee, and is corresponding with manufacturers and others as to badges for this reunion.

Music.—Mr. Edward R. Barrow has been selected as Chairman of this important Committee. He is Chairman of the Music Division of the Chamber of Commerce and thoroughly experienced. He is at work on bands, choruses, children's musical pageants, etc.

Decorations.—Mr. Frank D. Fuller, Chairman. Mr. Fuller has been secretary of the Tri-State Fair for the past ten years,

and has had charge of all the decorations of the city of Memphis during that time. He is busily at work arranging for the decorations for the Memphis reunion.

Auditorium.—The chairman of this committee will be appointed at the conference with Mayor Payne and the county court. The authority given by such joint appointments will be most helpful in carrying out the wishes of this committee in arrangements for the buildings in which the meetings of the United Confederate Veterans will be held at Memphis.

Publicity.—Mr. Percy N. Sholars, Chairman, is busily engaged in preparing an elaborate and far-reaching scheme of publicity.

Program.—A most important committee, of which Gen. R. E. Bullington and Gen. C. A. Desassure are joint chairmen. They are industriously engaged in collecting data, and every effort will be made to issue the program, in printed form, several weeks prior to the reunion.

Military and Parade.—Capt. Frank Gilliland, who was a captain in the American Expeditionary Forces, will organize and arrange for all parades.

Sons of Confederate Veterans.—Mr. Thomas B. Hooker, Chairman. Mr. Hooker has been very actively at work, and has reorganized the N. B. Forrest Camp, which now numbers over three hundred young men, and of which Prof. J. L. Highsaw is Commander. These Sons of Confederate Veterans are numbered among the best business men of Memphis, and they will back up the chairman in every call that is made upon them.

Southern Confederated Memorial Association.—Mrs. C. B. Bryan, the daughter of that gallant hero of the Confederate States Navy, Admiral Raphael Semmes, is Chairman of this Committee. A woman of great executive ability, she has for twenty-one years been President of the Memphis Ladies' Memorial Association and is the head of a splendid body of women who compose that Association. Efficient and energetic, she already has her program for June 3 complete and ready for the reunion.

Sponsors and Maids, Entertainments and Social Affairs.—Mr. R. Henry Lake, Chairman. Mr. Lake is a leader in social matters; is the manager for the district of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and is thoroughly up in matters pertain-

ing to the duties of his committee. Mr. Walker Chandler is his able assistant.

Medical.—Dr. J. L. Jelks, one of the foremost physicians of Memphis, has been selected chairman of this most important committee. Dr. A. B. DeLoach is his assistant, and they have a staff of thirty-six physicians. Their plans embrace a central office at the Auditorium, and substations in zones and wards, and instant service by a designated physician in each. They have also made arrangements for ambulance men, hospital service, and ambulance attention, if required, during the reunion. They will be coöperated with in their work by Surgeon General Stephen H. Ragen, of Kansas City, Mo., and Assistant Surgeons General of the U. C. V. during the Memphis reunion.

Transportation.—For this most important service, Mr. E. W. Ford, Vice President and General Manager of the Memphis Street Railway, a thorough business man, reliable, energetic, and efficient, has been selected as chairman of this important committee. He has been for weeks negotiating with the railroads in regard to the service to be rendered in transporting veterans and members of auxiliary organizations to the Memphis reunion.

Automobiles.—An active automobile dealer will be selected chairman of this committee. The number of automobiles that will be provided at Memphis will, in all probability, be far greater than the number provided at any previous reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. Arrangements for the entire period of the Memphis reunion are now being made.

It gives me very great pleasure to state that all of these chairmen and the members of their various committees are much in earnest and fully impressed with the importance of the occasion.

With the knowledge thus given that the people of Memphis are doing everything that is possible to provide the veterans with every comfort and care during the coming reunion, we should unite with them in seeing that it is indeed a love feast and that only harmony prevails during this convention.

To this end, I feel it incumbent upon me to give a word of suggestion to my comrades. They should come to the Memphis reunion fully determined that it shall be a most harmonious gathering, and that nothing shall enter into our convention meetings which shall mar that harmony. No Camp of United Confederate Veterans should pledge itself beforehand to any course of action. These Camps should come to the convention with unprejudiced views and under no promises of any kind or for any purpose. I am writing this with full knowledge that efforts will be made to secure promises and pledges from Camps and individual members of our organization that will not tend to the harmony which I hope to see prevail during the Memphis reunion.

It is my wish that my comrades may fully understand this is not in connection in any way with the election of my successor as Commander in Chief. In this matter, as at New Orleans, I have no request to make of any comrade. Fully appreciative of the honor they have already conferred upon me, and solely with the desire to do the best that in me lies for the harmony, good, and welfare of my comrades and the federation under which we work, and with no thought of or concern as to future preferment, I am,

Your friend and comrade,
W. B. HALDEMAN,
Commander in Chief U. C. V.

Dr. M. S. Browne, of Winchester, Ky., sends "five dollars for credit on your books, as I want the VETERAN continued always, for in it we have a basis for truth in history."

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D. C., February 2, 1924.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1.

The Lieutenant General Commanding herewith announces appointment of his official and personal staff for the term of his present administrative command. All comrades will properly recognize these appointees.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. Jo. Lane Stern, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Col. John A. Cutchins, Assistant Adjutant General.

Col. W. L. Wilkerson, Assistant Adjutant General.

STAFF DEPARTMENT.

Col. R. Mc. Bullington, Inspector General.

Col. E. P. Goodwin, Quartermaster General.

Col. J. L. Wardlaw, Commissary General.

Col. Robert C. Bryan, Surgeon General.

AIDES.

Lieut. Col. W. W. Sale, Aide-de-Camp.

Lieut. Col. George M. Reid, Aide-de-Camp.

Lieut. Col. Rupert R. Powell, Aide-de-Camp.

All officers of the staff will communicate directly with the Assistant to the Adjutant General, Mrs. W. B. Kernan, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La., relating to the matter of the customary assessments.

Staff officers are urged to extend information to camps within the jurisdiction of this Department, as early as practicable, of the time and place of the next annual reunion of the United Veterans, June 4, 5, and 6, 1924, at Memphis, Tenn., and to give such aid as they reasonably can to veterans expecting or desiring to attend.

The Department Commander is desirous of having all members of his staff and all veterans from the States and localities within the Department boundaries located in Memphis in and around headquarters of the command, and to that end the officers of the staff will take notice through the proper channels in advance of the reunion of the hotel selected for the entertainment of the members of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By command of

CHARLES B. HOWRY,
*Lieutenant General and Commander,
Department, Army of Northern Virginia.*

JO. LANE STERN,

Brigadier General, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Major. Gen. John P. Hickman, Commander, Nashville, Tenn.

Col. W. L. McKay, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Nashville, Tenn.

Brig. Gen. Robert C. Crouch, Commanding First Brigade, Morristown, Tenn.

Brig. Gen. Harry Rene Lee, Commanding Second Brigade, Nashville, Tenn.

Brig. Gen. E. R. Oldham, Commanding Third Brigade, Henning, Tenn.

LAST OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S STAFF.

With the passing of Rev. Dr. James Power Smith, eminent clergyman and writer, during August of 1923, the last member of Stonewall Jackson's staff "crossed over the river" to join the great commander "under the shade of the trees." His close association with the immortal Stonewall was to him a sacred part of his life, and when the end drew near for him his mind went back to those heart-breaking days of terrible suspense after the wounding of Jackson, and again he felt the agony of parting.

Dr. Smith was born in New Athens, Ohio, on July 4, 1837, son of the Rev. Joseph Smith, D.D., and Eliza Bell Smith, of Winchester, Va. In 1856 he was awarded his B.A. degree by Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, and five years later he was graduated from the Union Theological College of Richmond, Va. His degree of Doctor of Divinity was from Hampden-Sidney College.

On the eve of taking up his life work as a minister of the Presbyterian Church, the War between the States came on, and the young minister entered the Confederate army as a corporal in the Rockbridge Artillery. Though his parents were living in the North, his heart was with the South, as he tells in his story, "With Stonewall Jackson," and he counted it his highest earthly distinction that he could thus serve the Southland. A clergyman was the captain of the Rockbridge Artillery, and in its ranks were ministers and students, with other college men, so he donned the gray uniform and entered the ranks of the Army of the Valley of Virginia. He was wounded in his first battle, July 19, 1861, near Mitchell's Ford, a glancing ball striking his elbow; but it was a slight injury, and he passed through the war practically without a wound. It was in September, 1862, that he was made an aide to Stonewall Jackson, and his later service to the South was marked by his constant companionship with one of its greatest generals. When Jackson was wounded, Captain Smith hurried to his side and was with Jackson when he gave his last command on the field: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir."

The following story gives a vivid picture out of his wonderful experience with that great general:

"On the night of May 1-2, 1863, Captain Smith was sent by General Lee on an errand to A. P. Hill, and on his return found headquarters bivouacked on the pine tags under the heavens. He awoke General Lee, reported, and had a few moments of high fun with the commanding general, who seems to have delighted in teasing Smith. The tired aide then fell asleep on his saddle blanket. What next he saw is one of the great pictures in American history, a picture that none described as he and probably only two or three others were privileged to see—Lee and Jackson planning the famous movement around Hooker's army that decided the battle and cost Jackson his life. Dr. Smith's own account is gripping:

"Sometime after midnight I was awakened by the chill of the early morning hours, and, turning over, caught a glimpse of a little flame on the slope above me, and, sitting up to see what it meant, I saw, bending over a scant fire of twigs, two men seated on old cracker boxes and warming their hands over the little fire. I had to rub my eyes and collect my wits to recognize the figures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Who can tell the story of that quiet council of war between two sleeping armies? Nothing remains on record to tell of plans discussed and dangers weighed and a great purpose formed except the story of the great day so soon to follow."

Throughout the years since the war Dr. Smith ever kept alive the spirit that animated him in the days of conflict. Ordained as a Presbyterian minister in 1866, he filled various

pastorates in the State of Virginia; was evangelist of that Church, and editor of the Church organ in Richmond. He also was connected with the Confederate organizations of the State, as well as other patriotic societies. He was Commander and Chaplain of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, Confederate Veterans, of Richmond, President of the Stonewall Jackson Monument Association, Secretary and Editor of the Southern Historical Society Papers for a number of years, retiring from this duty a few years ago to make his home with his daughter in North Carolina. He made some valuable contributions to Confederate history through those publications and otherwise, and a number of religious papers added to the effectiveness of his Church work. He was married in 1871 to Miss Agnes Lacy, daughter of Maj. J. Horace Lacy, of Chatham, Fredericksburg, Va. She died in 1916. Their children are: H. Lacy Smith, Commercial Superintendent Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. James B. Woods, General Hospital, Tsing Kiang Pu, China; Mrs. Charles F. Myers, wife of the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro, N. C.; Rev. James Power Smith, Jr., pastor Flora Heights Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky.; William B. Smith, Editor the *Danville News*, Danville, Va.; Graham G. Smith, Baltimore.

MONTGOMERY THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL.

BY J. A. OSGOOD, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Several years ago I wrote for the *VETERAN* a short sketch of "The First Capital of the Confederacy." Since then I have never ceased to wonder why that capital was ever moved elsewhere.

As I write, Montgomery wears her autumn robe of shimmering, many-tinted haze, cleft by silvery morning sunbeams, suffused with golden rose as night approaches, resting dreamily amid the softened lights and shadows of full noon, magically broken by the glittering fronts, mellow contours, or darkening masses of every shape and size of building; infinitely varied with mingled hues of autumn foliage, where the shining scarlet and cherry-bronze of the gum, the dusk, russet-chocolate of the oak, and the deep living green of cedar and magnolia emerge from a background of ashen yellow and violet-gray. The city shares abundantly the spacious sweep and ample undulation of the Alabama landscape, relieving and transforming commonplace in an endless succession of distant prospect, picturesque contrast, castellated outlines looming overhead, quaint nooks where thoroughfares converge or intersect, and myriad pleasing minor features so characteristic of the scene. No Alabamian need cross the Mississippi to seek fairer perspectives amid "far-flung fenceless prairies." California's southernmost point lies north of the latitude of Montgomery; and with hyacinths, jonquils, and tulips blooming outdoors in these latter days of the declining year, Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" savors to us of hypochondriac fabulosity.

Let me correct a most glaring error in my former article on Montgomery, in excuse for which I can but plead hasty, superficial observation. I then wrote of Yancey's tomb at Oakwood that "the inscriptions on the monument are rapidly becoming illegible." The inscriptions on the monument are doing nothing of the kind. They are cut in small, raised letters, hard to read, it is true, from outside the inclosure; but they will last as long as the monument itself. Let me conclude by transcribing the principal one. It seems to me such a one as the "Demosthenes of the South" might have written for some other great Confederate patriot:

"Called to public life at the most critical hour of his coun-

try's fortunes, he was a man whose love of truth, devotion to right, simple integrity, and reverence for manly honor made him a leader among men. Virtue gave him strength. Courage upheld his convictions. Heroism inspired him with fearlessness. His sense of responsibility never consulted popularity, nor did his high position claim homage save on the ground of worth. Justified in all his deeds, for his country's sake he loved the South; for the sake of the South he loved his country."

LAST BRIDGE BURNED IN VIRGINIA.

BY D. M. GRABILL, TOMS BROOK, VA.

A few days before the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, Gen. John D. Imboden's Brigade of Virginia Cavalry left Staunton, Va., with orders to form a junction with Lee near Richmond. Those were perilous days for the Confederacy, and the march was made hurriedly. Arriving at Lynchburg, camp was made on the Fair Grounds, and there the news reached us that General Lee had surrendered. The following morning we broke camp and marched about two miles south of Lynchburg and halted for the rest of the day. While waiting there, many of General Lee's soldiers passed, going home, from whom we learned for a certainty of the surrender. We also met there General Rosser's Brigade of Cavalry, which had not surrendered, but had cut its way out through the lines of the enemy. We marched some distance and went into camp with them for the night, and the next day we went as far south as Pittsylvania Courthouse, with Colonel Smith, of the 62nd, as our commander. There he made a speech to the boys, asking them to follow him and form a junction with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston somewhere in the South, or else keep on and go into Mexico. The men readily agreed, and preparations were made to carry this plan into effect.

At Pittsylvania Courthouse a detail was made from the 18th Virginia Cavalry—Milton Hotel and myself from Company D and a man from Company F—and we were sent back to burn the Staunton River bridge. We set out to obey these orders, which we did not understand, as General Lee had surrendered and we thought it unnecessary to further destroy property. But it is not a soldier's part to question his superiors; so we started, rather reluctantly, to carry out the last orders received from a Confederate officer. About one o'clock the next day we reached the bridge we were supposed to burn and set about preparing to do so. We met a lot of soldiers on the way, and squad after squad inquired what we were going to do, and upon learning our orders, they would ask that we delay a little longer, as there was another squad just a little way back. This occurred time after time, and we delayed till it was about sunset, when a captain from Rosser's Brigade rode up and asked why we had not burned the bridge. We explained to him, but he said, "Burn it at once," and just as the sun was sinking in the west we applied the torch. It made a great fire, and many were the soldiers who came that way and found their progress blocked by the river.

When we got back to Pittsylvania about sundown the next day, we learned that our brigade had left, and neither direction nor destination was known. We then decided to go to our homes, and the next morning found us on our way to the Shenandoah Valley, already so famous as the great battle field of Stonewall Jackson. Going by the way of Staunton, we followed the Valley pike as far north as Harrisonburg and there turned off and followed a back road so as to flank the paroling officer at New Market, Va. We were thus able to get by without ever surrendering, and are still "Rebel soldiers," just waiting orders to join our brigade.

While in Lynchburg in 1905, I learned from a son of George Miley, a native of the Staunton River section, that the bridge was not the public road bridge, but the private property of one Sam Pannell; that the other bridge was still standing and doing service. Any one knowing about this burning will please communicate with me. So far as I know, that was the last bridge burned in Virginia during war days.

BOYS OF '63.

BY FRANK D. HENDERSON, BOYCE, LA.

In a back number of the *VETERAN* I read Comrade Seaman's letter and was greatly pleased to find in him not only comrade, but a schoolmate. From his story, we left the Louisiana State Seminary, beyond Pineville, La., in April, 1863. I did not tarry long after Jeff Gordon, Raleigh Maddox, and others went over the hill (headed for home) in a wild whoop and hurrah, shooting pistols and enjoying themselves (as they thought) to the limit. Little did they know what was in store for us poor, thoughtless cadets, as in a little while we were in service facing the stern realities of war. Some of us are still in the flesh, but many who answered roll call have gone into the beyond.

Comrade Seaman remembers Sharp, our sergeant, stern, likeable old Sharp. I came to the Seminary in January, 1863, and Sharp put me in the awkward squad. About the second day, he turned to me and said briskly: "Hello, you fellow; you don't belong here. To-morrow at battalion drill you find a place in Company B." I had done some drilling previously, and our captain, J. J. Mouton, with sanction, had offered his and our services to Governor Moore, of Louisiana. He declined to accept our services, saying he did not need us. Under Lieutenant Hardy, at St. Charles College, in 1861, we were getting along and were not altogether raw. After the break up I went to Alexandria and found a horse waiting for me and made my way home, twenty-two miles away. As Comrade Seaman may recall, the gunboats were reported on the way up old Red, and on my way home I came across Gen. Dick Taylor (cussing), crippled but full of fight and blasphemy. The boys told of him that he could cuss a blue streak. I did not talk to him that day, but in passing him, I saw a keen-looking, intelligent man, and one who looked the brave man that soldiers said he was. I think he got his wound under Lee and Jackson, and was loaned the Trans-Mississippi Department. Taylor tells in his memoirs that except for Kirby Smith's restraint and lack of support, he could have captured Banks's army. I think so too. Your correspondent from California speaks of Yellow Bayou as a few miles below Alexandria, but, in fact, Yellow Bayou is eighty miles below Alexandria.

GEN. JAMES SHIELDS, U. S. A.

Referring to the statement in Capt. W. F. Fulton's article on "Incidents of Second Manassas," page 451 of the December *VETERAN*, in which he said that "here General Shields of the Northern army was killed. He was a one-armed soldier of the Mexican War," Roy B. Cooke, of Charleston, W. Va., writes: "I take it that this was a reference to Brig. Gen. James Shields. If this be true, he was not killed in action, but died June 1, 1879, at Ottumwa, Iowa. He was born in Ireland, emigrated to the United States, and by 1843 was a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Entering the army at the beginning of the war with Mexico, he was advanced to the rank of brevet major general in 1847 for 'gallant and meritorious conduct at the Battle of Cerro Gordo.'

"He later removed to California and served as a brigadier general of volunteers in the Union army from August, 1861, until he resigned in March, 1863, aged fifty-seven years. After the war, he was United States Senator from Missouri. In a public address at Independence in that State, he was introduced as the only general who ever licked Stonewall Jackson, referring to Kernstown, generally regarded as a draw by army officers. He replied: 'If I am the only officer that ever licked 'old Stonewall,' then all I have to say is that he was never licked.' Maj. John G. Gittings, of Clarksburg, W. Va., some time adjutant of the 31st Virginia Infantry, heard the address, and it is further confirmed by the statements of Capt. John G. Morrison, of General Jackson's staff, who was also present."

and forcefully a story of four years' fighting, from Bull Run to Appomattox, many battles, and he "in all of them, b'gosh." Although not men of education, these brothers can give the history of their regiment pretty close to facts. They are proud of the old command, proud of their service and of each other, and live again in memory those stirring days of service under Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and other great figures of the Confederacy. Only one wound was received by the three, and that was in "Uncle Tom's" arm, but it didn't put him out of the fighting; not a battle did he miss for it.

Who knows of any other brothers who went into the war together, fought together, spent their after lives together—and can still tell the tale?

THREE VETERAN BROTHERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

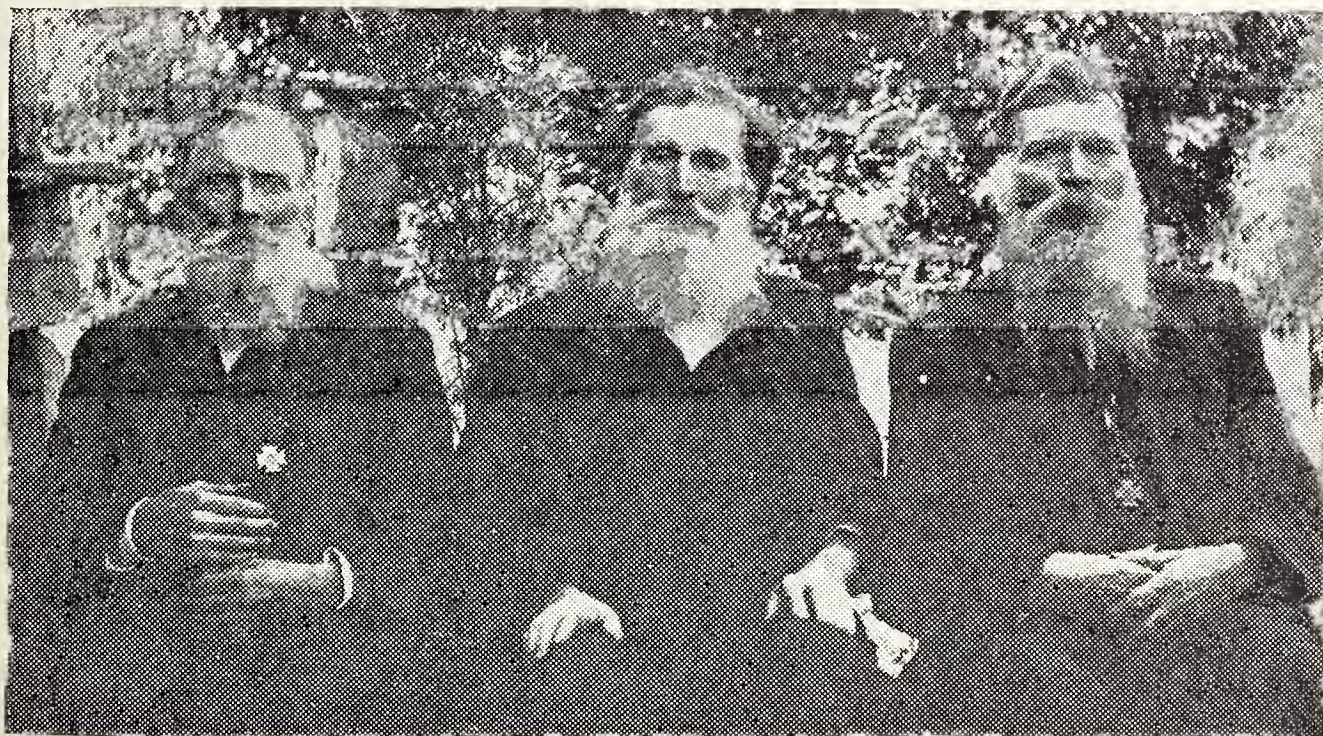
Three brothers of the Old North State—Tom, Neut, and John Wise—left their mountain home together early in 1861 to join the Confederate army, together they went back to the mountains in 1865, and together their long lives have since been spent. Each of the three is well into the eighties, and it is their expectation that they will pass the hundred mark together as they have passed the years of peaceful existence and of war. They are still active on their farms, which adjoin, together owning about six miles of land, prosperous as prosperity in the mountains goes. They married after the war, reared families, and now have grandchildren.

Of hardy mountain stock, these brothers come naturally by their long lives, the grandparents on both sides having passed the century mark. The two grandfathers fought in the Revolution; so they came of fighting stock too, and it was this streak which brought them down the mountains early in the war to the company shops, at what is now Burlington, to join the 6th North Carolina, and through every battle of this regiment went the three brothers. John was later put in another regiment, but Tom and Neut fought together to the end. "Uncle Tom" Wise, typical of the folk and of the section, famed for its hardy fighting stock of good old Anglo-Saxons, gives vividly

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP AT FORT WORTH, TEX.

In sending a report of the deaths in the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 158 U. C. V., Commander J. M. Hartsfield says of it:

"This is the largest Camp in the organization. We carried a list of four hundred and forty-five members up to last August, but when we checked over the list, it had decreased to two hundred and forty-five and should be further reduced, as we have no record of the residence, or whether still living, of many on our rolls. I was elected Commander of the Camp on the first of the year, having held the position for a short time in 1913, giving it up when my business necessitated my leaving the city for a year or so. I served in Company H, 17th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, A. N. V.; was in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 11-13, 1862, then at Chancellorsville, May 1-3, 1863, where I was wounded in the left forearm and disabled for further service during the war. I have served on the staff of several Commanders in Chief U. C. V., being now on the staff of Gen William B. Haldeman as Assistant Inspector General, with rank of colonel."



Courtesy of News and Observer Raleigh, N. C.

THE WISE BROTHERS, HARDY MOUNTAIN VETERANS.

John Wise, aged eighty-two.

Neut Wise, aged eighty-four.

Tom Wise, aged eighty-six.

TWO BANNERS.

BY J. M. WEISER, DUBLIN, VA.

"Papa, what *is* a flag, and what is it for?"

Thus spoke the small boy, Young America of the inquiring mind, curious, inquisitive, intuitively divining that it meant something more than a mere decoration.

And when his father, who had marched and fought under the Stars and Bars of Dixie, had told "wonder eyes" and "what for" of what the banner, of and by itself a mere bit of cloth with its various markings and coloring, stood for; how it represented the majesty and power and patriotism of the country whose citizens served under its folds; how, when four color bearers of his own regiment had been shot down in quick succession twenty men scrambled for the dangerous honor of carrying the flag; how those ragged, barefoot, half starved followers of Lee and Johnston loved and honored it—there was a light in the eyes of the boy which marked the birth of love of country—he understood.

And the father went back in memory across the intervening years when he, a lad of sixteen, saw the birth of a nation, the making of a new flag, the emblem of its sovereignty. He saw the volunteers fall in on the parade ground to the sound of fife and drum; he visited them in the training camps where they were organized and drilled and made into a fighting machine, one of the units of the armies of the Confederacy.

And in due time he, too, volunteered and became one of the fighters. He followed the Southern Cross through the tremendous shock of battle at Chickamauga—the valley of Death. He saw it wave on all that masterly retreat of Johnston and in all the many battles from Dalton to Atlanta. And from Atlanta, when Hood assumed command of that dauntless host on the luckless campaign to Nashville, that banner still led the way. It was planted on the Federal breastworks at Franklin, the bloodiest battle of our war, one of the bloodiest of all time. It waved above the dead young faces of the brave boys who had charged across that other literal valley of death, their ranks torn by the deadly fire of the Federal artillery, but who never halted, who, working slowly and painfully through the abatis, left it hung full of the dead, and from the abatis to the breastworks fell so thick that one could walk the distance on corpses and never touch the ground; and in the ditches where they fought across the breastworks and pushed the head logs off on each other for an hour, those dead boys were piled in places four deep. Many with nothing but parched corn in their haversacks for food, many with no foot covering in that bleak December save bits of rawhide of the animals we had slain for food bound on with thongs. The followers of that banner may well be proud of their record for courage and endurance at Franklin.

And then the miserable retreat, the hunger weakness, the thousand and more poor fellows who suffered frosted feet when the foot gear gave out entirely. But the tattered flag was still with them. They carried it on that long sweep which brought them, a mere remnant of Johnston's magnificent army, once again under his matchless leadership to face the old enemy who had marched from Atlanta to the sea. At Bentonville, on the 19th of March, 1865, they followed its bullet-tattered folds waving from a shattered staff in that magnificent charge which went roughshod over the victorious legions of Sherman, whose vastly superior numbers saved him then and there from utter defeat.

And soon came the end, for, with the surrender of Lee and Johnston, the new-born nation died. But the ragged battle flag, wrapped round its bearer's body under his shirt, escaped capture.

Ah, that banner! How we loved it! And how truly sang the poet:

"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."

But when he also wrote,

"For its people's hopes are dead,"

he expressed only a transitory feeling. For

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

And as time went by, Appomattox seemed less the death of the new nation than the rebirth of the old. There were a chosen few eyes then who saw in the tragedy of Appomattox the moving "In a mysterious way His wonders to perform" of that infinite wisdom which makes no mistakes,

"Which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

Appomattox was the dawn of a new day for the nation, spelled with a big "N." And that chosen few, whose numbers have increased ever since, turned their faces to the morning; and now, and now, not less loyal because they loved and love still the Stars and Bars, proud citizens of the mightiest nation upon which the sun has ever shone, they march under the Stars and Stripes to the music of the Union, that indestructible union of indestructible States, which has done, is doing, and destined in the good providence of God to do, more for humanity than any other; the uncrowned queen of the nations to-day, with lavish generosity unparalleled in the world's history, feeding the starving millions, stamping out the pestilence following in the wake of war, relieving suffering and distress near and far, building for herself a name in the hearts of the succored, and writing it large and bright and glorious on history's page, there to shine as long as men or nations honor duty.

All hail, Stars and Stripes! Emblem not alone of power, but of peace; thy folds honored by the loving kisses of multitudes across the sea who owe their lives to-day to the bounty of thy people; the flag of Washington, the flag whose proud defiance flung across the waters inspired the soul-stirring poem, "The Star-Spangled Banner;" the flag which flew from the mast heads of the stout rovers of the deep which were the terror of the "Mistress of the Seas" in the War of 1812; the flag which waved over the cotton bales and squirrel rifles of Jackson at New Orleans; which took its triumphant course in Mexico from Vera Cruz to the capital; under which our own Fitz Lee and "Little Joe" Wheeler fought in our altruistic war to make Cuba free; and under whose protection the Filipinos and Porto Ricans to-day enjoy blessings of peace, security, and prosperity undreamed and unheard of before; the flag which to-day is the hope of the world in the mighty struggle to make all men free; the flag which in every land and on every sea stands for justice, for truth, for that "righteousness which exalteth a nation." All hail, Stars and Stripes, flag of the living, virile, mighty, and lovely queen without a peer—our own Columbia!

Flag of the nation dead, yet undying, in loving memory of those who gave their blood for thee, Stars and Bars, forever folded, all hail!

Still "'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust."

SAMUEL KNOX—A PATRIOT.

BY MRS. G. W. M'MAHON, TALLADEGA, ALA.

In the beautiful little city of Talladega, nestled among the mountains of North Alabama, was born, in 1840, Samuel Luckie Knox, second son of Dr. James Knox and his wife, Mary Bowie Knox. Dr. Knox was an elegant, upright Christian gentleman, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a beloved and successful physician and skillful surgeon. His wife, highly educated, an accomplished musician, possessed all the graces of a refined Southern gentlewoman, a worthy mate of her noble husband. With such ancestry and environment of culture, it is no wonder that Samuel Knox developed into the highest type of manhood.

After attending the schools in Talladega, he took a four-year course at Oglethorpe University. There he was a classmate and roommate of Sidney Lanier. So congenial were they in their tastes, so truly devoted, they were often likened unto Johnathan and David. Both were talented in music to an unusual degree, Sidney Lanier playing the flute with wonderful skill and sweetness. Samuel Knox also played on the flute, but always felt that he fell far short of Lanier, declaring that he played like one inspired and carried his hearers into the seventh heaven of harmony. But Knox had a wonderful voice of rare sweetness and great volume.

Upon his return home he continued his studies under the guidance of his uncle, J. L. M. Curry, who stimulated and encouraged his ambition, predicting a brilliant future for him. Just after attaining his majority, he was licensed to the practice of law, but the war clouds were now breaking over our fair Southland, and, when the call to arms came, Samuel Knox was one of the first to offer himself in the service of his country. Not a blind enthusiast, but an intelligent patriot, he laid ambition on the altar of his country and responded: "Here am I."

In appearance, Samuel Knox was tall and strikingly handsome; he had a magnificent carriage, with an air of distinction so unconsciously borne by those descended from a long line of noble ancestry.

He entered the Confederate army as first Sergeant of the Talladega Rifles, which was a part of the 1st Alabama Regiment, and was soon promoted to a lieutenancy. The 1st Alabama Regiment served as artillery at Pensacola, Madrid Bend, and Island No. 10, and at Port Hudson during the siege under Col. H. D. Clayton and I. G. W. Stedman. A large part of the regiment was captured at Island No. 10, and the entire command was surrendered at Port Hudson. After the exchange and the reorganization of the regiment, Lieutenant Knox was made a major. A thirty days' furlough being granted before the regiment would be called to report for duty, the men left on the first trains for their respective homes, where they were welcomed, banqueted, and lionized by all as conquering heroes. Very few of them could claim to have participated in three battles, although the hot Florida sun had so tanned these tender-faced boys that they indeed resembled real veterans.

We can picture our hero in his beautiful home in Talladega surrounded by a father who idolized him (his mother had long since been called to her heavenly home), three lovely sisters, just budding into womanhood, adoring him, and to his younger brothers he was the greatest of all heroes. As a son he was all that a fond father could desire, and his record as a soldier fulfilled the highest ambitions of his entire family. The bright and happy days of the furlough sped away on golden wings, and our soldier boy must "off to the war again." The regiment, now under Major Knox, was on duty at Mobile

and was sent to Johnston's army in the brigade of General Quarles. Major Knox commanded the regiment during the Atlanta campaign. At Kenesaw Mountain the 1st Regiment, under his command, was the picket line of the brigade, and without assistance received and repulsed the Federal attack. General Quarles called this the most brilliant affair he had ever witnessed, and earnestly recommended the promotion of the gallant major. Colonel Stedman, in his report of June 27, 1863, says: "The fine discipline and buoyant spirits of the regiment which Major Knox commanded were conspicuous during the entire siege. In their exposed position they were assaulted incessantly, almost every day and night, but never successfully." Of July 12, 1864, Gen. D. H. Reynolds, of Walthall's Division, in front of Atlanta, said, "Major Knox arrived with his regiment," and adds: "Major Knox is a fine officer, and the 1st Alabama is a veteran regiment. Major Knox reports that the enemy came within thirty yards of his lines at all points."

Such was the love and admiration of his men for Major Knox that he seldom rode in their front without receiving cheers from the regiment. He was fluent and eloquent in debate, and during his service in the army made many stirring speeches, stimulating and encouraging his troops.

At the battle of Ezra Church, July 28, 1864, he was severely wounded in the beginning of the attack. After a furlough to his home in Talladega, where he was tenderly nursed by his father and sisters and showered with all the attentions from friends that a wounded soldier elicits, he felt sufficiently recovered in the fall to return to duty, though still carrying his arm in a sling.

The 1st Alabama was now ordered to Tennessee. Major Knox was promoted to lieutenant colonel for gallantry while storming the breastworks in the terrible battle of Franklin and was acting colonel in that charge, as the colonel of the regiment was absent.

It is told that on the night before the fateful battle he played on his flute with unusual pathos and tenderness, and sang the old songs with unwonted sweetness, with a premonition, perhaps, that he would soon join the choir invisible. He entered the battle next morning with enthusiasm and faced death with a noble courage that was sublime.

At the head of his brigade he fell November 30, 1864, mortally wounded. His last words, as he was making the charge, were: "First Alabama, follow me!" O, the sacrifice of fine young manhood in the bloody battle of Franklin! Viewed the next morning, the scene was heartrending. General Hood was said to have wept tears of anguish when he beheld it. Among the many dead and dying lay the manly form of Samuel Knox, who had made the supreme sacrifice for his country. He had made his mark as a soldier, brave as the bravest, never succumbing for a moment to unaccustomed hardships. His record will compare favorably with the brightest in the annals of the Southern Confederacy. General Quarles pronounced him one of the most promising officers in the whole army.

When we review the life of his younger brother, John B. Knox, of Anniston, Ala., who for years stood at the head of his profession in law, who has stood for the uplift and betterment of humanity at all times, we realize our country's great loss in the early death of the brilliant young hero, Samuel Luckie Knox.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set—but ail,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

*JEFFERSON DAVIS, SECRETARY OF WAR IN THE
CABINET OF FRANKLIN PIERCE.*

[Essay written by Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, of Nashville, Tenn., which won the Anna Robinson Andrews Medal awarded at the general convention U. D. C. in Washington, D. C., November, 1923.]

As the cycle of the years rolls by, there appears from time to time on the pages of history an outstanding figure that commands the world's attention by reason of military genius, statesmanship, or preëminence in science, literature, or art.

It is unusual to find a character that by reason of varied talents attains prominence in more than one field of endeavor, yet the subject of this sketch shone resplendent as a soldier and as a statesman; brave and daring on the field of battle; learned in military tactics and the science of war; a leader of men; eloquent in debate, forceful in argument, and wise in the councils of his nation. He gained renown as a soldier in the regular army and as a volunteer in the war with Mexico; he represented his district in Congress with the most distinguished ability; as United States Senator he had taken front rank as one of the most brilliant men of the day; as Secretary of War he was considered the greatest the country has known, with the single exception of John C. Calhoun; and because of his training at West Point and knowledge of military affairs, he was enabled to give even greater service to his country than had Mr. Calhoun.

When Franklin Pierce was elected President in 1852, Mr. Davis, as the foremost Southern Democrat, was at once thought of for a Cabinet position. He was asked to accept a place, but the offer was declined. Later, at the solicitation of the President, he entered the Cabinet as Secretary of War.

There could be no question of his fitness for the position. His training at West Point, his service in the regular army, and his brilliant career in the war with Mexico proved him to be eminently qualified for the duties of the office. He was, besides, a man of the broadest culture and highest intellectual attainments; he commanded the admiration of even his political enemies by reason of his unimpeachable integrity and great moral force.

Carl Schurz wrote of him at this time: "I had formed a high idea of what a grand personage the War Minister of this great republic must be. I was not disappointed. There was in his bearing a dignity which seemed entirely natural and unaffected; that kind of dignity which does not invite familiar approach, but will not render one uneasy by lofty assumption."

Mr. Davis was easily the leading figure in this Cabinet of distinguished men; and his influence was a potential factor in determining the policy of the Pierce administration.

He soon gave practical evidence of his qualifications for the office. He introduced new tactics in the army; revised the regulations of the service, and had the infantry equipped with rifles of the latest models, such as those with which his regiment had rendered such conspicuous service at Monterrey and Buena Vista.

The manufacture of rifles and pistols and improved gunpowder was introduced by him, as was the use of the Minie ball. A government foundry was established for making heavy guns and cannons; and by a series of experiments, it was found that heavy guns could be cast hollow instead of boring them after casting. Iron gun carriages were also introduced at this time.

He planned stronger fortifications at strategic points on the sea coast and frontier; and the medical corps was enlarged by his direction.

A fellow student of Mr. Davis at West Point, Col. Robert E. Lee, was superintendent of the school at this time; and together they planned improvements that would make the military academy of the United States the equal of any military school in the world. They recommended new quarters for the officers; improved hospital service; and the appointment of the most capable men to train the cadets. The pay of the army was also raised to correspond with the increased cost of living. These improvements infused new spirit into the army and won for Mr. Davis the good will of the officers and men. He also added four new regiments to the service, two regiments of infantry and two of cavalry. This increased the regular force of the army from 11,000 to 15,000 effectives, with 17,000 on the rolls. The appointment of the officers of the new regiments was a power vested in the President, but because of Mr. Davis's military training and experience, the selection was left largely to him. These officers were to be appointed both from the army and from civil life; those of the latter class having rendered capable service as volunteers.

It is of interest to note the officers selected for the two regiments of cavalry and their service afterwards in the War between the States. The colonels appointed for the two regiments were Albert Sidney Johnston and Edwin V. Sumner; the lieutenant colonels were Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston; the majors were William J. Hardee, John Sedgwick, William H. Emory, and George H. Thomas. The list of company officers comprised the names of Fitzhugh Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, John B. Hood, E. Kirby Smith, Earl Van Dorn, George B. McClellan, Thomas J. Wood, Robert S. Garnett, George Stoneman, and others, who afterwards rendered gallant service in 1861-1865. It has been shown by General Early that these two regiments of cavalry contributed to the Confederate army five full generals, one lieutenant general, six major generals, ten brigadier generals, and two colonels; to the United States army, nine major generals, nine brigadier generals, one inspector general, and twelve field and staff officers, fifty-five in all. With what seemed almost prophetic vision, Mr. Davis selected as officers for these two regiments men who were to attain prominence in either the Confederate or Union service in the war which was so soon to follow.

Congress responded to the recommendations of the Secretary of War with increased appropriations and gave over new duties to his department. The improvements in the District of Columbia were given into his charge, and the Capitol, the magnificent structure that is the pride of every American, was completed under his direction. Cabin John Bridge was built under his supervision; and his name was carved on one of the stones of what was then the broadest arch in the world. It is needless to say that his name, which was afterwards removed by order of Congress, has since been restored through the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the members of Congress from the South.

Mr. Davis was largely instrumental in shaping the policies of the administration. When in the United States Senate he had advocated a railway connecting the Mississippi River with the Pacific Coast; an interoceanic canal; and the acquisition of the West Indies. As Secretary of War, he again urged these measures, and outlined the plan for a Panama railway under government control to be used in the interests of international commerce and for the protection of the Pacific Coast States. A geological survey, coast surveys, and various naval improvements were also given his attention. While these were the views of an expansionist, they were also the views of a man with a clear vision of the future who had patriotic dreams of grandeur for his beloved country.

The Louisiana Purchase and the large territory from Mexico

had already been acquired, but the Secretary of War believed that more land from Mexico should be purchased, so that a transcontinental railway could be built in a region of all the year travel, and that Panama and the islands of the Gulf of Mexico should become the property of the United States. Some of these dreams came true while he was Secretary of War and others have since been realized. As proof of his breadth of vision and the correctness of his judgment, it is only necessary to mention the Panama Canal, the ownership of Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands, and the relations of the United States to Cuba to show that he was not a visionary, but one who desired to bring to his country larger territory, to extend its commerce, to guard the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, and to give protection to the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Davis's arguments for a transcontinental railway were: "The military necessity for such means of transportation and the need of safe and rapid communication with the Pacific slope to secure its continuance as a part of the Union." To have a practical Southern route for a railway connecting the Mississippi Valley with the Pacific Coast, it was necessary to enlarge the southern border of New Mexico, as the topography of the country already acquired by the United States would make building a railroad difficult, but if the Mesilla Valley could be secured from Mexico, an excellent route could be found to link the East with the West. In addition to the need of more territory, it had developed that the treaty of Hidalgo Guadalupe, which guaranteed to Mexico protection from the depredations of the Indians, would prove troublesome and unsatisfactory. To secure such changes of the treaty as would relieve the United States of protecting Mexico from the Indians, and to obtain concessions of new territory, a commissioner was sent to Mexico to negotiate these measures. The mission was successful, and for \$10,000,000 the Mexican government engaged to look after its own defense, and ceded to the United States a valuable strip of territory on the northern border of Mexico. A new treaty was drawn up and sent to Washington, January, 1854, and was at once ratified.

Because of opposition in the North, Mr. Davis could not carry through his plans for the upbuilding of the country, but they became a part of the national policy, and success has since been attained as to the interoceanic canal and the great lines of railway that traverse the continent from east to west.

As a fitting close to his services as Secretary of War, Mr. Davis had published the reports of the various surveys made during his incumbency of the office—geological, coast, and the three routes for a railway from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast. Scientists and artists accompanied the engineering parties making the surveys, and the reports made of the animal and plant life of the West, as well as of the topographical, geological, and railroad surveys, were a great credit to the broad-minded, far-seeing Secretary of War. When published, these reports embraced ten large octavo volumes and became the basis of much discussion and even controversy, but were exceedingly valuable for reference in the succeeding years.

Three routes were suggested in the surveys for a transcontinental railway. Mr. Davis believed this road essential from a military point of view as well as for commercial purposes. He also, with a clear insight of the future, saw the necessity for an interoceanic canal for the benefit of American trade and travel between the widely separated States of "Our continent-wide republic."

While Secretary of War, Mr. Davis gave himself unreservedly to the duties of his position. His comprehensive knowledge of military affairs, gained in distinguished command in the army, was given for the betterment and enlargement of the

service; and the exalted attributes of his trained and cultivated intellect were used to bring to his country larger benefits along all lines of development.

It has been said that the "Temple of Virtue is the gateway of the Temple of Fame." This being true, the place of Jefferson Davis in the "Temple of Fame" is secure, for, as soldier, statesman, and patriot, he stood for right and righteousness. In the sacred privacy of the home, on the tented battle field, in the council halls of the nation, he was ever the same—a man of the loftiest ideals, the sublimest patriotism, the humblest Christian faith. He set his face toward the stars and unswervingly pursued his course. It has been written of him that, "Like Washington, he has enriched the annals of history, and his name and fame will live until the records of the world perish. This is immortality."

A ROMANCE OF WAR TIME.

The following is taken from an article appearing in the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* in December, which was contributed by an old Confederate friend and comrade of W. P. McGaugh, who went to Alabama soon after the war and became one of the leading citizens of Montgomery. The late death of his son Paul, a prominent citizen of Montgomery, brought out this story:

"W. P. McGaugh was a Missourian, and left home as a boy with Price's army, and, after taking part in several battles in his home State, crossed the Mississippi in time to fight in the battle of Shiloh with the command of General Bowen, which became a part of the Army of the West.

"In 1863 they were at Vicksburg when that city was besieged. General Bowen was killed before the surrender, and General Cockrell assumed command. On July 4, 1863, General Pemberton surrendered. When Grant's army took possession, he ordered rations to be supplied to the hungry Confederates, and then paroled them for sixty days until they could be exchanged—allowing them to go to their homes; but as the Missourians could not go home, they were invited to the homes of the farmers in Alabama and Mississippi, and many came to Montgomery, and many homes entertained from six to ten of them.

"Among them was W. P. McGaugh. He was entertained at the home of Mr. McLemore on the Mount Meigs road. During that time, he became engaged to Miss McLemore, but cruel fate interfered, for at the expiration of the sixty-day parole, he reported for duty to General Johnston's army, and was in the campaign in Atlanta, and then moved with Hood's army to Nashville, Tenn.

"He told me that at the battle of Franklin his company of twenty-six men stretched across the pike, but, at one volley from the enemy, twenty-five fell, he being the only one left. He did not know what to do, but lay down with his dead comrades, and in a short time, another line of battle coming up, he joined them. It was then getting dark. When they got within twenty paces of the enemy's breastworks under a heavy fire, he fell with a broken leg. His comrades retreated, leaving him. Then there was a comparative silence. He heard a voice say to him: 'Johnny Reb, are you hurt much?' 'Yes, my leg is broken.' The Yank, also wounded, said: 'If you can reach my canteen, I will give you water.' About that time eight of the enemy jumped the breastwork and lifted both wounded men over. When the light shone on McGaugh's face, his captors said: 'Why this is Bill McGaugh.' He found they were his kinfolks and schoolmates that he had left at home.

"Four of them put him on a stretcher and started to the rear, where a surgeon had a table to operate upon, and, much

to his surprise, the doctor recognized him, as he was the family physician at home. He said: 'William, I will give you the best service, and write your father about you.' His treatment was good, as McGaugh never limped from his wound.

"He came to Alabama soon after the surrender, married Miss McLemore, and made a good and valuable citizen in reconstruction days, leaving when he died a son and daughter.

"General Cockrell became a Senator from Missouri and made such a name for himself that the whole South loved him.

"Paul's mother and sister still live, honored residents of Oak Park, Montgomery, respected and loved by all who know them."

MAGNOLIAS FOR REMEMBRANCE.

BY ELIZABETH MOORE JOYCE.

When the Old Men's Home came in sight, David Carroll pulled himself together resolutely and managed to walk in with a great show of dignity and importance.

"I reckoned I'd better be getting here now that the winter's coming on," he explained to the welcoming matron. "Keeping up your own home is such a problem these days," he added pompously.

The matron smiled understandingly. Many poor old fellows on entering the Home had made the same explanation.

"Of course," he went on, his voice shaking a little in spite of himself, "it didn't seem much like home anyhow after—Melissa left me."

"We hope you will be happy here with us, Mr. Carroll," said the matron kindly. "And now come see about your room. There are two vacant at present, but of course you'll prefer the front one."

It took the old man but a moment to make his choice. The room facing the front looked out on a well-kept lawn and flower beds protected against the coming winter. The other across the hall faced the south and had no view at all, the one window being practically eclipsed by a large magnolia, so planted to get the protection of southern exposure.

"I'll take this room," he announced immediately, as his eyes rested on the magnolia tree. "You see, Melissa and me had a couple of magnolias down home and"—

"As you please," interrupted the matron. The ways of these old men were frequently past finding out, and she had little time for their ramblings. "You'll find the rules of the Home tacked on the door," she added, "and if you need anything, let me know."

After the door closed behind the businesslike matron, David Carroll's brave front disappeared entirely, and he became just a pitiful old man uprooted in his age from the associations of almost a lifetime. He glanced over the rules of the Home, and his lips twitched nervously. How was he ever going to learn to live by rules? Then he sat down tremblingly in the big armchair by the window and buried his face in his hands.

"Melissa," he murmured. "O, Melissa!"

But presently a soothing breeze touched his thin, gray hair and a pleasantly familiar sound came through the partly raised window. The glossy, dark leaves of the magnolia were whispering softly together as a light wind swayed the branches. It seemed almost like the voice of an old friend trying to comfort him in his loneliness.

"Why, what a lucky old chap I am, to be sure," he exclaimed bravely, glancing around the comfortable room. "Melissa would be mighty glad to know I was so well fixed. Besides, when you're seventy-nine you can always be looking ahead, for you know nothing can matter very long."

It was a few days later that old Thomas Butler from across the hall stopped by in a neighborly way.

"You made a mistake in taking this room, Carroll," he announced, "when you might just as well have had the front. Now there you'd have had beds of red geraniums to look at later on, something worth while."

"No accounting for taste, Butler, is there?" David replied dryly, as he watched the crimson seeds of the magnolia dropping to the ground, and Thomas Butler did not linger.

"How about a game of checkers, Friend Carroll?" inquired old Edward Clay from the doorway another morning.

"Sorry, Clay," replied David, "but it seems as if I don't care about playing anything any more. Just like to watch the brown seed pods swaying and dropping away from this old tree. Mighty glad the leaves won't be dropping off, too."

John Weston, another old neighbor, came in with his pipe one wintry day, and for an hour or more the two sat together, scarcely speaking, as they watched the first snow falling over the glossy leaves outside the window.

"Come again," urged David as his visitor left. "Comfort to have somebody drop in that—understands."

One day David saw an unexpected sight through the magnolia tree. Looking down from his window, he saw below what at first appeared to be a flower blooming out of season. Then he realized it was the face of a girl upturned to the magnolia, such a sad, wistful face for all its youth and beauty.

David nodded brightly and the girl smiled back at him, but whether there were raindrops glistening on the leaves or tears in the girl's eyes, his dim old eyes found it difficult to determine.

It was along toward spring, with the coming of the birds, that David Carroll began to ignore rules and regulations entirely and became more and more like a little child. It was, however, a bird's nest in the magnolia that really started the trouble.

For several days he had seen a busy little pair fluttering in and out of the tree with many happy chirpings and twitterings. They were friendly little creatures, and the lonely old man spent many hours watching them. One day he boldly purloined some bread from the breakfast table for the purpose of feeding them on his window sill.

"Against the rules to take things from the table," cautioned Thomas Butler on his right.

"Don't do it then," replied David testily. "You don't want to get into trouble, of course. But nobody's going to dictate to me."

The next day and the next he continued his pilferings, old Thomas Butler making no further comment. But one day the inevitable happened. He was crumbling the bread on the window sill when there was a knock on his door and some one entered uninvited.

David calmly finished spreading the crumbs on the ledge before he turned, but when he did so, instead of facing the accusing glances he was expecting, a pair of amused and withal sympathetic young eyes looked into his defiant old ones, and he recognized the girl he had seen through the magnolia.

"O, you're feeding the birds," she exclaimed. "How tame they are." She did not explain that she was there by the matron's orders.

The defiance died out of the old man's eyes. "Yes, they know I won't hurt them," he replied. "I've named them Jack and Jill after a couple of wrens Melissa and me had down home. They had a nest on our porch every summer and used to fly all over our big magnolia trees."

"There were magnolia trees where I came from, too," the

girl said wistfully. "That's why I like to stand under this one sometimes when I get homesick. I've come to nurse here, you know. When the magnolias bloomed down home and the mocking birds and wrens sang it used to seem like heaven. This is the first year I've been away."

"And you left all that to come to an Old Men's Home?" asked David. "Boys must be different from when I was young."

The girl flushed. "Nobody knew I was coming until it was too late to stop me. I told Lawrence I just couldn't settle down until"—

She stopped suddenly and the old man looked at her sharply.

"I see," he said. "A lovers' quarrel. O, you little fool." The glance that accompanied the words took the sting from them. "What's your name, honey?"

"Mary—Mary Waring."

"Mary," he repeated softly. "That was my little girl's name. You look like her, too, or like she would have looked if she'd grown up. I'll show you her picture."

On a table near the big armchair David had placed the picture he prized most. It was of an unpretentious little house, but dignified by the white columns that outlined the porch, and sheltered by two magnificent magnolia trees that drooped to the ground. On the porch the little family had stood among the white columns and the magnolias.

"This is my Mary," he said, fondly indicating a small figure in the foreground. "If she'd lived her father wouldn't have had any use for an Old Men's Home. And this is—Melissa."

The old man uttered his dead wife's name reverently as one speaks of sacred things. "She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw," he continued. "The best, too, and—pshaw! There's no use of me trying to describe Melissa. We were married when she was about your age, I reckon, Mary. She didn't have any notions about—about anything except making our home a little bit of heaven."

He stopped and replaced the photograph on the table. Mary did not answer, but sat looking out into the depths of the magnolia tree and beyond it. Only Jack and Jill broke the silence with their chirpings as they flitted between their nest and the crumbs on the window sill.

"I shouldn't be staying so long," suddenly exclaimed the girl, rising. "I came in because I was afraid you'd get into trouble. But, Mr. Carroll, you needn't take things from the table. I'll bring you the scraps of bread from the kitchen, and if that's not enough, I'll steal as much as you need for Jack and Jill and all their friends."

"Bless you, honey, that's mighty good of you," the old man replied; "but breaking rules don't worry me any more. Seems like I can't recollect them all, and I reckon I'll be breaking another one first news you know."

After he ceased his pilferings from the table, the unspoken remarks that "old man Butler" looked at him from time to time annoyed David greatly. If only he's say things instead of looking them. One day, to David's delight, he did forget himself and spoke. Just as they finished breakfast he offered the bread to David, which was refused.

"Don't use quite as much as you did before" he stopped with a knowing look.

"Using a lot more," replied David grandly, "but I made arrangements to have it sent to my room."

"O, sort of teacher's pet," leered old man Butler. "Well, after you've been here as long as I have, you'll take things as they come, like the rest of us."

"I don't expect to stay here as long as the rest of you,

Butler, let me tell you that," retorted David. "Why, Melissa and me have got the nicest little home ever was, and I'm to go back there when—pshaw! It's nobody's business but mine, anyhow."

Old man Butler started and went away without answering. In the hall he met Edward Clay, and he touched his head knowingly as he nodded toward David Carroll.

"Going off here," he explained. "Childish like. I'll have to stop bothering him now. Poor old boy."

Mary brought the bread crumbs to David one day in an unusually subdued mood. The old man on the contrary was quite gay.

"See," he said holding out a bunch of lilacs, "I have a present for you."

"But, Mr. Carroll," cried Mary, "you know you mustn't pick the flowers."

"Mary, when rules bother me I just break them. Besides, Melissa always told me to pick all the flowers I wanted, and what she says goes with me, rules or no rules. I was looking for my mint bed, but somehow I couldn't find it. I do miss that mint bed mightily, Mary."

"Of course you do, Mr. Carroll. Grandfather had one, too. I remember he said that wherever an old-fashioned Southern gentleman was buried a mint bed came up."

"Not if he was from an Old Men's Home. Your grandfather living, Mary?" he asked hopefully.

She shook her head, and the old man noticed that her eyes were red.

"You've been crying, honey. What's the matter?"

"O, well, it seems I'm always doing the things I ought not to do and leaving undone the things I ought to do."

"Like a good little Episcopalian," cackled the old fellow appreciatively. "Now, Mary, you go ahead and break all the rules you want to, and if the matron says anything, send her to me. I'll take the responsibility."

Mary's smile came back at the thought of this childish old man taking the responsibility for anything, and encouraged by it he went on sternly.

"This is no place for you, anyhow. These notions of yours haven't turned out as you expected, I can see that, and you've thrown over your love! Of course, he's found another sweet-heart by this time."

Mary started violently. "O," she said, and then both her color and her smile faded away, leaving her pale and miserable.

The old man watched her furtively. "Too bad about it all, he went on. "Now you'll be an old maid, I reckon, and end up too, in some Old Folks' Home. Going, Mary? Don't forget your posy."

One day when the bell rang for lunch, David Carroll was missing. He was still missing an hour later when lunch was over.

"Saw him drive off in an auto," volunteered one of the old men. "Looked as if he was expecting a good time."

"Well, he'll have to wait till dinner time now," said the matron as she closed the dining room doors. Then, in the insistent demands on her attention of other equally forgetful or unruly old men, she straightway forgot Mr. Carroll.

Not so Mary Waring. She was frankly worried, remembering a mysterious remark he had lately made.

"Old Men's Home's a regular desert," he had grumbled. "Was telling—a friend of mine so the other day. Wanted to be mighty friendly, too, he did, and his auto's a real one, no flivver."

It was a considerable while later that she heard the whirr of

a machine and then saw a tall, straight young fellow help Mr. Carroll out and hastily drive away.

There was something startlingly familiar about this young man's looks, so startling, in fact, that all of a sudden Mary's heart began to beat violently while her cheeks flushed crimson.

But David Carroll was coming up the walk with a look of exaltation and Mary hurried down to meet him. She had seen her grandfather look that way at certain times, and was not unprepared for the odor of mint that enveloped the old gentleman.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going, Mr. Carroll," she chided him as she helped him to his room, followed by the envious glances of the old men who had seen his thrilling home coming. "And the young man—who was he?"

"Friend of mine, Mary. Been chatting over the hedge off and on for quite a spell," he answered evasively. "Thought I'd better not do any talking about going till I got back. So many slips—you know the old saying. Fine chap, that boy. Knows what's what for an old gentleman from the South stranded in a desert. Run along now, honey, I'm sleepy."

After the mint julep episode, David seemed to feel that life had little more to offer him, and his strength both of body and mind failed rapidly. It became Mary's duty to look after him, and the old man and the girl spent many hours together. Sometimes there was a "honk honk" from beyond the hedge, and David would leave Mary and saunter out carelessly in that direction. Then the girl's head would droop and the light die out of her eyes when she heard the car drive off.

But as the spring advanced David's interests became centered in the magnolia tree. Fresh young leaves were coming out all over it, so white and silvery that his old eyes could scarcely distinguish whether they were leaves or flower buds. He did not want to make a mistake because—

"But it's a secret, Mary, Melissa's and mine. Something we promised each other long ago when we were sweethearts. You're sure these are not buds?"

"No, these are leaves, Mr. Carroll," Mary assured him; "but the buds are coming. It won't be long before our tree will be looking like a bride, all in white."

"Melissa and me were married when the magnolias were in bloom," the old man said reminiscently. "Somehow she always made me think of a magnolia flower—she was so sweet and beautiful."

The buds in among the tender silver-backed leaves swelled larger and larger as the May days passed. Then one morning, when Mr. Carroll looked out of his window, he saw that a miracle had happened near the home of Jack and Jill. One of the buds had burst into a flower, a great white miracle of surpassing beauty and fragrance. As his eyes rested on it, a strange look of exaltation suffused his face, and he trembled so that he had to steady himself against the window ledge.

When Mary came into the room she found him sitting in his armchair looking from the magnolia flower outside his window to the photograph on his table and smiling a smile of great contentment.

The next day more of the buds opened, and the next still others, till before long the whole tree was a huge bouquet of waxy, white blossoms and glossy leaves, through which a number of Jacks and Jills chirped and twittered as happily as if it was the Garden of Eden.

But to Mary the memories that came with the magnolias were only of a lost Eden. After lunch a headache overtook her and, when Mr. Carroll was apparently dozing off in his easy chair, she went to her own room to rest and if possible forget.

It was several hours later that she awoke with a start, realizing that it had been an annoying "honk honk" that had roused her. Vaguely oppressed by a sense of having neglected her duty, she went at once to Mr. Carroll's room, but he was not there.

"Looking for David Carroll?" asked Edward Clay, as she hurried down stairs. "Why I saw him going down the south road right after lunch."

"The south road," Mary gasped, "and hours ago. O, what shall I do?"

"Honk honk!" There it came again from across the hedge.

Suddenly the color rushed to Mary's face and she went over to the hedge and parted it quickly.

"Mary!" The voice of the tall, straight young fellow standing by the auto was vibrant with happiness, and Mary responded tremulously—"Lawrence!" Then words seemed to fail them both.

"You followed me, Lawrence?" she asked after a long pause.

"Yes, Mary. Then I saw from over the hedge that you and Mr. Carroll had adopted each other, and I've tried to keep in touch with you through him in case—sometimes you might need me."

Suddenly Mary came to herself and speaking as coherently as possible considering the pounding of her heart, she told Lawrence of Mr. Carroll's disappearance.

"We'll find him, Mary," this capable young man said confidently. "The south road, did you say. Let me help you in, Mary, and don't worry." He sprang in beside her and the big car raced away eagerly down the south road toward the sunny land where the magnolias need no protection.

At the foot of one of the gentle slopes that made up the south road they found him at last, sitting by the roadside, confused and tired to the point of mental and physical exhaustion.

"I'm lost, Mary, I'm lost!" he cried childishly as he clung to the girl. "And I'm so tired; but I promised Melissa."

"What was it you promised her, Mr. Carroll?" asked Lawrence kindly. "Maybe we can help you."

The old man hesitated a moment and then replied: "It was just Melissa's and my secret, but I'll have to tell you, for I'm lost, and I want to go home. When the magnolias bloomed Melissa said I was to come. We were married then, and we promised each other we'd always be together, we two, at magnolia time—in remembrance. And every year since we have been together. But last year Melissa was ailing, and somehow things have been sort of confused since then. But now the magnolias are in bloom, and I was trying to find my way back to Melissa, but—I'm lost."

"No, you're found, Mr. Carroll," corrected Lawrence. "Mary and I are going to take care of you now. Let me help you to the car, and we'll go."

"To Melissa?" he asked eagerly.

"Very soon, dear," Mary answered, helping to guide the tottering steps of the old man. "Very soon you and Melissa will be together again."

Back again in his own quiet room at the Home he lay peaceful and expectant—waiting.

"Soon," he told John Weston when his old friend looked in from the doorway. "Mary says I'm to go to Melissa soon," and John Weston nodded without trusting himself to speak.

The magnolias, still in full bloom, were swaying softly in the sunshine, their perfume floating into the room with the cheerful twittings of Jack and Jill, when a few days later David Carroll left the Old Men's Home forever to keep his tryst with Melissa.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. S. D. LEE.

BY JOHN COXE, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Somewhat I never thought that our gallant Stephen D. Lee ever received in our Southern history his full dues of credit and praise as an officer of the Confederate army in the War between the States. If measured by actual and practically continuous military service to the South during that war, I think it would be found that he stood as second to very few, if indeed to any of the other officers of equal rank in that more than four years' war. But it is my purpose here to refer to him simply as I knew him in 1861 and part of 1862. His people before and during the war lived in the upper part of South Carolina, either in Anderson District or Pickens. He graduated from West Point with honors, and was an officer in the United States army until his resignation in 1861, following the secession of South Carolina. Returning home, he reported to the governor of his State, who ordered him to Charleston to take part in constructing the defences of that city under General Beauregard, where his military knowledge and experience enabled him to be of great service in preparing the defences; and at the same time he bore a prominent part in the capture of Fort Sumter.

In April, 1861, this lively and energetic young officer was appointed captain of the artillery company of the Hampton Legion, then being organized at Columbia, S. C.; but so indispensable were his services at Charleston considered that the State authorities kept him there till about September, 1861; so he did not actually take command of his company in the Legion till about that time. During the interim the artillery company of the Legion had been under the command of its first lieutenant, J. B. Hart. I was in the infantry arm of the Legion and remember well that for about two weeks immediately after the formation of this, our first camp, details of boy students known as cadets from the arsenal in Columbia used to come out to our camp nearly every day and drill the company in the rudiments of artillery practice. The Legion was in camp at Maple Valley and Bacon's Race Church, Va., when Capt. Stephen D. Lee arrived and took command of his company about September, 1861. We all thought him a very fine looking officer. He was still young, his hair, full thin beard, and eyes were dark. In personal form he seemed a little thin, though in no way out of proportion to his height, which we thought about right. He still wore his blue uniform of the United States army. At that time this was rather common with our officers who had served in the old army, but very soon all this was changed to the Confederate gray. Captain Lee's advent worked a big change in the artillery company. He understood perfectly the handling of artillery, both siege and field. Our company was known as flying artillery. All the men, even the privates, when not in drill or action, were mounted. Pretty soon Captain Lee had his company drilled to almost perfection in all the maneuvers known to artillery tactics. It was a great treat to us infantrymen to see him drill his fine company by the notes of the bugle. When we could do so, we of the infantry would go out to the great field near Freestone Point, on the Potomac, and watch Captain Lee drill his company.

About this time another company of infantry was added to the Legion, Captain Bachman's company of Germans from Charleston. A little later on that fall this German company was changed to artillery, and then Colonel Hampton turned over to Captain Bachman the two rifled English field guns lately received from London to help make up the latter's battery of four guns. Thus these two artillery companies of

the Legion formed a battalion over which Captain Lee acted as major.

One day, while in winter quarters near the confluence of the Potomac and Occoquan, a gunboat from the Federal rendezvous on the opposite bank of the Potomac in Maryland steered over near our side and fired several wild and unsuccessful shots at our picket quarters house near the shore. But, with quick activity, Major Lee rushed two rifle guns down to the shore and fired a half dozen shells at the retreating enemy, who, having observed Lee galloping down there, made haste to get out of range. Sometime before going into winter quarters, Major Lee established an artillery target range a little below Maple Valley, and during a few days we listened to the sound of our own cannon. I recall that in these batteries were two iron rifle guns lately made in Richmond. They were nicely finished and looked all right. But somehow, in actual practice, they were found to be defective in that most of the conical shells and solid shot fired from them would strike the targets sidewise instead of endwise.

After breaking our winter camp at Potomac and Occoquan, and taking up the line of march to the Peninsula, I did not see Major Lee again till one day during the seven days' battles before Richmond, when he rode rapidly by us at a little distance, wearing a bright Confederate uniform of a lieutenant colonel of artillery. As an artillery officer, he took a prominent part in the Maryland campaign of 1862 in the battles of Second Manassas and Sharpsburg. At Sharpsburg he commanded a force of artillery of thirty-five guns in front of and about the famous Dunker Church on the Confederate left, and thus materially assisted Stonewall Jackson to hold that part of our line, which was the key of the battle ground; and afterwards some of the Federal officers testified to the great efficiency of our artillery on that occasion.

Not long after the Maryland campaign I read in the newspapers that Colonel Lee had been promoted to general and sent to command in the West, where, in 1863, he headed off a strong raid under the Federal General Sherman, totally defeated it, capturing many prisoners, and sending Sherman flying back to his base for safety. After going West, General Lee went right up by official promotion till he reached the rank of lieutenant general and commanded a corps during the last year of the war.

The next and last time I saw Gen. S. D. Lee was in the latter part of December, 1864, while on my way back to my command in Gen. R. E. Lee's army in Virginia, after recovering to a state of convalescence from my awful wound of the August before. I had passed some time at my old home in Greenville, S. C., and was on the train going down to Columbia. In those days there was no telegraph line on that railroad, but all trains had, of course, their regular places or stations for passing each other. On that morning the down train on which I took passage left Greenville on time, 4 A.M., and proceeded down to the place of passing the up train from Columbia. But the up train was not there, and so my train, after waiting the usual half hour, proceeded slowly down the track, sounding its whistle frequently. At last, and about ten miles below, we found the up train sidetracked and waiting for us. It had lost time, being packed to the limit with passengers, mostly refugees from the low country. Even the platforms of the cars were crowded with people standing up, and among the latter I was much surprised to see Gen. S. D. Lee, with one of his arms in a sling. He had been wounded either at Franklin or Nashville, and was then evidently on the way to his old home in South Carolina.

After the war, as is generally known, he made his home in Columbus, Miss., where he took much interest in Confederate

veteran affairs, being at one time Commander in Chief of the great Confederate organization. In closing, I would like to again call attention to the remarkable fact that the Hampton Legion, as organized in May and June, 1861, at Columbia, S. C., included in its numbers less men than an ordinary regiment of ten or twelve companies, yet, during the ensuing War between the States, at least six general officers were appointed from the list of its original officers who took part in the organization at Columbia—namely: Colonel Hampton, lieutenant general; Captain Lee, lieutenant general; Captain Butler, major general; Captain Conner, brigadier general; Captain Gary, brigadier general; Lieutenant Logan, brigadier general. Can one wonder that Hampton was proud to be known as "Commander of Hampton Legion," as it is lettered on his monument now standing on State House Square, Columbia?

THE REBEL LETTER.

Strange how fire lives in the written word after the writer has passed into dim memory.

To-day the hot emotions of the war in the sixties have cooled, time has healed raw wounds, and North and South have clasped hands in a finer struggle side by side for the good of all humanity. To the younger generation those stirring days of 1861 are only so many pages in our history text, a story of blood spilled upon the rolling fields of Gettysburg, Antietam, and in the Wilderness.

The following letter was written at the dawn of the War between the States by a slip of a girl in Tennessee in the midst of the chaos and doubt and wild excitement that ushered in the conflict. For sixty years this letter lay forgotten in an old Southern trunk. But recently it was discovered, its pages thin and yellowed by time, the ink still clear and legible, for at the beginning of the war they still had good ink. This little girl, the great-great-granddaughter of that stout old hero of the Revolution, Gen. Israel Putnam, was born in the South and did not hesitate, as the time crept upon her, to decide. When a stern old aunt wrote in hot reproach, her cheeks flushed, her blood raced hotly through her veins, and she sat down and answered thus:

"PRAIRIE FARM, TENN., April 23, 1861.

"My Dear Aunt Kate: Em and I have just returned from our morning ride, she mounted on Gillie and I on Beauregarde a name and a horse I am very proud of.

"We ride to brother's every morning for the mail, and this morning I had the pleasure of reading a letter from you whilst I was mounted on my noble steed, but before I reached home the contents had fired my Southern ire to such a pitch I felt as if I must give it immediate answer to let you know how we stand, where we stand, and will stand toward Lincoln's policy.

"We are proud of Tennessee. She has acted nobly—worked hard for the Union and its salvation. She was determined to hold on to the Stars and Stripes until the last moment. But now—that moment is upon her.

"Since that proclamation of Lincoln's, the sentiment of the whole South has changed. The strong Union men of heretofore have become revolutionists. (Pa says they can call him a rebel if they choose, anything but a Lincolnite, a Sewardite, etc.)

"You, dear Aunt Katie, write that you are glad in your heart that we have a government, and we of the South intend to have one with our rights, for which we will fight. The present government has become too bilious, and needs a little doctoring. And Jeff Davis is to be the doctor!

"When the States present a united arm, I think we will have

the purest, most economical, and the safest government on God's green earth. I rely on him to help Mr. Davis.

"You also write that the South commenced the war and was so anxious to fight, that you hope they will have enough of it, etc.

"Yes, dear Aunt Katie, we will fight. The South is to become a United South, they have been insulted, outraged, and those north of Mason and Dixon's line may call us fire-eaters, traitors, anything they choose. But when they invade our South and sister States with their 75,000 marauding plunderers, defaming our hearts and hearthstones, then the "tug of war" will come. The whole South will fight.

"Tennessee is arming herself now, and one company, the Rock City Guards, was armed and equipped at a moment's warning. Brother has already joined the Home Guards.

"Your quotations from the Bible are all appropriate to that bunch in Washington, 'with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,' and this quotation, 'only by pride cometh contention, pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.' All this, dear Aunt Katie, is very appropriate to the Republicans who are elating at the overthrow of democracy, exulting at our defeat in the last election. As Uncle John says in a letter received only yesterday, 'Come South, Aunt Katie, and see for yourself who are the aggressors.'

"I received the Cincinnati *Commercials* yesterday, but they were filled with so many lies, with so much to inflame a Southern heart, I could not read them.

"But enough, Aunt Katie, you and I will not war because we differ in politics, or because we are to live in and under separate countries and governments and flags!

"Mrs. James K. Polk is president of an association to prepare clothing for our soldiers. I sent her word to consider me a member. Brother, for the present, has given up his idea of going to Mississippi. One can do nothing but arm himself for the dark and bloody future.

"L is very unhappy about R. She is fearful that he will go with the Rock City Guards. He is already a member, and they have offered themselves to Davis.

"Letters from Cousin Rowe tell us that they are all 'hot secessionists,' as almost every one is now. Excuse this horrid letter, Aunt Katie, indeed I get so excited when I think of our country I can hardly sit still, cannot wield my pen with any grace.

"Pa is writing to you. He is a loyal Southerner and says they may call him anything they like. I never saw anyone so changed as he is in the last two weeks. I sent you a paper, the *Gazette*, last week, which spoke of his change of sentiment, calling him a 'venerable,' which originated, I reckon, from his gray hair and whiskers.

"Write again, dear Aunt Katie.

"Affectionately your niece,

JULIA C. PUTNAM.

[This letter was sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. Felicia Putnam Russell, Nashville, a sister of the writer, the introduction by Mrs. Russell's grandson, S. N. Kirkland, of San Antonio, Tex., a World War veteran. The young girl who wrote the letter was Miss Julia C. Putnam, afterwards Mrs. William O'Neal Perkins, of Franklin, Tenn.]

MAURY.—Honored by kings and emperors, and the recipient of a greater number of medals and memorials than any scientist of the New World, this great genius has not even his name inscribed in the mosaic of our National Library in Washington. —Matthew Page Andrews.

GEORGIA'S INTELLECTUAL CENTER IN THE SIXTIES.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT,

Author of "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-To-Be."

A few years ago Mr. Emerson Hough, a veteran novelist of Chicago, author of "A Magnificent Adventure" and many popular works, including "The Covered Wagon," was reading "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-To-Be." The book was open at the story entitled "The Builders," giving an account of the invention of the sewing machine; how in his student days Dr. Francis R. Goulding, had worked on this invention, and in later years finished the first practical sewing machine that "worked beautifully"; that in 1842, three years before Howe's patent, Doctor Goulding wrote in his journal:

"Having satisfied myself about this machine, I laid it aside, that I might attend to other and weightier matters."

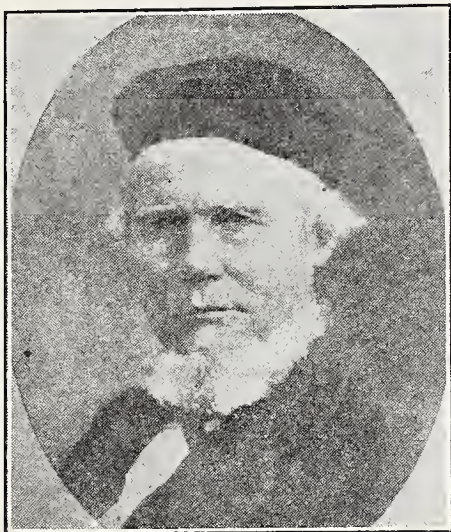
The story goes on as told by the Grandmother:

"Dr. Goulding lost fame and fortune by not patenting his invention. For my part, I think it a blessing to children that he put his sewing machine to work and then turned to other matters. He wrote books, not for fame, but to please and instruct his own children. At his home in Bath, near Augusta, Ga., he used to sit at a table under the trees writing stories, and when a chapter was finished he would call his young folks and read it to them. This is the way 'Young Marooners' came to be a book."

Thus far read the veteran novelist in Chicago, when he put down "Grandmother Stories" to write a letter to the author and to ask where, for love or money, could he get a copy of "Young Marooners," that dear book of his boyhood, read the nearly fifty years before and never forgotten.

He had not seen the book since, and had just learned from "Grandmother Stories" of its author. Very proudly we sped our copy of this little Georgia classic to Chicago, and the veteran novelist wrote again how he reread and revelled in its artless charm—opening the book where the fish ran away with the boat!—all just as thrilling when found again after fifty years. No Georgia book written for children before the days of "Uncle Remus." has won such lasting fame as "Young Marooners."

The author of this book, Francis Robert Goulding, was born in 1810 at Midway, Liberty County, Ga., once the home of Lyman Hall, Georgia's first representative at the Continental Congress in 1775, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This part of Georgia, founded by a colony which came originally from Dorchester, England, to New England, and from there to Dorchester, S. C., and finally to Liberty County, gave intellectual distinction to that section of the State. From this stock came men of note and wide fame—among them the LeContes, scientists; and Charles



DR. FRANCIS R. GOULDING.

Colsack Jones, Jr., Georgia's most eminent historian. Dr. Goulding graduated at the State University in 1830 and studied at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C., and was for many years a minister. The old manse on "Bath," near Augusta, is shown to tourists as the home of the author of "Young Marooners." The book was published in 1852 when little boys, of fifty years ago, of the Emerson Hough generation, were revelling for the first time in the adventures of this narrative, Dr. Goulding and family were living at Darien, Ga. In 1862 the home and splendid library were destroyed by fire. Dr. Goulding then removed to Macon, and acted as chaplain in the Confederate army.

Macon, just after the war, became in an interesting way the center of Georgia's intellectual nobility. It was at the old Wesleyan Female College building that two writers of undying fame lived for a time. The student ranks had been depleted by unhappy postwar conditions, and the faculty family took boarders—among others Dr. Francis R. Goulding and the family of Miss Mary Day; Sidney Lanier was also among the guests. The poet-soldier, weary and footsore, had returned from a Northern prison with a twenty-dollar gold piece in his pocket and the flute that he had hidden in his sleeve when he entered the prison. Still worn and spent, with deathless genius beating in his veins, he wrote "Tiger Lilies," a book replete with culture, beauty of phrase, and holding the essence of a gentle and heroic spirit; a wonderful book, telling more than any other of our own people in the tragedy of war. The present writer once spent a few months in the house where the Lanier family had lived at the time "Tiger Lilies" was written. The windows overlooked a garden of flowers and shrubs and were shaded by a magnificent magnolia tree, the very one, says Mr. Harry Stillwell Edwards, in which sang Lanier's "Mocking Bird." An old-fashioned flower garden in April, in the heart of Georgia, is paradise now!

Not far from this garden arose that eminence commanding midway between the business portion of the city of Macon and the village of Vineville, on which stood the college building. At that time the worthy president was Dr. W. C. Bass, his daughter, Mrs. Burden, recalls the personal friendship between her father and Dr. Goulding.



SIDNEY LANIER AT TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS.

Rare spirits met around the college board: the versatile author of "Young Marooners" and Lanier, the young poet-novelist, and Mary Day, his sweetheart. The late Walter G. Smith remembered well the group. His father, Dr. Cosby W. Smith, the witty and lovely teacher, was a delightful companion at all times. Many Wesleyan girls throughout the country will never forget the fund of wit and learning embodied in his unique personality.

Friendship was a faith and practice in the Old South; the priceless treasury of her social life. At that day there was no need for our poet to cry:

"O Trade! O Trade! Would thou wert dead!
The Times need heart, 'tis tired of head."

Tradition has kept record of that goodly company that made Macon an intellectual center in the sixties, and, above all, the friendships formed among the guests at Wesleyan College, with a beautiful sequel to the meeting of young Sidney Lanier and Mary Day. This was the wedding at Christ Church, Episcopal, on Walnut Street. Walter, eldest son of Dr. Cosby Smith, recalled many years after the scene of the ceremony so vividly that, in memory, he said, he seemed to hear the clear, manly tone of Sidney Lanier as he pledged his vows. There are tangible relics of the friendship between the Laniers and Dr. Smith's family in the form of letters. After the war, when Walter Smith thought of trying for new fortunes in the city of Baltimore, the pen of his poet friend, Sidney Lanier, was ready to offer the graceful courtesy of letters of introduction. The plan of going to Baltimore was not consummated; these letters of introduction were labeled "not used," and put away in the archives of a never-forgotten friendship.

On the fly leaf of a copy of "Poems," by Sidney Lanier, published in 1904, sent to Macon as a personal gift, was written this inscription:

"Mrs. F. L. Smith
In memory of a Past of rare friendship.
from
The Author's wife."

The recipient of this gift was Mrs. Fannie Lundie Smith, wife of Dr. Cosby W. Smith, of Wesleyan College, and the record of that friendship is one beautiful survival of the sad and tragic days of the sixties. During the last months of the war, when poverty, grief, and desolation brooded over our land, there yet bloomed tenderest loves and friendships to brighten the dreariness, like sweet old-time flowers blooming amid scenes of storm and tempest.

A few old letters of that time tell the story of this rare friendship. Of exquisite penmanship and delicate fancy, the letters of Mary Day to her almost mother-friend exhale the aroma of unsullied love and confidence. This friendship was formed during the time that refugee boarders were entertained at the college—among them Sidney Lanier and his fiancée, Mary Day. A sacred confidence was given the older woman; the happy love, the wedding plans, and afterwards the perfect married life—are touched on with poignant tenderness. An intimate and delightful association with Dr. Cosby Smith and family is shown; the learned and witty doctor is pictured, in a letter written from the college, November 25, 1867, during the absence of his wife as "Your disconsolate spouse, who desires me in pathetic tone to state that he has taken a new spell of loving you! Whereupon, I observe to him that the aforesaid fact is one of the marked advantages in going away from one's husband. In response he looks dubious and doleful—and sighs like a young lover. (Mine, for instance, bless his sweet heart!) Every letter I receive from Sidney is more and more beautiful and heart-satisfying, and if I had any time for day dreams I could dream over these precious letters all day long." Then follows reference to plans for the coming wedding, which took place December 19, at Christ Church. . . . With Dr. and Mrs. Smith, their little son, called playfully "St. Elmo," shared the rare friendship:

"Dear little boy! Kiss him for 'May Day' and strive to find some angelic mode of converse worthy of his pure mind

and hearing to remind him sometimes of his absent friend.' Such crystal clear mind, and soul, and heart possessed this lovely girl of the sixties—one can well believe in the poet's inspiration for "My Springs," surely the spirit that shone from the letters of love and friendship penned so long ago.

THE LAST OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, 1863.

BY CAPT. JAMES. H. TOMB, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

There were three lines of torpedoes between Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, and also three ropes attached to floats which had torpedoes attached to them and a rope some fifteen feet long. This rope was intended to foul the propeller of a steamer trying to pass through the obstruction. The first line of torpedoes was directly between Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie, leaving an open space between the torpedoes and the fort in the channel for ships to pass through. Just above the line of torpedoes in the channel were three large boilers containing one thousand pounds of powder, with a wire leading to Sullivan's Island and attached to a battery. These three mines, if exploded at the right time, could have caused more destruction than all the other torpedoes combined.

While this was a serious obstruction for any ship to pass, Dixon and I thought that had Admiral Farragut been in command, in place of Admiral Dahlgren, he would have found a way to enter the harbor, as Admiral Dahlgren was more interested in protecting his ship from torpedo boat attack than in forcing an entrance to the harbor. Dixon, who was in command of the submarine Hunley, thought they might send up a floating mine on the last of the flood tide, so timed that it would explode in the obstruction and in time open up a passage; but I thought the chances were against it, as Capt. W. M. Gray informed me there were more than three hundred torpedoes in the harbor, and as had charge of that duty, was satisfied no ship could pass the obstruction.

All tubes and copper torpedoes were made for the navy by Capt. F. D. Lee, C. S. A., and he was also the first to make use of the spar torpedo as used on the David, and had the Confederate Navy Department been as active and as confident in the value and success of torpedo boats as was General Beauregard, Flag Officer Tucker, Captain Lee, and Lieutenant Glassel, there would have been a fleet of Davids in Charleston Harbor in place of one.

When General Sherman took Savannah, there was nothing in the way of guns or obstruction between Savannah and Augusta on the Savannah River except one 8-inch gun at Shell Bluff.

Major General Jones, in command at Charleston, requested of Flag Officer Tucker, C. S. N., that I be ordered to Augusta to take command of a party sent there to place torpedoes in the Savannah river below Shell Bluff. On arriving at Augusta the steamer Leesburg, in command of Captain Philpot, was placed at my order, and we had a number of batteaux built to take the torpedoes from the ship, and, passing below Shell Bluff in the boats, we selected the best location to plant the torpedoes. The torpedo was a keg holding from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of powder and three tubes containing fulminate, and would explode from percussion.

We selected points in the river best suited for obstructing the channel between Hudson Ferry and Sister Ferry, and formed two lines of torpedoes from the point in the river to the bend, and at the bend of the river the torpedoes were three hundred feet between the lines, so that if a steamer passed one line in between the bend of the river, she would be apt to strike the other line of torpedoes some three hundred feet

farther up. We placed in all six double lines of torpedoes from three to six feet below the surface, and we felt satisfied no ship could pass through all of the obstructions. I reported to General Fry, C. S. A., that I had accomplished the duty assigned me, when he informed me I was to report to Major General Young, C. S. A., who was now in command, and I did so. General Young gave me orders to return down the river with my command and remove all of the torpedoes, as General Sherman was going to order all Confederates out of Savannah and send them up to Augusta by steamer. I suggested to him that it would be best to leave the torpedoes and let Sherman land the refugees below the obstructions and we to bring them up above them and let our steamer bring them to Augusta, but he would not do so, and my orders were to "proceed down the river without delay." General Fry, C. S. A., and also Flag Officer Hunter, C. S. N., did not approve of doing this, and I made up my mind not to do it; but unless on the sick list and under the care of a doctor, I would have to do so. I sent a telegram to the Navy Department, Richmond, Va.—as Charleston was evacuated—requesting orders to join Captain Coxster on the Gulf Coast and bring in ordinance for General Gorgas, C. S. A., as I had accomplished the duty assigned me here. I then went to bed and sent for a doctor, who, after hearing what my duty had been and of my sleeping on the mud along the river, said it was a severe case of malaria fever. The orderly from General Young reported I was very sick and under the care of a doctor. The next morning I received orders to proceed to the Gulf Coast, as requested, and left Augusta by the first train. I left twenty dollars in Confederate currency for the doctor. General Sherman did not issue that order. After reaching the Gulf Coast I was taken prisoner, sent to New York, and paroled.

While we were laying torpedoes down the river, we passed a camp fire on the banks of the river and found two Confederate soldiers sound asleep by the fire. When they saw our men, who had on blue uniforms—clothes taken from the Water Witch—they thought we were Yanks, and said they were "tired of the war" and "going home." We sent them to the commanding officer at Shell Bluff, as they had leave for forty-eight hours to visit home, and it was now three days past. They belonged to the Wheeler Cavalry.

A few days after this, as we were returning from the last line of torpedoes and walking up along the bank of the river, we saw two canoes coming down the river with a Yank in each canoe. We hailed them and told them to land, and they did so. They were from Wisconsin and Michigan, fine looking men, belonging to the cavalry, and had deserted from Sherman's army, then marching through South Carolina. I made them take everything off, but found only a pipe, a love letter, and seventeen dollars, in greensbacks. I decided it was best to parole them and let them continue on down the river to Savannah, as two men more or less would not change the war, and if they were put in prison it might be the end for them. They signed the parole and I gave back the pipe, love letter, and greensbacks and sent two of our men with them to the canoes. When they came back each had a Yankee overcoat, and said the men were so thankful for our treatment that they gave them the overcoats. I did not ask about the money.

The next day, in passing a field, we saw one of the Confederates we had sent to Shell Bluff as a prisoner. He was plowing, and told me that the commander at Shell Bluff sent him along with some others under guard to Augusta, but, when a short distance out from the Bluff, the guard and all deserted and went home. I found out from Mrs. Roberts, a good Confederate, that this man was a good neighbor, had been in the army from the first year, and had not been home in all these

years. He heard they were suffering for food after Sherman passed through, and came home on a forty-eight hour leave. I felt he was deserving of any assistance from me, so I gave him a paper saying he had reported to me, and after five days he was to report for duty, as he could put in his corn crop in that time. I thought it might help him in case of a trial. All they had was some sweet potatoes to live on.

"HIS MEDAL OF HONOR."

The following story appeared in a late issue of the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., and the VETERAN would like to hear the other side of the story—if there are any survivors of "the regiment captured by one man single handed":

"Asbury F. Haynes, 17th Maine, Seattle, Wash., was with his regiment in action at Amelia Springs, Va., when the charge was made there in April, 1865. When his company got up facing the main street, he saw the rebel colors about one hundred yards ahead. He made up his mind to get those colors. So when the order came, "By the right flank, charge!" he didn't hear the words "right flank," and dashed ahead down the street. Corporal Crosberry yelled: 'Haynes, come back; you'll be killed. The regiment has gone the other way.'

"Comrade Haynes says that he got behind a high board fence and stood there meditating what to do. 'I did not dare run back down the street the way I had come, or I would be shot, so I jumped over the fence to go to the rear of those houses I had passed to find my regiment. As I did so I heard tremendous cheering from the field whence we had come. Supposing it was my regiment coming, I turned about, ran along the side of the house, and jumped into the street running across diagonally, demanding the rebel's flag. A colonel and two other officers stood behind the blacksmith shop and surrendered with their men, totaling four hundred and five. The color sergeant threw the colors (they belonged to the 21st North Carolina) into the street. I jumped on them, tore them off the staff, and tied the colors around my body.'

"Comrade Haynes tried to conduct the rebel prisoners to the rear, but they were afraid they would be shot down if they crossed the street, so he got back to the corner of the fence where he had jumped over and saw his regiment. It had gone around to the right and had broken the rebel line of battle and was driving them into the woods.

"It was fifty or sixty rods away, and when I got to them I reported to Major Mattox what I had done. He complimented me and told me to report to General Pierce, of our brigade, with the flag. I wanted to stay in line and fight, but he said: "No, you may be killed or wounded and lose the flag." So I reported to General Pierce. He complimented me and told me to stay at his headquarters; but his headquarters were in the saddle, and I could not keep up with him. After two or three hours, I ran across the General again and told him if he wanted me to stay with his headquarters he would have to furnish me a horse. I requested that I might return to my regiment. He said: "You can report to your company once a day, but keep with headquarters and take care of those colors."

"Afterwards, at the request of Major Mattox, I was sent to Washington with the captured flag on the day that President Lincoln died, and had to remain in Washington six days until Lincoln's body was shipped away. Then I presented it to Secretary Stanton, and he thanked me and gave me a furlough for thirty days back home in Maine. When I returned to my regiment I was transferred to Company H, 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, and promoted from seventh corporal to first sergeant, and Congress gave me a medal of honor."

Where is the 21st North Carolina? Comrades, speak up.

LONGSTREET'S ASSAULT AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The great bombardment which preceded the famous Confederate charge which took place on the 3rd of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, is referred to by nearly all in both armies, who reported on the battle of that date, as of such unusual character as to impress itself upon all who heard the grand roar of perhaps two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery fired at the same time, accompanied with an equal number of explosions from shells, or who were subjected to the destructive effects of its flying missiles during its progress.

A few of the descriptions of Federal officers are here quoted, as of probable interest to the readers of these sketches.

Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, commanding the Federal center, the point of Confederate attack: "About 1 P.M., apparently by a given signal, the enemy opened on our front with the heaviest artillery fire I have ever known. Their guns were in position at an average distance of about 1,400 yards from my line, and ran in a semicircle from the town of Gettysburg to a point opposite Round Top Mountain. Their number is variously estimated at from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and fifty. The air was filled with projectiles, there being scarcely an instant but that several were seen bursting at once. No irregularity of ground furnished much protection, and the plain in rear of the line of battle was soon swept of everything moveable."

Brig. Gen. John C. Caldwell, commanding division in the 2nd U. S. Army corps: "About noon the enemy opened upon us with all his artillery, the most fearful fire I have ever witnessed."

Brevet Maj. Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac: "I had just given orders to the last battery on Little Round Top, when the signal gun was fired and the enemy opened with all his guns. From that point the scene was indescribably grand. All their batteries were soon covered with smoke, through which the flashes were incessant, and the air seemed filled with shells, whose sharp explosions, with the hurtling of their fragments, formed a running accompaniment to the deep roar of their guns." Hunt continued his ride during the bombardment to the Federal reserve and train park, to send up fresh batteries, "but both the reserve and train had gone to a safer place. . . . Turning into the Taneytown Pike, I saw evidence of the necessity under which the reserve had decamped in the remains of a dozen exploded caissons, which had been placed under the cover of a hill, but which the shells had managed to search out. As I passed along, a bolt from a rifle gun struck the ground just in front of a man in the front rank, penetrated the surface and passed under him, throwing him over and over. He fell behind the rear rank, apparently dead, and a ridge of earth where he had been lying reminded me of the back woods practice of 'barking squirrels.'"

Col. N. J. Hall, 7th Michigan Regiment, commanding brigade: "The experience of the terrible grandeur of the rain of missiles, and that chaos of strange and terror-spreading sounds unexampled, perhaps, in history, must ever remain undescribed, but can never be forgotten by those who survived it."

Major General Howard, commanding the 11th U. S. Army Corps: "About 1 P.M. a terrific cannonade opened upon us from the west, northwest, north, and northeast, hurling into the cemetery grounds missiles of every description. Shells burst in the air, in the ground to the right and left, killing horses, exploding caissons, overturning tombstones, and smashing fences. There was no place of safety. In one regiment twenty-seven were killed and wounded by one shell."

Major General Doubleday: "About 2 P.M. a terrific artillery fire opened upon us from more than a hundred guns. The firing was accurate and incessant, and lasted for several hours, blowing up caissons from time to time, and sweeping away artillery and staff horses, as well as men, in every direction."

These are but a few of the numerous descriptions contained in the reports of Federal officers, but are strikingly characteristic of all.

On the Confederate side, Brig. Gen. W. N. Pendleton, Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia: "So mighty an artillery contest has perhaps never been waged, estimating the character and number of guns and duration of the conflict."

Major Cabell, commanding artillery battalion: "For over two hours the cannonading on both sides was almost continuous and incessant, far, very far, exceeding any cannonading I have ever before witnessed."

Brigadier General Alexander, commanding the artillery, Longstreet's Corps: "At exactly 1 o'clock by my watch, the two signal guns were heard in quick succession. In another minute every gun was at work. The enemy were not slow at coming back at us, and the grand roar of nearly the whole artillery of both armies burst in on the silence almost as suddenly as the full notes of an organ would fill a church."

Lieutenant General Longstreet: "The signal guns broke the prevailing stillness, and immediately one hundred and fifty Confederate cannon burst into a deafening roar, which was answered by a thunder almost as great from the Federal. The great artillery combat proceeded. The destruction was, of course, not great; but the thunder on Seminary Ridge, and the echo from the Federal side, showed that both commanders were ready."

These are fair samples of numerous descriptions made by Confederate officers.

The following are the several organizations of troops which formed the Confederate assaulting column at Gettysburg on the 3rd of July, 1863:

LONGSTREET'S CORPS.

Pickett's Division.

Garnett's Brigade.—Brig. Gen. R. B. Garnett, Maj. C. S. Peyton. 8th Virginia, Col. Eppa Hunton; 18th Virginia, Col. H. A. Carrington; 19th Virginia, Col. Henry T. Gantt; 28th Virginia, Col. R. C. Allen, Lieut. Col. William Watts; 56th Virginia, Col. W. D. Stuart, Lieut. Col. P. P. Slaughter.

Kemper's Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. L. Kemper, Col. Joseph Mayo, Jr. 1st Virginia, Col. Lewis Williams; 3rd Virginia, Col. Joseph Mayo, Jr., Lieut. Col. A. D. Calloate; 7th Virginia, Col. W. T. Patton, Lieut. Col. C. C. Floweree; 11th Virginia, Maj. Kirkwood Otey; 24th Virginia Col. William R. Terry.

Armistead's Brigade.—Brig. Gen. L. A. Armistead, Col. W. R. Aylett. 9th Virginia, Maj. John C. Owens; 14th Virginia, Col. J. G. Hodges; 38th Virginia, Col. E. C. Edmons; 53rd Virginia Col. W. R. Aylett; 57th Virginia, Col. John Bowie Magruder.

HILL'S CORPS.

Heth's Division—Brigadier General Pettigrew.

First Brigade.—Col. J. K. Marshall. 11th North Carolina, Col. Collett Leventhorpe (wounded July 1); 26th North Carolina, Col. Henry K. Burgwyn, Jr. (killed July 1); 47th North Carolina, Col. G. H. Faribalt; 52nd North Carolina, Lieut. Col. Marcus Parks.

Second Brigade.—Col. J. M. Brockenbrough. 40th Virginia, Capt. T. E. Betts, Capt. R. B. Davis; 47th Virginia, Col. Robert M. Mayo; 55th Virginia, Col. W. S. Christian; 22nd Virginia Battalion, Maj. John S. Bowles.

Third Brigade.—Col. B. D. Fry, Lieut. Col. S. G. Shepard. 13th Alabama, Col. B. D. Fry; 5th Alabama Battalion, Maj. A. S. Van de Greff; 1st Tennessee (Provisional Army), Maj. Felix G. Buchanan; 7th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. S. G. Shepard; 14th Tennessee, Capt. B. L. Phillips.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. Joseph R. Davis. 2nd Mississippi, Col. J. M. Stone (wounded July 1); 11th Mississippi, Col. F. M. Green; 42nd Mississippi, Col. H. R. Miller; 55th North Carolina, Col. J. K. Connally (wounded July 1).

Pender's Division—Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble.

Lane's Brigade.—Brig. Gen. James H. Lane. 7th North Carolina, Capt. J. M. Turner, Capt. J. G. Harris; 18th North Carolina, Col. J. D. Barry; 28th North Carolina, Col. S. D. Lowe, Lieut. Col. W. H. A. Speer; 33rd North Carolina, Col. C. M. Avery; 37th North Carolina, Col. W. M. Barber.

Scales's Brigade.—Col. W. L. J. Lawrence. 13th North Carolina, Col. J. H. Hymen, Lieut. Col. H. A. Rogers; 16th North Carolina, Capt. L. W. Stowe; 22nd North Carolina, Col. James Conner; 34th North Carolina, Lieut. Col. G. T. Gordan; 38th North Carolina, Col. John Ashford.

Although I have endeavored to give the name of the officer who was in command of it, in Heth's and Pender's divisions when the great charge began, I cannot feel confident that I have done so in every case, as the record is not always correct.

Anderson's Division.

Wilcox's Brigade.—Brig. Gen. C. M. Wilcox. 8th Alabama, Lieut. Col. H. A. Herbert; 9th Alabama, Capt. J. H. King; 10th Alabama, Col. W. H. Forney, Lieut. Col. J. E. Shelley; 11th Alabama, Col. J. C. C. Sanders, Lieut. Col. G. E. Taylor; 14th Alabama, Col. L. Pinckard, Lieut. Col. J. A. Broome.

Perry's Brigade.—Col. David Lang. 2nd Florida, Maj. W. R. Moore; 5th Florida, Capt. R. N. Gardner; 8th Florida, Col. David Land.

Of the forty-eight regiments and two battalions of infantry composing the Confederate assaulting column, Virginia furnished eighteen regiments and one battalion; North Carolina, fifteen regiments; Alabama, six regiments and one battalion; Mississippi, three regiments; Tennessee, three regiments; and Florida, three regiments.

When formed to advance, the column had the following form:

Brockenbrough,	Davis,	Marshall,	Archer	(Fry),	Garnett,	Kemper.
	Lane.		Lowrence,		Armistead.	
			Perry,			Wilcox.

The officers commanding the troops, particularly those commanding the guiding troops, were informed that a certain clump of trees standing on Cemetery Ridge, which could be readily seen from the Confederate position, and was carefully pointed out, must be made their objective point. Pickett, who was to serve as right guide for the column, received minute instructions on this point. That clump of trees was still standing and was pointed out to visitors when the writer visited the battle field in June, 1917.

Heth's entire Division, and Lane's and Scales's Brigades, of Pender's Division, had been heavily engaged on the 1st of July, and their losses were heavy; and Wilcox's and Perry's Brigades, of Anderson's Division, had been roughly handled when they assailed Cemetery Ridge the day before. These eight brigades were all suffering with "bloody noses and cracked crowns." Only the three brigades of Pickett's Division were fresh. The column was variously estimated to contain 14,000 to 15,000 troops.

Although by common practice, the charge is usually called "Pickett's Charge," and Pickett's men richly deserve great credit for the manner in which they performed their part in it,

Pickett's three brigades numbered but 4,900, about one-third the number composing the assaulting column. It evidently was an inspiring sight to those who were so fortunate as to occupy positions from which they could see the beginning of the advance.

The 14,000 men, formed in solid phalanx, moving upon a common enemy, holding a position which had previously resisted the heroic efforts of themselves and companions in arms, were engaged in a supreme effort to drive him from his apparently impervious position; they were advancing upon a host armed with the most improved death-dealing implements that the ingenuity and industry of the world could supply, furnished by a government whose resources were practically unlimited. The wielders of these powerfully destructive engines of war were protected by strong works.

It was a sight to inspire grand ideals in their fellow men. Those whose visions are sufficiently acute to enable them to picture that formation, in motion, and in action, through a vivid imagination, should realize its stimulating influence toward exalted purposes. The sight was ample to extort the admiration, if possible, of the multiplicity of pagan deities, painted and worshiped by the Orientals, Egyptians, Grecians, Romans, etc.; the gods which subsequent poets declare were the children of the fears of their creators. The Great God whom we worship, he whose footstool is the great sun around which our great system of worlds perpetually revolve, and the untold millions of seen and unseen stars, around each of which great systems of planets everlastingly spin—the sight is sufficient to compel the admiration of this August, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, and Omniscient Being.

Even their enemies planted on Cemetery Ridge, bearing destructive implements of war, and each harboring a determination to kill as many as was in his power, the entire line if possible, were charmed by their gallant bearing. Hear them!

Major General Meade, commanding the Federal army: "The assault was made with great firmness, directed principally against the point occupied by the Second Corps."

Gen. H. J. Hunt: "The enemy advanced magnificently, unshaken by the shot and shell which tore through his ranks from his front and from his left."

Major General Hancock: "Their lines were formed with a precision and steadiness that extorted the admiration of the witnesses of that memorable scene."

Brig. Gen. John Gibbon, commanding Second Federal Army Corps: "The line moved steadily to the front in a way to excite the admiration of every one, and was followed by a second and third, extending all along our front as far as the eye could reach."

Brigadier General Harrow: "His infantry columns moved from the woods, one thousand yards in front, and steadily advanced to the assault."

Capt. Coates, 1st Minnesota Infantry: "They marched resolutely in the face of a withering fire up to our lines and succeeded in planting their colors on one of our batteries."

Brig. Gen. Alexander S. Webb: "At three o'clock the enemy's line of battle left the woods in our front, moved in perfect order across the Emmitsburg Road, formed in the hollow in our immediate front several lines of battle, under a fire of spherical case from Cowan's battery and Cushing's gun, and advanced for the assault."

Col. N. J. Hall, 7th Michigan Infantry, commanding brigade: "At three o'clock exactly the fire of the enemy slackened, and his first line of battle advanced from the woods in beautiful order. About one hundred yards in rear came the second line, and opposite the main point of attack was what appeared a column of battalions. The perfect order but rapid advance

of the enemy called forth praise from our troops, but gave their line an appearance of being fearfully irresistible."

Brigadier General Hays: "Their march was as steady as if impelled by machinery, unbroken by our artillery, which played upon them a storm of missiles."

Maj. T. J. Ellis, 14th Connecticut Infantry: "The spectacle was magnificent. They advanced in perfect order, the line of skirmishers firing."

Many more similar expressions of admiration from our friends on the other side are shown in their reports.

Although Maj. Gen. George E. Pickett escaped with his life, and, if wounded, there is no evidence of it in the official records—even his horse, the destruction of which class of animals carried into that battle is said to have been almost universal, escaped with a whole hide—yet the official records do not contain a report from General Pickett on the operations of his division in the Pennsylvania campaign. Gen. E. P. Alexander, in his excellent treatise, "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," says: "Pickett wrote a report which reflected unjustly upon the brigades of Hill's Corps, among which the break first occurred. Lee returned the report, asking Pickett to modify it, which Pickett delayed and finally neglected to do." General Alexander further states that "but one official report from Pickett's Division has been published, that of Garnett's Brigade, by Maj. C. S. Peyton, 19th Virginia, who was the only field officer not killed or wounded." Major Peyton's report is dated July 9, 1863. Doubtless General Alexander failed to see the report made by Col. William R. Aylett, 53rd Virginia Infantry, commanding Armistead's Brigade, and is dated July 12, 1863. Neither of these reports, however, is as full as the subject treated of demands.

Major Peyton states that during the terrible shelling which preceded the charge, Garnett's Brigade lost about twenty men killed and wounded. Among the killed was Lieutenant Colonel Ellis, of the 19th Virginia. The order to advance was given the brigade at 2:30 P.M., first by General Pickett in person, and repeated by General Garnett. The ground was open, but little broken, and from eight hundred to one thousand yards from the crest whence the brigade started to the enemy's line. It moved in good order, keeping up its line almost perfectly, notwithstanding it had to climb three high post-and-rail fences, behind the last of which the enemy's skirmishers were first encountered and immediately driven in. Continuing, it soon encountered the advanced line of the enemy, lying concealed in the grass on the slope about one hundred yards in front of his second line, which was behind a stone wall, about breast high, running nearly parallel to and about thirty paces from the crest of the hill, which was lined with artillery.

After offering some resistance, the first line was completely routed and driven in confusion back to the stone wall. In this line some prisoners were captured and these were ordered to the rear without guard. Under an order from General Garnett, the brigade promptly advanced, loading and firing at the same time.

Up to this time the brigade had suffered but little from the Federal batteries, which apparently had been greatly crippled previous to the advance of the brigade. This, however, did not apply to the batteries planted on the Round Tops, which enfiladed the entire line with fearful effect, sometimes as many as ten being killed and wounded by the bursting of a single shell. Its advance to the stone wall was under a galling fire from both artillery and infantry, the artillery using canister. When the brigade had reached within seventy-five paces of the stone wall, both its flanks were in the air, unsupported. General Kemper was some fifty or sixty yards behind and to the right, and General Armistead coming up in the rear.

The discovery was made that Kemper's line was lapping Garnett's, and an effort was made to have the condition remedied, but Kemper was not present (perhaps wounded and taken from the field). Captain Fry, of his staff, exerted himself to have the brigade comply, but the eagerness of the men pressing forward caused him to fail. Though Garnett's line was greatly depleted, it still kept up the advance until within twenty paces of the wall, when, for a moment, it recoiled under the terrific fire that was poured into its ranks from the Federal batteries and their sheltered infantry. At this critical moment, Kemper came up on its right and Armistead in its rear, and the three lines joined in concert, rushed forward with unyielding determination and an apparent spirit of laudable rivalry to plant the Confederate banner on the walls of the enemy. His strongest and last lines were instantly gained; the Confederate battle flag waived over his defenses, and the fighting over the wall became hand to hand and of the most desperate character; but more than half of the brigade having already fallen, its line was found too weak to rout the enemy.

Col. W. R. Aylett, 53rd Virginia Infantry, commanding Armistead's Brigade, says that brigade moved across the open field for more than a half mile, receiving, as it came in range, fire of shell, canister, grape, and musketry, which rapidly thinned its ranks; still it pushed on until the first line of the enemy, strongly posted behind a stone wall, was broken and driven from its position, leaving in the hands of the brigade a number of pieces of artillery, the number not being known.

By that time the troops on the right and left of the brigade were broken and driven back, and the brigade was exposed to a severe musketry fire from its front and both flanks, and the enfilading fire of the guns on the Round Tops. Without support, the position was untenable, and the brigade was obliged to retire, leaving more than two-thirds of their bravest and best killed or wounded on the field.

Colonel Aylett further states: "This report would fail in completeness and in the rendition of justice to signal valor and heroic behavior were it omitted to notice particularly the gallant conduct of our brigade commander, Gen. L. A. Armistead. Conspicuous to all, fifty yards in advance of his brigade, waving his hat upon his sword, he led the men upon the enemy with a steady bearing which inspired all breasts with enthusiasm and courage, and won the admiration of every beholder. Far in advance of all, he led the attack till he scaled the works of the enemy and fell wounded in their hands, but not until he had driven them from their position and seen his colors planted on their fortifications."

Major Peyton said further: "There was scarcely an officer or man in the command (Garnett's Brigade) whose attention was not attracted by the cool and handsome bearing of General Garnett, who, totally devoid of rashness or excitement, rode immediately in rear of his advancing line, endeavoring by his personal efforts, and by the aid of his staff, to keep his line well closed and dressed. He was shot from his horse while near the center of his brigade, within about twenty-five paces of the stone wall.

"The conduct of Capt. M. P. Spessard, of the 28th Virginia, was particularly conspicuous. His son fell mortally wounded at his side; he stopped but for a moment to look on his dying son, gave him his canteen of water, and pressed on with his company, to the wall, which he climbed, and fought the enemy with his sword in their own trenches, until his sword was wrested from his hands by two Yankees; he finally made his escape in safety."

WHERE ARE THE BOYS?

BY MRS. NANNIE M. PLEASANTS, BURNSVILLE, N. C.

(Dedicated to our Confederate Veterans.)

For home and State they firmly stood
With spirit born of other days,
Whose Spartanlike, resisting blood
Had never known oppression's ways.

They answered to their country's call,
Through many a conflict won the day,
Though strewn o'er many a battle field
Their comrades dead or dying lay.

They battled on through hope and fears,
While home and loved ones passed away.
Now, after all these many years,
Where are the boys who wore the gray?

A scattered remnant here and there
Still at the post of duty found,
Alone they hold the fortress here,
While comrades rest beneath the ground.

To restless time they all must yield,
Soon we shall see the very last,
For swift as on the battle field
The broken ranks are falling fast.

May blessings on their future fall,
And heavenly honors may they share
When answered is the last roll call,
To wear a crown of victory there.

GEN. CHARLES S. PEYTON, U. C. V.

Charles S. Peyton, distinguished soldier of the Confederacy, Commander of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., died January 6, 1923, at Charlottesville, Va., where he and his devoted daughter, Miss Lucy, were spending the winter. He was born in Albemarle County, Va., on January 21, 1841. His wife, who was Miss Sallie Bramham, of Albemarle County, died a few years ago at their home in Ronceverte, W. Va. He leaves surviving of his immediate family two sons—Goss and Gunther Peyton, both of Los Angeles, Calif., and a daughter, Miss Lucy, who, cared for him in the tenderest devotion, self-sacrificing spirit, love, and solicitude till the end came. A large family connection and many warm friends mourned his passing. They loved the man, not simply because he was a dear kinsman or friend, but because of his many virtues, his fine character, his noble qualities of mind and heart, his well-known modesty, his affectionate, gentle, and genial disposition all attracting the admiration and securing the abiding love, respect, and good will of all who knew him.

Charles Peyton grew to manhood in his native county, and when the great War between the States came on in 1861 he was a cadet in Colonel Strain's Military School in Charlottesville. He left school, raised a company of infantry for the war known as the "Piedmont Guards," was elected captain of the company, which soon after became Company E, 19th Regiment Virginia Infantry, Garnett's Brigade, Pickett's Division. He led his company with skill and courage in the first battle of Manassas in July, 1861, in the series of bloody battles around Richmond in the spring of 1862, when Lee was hurling McClellan back to the shelter of the Federal gunboats on the James. In this series of battles and splendid victories,

Pickett's Division, notably at Gaines's Mill, covered itself with glory. Later on, in the campaign of 1862, when the boastful General Pope was met and beaten by Lee in the second battle of Manassas, Captain Peyton lost his left arm. This, with most men would have meant immediate retirement from army service, but he would not have it so. On the contrary, after the wound had healed, he returned to his regiment, having in the meantime been promoted to the rank of major. At the great and decisive battle of Gettysburg, in July, 1863, he was urged by his comrades not to enter the fight, as it was evident that the battle would be a bloody and desperate one, in which a man with one arm would be at great disadvantage. In reply to this appeal he said he had marched to Gettysburg with them. When Gettysburg was fought he had attained the rank of lieutenant colonel. In his brigade, in this battle, there were fifteen field officers, and every one who ranked him was shot down, killed, or wounded in Pickett's heroic charge, leaving Lieutenant Colonel Peyton in command of the brigade when the survivors of that memorable charge withdrew from Cemetery Hill, where the enemy was heavily massed behind a rock wall. Colonel Peyton wrote the official report of the action of his brigade, which report is now preserved in the government's war archives in Washington. He received a flesh wound in the leg at Gettysburg, but remained at his post and brought out the remnant of the brigade.

Later on in the war, the War Department, in consideration of his maimed condition and his heroic service, relieved him of further army service and assigned him to less arduous duties, where he, in compliance with his wish, might still be useful.

In reflecting upon the splendid war record of this loyal and gallant soldier of the South, I feel that no comment of mine, however laudatory, on the facts this record discloses, could do justice to his memory in the estimation of his old comrades who loved and honored him.

When, long after the war had closed, the surviving veterans of the South were organized with the purpose of securing a true history of the war and its causes, and with the further purpose of perpetuating the memory of the splendid courage and achievements of the Confederate soldier on the battle field, Colonel Peyton was among the first honored with commanding positions in the organization. As a member of Camp Mike Foster, of Monroe County, and of Camp David S. Creigh, of Greenbrier County, W. Va., he was soon elected Commander of the First Brigade, ranking in the veteran organization as Brigadier General and later was elected Commander of the West Virginia Division, with the rank of major general, which office, by successive elections, he held to the day of his death. Some years ago, his old comrades, to testify their love and affection by honoring him to the full measure of their power, passed a resolution making him Commander of the State Division for life.

General Peyton had lived since the early seventies in Monroe and Greenbrier Counties, W. Va., and it can be truly said that no man in either county held more securely the esteem and admiration, love and confidence of his veteran comrades of the War between the States and the people generally.

"And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger 'round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest."

As the successor of General Peyton in command of the West Virginia Division U. C. V., I find great pleasure in contributing to the columns of the VETERAN this wholly inadequate and regretfully long delayed tribute to his memory.

THOMAS H. DENNIS, *Lewisburg, W. Va.*



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

PARTING.

They told me, Joseph Packard, thou wast dead.
 Death is the common lot, too well we know,
 Of everything that lives and moves below
 The brazen heavens. But ah! what tears I shed
 When I recalled how oft the hours sped—
 Unheeded they would come, unheeded go—
 While our discourse kept up its happy flow
 Until the sun sank to his ocean bed.

And now, dear comrade, old Confederate friend,
 Ashes to ashes art thou, dust to dust;
 Thy day is over, and thy work is done,
 For God has sent his messenger to end
 Thy hither life. Thy voice on earth is hushed,
 But in his larger world that voice speaks on.

(Written by Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve on hearing of the death of his friend—his last sonnet.)

DR. BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE.

In the death of Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, noted Greek scholar, author, and educator, at his home in Baltimore, Md., on January 9, 1924, the last of four patriotic brothers has passed on. All of them served the Confederacy, Dr. Gildersleeve being an officer on staff duty in the field, and was desperately wounded in the battles around Richmond; Benjamin Gildersleeve, of Abingdon, was in the ranks of the 1st Virginia Infantry; Gilbert Gildersleeve was a captain of cavalry under J. E. B. Stuart; Dr. John Robinson Gildersleeve entered the war as a private in the famous Richmond Howitzers, and on July 8, 1862, was appointed acting assistant surgeon by Surgeon General Samuel P. Moore, and on January 15, was commissioned assistant surgeon, C. S. A.

Basil L. Gildersleeve was born in Charleston, S. C., October 23, 1831, and thus had passed into his ninety-third year. A natural scholar, he became distinguished in letters at an early age. In 1849 he received the A.B. degree from Princeton, and in 1852 studied in the universities of Berlin, Bonn, and Gottingen, gaining the Ph.D. degree from the latter place in 1853. Harvard University, in 1886, conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him, the same degree being conferred by the College of William and Mary, Yale University, and the University of Chicago, in 1901, and by the University of Pennsylvania in 1911. In 1884 the University of the South conferred the D.C.L. degree on him.

Dr. Gildersleeve was founder and editor of the *American Journal of Philology*. He was a Corresponding Fellow of the British Academy and a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. For twenty-one years he was at the head of the department of Greek at the University of Virginia, and

for forty years was connected with Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Just a few years ago he wrote "The Creed of the Old South," which was issued by the Johns Hopkins Press, the last of many classics from his pen. Some years ago he gave special lectures on Greek before the students of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., which has since become the home of his devoted niece, Mrs. Leon Kirby.

HENRY REDWOOD.

Entered into rest December 13, 1923, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, Henry Redwood, of Asheville, N. C. He was born in Baltimore, Md., March 27, 1848, son of William Holman and Catharine Carter (Chowning) Redwood, both of Virginia. His early schooling was in Baltimore and Virginia, but at the age of sixteen he left school to join the Confederate army and saw active service for the last eleven months of the war. His enlistment was in the 3rd Virginia Regiment, Forces of Local Defense, commanded by Col. John McAnerny, and his service was mostly around Richmond, with one or two details in charge of prisoners sent to North Carolina prisons.

Before his formal enlistment there were several boyish expeditious into the neighborhood of parties of "Yankees," where, no doubt, the participants hoped for decided action, and did for a fact capture one escaped Yankee prisoner! While on duty around Richmond these youngsters saw as hard service as that of any more seasoned command. Colonel McAnerny afterwards said that their picket duty was particularly strenuous, but they stood up to it bravely. On one occasion, in Edenton, N. C., young Redwood, with a young Tar Heel, Rufus Morgan, was captured by a Yankee gunboat lying in the harbor at Edenton. Morgan, it seems, became obsessed with the idea of going out in a rowboat to investigate the stranger, and being unwilling to let him go alone, Redwood, although he realized the danger, accompanied him. They were invited aboard, given tobacco and a drink, but when the time came for departure, they were told firmly that they must tarry as prisoners. Things looked pretty black, but luck and their ready wits saved them, for at this point an officer aboard the gunboat decided he would like a trip ashore, so he asked the boys if there would be any objection to his entering the town, to which they replied: "None at all!" Edenton was then under military rule. He went ashore, and in a few minutes was seen waving a signal to his men, which, when being interrogated, the wily little Rebels interpreted as meaning, "All is well, come ahead if you like." At this, a fellow officer put out and, consequently, in a short time the military authorities in the town had two officers as their prisoners as against two little privates held aboard the craft. In due course of time the exchange of prisoners was effected, and the boys returned unharmed, but it was only by Henry Redwood's clever ruse that they escaped so lightly.

The experience and privations of his Confederate service made a lasting impress upon the character of this boy, as with thousands of others. Never could he be wasteful of the smallest thing, no matter what abundance there was. Self-denial and unselfishness were developed to the highest degree. His wartime experiences were ever dear to him, and he was proud of his service and that of his two older brothers in the Confederacy. His interest in and knowledge of matters pertaining to Confederate history were unfailing, and he was active in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans.

In 1872, he was married to Miss Susan Eleanor Taylor, of King William County, Va., whom he survived by ten years. At that time he was living in New York, but in 1874 they moved to Statesville, N. C. and from there, in 1881, they moved to Asheville, where Mr. Redwood went into business

as a merchant. He was prominently identified with the business life of the town until his retirement four years ago, and since that time has served as director and vice president of the American National Bank and in an advisory capacity on various boards. His name has stood always for highest principle and unbending honor. For thirty-four years he served as vestryman of Trinity Episcopal Church, and until the day of his death was a loyal member.

As he would have desired, the end came while he was active and alive in every sense. After a morning spent uptown attending to numerous business matters, he was sitting talking of some recent books and simply fell asleep—a death calm and beautiful as was his life. He was, before all, a courtly Southern gentleman. His education did not stop with schools, but in spite of a life very full of hard work and useful service he always maintained his standard of culture and was a charming conversationalist. Faithful to every trust, the soldier to the end, he goes to join his sleeping comrades in the immortal “bivouac of the dead.” On his casket was draped the “Stars and Bars” he loved so well, and he was escorted by a guard of honor from the Zeb Vance Camp, U. C. V., to his last resting place in Riverside Cemetery, Asheville, whither, less than a year ago, he had followed his brother, Allen C. Redwood, who also wore the gray. In the words of a good friend, he was a man “*Integer vitae scelerisque purus.*” To his family, the words of St. Paul are eminently true of his life: “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.”

Surviving him are one brother, John Redwood, of Baltimore, three sons and three daughters: William M., Harry W., Robert Lee, and Mary Gladys, all of Asheville; Mrs. Elias Doat of Summerville, S. C.; and Mrs. S. Thomas Nottingham, of Cape Charles, Va.

R. H. SHOCKLEY.

Riley H. Shockley, one of the oldest and most battle-scarred Confederates of Madison County, Ala., died at his home near Jeff, Ala., on February 4, 1924, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born at Van Buren, near Spencer, Tenn., June 19, 1845, and in that section spent his earlier life.

He was a valiant soldier during the four years of war between the States, serving in the 5th Tennessee Regiment under Colonel Hill. His war record is of courageous service for country and State. He was in a number of engagements, the most important of which was Shiloh. During this memorable battle he was wounded three times before being carried from the field. Two of these wounds were in the head, the first being a severe one, not enough to make him leave the fray, but, to use his own words, he “had to give up” after a rifle ball, entering his left eye, passed out through his ear.

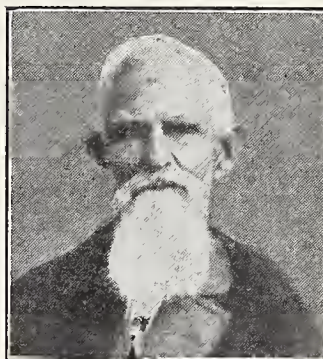
He came to Madison County about 1900, where he had since lived. About ten years ago he lost the sight of his other eye, making him totally blind. He was twice married, the wife of his youth being Miss Mary Davis, of Tennessee. His second wife, Miss Mattie Aday, of Huntsville, survives him, with their seven children. He was laid away in the cemetery at Ford’s Chapel Methodist Church, of which he was a member.

On account of age and infirmities, Mr. Shockley was not associated with the local Camp of veterans. Some of his most marked characteristics were his loyalty to the cause for which he had fought and bled, his optimistic views of life, undaunted courage, and determination to be independent, a worthy citizen through many years of blindness and what would have been to many helplessness. His life was one marked by loyalty and honesty, that of a Christian whose memory will long be revered by those who knew him.

[His friends, the Kellys, Jeff, Ala.]

LIEUT. C. R. CURTRIGHT.

Lieut. C. R. Curtright was born in Green County, Ga., June 23, 1836, and died at Queen City, Tex., November 23, 1923.



LIEUT. C. R. CURTRIGHT.

In 1861 he enlisted in Company D, 1st Texas Regiment, Hood’s Texas Brigade. Of this brigade, Judge John H. Reagan said: “I would rather be able to say that I had been a worthy member of Hood’s Texas Brigade than to have all the honors that have been conferred on me.” There was no other military organization in the history of the world that equalled it in heroic valor of its members and in the brilliancy

of its service.

And truly Lieutenant Curtright was a worthy member of this noted brigade. It was his request that the only inscription on his tomb be: “In memory of C. R. Curtright, Company D, First Texas Regiment, Hood’s Texas Brigade, C. S. A., 1861-1865.”

The following tribute appeared in a local paper: “Mr. Curtright was a noble, cultured gentleman, of true Southern type, and thoroughly alive to the high principles of life.” A comrade said of him: “He never had an enemy.”

The great storms of life, its sorrows, its disappointments, its joys, its griefs, all through the more than fourscore years, passed by and over him, leaving him the same sweet, unembittered man. No word of bitterness fell from his lips; his was always the word of kindness. His record as a Confederate soldier will always be an honor to his family, to his country, and to that cause he loved.

A small remnant of his old Company D were present at his funeral to do him honor.

Lieutenant Curtright was married to Miss Gertrude Sledge, of Cusseta, Tex., December 23, 1858.

[Mrs. R. B. McWhorter, Douglassville, Tex.]

W. H. CROSS.

W. H. Cross was born at Hickory Grove, Ala., April 27, 1838, and died December 31, 1923, at Troy, Ala. He enlisted in the Confederate army, May, 1861, at Auburn, Ala., with Company B, 14th Alabama Infantry, Capt. Jim Williamson in command. He made an excellent soldier, faithful and loyal, taking an active part in many hard-fought battles. He sustained several severe wounds during the fighting at Reams’s Station, Gettysburg, and Salem Heights. With the exception of a sixty-day furlough, granted on account of wounds received at Reams’s Station, he was with his command continuously from time of enlistment to the end of hostilities. Out of one hundred and sixteen original members of his company, only sixteen returned home.

He was twice married, both wives preceding him to the grave, a number of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren surviving him. Mr. Cross was a good citizen, public spirited and progressive, looking carefully after his own affairs, though ever ready to help a neighbor with advice and counsel when sought. Always hospitable in his home, he numbered his friends among all ages.

He was ever loyal to the Confederacy, attending all reunions when possible, and enjoyed reading the VETERAN.

[Miss Bettie Cross.]

CHRISTOPHER C. CHAMBERS.

Christopher C. Chambers, Arizona pioneer and veteran of the War between the States, died at the home of his son, Henry W. Chambers, at Phoenix, Ariz., on October 24, 1923, in his eighty-eighth year. He had been a resident of the Saly River Valley since 1893, going there from South Dakota.

Comrade Chambers was born in Lauderdale County, Tenn., but his parents moved to Coahoma County, Miss., when he was a little child, and he lived there until the outbreak of war in the sixties, when he, with five brothers, joined the Confederate army at the first call for volunteers, and he served in Company B, 11th Mississippi Infantry, until 1864. An injury was received in the battle of the Wilderness from which he never fully recovered.

At the close of the war he went to Colorado, where he married Miss Susie Terry Davidson, who died two years ago. He afterwards moved to South Dakota, later to Arizona, where he had resided ever since.

The articles on "The Coahoma Invincibles," contributed by Comrade Chambers and appearing in the VETERAN for November and December, 1923, were doubtless read by many who shared in those experiences. He confidently expected to attend the reunion at Memphis, but even before his articles appeared he had passed away.

At the time of his death he was Adjutant of the Robert E. Lee Camp, U. C. V. of Phoenix. He is survived by a brother, James R. Chambers, of Denver, Colo., and two sons, Henry W. and William L. Chambers, of Phoenix, and a daughter, Mrs. George Neibuhr, of Southgate Garden, Calif.

R. E. LEE CAMP OF FORT WORTH, TEX.

Members of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 158 U. C. V., Fort Worth Tex., who died during the year 1923:

George W. Puckett, Company C, 17th Louisiana Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department; died January 3.

W. T. Shaw, Company E, Texas Cavalry, Trans-Mississippi Department, died January 3.

J. R. Lipscomb, Company D, 7th Texas, Gregg's Brigade; died January 14.

Charles McDougal, 48th Mississippi Regiment, A. N. V.; died February 23.

J. A. MacGregory, Company E, 4th Georgia Regiment, Blankenship's Brigade, A. N. V.; died March 28.

J. K. Baines, Company G, 5th Alabama Regiment, A. N. V.; died April 29.

Jack Lay, Broken Arrow Battalion, Trans-Mississippi Department; died April 29.

L. A. McCauly, Company I, 24th Texas Cavalry; died April 29.

E. J. Pariant, Company D, 1st Texas Mounted Rifles, A. N. V.; died April 29.

F. H. Terrell, Company D, 33rd Regiment, Tappan's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department; died April 29.

W. B. Dearmour, Ashby's Battalion, Trans-Mississippi Department; died May 4.

H. S. R. Ashby, Company B, 3rd Kentucky Regiment; died May 19.

E. P. Lingenfeldtor, Company C, Breckinridge's Kentucky Regiment; died June 25.

I. J. Mayfield, Company C, 4th Alabama State Troops, Army of Tennessee; died July 1.

W. E. Jones, Company E, 16th Tennessee, Army of Tennessee; died July 14.

Sam B. Haskins, Company A, 24th Tennessee, Army of Tennessee; died December 22.

[J. M. Hartsfield, *Commander.*]

ALONZO J. LANE.

Alonzo Joseph Lane was born in Mathews County, Va.; November 26, 1840, and died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. J. L. Harris, on Hampton Roads Avenue, in Elizabeth City County near Hampton, Va., October 12, 1923. Early in the War between the States he enlisted in the Junior Guards at Williamsburg, Va., which became Company C, 32nd Virginia Infantry. The regiment was stationed with General Magruder on the Virginia Peninsula, and did good service, holding McClellan in check until Joseph E. Johnston arrived. He was in the fighting at Dam Number One, Williamsburg, Malvern Hill, and Sharpsburg.

In the fall of 1862 the regiment was put with other Virginia Regiments to form Corse's Brigade, which was put in Pickett's Division. Comrade Lane was a near relative of that brave, sterling fighter, Brig. Gen. James H. Lane, who commanded a North Carolina brigade in Stonewall Jackson's Corps.

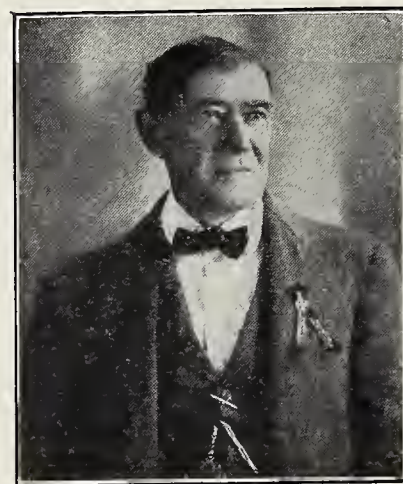
Comrade Lane did good service with his regiment while the war lasted and returning afterwards lived near Williamsburg until a few years before his death, when he and his wife made their home near Hampton.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. J. L. Harris; one brother, L. Winder Lane, of Williamsburg; and one sister, Mrs. Hundly, of Baltimore. He had been a member of R. E. Lee Camp No. 485 U. C. V. for several years.

[Joseph R. Haw, *Adjutant.*]

JOHN SHEARER.

John Shearer, who died at his home in McCrory, Ark., on November 23, 1923, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and



JOHN SHEARER.

was brought to America when he was about four years old and placed in an orphan's home at Montreal, Canada. His only relative then was an old grandmother, who lived to be one hundred and five years of age. Calamity seemed to follow the family. His grandfather was killed in the battle of Waterloo, his father was drowned at sea, and his mother died from injuries received during a hotel fire.

He was living in Arkansas when the war came on in the sixties and went to Augusta to join Captain Mattocks's company of cavalry, but he had no horse, and no money with which to buy one; so he walked thirty-five miles to Jacksonport, where an artillery company was being organized. James C. Thrall was captain; Robert Anderson, first lieutenant; J. C. Barlow, second lieutenant; J. C. Myers, orderly sergeant; John Shearer was second sergeant. This company was moved to Memphis, and was initiated in war during the two days' battle of Shiloh. Thrall's Battery did some of the deadliest work in that battle, being on the front line for two days. After our move to Tupelo, Thrall's artillery was sent to Mobile, but later it was attached to Forrest's Cavalry and was with it to the last—after the battle of Franklin and covering the retreat from Nashville—surrendering at Meridian, Miss. This company was from my old town of Jacksonport. John Shearer was a brave soldier.

After the war he came back to Woodruff County, Ark.

worked hard, and had a fine estate in McCrory. His first wife was Miss H. E. Brown, whom he married in 1871; his second marriage was in April, 1903, and his wife survives him.

Comrade Shearer had a room in his home devoted to his war relics and pictures—Lee, Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Forrest—and this he called his "Confederate Den." Governor Brough, of Arkansas, visited this room and wanted to move its contents to the State Historian's room at the Capitol, but Shearer said it could not be done while he lived. He was a devoted attendant on reunions, a subscriber to the *VETERAN* for twenty years, and read it as we all do—every word in it. Unwavering was his devotion to the cause for which he fought, and over his casket was draped the Confederate flag he loved so well. He was a Scottish Rite Mason, and his funeral was conducted by the Scottish Rite and Blue Lodge Masons.

[W. E. Bevens, Newport, Ark.]

W. D. MORRIS.

W. D. Morris, one of the most prominent citizens of Henry County, Tenn., died at his home in Paris very suddenly, and widely regretted.

"Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly known, was a typical son of the Old South. He was born in Louisa County, Va., June 3, 1847, the son of Tandy G. and Harriet Mills Morris. Coming from an illustrious and sturdy stock of ancestors, he was fired with enthusiasm and love of adventure at an early age. His parents moved to Tennessee while he was a small boy and located in Henry County.

Then came the War between the States, and his two older brothers, Tandy, Jr., and Henry, volunteered with the army of the Confederacy. Billy was more than anxious to go, and at the age of fifteen he ran away and joined the boys in gray, being placed in Company G, 7th Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry, and he served in this regiment until the close of the war.

After the war he returned to Henry County and settled down as a farmer and stock breeder. On October 18, 1871, he married Miss Mary A. Mitchum. To this union eight children were born—seven sons and a daughter.

Comrade Morris was an active figure in civic and religious circles of the county for many years. He was a member of the Baptist Church, active until his death. He was for many years a member of the county court and also a long-time member of the county school board. In recent years he served as a director of the Commercial Bank and president of the Henry County Fair Association. He is survived by his wife, five sons, one daughter, and a brother. He was laid to rest in Maplewood Cemetery beneath a mound of flowers.

MARTIN NALLE.

Martin Naile, Commander of Claiborne Camp No. 548 U. C. V., of Homer, La.; died at his home in Homer, on the 8th day of December, 1923, after a short illness.

He was born at Culpeper Courthouse, Va., in November, 1843, but was a resident of Missouri when the War between the States came on. He promptly volunteered in the cause of the Confederacy, and became a member of Company A, 3d Missouri Cavalry, serving therein until the end of the war.

With several other Missouri soldiers he then located in and around Homer, La., as the unsettled conditions in Missouri at that time were very unsatisfactory, and all made good citizens.

Comrade Nalle was a brave soldier and a reliable citizen. He was married to Miss Belle Lippman, of Homer, soon after locating here, and she survives him; they had no children.

He was town marshal of Homer for several years, also served as deputy sheriff for several terms. He was a subscriber and enjoyed reading the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*.

[G. G. Gill, *Adjutant, Claiborne Camp No. 548, U. C. V.*]

CONFEDERATE VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF SAVANNAH, GA.

On the evening of December 8, 1923, the spirit of our comrade and friend, Albert V. Chaplin, a member of our Association, passed over the river to join the hosts of comrades gone before. He came of one of the old families of Beaufort, S. C., and early in the War between the States he enlisted with that old and historic company, the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, in the ranks of which he served with honor and gallantry until the sun of the Confederacy set with the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., April, 1865. The records show that he was one of seven brothers serving their country at one time in the Beaufort Artillery, side by side. What a contribution his parents made to our beloved Southland in sending out so many valiant sons to battle for her rights! After the close of hostilities, Comrade Chaplin removed to Savannah, engaging in commercial pursuits, but on June 1, 1876, he was appointed superintendent of the Whitefield Orphanage at Bethesda, Ga., some ten miles from the city of Savannah. He made a most acceptable manager of this institution for some thirty-eight years, resigning in October, 1914, when the duties were thought too arduous for one of his age, and leaving the home with the love and regret of all connected with the institution. He is survived by his wife, who was formerly Miss Ellen F. Wallis, one son, Dr. Wallis Chaplin, and a daughter.

On January 23, the spirit of our friend and comrade, Elbridge Gerry Cabaniss, Treasurer and Chaplain of our Camp, passed to the realms of immortality. He was born at Forsyth, Ga., June 13, 1845; and entered the service of the Confederate States in March 1863, joining the 11th Georgia Battalion of Artillery, better known as Cutt's Battalion, and serving with faithfulness till the end of the war. Immediately after the close of hostilities between the States, he removed to Savannah, entering the mercantile business, later becoming a cotton factor, and for many years he had been connected with one firm in the naval stores business. He was a faithful member of the First Baptist Church, of Savannah, by which, a few years ago, he was made a deacon for life. In all the walks of life he was faithful, as husband, father, citizen, friend, and Christian, conscientious to a marked degree. Many years ago he married one of Savannah's daughters, Miss Florence LaRoche, who passed away several years ago. A son and three daughters survive him. He was laid tenderly to rest in Laurel Grove Cemetery, after the funeral services at his church, his Camp performing the solemn short service at the grave and the bugler sounding taps.

After friendships lasting more than fifty years, the writer testifies to the pure Christian lives of these comrades, who rest now with those long gone before.

[D. B. Morgan, *Secretary.*]

H. M. McKENZIE.

H. M. McKenzie, aged eighty-one years, died at the home of his son in Decatur, Tenn., on February 8, 1924. He leaves seven sons and four daughters, with many grandchildren surviving him. He enlisted, in 1862, in John R. Neal's company, 16th Tennessee Battalion Cavalry, C. S. A., and was discharged at Kingston, Ga., in May, 1865.

[J. W. Lillard.]

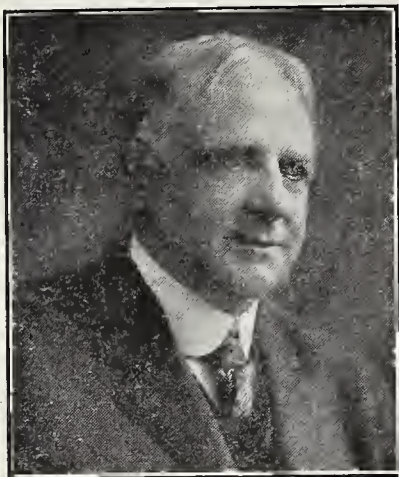
COMRADES OF JACKSON, MISS.

The following members of R. A. Smith Camp, No. 24, U. C. V., have died recently: F. M. Hays, Company A, 14th Mississippi Infantry; died December 14, 1923. J. Wad Horne, Company E, 20th Mississippi Infantry; died January 13, 1924.

[W. J. Brown, *Adjutant.*]

LAWRENCE HENRY QUIROLLO.

On January 5, 1924, Lawrence Henry Quirollo passed to life eternal at his residence, Washington, D. C. Although born, reared, and educated in Charleston, S. C., he had resided in Washington for the past twenty years, but through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN he kept in touch with his beloved Southland and the comrades of his father, the late Francis Quirollo, who served in Waller's Artillery (S. C.), C. S. A., from February 20, 1862, Adams Run, S. C., to April 28, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.



LAWRENCE HENRY QUIROLLO.

He was always specially interested in those of his father's comrades who shared in the weary and hungry walk to their homes in Charleston, S. C., footsore and penniless.

Lawrence Quirollo often delighted to tell of his experiences in those never-to-be-forgotten reconstruction days in South Carolina, when as a lad, because of his fine physique, he was permitted to ride among the bravest who stood for what was noble, good, and worth while in his beloved State. His commercial life brought him in daily contact with Southerners from New Orleans to New York, from the Atlantic Coast to Chicago. Friends loved him for his genial nature and valued his true friendship. Life's journey for him ended suddenly after a happy evening with loved ones. He was stricken just after reaching home, within the circle of those for whom he had given his best efforts, and fell asleep peacefully on January 5, meeting his Maker as he had ever met his friends, with a smile.

He leaves to mourn their loss his wife, a daughter, and son, Charles E. Quirollo, a well-known attorney of Washington. Funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal Church, in Washington, of which he was a communicant for many years, and his body was interred in the family lot at Rock Creek Cemetery, under the auspices of LaFayette, Lodge No. 19 F. and A. M.

LEVI S. DUNNING.

Died, at Princeton, Ky., January 15, 1924, Levi S. Dunning, a prominent citizen, formerly of Trigg County, Ky. In January, 1863, he enlisted in Company B, 8th Regiment of Kentucky Infantry, going out of Kentucky to a point near Grenada, Miss., where the regiment was at the time, to enlist. He made a faithful and useful soldier, ever ready when duty called. He was in the battles of Baker's Creek, Big Black, and Jackson, Miss. In February, 1864, the 8th Regiment, with the 3rd, 7th, and 12th Kentucky, was assigned to the Corps of Major General Forrest, and from that time to the close of the war served in the mounted service. Comrade Dunning was with this command in the battles of Paducah, Brice's Crossroads, and all the engagements around Tupelo and Old Town Creek, and around Johnsonville and with Hood's advance into Tennessee, and was finally surrendered at Columbus, Miss., May 15, 1865, with his company and regiment.

Levi Dunning was the ninth in a family of thirteen children. He was born December 25, 1839, and thus had passed into his eighty-fifth year. But six of his regiment are now left, so far as known.

JOHN R. MORRISON.

John R. Morrison died at his home, in Danville, Va., after an illness of some weeks following a stroke of paralysis.

Comrade Morrison was born near Leatherwood, in Henry County, Va., January, 1844. When the war broke out between the States, he joined the ranks of the Confederacy as a volunteer in 1861, and served throughout the duration of the conflict. He was wounded twice, the first being received at Drewry's Bluff and the second in the famous charge at Gettysburg, where he was serving in the 38th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division. He was affiliated with the Cabell-Graves Camp U. C. V., of Danville.

In December, 1867, he was married to Miss Pattie Ellen Wilson, of Leatherwood, Va., who survives him with the following sons and daughters: W. L. Morrison, Tucson, Ariz.; Dr. E. H. Morrison, Virginia Beach, Va.; Willard S. Morrison, Danville; Miss Hope Morrison and Mrs. W. L. Grady, Birmingham, Ala. He leaves also one brother, H. C. Morrison, of Lynchburg, and one sister. He was laid to rest in Green Hill Cemetery.

Relatives and friends are additionally grieved because of the serious illness of his wife, who was also stricken at about the same time as her husband.

WALTON C. YOUNT.

Walton C. Yount, veteran of the War between the States, died at his home in Highland, N. C., on February 2, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was a member of Company K, 35th North Carolina Regiment, Col. T. J. Johnston's regiment, and was a gallant soldier. Following the war, he returned home and engaged in farming. Performing the duties of civil life with the same fidelity that characterized his actions in war, he was a splendid citizen and had hosts of friends who loved him for his fine character.

Comrade Yount was born September 19, 1845, his father being Ephriam Yount, of Catawba County. Just after the war he married Miss Charity Phelecta Yount, of that county, and to this union eight children were born.

He joined the Lutheran Church in his early manhood, and was a faithful member to the end.

His Confederate comrades formed an escort to the grave bearing the Confederate flag aloft, the colors which he loved so well.

He is survived by his wife, four sons, and four daughters.

GEORGE U. V. WALKER.

George U. V. Walker, born in West Virginia, April 13, 1844, died in La Grande, Oregon, November 14, 1923, after a brief illness. He came to Oregon from West Virginia in 1901, and had since made his home at La Grande. He was loved by all who knew him, and was a highly respected citizen of La Grande.

Mr. Walker enlisted in the Confederate army in West Virginia and served throughout the war. He was the only confederate soldier living in La Grande. He was a devout Church member, belonging to the Primitive Baptist Church, and a true Christian gentleman of the old South. There being no Church of his denomination in La Grande, he was a regular attendant at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as long as he was able to go. He leaves a wife and nine children, six boys and three girls.

The writer is a son of a Confederate veteran, so naturally felt a great interest in Mr. Walker; we were real chums, and I shall miss him greatly.

[Robert E. Bradford.]

N. P. FRAZIER.

Nicholas Polk Frazier was one of the gallant soldiers furnished to the Southern Confederacy by Rhea County, Tenn. He was hardly sixteen when he enlisted in May, 1861, in Company D of the 19th Tennessee, the first company raised in Rhea County for the Southern cause. His first engagement was in Kentucky at the scene of the death of General Zollicoffer. He was in the thick of the battles of Corinth, Chickamauga, and Murfreesboro, as well as many minor engagements. At Murfreesboro he was at the side of his brother, Capt. Joseph Gibbs Frazier, when the latter was killed, and was himself wounded. In the slaughter at Chickamauga he was with Capt. S. J. A. Frazier when the latter fell with a wound in the throat and carried him off the field.

At the battle of Murfreesboro the young soldier was captured by the Union troops and sent to Camp Chase, where he lay in prison eighteen months. He was finally exchanged, rejoined his reorganized company, and was engaged in one of the last fights of the war, on March, 19, 1865, at Bentonville, N. C. He and five others were all then accounted for out of the one hundred and forty members of Company D when it had left Rhea County four years before.

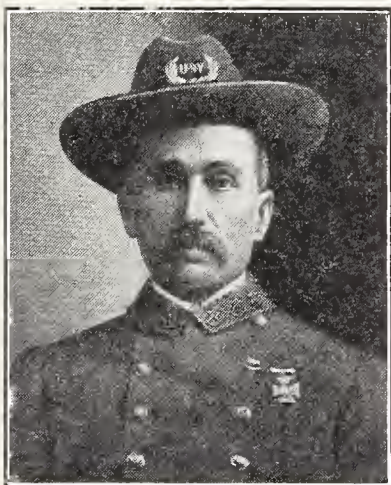
The sudden death of this comrade, at the age of seventy-eight, has grieved all of Rhea County, where his life had been spent and where he was known to nearly every person in the county. His home was at Evansville. Two sons survive him.

COL. JOHN W. JORDAN.

Col. John W. Jordan, who lived his life of eighty years in what is now the State of Oklahoma, died at his home near Cleveland, Okla., on November 27, 1923, and was laid to rest in Woodland Cemetery. The death of Colonel Jordan marked the passing of one of the most prominent figures in the development of that State, a citizen who had held official positions under the Federal government as the trusted agent for the Cherokee Nation, and faithfully he conserved the rights of his fellow tribesmen. He was also United States marshal for a number of years, performing the duties of the office with courage, vigor, and absolute justice.

When only seventeen years of age, John W. Jordan enlisted in the Confederate army and fought as a gallant soldier throughout the war. He was intensely patriotic, and when the issue of war had made a united nation, he gave himself whole heartedly to the processes of reconstruction. For many years he was a leader of the Confederate organization in his section, commanding the Indian Territory Division, U. C. V., with the rank of major general.

John W. Jordan was the son of Levi and Malinda Riley Jordan, a daughter of the Cherokee Nation, who died when he was two years old. He is survived by his faithful wife, two daughters, and four sons. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, also the Knights of Pythias, by whom the services at the grave were conducted. The American Legion Post also sent a delegation and a color guard of honor.



CAPT. JOHN W. JORDAN.

Warm-hearted, generous in spirit, charitable in disposition, out of his abundance he gladly helped the needy, and gave of his influence and spirit to the advancement of his section.

GEN. B. W. GREEN, U. C. V.

Gen. B. W. Green, commanding the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Little Rock, Ark., on January 15, 1924, after a short illness. He was born in Darlington, S. C., September 7, 1846, the family removing to Dalton Ga., when he was five years old. When the war came on, in 1861, his father, Judge James Green, too old to fight, was assigned as superintendent of the hospital at Tunnel Hill, Ga., and his mother became its matron. But they had six fine sons in the "line of gray," one in the Trans-Mississippi Department, four in the Army of Tennessee, and one in Virginia. Although but fifteen years of age, Benjamin William Green enlisted and served throughout the war, being discharged with the rank of sergeant major.

After the war the family settled in Arkansas, Hempstead County, and later Comrade Green was treasurer of the county. He went to Little Rock in 1879, and later to Cummins, where he was part owner of a plantation. Returning to Little Rock, he engaged in the real estate business successfully, and that city had since been his home. He was married in 1875 to Miss Anna Leroy Pope, of Nashville, Tenn., who lived but a few years, and in 1887 he married Miss Minnie Miriam Dodge, daughter of Dr. R. L. Dodge, of a prominent pioneer family. She survives him with one daughter, three granddaughters, also a brother, Rev. Dr. E. M. Green, of Danville, Ky.

General Green had been one of the most prominent citizens of the State, widely recognized as a leader. Under President Cleveland he was chief of a division of the United States Treasury, served as major general of the State National Guard under Governor Donoghey, was Past President of the State Sons of the American Revolution, ex-Commander of Omer R. Weaver Camp U. C. V., and for several years Commander of the State Division of Confederate Veterans, president of the Board of Managers of the Confederate Home, and president of the Trustees of the Memorial War Building. He was active in the charity work of the city, a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church for nearly fifty years, and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was always ready and willing to serve, never sparing himself, and it was after a happy, full Sabbath, attending Sunday school and church, and a meeting of his comrades of the Camp, he was stricken upon his return home, and gently fell asleep two days later. All State offices were closed at the time of his funeral.

FRANK A. WEEMS.

At Jacksonville, Ala., Sunday morning, February 3, 1924, Frank A. Weems, Commander of Col. James B. Martin Camp, No. 292 U. C. V., was called up higher.

He belonged to the 18th Georgia Volunteers, C. S. A., and stayed with his company until the surrender. He was genial, and we Daughters loved him. The gray line is fast thinning, and we tearfully give up our Southern defenders. They are not dead, not really, they are striving just as they did on earth, across the way; and we must show them that we are reviving visions of all they suffered yesterday.

"We who are left must keep their spirits glowing,
We who are left must keep their memory clear;
We who are left must feel that they are knowing,
We who are left must feel that they can hear."

[Mrs. Charles D. Martin.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street
MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
2440 Third Street
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
711 Leland Avenue
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery
MRS. W. J. WOODRIF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street
MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue
MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In a resolution adopted by the board of trustees of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., it was decided to discontinue all plans calling for change and improvement in Lee Memorial Chapel. This action means that the historic chapel, which contains the recumbent statue of General Lee by Valentine, and the remains of members of the Lee family, will remain in its present condition.

This resolution was adopted by the board after a conference with the special committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy appointed to investigate this matter and decide upon the wisest course to be pursued in regard to this famous Confederate shrine. This committee was composed of the President General; Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York City, retiring President General; Mrs. Edwin Goffigan, President of the Virginia Division; and Mrs. James Scott, of Lynchburg, Va., retiring President of the Virginia Division. The committee met with the university trustees at Lexington on January 19.

The chairman of the committee, Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., a former President General, was unavoidably absent on account of her mother's illness, an illness which later resulted in death.

Before the resolution referred to above was adopted there was a free expression of opinions and exchange of ideas between the trustees and the committee. The resolution adopted reads as follows:

"Resolved 1. That the board of trustees of Washington and Lee University is deeply sensible and appreciative of the interest which the United Daughters of the Confederacy have exhibited in the plans to dignify the Lee Chapel and its sacred surroundings, and is sincerely grateful for the generous sentiments which have been expressed by members and officers of that organization. It will welcome their continued interest in the University as the scene of Lee's labors and the South's most sacred shrine.

"2. That in the opinion of the board it is inexpedient to proceed further with the plans heretofore proposed and discussed in relation to Lee Chapel."

The trustees decided to have the building made fireproof at once.

It was with deepest sorrow that the Daughters learned of the death of Mrs. Florence Golder Faris, mother of our former President General, Mrs. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., on January 23. Mrs. Faris was a distinguished member of our organization, beloved and appreciated by hosts of friends, and her memory will long inspire others to "keep the faith." The sympathy of the entire membership of our organization goes out to Mrs. McKinney in her bereavement.

Immediately upon learning of the death of ex-President Woodrow Wilson, I sent, on behalf of our organization, the following message to Mrs. Wilson:

"Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Washington, D. C.

"One hundred thousand members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with all the people of our nation, mourn our loss sustained through the death of your distinguished husband. This loss, felt throughout the entire world, is especially keen within the ranks of our organization, which Mr. Wilson exalted when he accepted honorary membership in it during our recent convention in Washington.

"As President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and in the name of every individual member of that organization, I extend to you, in your hour of grief, deepest condolence and most sincere sympathy.

MRS. FRANK HARROLD."

"Americus, Ga., February 4, 1924."

At the same time I sent, through the Associated Press, an appeal to the members of our organization; as follows:

"It is my hope and wish that every Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will, as a mark of respect, join in any memorial service that may be held at the hour of the funeral of the late ex-President Woodrow Wilson. He was the most distinguished honorary member of this organization, and, where services are not arranged, I hope that our local Chapters will arrange appropriate services for the funeral hour."

I also wired Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, a former President General now residing in Washington, asking her to represent our organization and the President General at the funeral of Mr. Wilson. Mrs. Stone called at the Wilson home and left a wreath of flowers, to which was attached a card bearing these words: "A tribute of love from the United Daughters of the Confederacy to Woodrow Wilson, the son of the South, the greatest American, a citizen of the world."

General Haideman, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans Association, has sent the following communication, which I feel will be of interest to all Daughters:

"Under a resolution passed at the Chattanooga reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was designated as official Matron for the South on the staff of the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

"I am especially pleased and delighted that under this resolution you will be a member of my official family at the Memphis reunion on June 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1924. It will give both Mrs. Haldeman and myself very sincere pleasure to contribute in any way in our power to your comfort, happiness and enjoyment during the Memphis reunion, and we are at your command."

This honor has been accepted with deepest pleasure, of course, and is highly appreciated on behalf of our organization.

General Haldeman also says in his letter:

"Through the good work of the women of the South, and mainly through the organization of which you are the head, the completion and dedication of the monument at the birthplace of President Jefferson Davis, at Fairview, Ky., is now assured, and arrangements will be made for the dedication about June 7 or 8, 1924."

In our daily work as members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy I would call your attention to the fact that there is just one book, of all those published under our auspices, which is really our own. This is "The Women of the South in War Times." Some have assumed that this book is the property of some publishing house or the individual product of some author, but I wish to emphasize the fact that the editor, or compiler, has but introduced historical notes and explanations to the narratives. However useful or necessary these notes may be, they are but additions to the stories which were actually contributed by our mothers.

These narratives were selected with utmost care from hundreds of diaries relating to the War between the States, in order to give, not only to the South, but to the North and the world, a correct conception of the faith of our fathers and the spirit of our mothers. It aims to present a "cross section of the Southern people," not to glorify any particular State or section. In the words of the compiler, it seeks "to interpret the South in terms of humanity." The stories not only illustrate the life, purposes, and ideals of the Southern people, but, above all else, have been chosen with a view to carrying conviction concerning the value of these ideals to people elsewhere, who have for so long misunderstood the South.

Let the sale of this book be a feature of your work this year.

The fact that "Social" is listed among worthy objects of our organization is a matter of good fortune to me. On this factor depends the final and complete harmony of our work and service. While my recent trip to Virginia was solely for the purpose of the conference with the trustees of Washington and Lee University on the subject of the Lee Chapel, the Virginia Daughters vied with each other in delightful methods of making my visit of social importance also.

I was the guest of the retiring President of the Virginia Division, Mrs. James Scott, in Lynchburg, for a few days when en route to Lexington. The Lynchburg Daughters entertained me at an elaborate reception, given in the home where Jubal Early, a celebrated general of the Confederate army, once lived. In addition, luncheons, teas, and other social functions were given in my honor as your President General, in unstinted profusion.

At Lexington, the members of the conference committee and the trustees of the University were guests at a luncheon served by the Lexington Chapter on Lee-Jackson Day. More than three hundred Confederate veterans, World War veterans, and other distinguished guests were entertained on this occasion.

While en route home from Lexington, I stopped at Richmond, where the Richmond Chapter gave a large and beautiful reception. In the receiving line were the officers of the Chapter, of which Mrs. Norman V. Randolph is President, and the representatives of sixteen other patriotic organizations of Richmond.

On my visit to the Confederate Museum, I found that during

the year 1923, 9,602 visitors had been admitted. It was also a pleasure to visit the Battle Abbey.

Another event of the Richmond visit was an enjoyable luncheon at the beautiful home of Miss Sallie Archer Anderson.

Three official visits to Georgia Chapters and attendance at a meeting of the Executive Board of the Georgia Division completed the official features of my Virginia pilgrimage. I was showered, as your President, with finest hospitality, and I found the Daughters everywhere expressing utmost loyalty and love to our cause, in terms of energetic service and noblest ideals.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, 74 Wissenger-Gaulbert, Louisville Ky., has accepted the chairmanship of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee. Other members of the committee are: Honorary Chairman, Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. J. P. Higgins, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. James Henry Parker, New York City; Mrs. Peter Youree, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Richmond, Va.

It gives me pleasure to announce, also that the efficient Official Editor of the U. D. C. Department, Mrs. R. D. Wight will continue to serve the organization in that capacity.

At the Birmingham convention, the Executive Committee unanimously recommended that the United Daughters of the Confederacy assume no further financial liability until the obligations already assumed had been completed. Let our watchword for 1924, therefore, be "Complete the Work on Hand," with the additional slogan: "Let no obstacle be too great for Confederate endeavor."

Along the same line of thought, let me remind you that prompt payment of dues is necessary, not only to aid the Treasurer General in her work, but in order that we may faithfully meet our many obligations as they fall due.

Faithfully yours,

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The readers of this department will be very much interested in learning that, through the efforts of Mrs. Roscoe Chesley, of Cambridge, Mass., recently elected Corresponding Secretary General, in the future U. D. C. Chapters giving entertainments for which an admission fee is charged *will be exempt from Federal tax*. Now, isn't that a piece of information worth having?

As far back as April, 1921, Mrs. Chesley took this matter up with the collector in Boston, who, in turn, wrote to the Commissioner's office in Washington, receiving the following ruling: "This question has heretofore received careful consideration in this office, and it has been held that this organization is neither an educational nor charitable institution, society, or organization, such as is contemplated by the provisions of the act mentioned above. Therefore it is not entitled to exemption from collecting tax on admissions, the proceeds of which inure to its benefit."

Mrs. Chesley had just paid \$82 Federal tax on one entertainment given by her Chapter, and, knowing the objects to which the Chapter's funds were directed, she grew more and more determined to leave no stone unturned toward bringing about exemption for the U. D. C. Bright and early on Monday morning of convention week, accompanied by a member of her Chapter, she "bearded the lion in his den," said lion

being United States Commissioner David R. Blair; the said den, his office in Washington. Mrs. Chesley had gone thither thoroughly prepared; and when the Commissioner requested that she leave her proof so that he and the attorney might study it, she was able to supply him with all that was necessary. He promised her an answer within twenty-four hours, and here is what she received:

"Dear Mrs. Chesley: In a conference with you and Mrs. Judd this morning, you brought to my attention the fact that the United Daughters of the Confederacy have been paying tax on admissions to entertainments given by the organization, holding that the U. D. C. was not exempt. The matter has been subsequently reconsidered on the presentation of your additional evidence, and it is held that admissions to entertainments given by the U. D. C. are exempt from tax, on the ground that the proceeds of such admissions inure exclusively to the benefit of an educational and charitable society. Proper instructions are now being sent out to the official collectors.

"Respectfully, DAVID R. BLAIR, *Commissioner*.

A few days subsequently. Mrs. Chesley received a letter from the collector at Boston, informing her that he had received instructions from Washington to hold the U. D. C. an exempt organization. He added a paragraph that is very important: "However, I think it well to state that if persons or organizations outside of the U. D. C., conduct affairs for the benefit of the U. D. C., an application for exemption on Form 755 should be filed by the person or organization giving the affair as claimant, and certified to by your organization as beneficiary.

MALCOLM E. NICHOLS, *Collector*."

* * *

To those of you who have seen Miss Rutherford's "Scrapbook" for February, and have wondered at the marvelous record of "Arkansas Firsts," it is a matter of interest that our Publicity Chairman for Arkansas, Mrs. William Stillwell, labored faithfully to assist the Historian and Past Historians of the Division in compiling this array of compelling information.

* * *

Mrs. Maggie Randle, of Hickman, Ky., sends an account of the Lee Birthday meeting under the auspices of the Private Robert Tyler Chapter, to which all Veterans in that section were invited. Five took part in the program. After a program of music, readings, and reminiscences, a delightful luncheon was served.

Two of the members of the Paducah Chapter entertained with an evening party recently. The occasion was a delightful one to the husbands and the out-of-town guests of the members. One of the very attractive features of the program for the evening was the introduction of Mrs. Mary Lanier Magruder, whom all Kentucky delights to honor, and who on this occasion related in her charming manner one of her original stories, "The Trump Card."

* * *

The Confederate organizations of New Orleans always make a very special occasion of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. That this year was no exception, the following will show:

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Stonewall Jackson was fittingly observed in New Orleans on January 21 by all Confederate organizations, the Memorial Hall being beautifully decorated for the occasion by a profusion of palms, ferns, flags, and Chapter banners.

As no Confederate gathering is complete without the men-

tion of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and as the birthdays of the two great Confederate leaders follow each other so closely, this celebration was a joint tribute. The New Orleans Chapter is always the hostess Chapter on Lee's birthday, inviting other Chapters to unite with it in the bestowal of Crosses of Honor, but on this occasion and because of the one hundredth anniversary of General Jackson, the eleven Crosses of Honor of the New Orleans Chapter and one from the Francis T. Nicholls were presented at the joint celebration on January 21.

There was a program of music and song. Gen. W. J. Behan spoke on Stonewall Jackson, and Mrs. Florence Tompkins gave the address on General Lee. Mrs. Lelita Lever Young, poet laureate of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, gave an original poem, "Our Stonewall."

A pretty tribute of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful bunch of red and white carnations from the teachers and the Coöperative Club of Robert E. Lee School to one of the veterans who received his Cross of Honor, his grandson being a student of the R. E. Lee School. This school never lets an opportunity pass to impress upon the students the character of the man for whom the school is named.

Camp Moore Chapter U. D. C., located in Tangipahoa, La., gave to the veterans in the Confederate Home of Louisiana, New Orleans, a real feast on valentine evening, serving a real country supper, the members of the Chapter living in New Orleans being in charge. Camp Moore was the camp of instruction where soldiers were drilled in 1861-65, and many of the veterans of the Home were in camp there then.

Henry Watkins Allen Chapter, Baton Rouge, gave to their veterans during the holidays a sumptuous repast in the form of an elegant turkey dinner in the Woman's Clubhouse.

* * *

Mrs. Preston Power, of Baltimore, reports the prospect of another Chapter in Baltimore, following the suggestion made at a recent meeting of the Executive Board of the Division, at the home of Miss Seilman, in Frederick.

Miss Ann Bruin, President of the H. K. Douglas Chapter, represented the Division at the unveiling of the head of General Lee at Stone Mountain, Ga., on the 19th of January.

Baltimore Chapter held most interesting exercises commemorative of General Lee's natal day, the speakers being Mrs. T. B. Gresham and Dr. John H. Latane, the latter taking as his theme, "General Lee as a College President." Four Crosses of Honor were bestowed.

* * *

Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, writes that the Missouri Division has adopted for its 1924 slogan "One Win One," and that the Division President, Mrs. Hugh Miller, has "S-e-r-v-i-c-e" for her motto. She is proud of the fact that twenty-four Missouri Daughters attended the Washington convention.

The veterans in the Home at Higginsville were royally entertained at Christmas with a turkey dinner, gifts, music, etc. Not a veteran was sick, every one able to enjoy the occasion to the fullest extent.

The birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson were very generally celebrated through out the Division. The Emmet McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia, had as guests of Honor at its annual luncheon in celebration of these days the Division officers and the Commander in Chief, U. C. V. of Missouri.

The Theodore Lee Harney Chapter of Monett began the year by giving a banquet to members and prospective members, evidencing the fact that they are interested in making good the Division's slogan for the year!

Miss Edythe Loryea, of St. Matthews, South Carolina's efficient Publicity Chairman, upon election to the Division Corresponding Secretaryship, resigned the former position. She has been succeeded by Mrs. H. S. Farley, of Saluda, a loyal, enthusiastic worker, who sends the following interesting notes from the Division:

"Miss Alice M. Earle, Regent of South Carolina Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, reports that the endowment of \$5,000 is complete. Only one State exceeds South Carolina in endowment, Virginia having to her credit \$6,035. Miss Earle is to be congratulated on her fine work in getting up this fund, and the Daughters feel proud that the South Carolina room is well provided for. Miss Earle is now turning her interest to the collection of relics to be placed in the room.

"A strenuous effort is being made by the South Carolina U. D. C. and Sons of Veterans to have the legislature increase the pensions of Confederate veterans. Resolutions were adopted at the State U. D. C. convention in Newberry and have been indorsed by local Chapters. Committees have interviewed legislators, and it is hoped that soon South Carolina will have passed our act increasing pensions of veterans.

"Reports come in from all over the State of appropriate exercises commemorating the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. One of the most interesting is that of the Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler, and Columbia Chapters, held with the veterans at the Confederate Home, in Columbia, on General Lee's birthday. Eighteen of the veterans present served immediately under General Lee.

"Mrs. O. D. Black, President of the South Carolina Division, has been appointed by the President General on the Mrs. Norman Randolph Relief Committee.

"The Daughters of the Confederacy and the girls of the Sixties, of Columbia, gave a reception on January 31 at the Confederate Home, honoring Mrs. O. D. Black, the New State President, Mrs. Alice M. Beard, Director of Central Division, and Mrs. Thomas G. McLeod, wife of the governor. Many prominent South Carolinians attended, among them members of the General Assembly, bringing words of greeting and cheer to the old soldiers from their respective counties."

* * *

From the Boston *Post* of January 21, we have clipped the following, a matter of interest to all U. D. C.'s, but especially to those of South Carolina. The article is accompanied by a cut showing the flag in detail, as it is held by Mrs. Chesley:

SOUTHERN BATTLE FLAG FOUND AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

"Flung across a card table in a gambling 'joint' in Butte, Mont., as his stake in the game, by a miner who had gone broke was a battle-scarred Confederate regimental flag which led frequently into the fray a crack South Carolinian outfit almost sixty years ago.

"The long-lost relic of the War between the States was carried at the head of the Secessionville company of the Eutaw Regiment of South Carolina at the battle of Weldon Junction, near Petersburg, Va., August 21, 1864, and was captured from that outfit by Lester Niles Kinsley, of Massachusetts, after its three bearers had been shot down in succession. No trace of this man Kinsley can be found, nor can the vicissitudes of the Confederate regimental colors from the time of their capture to their resurrection in the gambling room of the Montana mining town be followed.

The credit for its recovery from the man who took it as security for a gambling stake in Butte belongs to Dr. W. H. Flynn, of South Boston, honorary member of the Daughters

(Continued on page 117.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR U. D. C. STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

April.

Brandy Station, June 9.

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart defeats General Hooker.

One of the severest cavalry engagements of the war.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

April.

Write a brief account of the effect the Virginia had upon Washington; upon Lincoln and some of his Cabinet. Tell of Stanton's Navy.

PRIZES FOR 1924.

The R. H. Ricks Banner.—Given to the Chapter sending in the best report in 1924.

The Bettie Marriot Whitehead Medal.—To the Division Director registering the greatest number of members in 1924.

The Florence Goalder Faris Historical Medal.—To the member writing the best essay on "Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes."

The Eliza Jane Quinn Medal.—To the member writing the best essay on "Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury."

Hyde-Campbell Prize.—Cash Prizes: First, \$50; second, \$15; third, \$10; will be given to the child writing the first, second, and third best answers to the questionnaire, "Things We Should Know." Open to all school children under the age of eighteen years. Where there is a tie occurring, preference will be given to the child who is a member of C. of C. No award will be made unless creditable papers are submitted. At least two papers must be sent in on any subject before a prize will be given.

RULES FOR ESSAYS AND QUESTIONNAIRES.

Each essay must be written on one side of paper and typed if possible and must not contain more than fifteen hundred words. Must be signed with fictitious name and accompanied by sealed envelope on the outside of which is the fictitious name and on the inside is the real name and address of the writer and the Chapter of which he or she is a member.

Each questionnaire must be signed with fictitious name accompanied by sealed envelope on the outside of which is the fictitious name and on the inside of which is the real name, Chapter, and address of the writer.

Contestants who are not members of the C. of C. must give real names and address and state whether they are students of any school.

Send essays and questionnaires to your Division Director, and she will forward them to the Third Vice President General on or before October 1, 1924, when all contests close.

For particulars apply to your Division Director or to the Third Vice President General, Mrs. Charles S. Wallace, Morehead City, N. C.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

NOTE AND COMMENT.

OYEZ, OYEZ!—A patriotic inertia, which seems to be an integral part of our Southern nature, has cost us dearly many times. This sluggishness does not relate to the doing of great deeds, but to proper appreciation of them afterwards. The great things we are born to are not properly valued—certainly they are not safeguarded nor protected. Other sections strive mightily, and with scantier material by far, and they get results, sometimes unscrupulously, that rob us of our rights in history and give them unwarranted laurels.

Recently the history departments of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans united in efforts to obtain wide publicity for that remarkable letter from Gen. Robert E. Lee to Lord Acton, of England, and to have it published on Lee's birthday. A very gratifying response met our efforts. The *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, the *Richmond News-Leader*, the *Columbia State*, the *Charleston News*, the *Macon Telegraph*, the *Montgomery Advertiser*, to mention some of the larger papers, published the letter promptly. The *New York Times* refused to do so on our request, but yielded to the urging of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford and published it with good display. Some few papers gave no reply to our request in any way, and still fewer, like the *Washington Herald* and the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, refused outright to publish; but in general the papers gave this historical item good publicity.

CAMP NEWS.—Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Richmond, Va., at the annual meeting in January, elected Dr. Lawrence T. Price as Commander. Other officers elected were: Howell Brooke, First Lieutenant Commander; W. Roy Mason, Second Lieutenant Commander; Herbert T. Ezekiel, Adjutant and Treasurer; John C. Weckert, Quartermaster; W. B. Southall, Historian; Rev. George P. Mayo, Chaplain; Col. Joseph LeMasurier, Judge Advocate; Dr. P. G. Lipscomb, Surgeon; P. E. Beckner, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Commander and Adjutant, W. R. Lecky, chairman, L. T. Matthews, Dr. John N. Hughes, Clinton L. Walker, and George W. Eppes, executive committee; W. C. Herbert, chairman, C. J. Carrington and Robert J. Targer, application committee.

Washington Camp, District of Columbia, sends an interesting item telling of the appointment of Frank F. Conway, Commander of District of Columbia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, as aide to Capt. Fred Beall, who has been installed as Life Commander of Washington Camp Confederate Veterans. Commander Conway is son of a Confederate veteran and "is the first man," the notice states, "not a veteran, to hold office in the organization." This is very good, but it might be stated that Gen. Julian S. Carr inaugurated a system, while he was Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, of appointing Sons of Confederate Veterans as aides on his official staff, and a number of them held these positions under him.

"A PALADIN OF SOUTH CAROLINA."—The passing to his re-ard of Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, of Charleston, S. C., brought out many interesting incidents of his distinguished career. There were published some extracts from his book, "The Creed of the Old South," and his comment on slavery is especially interesting. "We were born to this social order," he says, "and had to do our duty in it according to our lights, and this duty was made infinitely more difficult by the interference of those who, as we thought, could not understand the conditions of the problem and who did not have to bear the expense of the experiments they proposed. On one point all parties at the South were agreed, and the vast majority of the people of the North—before the war. The Abolitionist proper was considered not so much the friend of the negro as the enemy of society. As the war went on and the Abolitionist saw 'the glory of the Lord' revealed, he should have seen at the same time that the order he had lived to destroy could not have been a system of hellish wrong and fiendish cruelty, else the prophetic vision of the liberators would have been fulfilled and the terrors of San Domingo would have polluted this fair land." Reading over expressions of this type, which ring so true, inevitably forces one's mind to contrast the attitude on many "sectional" questions of the so-called "New South" type, a strange kind of mental pacifist, who seems bent upon apologizing for the deeds of people worthier than he and upon disclaiming a share of his country's glory, pooh-poohing the efforts of those who attempt to neutralize the work which would dim that glory.

STONE MOUNTAIN FOR THE AGES NOW.—In recent speeches in Virginia, Gutzon Borglum, the Stone Mountain sculptor, gave some details as to that work. The head of Lee, he stated, is completed, and it took eight months to do this comparatively small work. The complete figure of Lee will be one hundred and forty feet high. Borglum says he stood with his feet on Lee's moustache, his knees against his nostrils, and he could not reach to the eyebrow. The first group, which comprises Lee, Davis, and some staff officers, will be three hundred and twenty feet long and one hundred and forty feet high, and will take three years to complete. The figure of Jackson will next be worked into the memorial. Geologists state that the texture of the granite of Stone Mountain is perfect and the wearing will only be approximately one inch in one hundred thousand years. Long after our civilization has passed away this memorial to the Confederate soldiers will stand, facing the ages. John Temple Graves wrote of this as follows: "The Lion of Lucerne, carved upon the mountain rock, commemorating the courage of the Swiss Guard, and attracting the attention of visitors from all over the world, lies couchant five hundred feet lower than our Confederate soldier's feet. Every traveler to Egypt, from Herodotus through the Roman Cæsar, the French Napoleon, and the English Gladstone to the American Roosevelt, has stood in awe before the silent Sphinx—massive and solemn—cut from stone and now remaining as a monument to a departed civilization. In far away India thousands go yearly to the little city of Agra to gaze upon the Taj Mahal, the world's masterpiece of architecture. Rome is famous for the Coliseum, Milan for its great cathedral, Versailles for the palace, Cairo for the Pyramids, Delhi for its Kutab-minar, Rangoon for its pagoda, and Kamakura for the bronze statue of the Buddha. And so the little town of Stone Mountain will hold henceforth an object of artistic, romantic, and sentimental interest unique among the wonders of the age."

OFFICIAL LISTS.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, S. C. V.
RICHMOND, VA.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 5.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of committees for the term of my administration. For the information of the members of the organization a complete roster of the General Officers, Staff Officers, Department Commanders, Division Commanders, and Committees are included in this order. Additional appointments of committees and members of my staff will be announced at a later date.

General Officers.

Commander in Chief, W. McDonald Lee, Irvington and Richmond, Va.

Adjutant in Chief, Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.

Inspector in Chief, D. S. Etheridge, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Judge Advocate in Chief, Gen. J. A. Lejeune, Washington, D. C.

Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Leonard R. Ellis, Hot Springs, Ark.

Quartermaster in Chief, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.

Historian in Chief, Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va.

Commissary in Chief, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.

Chaplain in Chief, Rev. B. A. Owens, Lathrop, Mo.

Executive Council.

W. McDonald Lee, Chairman, Irvington and Richmond, Va.

N. B. Forrest, Atlanta, Ga.

Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Jesse Anthony, Washington, D. C.

James S. Davenport, Vinita, Okla.

W. C. Galloway, Wilmington, N. C.

Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.

Department Commanders.

Army Northern Virginia Department, Dr. W. C. Galloway, Wilmington, N. C.

Army Tennessee Department, Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.

Army Trans-Mississippi Department, J. S. Davenport, Vinita, Okla.

Committee Chairmen.

Historical Committee, Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Relief Committee, W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va.

Monument Committee, H. F. Cary, Southern Railway Building, Washington, D. C.

Memorial Committee, James F. Tatem, Norfolk, Va. (Berkley).

Textbook Committee, John Ashley Jones, New York Life Insurance, Atlanta, Ga.

Finance Committee, Seymour Stewart, 5261 Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

Gray Book Committee, A. H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va.

Rutherford Committee, Rev. A. S. Johnson, Charlotte, N. C.

Manassas Battle Field Committee, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Washington, D. C.; Ballston, Va.

Advisory Committee.

Alabama, Governor W. W. Brandon, Montgomery, Ala.

Arkansas, Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Washington, D. C.

California, Hon. W. Gibbs McAdoo, Los Angeles, Calif.

District of Columbia and Maryland, Hon. C. Bascom Slemph, Washington, D. C.

Florida, Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, Washington, D. C.

Georgia, Senator William J. Harris, Washington, D. C.

Kentucky, General William L. Sibert, Bowling Green, Ky.

Louisiana, W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.

Mississippi, Senator Pat Harrison, Washington, D. C.

Missouri, W. Scott Hancock, Boatman's Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

North Carolina, Josephus Daniels, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.

Oklahoma, Senator Robert L. Owen, Washington, D. C.

South Carolina, Gov. R. I. Manning, Sumter, S. C.

Tennessee, Senator K. D. McKellar, Washington, D. C.

Texas, John H. Kirby, Houston, Tex.

Virginia, Gov. E. Lee Trinkle, Richmond, Va.

West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

Eastern, Barnard Baruch, New York, N. Y.

Division Commanders.

Alabama, Dr. W. E. Quinn, Fort Payne, Ala.

Arkansas, Farrar Newberry, Little Rock, Ark.

District of Columbia and Maryland, Frank F. Conway, 1510 R Street Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Florida, S. L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla.

Georgia, John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga.

Kentucky, Malcolm Hart Crump, Bowling Green, Ky.

Louisiana, J. St. Clair Favrot, P. O. Box 220, Baton Rouge, La.

Missouri, Charles A. Moreno, Syndicate Trust Building, St. Louis, Mo.

North Carolina, C. M. Brown, Asheville, N. C.

Oklahoma, L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

South Carolina, John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.

Tennessee, J. L. Buard, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Texas, Lon A. Smith, Austin, Tex.

Virginia, Lee O. Miller, Builder's Exchange, Richmond, Va.

West Virginia, G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington, W. Va.

By Order of W. McDONALD LEE,

Commander in Chief, S. C. V.

Official: WALTER L. HOPKINS,

Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff, S. C. V.

THE WAY THE WHEELS GO ROUND.—The extract published below is a nice little bit of history and, coming from the source it does, we can consider it authentic. This department has been able to publish some illuminating historical letters, sent in for the most part by alert and patriotic friends of the cause, and it hopes to continue this work for the shedding of the light of truth upon our history.

From "The Letters of Franklin K. Lane." Houghton Mifflin & Company.

"This memorandum touching the early history of Alaska was found in Lane's files."

[Manuscript Note.]

"WASHINGTON, December 29, 191—

"Last night I dined with Charles Henry Glover, reporter for the Supreme Court, and a son of William Butler, for so long a leader of the New York bar. In the course of the evening, Mr. Charles Glover, President of the Riggs National Bank, told me this bit of history: That when he was a boy in the bank one day, Mr. Cochran came to him and handed him two warrants upon the United States Treasury, one for \$1,400,000 and the other for \$5,800,000. He said: 'Put those in the safe.' Mr. Glover did so, and they remained there for a week, when they were sent to New York. Mr. Glover said:

'These warrants were the payment of Russia for the Territory of Alaska. Why were there two warrants? I never knew until some years later, when I learned the story from Senator Dawes, who said that, prior to the war, there had been some negotiations between the United States and Russia for the purchase of Alaska, and that the price \$1,400,000 was agreed upon. In fact, this was the amount that Russia asked for this great territory, which was regarded as nothing more than a barren field of ice. During the war the matter lay dormant. We had more territory than we could take care of. When England, however, began to manifest her friendly disposition toward the Confederacy, and we learned from Europe that England and France were carrying on negotiations for the recognition of the Southern States, and possibly of some manifestation by their fleets against the blockade which we had instituted (and which they claimed was not effective and merely a paper blockade), we looked about for a friend, and Russia was the only European country upon whose friendship we could rely. Thereupon Secretary Seward secured from Russia a demonstration in American ports of Russian friendship. Her ships of war sailed to both of our coasts, the Atlantic and Pacific, with the understanding that the expense of this demonstration should be met by the United States out of the contingent fund. It was to be a secret matter.

"The war came to a close and immediately thereafter Lincoln was assassinated and the administration changed. It was no longer possible to pay for this demonstration secretly under the excuse of war, but a way was found for paying Russia through the purchase of Alaska. The warrant for \$1,400,000 was the warrant for the purchase of Alaska. The warrant for \$5,800,000 was for Russia's expenses in her naval demonstration in our behalf, but history only knows the fact that the United States paid \$7,200,000 for this territory, which is now demonstrated to be one of the richest portions of the earth in mineral deposits."

SOLDIER AND ARTIST.

Col. Lucien W. Powell, artist of renown, a member of Camp No. 171 U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., gives some personal history in the following:

"We four brothers—Capt. Edward F. Powell, First Lieut. William Lewis Powell, Sergt. Walter S. Powell, and Lucien W. Powell, private—belonging to Company K, 11th Virginia Cavalry, left the army at Appomattox. It is truly sad for me to say that I, the youngest, am the only brother left and the only living member of that once-celebrated cavalry. On that day at Appomattox we witnessed the drama of horror known to that brave army. We raised our swords, not to face a surrender, and made our way, though nearly surrounded, to the James River and swam the river—over its banks—in peril of our lives, subsequently separating and going to our respective homes. We were later paroled at Winchester, Va. Then each of us made a choice for a life vocation. My best fitness was for art, where I turned my sword into the pruning hook, and have since reaped in the fields of art. I went heart and soul into study in Philadelphia, New York, and London. Progress was made, encouraged by a liberal public and critics, until now my reputation is both national and international. My scope of travel in search of studies has been large, inclusive of Europe, Asia, and the Holy Land, and across our own continent as a landscape painter. The large painting of "The Canyon of the Yellowstone," owned by the government, in the National Gallery at Washington, is my work, and others are in the City Library collection, the American University collection, many private collections, including President Roose-

velt's collection at the White House, while members of the present Cabinet and Speaker of the House are my patrons. Abroad my patrons are the Lord High Chancellor of England, the Bishop of Canterbury, Lord and Lady Colin Campbell, and Sir Wool-Sampson, and Count Morosini of Italy.

"Now, at the age of seventy-seven years, I am busy on a series of world paintings, an order from Judge William Bailey Lamar, of Georgia, for the Atlanta Museum of Art.

"I served three years on the staff of Gen. Julian S. Carr, as colonel and aide-de-camp and have been reappointed on the staff of Gen. W. B. Haldeman."

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

A strong plea is made by Mrs. T. P. Norville, 254 South Broad Street, Mobile, Ala., for a list of the dead in the Confederate Section of Old Point Clear Cemetery, of which she says:

"During the War between the States, Point Clear Hotel, on the eastern shore of Mobile, Ala., was a Confederate base hospital, where the sick from the regiments of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, and Florida were nursed. The dead from the battle field of Gettysburg, the battles of Mobile Bay and Spanish Fort, numbering three hundred, rest in a space eighty by one hundred feet, in a neglected, open lot, and all funeral corteges make a detour over this hallowed spot to reach other parts of the cemetery, thus trampling the place where hidden Confederate valor lies. Shortly after the war, the patriotic women from the settlements around Point Clear organized, and through entertainments, etc., collected a sum sufficient to put up a wooden fence and wooden head boards. A few of those noble women are still living, of whom are Mrs. Sue King and Mrs. Tankesly. That inclosure is gone many years ago, and often the Baldwin County Confederate veterans have called my attention to the neglected graveyard of their comrades, hoping that this sad condition could be changed.

"My childhood was spent in the environment of Col. Virgil Murphy's Regiment, in Mobile. Across the road from my parents' home, flanked on every side by entrenchments and batteries, the 17th Alabama pitched its tents. I was a tot of three years. Southward, across a road leading to the beautiful Shell Road drive, skirting Mobile Bay, were stationed the men who fought with Buchanan in the battle of Mobile Bay against Farragut. With such environments—martial camp music, dress parades, commissary stores, a peep into old Hitchcock's cotton press on Madison Street, the calaboose for the insubordinate soldiers—were all the stern realities of war, things and conditions that it comes to few children to know. Then to be unprotected, father away in the army, this little lassie grew to have the gallant Colonel Murphy honor her with the title, 'Child of the 17th Alabama Regiment.' It has been a proud privilege to live up to it and espouse forever the Southern cause. The booming of the cannons at the battle of Mobile Bay, at Fort Morgan, is a memory followed by the surrender to Canby, then confusion, misery, and grief untold.

"In panoramic precision this picture passed before my vision, and the old veteran's wish for his comrades became an obsession, which was carried to the U. D. C. convention in 1915, at Selma, Ala., with high hope to get the names of the dead from relatives attending the convention. A delegate from Mobile, just at the moment that many were rising, referred it to a committee. An opportunity lost irretrievably.

"The full purport of this history of a neglected spot is an earnest plea for such information that will enable us to place upon our tablet in this graveyard the names of these gallant

Confederate dead. A beautiful concrete inclosure, 80x100 feet, has been made at a cost of \$316, and it is the hope of all engaged in this work to procure the names of the Confederate soldiers who rest at Point Clear Cemetery."

ARMS MANUFACTURED BY THE CONFEDERACY.

E. Berkeley Bowie, of Baltimore, Md., is interested in securing data relative to the manufacture of weapons in the Confederate States, and the reference to certain arms manufactured at Macon, Ga., in the article by Mrs. H. M. Lovett, in the January VETERAN, induced the following inquiries of her, which she has referred to the VETERAN. He says:

"It has been my purpose to collect and preserve data relative to the manufacture of weapons in the Confederate States, and the general references to this subject in connection with your account of the city of Macon has induced me to address you in the hope of more detailed information. To be specific: What firms fabricated the small arms you refer to, and what kinds of arms were fabricated in Macon during the period 1861-65? In the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., is a brass frame 'Whitney' model revolver, caliber 36, that was presented to Col. G. W. Rains to show what could be turned out there (Macon). In a report of General Gorgas (1863) it is stated that 'revolving pistols are making at Macon.' Is the firm name of 'Spiller & Burr' familiar? They are known to have made revolvers of this 'Whitney' type, but just where is undiscoverable as yet. Were many rifles manufactured at the Confederate States arsenal in 1863-64, and is there any way to find out how they were stamped? Who made the swords you mention? D. C. Hodgkins & Sons are reported as having started to manufacture rifles, but I do not know that they materialized. Do you suppose there are any of these old Confederate-made weapons to be had in your part of the South?"

"In addition to hunting up this data, I am acquiring such Confederate States made weapons as I can find by way of illustration. Both data and weapons are to be preserved in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., as a memorial to the 'Private Soldier and the Artisans of the Confederate Ordnance.' So far I have some seventy-five pieces, mostly firearms, in nice condition, and hope to increase the number to make it really worth while. The Georgia rifles of J. P. Murray, of Columbus, and the Milledgeville muskets have so far eluded me, but some day I trust to find them, as well as a specimen of the 'Hodgkins' product, whatever that may have been."

TO MARK ALL GRAVES.—Dr. J. S. Downs, Adjutant of Joe Shelby Camp, of Chickasha, Okla., reports the passing of a resolution by that Camp in January, 1923, to place a marker at every Confederate soldier's grave in the county (Grady), and during the year sixty-three were thus marked. Forty-three markers were put at graves in the cemetery at Chickasha, nine were placed at Rush Springs, and eleven were sent to other States whose soldiers were buried by the Camp. Joe Shelby Camp has forty-six members.

Comrade J. M. Shaw, of Alachua, Fla., writes that the veterans of Stonewall Jackson Camp, at Gainesville, Fla., were entertained by the Daughters of the Confederacy on the 19th of January with a turkey dinner, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. He didn't forget the VETERAN in his enjoyment, but had a copy with him and got several subscriptions, with promises from others. He says: "I don't see why they don't all take it and read it, for it is truly interesting to me."

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 113.)

of the Confederacy. He read about the flag in a Washington paper over a year ago and immediately set about tracing it. After many attempts to communicate with the miner who accepted the flag as security, Dr. Flynn finally located him and persuaded him to release it to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and through Dr. Flynn the precious relic was turned over to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, President of the Boston Chapter, who is now Secretary General U. D. C., and through her good offices will be presented to the three survivors of the regiment in the South, who are Dr. T. Grange Simons, of Charleston; Gen. W. A. Clark, Columbia, Commander South Carolina Division U. C. V.; and R. deT. Lawrence, of Marietta, Ga.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

I am pleased to report that a number of encouraging letters have been received from State Directors, and also orders.

I trust the State Presidents will communicate with their Directors and help them accomplish this apparently difficult task, if undertaken by a few, and very simple task if entered into by all—viz. the distribution of over 7,000 copies of "Our Book" this year.

Let us resolve to be courageous and confident of our success, and not shift responsibilities upon others.

Mrs. Goffigan was the first President to report her Director. Virginia sent the first order directly under my leadership. Mrs. Yarrell, Director of the Texas Division, Miss Marion Salley, Director of the South Carolina Division, and Miss Fogg, Director of the Kentucky Division, were the first to report an outline of their plans and aspirations.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*

"WHO WON THE WAR."

A good friend, James S. Hatch, of Big Rock, Ill., sends a newspaper clipping giving an amusing story which he thinks will be enjoyed by Johnny Rebs, especially as their side seems to have won the argument:

"After fighting the same war for fifty-four years, somebody or other has to surrender, even if it happens to be the winning side. That's the reason Edward S. Upson, a white-haired man of seventy-seven years, is now held without bail in a Brooklyn jail on the charge of being a fugitive from justice from Trenton, N. J.

"Once upon a time, when his hair was black and his limbs were lithe, Edward fought in the Civil War, on the Union side. Then he fell in love with a sweet young rebel down Virginia way, who married him. She's Mrs. Mary Williams Upson, and, as Edward told the judge, her only fault is she didn't surrender when Lec did. In spite of the fact that they lived together for fifty-four years, and regardless of the seven children out of fourteen they brought to manhood and womanhood, they still fought the war.

"'She's a rank secessionist, judge,' said Edward, 'and she thinks the war's still on.'

"Even the knowledge that right, logic, and historical accuracy were on his side, couldn't win for Edward; so after the many years he decided to strike camp. He departed from Trenton for parts unknown. Arrested in Brooklyn, he is awaiting extradition papers to go back and face the charge of abandonment his wife has brought against him.

"'Now, listen, judge,' argued Edward, 'we won the war, didn't we?'"

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Anyone having a copy of Semmes' "Service Afloat," and of "Lee and His Generals," by Captain Snow, will please communicate with the VETERAN, stating condition and price wanted.

L. J. Pearson, of Leesburg, Tex., who was a member of the Mercer Heavy Artillery, attached to the 22nd Georgia Battalion, is very anxious to hear from any surviving comrade of that company.

Mrs. S. J. Haynes, of Shamrock, Tex. (Route 1, Box 7), wants to hear from anyone who knew Jesse Franklin Haynes, of Virginia, as a soldier in the Confederate army. Any information of his record will be appreciated.

From A. T. Ransom, Hampton, Va.: "My father was a member of Company E, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and, from his letters home to my mother, I find that his company took part in the battles around Richmond; he was killed at Second Manassas. Of the various books I've read relating to the war, no mention whatever is made of this regiment, and I would like to get some book that gives an account of its service."

WANTED.—Old Confederate and United States stamps used before 1876. Do not remove stamps from envelopes. Stamp collections purchased. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. Amy Brown, of Carter, Okla., is anxious to get in communication with some comrades of Jefferson O. A. Brown, of Lime Rock, Jackson County, Ala., or from Flintville, Tenn. She has no record of his service. She is a cripple and needs a pension. Address her in care of T. R. Kennemer.

Anyone having copies of the VETERAN in 1893 for disposal will kindly let this office know just which they are. Copies for September, 1919, also wanted—only those in good condition.

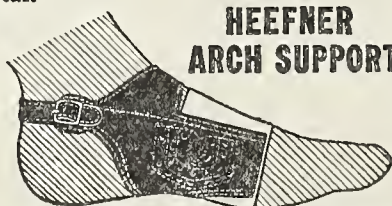
Frank Coler, of Wilsonville, Nebr., would like to get a copy of "Shelby's Expedition to Mexico," by John N. Edwards. Anyone having a copy for sale will please write to him.

Anyone knowing the war record of Edward E. Lawrence, a drummer boy who enlisted somewhere in Louisiana in 1861, and was discharged somewhere in 1865, will please communicate with his daughter, Mrs. Homer Staley, 470 Walsworth Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

WANTED.—Any books or pamphlets by or referring to Davis, Lincoln, Lee, Roosevelt, or Woodrow Wilson. Also old histories of Southern States, towns, or counties, and books or pamphlets published in the Confederate States of America, 1861-65. Also interested in any old books or pamphlets. Send for full particulars. Prompt cash for all purchases. M. H. BRIGGS, 5113 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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ADDRESS DR. DUNBAR ROWLAND, DEPARTMENT OF ARCHIVES AND HISTORY,
THE CAPITOL, JACKSON, MISS.

I will furnish to estates free of charge estimates as to the value of old Confederate letters, Confederate stamps, etc. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

E. Berkley Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., wants to know who owned the revolver factory at Atlanta, Ga., the revolver and carbine factory at Tallassee, Ala., the Alabama Arms Manufacturing Company at Montgomery, and the rifle factories at Talladega, Ala. Any who know of the firearms made at these places, 1861-65, and where specimens of these weapons could be found, will learn something to their advantage by writing to Mr. Bowie.

J. M. Hutson, of McComb, Miss., Box 316, wants a copy of a certain poem on "Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg," and the title is repeated at the close of each stanza. Anyone familiar with this poem will confer a favor by furnishing a copy.

Mrs. Pearl Isbell Roach, Grand Island, Nebr. (315 East Sixth Street), is trying to get information on the record of James Madison Blackshear, who, after being wounded at Vicksburg, was put in the Commissary Department of the Confederate army. She will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades.

J. R. Browning volunteered at Arkadelphia, Ark., in 1863, joining a company of cavalry commanded by Robert Burke. At the battle of Marks Mill the regiment was commanded by Colonel Petty, who was killed. Robert Reppo was a member of his company. Comrade Browning wants to get in communication with anyone who can testify to his service as a soldier. He is a member of the Tom Green Camp U. C. V. Address him, or J. M. Richards, at Weatherford, Tex.

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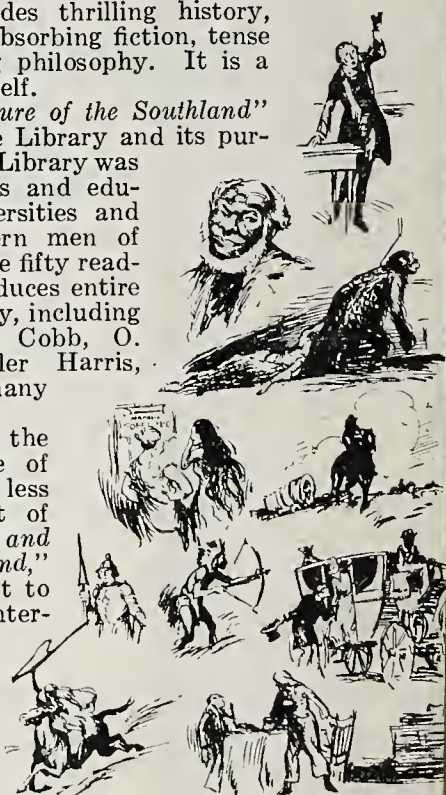
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APRIL, 1924

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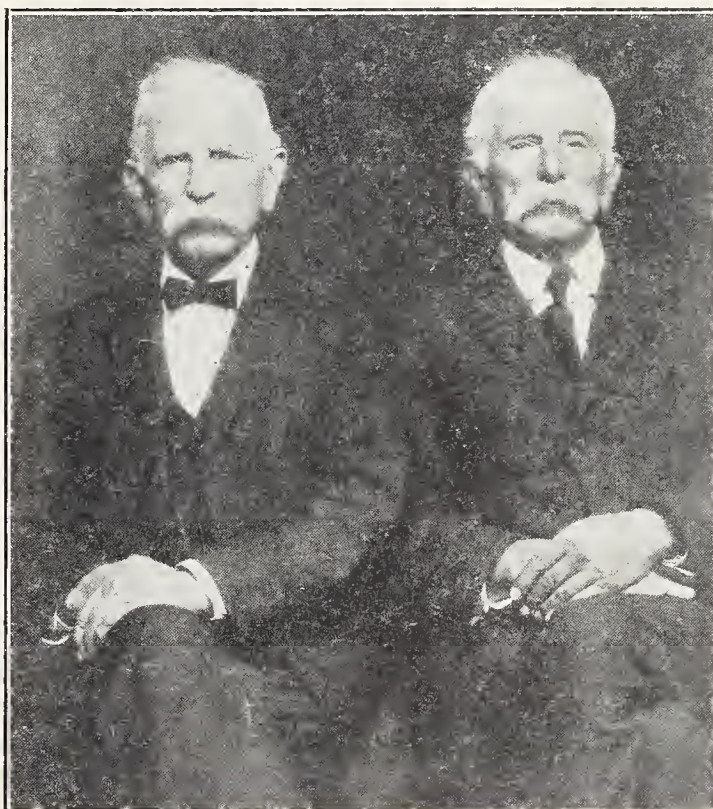


Photo by Williams, Selma, Ala.

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(See page 124)

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WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written during the time of the Confed-

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Forest Hill, Richmond, Va.

eracy. Also old United States and Confederate State stamps wanted. Slave quotations purchased. *Do not remove the stamps from envelopes.* GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. E. L. Bandy, of Fort Worth, Tex., No. 1319 Maddox Avenue, would be glad to hear from any surviving

comrade of her father, Matthew Brown McCorkle, especially any who went out with him from Augusta, Ga., and can give his company and regiment, when he enlisted, and where discharged. She thinks he was in Hood's Brigade.

Miss Maude Williams, Richmond, Va., No. 112 South Third Street, wishes to learn where Col. Jesse Wilton Williams, commanding the 2nd Louisiana Infantry, was buried. He was reported killed in one of the battles of the Wilderness. Any information of him will be appreciated.

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VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1924.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

REVIVING AND BUILDING UP CAMPS.

To My Comrades: There is no one thing that appeals to me more earnestly than maintaining and keeping in existence, as long as possible, the remaining Camps of United Confederate Veterans. It is, therefore, with this thought in mind that there is presented to you by me, in the VETERAN for April, the well-directed effort in this direction as presented by the Lieutenant General commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, and the order, especially interesting to me, of that splendid citizen and soldier who has recently assumed command of the West Virginia Division and is now engaged in reorganizing and building it up.

Bearing upon the reunion and of general interest, will be the order of Gen. W. A. Collier, Commander of Forrest Cavalry Corps.

The space allotted to the United Confederate Veterans, is, therefore, for the April issue, requested by me for the publication of the three orders herewith.

W. B. HALDEMAN, *Commander in Chief.*

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS, MCKINNEY, TEX.,
E. W. KIRKPATRICK, COMMANDING.

Dear Comrades Our Commander in Chief, Gen. W. B. Haldeman, requests every officer to revive delinquent camps, and urges them to send in all past dues to General I. P. Barnard, at headquarters, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La. This should be done at the earliest possible day. Each Division commander, upon receipt of this communication, will promptly notify each Brigade Commander to address urgent appeal to Commanders of each Camp to call a meeting of all members and have them collect and remit all past dues to headquarters.

Passage will be issued on the certificate plan, and the number of certificates needed by each Division should be known at headquarters.

This is a vital service, a distinctive duty. It is vital to our noble association, and will be a most valuable aid to our friends at Memphis, who are making most elaborate preparation to entertain the veterans when they arrive on June 4, 1924. The Memphis people are attempting to give the South-

ern soldiers a degree of loving service equal, if not superior, to any heretofore received. Every detail essential to comfort, safety, convenience, and pleasure of the comrades is in preparation.

All auxiliary associations—Sons, Daughters, Memorial, etc., will receive round trip for one fare. Tickets sold June 1, 2, 3, 4, good to return until June 28, 1924. All tickets sold on certificate plan.

Sessions will be held in a fine new two-million-dollar auditorium, and meals will be served free in the same building. Veterans will be quartered in private homes.

The Cotton Belt lines in Texas have authorized a rate of one cent per mile for distance traveled by veterans and their families.

For information on registration and badges, address T. B. King, Chairman, Memphis, Tenn. Every veteran will wear a tag giving name, post office, regiment, and location in Memphis—all this will be published.

Friends can easily find each other. All Memphis citizens will gladly serve the veterans. General information can be secured by addressing J. D. Martin, Chairman of Executive Committee, Memphis, Tenn., who is aided by the chairmen of thirty committees, who look after every need of the veteran.

E. W. KIRKPATRICK,

Commanding Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V.

REORGANIZING CAMPS.

To the Confederate Veterans of West Virginia: Acting under orders from Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, the undersigned, as Commander of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., assisted by the two Brigade Commanders, Gens. M. J. McNeel, of Seebert, W. Va., and Thomas H. Harvey, of Huntington, W. Va., is diligently at work in the effort to reorganize all the old camps, if practicable, and more especially to organize or reorganize at the county seat at least one Camp for each county, made up of two classes: (1) The veterans heretofore members, and (2) the veterans who have not been members of a Camp.

The general annual convention of veterans, let it be remembered, derives its being from the Camps and speaks for them in its deliberations. The delegates from the Camps

represent the great body of veterans, who, speaking through the general annual convention, declares the purposes, exercises the powers, and directs the work of the organization. So that the Camps are the constituencies, the real source of the powers, purposes, aims, and work of the general organization. Thus it will be seen that without Camps there can be no organization, general reunion, or convention. So when the Camps cease to exist, the convention—their mouthpiece—must cease to function. Thus when the Camps cease to hold their annual spring meetings for the appointment of delegates to the annual conventions, the annual convention cannot function and the organization dies.

I make now and here an earnest appeal to each and every Confederate veteran in the State whose army record is clear, who enlisted or was drafted into the service of the South, served as ordered, and was honorably discharged, paroled, or relieved of further service by the cessation of hostilities to join his county Camp. If physically unable, or for any other reason you cannot attend the meeting to be called this month to reorganize where necessary, elect officers, pay dues, and appoint delegates to the Memphis general reunion in June, I ask that you will not allow age, infirmity, or anything else to prevent you from joining the Camp, but send in your application to join, in writing, stating your desire to become a member, your enlistment, service, discharge, or other data showing eligibility and sending with the application your dues for one year—10 cents. This will admit you as a member and put you in good standing in the Camp, though you may not be present in person at the meeting this month, nor indeed at any subsequent meetings, provided you keep your annual dues paid, which you can always pay at any time to the Camp treasurer. Your presence at the Camp meetings, though always desired, is not essential to Camp membership. But the payment of annual dues by members and Camps is essential to the good standing of the individual members at Camp headquarters, and of the Camps at general headquarters, to which last Camp dues should be sent prior to the first of April, if possible. At that time the Adjutant General begins the preparation of his report to the annual general convention.

Now, my dear old comrades and veterans in a great cause, let me appeal to you, yet loyal to the great principles of freedom and constitutional liberty which, through four long years of struggle and sacrifice, you fought to maintain, and in memory of your brave comrades who gave their lives in defense of honor and fireside, to join us in this social, historic, and benevolent organization, formed years ago to unite in one general federation all associations of Confederate veterans, soldiers, and sailors; to cultivate the ties of friendship that should exist among those who shared common dangers and privations; to secure correct accounts of the great battles and splendid victories in which you participated; to gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, maps, etc., to aid the future historian in giving to the world a true, unbiased account of the causes of the war, your conduct in its prosecution, and your brilliant achievements on the battle field; to encourage the erection of monuments and other memorials to our great leaders, heroic women, soldiers, and sailors, to care for the disabled, and the widows and the orphans of our dead and to instill into the minds and hearts of the young people of America a proper veneration for the courage and devotion, spirit and manhood of the soldiers of the South, who, loyal to duty and conviction, died for their country in a cause they knew to be right and just.

Submitted to you in love and affection by

THOMAS H. DENNIS,

Major General, Commanding West Virginia Division U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST CAVALRY CORPS,
MEMPHIS, TENN., March 11, 1924.

To the Members of Forrest's Command: Comrades—The annual reunion of Confederate Veterans will be held in this city on June 4, 5, and 6, next, when Memphis, the home of your immortal leader, Nathan Bedford Forrest, will again open her hearts and homes to the survivors of those gallant soldiers, whose patriotism, suffering, bravery, and achievements are unequalled in all history. I request and urge all Confederate soldiers to attend this reunion and enjoy the hospitality of this, the Queen City of the South.

I especially appeal to every member of Forrest's famous command, wherever located, to send to these headquarters at once their name and present address, when and where they enlisted, in what command they served, and when and where they surrendered, in order that a complete roster may be made and thereby aid you in meeting each other, and aid our city in preparing for your comfort and pleasure.

WILLIAM A. COLLIER,
Lieutenant General, Commander of Forrest Corps.

ONE-CENT FARE TO MEMPHIS REUNION.

Information comes from the chairman of the Transportation Committee of the Memphis reunion that the railroads have agreed on the one-cent fare to members of the United Confederate Veterans, with the one fare rate to the associate organizations. These rates apply to points in Texas and Arkansas, as well as east of the Mississippi. Transportation will be issued on the certificate plan as formerly. Full information will be given in the May number.

CONFEDERATE TWINS.

CONTRIBUTED BY ALICE CLAPP BARRINGTON, SELMA, ALA.

Seventy-six years ago, in the little community of Eleanor, Dallas County, Ala., twin brothers were born who have all their lives been comrades of the closest sort; and now that their lives are declining and the last lap is being trodden softly but surely, these devoted brothers are inseparable. Both have lived in Eleanor all their lives, except the four years they gave as all brave men did to the cause of the Confederacy, the cause of the Southland, serving with distinction throughout the war.

W. T. and E. J. Weissinger are the only known surviving twin brothers of the Confederate army. They wear their Confederate Crosses of Honor proudly, and enjoy recounting their interesting, if oftentimes harrowing, experiences of the stormy days of the sixties. They went into service under the flag of the Confederacy at the age of sixteen, under Captain Tobin, of Mobile.

These brothers were the eighth and ninth members of a family of fourteen, sons of J. B. Weissinger, also of Eleanor. They have never been separated a day in their lives, and up to a short time ago they had never divided the estate left them, but had shared equally all profits from their large agricultural interests. Both married young women of Perry County, E. J. Weissinger taking as his bride Miss Hattie Stone, in 1883. He was not happy until his brother had entered the same state by marrying Miss Susie Hogue, in 1884. E. J. Weissinger has a son and daughter, and W. T. Weissinger has a son and three daughters, and both have several grandchildren.

So closely have the lives of these brothers been interwoven

(Continued on page 158.)

HISTORICAL IGNORANCE.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE.

Accidentally, I picked up a year-old issue of the *Outlook* and have just finished reading "In Justice to the South," which title, by the way, seems to imply a certain historico-spiritual condescension, by Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt. Mr. Hartt closes his article, which has many points for commendation, as follows:

"In conversation with a brilliant young Southern architect, I said: 'I can meet you half way. Admit that slavery as an institution was wrong, and I, in my turn, will admit that the typical slaveholder may have been a conscientious, high-minded fellow, kind to his slaves, and honestly regarding slavery as an institution divinely ordained. Again, admit that secession involved injury to the North and was sure to precipitate war, and I, in my turn, will admit that, inasmuch as nothing in the Constitution pronounced the Union eternal, the South had—theoretically—a right to secede.'

"Word perfect, here is his reply: 'I don't want to be met half way. Slavery was wrong, and the slaveholders knew it, and they fought to perpetuate the wrong. As for secession, it was wrong from the beginning.'

"Few Southerners speak thus frankly. In a region where one hears that 'sentiment rules thought' social pressure forbids. Yet year by year, more and more Southerners proclaim and practice the fine, chivalric principles of our newest New South. In their keeping its career is safe, requiring no admonitions from the Northern critic, to whom I might say, without prejudice on the one hand or censoriousness on the other: 'Have faith in the South.'"

It is no wonder that possibly ninety-nine out of every one hundred otherwise educated and intelligent Northerners—good Americans at that—have actually come to believe that, under the leadership of Lee and Davis, the Southern people maintained a four-year struggle for the continuance of African slavery, to which a large proportion of the slaveholders themselves were opposed, and which they would have voted to abolish had it not been for the violent abuse and interference of the fanatical type of abolitionist. The architect's idea is undoubtedly the impression that they get from American history *as she is writ*. There is no other conclusion. This absolutely untenable theory is taught in practically every school in the North; and Mr. Hartt's "Southern architect," like thousands of other Southerners, has come to accept this false interpretation, which is also taught by force of example, very largely in the South, with less emphasis.

One of my rather impulsive friends exclaimed that this architect is an idiot and a traitor to the South. "No," I replied, "I should not put it that way. He is, on this point, simply a historical ignoramus misled by a current teaching which is practically universal."

On the other hand, there are powerful and splendid influences that are at work *in the North* right now to offset these impressions and to interpret history in a truly national and nonsectional spirit, just as there are people in the South endeavoring to do the same thing. It is just as well to bear in mind that both sections have their failings and that both sections have their peculiar virtues. It is well to remember the expression of Gen. Robert E. Lee, whose good faith is not questioned even by the most rabid sectionalists, in his reply to the distinguished English scholar, P. S. Worsley. In one sentence of that paragraphic reply lies a phrase which is all comprehensive:

"The undeserved compliment to myself in prose and verse, in the first leaves of the volume, I receive as your tribute to

the merit of my countrymen *who struggled for constitutional government.*"

I do not recall the exact words of Thomas Jefferson, who prophetically exclaimed that he thanked God he would not live to see the issue of the conflict of economic interests that meet at a geographical line coincident with a marked principle, moral or political. Here, in these two quotations, we have prophecy and fulfillment in a nutshell; but what "standard" American history makes this clear about the struggle by both sections for conflicting economic systems—viz., tariff for protection or tariff for revenue? Or do these histories even seriously consider the matter in proportion to its all-embracing importance?

IMPROVEMENTS IN ARMS.

E. Berkley Bowie writes from Baltimore:

"Referring to Mrs. Bell's Prize Essay in the March VETERAN (page 90), Jefferson Davis, as colonel of the 1st Mississippi Regiment, armed his men with the best rifle of that time, the U. S. rifle, M. 1841, calibre .54, carrying a round ball of questionable accuracy. During his incumbency as Secretary of War, there was carried out at Pikesville Arsenal, near Baltimore, in the year 1854, a series of experiments that resulted in the production of a very fine rifle, now known as the U. S. rifle, M. 1855. This improvement was due to the supervision of Lieut. Benjamin Huger, later major general, C. S. A., and J. H. Burton, who perfected the Minie ball for use in this weapon. Burton was afterwards Superintendent of Armories, C. S. A., with rank of lieutenant colonel (may have been promoted). The caliber of the new rifle was .58 and the arm evolved was the best in the world at that time. Jefferson Davis then ordered that all branches of the service should have rifled arms, which is what Mrs. Bell intended to set forth, and not that he introduced the fabrication of rifles and pistols, which had been going on certainly since 1800. Derringer made service pistols and rifled them in 1843-46. The service arms in 1856 consisted of these rifles with thirty-three-inch barrels for the flank companies, rifle muskets with forty-inch barrels for the center companies of an infantry regiment, and pistols with twelve-inch barrels and a removable shoulder stock for the cavalry. All were caliber .58, with the Maynard primer lock.

"It was this uniformity of equipment and the great improvements in design of the service armament for which Jefferson Davis should be accorded full credit, not forgetting the work of J. H. Burton, without which no improvement would have been possible. These improved rifles in no way resembled the 'Mississippi Yagers' of the Mexican War.

"Mrs. Bell is to be congratulated for making known the reasons for the 'Gadsden Purchase,' generally regarded as a mystery."

FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS.

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., is about the best-posted man on "official records," and his compilations from that book of war have been used in the VETERAN from time to time. The following comes in answer to some notes in the March number:

"Referring to page 81 of the March VETERAN, the Northern general killed at Second Manassas, or rather, Chantilly, was Phil Kearny, a one-armed Mexican veteran. His body, horse, and sword were sent over to the Yankees by order of General Lee. [Several others have also corrected this and, in justice to Captain Lutton, we should explain that he realized

the mistake just a little too late to correct his article, and his correction was overlooked in the March number.]

"Also, referring to page 99 of the same number, when the hero Haynie, of the 17th Maine, single-handed, captured 505 rebels (I wonder why he put in five), the official records show by the report of the Federal commander that the 17th Maine captured about seventy-five of the 21st North Carolina, and as the latter was commanded by a captain (only), that was probably the entire outfit. So comrade Haynie wasn't mentioned in the affair, but, in justice to him, the official records do show that he was given the medal for capturing a flag from the 21st North Carolina. Everybody who brought in a Rebel flag at that time got a medal, and there were a great many gotten, and they deserved it too."

THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

(Gen. John R. Kennedy, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., commanding the Second Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., sends the following article prepared by Maj. Edward Kennedy, of Centerville, Ala., who served with Company I, 51st Alabama Regiment, and later was a member of Wheeler's Scouts, Capt. A. M. Shannon, 8th Texas Regiment, commanding.)

Though I had never heard of the mysterious disappearance of Lieut. John H. Maury till I read of it in the *VETERAN* of January, 1924, its reading carried my thoughts back to strenuous work wherein General Wheeler's Scouts were engaged, and believing that I am now the only Confederate living who could tell of an occurrence wherein one Griffin figured as the most prominent character, I am prompted to write of it, as it may be a connecting link to what has before been said about the fate of Lieutenant Maury.

In the work of Wheeler's Scouts they captured many prisoners, from whom much valuable information was obtained, and it was from them we first learned that General Kilpatrick (Federal) had a similar organization engaged in the same character of work and that the commander of these Scouts was a Lieutenant Griffin, said to be a North Carolinian and once a Confederate soldier in charge of a wagon train, who had deserted and joined the Federal army. Having proved his loyalty to the Federal cause and demonstrated his ability as a reckless and determined leader, he asked for the organization of these Federal Scouts.

His request was granted, the Federal cavalry troops were assembled, Griffin addressed them, outlining his plans, and closed by saying: "You all now understand what I propose doing. If there are now forty men in line here who are not afraid to die and go to hell, step out and join me."

The requisite number promptly came out. In the *VETERAN* of February, 1912, pages 83, 84, is a letter written by Mr. W. H. Morris, Company B, 10th Ohio Regiment, Sunbury, Ohio, who says in part: "Our scouts were commanded by a lieutenant who was a North Carolinian and had (to me) the peculiar speech of the Southern people, which kept the scouts from being detected. One member of my company was a member of the scout."

He quite clearly and correctly states the position of both armies the night before the Confederates charged into the Federal camp near Fayetteville, N. C., March 10, 1865.

In the *VETERAN*, of January, 1924, we read that in 1863 Captain Smith, of the 13th Iowa Regiment, told Colonel Underhill, an aide-de-camp to Gen. S. D. Lee, that he, with four or five men, crossed the river on January 27, and there captured a Confederate officer, and he was carried across the river near Vicksburg.

We next have a report made by Mr. W. H. Harris, formerly

a scout under orders of Gen. S. D. Lee, who said at the *Mobile Register's* office, in 1867, that Lieutenant Maury was captured, carried across the Mississippi River, then murdered by one Griffin, a deserter from the Confederate service.

In 1865 we find Griffin, a "North Carolinian," with Sherman's cavalry in North Carolina.

It was during the last days of February or first days of March, 1865, when both Confederate and Federal armies passed out of South Carolina into North Carolina, moving eastward toward Fayetteville, N. C., their lines of march somewhat parallel and only a few miles apart.

Three or four days before either army reached Fayetteville, a small squad of Wheeler's Scouts, early in the forenoon, entered a small village near their line of march, and learned that a squad of Federal scouts had been there the evening before, entering with a rapid charge; that a citizen, not physically able for army service, but a member of a home guard company, his office fronting the town square, hearing the approach, went to the door with his gun and fired on the leader, and Lieutenant Griffin fell from his horse, dead.

The home guard was quickly arrested, and dire threats made against him and the town. His family was told that he would be executed as soon as they got back to their command, and he was taken away with the body of Griffin.

The wife and two daughters stood on the street corner, and, in tears, told us of their fear that the threat would be carried out.

We told them we would do all we could to release him and send him home, and to some extent we were able to fulfill that promise, as the entire force of Wheeler's Scouts were the boys that led the charge into the Federal's sleeping camp, March 10, 1865, where about one hundred and twenty prisoners were released, the home guard being one of that number, and he was mounted and started homeward.

We think that there is herein sufficient circumstantia. evidence for all that the North Carolina home guard killed the North Carolina deserter who killed Lieut. John H. Maury.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine."

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

There are not left now many to rejoice

That while lone wait seemed dark, it came at last!
When pride—still sore because of mem'ry's voice—

On granite wall can read of gloried past,
That tells posterity of patriots slain

The story of brave forbears' valor fine!
Danger braving, death scorning while in vain!
Proud glory, in defeat, will cloudless shine!

Ah, few now left! Yet they will bear sweet word—

To those rare souls when fate rushed on before—
Of triumph proud, while doom denied strife's sword,
Now come at last when mad hate rules no more.

From those still left, and those in paradise,
Grand anthem of content at last will rise.

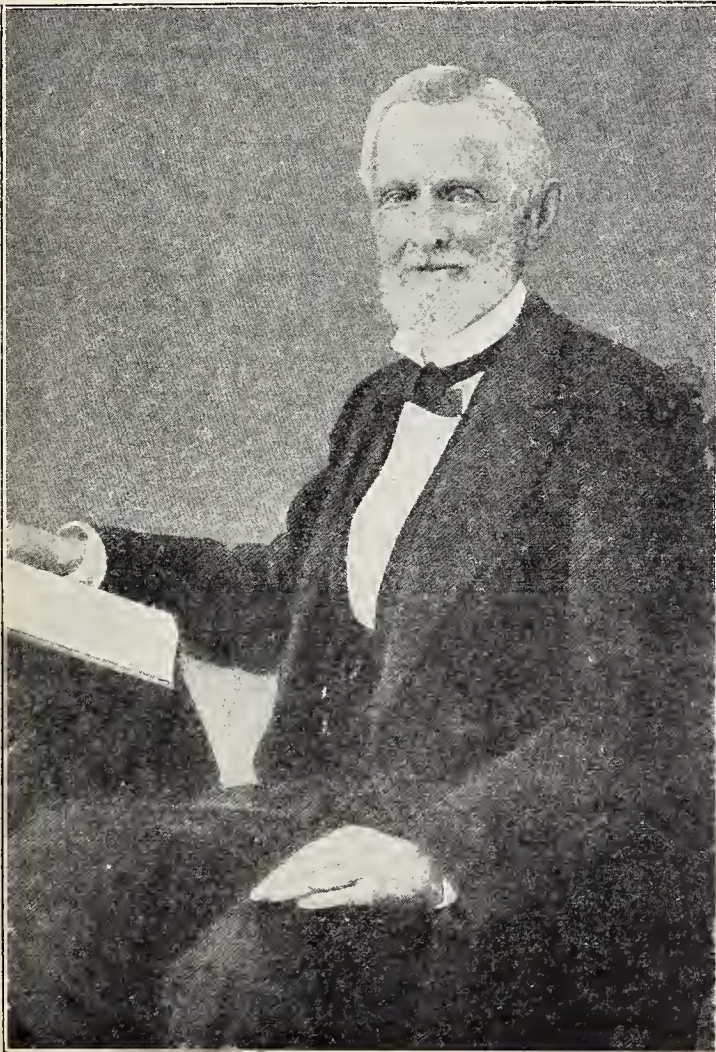
FIRST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY IN AMERICA.—Let me also recall the fact that on July 30, 1619, eighteen months before the Pilgrims set foot on American soil, the vine of liberty had so deeply taken root in the colony of Virginia that there was assembled in the church at Jamestown a free representative body—the House of Burgesses—to deliberate for the welfare of the people.—*Dr. Randolph H. McKim.*

"JEFFERSON DAVIS, CONSTITUTIONALIST: HIS LETTERS, PAPERS, AND SPEECHES."

Collected and Edited by Dunbar Rowland, LL.D., Director of the Department of Archives and History of the State of Mississippi. Ten volumes. Printed for the Mississippi Department of Archives and History by the J. J. Little & Ives Company, New York, 1923. Reviewed by John H. Dewitt, Nashville, Tenn.

That scholarly Southerner, Dr. Dunbar Rowland, has recently issued this magnificent compilation. It completes the trilogy of Jefferson Davis, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," by Mr. Davis, and "The Life of Jefferson Davis," by his widow, being the other two. Many other writings deal appreciatively with this great character and career, but these are the greatest.

To Dr. Rowland and to the State of Mississippi belongs the credit for this notable contribution to truth in history. He has submitted it to a generous public with the confident belief that the historical and biographical material contained in these volumes will place the President of the Southern Confederacy in an altogether different light from that in which many have hitherto presented him. It is devoutly hoped that Dr. Rowland will be able to follow this great work with a "Life of Jefferson Davis," which, in his introduction, he expresses his purpose to write. The character and career of Mr. Davis deserve to be carefully studied during each generation. Southern people must keep in mind and understand his sincerity and loftiness of purpose,



JEFFERSON DAVIS, AS HE APPEARED IN 1889, A FEW MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

his illustrious services to his country before the War between the States, his great leadership in the contest for Southern independence, his sufferings for the cause he represented, and his splendid patriotic dignity and loyalty amid cruel passion and persecution. All others must cast aside prejudice and realize that Mr. Davis was, as Bishop Gailor says of him, "a brave and gallant gentleman, a devoted Christian, who endured suffering and insult with fine heroism, representing, he firmly believed, the best interests and the truest traditions of his fellow countrymen."

Indeed, it is time for the impartial, truth-seeking, and truth-telling historian, and none other, to be heard with full credence. As has been beautifully said by Lucian Lamar Knight, of Georgia, in his review of this very work:

"Steady pulse beats have succeeded angry passions. Gentler breezes are blowing. Sweeter bugles are singing. The materials for history have all been sifted and sorted. The scholar, in his cloistered calm, can now give us the unbiased deductions without the bitterness that warps opinion. Let us put away the sword from our literature, the wormwood and the vitriol; and, under the olive branch of peace, write with the golden pen of truth. We can now give our heroes to history, assured of the unchanging molds in which finalities are cast. High above the horizon now shines the sun; and for supreme and final decisions in the appellate court of time for deliberate judgment and for sober after thoughts the hour has struck."

With this noble purpose, and with a steady confidence, Dr. Rowland began in 1908 to collect the documentary material concerning Jefferson Davis, the most dramatic figure in our national life, the storm center of a great revolution. With unwearied zeal he has pursued the task until he has furnished a veritable magazine of history. It constitutes ten handsome volumes of original sources—letters, papers, speeches, equal in style, scholarship, logical strength, clear interpretation of constitutional law, earnestness of conviction, statesmanship, and power of expression to those of the greatest men of the time. It provides for writers, teachers, students, and readers of American history a collection of important and essential documents which are very necessary to a clear conception and interpretation of much of the constitutional, political, and military history of the nation during a most critical period.

The publication makes available for the first time in one place valuable sources of information concerning fundamental facts relative to the progress, travail, and final unification of the American nation. No other work can provide the student and historian with a more valuable collection of new, unknown, and unpublished material concerning issues which divided the nation, and which finally culminated in the war for Southern independence.

To the student loved of history, the contemporary record very often tells a story which has all the gripping force and interest of the most finished and polished narrative. It is for this reason that the original papers and speeches of a great man are more important than the opinions of his mere biographer. They are the real mirror of his life, the reflex of his very soul. They are the emotional and intellectual products of his life. As Mr. Knight so aptly says:

"In the work under review, interesting sidelights are thrown upon this singular career—letters hitherto unpublished, in which we can detect the warm heartbeats of the man; letters which take us into the innermost sanctuary of his thought, letters which are strangely fascinating because newly found and now read for the first time after the lapse of many years and not one of which we can now read

for the first time without an increased admiration for the man who penned them, a man like Nathaniel, in whose heart there was no guile and who never once expressed a purpose or a thought which could not have been uttered at a shrine.

"All through the work there runs, like a golden thread, the unfaltering loyalty of Mr. Davis to the Federal Constitution, to the principles of government enunciated by the fathers and defended by the heroes of the Revolution, to the organic law of the land, which Southern men, led by Madison, were instrumental in framing. These letters, papers, and speeches show that Davis was an avowed lover of the Union; that he was governed in every act of his life, not by hasty impulse, but by patriotic conservatism; that self-interest was never at any time with him a motive to conduct; that he would gladly have made at any time any personal sacrifice to preserve the Union; and that not until aggression made it impossible for the South to remain in the Union with safety and with honor did he counsel or countenance secession."

In these six thousand pages the reader can visualize and understand the springs and outreaching of a remarkable career—citizen, soldier, senator, cabinet officer, defender of constitutional rights, President of the Confederacy, martyr, prisoner, idol of his people, unpardoned as rebel! A study of any of these phases of the life of Mr. Davis involves deep inquiry into the general corresponding phase of American life. A genius for controversy, born of the raging storms of passion and excitement, is exhibited through a large part of his public life. His ability as an organizer, a progressive, resourceful, courageous leader is developed through every stage. One of the most interesting studies presented is that of his dealing with the multifarious and complicated situations and problems, the emergencies and personal crises which arose during the terrible stress of war. It opens to the reader a new appreciation of Davis, his considerate action

and patient forbearance in the face of petty controversies and hurt feelings among his generals, and his able treatment of troubles arising from differences with governors of States. The post-war papers of Mr. Davis are voluminous and valuable. He was until the end the object of misunderstanding and bitter obloquy. This he seldom failed to resent in speech and in print. He was never disingenuous. He fought fairly and insisted on being treated fairly. In some of these papers he rose to noble heights of manly and patriotic sentiment. When General Grant was on his deathbed, Mr. Davis was requested by an editor for a criticism of Grant's military career. He replied:

"Your request cannot be complied with for the following reasons:

"1. General Grant is dying.

"2. Though he invaded our country ruthlessly, it was with open hand, and, as far as I know, he abetted neither arson nor pillage, and has since the war, I believe, shown no malignity to Confederates, either of the military or civil service.

"Therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours, I would, if it were in my power, contribute to the peace of his mind and the comfort of his body."

It is pleasing to contemplate the closing days of the life of Mr. Davis, for the tide was turning to fairness. It comforted him, and he was conscious of his even stronger hold upon the affections of his people. In his last speech to the young men of Mississippi he uttered these noble and fitting words:

"Men in whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie, for love of her, I break my silence to speak to you a few words of respectful admonition. The past is dead; let it bury its dead, its hopes, and its aspirations; before you lies the future, a future full of golden promise; a future of expanding national glory, before which all the world shall



BEAUVOIR, NEAR BILOXI, MISS., LAST HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, NOW THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSISSIPPI SOLDIERS.

stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to make your places in the ranks of those who will bring about a consummation devoutly to be wished—a reunited country."

This great work, this compilation of infinite variety and richness, must and shall receive the appreciation which it wondrously deserves. It should be in every college and public library. It should adorn many a home. It is a monument, not only to Jefferson Davis and to the South, but also to the learned and tireless and devoted scholar who has brought together from far and near these memorable papers and put them in enduring form.

AUTOGRAPHS FROM AN OLD ALBUM.

A precious souvenir of the days of war in the sixties is an old autograph album, now the property of R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., who kindly copied for the VETERAN the names of prisoners as inscribed therein. The album was given to his mother, who was then Miss Adeline Stokes, by Maj. George McKnight, so well known by his pen name of "Asa Hartz." Miss Stokes made her home in Montgomery, Ala., during the war, and was one of the patriotic girls there who helped to make Confederate uniforms for the boys at the front battling to keep back the enemy. On the first page of the album, in artistic lettering, touched in black and red ink, is the following: "Autographs of Confederate Officers, Johnson's Island, Ohio, January 1, 1864," and on the last page is one of Asa Hartz's poems. This list of names is given in the VETERAN as a historical record, and also to ascertain how many of them survived the war, how many now living. A few are familiar as the names of patrons of the VETERAN in years gone by—now passed to their eternal reward. It will be interesting to hear from any survivors. Some of the names were difficult to decipher, and there may be mistakes. The home address is given last.

On the first page appears this name:

J. R. Trimble, of Maryland, major general, P. A. C. S. Wounded and captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863. Johnson Island, January 25, 1864.

On the second page:

W. L. Cabell, brigadier general, Fort Smith, Ark. Captured on Osage River north of Fort Scott, Kans., October 25, 1864. (Residence, Dallas, Tex., 1906.)

The third page is given to:

William N. R. Beall, brigadier general P. A. C. S., Little Rock, Ark. Captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Some pages contain several names, and the general list follows:

Henry I. Price, lieutenant colonel of cavalry; Memphis.

Baxter Smith, colonel 4th Tennessee cavalry, Wharton's Cavalry Division. Gallatin, Tenn. Trousdale Ferry, Tenn.

George Fuhman, captain Company A, 1st Regiment Alabama Cavalry.

D. Howard Smith, colonel 5th Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. John A. Morgan's Division. Georgetown, Ky.

H. Clay King, colonel 1st Confederate Cavalry, Martin's Brigade. Memphis, Tenn.

John A. Fite, colonel 1st Tennessee Regiment. Carthage, Tenn.

John A. Thompson, major of cavalry, Gen. John H. Morgan's command. Owensboro, Ky.

J. R. McCann, major 15th Regiment Tennessee Cavalry. Nashville, Tenn.

W. A. Wright, lieutenant and ordnance officer, Wright's Brigade. Augusta, Ga.

G. W. Gordon, brigadier general, Cheatham's Division. Nashville, Tenn.

C. G. Sellers, first lieutenant 13th Alabama Regiment. Captured at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863. Camden, Ala.

J. L. Moore, lieutenant 13th Alabama Regiment. Captured at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863. Camden, Ala.

C. W. Klink, Columbus, Ga.

R. B. Truitt, first lieutenant Company C, 31st Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Mt. Olive, Ala.

C. F. Jenkins, major 53rd Regiment Alabama Cavalry. Allenton, Ala.

R. Gaillard, lieutenant 1st Alabama Regiment. Camden, Ala.

J. P. Benson, lieutenant 1st Alabama Regiment. Allenton, Ala.

"I am, Captain, your friend most truly," M. L. Woods, colonel 46th Alabama Volunteers, P. A. C. S. Captured, May 16, 1863, at Champion Hill, Miss. Montgomery, Ala.

J. F. Whitfield, captain 1st Alabama Volunteers. Surrendered at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Montgomery, Ala.

W. K. Bennett, major and A. Q. M., Beall's Brigade. Captured Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Brownsville, Tenn.

C. D. Condon, lieutenant Company F, 46th Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Dadeville, Ala.

J. H. Wiggins, captain light artillery, Martin's Division, Wheeler Cavalry. Arkadelphia, Ark.

J. B. Bradford, lieutenant cavalry, C. S. A. Lake Providence, La.

John C. Humphreys, lieutenant colonel M. S. T. Captured at Port Gibson, May 1, 1863. Port Gibson, Miss.

D. P. Buckner, staff, Brigadier General Beall, Army of Port Hudson, La. July 8, 1863. Pecan Grove, La.

L. M. Ramsaur, major 1st Arkansas Mounted Rifles. Wounded and captured at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1863. Augusta, Ark.

A. W. Harmon, colonel 12th Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V. Staunton, Va.

B. L. Farinholt, captain Company E, 53rd Virginia Regiment. Captured Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Barhamsville, New Kent County, Va.

Henry S. Coatlei, adjutant 53rd Virginia Infantry. Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. King William Courthouse, Va.

C. S. Robertson, lieutenant colonel 1st Confederate Cavalry. Captured Shelbyville, Tenn., June 22, 1863. Bolivar, Tenn.

Lewis E. Howie, Jr., lieutenant P. A. C. S. Brig. Gen. B. H. Robertson's staff, Stuart's Cavalry Corps, A. N. V. Captured Gettysburg. Powhatan Courthouse, Va.

J. N. Gibson, second lieutenant, 22nd Mississippi. Captured on duty near Vicksburg, Miss., May 3, 1863. Rodney, Miss.

I. Edwards, colonel 4th Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Durk Springs, Ala. Port Hudson, La.

J. Cabell Breckinridge, first lieutenant, C. S. A. Lexington, Ky.

J. W. Long, major C. S. A. Morganfield, Ky.

I. O. Nixon, lieutenant colonel 1st Louisiana Cavalry. Captured near Lancaster, Ky., July 31, 1863. New Orleans, La.

T. T. Mitchell, adjutant 10th Confederate Cavalry, Army of West Virginia. Liberty, Va.

H. C. Bate, major 1st Confederate Cavalry, Army of Tennessee. Gallatin, Tenn.

Vassar B. Conner, lieutenant, headquarters aide at camp, staff of Brig. Gen. W. T. Martin. Natchez, Miss.

William Minor, lieutenant and A. A. G., staff of Brig. Gen. Will T. Martin. Natchez, Miss.

Frank Timberlake, lieutenant 7th Tennessee, Carthage Tenn. Augusta, Ga.

Alfred Nicholson, Jr., lieutenant C. S. A. Columbia, Tenn.

R. M. Dewitt, adjutant Miles's Legion. Captured at Port Hudson, July 9, 1863. New Orleans, La.

L. M. Lewis, colonel 7th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, P. A. C. S. Captured Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863. Liberty, Clay County, Mo.

Hugh Kirkman, captain and A. A. G., Roddy's Cavalry Brigade. Florence, Ala.

J. Lucius Davis, wounded and captured in Cary's charge at Hagerstown, Md., July 5, 1863. Richmond, Va.

William A. Bast, lieutenant C. S. A., Loutre Island, Montgomery County, Mo.

Edward B. Tarpes, captain, second chief engineer, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. St. Louis, Mo.

M. B. Swearingen, lieutenant colonel 5th Florida Infantry. New Port (Pa.). Florida. Gettysburg, July 4, 1863.

Thomas S. Kenan, colonel 43rd North Carolina Infantry, Kenansville, N. C. "Gettysburg."

J. Ravenel Macbeth, captain 1st South Carolina Artillery. Charleston, S. C.

J. R. Brean, lieutenant 15th Alabama Regiment. Newton, Dale County, Ala.

I. G. W. Studman, colonel 1st Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Allenton, Wilcox County, Ala.

S. D. Steedman, lieutenant and adjutant 1st Alabama Volunteers. Steedman's P. O., S. C.

L. E. Loot, captain Company I, 53rd Alabama Regiment Cavalry. Camden, Wilcox County, Ala.

William G. Christian, colonel 55th Virginia Regiment. Urbanna, Middlesex County, Va.

Thomas L. Christian, lieutenant Company D, 4th Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Union Town, Perry County, Ala.

J. F. Sessions, captain Company K, 8th Mississippi Regiment. Lexington, Miss.

Maj. I. S. Gholston, 16th Georgia Regiment. Danielsville, Ga.

C. E. Tuttle, lieutenant 1st Alabama Regiment. Montgomery, Ala.

A. B. Holt, first lieutenant cavalry, Army of Tennessee. Columbus, Ga.

John H. Seans, lieutenant C. S. A. Gloucester County, Va.

J. I. Scales, colonel 30th Infantry Regiment. Captured at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. Carrollton, Miss.

T. H. Francis, captain Company A, 4th Tennessee Regiment. Captured Murfreesboro, January 2, 1863. Memphis, Tenn.

Frank Jay McLean, captain 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Port Hudson, La. Columbia, Tenn.

H. A. Carrington, lieutenant colonel 18th Virginia Regiment. Captured Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Charlotte Courthouse, Va.

William W. Foote, second lieutenant 10th Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863. Nashville, Tenn.

William L. McLean, first lieutenant 12th Battalion Arkansas Volunteers. Captured at Big Black Bridge, Miss., May 7, 1863. Memphis, Tenn.

R. R. Roberts, lieutenant colonel 35th Tennessee Regiment. Captured Ooitawah Station, November 25, 1863. Altamount, Tenn.

Frank M. Cowan, Terry's Texas Rangers, C. S. A. Danville, Va.

D. W. Ramsay, captain 1st Alabama Regiment. Allenton, Ala.

Charles D. Phillips, colonel 52nd Georgia Infantry. Marietta, Ga. (soldier and lawyer in 1906).

Robert Davis, captain 24th Mississippi Regiment. Vicksburg, Miss.

James W. Higgins, captain and quartermaster 42nd Alabama Regiment. Captured Vicksburg, Miss., May 19, 1863. Aberdeen, Miss.

G. N. Maxwell, colonel 1st Florida Cavalry. Tallahassee, Fla.

Charles Nowell, lieutenant 14th Virginia Cavalry. Captured Winchester, Va., June 12, 1863. Lynchburg, Va.

N. Curtis Washington, captain and ordnance officer. Captured Port Hudson, July, 1863. St. Louis, Mo.

I. W. Locket, lieutenant colonel 14th Tennessee Regiment Infantry. Clarksville, Tenn.

Philander Morgan, major South Carolina. Captured Sequatchee Valley, Tenn., October 2, 1863. Talladega, Ala.

J. Hill, major 54th North Carolina. Captured June 15, 1863. Yatesville, N. C.

F. J. Haywood, Jr., adjutant 5th North Carolina Infantry. Captured Gettysburg, Pa., July 5, 1863. Raleigh, N. C.

R. B. Boston, of Fluvanna County, Va., Cavalry. Captured.

Edward Anterle [not plain], lieutenant colonel 4th North Carolina Cavalry.

J. H. Chamberlayne, first lieutenant artillery, C. S. A., P. A. C. S. Richmond, Va.

James T. Dye, major 51st Alabama R. G. C. E. R. Talladega, Ala.

John White, captain and adjutant 5th Alabama Regiment. Cahaba, Ala.

R. R. Asbury, Company F, 51st Alabama Cavalry. Talladega, Ala.

N. D. Johnson, captain 51st Alabama Regiment. Talladega, Ala.

Gus E. Reid, second lieutenant 23rd Alabama Regiment. Mt. Milling, Ala.

S. O. Meriwether, captain 23rd Alabama Regiment. Captured near Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863. Hayneville, Ala.

J. F. Maury, lieutenant and adjutant on staff of Brigadier General Humphreys, Longstreet's Corps. Port Gibson, Miss.

I. W. Youngblood, captain Signal Corps, C. S. A. Memphis, Tenn.

John O. Zeigler, first lieutenant Company B, 51st Alabama Cavalry. Perote, Ala.

David Lynn, captain 18th Virginia Regiment Cavalry. Cumberland, Md.

William T. Sample, captain Company F, 30th Tennessee. Gallatin, Tenn.

John H. Morgan, captain 12th Battalion Arkansas Infantry, Sharpshooters. Captured at battle near Port Gibson, Miss., May, 1863. Lewisville, Lafayette County, Ark.

S. H. Thomson, second lieutenant 12th Arkansas Battalion, S. S. Captured near Port Gibson, Miss., May 5, 1863.

W. N. Parrish, lieutenant colonel 18th Arkansas Regiment. Little Rock, Ark.

B. Browne, captain Company H, 19th Virginia Volunteers. Captured Gettysburg, July 5, 1863. Amhisse House, Va.

B. W. L. Philpott, first lieutenant Company F, 57th Regiment. Captured Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Traylorsville, Va.

G. S. Oglesby, lieutenant 3rd Georgia Regiment. Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 1863. Galveston, Tex.

N. J. George, colonel 1st Tennessee Infantry. Lincoln County, Tenn.

Jack Brown, colonel 59th Georgia Regiment. Talbotton, Ga.

W. F. Seaton, major 37th Alabama. Auburn, Ala.

J. M. Handley, major 46th Regiment Alabama Volunteers. LaFayette, Ala.

C. A. Peddicord, captain Independent Scouts, Morgan's Cavalry. Fountain Head, Tenn.

Charles F. Ford, captain Company E, 51st Alabama Regiment (P. R.). Captured near Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863. Washington, D. C.

S. N. McCraw, adjutant 21st Alabama Regiment (P. R.). Captured near Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863. Selma, Ala.

William Pelham, lieutenant Company A, 51st Alabama Cavalry. Captured Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863. Jacksonville, Ala.

James Spence, lieutenant Company C, 51st Alabama Cavalry (P. R.). Captured Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863. Talladega, Ala.

W. I. Fain, first lieutenant Company A, 51st Alabama Cavalry. Captured at Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863. Jacksonville, Ala.

James W. Lapsley, first lieutenant Company E, 51st Alabama (P. R.), Wheeler's Cavalry, Selma, Ala., November 2, 1863. Kingston, Tenn.

Benjamin Howard Worley, Lexington, Ky.

A. W. Harmon, colonel 12th Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V. Staunton, Va.

F. S. Price, captain and assistant adjutant general, Texas Brigade, A. N. V.

A. E. Woodruff, first lieutenant Amherst Artillery, Nelson's Battalion, Ewell's Corps, A. N. V. Captured Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 1863. Lynchburg, Va.

I. H. Horner, lieutenant, 8th Tennessee Cavalry. Captured near Florence, Ala., May 27, 1863. Livingston, Tenn.

F. A. Chappell, captain P. A. C. S., commanding 3rd Company P. R. S. E. Missouri. Captured at Chalk Bluff, Arkansas. Petersburg, Ind.

Howell Webb, major A. A. G., General Stevenson's staff. Nashville, Tenn.

R. A. Stalling, captain C. S. A. Morganfield, Ky.

Charles A. Donegan, first lieutenant Company G, Duke's Regiment, Morgan's Division. Huntsville, Ala.

Joseph J. Davis, captain Company G, 47th N. C. T. Captured Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Louisburg, Franklin County, N. C.

S. D. Crouin, first lieutenant Company I, 56th Virginia Infantry. Captured Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Richmond, Va.

D. U. Barziza, captain Company C, 4th Texas Infantry. Owensville, Robertson County, Tex.

W. L. Sibley, lieutenant Company K, 25th Regiment Louisiana Volunteers. Lake Providence, La.

Ben Griffin, captain Company F, 1st Texas Legion. Clarksville, Tex.

Archie Perkins, captain Company C, 14th Regiment Virginia Infantry. Palmyra, Va.

John W. Wireman, captain Company G, 14th Tennessee Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade. Gallatin, Tenn.

A. W. McConnell, captain 15th Tennessee Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade. Captured February 22, 1863. Hartsville, Tenn.

J. J. Ragar, second lieutenant, Company B, 15th Tennessee

Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade. South Union, Logan County, Ky.

John. W. Burton, captain Company E, 6th Alabama Infantry. Montgomery, Ala.

John H. Moore, lieutenant Company H, Tennessee Regiment. Clarksville, Tenn.

Bob H. Hand (in place of name spelled a hand is drawn), lieutenant Company A. Charlotte, N. C.

W. S. Moore, captain Company H, 14th Tennessee Regiment. Clarksville, Tenn.

(Concluded in May number.)

BRAVERY AND COWARDICE IN BATTLE.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Everybody admires bravery, even when displayed by an enemy. The old Romans considered it the highest of all virtues. Cæsar, in his "Commentaries on the Gallic War," after he had almost been defeated by the Nervians, a tribe of the Belgians, says, "The Belgians are the bravest of all the Gauls," and attributed this to the fact that they were farthest removed from civilizing influences, which he thought had a tendency to weaken their martial spirit. But in this I cannot say that he is correct, for I have seen it in men of the greatest refinement and culture. Some seem to be brave by nature, while others in time of anger show by their conduct that they are absolutely wanting in this noble characteristic. But this rule will not always hold good, for I have seen men, who had allowed their fears to control their actions on some occasions, prove by their conduct at other times to be heroes; and others whom I had known to be courageous, have become utterly demoralized when there was little danger.

I have in mind now a brave soldier of my regiment, who had faced danger on the battle field time and again and always performed his part nobly. He was an honorable man and not afraid of one enemy in a personal affair or any number of them, yet on a certain occasion, when our army was outflanked and routed, though he fought to the last, when he saw that all was lost, he threw away his gun and other equipment, his coat, his hat, and when he passed me in his flight, was trying to get out of his shirt also. I remember other men of the regiment who were considered brave at home, and the marks on their bodies showed the scars of numerous personal conflicts. These men, under the influence of liquor, were brave and always ready for a fight. They seemed to like it and always spoiling for it, but when called on to charge the enemy on the battle field, they could not face the music. They were the biggest cowards in the army. Perhaps a little liquor just then would have given them some stamina. But I have known this remedy to have a bad effect on some who happened to have it, and caused them to expose themselves unnecessarily and suffer the consequence. We did not have it and did not need it; we had a greater stimulant to our courage—the consciousness that we were fighting for our homes and everything we held sacred; but our enemy, I am sure, employed it as a means to hearten their men in the Wilderness campaign. I am certain of this fact from the appearance of their dead, the faces of which were as black as a negro, while those of the dead Confederates were pale and natural. Many of the prisoners captured had small flasks of the stuff on their persons.

I remember on May 10, 1864, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, two days before the big battle there, the fighting lasted all day. The Confederates had very temporary breastworks as protection from the heavy lines assaulting them, but they managed to drive back every charge, although they came in massed formation, until after sunset, when the Confederates were busy

preparing their evening meal behind the works, supposing the fighting over for the day. Gordon's Brigade was held in reserve that day, and when the enemy broke through the line we had just been removed some distance from the place. We were trotted back in great haste and thrown into battle without taking time to form to drive back the enemy and recover the captured works. This we did after a short but hot engagement. Although we opened on them at short range with a deadly fire that brought many of them down, the rest stood their ground and refused to move an inch—too drunk to see danger. We had to beat them back over the works with the butts of our guns.

The next morning I noticed the difference in the appearance of the dead that I have already mentioned, and on other occasions.

When we were encamped at Savannah in 1861 and 1862, our principal occupations was drilling on the beautiful parade ground in front of our encampment. Our officers selected a tall, middle-aged man for regimental color bearer. He was well drilled, and I often noticed how grandly he carried himself and our regimental colors, thinking how he would lead if we should ever be thrown into battle. But when that event did take place, he wilted, I saw him hand the standard which he had borne so long and gallantly over our heads to another's hands and retire. I never saw him again.

These color sergeants were men of wonderful bravery. They were selected for that dangerous leadership because they could be depended on in any emergency, and I always thought they were the most important men in their regiments and deserved more than anyone else. Sometimes we had several of them killed in a single engagement. I shall always remember brave Jim Ivey, color bearer of our regiment (31st Georgia), how nobly he acted in trying to rally our men when we were surrounded at break of day May 12, at Spotsylvania. A few of us rallied around him and fought while he waved his colors and encouraged us to fight until there was no hope. What became of him I do not know, for I never saw him afterwards.

There was a boy in my regiment who had been in every engagement up to September 19, 1864, when we fought Sheridan's big army at Winchester, Va. He had never been sick or wounded and was an ideal soldier. On that occasion he was carrying our colors. We had been fighting desperately from about eleven o'clock in the morning until sunset, when we had either charged the enemy or repulsed every charge; but finally our supply of ammunition was exhausted, and General Gordon mounted his horse and ordered us to "fall back, but not to run." We all started at the same time to leave the stone fence behind which we had been lying, and had not gone more than a hundred yards when I heard a ball strike some one to my right. Turning in that direction, I saw Jim Graham lying down on his face, with the colors by his side. Captain Miller, our only officer of that rank then left, called for some one to pick up the colors and carry them out, but as no one responded, he and I came to the rescue. As I reached down to pick them up in a shower of balls from the enemy, now at close quarters, he grabbed the flag and told me to get Jim on foot and bring him out. This I did with the greatest difficulty, for he was larger and heavier than I and, in the greatest danger of being killed, I finally succeeded in getting him to a place of safety.

I never saw Jim again until a few years ago at the Confederate reunion at Macon, Ga., when we happened by the merest chance to recognize each other. He threw his arms around me and wept for joy, and told me his experience after I left him; how he was hauled half dead in an ambulance to New Market, Va., where he was considered too far gone to

recover for service and turned over by the Yankee doctor to our surgeon, and his final arrival at home.

Our people in the South entertained mistaken notions that Northern soldiers were not as brave as our own men. We had many brave men in the Confederate army, and there were none better; the only difference was in the composition of the armies. The Federal army had in its ranks a great many foreigners, who had no interest in the struggle, mercenaries who were fighting only for pay. I have seen their officers, real Americans, display the most reckless bravery on the battle field to encourage their men to fight. One occasion I will mention. In the battle of Winchester a few of us private soldiers from different commands were cut off and surrounded on three sides, but held the right wing of the army against every assault until near night. We were in a desperate situation where we had to make every cartridge count or be wiped out of existence by the overwhelming forces of the enemy. Every time they charged our weak line we drove them back to the cover of the woods by our accurate fire, where their officers rallied them and encouraged them by their example to try us again, only to meet the same fate.

How many dodgers and cowards they had among them I cannot say, but I know we had some in our own ranks who preferred to skulk and be considered cowardly rather than to face the music and the danger of being killed. There was a certain fellow of this kind in our regiment—a natural coward, just could not fight. I felt sorry for him, for I didn't love to do it myself. When General Lee went to meet Hooker at Chancellorsville, he left a few brigades at and near Fredericksburg to hold Sedgwick in check until he could finish that job, but after considerable fighting the two brigades holding the heights overlooking the town were outflanked, outnumbered, and scattered. Sedgwick then set out to strike Lee's army in the rear, but was hindered by a few men in front of him and our brigade in his rear. Early in the morning of the last day of the fighting, our regiment was deployed in skirmish formation in front of the brigade and the artillery, with a wide open field in front. A quarter of a mile beyond was a thick forest of timber, in which it was supposed the enemy had a line of infantry awaiting us. Our colonel was behind us and could see how every man carried himself, and noticing this fellow dropping back, and knowing his habit of dodging, he called him by name, and told him if he did not take his proper place in the line and do his duty like a man, he would have him shot. We were soon in the woods and this man had an opportunity to slip out, and was not seen any more that day.

Another case I will mention. In my company at Savannah, in 1861, there was a good-looking young fellow who might have been a good soldier if he hadn't lacked one very essential virtue. A false alarm one night so frightened him that he disappeared from among us somehow and went home. No effort was made to bring him back, and he joined a cavalry company, I suppose, because he thought if he ever met the enemy he would have the means of making his way to the rear as fast as possible. He was very successful in this for a long time, until complaint was made to the colonel of the regiment by the other men, who thought he ought to be made to share with them the dangers of battle. The next day, for Wheeler was fighting now every day, the colonel had two men to advance with him in battle, one on each side, with orders to shoot him if he made any attempt to dodge out. One of these men told me he never was so sorry for anyone in his life. He was pale as a corpse and half dead from fright. After this he honestly told his comrades that he just could not fight, but would willingly do any other duty they gave him to perform. Knowing this to be true, they all generously let him off. After

the war was over, he was given to telling about his wonderful deeds of bravery in the army.

At Sharpsburg the Confederate army was in a desperate situation, and nothing but desperate courage saved it from total destruction. Every man in the army was conscious of this fact and acted his part accordingly. It would be impossible to mention every deed of heroism of every individual, but one instance will suffice as an example. In the third assault on our thin line that morning made by fresh troops, our brigade, now under command of Col. Marcellus Douglas, was forced to give ground. Looking back, he saw the colors of his regiment (13th Georgia) lying on the ground in a depression in front of the enemy's advancing line. He called to a boy soldier of his command, in whose bravery he had great confidence, and asked him if he could save the flag from falling into the hands of the enemy. The boy replied that he would try, dashed down in the face of the enemy, and snatched up the flag, now only a few feet in front of the enemy, and bore it away in safety, though he received two severe wounds that incapacitated him for service for a long time. Several men had already been shot down carrying these colors that day, and in a few minutes the Colonel, who was suffering the loss of much blood from seven wounds, received another which put an end to his life.

Surrounded as we were at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, where we all thought there was no hope for any of us to escape, I saw men exhibit the most sublime courage. Every man had the protection of a big oak, or other tree, such as it afforded, against the enemy firing on us from three directions. Here some of our men lost all sense of fear and stepped out in the open, in full view of the enemy, and loading and shooting deliberately regardless of the pitiless shower of balls, cutting the ground around them, until they tumbled over dead. Brave comrades! I took a last hasty glance at their forms, lying crumpled up, as the remnant of us made our hasty dash for escape. They might have been as fortunate as we, and have lived to defend their country and its cause to the end, if they had not despaired.

Where now are my brave comrades of Gordon's Brigade—made up of the 12th Georgia Battalion, the 13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st Regiments. I should like to hear from every one of them now living.

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF BEVERLY, W. VA.

BY THOMAS J. ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

Of the memorable events that occurred in Randolph County, Va. (now W. Va.), during the War between the States, was the fight at Beverly in the early morning of January 11, 1865, when Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, in command of some three hundred Confederates, attacked the Federal force stationed there, consisting of the 8th and 34th Ohio regiments under the command of Col. Robert Youart, of the 8th Ohio. The fight, which was the last one in Randolph County, with the exception of a minor engagement a month or two later, hardly lasted longer than a half hour, and was a complete Confederate success. The Federals, such as were not captured, retreated fighting through the streets of Beverly and across the bridge on the road leading to Buckhannon, and which the Confederates burned immediately following the fight, the river at the time not being fordable.

As there seems to be no official report of this action from the Confederate side, the subjoined letter from a friend, Mr. Cornelius B. Hite, now of Washington, D. C., who was with General Rosser on that occasion, is not only interesting but valuable. The Federals had dog huts for winter quarters

located between the Main Street at the north end of the town and the near-by foothills to the east, and which latter were fortified with trenches and abatis. The attack was a complete surprise. The cold was intense—zero weather. The Confederates had traveled in a drenching rain the preceding day, and their overcoats, being wet through, were frozen stiff, the capes rattling like boards. There were several Randolph County men with Rosser, who, being familiar with all of the local roads, streams, and bypaths, rendered valuable service as guides. One of them, Archibald Earle, piloted them to his home just south of Beverly, where his brothers were then living and from whom the very pleasing information was obtained that the Federal officers were at that very time enjoying themselves at a dance in Beverly at the Leonard Hotel, owned and conducted by a sister of the said Earle; and the further information that the Federal officers were generally quartered at the hotels and private residences in town; and who, presumably, when the hour for the contemplated attack should arrive, would be found sound asleep at the several places where domiciled. The understanding at the time was that Rosser captured some eight hundred prisoners. Many of these later escaped, being rather carelessly guarded. Some five hundred and eighty prisoners, however, were later turned in at Staunton. Of those who escaped was the Federal Commander, Colonel Youart. He had been stationed at Beverly quite a long time, and was so uniformly kind-hearted and considerate in his treatment of citizens of Southern sentiments, so at variance with that generally accorded them by other Federal commanders of the post, that there was general regret at Colonel Youart's capture; and when he escaped, supposedly effected through some Southern assistance, there was general satisfaction. The letter referred to follows. The writer was a close observer and very accurate in his memory.

"Early in January, 1865, while we were in winter quarters near the McDowell battle field (Highland County, Va.), Gen. Thomas L. Rosser called for volunteers for an expedition to Beverly. His command consisted of his own brigade (the 7th, 11th, and 12th), Wickham's brigade (the 1st, 2nd, and 4th), and W. H. Payne's brigade (the 5th, 6th, and 8th), all Virginia regiments. About three hundred men responded to this call from the several regiments named, including a few from the 18th and 62nd Virginia regiments, whose homes were in Randolph County. We started on January 9, 1865, on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, via Monterey, for the top of the Alleghenies, where we arrived about dusk. There was a deep snow on the ground, and it was mild. There were a few houses and an old frame church, which sheltered my company that night from the torrential rain that fell during the entire night; while my cousin and I were taken care of at Colonel Morgan's headquarters, where we lay on the floor before a comfortable wood fire. It stopped raining about dawn, and was still mild, and we soon started down the western slope; and did not see a human habitation for twenty miles. We forded two or three deep streams in the mountains that afternoon. In passing over Cheat Mountain we were in a thunderstorm with enough rain to wet our overcoats somewhat, but the rain changed to snow and made us look ghostlike in the dark. We reached the foot of the mountain after dark, where was the first house we had seen since leaving the top. After the thunderstorm, a fierce, bitter north wind arose, and sent the temperature rapidly down toward zero. Our direction was north, and right in the face of the wind. I thought I would perish from the cold; but my cousin and I, by taking turns in dismounting

and running along to keep up with our command, each in his turn leading the other's horse, managed to keep from being frostbitten. After leaving the top of the Alleghenies that day, we did not stop for anything till about midnight, when we reached a place owned by a family named Earle, a short distance south of Beverly. As well as I could tell (in the night), we were following the foothills of the mountains on the east (or right hand) side of Tygart's Valley, traveling north toward Beverly. After stopping at the Earle place long enough to feed and rest, we again traveled on fast on a road east of Beverly, and down Dotson Run toward Beverly, which we reached about an hour, perhaps, before day; and we came out of the woods some two hundred yards north of the Yankee camp, and close to the Philippi Pike. As the crunching of the frozen snow under our horses feet attracted the attention of a sentinel on the pike, he called out, 'Who goes there?' and one of our boys (nearest to him) replied 'A friend,' whereupon the guard ran down the declivity there toward us, and we took him in without firing a shot. My cousin (Isaac Fontaine Hite, of Frederick County, Va.) and I were not with our company, but with the advance, because our horses had broken down, and we were afoot part of the way; and to get remounted, we got with the advance; and we were all dismounted and fought as infantry, except my company, which had not arrived, because they approached Beverly on a different road (Files' Creek road).

"My cousin and I—and a third man, whom I did not know—attacked the first huts facing the Philippi road. My cousin and the third man got four Yankees out of the first hut, and I got three out of the second, fearing all the time there was another Yankee left in the hut. These men were turned over to the third man to take back to the officer in charge of prisoners. It was then that my cousin, who approached the third hut, bidding the inmates to surrender, was shot. I was about eight feet from him, and just turning to go toward him. He turned and uttered a terrific yell, and ran to me and groaned in reply to my question if he was much hurt. I am sure he was killed almost instantly, the bullet having entered his right breast, passing diagonally on. He had a fine record as a soldier all through the war; and Rosser used him in 1864 as a scout until he resigned, his plea being that his horse was too much run down, but really because he disliked Rosser. We both were members of Company D (better known as the Clarke Cavalry), 6th Virginia Regiment. It was still dark, and I stood over my cousin wondering what to do next. I then took a position, pistol in hand, watching the doorway of the third hut. While so engaged, a man came running by, saying that General Rosser wanted every man to come at once to a certain place. However, I stopped the man and got him to help me to take my cousin back where I could get a surgeon. Just as we were lifting him from the ground, a shot came from the hut in which I had taken three Yankees. So, evidently there was a man there. He shot my unknown companion through the leg, a flesh wound. We got away from that dangerous location, I going a short distance with my friend, when I stopped to decide what to do next. About this time two men came along carrying a wounded man and asked me to help them; and we carried him into a house on the Philippi Pike. I asked the man his name, and he replied: 'Payne.' I tried to cheer him; and presently left him with his comrades. I learned that he died soon thereafter. It turned out he was a near relative of Judge John Barton Payne, who was prominent in Mr. Wilson's administration and was recently appointed by Mr. Harding on a commission to Mexico to confer with Obregon on recognition by the United States.

My recollection is there were other wounded men in the house where we took Payne. After this I returned to my cousin. When nearly at this place, I discovered three Yankees trying to escape, but I overtook them and brought them back. I also entered the hut (I confess I did so with fear and trembling) from which the Yankee had shot, and captured a Yankee in it.

"Now for some incidents. A soldier named Theodore Hodgson (belonging to the 11th Regiment, and whom I knew) told me he had had a unique experience. He said he determined to go in one of the huts and ducked his head quickly and 'budded in.' A Yankee shot as he did so, and blew his hat off, but did not hurt him. The four Yankees who were inside took him prisoner, and held him until his comrades rescued him. As my company was riding toward Beverly that morning on the Files' Creek road, they met Colonel Youart, the colonel of one of the two Ohio regiments, and commander of the post, and captured him; but he escaped that night, I was told. Other officers were taken, but how many I do not now recall. Not Willis, of my company (a son of Hite Willis, of Jefferson County, W. Va.), was on horseback, and a Yankee shot at him, the bullet striking the side of his boot. Willis then shot at the Yankee, who fell down, and then got up and ran into a house. Among the wounded was Colonel Cook, of the 8th Cavalry, leg broken; Lieutenant Howerson, of the 6th Cavalry, collarbone broken. I understood that they were left at Beverly. I did not see them, but was told of this. I have always understood we had something like eight hundred prisoners, but whether this was guesswork or actual count, I do not know.

"We camped the first night out from Beverly about eight or ten miles, I think. The next day we marched some twelve or fifteen miles farther. That night I was on guard with about sixty of us in all, and we were camped in a meadow on the left of the road. We feared the Yankees had a notion to try to overpower us and get away, so we had strict orders to shoot if they collected in a group and would not disperse when ordered; but we had no trouble. It was a severely cold night, and we broke camp about 3 A.M. and marched with the prisoners thirty miles that day, it was said. I was relieved from guard duty about ten o'clock that night, and saw no more of the prisoners.

There was a singular coincidence in connection with this raid. A man from New York State walked into my office (here) some twenty-five years ago in search of some information; said he had been in the United States army and there was only one Southern man that he disliked, who he said was General Rosser. Upon my asking why, he said he was captured at Beverly and had paid a Confederate to let him ride a horse awhile on the march back; and presently an officer came along and asked him what he was doing on that horse? He replied: 'I am riding.' Whereupon he was ordered down. I said: 'Well, if you hadn't been so funny, perhaps Rosser wouldn't have dismounted you.' He replied: 'I reckon that's so.' I then told him I was in a measure responsible for his unpleasant experience, being one of the raiders. He then said: 'Some of you boys got my boots and coat.' I asked how that happened; and he said: 'The rebel yell woke us up early, and as I was going out of the door, with my boots in one hand and coat in the other, a Johnny said; "Give me those boots," and another one said: "Give me that coat."'

"In conclusion, I will add that we destroyed the entire Yankee camp with fire and sword (so to say), with the exception of the three huts where my cousin was killed, these being a little removed from the main body of huts. The

three men I captured trying to get away, and a Yankee lying beside the Philippi Pike, with his brains shot out were the four men in the hut whence came the shot that killed my cousin, I am pretty sure, for they were not over twenty to thirty yards from it. Before leaving Beverly, I made arrangements with an undertaker to bury my cousin and mark the grave. In the latter part of November, 1865, I returned, via Clarksburg, recovered the body, and brought it back to Frederick County, Va., and buried it in the Hite Cemetery at Long Meadows, near the old home. Colonel Despard, of Clarksburg, was of much assistance in securing transportation on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which had orders at that time not to transport dead bodies."

The only Confederate report of record, it would seem, of this engagement, is a brief note from General Lee to the Secretary of War, under date of January 15, 1865, as follows:

"General Early reports that Rosser, at the head of three hundred men, surprised and captured the garrison at Beverly on the 11th instant, killing and wounding a considerable number and taking five hundred and eighty prisoners. His loss slight."

In Waddell's "Journal," at page 265, it is stated: "The prisoners captured by Rosser at Beverly, six hundred or seven hundred, were sent off (from Staunton) by railroad to-day."

What seems remarkable is that Rosser, with but three hundred soldiers, would undertake an expedition in the midst of winter over continuous high mountain ranges, often impossible from deep snow drifts, against a fortified army post eighty miles distant, occupied by nearly two regiments, numbering some twelve or fifteen hundred veteran soldiers. The result places Rosser alongside of Forrest in his most daring and successful expeditions, and which certainly would have won the heart of that noted leader.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE SOUTH TO THE CIVILIZATION OF MISSOURI.

[Essay by Mrs. George D. Baxter, of Springfield, Mo., for which she was given a prize by the Missouri Division, U. D. C.]

Missouri owes her very existence to the South, for, in spite of the persistent and concerted opposition from the New England States, Thomas Jefferson succeeded in putting over one of the greatest real estate deals the world has ever known by purchasing thousands and thousands of fertile acres, mountains of minerals, rivers of gold and pearls, to say nothing of the oil which gushes from underneath the earth, for the pitiful sum of \$15,000,000. Missouri was included in this vast territory, and her territory was explored, settled, expanded, and developed by the people from Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, and the Carolinas. Those hardy pioneers were the descendants of the pioneers who came to America in the good ships *Sarah Constant*, *Goodspeed*, and *Discovery*, landed at Jamestown, May 13, 1607, settled in the fertile valley along the James River, and had conquered enough of the perils and hardships of the New World as to have shipped 50,000 tons of tobacco to England before the *Mayflower* had ever thought of starting on her journey! It was this successful settlement that inspired and made it possible for the Pilgrim Fathers to come and saved them from starvation in 1622 by the timely arrival of two ships from Jamestown, which furnished them with provisions.

These Missouri settlers, like their forefathers, were large of physique, keen-eyed, sure shots, and born soldiers. They

fought Indians, hunted the wild animals, hewed the wilderness, and mined her minerals.

The South contributed to Missouri her two greatest explorers, Clark and Lewis, who carried their explorations as far west as the Columbia River. Virginia and Kentucky gave her her four territorial governors—Wilkerson, Lewis, Howard, and Clark. Clark's administration was noted for the wonderful progress the Territory made along every line. The counties increased from five to fifteen, the Southerners continued to pour in, and the population more than trebled. Frederick Bates, of Virginia, served as secretary under all the territorial governors, and was the author of the first book published west of the Mississippi River. During the Spanish period very few schools were established, but the territorial period founded many seminaries and private schools, which were supported by contributions, mostly from Southern men. C. A. Phillips says the South had a great influence in the development of the public schools, and that the largest single influence came through the ideas of Thomas Jefferson. He believed profoundly that the State should be responsible for the education of all citizens. His theory embraced a complete system of education from the primary grades to the university. It may be said that his ideas were incorporated most thoroughly in the elaborate scheme of the Geyer Act, which was passed in 1839, and which made very definite provision for the State University, and James Rollins, then the State's greatest educator, and a Virginian, was called the "Father" of it. A school for the deaf and one for the blind were established in 1851. Six of the schools out of the ten that are now members of the College Union had been chartered before 1860. Great improvements had been made along all lines in public education up to this time, when the War between the States disorganized and demoralized not only the schools, but every institution that contributed to civilization; but, in spite of these difficulties, Missouri to-day, according to the United States educational commissioner, ranks sixth educationally.

There were five newspapers being published in the Territory before 1820, and all the important Protestant Churches had been firmly established. Missouri owes a great debt of gratitude to the Southern Baptist and Methodist itinerants, for no State or nation can become great or civilized without the teachings of the Bible. These devout men labored long and faithfully with little or no remuneration, and built the foundation on which her progress and civilization was based. In 1806, Daniel Green, a native of Kentucky, organized the first Protestant and the first Baptist Church in Missouri. It was located at Cape Girardeau. To-day there are one thousand eight hundred and sixty Baptist Churches in the State. Only two of them send their missionary funds to the Northern Association, which indicates the graft of the Southern twig.

Missouri's struggle for Statehood lasted for over three years. Those who fought so bitterly her purchase and who, in the war of 1812, laid down their arms and refused to fight (while the brave Southern pioneers of Missouri, with Missouri bullets, won the war), with their characteristic, arrogant domineering, presumed to try to dictate the terms on which this great Territory should enter the Union. Missouri to a man resisted their unconstitutional restrictions, and the Southern congressmen upheld her in her attitude. Finally, Henry Clay's famous "Missouri Compromise" ushered her into the Union.

The South gave Missouri her first constitution. Out of the forty-one men elected to the convention, and called the Fathers of Missouri, all but five were born in the South.

The South furnished her first two United States Senators, Barton and Benton. Barton was chairman of the constitutional convention, and was said to have written the most of it. Benton served in the Senate for thirty years, and no doubt his influence had more to do with the making and shaping of Missouri's history than any other man. He stood for sound money, therefore, no wildcat bank was ever chartered or wildcat currency issued. He was an author, and two of his books, "Thirty Years in the United States Senate" and "An Abridgment of the Debates in Congress up to the Year 1856," are of inestimable value. Edwin Bates, a Virginian, was Missouri's first Attorney General of the United States, and was the first man west of the Mississippi River to hold a cabinet office. Lewis Linn, of Kentucky, was called the "Model Senator" from Missouri. He was the promoter of the Platte Purchase, out of which six new counties were formed. When other nations were laughing and thinking the great Iron Mountains of Missouri a joke, he had two tons of the iron sent to France, where the scientists pronounced it of superior quality. Thus he advertised the great resources of Missouri.

Other Southerners who contributed to the civilization of Missouri were James Green, one of the great leaders in the United States Senate. It was said of him that no one could surpass him as a reasoner or excell him as an orator. David Atchison, the far-seeing, upright, public-spirited Senator who had the unique experience of being the President of the United States for one day, was the Missourians' leader in the Kansas-Missouri border troubles, and he served with the Missouri troops for the Confederacy. John Brooks Henderson served two terms in the Missouri legislature, and formed railroad and banking laws for the State which are the foundation of our present system. He wrote the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, and this amendment, and not Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, set the Negro free. When Missouri was requested to place two statues in the Hall of Fame, she did not hesitate to select two Southern-born men, Thomas Benton and Frank P. Blair. Austen, a Virginian, sank the first mining shaft ever sunk, according to European practices, in Missouri. Gen. W. W. Ashley, also a Virginian, was her first surveyor general and her first saltpeter manufacturer. Duff Green, of Kentucky, established her first mail stage line. The parents of James B. Eads, Missouri's most remarkable engineer and inventor, and of international fame, were from Old Virginia. He invented a diving bell, with which cargoes of sunken steamers were recovered; he built the first glass factory in Missouri; he made it possible for boats to run in safety by an invention which removed rocks and snags from the rivers, thereby saving hundreds of lives and thousands of dollars. Eads's bridge at St. Louis is a lasting monument to his memory. Who was her greatest artist but Bingham, a Virginian and a colonel in the Union army? He pleaded with General Ewing not to carry out "Order No. 11," making war on old men, women, and children. On Ewing's refusal, he told him he would paint a picture that would defame him in all history, and all have seen copies of his famous picture, "Order No. 11, or Martial Law." Fourteen years after the picture was painted, General Schofield had published in newspapers a long article in defense of Ewing, even assuming part of the blame himself. Bingham made such a spirited reply that he not only blackened Ewing the more, if possible, but the controversy brought out that the higher officers were as uncivilized and inhuman as were their under officers. Who represents her in literature but the incomparable Mark Twain, born of Southern parents? He is honored not only

in his own country, but national holidays are given in his honor in some of the foreign countries. Nathan Kouns, who served in the Confederate army all during the war, wrote "Arius, the Libyan," and Walter Stevens says that "after thirty-nine years, Kouns is coming into his own." The book is being republished and is now considered a classic. One reviewer says: "'Arius, the Libyan' has all the thrilling imagery of 'Ben Hur' and 'Quo Vadis,' with the same intensely dramatic features."

It has been said that "to be best in painting the vanished life of one's native land is to have reached the inner circle of greatness." Mrs. Stanley did not paint "Order No. 11" on canvas, but with her pen gave a most graphic description of the heartrending scenes caused by the order. And our great historian, Sneed, of whom McClure says, "His fight for Missouri is the best account we have of the war in Missouri," was Southern born.

When the dark hours of the War between the States came and these great Southerners had to make a choice, not all of them (the pity of it) chose to go with the State of their nativity, and the greatest men the Union had were Southern born. If it had not been for the fertile brains of those few misinformed, misguided Southerners, history would have told a different story. Champ Clark says: "The capture of Camp Jackson is slurred over in history, but it was the turning point in the war west of the Mississippi River, and it was the work of Frank Blair, the Kentuckian, the Missourian, and the slave owner, the leonine soldier, the patriotic statesman."

In 1862, Frank P. Blair resigned from the army and was elected to Congress, he said, to fight the unjust laws and for gradual emancipation. He refused to take the "ironclad" oath, and was called "an arrant rebel." He made the first Democratic speech in Missouri after the war, with two large navy revolvers lying on the table in front of him, and he toured the whole State. His life was attempted several times, and blood was shed on more than one occasion.

It was the courage of such men as Frank Blair and Gratz Brown that put an end to the reconstruction, or Bolshevik, period in Missouri. Blair was, no doubt, one of those misinformed, misguided Southerners, but if it had not been for these Union Missouri Southerners, the Confederates and their sympathizers in Missouri would have been annihilated.

But the South also contributed to Missouri some of the greatest generals in the Confederacy, among them Sterling Price, Jo Shelby, Martin Green, John Marmaduke, and others, and the Southerners in Missouri, if it had been possible, would have contributed generously and bountifully from her great resources to the Confederacy.

As late as 1850, the total number of white people living in Missouri, and born in the South, was 172,450, as compared to 15,663 from the other States. Their public buildings, such as the State capitol and State university, were modeled after the capitol at Richmond, Va., and their homes after those of the South. Even for their furniture and needlework models from Virginia were used. At the end of the reconstruction period, and the radicals with their disenfranchising Drake constitution and diabolical "ironclad" oath were overthrown, these Southern-born Missourians were again put in power, where they and their descendants have continued to contribute the most brilliant pages in the history of Missouri.

Francis Cockrell, whose fighting Missouri brigade was noted throughout the States during the war, represented Missouri in the United States Senate for thirty years. George Graham Vest, known as the "Little Giant from Missouri,"

represented Missouri in the Confederate Senate, then was United States Senator from Missouri for twenty-four years. Richard Bland, or "Silver Dick," as he was called, was considered authority on matters pertaining to money not only in America, but in Europe; and the great Champ Clark, known as the youngest college president in America, was the second man from the West to be Speaker of the House. He was author of Missouri's anti-trust statute and Missouri's Australian ballot law, and only missed the nomination for President of the United States on the Democratic ticket by one-sixth of a vote.

Of the thirty governors of Missouri to date, two-thirds of them were born in the South, and, with only two or three exceptions, the rest of them were of Southern parentage.

In the World War Missouri was represented by such men as General Pershing, at the head of the American Expeditionary Forces in France; Admiral Robert Coontz, who rose from rank to rank until to-day he holds the most important and responsible position in the United States navy; Wallace Crosley, Missouri's Federal Fuel Administrator; David Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; William Stone, Chairman of the Foreign Nations Committee; Breckinridge Long, in the State Department; David Francis and Hugh Wallace, ambassadors, respectively, to Russia and France; with Erving Bland serving as United States Marshal for the Western District of Missouri.

Thus we might continue to relate the wonderful contributions of the South to Missouri, and she may well be proud of her famous adopted Southern sons and daughters. With these citations, suffice to say that the South has given to Missouri her most eminent men and women, and some of the most courageous, eloquent, and greatest leaders ever sent by any State to the United States Senate; she has contributed her most renowned authors and artists, her journalists, reformers, and scientists of worth, and she has given her educators, philanthropists, architects, and inventors whose work will live.

A STORY OF TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

BY MRS. SAMUEL POSEY, PECOS, TEX.

On the stagecoach between Austin and Brenham, Tex., in March of the fateful year 1861, three delegates, returning from the secession convention, were discussing the prospects of war. Believing an invasion imminent, and to repel it the duty of every man in the South able to bear arms, they determined to offer themselves to President Davis and to set about raising troops for the field.

These men were Frank Terry, wealthy sugar planter of Fort Bend County, frank, generous, and courtly, a typical Southerner of ante-bellum times; Tom Lubbock, a commission merchant of Houston; and John Wharton, planter and lawyer, of Brazoria.

Terry and Lubbock hurried overland to Montgomery, Ala., but Wharton set about getting his men together and soon raised Company B of the Rangers.

In the meantime Terry and Lubbock had rushed on to Virginia just as Major General Scott received orders to push his columns on to Richmond. They reported to General Longstreet and served with distinction on his staff during the first battle of Manassas. It was Colonel Terry, with his unerring rifle, who severed the halliards and thus lowered the Federal flag floating over the courthouse, and who also secured a large Federal garrison flag which had been designed by the Yankees to unfurl over the Confederate entrenchments at Manassas.

For their gallant services during this battle both Terry and Lubbock were commissioned, with orders to recruit a regiment of skilled horsemen for immediate service. No Highland toreh ever gathered Scottish elan more quickly than did this call to muster young planters, professional men, merchants, the "kid-glove gentry" of the old South. In less than thirty days one hundred men each had reported at Houston, been sworn in for as long as the war should last, and were on their way to join the long gray line amid the "God speed you" of sweethearts and wives.

At New Orleans, Terry received a letter from Albert Sidney Johnston requesting that the Rangers report to him at Bowling Green, Ky., where he was recruiting an army, and promising that while under him they should be an independent command. A vote was taken and the voice was for Kentucky. About the middle of November, Terry reported to General Johnston at Bowling Green.

"Early in December Colonel Terry was ordered to the Louisville pike to join a small force of infantry under General Hindman," said Major Littlefield. "At Woodsonville, December 17, 1861, the Rangers made their first charge.

"The main body of the Federal army was lying at Camp Wood on the Green River. Colonel Willieh, with a regiment of German troops, had been sent across to test the strength of the Confederates, and had deployed his men behind fences, haystacks, and trees near the river. Colonel Terry had instructions from General Hindman to decoy the enemy up the hill, so that he could use his infantry and artillery with effect. Leaving General Hindman several miles in the rear, Terry came upon the Federal pickets early in the morning.

"Ordering Captain Ferrell to take half the regiment and move to the right of the enemy, he, with the other half, marched rapidly to the left. A deep railroad cut divided the two commands until they reached an open field, where, at a given signal, they charged headlong at the foe. Colonel Terry, on the left, riding at the head of his seventy-five Rangers, led them against three hundred of the Federals behind their defenses, routed, and drove them back, and fell mortally wounded.

"General Hardee's official report says of the Rangers: 'Colonel Terry was killed in the moment of victory. His regiment deplores the loss of a brave commander, the army one of its ablest officers.'

"Some days after the Confederates captured a Federal scout, and among his papers was a letter which said:

"'The Texas Rangers are as quick as lightning. They ride like Arabs, shoot like archers at a mark, and fight like devils.'

"Lubbock was unanimously elected to fill Terry's place, but died of typhoid fever soon after, and John A. Wharton, captain of Company B, was made the Ranger's colonel.

"General Albert Sidney Johnston now began his retreat toward Corinth, Miss., going by way of Nashville, Murfreesboro, and Shelbyville into Corinth. The two commanding officers of Terry's Texas Rangers being away on duty, shortly after we reached Corinth, I was placed in command. The battle of Shiloh followed, that bloody, terrible fight, in which many men were killed, and the South lost one of its ablest leaders in the death of Albert Sidney Johnston.

"For some reason, after the battle of Shiloh our captain resigned, the first lieutenant was put in his place, and I was made lieutenant. On May 10, Captain Houston, with the 1st Kentucky Cavalry and a detachment of the Rangers, was ordered to cut off the enemy's retreat on the Elk River. We had a sharp fight near a railroad bridge, and Captain Harris and five Rangers were killed.

"I was now placed in command of my regiment with the

rank of captain. On June 9, the Rangers, under the heaven-born cavalryman, N. B. Forrest, were brigaded with the 4th Tennessee. Up to this time we had been an independent command, as General Johnston had promised.

"Forrest now began the forward movement, and, like Stonewall Jackson, was always an unknown quantity to the enemy, cutting his line of communication to-day, and tomorrow destroying his supplies miles away. Dashing into wagon trains, capturing arms and ammunition, much-needed medicine stores, he played havoc with the blue coats.

"The 4th Tennessee Regiment was commanded by Capt. Paul Anderson, and was known to the army as 'Paul's People,' not because they had met the Lord in the highway and been converted, but because the captain always called them 'My People.' This dashing young officer had all of Forrest's scorn for tactics, and as his volunteers were from 'Lebanon in the Cedars,' he christened them 'Cedar Snags.' His morning exercises were unique in the extreme. He would call his command thus:

"'Fall in, Cedar Snags!'

"'Double up on Jim Britton!'

"'Double up again!'

"'March!'

During a battle you could hear him yell;

"'Attention, Cedar Snags!'

"'Line up on Jim Britton.'

"'Charge!'

"In the gray light of the summer's dawn on July 13, 1862, twelve hundred gray-coated soldiers were before Murfreesboro, Col. John Wharton, riding at the head of the Terry Rangers. Lieutenant Weston was sent from our command to capture the pickets in our front without firing a gun. This order was obeyed promptly, then, like the surge of the sea, rose the sound of the hoof beats as we galloped into Murfreesboro behind Forrest and Wharton. By some mistake, only the Rangers had followed.

"Wharton, with his one hundred and twenty men, charged the infantry at the right of the town, and received a fierce repulse, in which he was slightly wounded, causing him to fall back. Forrest had charged the artillery on the left, and, on looking back, found only thirty Rangers behind him. He rushed back for his Georgians, and found himself lost in the town. Nothing daunted by this, he rode boldly up to a house and routed out a citizen, and at the point of his pistol made him mount behind him in his night clothes and pilot him to his men.

"He charged back to the relief of the Rangers, and with incomparable coolness began his strategy of 'bluff.' Marching his men around the courthouse, he sent a flag of truce to General Crittenden with a demand for complete surrender. Thinking that the whole of Bragg's army was upon him, Crittenden surrendered, and was muchly chagrined when he found how small a force had attacked him.

"The 19th of September, 1863, found us moving rapidly upon the left flank of the enemy toward Chickamauga. Rosecrans's army was distributed up and down the west side of Chickamauga Valley, Chickamauga Creek separating it from the Confederates. A two-day battle followed, and at the end of the second day the Confederates moved in one resistless wave, driving the Federals back to Missionary Ridge. Night fell with a brilliant moon. Longstreet ordered Wheeler to dash forward with his cavalry between Chattanooga and the enemy.

"I was ordered to go back over the battle field twelve miles and take possession of a ford, which we feared a brigade of Federals would cross and get in the rear of our army.

It was the most distressing ordeal of my career as a soldier to ride through that twelve miles of country where the guns of both North and South had mowed the ground like a giant reaper. Everywhere lay the wounded and the dying and the slain of both armies. The screams of the mangled artillery horses made the night hideous with their heart-rending appeal for relief, and the pitiful moans of those brave fellows who had fought so gallantly through that dreadful carnage made the tears flow from my eyes, and even to this day I cannot talk about it without great emotion.

"To reach the ford in question, we had to draw the fire of Colonel Avery's Georgians in order to let them know we were not Federals. We reached the ford at daylight and sent out a scouting party to locate the enemy's brigade of cavalry, and, just as we had anticipated, they were heading for the ford. They came up on the opposite side of Chickamauga Creek, and for an hour we skirmished back and forth, then General Wharton attacked them in the rear, capturing their wagon train, and the others fled to the hills.

"Now followed the battle of Lookout Mountain. As we crossed the Tennessee River fifty miles above Chattanooga, we captured the wagon train and ammunition intended for Rosecrans's army. We burned the supplies, killed what mules and horses we could not carry, and took fifteen hundred prisoners with us to McMinnville, Tenn. At Shelbyville we looted a ready-to-wear store and dressed ourselves in such style that we were considered the best-dressed regiment in the whole Confederate army.

"In the fight at Bardstown, Ky., in July, the Terry Rangers had engaged in the most desperate fight of their career.

"Thirty-five hundred Federal cavalry were between us and our army, but Wharton ordered us to charge them. Yelling and shooting, we rode toward them, and we made such a fierce demonstration they thought the whole Confederate army was upon them and ran like sheep. We captured seven hundred and fifty of the cavalry. Our next engagement was at Shell Mound; we had completely circled Rosecrans's army.

"We participated in the siege of Knoxville in December, 1863, and at the battle of Mossy Creek I received a wound which incapacitated me for further service, but it was the proudest day of my life when my commanding officer rode up and looked down upon me where I lay and said: 'I promote you to rank of major for gallantry upon the field.'"

[NOTE.—Major Littlefield has passed over the river and "rests with Lee and Jackson in the shade of the trees," but this was given me verbatim a short time before his death and should be preserved as valuable data coming from one of the most renowned sons of Texas.]

WHAT SHERMAN DID TO FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON IN FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

In turning back the pages of Fayetteville's history the arrival of Sherman's army here on Saturday, March 11, 1865, stands out as an event memorable for its destructiveness and terror to the inhabitants of this ancient town. Many stories have been handed down concerning Sherman's stay here, and a few leaves from history may be of interest to the younger generation.

Sherman was moving north from Columbia, S. C., with 755,000 men, entering North Carolina on March 6, moving in three columns to cross the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville, then the most important inland town of the State, the seat

of the Confederate arsenal, and a distributing point of supplies for the Confederate army.

Johnston's army met the Federals under Sherman early on the morning of March 10, at old Longstreet Church, about twelve miles west of Fayetteville, and there was staged a sharp skirmish between the two armies. This long-forgotten spot is on the Fort Bragg reservation, and has been reclaimed and marked by Gen. A. J. Bowley, the commandant. The Confederates proceeded toward Fayetteville, followed by the Federals, with this town as their objective.

On the morning of Saturday, the 11th of March, Sherman's army entered Fayetteville, a blue line appearing behind the breastworks, which formed the outer defense of the arsenal on Haymount. The main body of Sherman's army passed by in martial array, with flags flying, the field officers on horse-back riding at the head of the column, the soldiers proudly keeping step to the music of the bands, a grand military spectacle. Captain Duncan, commanding the scouts and mounted men of the Army of the Tennessee, headed the entering Federals. He was repulsed by Gen. Wade Hampton's cavalry and was taken prisoner, but, his party being reinforced by foragers, again attacked the town, which Mayor McLean was forced to surrender to prevent its being burned. General Slocumb's column immediately hoisted the United States flag over the Old Market House. A large flag was also swung across Hay Street in front of the Fayetteville Hotel, the headquarters of General Sherman. The Confederates, so outnumbered, were forced to retreat across the Cape Fear River, after brief skirmishes. To prevent the Federals from following at once, our men burned the historic Clarendon bridge.

Sherman remained five days in Fayetteville for the chief purpose of destroying the Confederate arsenal. Early on Monday morning the work of breaking down the walls of this arsenal began. Bars of railroad iron were suspended by chains from timbers set up in the shape of an X, and with these they battered down the walls. There were several such rams at work all around the buildings. When the walls were sufficiently weakened, the roof would fall in with a loud crash, the bands would strike up, and the men cheer as if they enjoyed the work of destruction.

After wrecking these fine buildings, they set fire to the entire arsenal, and the terrible work of destruction was complete. This beautiful place was the pride of Fayetteville, and its loss was a great grief to the people.

The arsenal, occupying over one hundred acres on Haymount, was begun by the United States government in 1838, and was a number of years in building. It comprised a group of handsome houses, with a tower of stone at the corners of each quadrangle, these being in exposed woodwork. A great wall, with a splendid gateway, which gave a view of beautiful lawns and shrubbery made it a most attractive place. After the capture of the arsenal by the Confederates in 1861, many thousands of arms were made here for the Confederate army, it supplying 37,000 muskets at the beginning of the war. Many relics from the arsenal are now in the U. D. C. Museum in the Old Market House.

The following incident shows the sentiment of the people for the arsenal. After it had been destroyed, a Yankee drummer strolled into Dr. Theodore Martine's house on Haymount with the Bible which had been taken from the corner stone of the arsenal! Having a little silver money, Dr. Martine bought the Bible from the soldier, though money was most precious then and the doctor scarcely knew where another meal would come from. This Bible is now in possession of J. D. Renner Pearce, of St. Petersburg, Fla., a

great nephew of Dr. Martine. Another of the drummers took the family Bible from a home here and, spreading it open on a mule's back, made off on it as a saddle!

In the midst of the excitement attending Sherman's entrance, the women, those ministering angels of the sixties, were caring for the wounded and dying who were brought into Fayetteville from the battle at Longstreet. Emergency hospitals were equipped, and, utterly regardless of self or personal suffering, these brave women soothed and comforted the dying amidst the destruction going on all around them. Some of these ministered to were Federal soldiers, though their men were devastating the homes of the women who were tenderly nursing them.

The town was overrun with blue coats. Private homes were occupied by Federal officers and their staffs, the first one taken as the Yankees came in on the Morganton road being the home of the James C. Dobbin family. It is said that General Blair, who occupied the home of Mr. William Haigh, on Dick Street, on leaving Fayetteville carried away Mr. Haigh's handsome law books, but left a note telling the owner (who was away) how greatly he appreciated them!

Fayetteville was a special object of hatred to Sherman's army, not only because of being the seat of the principal arsenal of the Confederacy, but on account of its invincible loyalty to the cause, and also because the Fayetteville *Observer* was the most influential Confederate newspaper south of Richmond, its editor, the first E. J. Hale, being a leading figure in the Confederacy. Fayetteville, therefore, suffered severely from the visit of Sherman, and it would take volumes to record the instances of destruction as told by the men and women of those times. Hundreds of poor women whose husbands were in the army, were left without work or means of gaining bread by the five cotton factories being burned to the ground, despite the pleas of several aged citizens to the invaders to save just one.

Besides the arsenal and the factories, the Fayetteville *Observer* building was burned, also the old Bank of North Carolina, eleven large warehouses, and a number of private dwellings in and around the town. At night the sky was lurid with the flames from burning homesteads, and, in the words of one of the terrified spectators, "It was what Hades would be like were its awful doors thrown open." A few people saved their provisions by hiding them, but before the Federals left they built a large fire in the street and poured on bag after bag of corn, burning up the bread from destitute women and children!

Sherman's reputation as a wrecker certainly was borne out in his visit to Fayetteville, and his route could be traced by devastation where happy homes once stood. Several of the older citizens were hung up by the thumbs (and one by his neck), in efforts to ascertain the whereabouts of hidden valuables.

Not even Cornwallis's army committed such pillage when camping here on the way from Guilford Courthouse.

Amidst the harrowing incidents of this visit of Sherman's army, there are amusing ones which show the spirit of these women of the sixties. Some of the officers, wishing to have a dinner party, borrowed (?) the dining room of an old lady. They invited her to sit down with them. We give an account of it in her own words:

"General," I said, "aren't you going to ask a blessing?"

"Well, madam, I don't know how. Will you do it for me?"

"So I asked a blessing and prayed a short prayer. I asked the Lord to turn their hearts away from their wickedness and make them go back to their homes and stop fighting us, and

everything I was afraid to tell the Yankees, I told the Lord, and they couldn't say a word!"

Another strong-minded lady of Fayetteville showed her Puritan ancestry. As her house was being plundered by Sherman's "bummers," she stood on her front doorstep and, with true Puritan fervor read, for the benefit of her unwelcome visitors, the one hundred and ninth Psalm, wherein the Psalmist commands the thought that the "days of the unmerciful be few" and their "names be blotted out."

In spite of the orders of destruction from headquarters, a few officers in Sherman's army are gratefully remembered by the women of Fayetteville to whom they showed courtesy and protection. One of our women recalls having seen Sherman and staff reviewing his troops from the Fayetteville Hotel balcony, as they were preparing to depart. On the evening of the 15th the Federals broke camp and crossed the Cape Fear River on a pontoon bridge.

So Sherman's army came and went, leaving behind devastation—industries in ruins, real estate dilapidated, land laid waste, and the numbness of despair paralyzing the people for a time.

But Fayetteville gradually reconstructed herself, arising bravely from misfortune. She now stands high in the industrial life of our progressive State, with only the memories of this terrible visit of Sherman's army in 1865.

HISTORY OF THE SUBMARINE.

Some time ago the Boston *Globe* interested itself in looking up the history of the submarine, according to which attempts at submarine navigation were made farther back than the Christian era. The following is summarized from the *Globe's* findings:

"Very ancient records make mention of an underwater galley invented by the Phœnicians. No less an authority than Aristotle vouches for the story that when Alexander the Great besieged Tyre he used diving bells to get some of his troops into the city.

"The Arabian historian, Bohaddin, says a military diver operated in the harbor of Ptolemais while that city was under siege. This was in 1150 A. D.

"But the ancestor of the submarine, in the sense in which we at present know it, was a Dutch physician, Cornelius Van Drebel, who, in 1620, constructed the first undersea boat of which there exists any authentic description.

"Van Drebel's submarine was built of wood, and was made water tight by greased leather stretched over the hull. She carried twelve rowers, besides passengers, and made a journey of several hours at a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet.

"This craft could not dive and rise like a modern submarine. It crawled along the bottom of the water and, as the depth increased, finally became submerged.

"Father Mersenne, a monk of the Order of Minimes, suggested the use of metal for hulls. He also declared that the only correct shape for a submarine boat was that of a fish, and that both ends should be spindle-shaped so that the vessel could go in either direction. There were to be at least two large guns called 'Columbiads' at each side of the boat. The muzzles of these were to be pushed hard against hinged lids when ready to fire. With the discharge of the cannon the lid was to be raised, and with the recoil of the gun would fall into place again before water could enter the boat.

"In the cannon intended to be carried by Mersenne's we may have light on the origin of the nomenclature of Columbiad, a kind of artillery in use in the American Civil War."

From an interesting article in the New York *Times* during the World War the following is taken:

"The submarine has played a conspicuous part for the first time in the prevailing war, but it should not be forgotten that the invention is centuries old and that its potentiality for destructive offense was practically demonstrated more than fifty years ago. While the submarine idea is old, the practical development of it unquestionably belongs to America.

"Nearly three hundred years ago a workable submarine was built by Cornelius Van Drebel, a Dutch physician, friend of James I of England. Van Drebel's boat, launched in 1620, like the submarine of to-day, was submerged by the admission of water and raised by its expulsion. It was propelled both at the surface and beneath by oars and could carry passengers as well as twelve oarsmen. According to contemporary records it could 'journey several hours, twelve to fifteen feet below the surface,' and on one occasion King James made a trip in it with Van Drebel. However, it does not appear to have been actually tried for the purposes of war.

"The first attempt to blow up a ship of war was made in New York Harbor during the Revolution. David Bushnell, a Connecticut Yankee, about 1773, built what he called a turtle ship, because of its form. The body was somewhat turtle shaped, weighted below to keep it in an upright position, with only a conning tower above the surface. It could carry only one man, and its motive power was a small screw operated by a crank.

The method of use was to come alongside the ship and fix a screw into the hull, attach a torpedo to the screw, and retire. The torpedo was exploded by clockwork. The attempt was made at night on the British ship *Eagle*, sixty-four guns, lying off Governors Island. The man in the turtle was not Bushnell, but one of his workmen. The hull of the warship proved too hard for the screw, and, in trying to set it, the operator lost hold of the ship and at the same time of his torpedo. In the dark he could neither find his way back to the ship nor recover the torpedo, which about an hour later exploded not far from the man-of-war, sending up a huge column of water, to the consternation of her officers and crew.

"In 1801, Robert Fulton built on the Seine a submarine propelled by steam, which he called *Nautilus*, and which was popularly termed a plunging boat. In July of that year, with three men, he went down twenty-five feet in the harbor of Brest and remained under water for one hour. He afterwards blew up a small vessel in Brest harbor, and attempted to blow up an English man-of-war in the offing; but when he was about to attach the torpedo, the ship moved off, and he was unable to find her again. He offered the submarine to Napoleon, who, apparently not impressed with her utility declined her.

"It remained for the Southerners, in the civil war, to make the first successful use of the submarine. Boats partly and wholly submersible were built during the war at Charleston, Mobile, and elsewhere. They were tried at Hampton Roads, but with more notable effect at and about Charleston.

"The New Ironsides, of the blockading fleet, was twice torpedoed and damaged, though not sunk, by partly submersible boats. The new ship *Housatonic* was torpedoed and sunk a few months later by a submersible boat. The *Minnesota*, at Newport News, and the *Memphis*, in the North Edisto Inlet, about fifty miles south of Charleston, were also damaged, though not sunk, by partly submersible boats. The Confederate ram *Albemarle* was torpedoed and sunk at her moorings off Plymouth, N. C., by Lieutenant, afterwards

Commander William Baker Cushing, U. S. N., on the night of October 27, 1864, but it does not appear that he used a submarine for the purpose.

"The sinking of the Housatonic was the first effective use of the submarine in warfare, and is, therefore, worthy of more than a passing notice, more especially as the submarine herself was also a victim of the exploit. That boat, whose name, if it had one, has not been preserved, had a tragic history before she went to her doom under the Housatonic. In her trial trips she went three times to the bottom and drowned more than thirty men. She was designed by Horace L. Hundley, who was drowned on one of her experimental trips. Lieut. F. M. Barber, U. S. N., writes:

"Of the submarine which destroyed the Housatonic, I have been able to obtain but a limited description. It was built of boiler iron, was about thirty-five feet long, and was manned by a crew of nine men, eight of whom worked the propeller by hand, while the remaining man steered the boat and regulated its movements beneath the surface.

"She could be submerged at pleasure to any desired depth, or could be propelled on the surface, and in smooth water she could be exactly controlled, the speed being about four knots, while the length of time under water without inconvenience to the crew was half an hour.

"It was intended that she should approach any vessel lying at anchor, pass under the keel, and drag a floating torpedo after her, which would explode on striking the bottom of the ship attacked. This, however, was not the manner in which she attacked the Housatonic. The torpedo was then attached to the bow of the boat, and from the shock of the explosion she probably filled, as she was found by the diver after the close of the war lying on the sand with her bow pointing in the direction of the hole in the ship's side which the torpedo had made.

"It is probable, too, from the fact of her being in sight from the deck of the Housatonic for some two minutes before the explosion, that on this occasion she was merely used as an ordinary cigar boat, and no attempt was made to submerge her at all."

"That has been the generally accepted, though erroneous, account of the action of this boat, but before proceeding to show how she was actually operated, a brief description of her previous trials given by an English writer, Alan H. Burgoyne, F.R.G.S., may be noted:

"It was first manned by Lieutenant Payne (C. S. N.) and eight volunteers, but whilst cruising in front of Charleston the wash of a passing steamer upset the equilibrium and all except Paine perished, and he only escaped because at the moment he happened to be looking out of one of the manholes. The vessel was raised and repaired, and again Lieutenant Paine took command, but while lying off Fort Sumter it sank for the second time, Lieutenant Payne and two men managing to escape.

"Yet Payne had had enough after this second adventure, but Aunley (Hundley), one of the constructors of the boat, willingly took command and, with eight volunteers, started on a trip up Cooper River. They had not proceeded very far when, for some unknown reason, it sank in very deep water, all nine of her crew being drowned.

"Yet again it was raised, this time to be taken against the Housatonic by Lieutenant Dixon, of the 21st Regiment. The persistence with which this vessel was repeatedly raised and utilized, and the stolid indifference to the retrospect of disaster, speaks volumes for the indomitable pluck and heroism of the Confederate sailors and the splendid vigor they displayed in fighting for their cause, and for a régime that was fated to perish."

"After the war a contractor named Maillefert, who had done some government work in Hell Gate, and who called himself 'professor,' was employed to raise the wrecks at the entrance to Charleston harbor. The raising of the Housatonic occurred in June or July, 1872. The Housatonic was sunk on the night of February 17, 1864, and, though the submarine was seen from her decks a few minutes before the explosion, she was not seen afterwards, so the fate of the latter remained a mystery until the wreck was raised. Then she was found hanging to the rudder chains of the ship.

"It was apparent, therefore, that the boat, actually used as a submarine, had passed under the bottom of the ship towing the torpedo, and, seeking escape aft, ran afoul of the rudder chains to be carried down by the hulk.

"While this and others of that period were propelled by hand power, it is worthy of note that a man named Alstilt is said to have built a submarine at Mobile in 1863, to be propelled by both steam and electricity, but it does not appear to have accomplished anything. A peculiar fact, showing the biblical influences prevailing in the South at that time, in that all these submarines and partly submersible boats were called 'David,' with the idea that they would slay the Goliaths of the blockading fleets.

"It has been generally held they did not accomplish much, but, as Commander M. F. Senter, of the Royal Navy, pertinently remarks, the total destruction of one ship of war and more or less serious injury of three others is a record not to be despised, and no doubt exercised a deterrent influence on the action of the Federal navy.

"A monument to the men who lost and risked their lives in that submarine service has been erected on the Battery, at the foot of Meeting Street, in Charleston. Following are the inscriptions:

"In memory of the supreme devotion of those heroic men of the Confederate Army and Navy first in marine warfare to employ torpedo boats, 1863-1865. Moved by the lofty faith that with them died, crew after crew volunteered for enterprises of extremest peril in the defense of Charleston Harbor. Of more than thirty men drowned in this desperate service, the names of but sixteen are known: Horace L. Hundley, inventor of submarine boat; Robert Brookbank, Joseph Patterson, Thomas W. Park, Charles McHugh, Henry Beard, John Marshall, Charles Sprague, lost in Charleston Harbor, October 15, 1863; George E. Dixon, Lieutenant 21st Alabama Volunteers; C. F. Carlson, Corporal, Wagner Artillery; Arnold Becker, James A. Wicks, C. Simpkins, F. Collins, — Ridgeway, — Miller, sinking blockader Housatonic, February 17, 1864.

"Attacks without loss of life: Blockader New Ironsides, August 25, 1863, by The Torch, designed by Capt. F. D. Lee, Engineers; commanded by Capt. J. Carlin, with Lieut. E. S. Fickling, S. C. Artillery Regulars. Blockader New Ironsides, October 5, 1863, by the Little David, designed by St. Julien Ravenel, M.D.; commanded by Lieut. W. T. Glassell, Confederate States Navy.

"Erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Memorial Association of Charleston, S. C., May, 1899."

"How should we mourn the martyrs, who arise,
Even from the stake and scaffold, to the skies,
And take their thrones, as stars; and o'er the night
Shed a new glory; and to other souls
Shine out with blessed guidance, and true light,
Which leads successive races to their goal!"



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

He heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest.
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."
 He came to Jesus as he was,
 Weary, worn, and sad.
 He found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made him glad!

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

At the memorial service held on January 19, by the Camp at Lexington, Va., a list of the comrades who died in 1923 was read by John E. McCauley, who went through the war with the Rockbridge Artillery, and his battery fired some of the last shots at the enemy. Though a nonagenarian in years, he is still a sturdy veteran, active and interested. Sixteen names were read from the Camp's membership list, and a toast to their memory was drunk in silence. The list was as follows:

Lieut. William M. Sterrett, Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry; aged ninety-six years.

Jacob B. Wade, Company E, 27th Virginia Infantry; aged ninety-three years.

Charles F. Barger, Company D, 14th Virginia Cavalry.

George M. Speck, Stonewall Jackson's command.

John W. Zollman, Rockbridge 1st Dragoons, Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry.

J. Nelson Bennington, Kerrs' Creek Confederates, Company G, 58th Virginia Infantry.

John H. Whitmore, Rockbridge 2nd Dragoons, Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry.

Nimrod M. Campbell, 2nd Rockbridge Artillery.

Edward N. Boogher, Rockbridge Rifles, Company H, 27th Virginia Infantry; aged ninety-two years.

William H. Kelley, Rockbridge Guards, Company H, 25th Virginia Cavalry.

Thomas S. White, Rockbridge 1st Dragoons, Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry.

B. F. Glendye, 14th Virginia Cavalry.

G. McDowell Kirkpatrick, Company C, 14th Virginia Cavalry.

George D. Huffman, Company D, 23rd Virginia Infantry, Echols' Brigade.

Jacob M. Potter, command unknown.

Levi Truslow, Company G, 61st Virginia Infantry.

As the company sat down following the silent toast, Capt. Samuel B. Walker very appropriately, and in a manner which touched many who looked upon the old Confederates and heard that list read, sang Watts's great hymn, "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past."

This report was sent by Rev. Emmett W. McCorkle, of Rockridge Baths, Va., Assistant Chaplain General U. C. V.,

who comments on several of these comrades having passed into the nineties, and of one of them he writes:

"The first-named comrade, William Madison Sterrett, died universally mourned. He was one of the kindest of men, as well as one of the bravest of soldiers. Having no children, his life was given to rearing his nieces and nephews."

CAPT. W. H. CARTER.

Capt. William Harvey Carter died on January 11, 1924, at beautiful old colonial Ditchley, the home of his daughter, Mrs. Cora Keene.

When only a boy, Captain Carter joined the Confederate army, serving with Company D, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and went through the entire war, ever loyal to his duty as a brave soldier.

Captain Carter was a direct descendant of the old Carter family of Virginia of ante-bellum days, many of whom are scattered through the South and West. He leaves three sons and two daughters, prominent in social and business circles.

Soon the places that knew our gallant Confederate soldiers will know them no more, and they, like the heroes of Marathon, will live only in song and story.

[Committee: Mrs. Bettie Harding, Mrs. Clarence Snow, Miss Margie Booth, Stuart-Ashby-Jackson Chapter U. D. C., Wicomico, Va.]

NATHANIEL T. HOWELL.

Nathaniel Thaddeus Howell was born in Monroe County, Ga., November 15, 1842, a relative of Clark Howell, well-known journalist and author. He enlisted early in 1861, in Forsythe, with Capt. Jim Pinchard's company, Company K, 1st Georgia Infantry Volunteers, Simms's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. Twelve months later he was mustered out and within twenty days reënlisted in the 53rd Georgia, A. N. V. He was in most of the great battles from Manassas to Appomattox, and was slightly wounded at Gettysburg, the only wound he received during the entire four years' service. He was captured at Strasburg, but made his escape under cover of a dark night and rejoined his command.

Comrade Howell went to Texas in the early seventies, and on February 19, 1874, he was married to Miss Margaret Julianne Henderson. Four children were born to them, two of whom survive, James Thomas Howell, of New Mexico, and Mrs. C. N. Wyly of Comanche, Tex. He died October 17, 1923, after a severe operation. He was a consistent member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for many years.

Comrade Howell was a man of great physical power in the prime of life, being about six feet two inches in height, broad shouldered and muscular in proportion. He was always an interesting talker, especially in reminiscences of the four years' war. He was a universal favorite in the community, genial and lovable, and his jolly greetings will be sadly missed by all who knew him. His aged wife is left to mourn the loss of this loved companion.

CAPT. W. L. ARMSTRONG.

The death of W. L. Armstrong, former Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, leaves another great vacancy in the Camp membership. He was born September 23, 1845, and in 1862 enlisted as a member of Company I, 55th Alabama infantry, and the close of the war found him a prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio. He was married in 1876 to Miss Mary Frances Osborn, and is survived by four sons and two daughters.

CAPT. G. W. ARRINGTON.

Capt. G. W. Arrington passed from this transitory life to that shore beyond on the 14th of April, 1923, at his home in Canadian, Tex. I would be false to the love I bore him and the admiration I shall never cease to cherish were I not (even at this late day) permitted to transmit to our surviving comrades and the host of our Southern people an outline of his remarkable and trying experiences.



CAPT. G. W. ARRINGTON.

Captain Arrington was born at Greensboro, Ala., on December 23, 1844. At the outbreak of War between the States he joined the 5th Alabama Infantry and served with it until the battle of Sharpsburg, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. While being transferred by rail to Fort McHenry, he jumped from the train and finally reached the Virginia shore in Loudoun County. There he joined Company D, of Mosby's command, and served to the close of the war with conspicuous gallantry. It was my privilege (though not of that command) to be with him on more than one occasion when he displayed a nerve and took a chance that few would have tried. Colonel Mosby held him in the highest esteem and sent him frequently on most hazardous trips within the enemy's lines. I have conversed with Lieut. John Russell and Ned Hurst, of that famous command, since the war, and their encomium of him was of the highest order.

At the close of the war, Captain Arrington spent several years in Central America and British Honduras. Upon his return, he went to Texas and joined the Texas Rangers, and was soon promoted to captain. After serving ten years as captain of the Rangers, he was elected sheriff of Wheeler County, which really at that time was composed of eight counties. Later, he also became sheriff of Hemphill County by appointment. On October 18, 1883, he was married to Miss Sallie Burnett in Westboro, Mo., and this devoted companion and eight children mourn the loss of the loved husband and father, with a host of comrades and friends.

His passing seems like a closing chapter of the frontier days, whose memories are passing rapidly. His life of adventure and law enforcement is a rare gain in Texas history. He was a man of keen and unfailing judgment and quick decision. He could read character with remarkable intuition at a glance. With a keen eye and steady hand, he had the ideal qualifications for an officer of the law and an Indian fighter.

He was fearless and could track outlaws and bring them to court when others had lost the trail. He was one of a very few men whom Clay Allison, a notorious gunman and "killer," respected as his equal in nerve and quick action.

Captain Arrington had a host of friends all over the State. He was a Knight Templar of Canadian Commandery. Peace to his ashes. No truer or braver soldier ever lived and no better husband, father, or citizen ever passed over the river.

I mourn his loss, for he was a lovable comrade and devoted friend.

[M. S. Thompson, Leesburg, Va.]

MEMBERS OF CAMP LOMAX, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

During the year from January 19, 1923, to January 19, 1924, the following members of Camp Lomax, No. 151 U. C. V., have died:

Henry Bethea (March 9, 1923), Montgomery True Blues.

R. A. Walton (March 10, 1923), Company K, 53rd Alabama Mounted Regiment.

L. W. Haigler (April 28, 1923), Company, E, 6th Alabama Infantry.

George C. Clisby (April 29, 1923), Company E, 6th Alabama Infantry.

James H. Crenshaw (May 19, 1923), John W. Durr's Company.

A. T. Crawford (June 4, 1923), Company I, 42nd Georgia Infantry.

Thomas Taylor (June 17, 1923), Company G, 7th Alabama Cavalry.

W. H. Lawson (August 20, 1923), Company K, 7th Alabama Cavalry.

W. B. Holmes (August 31, 1923), Company B, 63rd Alabama Infantry.

T. W. Lee (September 20, 1923), Company F, 23rd Alabama Infantry.

W. P. Thompson (October 1, 1923), Company F, 60th Alabama Infantry.

A. D. Cromwell (October 28, 1923), Capt. T. B. Shockley's Company.

Maj. Gen. Henry C. Davidson (November 11, 1923), Company D, 7th Alabama Cavalry.

W. S. Blackman (November 18, 1923), Company A, 19th Georgia Battalion.

James G. Cowan (January 11, 1924), Alabama University Cadet Corps.

J. S. Warren (January 18, 1924), Company E, 34th Alabama Infantry.

On its memorial day, January 19, 1921, the death list of members of the camp for the previous year numbered six, nearly six per cent of its membership at the beginning of the year, January 19, 1922, its death list numbered nine, nearly nine and a half per cent; January 19, 1923, its death list numbered thirteen, more than fifteen and a half per cent; January 19, 1924, its death list numbered sixteen, slightly more than twenty-three per cent.

This Camp is one of the largest camps in the State. Its membership now numbers sixty-one.

[John Purifoy.]

RAPHAEL SEMMES CAMP, No. 11 U. C. V., MOBILE, ALA.

Memorial roll, June 15, 1922, to March 10, 1924:

Charles W. Gazzam, Company I, 18th Alabama Regiment; William Baxter, Company I, 21st Alabama Regiment; Peter P. Buckley, Garrity's Battery, Alabama; C. F. Gerald, Company D, 38th Alabama Regiment; J. J. Botter, South Alabama Rangers; Thomas W. Jones, Company K, 3rd Tennessee Regiment; L. F. Irwin, Company E, 3rd Alabama Regiment; William H. Monk, Sr., Gulf City Guards, 3rd Alabama Regiment; F. Skelly, Company A, 24th Alabama Regiment; Charles H. Driesback, Watts's Rangers, Mt. Pleasant, Ala.; Henry Farmer, Company E, 3rd Alabama Cavalry; Robert E. Daly, Sr., powder boy, C. S. S. Mary Virginia; J. W. Mann, Company B, 26th Alabama Regiment; Fletcher Mathews, Company A, 3rd Alabama Regiment; H. T. Goodlow, Company A, 1st Battalion Alabama Cadets; John Clasby, Company K, 32nd Alabama Regiment; Henry R. Malone, Company H, 8th Alabama Regiment.

[H. T. Davenport, *Adjutant*.]

GEORGE R. ALLEN.

George R. Allen was born in Moscow, Tenn., May 22, 1841, and enlisted with Terry's Texas Rangers, 8th Texas Cavalry, Harrison's Brigade, Wharton's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee, at Bastrop, Tex., in August, 1861, was mustered into service at Houston, Tex., September 5, 1861, for the period of the war, served without transfer or furlough, and answered to its last roll call May 9, 1865.

He was in the first engagement of the regiment at Woodsonville, Ky., where Colonel Terry was killed, and also participated in the battles of Shiloh, Munfordsville, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Fort Donelson, Shelbyville, Chickamauga, and other engagements around Knoxville, Tenn., under Longstreet; Ringgold, Dalton, Dug Gap, Resaca, Cass Station, New Hope Church, Newman, Waynesboro, Aiken, Bentonville, and many other engagements with the regiment. The last commander of the company, as I call to mind, was Capt. Ferg Kyle, now of Kyle, Tex.

The regiment was first brigaded in December, 1862, just before the battle of Murfreesboro, with the 3rd Arkansas, 2nd Georgia, Bledsoe's Battalion, Gen. John A. Wharton commanding the brigade, Wheeler's Division. In January, 1863, perhaps during the battle of Murfreesboro, the 11th Texas was remounted and became a part of the brigade, Wharton became a major general, and Col. Tom Harrison was made brigade commander, which was then known as Harrison's Brigade, Wharton's Division, Wheeler's Corps, which was afterwards commanded by General Armstrong and others.

Comrade Allen had been an honored citizen of Fort Worth, Tex., for the past twenty-five years, and was a valued member of the R. E. Lee Camp, which he had served as Historian for several years, and also filled other offices. He died on January 28, 1924, survived by his wife, one son, and three daughters.

[J. M. Hartsfield, Commander R. E. Lee Camp.]

F. M. POORE.

Comrade F. M. Poore was born in the State of Virginia, May 22, 1836, his parents removing to Mississippi when he was very young. At the beginning of the War between the States he volunteered in Company D, 13th Mississippi Infantry, serving as a faithful soldier until the surrender. Returning to his home after the war, he helped to build up our Southland to its present condition. He became a member of the original Ku-Klux Klan and helped to expel the carpet-bagger and his followers from the South.

Comrade Poore was a faithful member of Omer R. Weaver Camp No. 354, U. C. V., and attended nearly all the reunions. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. W. L. Richardson, six grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. He died on the 24th of October, 1923, and was laid to rest in the Confederate plot of the National Cemetery, surrounded by many of the Ku-Klux Klan and other friends.

[Committee: B. F. Red, Sam R. Cobb, H. E. H. Fowlkes.]

COMRADES OF RHEA COUNTY, TENN.

The following members of J. W. Gillespie Camp, U. C. V., of Dayton, Rhea County, Tenn., died in 1922-23:

J. L. Henry, Commander, Carter's 1st Tennessee Cavalry.

Rev. G. W. Brewer, chaplain 61st Georgia Infantry.

J. W. Wasson, Carter's 1st Tennessee Cavalry.

E. N. Ganaway, Company C, Neal's 16th Battalion.

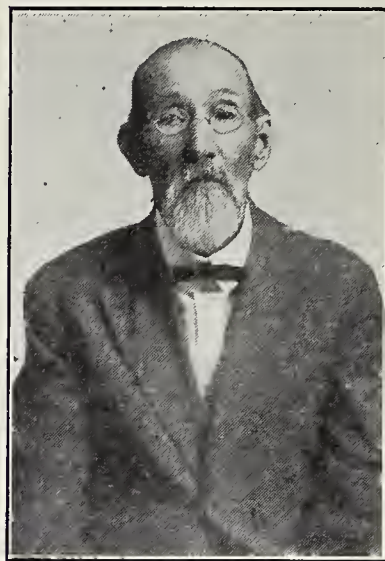
Asa Johnston, Company C, Neal's 16th Battalion.

Only two out of the seven remaining members of this Camp can attend the meetings.

[W. G. Allen, *Adjutant*.]

WILBUR FISK SMITH.

On June 25, 1923, Wilbur Fisk Smith entered into eternal rest at his home, "Fleetwood," Belton, S. C. He was born near Murphy, N. C., December 20, 1839, the son of Maj. Aaron Smith and his wife, Nancy Jones Israel. His father, as major of militia, had a responsible part in moving and helping to establish the Indians in the Indian Territory; and his grandfather, Samuel Smith, as a lad of seventeen, had joined the Revolutionary army and rendered valuable service in carrying from General McDowell to the Indian chiefs in Western North Carolina the dispatches which finally led to the treaty between the whites and Indians. So the spirit of



WILBUR F. SMITH.

patriotism was his by heredity as well as character. While he was still a youth his parents moved to Forsythe County, Ga. In June, 1861, he enlisted in the Fulton Dragoons at Atlanta, Ga. This organization was later sent to Athens, Ga., and incorporated with Cobb's Legion as Company B, and and the following September attached to Gen. Wade Hampton's Brigade at Richmond, Va. In the spring of 1865, it was detached from the Army of Northern Virginia and sent to South Carolina, and met Sherman at Columbia, later joining Johnston at Greensboro and surrendering under him April 26, 1865.

Comrade Smith was married, first, to Miss Susan Permella Williams, a daughter of Capt. M. B. Williams, of Anderson County, S. C. Seven children were born of this union. His wife dying in 1898, he married Miss Montie Cain, of Forsythe County, Ga., who survives him with five children of the first marriage.

For many years he was a steward in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and no more faithful servant in his Church nor braver soldier nor more loyal citizen nor more kindly neighbor and friend ever lived.

SERGT. S. M. CLAYTON.

S. M. Clayton was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., September 21, 1840, and enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, as a sergeant in Company G, 3rd Tennessee Infantry (Brown's Regiment). He was wounded twice, in prison once, released from prison in 1862, and was paroled in 1865. He was a gallant and faithful soldier throughout the war.

On April 6, 1869, he married Miss Oma Halbert, who died in 1886, leaving five children, three of whom survive him, with the second wife, who was Mrs. Mattie Caldwell. He died at his home near Howell, Tenn., on November 11, 1923.

Comrade Clayton was a member of Camp No. 114 U. C. V., of Fayetteville, Tenn., and at the time of his death was treasurer of the 8th Tennessee Consolidated Regiments, C. S. A.

For many years he had been a member of the Church of Christ and died in full assurance of the Christian faith.

After funeral service at his home, we laid his body in Rose Hill Cemetery.

[T. C. Little, *Chaplain*.]

DR. JOHN CUNINGHAM.

Dr. John Cuningham, an old and honored citizen of Ravenna, Tex., died of heart disease at his house on February 6, 1924. He born in Trigg County, Ky., on September 24, 1836, and he was educated in the common schools and at Bethel College, of Russellville, Ky., and later graduated in the famous McDowell Medical College of St. Louis, Mo. When war came on in 1861, he volunteered and served throughout the war. At the battle of Shiloh he was in command of a company. For a time he served as a surgeon in the Confederate army and was stationed on Lookout Mountain.

He was captured by the Federals and was kept prisoner of war at Camp Chase, Ohio.

Dr. Cuningham was twice married, his first wife being a Miss Patterson, of Kentucky, by which marriage he had one son.

His second wife was Miss Fannie Agnew, of Fannin County, Tex., who survives him with two sons and a daughter—H. A. Cuningham, of Bonham, Tex., and Mrs. Annie Spangler and W. B. Cuningham, of Oklahoma.

Dr. Cuningham came to Texas in 1867 and settled near the site of the present town of Ravenna, which he started and named; and this fine old town, with its good people and fine schools and churches, as it nestles among the high hills which overlook the broad valley of the Red River, is a befitting monument to the towering character of this grand old man.

Coming to Texas soon after the war, it fell to his lot to lead in freeing our State from carpetbag rule, which was accomplished by the triumphant election and installation of the famous Richard Coke, of Waco, as governor of Texas. Dr. Cuningham went to Austin first as a member of the thirteenth legislature of Texas and was reelected for several terms, covering a period of ten years in all.

He was an intelligent man, of vast general information, and familiar with all subjects of public interest. He was successful as a merchant, physician, farmer, and stockman. He was a good citizen, a good neighbor, and a good friend, but, above all, he was a good Christian, and had been a member of the Christian Church for many years. After funeral services in the Christian Church of Ravenna, his body was tenderly laid away in the Old Sandy Creek Cemetery, with Masonic honors. This brief sketch is from the feeble pen of his old comrade and friend, who was with him in the great battle of Shiloh.

[J. E. Deupree.]

JAMES W. HOWARD.

Another member of Tom Hindman Camp 318 U. C. V., of Newport, Ark., has crossed the river. James W. Howard, of Company A, 8th Arkansas Infantry, W. K. Patterson's Regiment, of Jackson County, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee, died on March 5, 1924.

He was born October 13, 1842, son of Phillip and Hester Howard. In 1861 he was living in Village Township, Jackson County, and enlisted in Colonel Patterson's regiment, and was a brave and faithful soldier for four years. After the war he located on his farm seven miles from Newport, Ark., and made a good citizen, liberal to the poor and needy and loved by all his neighbors. He was married to Miss Margaret Lamkins in 1866. His second wife was Miss Margaret Ballew, of Jackson County. He owned a fine farm and left a valuable estate. He had no children. His wife survives him. He was a member of the Christian Church and a liberal supporter of his Church.

Tom Hindman Camp will miss him greatly.

[W. E. Bevens, *Adjutant*.]

ALEXANDER SHANNON KELLEY.

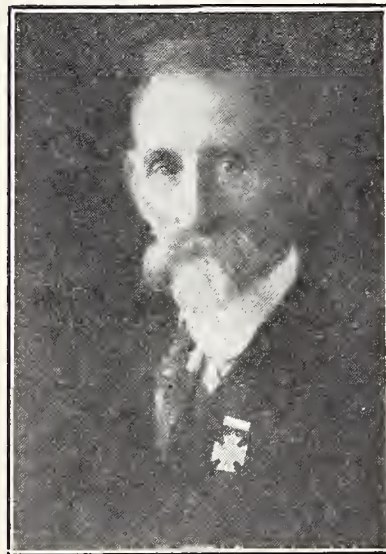
Alexander Shannon Kelley was born at Lagrange, Lewis County, Mo., January 26, 1845, and died February 21, 1924, at Palmyra, Marion County, Mo. He was the only child of William and Susan Kelley. He received his education in the country schools of Marion County and at the old Bethel College at Palmyra, and also took a course of training in a business college of Indianapolis, Ind. In Marion County, Mo., in May, 1862, he entered the service of the Confederacy as a private in the Company of Capt. Jim Porter, of the Regiment of Col. Jo Porter, then commanded by Martin Green. He participated in the battles of Moore's Mill, Kirksville, Newark, Palmyra, and several others. He was imprisoned at Palmyra in 1863, but was eventually paroled. Throughout his life, from the time of his enlistment to the day of his death, he loved the Southern cause.

On October 25, 1866, he was married to Miss Ida C. Kneisley, a daughter of Capt. James W. Kneisley, in Jefferson City, Mo. To this union were born three sons and one daughter, three of whom survive—Edward D. Kelley, of Kansas City, Mo.; Augusta Evelyn, wife of R. W. Johnson, of Kansas City; and James W. Kelley, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. He is also survived by his beloved wife and nine grandchildren. He united with the Baptist Church when about sixteen years of age and lived a consistent Christian life.

His long and useful life was devoted to his family, his friends, and the community where he was so well known and esteemed.

CAPT. W. G. McCROSKEY.

After an illness of six months, Capt. W. G. McCroskey, Commander of John B. Gordon Camp No. 1456 U. C. V., answered the last roll call on November 22, 1923, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Bernice Tische, Seattle, Wash. He was a "man among men," a Christian gentleman, devoted to his friends and comrades.



CAPT. W. G. M'CROSKEY

Captain McCroskey enlisted in the Confederate army in June, 1862, with the 16th Virginia Regiment (Colonel McCausland), and was in the battles of Fayetteville, Cotton Mountain, and Charleston, W. Va. He also served in the 21st Virginia Regiment as orderly sergeant of Company E; was taken prisoner and confined in Camp Chase, Ohio, exchanged March 28, 1865, and was at home on furlough at the time of Lee's surrender. He was ever a firm believer in the cause for which he had fought.

Captain McCroskey was born in Giles County, Va., on the 9th of October, 1845 (he was but seventeen when he enlisted). He was married in February, 1870, to Miss Sarah Frances Kent, of Blacksburg, Va., and to them one daughter was born, who, with his brother, Robert McCroskey, of Huntington, W. Va., are the only surviving relatives.

Captain McCroskey was laid to rest in Washelli Cemetery, Seattle, beside his wife; on his heart was the Cross of Honor which he always so proudly wore.

REV. WILLIAM N. NICKELL.

Rev. William Nelson Nickell, born December 27, 1838, in Monroe County, W. Va., son of John A. and Mary J. Nickell, died December 29, 1923, just two days after completing his eighty-fifth year. His death resulted from a severe fall while visiting his daughter in Gallatin, Mo. His early education was obtained in rural schools, later graduating from Washington College at Lexington, Va., now Washington and Lee University. Immediately following his graduation he enlisted in Company D, 27th Virginia Infantry, as a private, later being promoted to sergeant, sergeant major, and later becoming an orderly for Stonewall Jackson, as which he served until the death of Jackson. He participated in the battles of Manassas, Winchester, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Culpeper Courthouse, and others, to the end of the war.

Comrade Nickell was thrice married, his first wife being Miss Sue P. Wickline, whom he married in July, 1864, and to them five children were born. In 1866 they went to Kansas, then to Missouri. His second marriage was to Miss Isabelle Jones; his third wife was Miss Bertie Blew, of Montrose, Mo. She survives him, also three daughters and two sons.

Comrade Nickell was ordained a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1875, and had served pastorates in Virginia, Kansas, and Missouri, his membership being last in the Sedalia Presbytery. He was active to the last. He was also a Mason and an Odd Fellow, and was buried in the Odd Fellow Cemetery at Jamesport, Mo.

CAPT. GEORGE B. BROWN.

Capt. George B. Brown, aged eighty-five years, died at the home of his only sister, Mrs. E. J. Martin, in Dallas, Tex., after an illness of a few days. He was a Christian gentleman of the old school—kind, gentle, quiet, loving, patient, helpful, and intelligent. He never married, making his home with his only sister, whom he revered and loved devotedly. One of his favorite themes was his experience in the War between the States in which he was several times wounded. Captain Brown was born in 1838, near Kingston, in the old Colonial home at South West Point inherited by his mother and which had been in the family for over one hundred years. At the age of twenty-one he went to Texas, and in that State enlisted for the South at the outbreak of war. His father was a general in the war of 1812. Captain Brown enlisted in May, 1861, and was elected third sergeant of Company C, 6th Texas Cavalry, June 1, 1861; mustered into service September 10, 1861; commissioned first lieutenant on the 1st of June, 1862; made captain in August, 1863; paroled at Jackson, Miss., May 12, 1865. He belonged to Gen. L. S. Ross's Brigade, composed of the 3rd, 6th, 9th, and 17th Texas Cavalry.

He had been a resident of Dallas County, Tex., for sixty-four years. He is survived by his sister, Mrs. E. J. Martin, and many nephews and nieces.

[Mrs. T. C. Ervin, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.]

AMBY WHITE.

Amby White was born and lived all of his life in Dry Fork District, Randolph County, W. Va., where he died on February 26, 1924, aged about eighty-four years. He was well and favorably known to the old citizens of the county, and particularly to the Confederate element, he having served with valor in the War between the States as one of Imboden's scouts. He was a farmer and stock raiser. His wife and a large number of grandchildren survive him.

JOHN J. THOMPSON.

John J. Thompson, Sr., died on December 8, 1923, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Tarrisson, at McKenzie, Tenn., and his body was taken back to the old home at Sulphur Well Academy and laid in the cemetery there. He was born in Sumner County, Tenn., July 4, 1843, and thus had passed his fourscore of years. As a boy of eighteen he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving with Company A, of the 5th Tennessee Regiment, taking part in the battles at Columbus, Ky., Island No. 10, Vicksburg, Shiloh, and others. At Shiloh he was wounded in the right arm, which made him a cripple and a sufferer for life, yet he bore it all uncomplainingly.

Soon after the war he moved to Henry County, Tenn., and there married Miss Martha Jane Upchurch in 1871. Seven children were born to them, five of whom, with seventeen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, survive him.

Comrade Thompson obeyed the gospel in early life and was a faithful member of the Christian Church to his death. Through his efforts the cause of the Church was largely advanced. His influence and means were never spared for good. He was a prominent member of his community and held the respect of all who knew him.

His old comrade and brother in the Church, Capt. P. P. Pullen, says of him: "Comrade Thompson stood as high as any member of our Camp, of which he was second Lieutenant Commander. He was wounded at Shiloh, his right arm being broken, and the surgeon took out the bone eight inches in length. This made his arm useless the rest of his life, and he suffered all that time, yet with this handicap he made a success in life, rearing a family of three sons and two daughters of whom any community should be proud."

J. B. EVERETT.

J. B. Everett, one of the most beloved citizens of Louisville, Ga., passed to his eternal reward on the morning of February 19, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. L. Phillips, with whom he had made his home for the past sixteen years. He was nearing his eighty-fourth year. He had been a consistent member of the Methodist Church since his early childhood, having served as steward most of his useful life, filling most acceptably his place in the Church he loved so well.

Comrade Everett enlisted in Company C, 26th Georgia Infantry, in June, 1861, under Col. C. W. Styles and was advanced to sergeant in 1862. He was badly wounded in May, 1864, at Bloody Angle, Cold Harbor. He fought with Lawton, Gordon, Evans, and Stonewall Jackson in the seven days' battles around Richmond, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and under Ewell and Early at Winchester, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Members of the local Camp of Confederate Veterans were honorary pallbearers, led by the pastor, who is also Chaplain of the East Georgia Division, U. C. V. The battles of life over, he was laid to rest beside his beloved wife in the cemetery at Louisville.

[W. S. Jones, *Commander East Georgia Brigade, U. C. V.*]

MISSOURI COMRADES.

It becomes my painful duty to report the death of three members of Camp Sterling Price U. C. V., at Odessa, Mo.: Thomas Gibbs, of the 6th Missouri Infantry, and James A. Renick, of the same regiment, both of Cockrell's Brigade; Daniel G. Wade, who was a member of Jordan's Battery, A. N. V. All three were faithful soldiers of the South and highly respected citizens of this county.

[C. Y. Ford.]

DR. B. W. BARTON.

On February 19, 1924, Dr. Bolling W. Barton, of Loudoun County Va., died at "Vaucluse," home of his sister-in-law. Mrs. Randolph Barton, Pikesville, Md., where he was visiting. He was the last of six brothers who served in the Confederate army during the War between the States, sons of the late David W. Barton, of Winchester. He was born at Springdale, the historic family estate in Frederick County.

Dr. Barton, who was seventy-eight years old, was one of the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute participating in the famous battle of New Market. He was later appointed a lieutenant and served to the end of the war in the Irish Battalion of the Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He was for some years professor of botany at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and later moved to Middleburg, Loudoun County, where his funeral was held. His wife died many years ago.

The other brothers were Lieut. Charles M. Barton, killed at Winchester on May 25, 1862, in sight of his father's home; Lieut. David R. Barton, killed at Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862, whose body never was recovered from a field grave; Lieut. W. Strother Barton, who lost a leg at Mine Run in 1863 and died from effects of the wound; Robert T. Barton, noted lawyer, who served with the Winchester Rifles and Rockbridge Artillery; Capt. Randolph Barton, who died a year or two ago near Baltimore, was wounded seven times and had five horses killed from under him. He was a member of the 33rd Virginia Infantry.

Besides having had six sons in the Confederate army, David W. Barton also had two sons-in-law, Dr. John Baldwin and Col. Thomas Marshall, in the service, both dying from wounds received in battle.

Mrs. Barton, mother of the six soldier sons, had four brothers in the same service.

JOSIAH OSBORNE BEARD.

In the death of Josiah Osborne Beard at his home at Greenbank, W. Va., on January 28, 1924, Pocahontas and that section of the State lost one of its substantial and influential citizens. He was born at Lewisburg, W. Va., April 29, 1847, and thus was in his seventy-seventh year. Surviving him are his wife, four sons, and three daughters, also thirty-three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Six children had preceded him in death.

When only sixteen years of age Comrade Beard volunteered in the Confederate army, and he served faithfully until the close of the war as a member of Company D, 14th Virginia Cavalry. He was severely wounded near Winchester and was carried on horseback several miles before medical aid could be given.

Mr. Beard united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Greenbank, September 6, 1885, under the pastorate of Rev. J. K. Gilbert. He was loved by all, and his influence still lives. He was big-hearted, kind, and true. Childhood found in him a sympathetic friend, business men honored him for his integrity and honesty, his friends loved him because of his genuine manhood, and the family found him a thoughtful father and a devoted husband.

OKLAHOMA COMRADES.

The following members of Jo Shelby Camp, U. C. V., of Chickasha, Okla., passed to their reward in 1923: Dick D. Shepherd, June 16; J. W. Welborn, May; T. B. Worsham, September.

[J. S. Downs, *Adjutant*.]

JOSEPH W. PARKER.

Joseph W. Parker, born in Sussex County, Va., December 1, 1840, died in Elizabeth County, near Hampton, Va., January 21, 1924. He enlisted in the Sussex Cavalry in April, 1861, the company commanded by Capt. W. F. Blow, which became Company H, 13th Virginia Cavalry, of W. H. F. Lee's Brigade of Cavalry, A. N. V., under J. E. B. Stuart and Wade Hampton. Comrade Parker served faithfully throughout the war; was wounded in the Gettysburg campaign, July 3, 1863, but soon returned to his command and served to the close of the war.

In 1868 he was married to Mrs. Hannah J. Wood, of Elizabeth County, making his home in that county, and engaging in farming near Hampton until his death. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him as a most worthy citizen, a consistent Christian, a true and loyal Confederate veteran. After the funeral services at his home, he was laid to rest in St. John's Churchyard, Hampton, his comrades of Camp No. 485, U. C. V., acting as honorary pallbearers. He is survived by his wife and five sons, one of whom, Dr. Paul J. Parker, was a surgeon in the World War.

[J. R. Haw, *Adjutant*.]

NOAH ROBBINS.

Death has again invaded the thin ranks of Camp Tom Moore, No. 556, U. C. V., of Apalachicola, Fla., and taken a highly esteemed comrade, Noah Robbins, who answered his last roll call on February 10, 1924, at Bartow, Fla., where he had lived for the past three years with a loving and devoted daughter. Comrade Robbins was born near Wilmington, N. C., April 7, 1844, and in that State he enlisted for the Confederacy, becoming a member of Company G, 36th North Carolina Infantry, and serving throughout the War between the States as a faithful and gallant Confederate soldier. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. The body of our comrade was taken to the old family burying ground at DeFuniak Springs and laid with the loved ones gone before, sorrowing relatives and friends attending the last sad rites.

Thus has passed a noble soul. We mourn his loss. Peace to his ashes; love to his memory.

[Fred G. Wilhelm, *Adjutant*.]

MRS. SARAH A. MCKENZIE.

Mrs. Sarah A. McKenzie was born in Upson County, Ga., May 6, 1845, and died in that county February 19, 1924. She was married to William D. McKenzie on November 30, 1865, this comrade having, in 1862, at Savannah, Ga., joined Company I, 32nd Georgia Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A., and surrendered April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C. He died in Upson County July 13, 1898. As the widow of an ex-Confederate soldier, she was placed on the pension roll in 1911.

A good woman is gone.

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die;
Thus think, when this life is o'er,
Man dies to live, but lives to die no more!"

[J. E. F. Matthews, Thomaston, Ga.]

RAY.—The death of B. T. Ray, a member of Camp C. A. Evans, No. 983 U. C. V., of Lumpkin, Ga., on December 14, 1923, is reported. He served in Company C, 11th Georgia Regiment, and was seventy-seven years of age.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
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MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The thought uppermost in the minds of all Daughters this month, as well as in the minds of a vast majority of all descendants of Confederates, is the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans which will be held at Memphis in June.

Although the inevitable ravages of time have so sadly thinned the ranks of the survivors of our immortal cause since these reunions were inaugurated, interest in them has never abated, and to practically every veteran of the gray this is the chief event of the year in importance.

Word from Memphis promises that, if the earnest efforts of the citizens of that city count for anything, this coming gathering will go on the records of our history as one of the greatest and most successful of them all.

Committees, composed of able workers, will see that every effort is made to assure the success of the Memphis reunion. Many social functions are planned, details to be announced later. One of the unique features of the program, by the way, will be the dancing of the famous old "Southern Cross," suggested by Capt. M. D. Patterson. Thirty-two couples will perform this stately dance.

This year, it is pleasing to note, more than ever before our members appear to fully realize the fact that the opportunity for service to the living survivors of our cause will not remain with us long. Chief responsibility for the care of these Confederate veterans, and for the aged and destitute Confederate women, rests upon our organization and upon us all, individually. This is the first duty of every Chapter, and there is no charge more sacred laid upon us. It should be with humble gratitude in our hearts that we approach this task and carry to these few remaining heroes of the sixties that tangible expression of thoughtful kindness their compatriots would always offer in tribute to their sacrifices of the long ago.

Reports reaching me indicate that the Relief Fund, named in honor of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, is being loyally remembered. The Central Committee in charge of this work is composed of Mrs. Amos Norris, Tampa, Fla., chairman; Mrs. H. W. Tupman, 501 West One Hundred and Forty-Third Street, New York; Mrs. John Anderson, Fayetteville, N. C.; Mrs. Merrick Davis, Paris, Tex.; Mrs. A. C. Ford, Clifton Forge, Va.; Miss Bess Merrick, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Frank Ross, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. Charles Granger, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Fred Milspaugh, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. O. D. Black, Johnston, S. C.; and Mrs. W. E. R. Bryne, Charleston, W. Va.

The minutes of our annual convention held at Washington, D. C., will have been distributed by the time these lines reach your attention. This volume comprises a permanent record of our work for the past year, as well as the directory for the coming year's work, and it is essential that every Chapter be provided with several copies in order to properly direct our U. D. C. activities. Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General, 411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York, will be glad to furnish copies of the minutes at 25 cents per copy.

With but few exceptions, the personnel of the Division Directors for the special committees have been named by the Presidents of their respective Divisions, subject to the approval of the President General. I have fullest confidence in these splendid workers, and realize that they know better than anyone else the capacity for service of the individual members of their Divisions.

It is impossible to say which of our committees is of the greatest importance. Each has such essential work to do that every Daughter, after being notified of the task apportioned to her for the year, will find utmost opportunity for service at her hand.

Mrs. T. T. Stevens, of 620 West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga., Chairman of the Educational Committee, has issued the annual circular letter reporting the work of this committee. This is one of the important activities of the present, for the future, and it provides an opportunity for still greater work, limited only by the extent of our vision and our capacity to achieve.

It is only through the channels of harmonious organization that we can efficiently perform the tasks to which we have set our hands. Each one of us must remember that we are but links in the chain of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and each must hold close touch with her neighboring link. The individual member must aid in every way possible, her Chapter President and officers. These in turn keep in constant touch with the Division President and officers, who, in their turn, complete the chain by cooperating to the fullest extent with the President General and the general officers. Reversing the parable, the chain going the other way must be formed of links of completest confidence in those who are working with us. Thus our organization is held compact and united, and each individual subordinates her personality into the great ideal of service.

You will recall that, in her report at the Birmingham convention, Mrs. Schuyler, then President General, recommended that we offer a bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee to the British War School. Permission to present this bust was later received

from the Royal Military College, at Sandhurst, England. Mrs. Schuyler was made chairman of the committee to direct this matter, and we are now gratified to learn the work is progressing so satisfactorily that its completion will in all probability be announced at the next convention.

Mrs. Schuyler has taken so great an interest in the work that she has postponed a tour around the world for several months in order to be present when the bust is presented. Dr. and Mrs. Schuyler are planning a trip around the world, leaving June 24, and they expect to return via England.

Let me here repeat the request that all Chapters order Crosses of Service, the World War insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as promptly as possible. The manufacturer has assumed the large expense of making these crosses and is holding them subject to your orders. This Cross is bestowed as testimony to the patriotic devotion and loyalty of the male descendants of Confederate soldiers and sailors who served our country during the World War. The United Daughters of the Confederacy in this way express their gratitude in concrete form and seek to keep correct records of what these soldiers accomplished.

On March 9 and 10, as your President General, I was granted the rare pleasure of staying for a few days as a guest at Iris Court, the beautiful home of Mrs. J. R. Whitehead, at Albany, Ga. Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, President General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, was also a guest at the same time. All Georgia was proud of the honor of a visit to this State by Mrs. Cook.

During our delightful visit to Albany, receptions were given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and Daughters of the American Revolution, as well as many other social affairs in honor of the leaders of these two great organizations.

From Albany, we went to Savannah, where we attended the annual State conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I was given the opportunity to extend to that sister organization greetings on behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

I came away from this conference feeling that while membership in these patriotic associations overlaps in many States, it is more than an extraordinary honor to be a member of both societies, where the same patriotism, wide vision, and faith unite us, and, through the cordial coöperation of these societies many opportunities for joint service are given us.

In the death of Mr. J. T. Beal, of Little Rock, Ark., a faithful friend of our cause has passed away. Mrs. Beal is our First Vice President General, and it was my sad privilege to send a message of sympathy to her in the name of all members of the U. D. C., when her husband died on February 29.

In concluding my letter for this month, let me quote those inspiring words from the pen of one of our greatest national figures:

"May we have vision to discern our duties; strength, both of hand and resolve, to discharge them; and goodness of heart to realize that the truest opportunities are those of service."

Cordially yours,

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD,

President General.

The central group of the Stone Mountain Memorial will contain seven figures, three of which will be General Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Stonewall Jackson, the others yet to be decided upon.

DIVISION NOTES.

Letters from Publicity Chairmen indicate that a greater number of Chapters than ever before observed our recent Memorial Days. This is eminently true in Arkansas. Mrs. Stillwell writes also of an enthusiastic executive board meeting, at which work for the coming months was planned. Foremost will be the improvement of Prairie Grove Battle Field Park. However, nothing displaces educational work in this Division, an instance of which is that one Chapter (Fort Smith) reported that one hundred and seventy-nine boys and girls had received aid within the year through that Chapter's Scholarship Loan Fund. A new Chapter, with thirty-seven members, has just been chartered in Ozark, the Col. William H. Faith Chapter.

* * *

Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, Division correspondent, reports that the next convention of the California Division will be held at Visalia on May 14, 1924.

* * *

The District of Columbia Division also has a strong new Chapter, and its President, Mrs. Phares, sends the following account of its very interesting exercises:

"At a meeting of Camp 171, U. C. V., at the Confederate Memorial Home, on February 5, 1924, Shenandoah, the newest Chapter of the District of Columbia Division, was initiated before the veterans in conjunction with eulogies on our war President, Woodrow Wilson.

"The speakers were Charles B. Howry, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia Department U. C. V.; Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of Camp 171; Mrs. Walter Lee Phares, President of Shenandoah Chapter; Mrs. Charles F. Taylor, Division Chaplain; and Miss Ella May Powell, lecturer, of Atlanta, Ga., and daughter of Surgeon Powell of the Confederate service.

"A most impressive part of the program was given by an orchestra from the Marine Band when it played 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' a favorite hymn of Woodrow Wilson, and Tennyson's beautiful poem 'Crossing the Bar,' followed by Tanhauser's 'Song to the Evening Star,' by little Alma Donalson.

"It is remembered that Mr. Wilson's last appearance before an organization was on November 22, 1923, when he viewed the United Daughters of the Confederacy returning from their pilgrimage to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

* * *

Mrs. F. C. Kohnan always has something of interest that has been done in her Division. The following is no exception:

"Down in Louisiana, in New Orleans, the Queen City of the South, on St. Valentine's Day, a beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the South was honored by the placing of a beautiful wreath on the monument of General Lee by the Sons of Sweden, who were in New Orleans on the Swedish cruiser Fylgia. In blue uniforms with gold braid, Captian Thor Lubeck, Commander, with three lieutenants and the surgeon were in advance and stood on the stairs leading to the shaft. A large detachment of cadets and sailors from the Fylgia came then under police escort. At their head marched Olaf Lamm, Swedish consul general of New York. Lieutenant Essen carried the beautiful flag of Sweden. Two officers advanced with the wreath of flowers and gave it to the Marines, who stood in twos on the steps leading to the shaft, where it was placed by two Marines who were nearest the top. The consul told of what Sweden thinks of Lee, the honor in which he is held.

"Descendants of Confederate veterans stood grouped around the monument with representatives of all Confederate organizations and the veterans who were able to be present from the Confederate Home of Louisiana, together with people from all walks of life, who were proud to see the great honor paid by Swedish sailors. Talks were made by Mayor McShane, Gen. W. J. Behan, Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, and others."

* * *

Mrs. Preston Palmer, of Baltimore, sends in detail an account of the open meeting held by the H. K. Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, on January 28, commemorative of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson and Commodore Maury, at which a former President General U. D. C., Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, was the guest of honor and the speaker of the evening:

"Speaking of Stonewall Jackson as the greatest general of all time, Mrs. Schuyler quoted Marshal Foch as saying that after he adopted the tactics of Lee and Jackson he captured more German prisoners than he had in the entire time before.

"She particularly urged the members of U. D. C., to interest themselves in education to guard against the insidious corruption of socialism which creeping in everywhere.

"She quoted a Northern historian as saying that Jefferson Davis and General Lee stood for 'a principle which we, too, may have to fight to defend with the onrush of centralization,' and declared that the U. D. C., far from trying to keep alive animosities, is trying to put truth in education, and to teach the fact that the War between the States was fought for the principles of the 'self-determination of small governments,' 'a principle which will never die as long as an Anglo-Saxon lives.'"

The program opened and closed with delightful musical numbers, and was followed by a largely attended reception for Mrs. Schuyler.

* * *

From Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, we learn that the M. A. E. McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, gave its annual Valentine Ball at the Chase Hotel. This was an outstanding social affair of the season, and a good sum of money was realized for the Chapter treasury.

Moberly Chapter, with fifty-seven members, was hostess to Marmaduke Camp U. C. V., at a luncheon recently, after which the guests were entertained with music and readings.

Complying with request of the Missouri Division President, Mrs. Hugh Miller, each Chapter throughout the Division observed memorial services for ex-President Wilson.

* * *

Ohio.—Officers elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, Dayton, Ohio; First Vice President, Mrs. P. D. Williams, Fort Thomas, Ky.; Second Vice President, Mrs. Christopher Urwick, Cincinnati; Third Vice President, Mrs. James Broyles, Cincinnati; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, Cleveland; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. V. Dutrow, Dayton; Treasurer, Mrs. Leroy Rose, Columbus; Registrar, Mrs. A. R. Shaw, Columbus; Historian, Mrs. C. M. Bigler, Cincinnati; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. A. H. Sanford, Columbus.

* * *

We have always felt that Chapters should make a special effort to extend their field of work to include the county in which they are located. Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, writes, among other things, of at least two Chapters in the South Carolina Division that are doing this:

"The Clarendon Chapter, at Manning, is offering a medal to the high school pupils of the county for the best essay on 'South Carolina's Part in the War between the States.' They are also marking the graves of Confederate veterans throughout the county.

"The Lucinda Horn Chapter, at Saluda, is marking the Confederate graves in Saluda County with the regulation iron marker.

"Two new Chapters have been organized in the State since the December convention, one at Leesville and the other at Olanta.

"Preparations are being made for the District conferences (an event of spring in the South Carolina Division) to be held, respectively, at Easley, Clover, Denmark, and Hartsville.

"The educational committee of the South Carolina Division makes a fine report this year of eight Division scholarships, seven District scholarships, six scholarships from the general U. D. C., and twenty-three Chapter scholarships. There have been awarded thirty-six medals and money prizes, seventy-nine books, twenty-one pictures and flags presented to libraries and schools. The total expended for education during the year being \$6,616.66.

"The Yearbook of the Division, compiled by Mrs. J. Frost Walker, of Union, Division Historian, is proving a wonderful aid to the Chapters. It is a treasure house of information for Chapter officers and individual members."

* * *

The annual convention of the Tennessee Division will be held in Nashville, May 13-16, with the Mary Frances Hughes Chapter as hostess, all other Chapters coöperating.

* * *

Mrs. Drake, of Rockdale, sends the following interesting items for the month:

"Among the outstanding events of the month of January in the Texas Division was the executive board meeting held in Austin, on the 22nd at the Texas Museum. Important business was transacted, followed by the unveiling of the portrait of Mrs. L. J. Storey, for nineteen years Regent of the Museum, with a program attending the ceremonies, the presentation being by Mrs. Forest H. Farley, and acceptance for the Division by the President, Mrs. E. W. Bounds. The tribute to Mrs. Storey was rendered by Mrs. M. E. Spain, one of the oldest members of the Texas Division. Following the unveiling ceremonies, the officers and visitors adjourned to the Driskill Hotel, where an elegant luncheon was tendered by the local Chapter (Albert Sydney Johnston), at which Mrs. John Preston presided as toast mistress, the toasts being: 'Robert E. Lee the General,' 'Robert E. Lee, the Man,' 'Stonewall Jackson, the Soldier,' and 'Stonewall Jackson, the Christian.' The executive board was toasted by Mrs. Farley, with response by Mrs. Bounds, while toasts were also given to 'The Old South' and 'The New South.' One hundred and twenty-five attended the luncheon.

"Another interesting event was the presentation to Lon A. Smith, Commander S. C. V., of a beautiful silk banner of the Confederacy by members of the U. D. C. and sponsors of his staff, at Dallas."

* * *

From far away Washington Mrs. Fletcher proves to us that Southern hearts do not forget their heroes. Dixie Chapter met on the morning of the 19th of January in a short business session followed by an elaborate luncheon to veterans, guests, and members. The large cake in the center of the table had decorations of white and red icing, with the name, "Robert E. Lee," encircling the top. The young girls assisting in

serving wore ante-bellum style costumes—flounced skirts and ruffled pantalettes, A program of fancy dances and singing by little children quaintly garbed immediately followed the luncheon.

The address was made by Dr. Albert McCown, a Virginian and a graduate of Washington and Lee University. His subject was "After Appomattox," dealing with General Lee's life as a college president, furnishing to the young men a pattern of the highest type of Christian gentleman who "did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

* * *

Miss Frye, of Keyser, writes in detail of the many beautiful ways in which West Virginia Chapters celebrated the birthdays of Lee and Jackson, that lack of space prevents our giving here. Some features, however, we must pass on to other Chapters. The Fairmount Chapter enjoyed a three-course luncheon, with four veterans as guests of honor, on which occasion announcement was made of an annual prize of \$5 in gold to the student in each high school of the town who submits the best paper on Stonewall Jackson.

The Alderson Chapter held a reception "attended by the people of the town," at which a splendid program was rendered.

Jackson-Lee Chapter, of Huntington, gave a turkey dinner, to which they invited all the veterans of the Camp, their wives, and the Southern ministers of the city.

At Keyser the high school gave over the afternoon session to the McNeill Chapter, which gives \$5 in gold to the student of the school for the best essay on Robert E. Lee.

Winnie Davis Chapter, at Moorefield, celebrated by having its members visit the graded and high schools, and give talks before every class on the life of Stonewall Jackson.

Parkersburg Chapter counted the most delightful feature of its turkey dinner entertainment the reminiscent talks by the ten Confederate veterans present.

Shepherdstown entertained veterans and Sons. St. Albans enjoyed the distinction of having present two old veterans in uniform.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

U. D. C. Outline for May.

Gettysburg, July 1, 2, 3, 1863.

The high tide of Confederate fortunes.

Note how General Lee's character reached the sublime in taking upon himself the faults and failures of others.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

May.

Tell the story of the Alabama; the Arkansas; the Albemarle; the Florida; the Shenandoah; the Louisiana; the Manassas.

THE RAINES BANNER OF MERIT.

In presenting this prize on Historical Evening during the convention in Washington, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone paid tribute to the donor in the following:

"From the Historian General, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the pleasure and privilege have come to me of presenting this prize, offered by one very dear to us, whose memory still lives in this generous gift to the State Division which has accomplished most in collecting and compiling historical records. The first presentation of this Banner was in the general convention of 1912, which met in Washington, D. C., and it is a matter of pride to say that Texas, my State, was the victor. Two years later, when the general convention was entertained in Savannah, Ga., having learned of the serious illness of Mrs. Raines and her inability to attend the meeting, Mrs. McKinney, of Kentucky, accompanied me to call on her, and we found her a helpless invalid, though cheerful and bright. She has ever seemed to me to have belonged to the 'Army of Noble Martyrs,' for she had served six consecutive years in the office of Custodian General of the Cross of Honor, not only attending to the record of crosses conferred during each year of her service, but added to this the revising and systematizing of back records—a voluminous work performed by her own hand.

"My two years of administration as President General put me in direct touch with this service. At the third general convention of this organization, held in Atlanta, Ga., as first Vice President General, she presided, in the absence of Mrs. John C. Brown, the President General. Mrs. Raines continued the duties of Acting President General for the year 1895. In conjunction with Mrs. Goodlett, of Nashville, Tenn., she had suggested and founded the general organization of Divisions and Chapters, thus giving to the Daughters of the Confederacy the significant title of 'United,' which should be their slogan for all time. Proof of this service I have in the correspondence between the two, in bound copies of the minutes of this organization, sent to me by herself.

"The Alabama State Division has won this honor for its past year's work, and in loving memory of Mrs. L. H. Raines, one of our Daughters, beloved and revered throughout her life for her faithfulness to duty and service in our cause, for her keynote was service, it gives me pleasure to place it in your keeping for the ensuing year, for to have won it the Daughters of Alabama must have struck the same keynote.

"In the splendid review of the Historian General, Mrs. Lawton, of the Department of History, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in speaking of the prizes offered and referring to the Raines Banner as having been first called the 'Flag of Merit,' the thought has come to me of a rechristening, and that for the future it be named 'The Raines Banner of Merit,' thus carrying the author's name and its undoubted 'merit' in the Historical Department."

A NATION'S STRENGTH.

Not gold, but only man can make

A people great and strong—

Men who, for truth and honor's sake,

Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,

Who dare while others fly—

They build a nation's pillars deep,

And lift them to the sky.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MRS. FLORENCE GOALDER FARIS.

On January 24, 1924, Mrs. Florence Goalder Faris entered into eternal rest, and her passing removes from Kentucky a woman of rare ability. She was reared at the family homestead, "Beech Hill," near Greensburg, Green County, Ky., and was living there with her mother when the war clouds



MRS. FLORENCE GOALDER FARIS.

of the early sixties burst upon the Southland, her father Judge James T. Goalder, having died a few months before. The early enlistment of her brothers in the Confederate service left to the mother and daughter the responsibilities of the home and the two young sons of the house.

From the beginning of the war the lives of Sarah Wilson Goalder and her fair young daughter were consecrated to the service of the cause they loved. After the battle of Perryville, assisted by her older sister, Mrs. Henrietta Goalder Young, Florence Goalder drove the length and breadth of Green County, gathering supplies for the wounded Confederates, and delivered in person the necessities at the scene of the battle, about forty miles away. One brother was killed in action, another died from the effects of wounds a few years after the war. Beech Hill was ever a haven for the tired, hunted Confederate, and many were the times when boys in gray were nursed and cared for there.

In 1871, she married a battle-scarred hero of the Confederacy, Dr. Alexander Allen Faris, who served from 1861 to 1865, having enlisted in May, 1861, in Company L, 5th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. They are survived by five children, three daughters and two sons—Mrs. Light Faris Karlin; Miss Irene Faris, of Hickman, Ky.; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Past President General U. D. C., of Paducah, Ky.; Alexander Allen Faris, of Hickman; and Evan Goalder

Faris, of Paducah, Ky.; and by one granddaughter, Myra Faris, of Hickman, Ky.

Endowed with strong intellectuality, strengthened by constant cultivation, she lived a life of devotion to duty, and her home, "Maple Hall," was known far and wide for its hospitality. Here the Private Robert Tyler Chapter U. D. C. was organized, and she became a charter member and through the years has been interested and faithful to the ideals of the organization.

According to the rites of the Episcopal Church, of which she was a devoted member, the funeral was held at "Maple Hall" on Friday, January 25, and this Daughter of the Confederacy was laid to rest in the family plot of the cemetery at Hickman by the side of the soldier husband who had gone before.

"But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array."

A RUSE TO ESCAPE PRISON.

BY D. B. EASLEY, SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

The article on "Famous War Prisoners and Escapes," in the November VETERAN, alludes to one incident which fell under my own observation. A Maryland prisoner named Warfield, who lived in the next county to St. Mary's—Cecil County, I think—touched his face in many places with a hot wire, then rolled up in his blankets and sent for the doctor. He timed this so it would be nearly night when the doctor got there. The latter inquired gruffly: "What's the matter with you, Warfield?" "I don't know, doctor; I'm afraid I've got the smallpox." The doctor jerked the blanket off his face, and said: "Of course, you've got it. You are all broken out with it now." He sent for the ambulance and started him to the smallpox hospital about dusk. At Point Lookout the hospital was about a mile beyond the stockade, which was a mile above the pen, and where the outside guard was stationed. The driver of the ambulance paid no attention to Warfield until he got to the hospital, when he called for help to lift him out, but no Warfield was there. They turned out the cavalry and scoured the country, but failed to find him. However, about a month later they brought him back. He said he had all arrangements made to cross the Potomac the next dark, rainy night, but a schoolmate whom he trusted had betrayed him, also that if he ever got back, "the world was not big enough to hold them both."

An Irishman named Mike Golden, of my regiment, 14th Virginia Infantry, while we were at Fort Delaware, met a Yankee soldier he had formerly known, who gave him a citizen's suit and some money, and told him when he would be on guard at the wharf. A citizen had to have a pass from General Schoepff. It was not difficult to get outside the barracks. Mike showed his Irish friend some kind of a paper and he passed him on to the boat. Shortly afterwards some member of the regiment got a letter from Mike saying he was in Philadelphia at work, and that was the last I ever heard of Mike.

THE VERY YOUNGEST.—Tippah County, Miss., has the distinction of having the youngest son of a Confederate veteran in the United States. This youngster came into the world on December 12, 1923, and is a son of J. Sam Yancey, seventy-six, who saw active service in the Confederate army, taking part in the battle of Brice's Crossroads, twenty miles south-east of Ripley, in Tippah County. Comrade Yancey's second wife, is a young woman in her twenty-ninth year. He has a great-grandchild older than his youngest.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
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MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C. /

THE CONVENTION IN MEMPHIS.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., announces that the convention in Memphis, Tenn., will open at one o'clock on Tuesday, June 3, and she urges that every Association be represented in this convention. Headquarters will be at the Claridge Hotel.

Mrs. Wilson has been spending the winter in Florida, and, though her health has not yet been restored, she is planning to meet with her loyal coworkers at this convention.

MEMORIAL DAY AND MEMORIAL WORK.

BY MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, HISTORIAN GENERAL, C. S. M. A.

Dear Coworkers: Our President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, is still sick and in Florida, but, we trust, growing stronger each day, and will soon be herself again. She has asked the Historian General to bring a message about the work and Memorial Day.

In the April "Scrapbook" will be found "The Origin of Memorial Day," the "History of the Confederate Southern Memorial Associations," and "Monuments Erected by the Memorial Associations." A copy of this "Scrapbook" has been sent to each Association through its Historian, so there will be no need to repeat.

I will tell you of the work planned, and what has been done and what left undone. Some Associations, practically dead, are taking on new life. Some are on the eve of disbanding, as the older members have died and the younger members are discouraged. By an effort on our part we hope to keep them up, and in this way carry on the work our mothers and grandmothers planned.

The Ladies' Aid Societies, from which the Memorial Associations sprung, did, in 1861-65, practically the work that was done by the Red Cross in the World War. The wayside homes corresponded to the army hospitals, the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, and other organizations where the tired, sick, and wounded soldiers could be fed and cared for and their wounds dressed. Many private homes in the smaller towns were converted into Wayside Homes, filled with cots, and provided with food supplies for the sick and wounded as they passed to and from the battle fields.

Many memories come to me of the work done by these women in those days of the sixties, cutting out garments, sewing them with their fingers, knitting socks and comforters, cutting up carpets for blankets, scraping lint from the finest linen table cloths, sheets, handkerchiefs, towels, pillow cases, ready

to be used for the wounded (see "Scrapbook," August, 1923). Memories, too, are fresh of the happenings at the close of the war, when the Ladies' Aid Societies became the Ladies' Memorial Associations, and the work of collecting the bodies of the dead from the battle fields and roadside began, and the burying of those bodies in lots near by, so that the women could lovingly care for those graves and place flowers upon them, build monuments to the memory of the Confederate dead, and have their valor extolled on every Memorial Day. I recall distinctly a visit to Atlanta, Ga., just after the war ended in 1865. There were only three or four houses left standing after the city was burned by Sherman's orders, and one of these houses belonged to my aunt, Mrs. Luther J. Glenn, on Rawson Street.

I recall seeing my aunt, Mrs. John M. Johnson, directing the making of pine coffins in which the bodies of our brave who fell on the battle field, and were hastily buried uncoffined, could be decently buried, and the name, if discovered, could be put on the wooden marker until better could be secured. She and Mrs. Joseph Morgan did a great work in that way. In the Georgia Room at the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., you will find Mrs. Johnson's picture, the only picture of a woman allowed in any of the rooms until many years later the Daughters of Mississippi and the Daughters of Tennessee asked permission to have Mrs. Jefferson Davis's portrait hung as wife of our President, and Mrs. Caroline Goodlett's portrait hung as the founder of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

When the dead were being collected from far and wide by the faithful women of the Ladies' Memorial Associations throughout the South, monuments began to be erected, and all put up before 1895 were erected by the Ladies' Memorial Associations and the veterans; then the members of the Association united with the Daughters of the Confederacy in building larger monuments and erecting Memorial Buildings for educational purposes. More monuments have been erected to commemorate the valor and the cause for which the Confederate soldier fought than have been erected to any other soldier in any other war. We do not realize how much valuable history is being lost by our indifference. I have asked so often for the inscriptions and dates on Confederate monuments throughout the South, and few heed my request. The history of these monuments should be preserved. Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, of Denver, Colo., collected data and published it in a handsome volume, and few appreciated that labor of love. There were not enough subscriptions to issue a second edition.

Confederate Veteran.

How grateful we should be for the Stone Mountain Memorial. I have just written a history of it and its purpose for the Georgia Division, U. D. C., to use in its essay contest. A copy will be sent to any interested. It is planned that not only our President, Jefferson Davis, and his generals shall be carved on the face of that mountain, but every branch of the army will be represented, and at the foot there is to be a bronze monument to the men of the navy. Then, in Memorial Hall, on bronze tablets (\$1,000 each) other officers and soldiers can be personally memorialized; and through the Children's Founders Roll (age limit from birth to eighteen years), with the names of Confederate heroes for only \$1.00 each, every man who served in the army or navy can have his name enrolled in the Memory Book to be placed in Memorial Hall. Those Confederate heroes who have no children or grandchildren to enroll them may be enrolled by any child willing to pay an extra dollar. This is a wonderful work. On Memorial Day, and each State has a different day, according to the season for flowers, those children enrolled will receive a bronze medal, which they may keep as a memento of the Stone Mountain Memorial. Let not a child of Confederate lineage fail to enroll while yet it is possible. (Application blanks can be had from Mrs. Rogers Winter, Chairman Founders Roll for Children, Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.)

The Ladies' Memorial Associations and Daughters of the Confederacy in Georgia are buying crosses to place at the foot of every Confederate soldier in the city cemeteries (not in Confederate burying grounds, where there can be no mistake) in private lots. These crosses are 15x20 inches, weigh twenty pounds, are of the best grade of iron, and have been approved by the General U. D. C., price \$1.50 each, Attalla Foundry and Machine Co., Attalla, Ala.

It would be well to have every grave marked, if possible, before Memorial Day, so that not a grave shall be without flowers or evergreens. Teach the children to take these flowers and wreaths to lay upon the graves.

Now, let every Association and the Juniors send delegates to Memphis, Tenn., in June to plan for greater work. The names of Historians of Chapters are requested, so that a copy of April "Scrapbook" may be mailed to them.

Write a letter to our President General. I know it will give her pleasure.

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD.

Athens, Ga.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL FUND.

Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, Ga., as Treasurer of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association fund for the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., made the following report on contributions received, to the convention in Richmond, Va., June, 1922:

Arkansas: Fayetteville.....	\$	5 00	
Florida: Pensacola.....		10 00	
Georgia: Athens.....	\$	4 00	
Augusta.....		5 50	
Washington (Wilkes County).....		10 00	
White Plains.....		5 00	
Marietta.....		5 00	
Miss Mary Hall, Augusta.....		1 00	
Miss Mary E. Cook, Columbus.....		2 00	
Atlanta Memorial Association.....		500 00	
Atlanta Junior Memorial Association.....		106 11	638 61
Louisiana: New Orleans.....		12 00	
North Carolina: Ashville (certificates).....		2 00	
Oklahoma: Oklahoma City.....	\$	10 00	
Tulsa.....		10 00	20 00

Virginia: Danville.....	\$	25 00	
Manassas.....		27 00	
Petersburg.....		25 00	\$ 77 00
West Virginia: Huntington.....			25 00
Miscellaneous: Mrs. Mary E. Montgomery, Memphis.....		1 00	
Other contributions and interest.....		4 40	5 40
Miss Ann Davis Smith (\$1.00 each from the lineal decedents of Samuel Davis, father of Jefferson Davis).....			141 00
Total.....			\$996 01

The following checks sent to Major John H.

Leathers, Treasurer, Jefferson Davis Home Association:

Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, May, 1922.....	\$500 00
Atlanta Junior Confederate Memorial Association September, 1922.....	106 11
Miss Ann Davis Smith, September, 1922.....	141 00
Memorial Associations as listed above, September, 1922.....	188 90
Total.....	\$936 01

The following contributions through Mrs. Wright, as Treasurer, were reported by her at the convention in New Orleans, April 1923, and later contributions to July 14, 1923, are included:

Dallas, Tex., Southern Memorial Association.....	\$ 25 00
Huntington, W. Va., Confederate Memorial Association.....	25 00
Miss Nannie Davis Smith, certificates.....	3 00
Bowling Green, Ky., Elizabeth Marshall Blackburn Memorial Association.....	25 00
Marietta, Ga., Ladies' Memorial Association.....	5 00
Front Royal, Va., Warren Memorial Association...	5 00
White Plains, Ga., Confederate Memorial Association.....	11 00
Missouri State President, Mrs. George K. Warner...	5 00
Baton Rouge, La., Confederate Memorial Association.....	16 00
Charleston, S. C., Ladies' Memorial Association...	25 00
Oklahoma City, Okla., Jefferson Davis Memorial Association.....	5 00
Ashville, N. C., Confederate Memorial Association.....	5 00
Bowling Green, Ky., Elizabeth Marshall Blackburn Memorial Association, received, 1923.....	35 00
Huntington, W. Va., Confederate Memorial Association, received, 1923.....	25 00
Memphis, Tenn., Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, received, 1923.....	11 10
New Orleans, La., certificates.....	12 00
Columbus, Ga., Ladies' Memorial Association.....	5 00
Sapulpa, Okla., Varina Davis Memorial Association.....	5 00
Oklahoma City, Okla. Prize offered by Mrs. E. L. Merry, Treasurer General, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, in honor of her mother to be awarded State President organizing and doing most efficient work, given by Mrs. Merry to Mrs. William A. Wright, Georgia State President. Placed by Mrs. Wright to the credit of Jefferson Davis Monument Fund of Oklahoma City.....	25 00
Montgomery, Ala., Ladies' Memorial Association..	15 00
Montgomery, Ala., Junior Memorial Association...	1 00

Washington, D. C., Katie Walker Behan Memorial Association.....	\$ 15 00
Augusta, Ga., Junior Confederate Memorial Association.....	1 00
Knoxville, Tenn., Ladies' Memorial Association...	25 00
Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, Confederate Southern Memorial Association.....	10 00
King Lumber Company, Cuthbert, Ga.....	10 00
Mrs. William A. Wright, Georgia State President..	15 09
Interest.....	6 04
Ladies' Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga.....	528 77
Junior Confederate Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga.....	100 00
<hr/>	
Total receipts.....	\$1,000 00
Checks sent to General Haldeman, President, Jefferson Davis Monument Association:	
July 14, 1923, Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association \$	528 77
July 14, 1923, Junior Confederate Association, Atlanta.....	100 00
July 14, 1923, at large.....	371 23
<hr/>	
	\$1,000 00

SEEKING COMRADES OF WAR DAYS.

Readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN oftentimes learn of some old comrades who had been lost sight of, and, cherishing the memory of those heroes, we desire that you publish these short sketches, as possibly some associates of ours in that struggle will read them, and thus we will get in touch with one another again.

We are members of Camp Redwine, No. 1746 U. C. V., of Rusk County, Tex., and the first sketch given is that of our Commander:

J. H. Henson enlisted at Henderson, Tex., in 1863, at the age of seventeen, and served to the close of the war under command of G. W. Diamond, Company D, Terrell's Regiment, 34th Texas Cavalry. His service was in front of Banks up Red River, in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill. He was with Bee at Manett's Ferry, where he was defeated because of the overwhelming majority against him; no man could have better conducted the defense of the ferry. He is now living at Henderson, Rusk County, Tex., and if any of his old comrades see this, would be glad to hear from them.

J. H. Hudson enlisted at Griffin, Ga., in 1861, in Company E, 28th Georgia, under Captain Moore. He served four years, and surrendered at Appomattox under General Lee. He is now living near Henderson, Tex., Route No. 1, and would be glad to hear from any surviving comrades.

Capt. W. A. Miller enlisted June 9, 1861, in the 3rd Texas under Capt. R. H. Cumby. He served in this regiment one year as a private, returned home, and raised Company F, to join W. P. Lane's regiment, in which he served to the end of the war. He was first lieutenant until the wounding of Captain Thompson, succeeding to his command, where he continued to the end of the war. He was born and reared in Henderson, Tex., and has here lived all his life. He is now eighty-six years old, and would be glad to hear from any comrades who remember him.

W. H. Williams, enlisted June 11, 1864, serving under command of Capt. Wylie Moyers, Company I, 18th Texas Infantry, Walker's Division.

J. A. Smith enlisted at Henderson, Tex., 1861, in Bob Cumby's Company, B, 3rd Texas Cavalry, served throughout the war; was wounded twice. His service was all east of the

Mississippi River. He is now living at Henderson, and would be glad to hear from any of the boys who remember him.

L. J. Smith enlisted at the age of eighteen at Bibb County Courthouse, Ala., under the command of Hugh Latham, Company H, 29th Alabama Regiment, Col. J. F. Connally, Selly's Brigade, Walthall's Division, Stewart's Corps; served throughout the war, and is now living at Henderson, Tex., and would like to hear from any old comrades.

S. R. Davenport enlisted in Selly County, Ala., at the age of nineteen; served in Company B, 20th Alabama Regiment, Pettus's Brigade, Stevens's Division, Hardee's Corps; served throughout the war, and surrendered at Charlotte, N. C.; was in the siege of Vicksburg; is now living at Henderson, Tex.

C. B. Young enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of fifteen years, at Buck Head, S. C., Company B, 7th South Carolina Battalion, under E. J. Means, Hagood's Brigade; disbanded on Sunday, the 7th of May, 1865, at the county courthouse in Lancaster County, S. C.; is now living at Henderson, Tex., and wants to hear from any of the boys who served with him.

"UNCLE DICK'S" DEVOTION.

BY WILLIAM ERWIN WILSON, JR., BROWNWOOD, TEX.

One of the stanchest members of Stonewall Jackson Camp U. C. V., of Brownwood, is "Uncle Dick" Perkins, an old-time negro. He is a familiar figure at nearly all the general reunions of the boys in gray. He has been three times to New Orleans, twice to Richmond, and once to Macon, Memphis, Little Rock, Tulsa, Dallas, and Houston.

At all three reunions at New Orleans, "Uncle Dick" visited the grave of his dead master, cleaned off the lot, and placed a few flowers on the mound. At the last reunion in Dallas, Tex., he delighted the veterans with tales of his part in the memorable struggle between the States. The old man has a very creditable record in that war.

He was born near Vicksburg, Miss., June 11, 1841, and when the first gun opened hostilities in South Carolina, Dick followed his master into battle, acting as special servant and saddle boy. In 1862, when his master was killed at New Orleans, young Dick shouldered his master's musket and became a private in his stead. He was assigned to Company B, 17th Texas Infantry, under Col. Wash Jones. He fought in the battles of Jenkins Ferry and Camden, in Arkansas; Berwick Bay, La.; was with Gen Ben McCullough when that intrepid officer was killed at Pea Ridge. He was wounded at Mansfield, and captured by the Yankees at New Orleans.

Declared a "free nigger" and an American citizen by General Butler, he refused his freedom and sought to escape. He was then conscripted by the Yankees and forced to fight against his rebel friends. Before many days elapsed, however, Dick stole out of camp and made his way southward through the Louisiana swamps. A week later he emerged, half starved, before his old regiment and company, where he fought till the end of the war.

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?—C. H. Beard, of 26 East Thirty-First Street, Savannah, Ga., wants to know if it is a fact that Stonewall Jackson always wore a cap—never a hat. He says: "I have heard it stated, and have read time and again, that the General never wore a hat, not even when at West Point. I have lately read the following, and wish some one would explain it. 'At the conclusion of the Maryland campaign, General Jackson presented Captain Hotchkiss the world-famous "Old Gray Cap," made by Mrs. Jackson herself.'"

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

NEWS AND NOTES.

READ 'EM AND WEEP!—The crap shooter's exultant exhortation can be well used in connection with the quotation below from a Pittsburgh newspaper, the emphasis, however, in our case, is on the "weep."

Dr. Durham, of Emory University, Atlanta, delivered an oration on the occasion of the Lee memorial unveiling on Stone Mountain recently. Concerning a part of this speech, the *New York Times* remarks, "It is probable that the annals of Southern Memorial exercises would be searched in vain for a parallel to such an utterance," and we sincerely believe and hope this is true. A perusal of this Pittsburgh paper's report below is a fair warning as to the manner of man we allow to speak at our Southern celebrations, and it also illustrates rather definitely the estimate held of Southern celebrations, and it also illustrates rather definitely the estimate held of Southern pacifists and Lincoln worshippers by the Northerners themselves. The analogy drawn between Professor Durham and the Tennessee soldier turned apostate is highly illuminating.

We can love Lee, the Pittsburgh paper remarks, if we also honor Lincoln. We cannot be allowed to love Lee, the inference is, if we do not honor and worship Lincoln. "You shall not claim," the paper says, "that Lee was right!" We can do as Pilate did about Jesus Christ and say we can find no fault in him, but we cannot defend the Confederacy nor pronounce eulogy upon Lee as the leader of a "lost cause." But below are the words themselves—"read 'em and weep:"

(Pittsburg *Gazette Times*, Wednesday, February 6, 1924.)

Honoring Lincoln and Lee.

It is cheering to note that the exercises incident to unveiling the heroic carving of Gen. Robert E. Lee on Stone Mountain, Ga., a few days ago was not made the occasion for defense of or glorification of the Confederacy, but the eulogy which was pronounced dealt with General Lee as a man and not as a leader of a "lost cause." In the reverence which the South has for General Lee as a man of lofty character the North shares. The speaker dwelt on Lee as an American who accepted the defeat of the Confederacy as final, and who then turned his thoughts toward inducing the South to return to its former position as a part of the Union. After the tribute to Lee, the orator, Professor Durham, of Emory University, turned from his theme and uttered the following:

"I pause to quiet the high emotions which sweep the heart. I, son and grandson of Confederate officers, with you in whose veins runs the heritage of flame, stand uncovered at the name of Lincoln. Let us thank God that in the holy of holies of America's heart sleep such great ashes. Let us thank God that in the morning stars of the flag above us shines the gentle and immortal light of his soul. Son of the cabin, child of the wilderness, we salute you!"

This sentiment expressed on such an occasion is as remarkable as it must have been surprising. This Georgian must have felt as did a Tennessean who had served in the

Confederate armies. When asked his view of the war a half century after it, he said: "We had to lose, we were fighting an unholy war and God Almighty was against us." The orator appears to rejoice that he lives in a reunited country where he has Lincoln along with his Lee. To him who thus honors Lincoln, who would deny him his love for Lee?

THE DEATH OF ASHBY.—There has appeared of late some discussion as to where Ashby died and in what manner came the end. Accounts state he was carried to some neighboring house near the scene of his fall and died there; others that he was sent to Harrisonburg, in the Valley, and there expired. John Esten Cooke, in his valuable and charming book "Wearing of the Gray," a book long since out of print, gives a contemporaneous account written by Col. Bradley Johnson, which must be taken as authentic. It was just before Cross Keys, in early June, when Ashby ambushed and captured Sir Percy Wyndham, commanding Fremont's cavalry advance. Later in that day came the end, which is described by Colonel Johnson in these words: "He was riding at the head of the column with General Ewell, gesticulating and pointing out the position of the enemy. With two regiments of infantry he made a rapid detour and passed through a field of waving wheat and approached a belt of woods. Here were drawn up the Pennsylvania 'Bucktails,' and they fired upon Ashby's on-coming troops. Advancing at the head of the 58th Virginia, while Colonel Johnson led forward the Marylanders, Ashby had his horse shot under him, but sprang to his feet, waving his sword, and cried out: 'Virginians, charge!' These words were his last. He was struck down at this moment just as his troops broke through and put the 'Bucktails' to flight. Before his men could raise him he was dead. His body was placed on a horse in front of a cavalryman and borne along the lines of infantry, just as the rays of sunset tipped with fire the foliage of the trees."

Cooke's biography of Ashby in this book of his reads like the life of some gold-spurred knight "in days of old." Romance sings in every line.

MASSACHUSETTS-VIRGINIA.—Dr. Lyon G. Tyler has an article in the February *Current History* which it would be well for every lover of historic truth to read. It is a crushing reply to that most industrious South critic, Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, who recently had an article in the same monthly praising Massachusetts and not failing to make the usual claims. This article of Dr. Tyler's is entitled, "What the United States Owes to Virginia." It shoots full of holes through many bombastic New England claims to preëminence and priority in everything, claims made so persistently that now they are almost believed by the claimers themselves. Space which is limited, forbids extended quotations here. It only lies in my power to urge readers to look this up and carefully peruse it. One delightful little bit, however, I venture to quote here. Dr. Tyler says: "Inherited characteristics are very strong in New England. In the private circles to which I have been admitted, I have found that the old Colonial families have the same contempt they always have had for the poor, and that they despise an Irishman or an Italian far more than a Virginian despises a negro."

"KILLED OR TRANSPORTED."—General Sherman made a famous comment on the nature and character of war in general, and he confirmed the diagnosis by his personal method of waging war, especially on defenseless people. But his tendency to burn cities and plunder the countryside is better

known than some other angles of his character. Below is printed a section from a letter he wrote his brother in 1862, early in the war.

From Washington *Evening Star*:

A letter dated Memphis, August 13, 1862, to John Sherman. Extracts. "My full belief is we must colonize this country, beginning with Kentucky and Tennessee, and should remove 4,000,000 of our people at once south of the Ohio River, taking the farms and plantations of the Rebels. . . . Don't expect to overrun such a country or subdue such a people in one, two, or five years. It is the task of half a century. . . . We must colonize and settle as we go South—enemies must be killed or transported to some other country.

"Your affectionate brother, W. T. SHERMAN."

This gentle spirit had an effectiveness about him that would have made him rank high if he could have served with the Huns in the recent Great War.

CAMP NEWS.—New York Camp writes that they propose to give an entertainment in honor of Commander in Chief McDonald Lee and a dance complimentary to the New York Division of the U. D. C., at the Hotel Astor, New York, on April 21. A de luxe program of fifty pages will be issued, containing pictures of prominent Daughters and Sons, commanding now and in the past various Camps and Divisions of both orders. Also there will be an article on "History of the National Organization of Sons," by A. H. Jennings, Historian in Chief S. C. V.; and one on "Stone Mountain Memorial of the Confederacy," by Nathan Bedford Forrest, Past Commander in Chief S. C. V.; and a "History of New York Camp," by J. A. Webb.

Texas Division, Second Brigade, announces the following staff serving with Commander of Second Brigade David Walker: Brigade Adjutant, Henry Maitre, of Port Arthur; Brigade Inspector, W. R. Blain, of Beaumont; Brigade Quartermaster, Sam N. Lane, of Jacksonville.

Tennessee Division Commander J. L. Buard, of Chattanooga, issues a list of his staff, as follows; Adjutant and Chief of staff, J. Sutton Jones, of Chattanooga; Division Quartermaster, Earle Wester, of Memphis; Division Inspector, Charles Hall, of Nashville; Division Commissary, E. S. Kendrick, of Bristol; Division Judge Advocate, Walter Malone, of Memphis; Division Surgeon, Dr. Earle Campbell, of Chattanooga; Division Historian, J. Bailey Wray, of Knoxville; Division Color Bearer, A. L. Kirkpatrick, of Chattanooga; and Division Chaplain, Dr. Battle McLester, of Chattanooga.

Texas Division sends a list of staff officers appointed by Commander L. A. Smith, which has to be left over for a future number on account of lack of space.

Commander in Chief W. McDonald Lee writes: "Let us all pull for the greatest of reunions at Memphis, June 3-6, not forgetting that the night of June 3 is to be the greatest of all nights the anniversary of President Davis. On that night the official ladies will be presented, with a full program, and undoubtedly to a large house.

George B. Bowling, Inspector in Chief, S. C. V., Department of Tennessee, Memphis, Tenn., urges the payment of all dues at once, so that all camps will be in good standing and ready for the opening exercises on the night of June 3.

Mr. Bowling has made arrangements to furnish badges for official ladies, red and white ribbons, at \$4, and all who are interested should write to him. Give name, address, and official position. Order at once, as time is short. He can also furnish Confederate stationery. Address him at 637 Washington Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.,

THE PILGRIM FATHERHOOD.

STERLING BOISSEAU IN RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH.

Hurrah! and three cheers for Lady Astor, member of the English Parliament, though born and reared in Virginia, the mother colony of these United States of America.

Lady Astor, like all Virginians, has heard too often the unjust claims of Plymouth Rock and the Puritans as being founders of our grand and glorious republic, although they came over thirteen years later than the true founders who landed at Jamestown on the James.

But when she saw that erroneous inscription under the painting of the "Pilgrim Fathers" in England, it was just one too many, and she set to work to have it changed, and changed it was, so now it reads that they "Became the origin of the New England settlements in North America," and not the whole cheese.

I have made something of a hunt to find out what the Pilgrim "Fathers" were fathers of; to be just "fathers" of New England did not seem commensurate with the loud claims of the fatherhood that they had so much spread abroad. I found that one John Brown, who made a certain murderous raid on Harper's Ferry, and otherwise famous and infamous, was said to be the eighth in descent of one Brown who came over on the Mayflower and docked at Plymouth Rock; but it would be unfair to say all were "fathers" of such sons. Far be it from me to even insinuate such, but this was only an incidence in the search. They were evidently fathers of much that was great and good, but since it was not of the whole of these United States, and more than of just New England, I wish to do them justice by applying the "fatherhood" on broader and grander lines.

History repeats itself, and, therefore, history is repeatable, so I will here repeat the first verse of the following that has appeared in the *Times-Dispatch*, to which is added another in honor of Lady Astor:

FATHER OF YANKEE DOODLE.

Jamestown was settled in sixteen seven,
The nation there was born;
Plymouth Rock, in sixteen twenty,
Where the Pilgrim blows his horn.

The Puritan was never short on schemes,
When he thought and scratched his noodle,
So took the name of "Pilgrim Father"—
The father of Yankee Doodle.

A TEXAS CENTENARIAN.

William M. Lackey, of Winters, Tex., was one hundred years old on the 1st of December, 1923, and he has another distinction more unique, doubtless, than any other veteran of the Confederacy. He has a son only fourteen years of age, so he became a father at the advanced age of eighty-six. Who can beat it? He was also a father at the age of seventeen, his oldest child being sixty-nine years older than his youngest. Who can beat that? He has been married four times—another distinction—and is the father of twenty-three children, twelve of whom are living, the oldest and youngest among them, and these two live together in California.

William Lackey was born in Springfield, Mo., December 1, 1823, his parents removing to Arkansas later, where he spent his boyhood days in Sevier County, on a farm. His grandfather fought under Washington seven years and died at the age of one hundred and five. His grandson fully expects to equal that. Four generations of the family were present at the family reunion dinner on his hundredth birthday.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Heartiest congratulations to Mrs. L. R. Bailey and her Chapter of Oregon to be the first Chapter to go "over the top."

I wish to submit the following report of the distribution of "Our Book" up to date:

DIVISION.	1922-23.		1923-24.	
	Quota.	Dis-posed of.	Quota.	Dis-posed of.
Alabama.....	700	68	562	85
Arizona.....	10	7	3	..
Arkansas.....	450	36	414	..
California.....	200	80	120	28
Colorado.....	40	..	40	..
District of Columbia.....	150	12	138	..
Florida.....	400	47	353	..
Georgia.....	1,200	46	1,145	11
Illinois.....	10	..	10	..
Indiana.....	35	..	35	..
Kentucky.....	300	40	260	..
Louisiana.....	400	1	399	..
Maryland (over the top).....	75	77	19
Massachusetts (over the top).....	10	10	2
Minnesota.....	10	1	9	..
Mississippi.....	600	50	548	4
Missouri.....	400	27	373	50
Montana.....
New York (over the top).....	75	75	2
North Carolina.....	875	62	711	2
Ohio (over the top).....	50	50	2
Oklahoma.....	375	20	349	1
Pennsylvania.....	35	10	25	..
South Carolina.....	775	368	364	73
Tennessee.....	500	33	467	2
Texas.....	700	95	570	65
Virginia.....	1,100	34	1,066	11
Washington.....	30	10	20	..
West Virginia (over the top).....	200	324	15
NEW STATES.				
1923-24 First Quota.				
Rhode Island.....	15
Montana.....	10
New Mexico.....	20
New Jersey.....	25
Oregon (over the top).....	10
Utah.....	10
Kansas.....	10
Nebraska.....	10

MRS. EDWIN ROBERTSON, *Chairman*,

Fairmont, W. Va.

In renewing his subscription early in December, D. A. McLane, of Cameron, Tex., says: "As I write this (early in December), I am reminded of the days fifty-nine years ago when we were first smothering with the heat of a hot summer in Georgia and later on, just about this time (early in December), bogging through the mud and snow of splendid old Middle Tennessee. Beginning at Columbia to Spring Hill, the bloody battle of Franklin, and on to Nashville, the battles of the 15th and 16th of December; later, our brigade, Quarles's, was placed on the rear guard to guard the supply train and artillery on the retreat. It must be stated just here that our men were thinly clad and many of them barefooted. I was one of those entirely barefoot, but remained with the boys till we crossed the Tennessee River. My legs were swollen and black up to my knees, yet I pulled through; but I still remember with horror the sufferings of that brave set of men."

CONFEDERATE TWINS.

(Continued from page 124.)

and so intimate their association that even mental and physical conditions have often been duplicated. In February they celebrated their seventy-sixth anniversary. They are well preserved men, and so much alike physically that their own children when growing up could not tell which was father and which uncle. They are planning to attend the Confederate reunion in Memphis in June, going with the Second Brigade of the Alabama Division U. C. V., commanded by Gen. John R. Kennedy, of Tuscaloosa. They are members of Camp Jones U. C. V., at Selma.

THE DAILY MAIL.

Comrade E. T. Basye, of Seattle, Washington, sends \$5 on subscription account—it pays him to May, 1927—and writes:

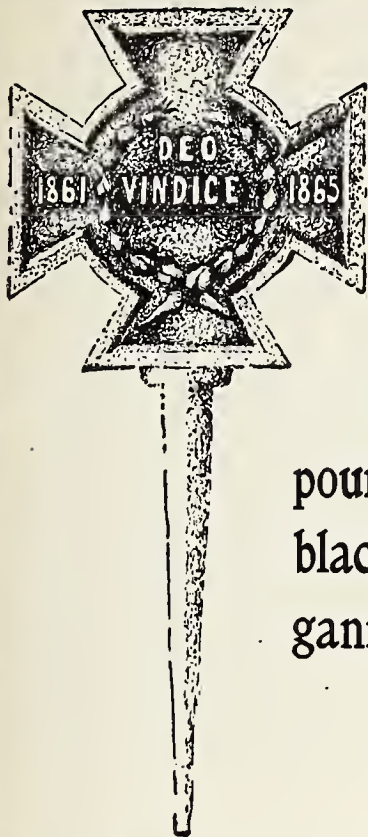
"I am one of the very few old boys who are 'still on deck,' working eight hours every day, and pulling down my sixty-six cents per hour, jazzing around on the tail end of a street car, a job I can hold as long as I can pull a bell cord. Of the thirty odd members of our Camp here five years ago, there are but two of us left, Dr. Dalton and myself. I attribute my wonderful health and activity to those three hundred years of pure Southern parentage, and that and determination bred by the good old Confederacy, which taught us to attempt *anything* and to *do* it or 'bust'! I took up street-carring here *after* I was sixty-nine years old, and I believe my long years of continued service and the treatment given me by the management are proof that I have made good, of which I am very proud, almost as proud as I am of having been a Confederate soldier, with all the beliefs I ever had on that subject, a fact I never allow the people I come in contact with to forget. . . . A coincidence. We have here a grandson of Gen. Joe Shelby, my old commander, who is working out of the same car barn with me, and lives a few doors from me."

Col. Ed C. Wilson, of Electra, Tex., sends reassurances of his continued interest in the VETERAN, and says: "I was eighty-one years of age last July, and am still active as a man of fifty. Am positively refusing to get old, only in years, so I may help my fellow comrades in any way possible. All the Confederate veterans here come to me to have their pension affidavits acknowledged. I am also doing all I can to get Sons and Daughters to join their respective organizations. I am sure there is not a Confederate who loves his old comrade as I do."

The following comes from Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V., Jo Lane Stern, of Richmond, Va.: "The day the VETERAN arrives, everything is stopped in this office until I read it through. It is a great pity we cannot teach all the young people in the South to read it. So many of them will never know it. . . . Virginia is 'shining up' to make her best show at Memphis in June, for it is expected to be one of the greatest of reunions."

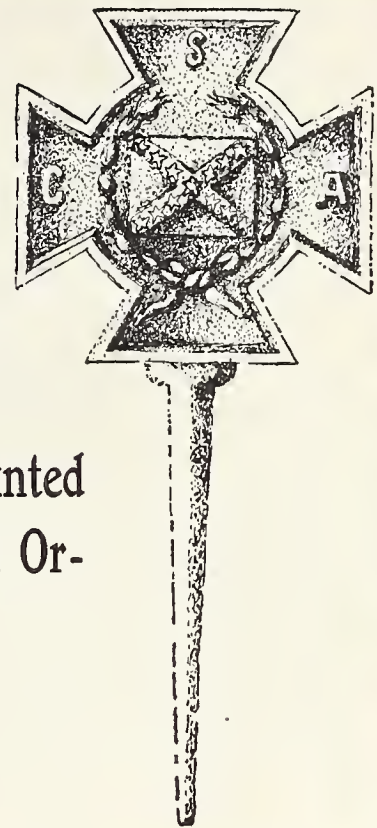
LEADER OF THE CONFEDERATE CHOIR.

Friends everywhere will be gratified to learn that Mrs. Hampden Osborne, leader of the Confederate Choir, has completely recovered her health and will be at Memphis reunion with her choir of Dixie singers. Mrs. Osborne was severely ill just after the New Orleans reunion.



"LEST WE FORGET"

These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.



PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

F. O. B. ATTALLA

ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO., Attalla, Ala.

BAILEY'S

"Won't Slip" Crutch Tip



Its many safety grips prevent slipping on ice or other smooth surfaces. Built like a non-skid tire. Never mars polished floors. Best quality rubber. Standard for 40 years. Get the genuine from your dealer or direct. Pair, 35 cents; 3 pairs, \$1. (Give diameter.) Folder of other Bailey rubber products free.

C. J. BAILEY CO.

Dept. P-4, 88 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

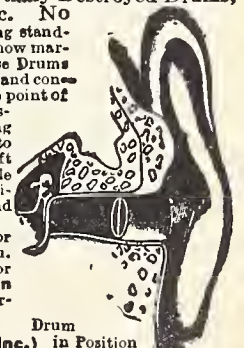


Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our **FREE 168 page Book on Deafness**—giving you full particulars.

Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 959 Inter-Southern Bldg. Louisville, Ky.



HOUSE CLEANING.

When cleaning house, look in that old trunk up in the garret; it contains valuable old letters. Send me the envelopes up to 1880; you keep the letters. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. I pay highest prices for same. Tell your neighbor of this unusual chance to make money. **GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.**

Mrs. Stella D. Edwards, of Fort Smith, Ark., calls attention to the error in date of Father Ryan's death as given in the **VETERAN** for February, page 53, which should have been April 23, 1886. In copying from a newspaper sketch, this error was made.

W. H. Morgan, of Marlow, Okla., says: "I have lived a Confederate veteran and soldier, and will die the same. I will be eighty years old on the 17th of May, 1924. I am an old subscriber to the **VETERAN**, and would not be without it."

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In the Brochure are explained the plan, purpose, and scope of the

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which includes the haunting mystery and power of Edgar Allan Poe, the tender humor of Joel Chandler Harris, the white heat of Patrick Henry's patriotic fire, the laughs and thrills of Irvin Cobb, the tears and smiles of O. Henry, and the masterpieces of literally hundreds of other noted Southern men and women every CONFEDERATE VETERAN reader should know. It is a literature which is enthralling, distinctive, beautiful, and absorbing.

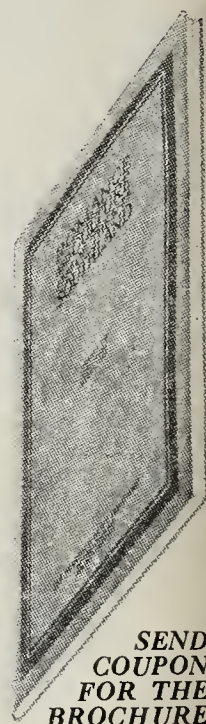
Leading educators and those in nearly every walk of life, who have read the brochure, declare it an unequalled work of its kind, revealing the very foundation of the South's culture and intellectual development.

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of provincialism and really know the greatness and beauty of the Southland.

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(Please print or write plainly)

Confederate Veteran.

C L Willoughby
507 N Iowa Av
Lake land
Fla
AGE 24

VOL. XXXII.

MAY, 1924

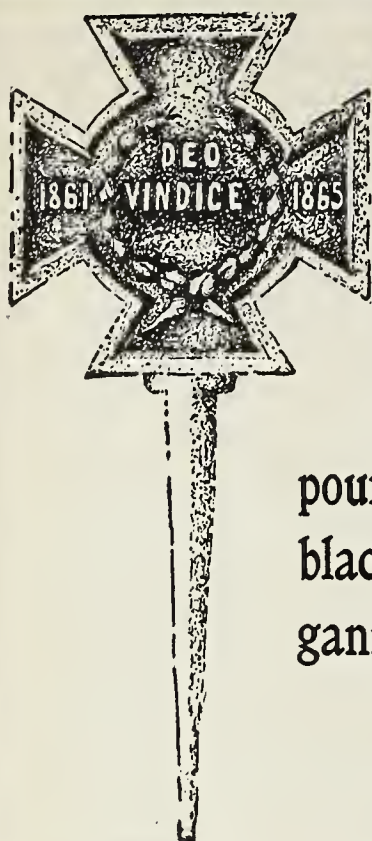
NO. 5



GEN. E. W. RUCKER, C. S. A.

(See page 163)

973-505
C-748



"LEST WE FORGET"

These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.



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ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO., Attalla, Ala.

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Two parades are scheduled for reunion time in Memphis, that of the Veterans and the Historical and Flower parade, and those who wish seats reserved for either should communicate with George B. Bowling, Inspector in Chief Tennessee Division S. C. V. Seats in the grand stand, which will also be the reviewing stand, will be reserved at \$1.25 and 75 cents each. Reserve your seats in advance and be comfortable while viewing these parades.

Mr. Bowling also furnishes badges for official ladies at \$4, complete, and takes orders for Confederate stationery. Write to him at No. 637 Washington Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

The VETERAN will have headquarters in the Hotel Claridge during the reunion in Memphis, where old friends and new will be welcomed by its representative.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

WANTED—Old envelopes from letters written between 1845 and 1880. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Highest prices paid. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ERROR.—W. L. Truman, of Gueydan, La., has asked correction of an error in his article on the Missouri Artillery by which he stated that after the battle of Franklin the battery was sent with Forrest toward Chickamauga, when he meant to say Murfreesboro.

Mrs. John N. Johnson, of Sullivan, Mo. (Route 1), asks for information regarding the last illness and burial place of her father, A. R. Dyson, who joined the Missouri State Guard in 1861. After taking part in a skirmish in Laclede County and in the battles of Wilson Creek and Pea Ridge, he later enlisted in the Confederate army, Company E, 5th Missouri, going South with Price, and participating in all engagements of his command until wounded and taken prisoner at the battles of Corinth and Champion Hill. He was paroled in June, 1864, and went to the home of R. A. Auburn, near Selma, Ala., where he died on September 10, and was buried in a family graveyard.

Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

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

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

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VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1924.

No. 5.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

GENERAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 29, 1924.

GENERAL ORDER No. 5

The General Commanding is pained to make announcement of the death of another leading member of our Association. Lieut. Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick, of McKinney, Tex., Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, United Confederate Veterans, after a brief illness, passed away March 24. The death of General Kirkpatrick at this time, when he was so full of hope and anticipation for the reunion in Memphis, is a great loss to the organization.

General Kirkpatrick was a gallant soldier and one of the youngest and most active of the Confederate veterans. Having entered the army at an early age, he preferred to serve throughout the war as a private when offered a commission as second lieutenant.

In his death the United Confederate Veterans have sustained an inestimable loss.

By command of

WILLIAM B. HALDEMAN, *General Commanding.*

I. P. BARNARD, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

GENERAL ORDER No. 8.

In conformity to the Constitution of the Association, Maj. Gen. Ruffin T. Davis, Commander of the Arkansas Division, is hereby ordered to assume command of the Trans-Mississippi Department until an opportunity has been given to select the successor to the late General Kirkpatrick by an election.

By command of

WILLIAM B. HALDEMAN, *General Commanding.*

I. P. BARNARD, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

DEDICATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

It is planned to dedicate the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., immediately following the reunion in Memphis. Announcement of this will be made during the convention and those wishing to attend these exercises can make this trip from Memphis, for which arrangements will be made with the railroads.

REUNION RAILWAY RATES.

(Reported by C. A. DeSaussure, Memphis, Tenn., as arranged to April 19.)

Round-trip tickets sold only to holders of identification certificates, properly marked to indicate class.

In all territory east of the Mississippi River and south of Ohio and Potomac Rivers to include the cities of Washington, D.C., and Cincinnati, O.; also all territory west of the Mississippi and south of the Missouri Rivers and approximately the southern Kansas line, the following rates will apply;

1. For Veterans and members of their immediate families accompanying them (limited to two each), *one cent per mile traveled.*

From points in Arkansas between Texarkana to Fordyce, inclusive, at *flat rate of \$6.40.* From points north of Fordyce, *one fare for the round trip.*

2. For members of auxiliary bodies—Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Children of the Confederacy, Sponsors, Maids, Matrons, Chaperones, and members of their immediate families accompanying them—*one fare for the round trip.*

GEN. EDMUND W. RUCKER.

The death of Gen. E. W. Rucker, at his home in Birmingham, Ala., on the night of Sunday, April 13, 1924, takes another from the fast-dwindling list of gallant Confederate leaders and one of the patriotic upbuilders of the South since the war. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-eight years, but was still an outstanding figure in the business and social life of that city. After the war, and before removing from his native Tennessee, he built a forty-mile stretch of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad. Later he was president of the Salem, Marion and Memphis Railroad following his removal to Birmingham, and had also been prominently connected with large manufacturing interests of that city.

Edmund Winchester Rucker was born July 22, 1835, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., the son of Edmund and Louisa Winchester Rucker, and a grandson of Gen. James Winchester,

a noted Tennessean, and commander on the disastrous field of Frenchtown in the War of 1812. The family removed to Wilson County in his childhood, where he was educated. In his early life he went to Memphis and entered the engineering business, in which he was engaged when the war came on.

Enlisting for the South, "he was appointed a first lieutenant in the regular army of the Confederate States in November, 1861, and assigned to duty at Columbus, Ky. In the spring of 1862 he was at Island No. 10 commanding a battery, and on March 17, made a gallant fight against the Federal gunboats, lasting from noon until dark, and in which the enemy was repulsed. His gallantry won him the commendation of his general (Trudeau), who brought up his name for promotion, and just before the campaign in Kentucky he was commissioned major and led the 16th Tennessee Battalion, Scott's Cavalry Brigade, which was in the advance on the day of victory at Richmond, Ky. In the spring of 1863 he was promoted to colonel, commanding Rucker's 1st Tennessee Legion, the 12th and 16th Battalions. In the Chickamauga campaign he led his legion in Davidson's Brigade, of Pegram's Division, Forrest's Cavalry Corps. Later he was attached to Grigsby's Brigade, Kelly's Division, Wheeler's Cavalry Corps, and participated in the cavalry operations of Longstreet's campaign in East Tennessee. Transferred to Mississippi and assigned to command the 6th Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry, May, 1864, he was put in charge of operations in northwest Mississippi, taking an important part in the following famous campaigns of Forrest. He served with distinction at the battle of Harrisburg, under General Chalmers, and was severely wounded, but again led his brigade with gallantry and soldiership during the raid into West Tennessee, October and November, 1864, taking a leading part in the achievements at Paris Landing and Johnsonville. In Hood's Tennessee campaign he commanded a brigade composed of the 7th, 12th, 14th, 15th, and Forrest's Tennessee Cavalry, the 7th Alabama, and 5th Mississippi. He defeated Capron's cavalry near Henryville, November 23, pursued the enemy to within seven miles of Columbia, and skirmished about there until the Federals evacuated the town on the 28th. Still pursuing, he fought at Spring Hill and Franklin, and after the investment of Nashville, his command was posted so as to blockade the Cumberland River, and was engaged with the Federal gunboats. He was forced to abandon this position on the 15th of December, and after the battle of Nashville his brigade was stationed at Brentwood, to hold the pike at all hazards. In the desperate hand-to-hand fighting at night he was wounded losing his left arm and captured, but he was back with the army in time for the surrender in North Carolina."

General Rucker is survived by his wife, two daughters, and a son, Dr. E. W. Rucker.

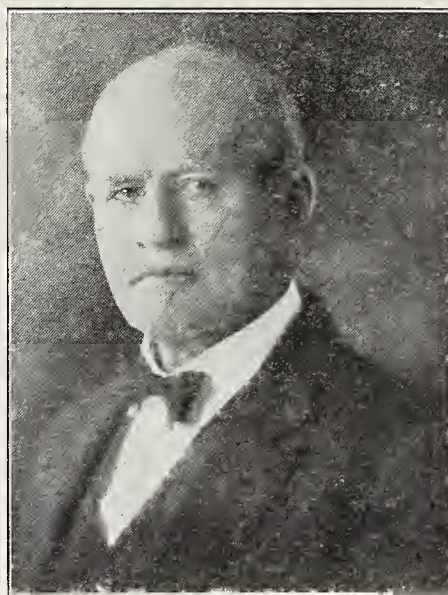
COMMANDER OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

An active and forceful leader in the great Confederate organization has been lost in the passing of Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., which occurred suddenly while he was on a business trip into New Mexico, March 24, 1924. For seventy years he had been a citizen of Texas, residing at McKinney. From that place he entered the Confederate army as a youth of eighteen, serving in Company I, of Martin's Regiment, Texas Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. He participated in

a number of engagements, and was wounded at the battle of Cabin Creek in the Indian Territory.

As one of the great brotherhood of Confederate veterans, General Kirkpatrick had been active as member and as leader in the work of the organization. He helped to organize the Throckmorton Camp U. C. V., at McKinney, of which he was Commander at the time of his death, and his comrades also gave him the place of honor in the State Division, and then as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, one of the three great divisions of the United Confederate Veterans, his rank being lieutenant general. His home was headquarters for Confederate comrades during the annual reunion at McKinney, which was attended by veterans from all over the State; and on the spacious lawn of his hospitable, old-fashioned Southern home, in the suburbs of that city the Daughters of the Confederacy spread the dinner which they served to the veterans.

Since the war, Elbert W. Kirkpatrick had been one of the constructive citizens of the great State of Texas, and his life was an example of what can be accomplished by energy and industry. He was the son of Jacob M. and Sarah Jane (Campbell) Kirkpatrick, and was born at Whitesburg, Jefferson County, Tenn., on October 12, 1844. The family went to Texas in 1854, and his father died when he was only thirteen, thus the young boy had to assume the responsibility of the family, consisting of his mother, a younger brother, and seven sisters. From childhood his life was characterized by tireless industry, strict



GEN. E. W. KIRKPATRICK.

integrity, and thrift. He was self-educated from necessity, his few spare moments from hard labor in the field and the nights being utilized in study and reading, and his bright mind easily grasped and retained whatever he read. He taught the first free public school in Collin County, in 1872, afterwards was made county superintendent, and under his leadership much was done to popularize the system and develop it into its present high standard. Later he practiced land surveying, and then entered the nursery business, and was president of the Texas Nursery Company to his death. He was ever interested in the agricultural development of his section and State, and was a successful farmer and fruit grower, known as the originator of many standard varieties of fruits and nuts. He was president of the Texas Industrial Congress of 1908-1909, helped to organize the State and National Nurseryman's Association, and was repeatedly honored with the presidency of both organizations; he was also president or director in many other enterprises for the development of the natural resources of his State and section. During the World War he rendered valuable service to the government as member of the State Council of Defense and in other capacities.

IN SELF-DEFENSE.

BY REV. JAMES A. LYONS, GLADE SPRINGS, VA., IN THE METHODIST ADVOCATE.

They are nearly all gone now and cannot speak for themselves—the noble six hundred thousand men who wore the gray—they who, in impoverished isolation for four years, while all the world wondered, held at bay over two millions with the world's resources at command. Of the small fraction who remain nearly all are past their eightieth milestone, but still undaunted march on to meet "the last enemy that shall be destroyed."

In behalf of the voiceless dead and in comradeship of those who soon will bivouack with them in "the low green tents whose curtains never outward swing," I deny the accusation brought against us by Dr. J. J. Ransom in the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville) of January 11 as follows: "The South, to which Bishop Moore and I belong, fought four years to prevent the emancipation of her slaves. But a few years after our Civil War, Brazil, possessing a larger percentage of slave population than the United States, or the Southern States for that matter, by a peaceable decree cut the taproot of slavery."

The only logical inference is this: that Confederate soldiers were brave in action, but barbarous in purpose and that the people of the Old South were of a lower order than were contemporaneous Brazilians. Surely this wholesale impeachment of the Confederate South cannot be an expression of deliberate judgment, but rather of vagrant impulse, as exemplified in the psalmist's confession: "I said in my haste all men are liars." Thus assessed, the dogmatic statement in question might be allowed to pass without notice. But, unfortunately, it is representative of a lurking suspicion infesting the minds of many of the present generation of Southerners, the outcroppings of which are seen all too frequently in Southern periodicals. For instance, in an otherwise excellent application of a recent Sunday school lesson there was a linking up of African slavery with polygamy, the lottery, and the saloon, followed by the question: "Can a man be right with God and still get into wrong relations with his fellow men? Explain your answer. What about Christian slaveholders?"

Since there are no existent slaveholders in our country, these implications are necessarily retrospective and, logically, incriminative of all who were such as being unchristian. May not we of the Old South beg that those who bear our names refrain from thus stigmatizing us, at least while we are yet alive?

The object of this article is not controversy, but solely, by presentation of the truth, to aid in the emancipation of our descendants from slavery into which they have been beguiled by a too ready acceptance of defamatory propaganda from an alien and hostile press and a well-nigh criminal neglect of first-hand testimony from loyal Southerners who were eyewitnesses of and participants in the War between the States. Pleading not guilty as charged, and confined to rebuttal in brief, we introduce the following evidence as sufficient to quash the indictment brought against us. We quote from the January number of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, Nashville, a periodical disdained by many who ought to know better as the mouthpiece of a lot of old Union busters now in their dotage: "Robert E. Lee never owned a slave except those he inherited, and these he emancipated. Matthew Fontaine Maury, the 'Pathfinder of the Seas,' owned one woman, who remained as a member of his family. He was not in favor of slavery, considered it a curse, yet both these resigned positions in the service of the United States to stand for State rights. [See also 'Maury's Efforts to Avert War,' in February *VETERAN*.] Gen. Joseph E. Johnston never owned a slave, neither did Gen. A.

P. Hill; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart owned two, inherited one, and bought one; he disposed of one for cruelty, the other he gave away. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee never owned a slave. Stonewall Jackson owned two, whom he bought at their own requests. He immediately offered both the privilege of buying their freedom; one accepted, the other refused, preferring to remain with the family. Dr. Hunter McGuire, of the Stonewall Brigade, stated that in Jackson's Brigade only one in thirty owned a slave, or ever expected to own one." That ratio may safely be taken as a conservative estimate for the entire Confederate army.

That loyal Southerners proudly and utterly unashamed challenge the verdict of impartial history and fearlessly submit their case to the decision of the last grand assize, from which there is no appeal, is seen in the statues and monuments erected all over our Southland in honor of Confederates and the cause to which they dedicated "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Not one of these memorials says: "The South fought to prevent emancipation of her slaves." Dare any man stand before Confederate veterans in their approaching reunion in Memphis and accuse them of having done so, or to propose that our gigantic Stone Mountain Memorial in Georgia be so inscribed?

If shame must be, let its blush follow his rebuke from a Massachusetts man, Charles Francis Adams, lineal descendant of two Presidents and an officer who fought against us: "I hope I should have been filial and unselfish enough myself to have done as Lee did. If anyone may refer to one's own feelings, however insignificant, I have no hesitation in saying that in the, fortunately almost unthinkable, event of a separation between the States in the future, I should cling with all my soul to New England and Massachusetts even if I thought them in the wrong. America is my country, but Massachusetts is my country first of all."

Whole libraries have been devoted to discussion of the question: "What did the South fight for?" Summarized in the fewest possible words the answer of the South is: For emancipation from persistent defamation of the character of the Southern people; from dictatorial assaults by malicious fanatics upon their constitutional rights and privileges; and in self-defense against invasion by force of arms. The malignant spirit that denounced the Constitution of the United States as "a league with death and a covenant with hell" flared up in the murderous John Brown raid, kindled the torch of fratricidal war, and glowed in the embers of a brutal reconstruction whose aim was vassalage of Southern whites to former slaves. Too late the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" repented writing it—as her son confessed in an address to the negro student body of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.

Those who seek a true answer to the question, "What did the South fight for?" will find in that one word "invasion" the master key to the question: "What did the South fight for?" It created "the Solid South" and has kept it so. It is to be observed that after Mr. Lincoln's declaration that he had no intention of interfering with slavery and, later, when—in violation of the Constitution—he proclaimed the negroes free, the South fought on just the same.

History abundantly proves that from colonial times onward there was in the South a deep-seated desire to be rid of negro slavery. A very large majority of her citizens owned no slaves, and a large majority of those who did were forced into this undesirable relation by existing economic conditions for which they were not responsible and from which they saw no feasible way of escape. These all would have welcomed emancipation from this incubus through equitable adjustment, financial and social. And despite the unrighteous manner by

which it was effected, there was throughout the South an expression of relief that at last we were rid of slave ownership. After traveling in every Southern State, I have never—from 1865 to 1924—heard a single man express a wish for the re-establishment of slavery.

If the North had adopted a policy of conciliation instead of vituperation, and of compensation instead of confiscation, the negroes would have been freed without secession, without a horrible four years' war and its inevitable sequence, the volcanic "negro problem" of to-day.

HOW JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

"We can lick 'em with cornstalks," was the proud boast of a Southern fire eater in 1861. "But, d—n 'em, they wouldn't fight us that way!" was his explanation in 1865, when some one twitted him about his prewar prediction.

The fact is, as most practical people know to-day, a nation to fight must have something to fight with besides courage and faith, and in modern times that means guns. As the infantry is the backbone of a modern army, so the infantry arm—the rifle—is the principal arm of a modern army.

The purpose of this article is to show how "Johnny Reb" got the gun with which he gave such a good account of himself in 1861-65. The word "gun" is used in its generic sense to include all shoulder arms—rifles, muskets, and carbines.

The old yarn that John B. Floyd, while Secretary of War, depleted the Northern United States army arsenals and sent the arms to the South has been told and retold so often that reference here is almost superfluous. The fact is that Floyd was completely exonerated of this charge by an investigating committee. President Buchanan, in his memoirs, shows how groundless the accusation was.

Here are the facts: The Springfield (Mass.) Armory had become so crowded in 1859 that it was necessary to remove some of the weapons stored there. In December, 1859, the War Department ordered one-fifth of the arms at Springfield distributed among five Southern arsenals—at Charleston, S. C.; Fayetteville, N. C.; Augusta, Ga.; Mount Vernon, La.; and Baton Rouge, La. The number thus transferred was 65,000 percussion muskets, 40,000 old flintlock muskets, which had been altered to percussion, and 10,000 rifled muskets. This was almost a year before Lincoln's election. Again, in 1860, 10,000 rifles and muskets were distributed by the War Department, of which number the Southern and Southwestern States got only 2,849, or less than one-third the number distributed, and much less than their quota.

These distributions were made legally. After Lincoln's election, certain Southern States made requisition upon the government for arms and received them. As late as January 29, 1861, Governor Ellis, of North Carolina, requisitioned the War Department for 334 long-range rifles, and these arms were shipped to Raleigh. This shows that the government at Washington considered North Carolina's claim to the guns fair and just.

At the outbreak of the war, the South had at its disposal about 150,000 shoulder arms, of which only about 20,000 were modern rifles. These rifles were the rifled musket .58 caliber, made at Harper's Ferry and Springfield, and the short rifle, known as the Harper's Ferry rifle. The others included flintlock muskets of the Revolutionary War and War of 1812 period, the percussion musket, altered from flintlock, caliber .69, and a miscellaneous lot of shoulder arms, including some Hall rifles and carbines.

Within the Southern Confederacy there was no arsenal at which guns were manufactured, except the small equipment at Fayetteville, and that at Harper's Ferry, which was burned by the Union force left to guard it when Jackson advanced to capture the arsenal. To arm and equip the thousands of volunteers who rushed to enlist, eager "to live and die for Dixie," was a task to try the souls and test the ingenuity of man, and the way the South met the emergency is a thing of which Americans to-day can well be proud. There were five sources of supply open to the War Department of the "storm-cradled nation," and each was made the most of. They were: (1) Conversion of privately owned sporting arms to military use. (2) Manufacture. (3) Purchase in the North. (4) Purchase abroad. (5) Capture from the enemy. A glance at what was done in each of these fields may prove interesting.

CONVERSION OF PRIVATELY OWNED SPORTING GUNS TO MILITARY USE.

Governors of various Southern States appealed to the people to turn over to the ordnance officers "anything that would shoot." The result was a collection of weapons that would have made a fine museum. Governor Harris, of Tennessee, issued an appeal for arms November 2, 1861, and ten days later the State legislature authorized the governor to seize all private arms for State troops.

Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, by proclamation of June 23, 1861, called upon the people to send to the county seat "all surplus firearms, shotguns, or rifles, of every description, new or old, in order or out of order." Similar proclamations were issued by the governors of other Southern States.

Volunteers were asked to bring their guns with them. Other persons, especially those living in sparsely settled communities, were averse to turning all their weapons of defense over to the authorities. Consequently, the number of guns collected by the State authorities was not large.

General Carroll reported December 5, 1861, that after six weeks he had been able to procure only 400 flintlock muskets, rifles and double-barrel shotguns. Shops for converting these nondescript "shooting irons" into weapons for military use were established at Nashville, Pulaski, Memphis, and Murfreesboro, Tenn. The armory at Nashville was employed exclusively in the repair of small arms, according to a report of the Tennessee Advisory Committee. Governor Harris wrote to the Confederate Secretary of War May 25, 1861, approving the Secretary's suggestion that sporting rifles be used with the Minie ball. President Davis wrote to General Holmes saying the "Tennessee rifles," if bored out to uniform caliber, were as good as any other weapons for sharpshooters.

General Carroll reported November 12, 1861, that he had distributed 1,600 guns among the armories at Memphis, Nashville, Pulaski, and Columbia to be repaired and fitted for use. Little was accomplished, he said. The machinery at Memphis broke down. Other guns were repaired at Knoxville. Of these, Carroll reports having received only 520, which had been made of uniform length and caliber and fitted with saber bayonets. Nashville fell into the hands of the Union troops in February, 1862. That put an end to Confederate arms making there.

The collection of private arms was also undertaken by the Confederate government, but without much success. General Tyler reports that General Walker, in search of arms, was sent to Richmond, Lynchburg, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Mobile, Nashville, and Holly Springs, and collected exactly 160 old muskets. The government collectors even fell afoul of State Rights, for the Raleigh *Standard* of April

26, 1862, published a notice of Governor Clark, of North Carolina, saying in part: "These agents have no lawful authority to seize your private arms, and you will be protected in preserving the means of self-defense."

At first, every gunsmith in the South was kept busy altering and repairing these private arms. Perhaps the largest establishment thus employed was that of Samuel Sutherland, "Armorer of the Confederacy," at Richmond. Sutherland, before the war, was a dealer and importer of sporting rifles, pistols, and shotguns. Most of the repair work done in Richmond was under his jurisdiction. Thousands of guns and pistols, collected from citizens and gathered from the early battle fields, were sent to Sutherland's plant for repair and conversion. "Kentucky" sporting rifles with barrels five feet long, were sawed off and made into cavalry carbines. Sutherland's armory was burned when Richmond fell.

MANUFACTURE OF ARMS IN THE SOUTH.

A bill to encourage the manufacture of small arms was passed by the Confederate Congress March 19, 1862, and signed by President Davis a month later.

In April, 1861, Lieut. Roger Jones, commanding the United States Arsenal guard at Harper's Ferry, hearing of the approach of Virginia secessionist troops, set fire to the government buildings and went to Carlisle, Pa. The Virginia troops, aided by residents of Harper's Ferry, extinguished the flames, but not before some of the buildings and about 16,000 finished rifles and muskets had been destroyed. Virtually all the gun-making machinery was saved. The State of Virginia claimed all this property, but it was agreed that the machinery for making the Harper's Ferry rifle be sent to Fayetteville where the State of North Carolina had good steam power.

The machinery for making the long rifled musket was sent to Richmond and set up under the direction of Lieut. Col. J. H. Burton, late master armorer at Enfield, England. The Richmond armory got to work in September, 1861, and at its maximum output turned out 1,000 rifles a month. In making up many of these rifles, the old parts rescued from the ruins at Harper's Ferry were used. Thus it is common to find rifles stamped on the lock plate: "C. S. Richmond, Va.," and on the butt plate "U. S."

When Richmond was evacuated, that part of the machinery which could be removed was taken to Danville, where it was captured by General Wright.

The machinery for making the short Harper's Ferry rifles was set up at Fayetteville and got to work in the spring of 1862. It turned out about 400 rifles a month. These guns were both brass and iron mounted, and most of them were

made for saber bayonets. The lock plates were stamped with the die used at Harper's Ferry, which showed an eagle with the letters "U. S." beneath. At Fayetteville, the "U. S." was cut out, and "C. S. A." (the S upside down) was keyed in. In March, 1865, upon the approach of Sherman's army, the Fayetteville machinery was taken to Egypt and secreted in an old mine, where it was recovered by the Federals in May, 1865, and taken to Raleigh.

The first private firm to be given an arms-making contract by the Confederate government is said to have been McElwaine & Co., Holly Springs, Miss. Before the war this was known as the Marshall County Manufacturing Company, which owned a large foundry. An act of the Mississippi legislature of July, 1861, empowered the firm to buy additional machinery and "to make and enforce any by-law not contrary to the State constitution." July 8, 1861, the Confederate War Department was notified this firm was making machinery for the construction of Mississippi rifles. Delivery could begin in sixty days, and the output would be 100 a day. General Gorgas reported, August 12, 1861, that the firm had been given a contract for 30,000 rifles, delivery to begin November 1. In June, 1862, Sherman occupied Holly Springs, but found the gun machinery had been removed. The records do not make it clear whether this machinery was moved to Atlanta or Macon.

In May, 1862, George Yarbrough, J. S. Short, and W. S. N. Briscoe formed a partnership for the manufacture of arms, and bought a tract of one hundred acres near Tyler, Tex. A large brick factory was erected and machinery purchased. The Texas Military Board gave the firm a contract for 5,000 rifles, but by September, 1863, only 1,000 had been turned out.

When Little Rock, Ark., was evacuated by the Confederates in September, 1863, headquarters of the District of Arkansas was established at Arkadelphia, sixty-five miles from Little Rock. The gun machinery from the Little Rock arsenal was moved to Arkadelphia, where rifles were made until the Confederates were forced to give up that place. General Cabell complained that the Arkadelphia rifles were no better than shotguns. About October, 1863, the Little Rock and Arkadelphia machinery was removed to Tyler, which became the headquarters of the Trans-Mississippi Department. The Tyler arsenal was purchased by the government and combined with the machinery brought from Arkansas. Colonel Hill was placed in charge, and 200 men and boys were employed. These guns were known as "Texas Rifles," and military officers had a poor opinion of them. The lock plates were stamped "Texas Rifle, Tyler, C. S." Specimens of this



CONFEDERATE BREECH-LOADING CARBINE.

E. Berkley Bowie, of Baltimore, is interested in getting the history of this old gun, whose origin is sealed in mystery. It is stamped "C. S." on the breech block and barrel, caliber .56, percussion lock, and is iron mounted. The charge is loaded into the breech block. All in all, it is a credit to Confederate ingenuity and its inventor should be known, also where manufactured.

arm are rare. When the Trans-Mississippi Department disbanded in 1865, 2,500 Texas rifles were turned over to Shelby's Division. Shelby took the guns into Mexico and sold them.

Another large manufacturer of guns for the Confederacy was the firm of Cook & Brother. Ferdinand W. C. Cook and his brother, Frank Cook, were Englishmen who had a factory in New Orleans before the war. They began to make guns on the Enfield model. Just before the fall of New Orleans, the machinery of Cook & Brother was loaded on flatboats and taken to Athens, Ga., where a large brick factory was completed in 1863. There the output of rifles was about 200 a week. The guns were the short rifle and carbine, or musketoon, with swivel ramrod for cavalry use. Maple and walnut was used for stocks, and household brasses collected from the residents for the gun mountings. Major Cook was killed while leading his battalion of armory guards near Savannah.

The Shakanoosa Arms Manufacturing Company was organized in 1861 and given a contract to manufacture modified "Mississippi" rifles for the State of Alabama. The erection of a plant near Dickson, Ala., was begun, but before it was completed the firm had to move to Rome, Ga., where a large building was leased. The plant had been in operation only a few months when it was burned. The firm then moved to Adairsville, Ga., where rifles were made until the battle of Chickamauga. Once more the firm had to move hastily to avoid capture by the enemy. The plant was then set up at Dawson, Ga., where manufacture continued till the end of the war. Virtually all the Shakanoosa rifles extant are those made at Dawson. They are marked on the lock plate: "Dickson, Nelson & Co., Ala. C. S.," and the date.

It is not generally known that breech-loading rifles were made in the Southern Confederacy. George W. Morse, an arms expert, was granted a patent October 28, 1856, for a metallic cartridge, breech-loading rifle. At the outbreak of the war, Morse was superintendent of the arsenal at Nashville. Later Morse operated an armory at Greenville, S. C., where he converted muskets into breech-loaders, and also made a light breech-loading carbine. These carbines were issued to Confederate cavalry, but were not practical, because they took a special cartridge, which was difficult to supply. The State of Texas authorized Gen. Benjamin McCulloch to buy 1,000 Morse rifles, but McCulloch was unable to get them. When the Citadel, at Columbia, S. C., fell into the hands of the Union troops at the close of the war, 400 Morse rifles were found stored there. Several varieties of Morse guns are in the National Museum at Washington.

Breech-loading carbines, modeled after the famous Sharps, were made at Richmond. The company manufacturing these was the S. C. Robinson Arms Manufactory. The weapons were poorly made, and the breech was not gas tight. As a result, every time the carbine was fired it "spit fire" at the breech, causing the soldier to turn his head to one side to protect his eyes. General Lee, in a letter to the Chief of Ordnance, June 8, 1863, said the Richmond-made carbines were "so defective as to be demoralizing to our men." The carbines were made in 1862, and were stamped on barrel and lock plate: "S. C. Robinson Arms Manufactory, Richmond, Va., C. S.," and the date of manufacture. Later the factory was taken over by the government, and the carbines were stamped simply: "Richmond, Va." and the serial number. Specimens have been found with serials up to 5700, indicating at least that that many were made.

General Gorgas reported December 31, 1864, that the output of the carbine factory at Tallassee, Ala., could be 6,000

a year on full strength. He does not say, however, what the actual output was. These carbines were muzzle loaders. A specimen in the National Museum has a swivel ramrod and is marked on lock plate: "C. S. Tallassee, Ala., 1864."

There were other gun factories in the Confederacy, but it is difficult to obtain definite data about them. They include the following:

Mendenhall, James & Gardner, Greensboro, N. C.; made rifles for State of North Carolina.

Lamb & Brother, Jamestown, N. C.; given contract for 10,000 for State of North Carolina.

J. P. Murray, Columbus, Ga.; made rifles and carbines.

D. C. Hodgkins & Son, Macon, Ga.; made rifled muskets.

Alabama Arms Manufacturing Company, Montgomery, Ala.; made rifles on Enfield model.

— Pullem, Asheville, N. C.; had small armory, later taken over by government.

Georgia Armory, Milledgeville; made 125 muskets a month; burned by Wilson's raiders in 1865.

PURCHASE IN THE NORTH.

At the outbreak of the war, the Confederate government and some of the Southern States sent agents through the North to purchase arms. In most instances these agents found Northern munitions makers perfectly willing to sell to the South. North Carolina sent Lieut. C. C. Lee to the North in January, 1861, and he made numerous contracts. Mississippi contracted with Eli Whitney, on New Haven, for 1,500 Mississippi rifles with bayonets. Sixty guns were shipped, but were found to be old arms remodeled, and the contract was abrogated. Capt. Raphael Semmes, afterwards commander of the Alabama, was another agent who purchased arms in the North for the Confederacy.

John A. Kennedy, superintendent of Metropolitan Police of New York, seized thirty-eight cases of muskets on Pier 12, North River, January 23, 1861, which were to be loaded on a steamer for Macon, Ga.

The willingness of Northern firms to sell arms to the South became such a scandal that Secretary of War Cameron authorized Col. James Cameron to visit Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Providence, and Hartford to collect evidence of the sale of ordnance to persons in the Southern States. A strict blockade and arms embargo finally halted all contracts.

PURCHASE OF ARMS ABROAD.

When the Confederacy found the factories of the North closed to it, the officials turned to Europe. In May, 1861, Maj. Caleb Huse was sent to England with an order to buy 12,000 Enfield rifles. Major Huse contracted with the London Armory Company and other firms for Enfield rifles. The rifles bought by Major Huse were rushed to the South. In September, 1861, a lot of 3,500 was received by the War Department. Several thousand Enfields were in the hands of picked troops of Johnston's army at Shiloh. Major Huse also found a lot of Austrian rifles at the Imperial Arsenal at Vienna, and contracted for 100,000 of them.

There was little trouble in running these guns through the blockade. General Gorgas reported, February 3, 1863, that Major Huse had shipped to the Confederacy, among other things, the following: 70,980 long Enfield rifles; 9,715 short Enfield rifles; 354 Enfield carbines; 27,000 Austrian rifles; 21,040 British muskets; 2,020 Brunswick rifles.

Gorgas also reported 23,000 rifles at London and 30,000 at Vienna awaiting shipment. Austrian rifles, with saber bay-

onets, were in the hands of infantry of Lee's army in the Wilderness. The long Enfield rifle was probably the most popular gun of the Confederate army. It was the official arm of the British infantry and was a splendidly made weapon. The long Enfield was about the same size and weight as the Union army Springfield rifled musket. It carried an angular bayonet. The short Enfield carried a sword bayonet, and was about the size of the Mississippi rifle. The regular English Enfield was .577 caliber, but it would take a .58 caliber cartridge, the regulation size of the Springfield and other standard arms of both North and South.

Another interesting English gun which was sent to the South in small quantities was the Whitworth sharpshooter's rifle. Picked men of the Confederate army, noted for their marksmanship, were given these long-range rifles, with telescope sights. General Lytle, the Union soldier-poet, was killed at Chickamauga by a sharpshooter armed with a Whitworth rifle. General Cleburne had a company of thirty sharpshooters armed with twenty Whitworth and ten Kerr rifles. The last-named was another English importation.

CAPTURE OF ARMS FROM THE ENEMY.

It has been said that the Confederate army armed and equipped itself at the expense of the enemy, and, while this is an exaggeration, it is certain that a large proportion of the arms used by the Confederates were captured from the North. General Gorgas reported that for the year ending September 30, 1864, a total of 45,000 small arms had been captured from the Federals.

Some of these captured arms were of the latest improved models, but were almost useless because the Confederates were unable to get the cartridges. Thus the 1st Virginia Cavalry was issued Spencer 7-shot carbines after the battle of Pollard's Farm, but when their cartridges ran out they had to discard the carbines. So many Spencer repeating carbines were captured near the close of the war that the Confederates devised a machine for making the metallir cartridges, but it was too late to be of service. Henry repeating rifles, captured from the Union cavalry, were given to the 7th Virginia Cavalry and used by that command at Reams's Station.

General Gorgas reports that the Richmond arsenal, from July, 1861, to January, 1865, issued 323,231 infantry arms. Probably one-half of these were captured arms. Richmond was the great arms clearing house of the Eastern Confederacy, and arms gathered from the Virginia battle fields were sent there to be repaired and reissued. This gives only a faint idea of how well the Union War Department helped Johnny to get his gun.

FOOTNOTE.

On the assumption that anyone who has read this article through must be interested in the subject, the writer would like to ask VETERAN readers to answer some questions which have bothered students of Southern military history.

1. What was stamped on the rifles made by McElwaine at Holly Springs, Miss.?
2. Were the rifles made at Tyler, Tex., of the Enfield or Harper's Ferry model?
3. Where was the rifle factory of Bujac & Bennett, and how long did it operate?
4. Where were the Tarpley breech-loading carbines made?
5. Were the long rifles (38-inch barrels) made by Cook & Brother at New Orleans or Athens, Ga.?
6. Where was the rifle factory of Greenwood & Gray?
7. Where was the rifle factory of C. Chapman, and what kind of guns did he make?

ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA COAST, 1864-65.

BY ROBERT HERIOT, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

One of the peculiar incidents that came under my observation during the war occurred between Pocotaligo and Coosawhatchie, S. C., on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, during a cessation of the firing in December, 1864.

After the Federals under General Foster had been repulsed and had retired to a skirt of timber, they sent forward a relief party and a skirmish line in an open space and proceeded to partly bury their dead by throwing sod on them. But this is what surprised me: They proceed to break and destroy all equipment that had been left on the field in their front. They split open canteens, cut up rubber blankets used in making tents, and everything else they could find. It seemed strange that they did not remove these things to their own lines, as it would have been labor saved, and as they lost several killed and wounded in their efforts. If there was anything more than another that a Confed was fond of acquiring, it was a blue overcoat, a pair of boots, or a Yankee canteen. The latter, like their other equipment, were far superior to ours; their canteens were oval in shape, made of galvanized iron, and encased in heavy woolen cloth. They were difficult to split open, but half of one made an excellent frying pan, by using a split stick for a handle.

In walking over the field after the fighting ended, I observed one of our men tugging at a half buried Federal, from whom he finally got his overcoat. He took it to a hole of water to wash it, and asked me to help him wring it, but I refused with a great deal of indignation, as I had not been in service long enough to have my moral sensibilities blunted.

A peculiarity in the weather I noticed after every battle was that it rained. My experience in battles was rather limited, but I observed this phenomenon five or six times. I would like for some old veteran of many battles to state whether he can recall any battle that was not followed by rain.

About the 20th of December, Bachman's Battery, or, as it was better known, the German Artillery, to which I belonged, was ordered to move farther down the river toward Charleston. The coast of South Carolina is a delightful climate in the winter, and it abounds, or did at that time, in wild game and fish. We caught bass and rockfish in the middle of winter, and the wild ducks were so numerous that when they rose to fly they darkened the atmosphere. We made our camp on a rice plantation, where we were pleasantly situated and enjoyed the change after the trenches at Tulifinny Creek on the railroad. Among the members of the battery was a comrade from Graniteville, S. C., Joe Hamigail by name, and as I was from Aiken, we soon became close friends. He took me in his mess and adopted me as his little brother. Joe was a scientific forager, and I enjoyed many a good meal that I would not otherwise have had. In our new location we were quartered in a large cottage that had been used as the negro hospital of the plantation. One day Joe and I were looking the house over, when he discovered a small hole in one of the walls and was peeping through, when I slipped up behind and gave him a push. He fell headlong into the next room and landed on a lot of bee gums full of honey. I secured a vessel and gave it to him to fill with the honey, which we placed in a cupboard in the house. We stopped up the hole in the wall, and though the boys who came visiting, in "searching" around, would discover the honey in the cupboard and eat all they wanted, they never inquired where we got it; that would have been contrary to soldier etiquette.

Things went along this way for six or seven days when we

(Continued on page 195.)

FEMALE SCHOOLS IN TENNESSEE PRIOR TO 1861.

BY MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The people of Tennessee have ever recognized the importance of educating the youth of the State. Many of the early settlers were people of education and culture from Virginia and the Carolinas. Some of them were attracted by the glowing accounts given by the hunters, the pathfinders of the wilderness, of the beauty and fertility of the new country; some were lured by the spirit of adventure, and still others came to escape the tyranny of the governor of North Carolina after the disastrous battle of the Alamance in 1771. But a greater force than the desire for fertile lands or the love of adventure or the hope of freedom from persecution was the strong urge of the Anglo-Saxon blood to conquer and colonize new country and make it fit for the uses and benefits of civilization.

Many of these men of Tennessee were fitted by training and education to lead in the building of a new State. They were strong, virile men, with love of liberty in their hearts, who came to make of the wilderness a land of homes and schools and Churches. The first homes were log cabins, and as soon as these were builded and clearings made for the crops plans were begun for schools and for the preaching of the Word of God. The ministers of the gospel were the first teachers, and their teaching and preaching was as a "voice crying in the wilderness" that gave the strong and vigorous type of Christianity which dominates Tennessee to-day.

The little log schoolhouse, with the study of the three "R's" was soon followed by a better class of buildings and a more extended course of study. Many years before Tennessee had attained the dignity of statehood, academies and colleges had been established where the youth of Tennessee might be trained for the highest order of citizenship.

Martin Academy was chartered in 1783, Davidson Academy in 1785, and Blount College in 1794. These three schools deserve more than passing mention. Martin Academy, later named Washington College, was located near Jonesboro. Rev. Samuel Doak, a Presbyterian minister and a graduate of Princeton University, was the founder and first principal. He began the school in a log house on his farm in 1780. This was the first school west of the Alleghany Mountains where Latin and Greek were taught and was said by Monette to have been "the first literary institution in the great Mississippi Valley." In 1783 this school was chartered as Martin Academy by the State of North Carolina; in 1785 it was chartered by the General Assembly of the short-lived State of Franklin; and in 1795 it was again chartered by the Southwest Territory and the name changed to Washington College. After one hundred and forty-four years of varying fortunes, this school still survives as a Presbyterian coeducational institution.

Davidson Academy was first taught by Rev. Thomas B. Craighead at Springhill, five miles from Nashville on the Gallatin Road. The trustees of the school were Thomas B. Craighead, Hugh Williamson, Daniel Smith, William Polk, Anthony Bledsoe, Lardner Clarke, Ephraim McLean, Robert Hayes, and James Robertson. To show the value placed on education by Tennesseans of that day, in the preamble to the act incorporating Davidson Academy is the following statement:

"It is the indispensable duty of every legislature to consult the happiness of a rising generation and fit them for an honorable discharge of the social duties of life."

In 1806 Davidson Academy became Cumberland College, and the location was changed to Nashville. Still later it became the University of Nashville. The literary department of this school was afterwards transferred to Peabody Normal

College. This school is now the George Peabody College for Teachers, with beautiful campus, magnificent buildings, and munificent endowment.

Blount College, in Knox County, was established in 1794 by the General Assembly of the Southwest Territory, and the articles of incorporation named Rev. Samuel Carrick as president of the institution. It is believed to be the first non-sectarian college chartered in the United States, the following provision being made in the articles of incorporation: "And the trustees shall take effectual care that students of all denominations may and shall be admitted to the equal advantages of a liberal education and to the emoluments and honors of the college, and that they shall receive a like fair, generous, and equal treatment during their residence." The school was named for William Blount, governor of the territory of Tennessee; and the girls' dormitory is still called Barbara Blount for his daughter, said to have been the first pupil of the school. The written records of the college begin with 1804. Clement C. Clay and others who served the Southern Confederacy were students of the school at this time. In 1806 the school became East Tennessee College, with Dr. David Sherman as president. He was succeeded by Dr. Charles Coffin, and he in turn by Rev. John H. Piper. This school became later the University of Tennessee and was then and is now coeducational and has grown to be one of the great universities of the South, with large patronage and wide influence.

It is related in a child's history of Nashville, by Miss Elliott, that in 1780 on the voyage of the pioneers from Watauga to French Lick, as Nashville was then called, a school was taught by Mrs. Ann Johnson, sister of Gen. James Robertson. The children of the expedition were gathered together on one of the larger boats and such instruction given as was possible under existing conditions. This school was continued on the long and perilous trip down the Tennessee and up the Cumberland to their destination.

Tusculum College was founded by Samuel Doak in 1818, in Greene County. He was its president until his death in 1829. This school was and is still a coeducational Presbyterian school.

Following close in the wake of these colleges, other schools were established for girls where they might be taught the gentler graces and arts of civilization. In 1803 a school for girls was taught in Hillham, Overton County, but that it might have wider usefulness articles of incorporation were taken out in 1806, and it was named "Fiske Female Academy," in honor of Moses Fiske, a graduate of Harvard College, who was the founder and first president. Mr. Fiske and Mr. Sampson Williams each gave one thousand acres of land to endow this school. This was the first chartered school for girls in the South, and the third in the United States. It was continued as a school until 1830, when the buildings burned and were never rebuilt.

To promote the cause of education, the State of Tennessee, in 1806, gave one hundred thousand acres of land in one tract for the use of East Tennessee College and Cumberland College. It also appropriated one hundred thousand acres in one tract for the use of academies, one in each county in the State. Twenty-seven academies, one for each county, were established in that year by the General Assembly of Tennessee. These schools were coeducational, and the trustees were required "to employ a master or masters of approved morals and abilities." It may not be out of place to mention here that in 1829 a system of common schools was established by the legislature, and an appropriation of \$150,000 made for the purpose. These schools were, of course, coeducational.

The Nashville Female Academy was established in 1816

and incorporated in 1817. The trustees were Robert White, Robert Searcy, Felix Grundy, John P. Erwin, John Baird, Joseph T. Elliston, and James Trimble. For many years the Nashville Female Academy was the leading school for girls in the South; and its influence as a great educational institution was felt throughout the United States. Dr. Daniel Berry was the first president. He was succeeded in 1820 by Rev. William Hume, who served until his death in 1833. The Rev. Robert A. Lapsley was then placed at the head of the school; and he in turn was succeeded by Dr. C. D. Elliott, under whom the school attained its greatest popularity and reputation as an educational force. The faculty was composed of a most efficient corps of teachers, the professors of music and languages being from Europe. Even at that early day physical culture was taught, and the recreation hall was one hundred and twenty feet long and forty feet wide, with a gallery across one end and a platform across the other end. The school had no endowment and depended entirely on tuition fees; yet, annually, five daughters of Masons, five daughters of Odd Fellows, and all daughters of preachers actively engaged in the work of the ministry were admitted free of charge.

A notable occasion in the history of the school was the visit of Lafayette to Nashville in 1825, when the Academy was honored by the presence of this distinguished guest. Another great day was when the girls of the Academy, in 1846, presented to the 1st Tennessee Regiment, volunteers for the Mexican War, a handsome flag; and still another occasion of interest was the presentation by the school, in 1861, of a beautiful silk flag, made by the pupils of the school, to the 1st Tennessee Regiment Confederate Volunteers. In 1861, there were five hundred and thirteen pupils in the school, two hundred and fifty-six of whom were boarders. When Fort Donelson fell in February, 1862, the sad news was read in the churches Sunday morning, and by nightfall Dr. Elliott had made arrangements with the railroads for cars, and all the boarding pupils were safely on their journey home.

When the Federal forces entered Nashville a few days later, Dr. Elliott was thrown into prison and afterwards sent to prison at Camp Chase, Ohio. The Academy was stripped of its furniture by the Federal soldiers, and the handsome pianos were shipped North. The buildings were occupied by the Federal soldiers until 1866.

An academy for young ladies, located in Nashville, was in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie as early as 1816. This school was opened "for the purpose of teaching reading, writing, orthography, English grammar, geography with the use of maps, composition, drawing, painting, fine and plain needlework, tambour-making on canvass, etc."

About 1820 a coeducational school was taught in Nashville by Dr. St. Leger. The pupils were taught "the common English branches, history, belles-lettres, Latin, Hebrew, Greek, book-keeping, commercial correspondence, and French."

There was another female academy in Nashville in 1833, but nothing can be learned of its history. The old chronicler who notes the existence of this school states that there were also in Nashville at the time "two classical schools, ten common schools, and one infant school." The last mentioned is the first kindergarten of which we have any record in Tennessee and was, of course, coeducational. A little later a school for small children was taught by Mrs. Parnilla Kirk at her home in Nashville. Mrs. Kirk had probably never heard of Froebel, but her methods were somewhat like those used by the founder of the schools which he called kindergarten, or "garden of children." Many who were afterwards prominent in the history of Nashville attended this school in the forties

and fifties, and they paid loving tribute to the gentle kindness of the good woman who first set their feet on the paths of knowledge.

In 1816, the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, an enthusiastic worker in the cause of missions, established Brainerd Mission in the Cherokee Nation on South Chickamauga Creek, about three miles from the Georgia State line, and connected with it was a male and female academy. President James Monroe gave \$1,000 to aid in the erection of the female academy and visited the school in 1819. There were five hundred pupils in these schools, which continued until the Indians were sent West in 1838. Serving with and following Mr. Kingsbury as teachers in Brainerd Mission, during the twenty-one years of its existence, were Loring S. Williams and wife, Moody Hall and wife, John Vail and family, John C. Ellsworth and family, Lucy Ames, Delight Sargent, and others.

A Sunday school and Church were established, and one converted Indian expressed great satisfaction that the "God of the missionaries could understand the Cherokee language." Missionary Ridge, the scene of a bloody conflict during the War between the States, received its name from this mission to the Cherokee Indians.

One of the first schools devoted exclusively to female education was Edmondson Female Academy, founded in McMinnville in 1820. The school became an incorporated institution in 1835, with Josiah Morford, James Thompson, Samuel Edmondson, Stokely D. Rowan, and William White as trustees. In 1836, Mrs. Eliza Lyon Colton became principal of the school. She had been trained in the best schools of the old South and not only had a finished education, but was accomplished in music, painting, drawing, and all the arts of the needle.

The course of study at Edmondson Academy was extensive, and, in addition to the literary branches, music, painting, drawing, plain sewing, marking, ornamental needlework, bead work, wax flowers, wax fruit, and "artificial of velvet and muslin" were taught. Mrs. Colton, who afterwards became Mrs. Mitchell, remained principal of Edmondson Academy until 1843, when Miss Judd took charge. Under the strong administration of Miss Judd the school maintained its high standard of culture until the war in 1861. The building was used by the Federal troops as a hospital and was destroyed by fire and never rebuilt.

Cumberland Female College was founded in McMinnville, in 1850, by the Middle Tennessee Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The buildings were large and commodious, with chapel, classrooms, and dormitories. There was a valuable library and chemical laboratory; and, as a part of the scientific equipment, a large telescope was installed. The school was very successful under the administration of Rev. A. M. Stone, the first president, as well as under his successor, the Rev. J. M. Gill; but attained its highest reputation under the leadership of Mr. W. M. Donnell. The school was fast becoming one of the leading institutions of learning when the war came on and it was closed in 1861.

A school for girls was taught in Gallatin by Dr. Berry in 1820. A little later Rev. Dr. John Hall conducted a school in the building now known as Trousdale Place, the Chapter House of Clark Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, and formerly the home of Gov. William Trousdale. As successor to this school, the Summer County Female Academy was incorporated in 1837, with a capital stock of \$75,000. Thomas A. Baber, James A. Blackmore, Joel Parrish, R. H. May, Elijah Boddie, J. W. Baldrige, and William Edwards were appointed trustees. Dr. John Hall was the first president, and was succeeded in 1840 by Mr. Marquess. The school con-

tinued under the name of Sumner County Female Academy until 1856, when the name was changed to Howard Institute, and the property was conveyed to Howard Lodge No. 3, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, as trustee, for the purpose of maintaining a female school. The pupils of Howard Institute edited a school paper entitled *The Bud of Thought*. This rather ambitious college journal had for its motto: "*L'homme veritablement libre est celui qui, dégagé de toute crainte et de tout désir, n'est soumis qu'à les dieux et à sa raison.*" The issue of September, 1860, had forty-eight pages of printed matter, with editorials on the leading topics of the day, original poems, fiction, and essays, a juvenile department, charades, enigmas, etc. It says editorially: "*The Bud of Thought* will be published weekly by the senior class of Howard Female Institute. It will be devoted to the cause of literature and all its kindred subjects which tend to refine and ornament the human intellect." Another editorial speaks of impending war and leaves no doubt in the minds of its readers as to the views of the senior class of Howard Institute on the position of the South in 1860. Joseph S. Fowler, afterwards United States Senator from Tennessee, was principal of the school at this time. The school was closed in 1861 and the buildings used as a hospital by Federal troops during the war.

In the early forties, the Misses Anne and Mary Banks owned and conducted a select school for girls in Gallatin, where all the accomplishments considered necessary to a finished education were taught. This school was also compelled to close its doors in 1861.

The Knoxville Female Academy was founded in 1806. An account of this school, written in 1833, says: "In addition to the literary and scientific branches of education, instruction is afforded in painting, ornamental needlework, music, and the French language." A general supervision was exercised by nine trustees, and the school was chartered in 1827. Mr. and Mrs. Estabrook were in charge in 1829. Later Rev. R. B. McMillan was the president.

Another school of this city was the Knoxville Female Institute, in charge of Mr. B. B. Kirkpatrick.

Prior to 1830, a female academy was established in Rogersville; but little is known of its history until it became the property of the Odd Fellows Lodge of that town in 1849. New buildings were erected and Dr. Jones placed in charge. After a few years the school was sold to the Presbyterians, and Dr. James Park was made the president. He was followed by Rev. A. W. Wilson, Rev. A. W. Dashiell, and Dr. H. B. Todd. This school is the Synodical College of the Presbyterian Church, and is coeducational.

Carson and Newman School at Jefferson City was an antebellum Baptist College, established first for boys and later made coeducational. It was, and still is, a force for great good in that section.

In 1830 there was at Jonesboro a school for girls taught by Mr. Wingfield Cunningham, but little is known of its history.

In 1853 the Odd Fellows Female Academy was established at Jonesboro under the joint presidency of Dr. David Sullins, of the Methodist Church, and Dr. Rufus P. Wells, of the Presbyterian Church. This school educated many talented young women of Tennessee during the administration of these two eminent divines; among the number was Evalina Dulaney, afterwards the wife of Dr. Jonathan Bachman, Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans. Jonesboro also had a Baptist Female Academy, with Rev. Mr. Cates as president. He was succeeded by Mr. Keeling.

In the early thirties, there was a select school for girls at Greeneville under the charge of Miss Mellvin, of Scotland, who educated many of the young ladies of the day.

The Odd Fellows founded a school for girls at Greeneville, but it later was made coeducational and was known as Greeneville College.

A girls' school at Blountville, called the Masonic Institute, was founded in 1855. Rev. W. W. Neal, a Methodist minister, was the president.

About 1840, Hiwassee College was founded by Dr. John F. Brunner. This school has had a long and useful career. Dr. David Sullins, in his book, "Seventy Years in Dixie," says of Hiwassee College: "As an outfit they had a mere crow's nest; but they hatched eagles. They had a gimlet, but they bored augur holes." This school is still coeducational.

In 1828, Rev. Daniel Stephens established in Columbia a school for girls on the site of Columbia Institute and was in charge until 1834, when the Rev. Leonidas Polk took up the work. In 1836 Bishop James Otey, of the Episcopal Church, came to Columbia to lend his aid to the establishment of a great Church school. The erection of the handsome building was begun at once and completed in 1838. The school was opened under the management of Dr. Franklin Smith, who continued in charge until 1852. Mr. William Hardin and wife, of North Carolina, then took control, and the school reached a high degree of prosperity under their leadership, which continued until 1861, when the school was closed on account of the war. The Columbia Institute has held a commanding place in the educational life of the South. World-renowned educators have taught there. It may not be out of place to mention those who served the Confederacy. Carlos Patti, brother of the famous prima donna, who was teacher of violin, enlisted from the institute in the Confederate army. Bishop James Otey and Bishop Leonidas Polk were also members of the faculty. Bishop Polk, it will be remembered, was a lieutenant general in the Confederate army and gave his life for the cause.

The Columbia Athenæum was founded in 1852 by Rev. Franklin Smith. The Athenæum had a great reputation as an educational institution and drew a large patronage from the South. The school was well equipped, having a library of 10,000 volumes and scientific apparatus valued at \$4,000. The large grounds and handsome buildings were worth \$100,000, according to the report of the United States Commissioner of Education in 1860.

In the early history of Clarksville, a boarding and day school was conducted by Mrs. Killebrew, which continued until 1835. In 1833, in the same town, Dr. L. D. Ring taught a high school for girls at the Masonic Hall. In 1835, Rev. Mr. Russell and wife had a female academy in the Masonic Hall. This was followed by the Masonic Female Institute, taught by Mrs. Whitman. In 1842, Mrs. Poston had a school for young ladies. Whitehall, a select boarding school for girls six miles from Clarksville, was taught by Miss Mollie Ward. She had an efficient corps of assistants. Professors Wendell and Herblin taught music, and Professor Guillet and Professor Manton taught French, all of whom were from Europe.

In 1835, under the leadership of Rev. Henry Beaumont, Clarksville Female Academy was established. The charter granted the Academy power to confer "honors, certificates, diplomas, and degrees" upon all worthy pupils of the school. The school was eminently successful, but was compelled to close when Fort Donelson fell in 1862.

In 1833 the Murfreesboro Female Academy was chartered at Murfreesboro, and continued in existence until 1852, when the charter was amended so as to confer degrees and the name changed to Soule College. A preparatory school was conducted in connection with Soule College, and there were departments of music, art, and elocution.

A school for girls was chartered at Kingston in 1837. The old register of the Female Academy has the following entry: "Establishment of school for females at Kingston, Tenn., April 6, 1837. Board met to transact business. There were present Maj. Thomas Brown, W. S. McEwen, William B. Clark, Esq., and Henry Leggett, trustees of said Board, also Phillip Beddo and Dr. Richard Richards, appointed by the legislature as additional trustees of said Board. . . . Ordered by the Board that the trustees of the Female Academy (lately incorporated) have the use of the old Academy building (the male students having been removed to the new building) and that Miss Phebe W. Rich have charge till said Board is organized." After the appointment of committees, fixing prices of tuition in the various classes, it is further stated that "Miss Rich, former assistant in the female department of the Academy, was unanimously elected president of the Female Academy by the Board, when the Board for that school was organized."

Another school of early days was Alpine Institute, in Overton County, which was coeducational and drew a large patronage from the surrounding country. Dr. John L. Dillard was its founder. One of the teachers was John L. Beveridge, who afterwards became governor of Illinois.

Clinton College, near Gordonsville, was also coeducational. It was incorporated in 1833, with power to confer diplomas. It was founded by Dr. Francis Gordon, James B. Moores, and Willie B. Gordon. The college buildings were brick cabins, forming a square with the college in the center of the square. Dr. Francis Gordon was president of the school, and many prominent men were educated here, among them Judge E. L. Gardenhire, a member of the Confederate Congress; William Barksdale, a brigadier general in the Confederate service, and E. W. Pettus, brigadier general in the Confederate army and many years a United States Senator from Alabama.

Geneva Academy was established in Carthage in 1810. Carthage Female Academy was founded in 1842 and later made a branch of the Geneva Academy. The buildings of the Geneva Academy were later sold and the Female Academy made coeducational.

There was a school established in Lebanon in the second decade of the last century that attained great prominence as a finishing school for girls. Mary Bugg, afterwards wife of Governor William Trousdale, was a student of this school. Another of the notable antebellum schools for girls was Greenwood seminary, near Lebanon. It was founded by Nathaniel Lawrence Lindsley under whose presidency the school attained a high standing and became widely popular.

A school for girls was founded in Jackson in 1837. In 1843 it became the property of the Methodist Church and was incorporated as the Memphis Conference Female Institute. The Rev. Lorenzo Lee was the first president and served until 1853, when he was succeeded by Dr. A. W. Jones, who continued in charge, except four years in the Confederate army, until 1911, when it was decided to erect new buildings, increase the equipment, and make the school coeducational.

Mary Sharp College, at Winchester, was founded in 1850 by Dr. Z. T. Graves, who was its president for thirty-nine years. The school was first called the Tennessee and Alabama Female Institute, but in 1853 the name was changed to Mary Sharp College. This is said to be the first female college to make Latin and Greek a requisite for graduation. The school was rapidly gaining a high place among female colleges when Fort Donelson fell and it was closed in 1862.

St. Agnes Academy, in Memphis, was founded by Rev. T. L. Grace. It is a school of the sisters of St. Dominic and began work as the "St. Agnes Literary Society" in 1850. Its

pupils take high rank in the world. One of them was superintendent of public schools in Shelby County for several years.

About the middle of the last century an exclusive school for girls was established near Nashville, called Minerva College. It was evidently the desire of the founders of this school that the Goddess of Wisdom should preside over its destinies. Be that as it may, the school fulfilled well its mission, and from its walls went out many women of a high order of attainments.

Shelbyville Female Institute was organized in 1855, with John Todd Edgar as the president. He was in charge until 1861, when the school was closed. The building was used as a hospital by both Confederate and Federal troops.

Harpeth Female Academy was founded in Williamson County in 1828 and incorporated in 1829.

The Tennessee Female College at Franklin was established in 1856. John M. Sharp was the first principal and was succeeded by Mr. Callendar. The school was closed in 1861. An old account of Franklin notes the existence of two female academies in the town in 1833.

Hartsville Female Institute was established in 1856, when Winslow Hart conveyed to Thomas Stockes, James T. Lauderdale, E. P. Gifford, Robert H. Potts, and Edward T. Seay, trustees, two and one-half acres of land in Hartsville, which he donated for the "purpose of erecting a seminary of learning upon the same." Mr. McConnell was the first president and served until 1861, when the school was closed. The building was used by Federal troops as a hospital during the war.

In the early history of the State there was a school on Lookout Mountain taught by Mrs. Aldehoffe, a descendant of John Sevier.

About 1856, the Goodlettsville Female Academy was established, with Miss Delia Tarbox and Miss Elizabeth Spivey as principals. Miss Ogden was teacher of music, and they were succeeded by Miss Emma Ward, of Castleton, Vt. This school was closed in 1861.

Milwood Institute, in Cheatham County, was a prominent coeducational school of antebellum days. James Rains, afterwards a general in the Confederate Army, was one of the teachers.

Burritt College, a coeducational school, was established at Spencer in 1850. It has had a long and useful career.

In addition to schools already mentioned, there were, in 1834, academies at Athens, Cairo, Charlotte, Dandridge, Dover, Dresden, Elizabethtown, Huntingdon, Jacksboro, Madisonville, Paris, Pulaski, Fayetteville, Sevierville, Tazewell, Sparta, Washington (in Rhea County), Winchester, Quincy (in Warren County), and Brick Academy, seven miles from Columbia. Nothing is known of the history of these schools, but it is presumed that they were useful in their day and generation.

In 1825 a school for negroes was established by Miss Fannie Wright, at Nashoba. She purchased with her own funds one thousand and nine hundred and forty acres of land near Memphis and erected school buildings. She hoped to educate and train the negroes for citizenship before setting them free. The list of trustees of this school included many prominent people, among them General Lafayette, William McClure, Robert Dale Owen, James Richardson, Robert Jennings, Camilla Wright, and others. The school was a failure, and Miss Wright chartered a vessel to carry her negroes to Hayti, where she gave them their freedom.

In writing of female schools in Tennessee prior to 1861, the abundance rather than the lack of material is apt to prove embarrassing. The history of these schools is most interesting, but only a brief mention can be made of them, since to give a full account of the services of these institutions would make

too long an article. These schools were character builders and should be held in honored remembrance for the high standard of womanhood maintained. They trained women gentle and good, faithful and true, of dauntless courage in times of danger and peril, of uncomplaining fortitude in adversity, of brave hopefulness in defeat. There can be no higher praise of these schools than that they produced the women of the Old South.

CAPTURE OF THE STAR OF THE WEST.

BY MRS. SAMUEL POSEY, PECOS, TEX.

Perhaps there are few people who know that the famous vessel, *Star of the West*, at which the first gun of the War between the States was fired, was later captured by our much-loved Earl Van Dorn, whom every Texan knows both as a gallant Indian fighter on the plains in the early days and as a hero of the Southern cause.

The capture took place off the Texas coast near Indianola, and the brilliant strategy used to secure this coveted vessel marks General Van Dorn as one of the great leaders of the Confederacy.

As soon as Col. Earl Van Dorn was appointed to the regular army of the Confederate States, with the rank of general, he decided to compel the surrender of all Federal troops in Texas, and discharge them on parole. On April 16, 1861, he therefore called for volunteers. Only eighty men responded to the call, and a large body of Union troops was then marching from San Antonio to Indianola to embark to the Northern States, and Van Dorn very earnestly desired to capture them.

These volunteers had been mustered in at Galveston, so the resourceful general loaded his handful of men upon the steamship *Matagorda*, a freight and passenger packet which plied between Galveston and Indianola, to intercept, if possible, these Federals and by some means force their surrender.

Among his men was a detachment of the Galveston artillery, under Lieutenant Van Buren; the Turner Rifles, under Capt. John Mueller, who later commanded the 2nd Texas Infantry; and a detachment of the Wagfall Guards. As the *Matagorda* approached Pass Cavallo, the entrance to Matagorda Bay at Indianola, a large steamer was discovered lying at anchor off the bar. The men were ordered below, out of sight, and the *Matagorda*, about an hour before sunset, glided by the unknown steamer into the bay and stopped her engines off the Powder Horn Wharf.

General Van Dorn was filled with alarm as he saw the shores crowded with Federal soldiers and realized the smallness of his command. Believing "discretion to be the better part of valor," he ordered the captain of the *Matagorda* to continue across the bay to Saluria wharf. After night had fallen, the *Matagorda* called her companion ship, General Rusk, by signal from the Indianola side.

Capt. Leon Smith, of the General Rusk, informed General Van Dorn that the ship lying off Indianola was the *Star of the West*, noted as the vessel that had drawn the first fire of the Confederate guns. General Van Dorn immediately decided to capture this boat by bold strategy. Loading his men upon the Rusk, he sailed out into the bay to surprise the *Star of the West* where she lay, where no reinforcements from the shore could reach her.

The moon was shining bright, and a half gale from the south was blowing the Gulf clouds landward. As the General Rusk passed over the bar, the dim outlines of the *Star of the West*, plunging and pulling at her cables, appeared upon the horizon. In a short time the ships were within hailing distance. A voice from the transport hailed the Rusk.

"Ship ahoy! Avast there; you'll run into us! What vessel is that?"

"The General Rusk, with Federal troops for you. Stand by and catch our line," Captain Smith replied boldly.

"Keep off; you'll tear my ship to pieces; I can't let you come alongside in this gale," shouted the captain of the transport.

"All right," returned Captain Smith; "I have orders to sail for New York at once, so I will have to put these men ashore."

After a short parley, a voice from the *Star of the West* called: "Throw us your line."

"Now is our chance, boys," Van Dorn exulted. "Board quietly, and scatter over the ship in squads. For goodness sake, don't let them suspect you are Confederates. Use no violence if you can help it, *but take the boat.*"

The Rusk's cable was soon made fast, and after a hard pull, by both sailors and soldiers, she was brought alongside the *Star of the West*, both ships pitching on the heavy swell so that boarding would be difficult. The officers on the transport offered every assistance in getting the men transferred to her decks, little dreaming they followed the Confederate flag.

The Confederates scattered all over the vessel in readiness to overcome any resistance.

"I am Gen. Earl Van Dorn of the Confederate army," our gallant hero suddenly announced to the captain of the ship. "I demand the surrender of this vessel in the name of the Confederate States of America."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed the startled Federal. "I suppose I have no choice, as your men far outnumber mine, but I call this a damned scurvy trick."

"You can consider it the fortunes of war. All things are fair when you play that game," Van Dorn replied.

The *Star of the West* now began her journey to New Orleans under Captain Smith, with Van Dorn and his troops aboard. After entering the Mississippi River, cheering crowds lined banks, giving enthusiastic praise to her gallant captor and his brave followers. Arriving in the city, a royal welcome was given them, with blazing fireworks and booming cannon.

The next day the Federals were paroled and the Texans discharged, each man receiving his mileage of \$45.

A year later the *Star of the West* was sunk by the Confederates in the Tallahatchee River at Fort Pemberton, to prevent the descent of the Federal fleet under General Washburne into the Yazoo River in his expedition to take Vicksburg in the rear.

AUTOGRAPHS FROM AN OLD ALBUM.

CONTRIBUTED BY R. V. MITCHELL, ROME, GA.

(Continued from April number.)

George A. Smith, lieutenant Company B, 24th Virginia Regiment. Captured at Gettysburg, Pa. Boon's Mills, Va.

Leroy S. Dyer, lieutenant Company D, —th Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division. Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. — Courthouse, Va.

A. I. Jones, captain Company I, 11th Virginia Regiment, Kemper's Brigade, Lee's Army. Mousselle, Va.

W. H. Kinningham, lieutenant Company D, 1st Virginia Regiment, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division. Richmond.

John E. Dooly, captain Company C, Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Richmond, Va.

H. R. Mullins, captain Company K, 10th Virginia Cavalry. Gettysburg, Pa. Gladehill, Va.

C. William Moore, lieutenant Company C, 7th Virginia Infantry. Captured Gettysburg, Pa. Orange County, Va.

K. W. Fraley, lieutenant, 4th Kentucky Infantry. Paintsville, Ky. ("N. B.—Do not ask any questions.")

Daniel Arrington, captain Company G, 57th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, A. N. V. Captured Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Gladehill, Franklin County, Va.

Walter M. Boyd, captain Company G, 19th Virginia Infantry. Captured Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Nelson County, Va.

W. H. Young, lieutenant Company F, 54th North Carolina Regiment. Rappahannock Station (O. & A. R. R.), November 7, 1863. Oxford, N. C.

W. M. Gleaves, lieutenant Company C, Ward's Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry, Morgan's Division, Duke's Brigade, C. S. A. Captured Hartsville, Tenn., February 4, 1863. Nashville, Tenn.

David V. Dickinson, captain Company D, 57th Virginia Regiment. Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Pittsylvania Courthouse, Va.

J. A. Waggoner, captain in Quarles's Cavalry Brigade, Bragg's Army. Clarksville, Tenn.

J. R. Hutton, captain Company H, 11th Virginia Infantry. Gettysburg, Pa. Lynchburg, Va.

W. L. Hand, captain Company A, 11th North Carolina. Gettysburg, Pa., 1863. Charlotte, N. C.

Henry T. Jordan, adjutant 55th North Carolina. Gettysburg, Pa., 1863. Roxboro, N. C.

H. W. Finley, first lieutenant Company K, 51st Virginia Infantry. Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Clarksville, Va.

Samuel H. Boyd, lieutenant colonel 45th North Carolina Regiment. Troublesome, Rockingham County, N. C.

John T. Sayers, first lieutenant Company A, 4th Virginia Infantry. Wytheville, Va.

John S. Canter, lieutenant 7th Tennessee Regiment. Gettysburg, Pa. Lebanon, Tenn.

Hy. Kyd Douglas, major and A. A. General P. A. C. S. Wounded and captured at Gettysburg, 1863. Shepherdstown, Va.

S. C. Bowers, lieutenant Company B, 18th Tennessee Regiment. Goodlettsville, Tenn.

E. S. Robertson, lieutenant 57th Virginia Regiment. Pittsylvania Courthouse, Va.

G. G. Westcott, captain and A. Q. M., Carter's Artillery Battalion. Captured Gettysburg, Pa. Greensboro, Ala.

Theo S. Webb, lieutenant Company B, 24th Virginia Regiment. Captured Gettysburg. Scogginsville, Va.

James W. Hanrahan, lieutenant Company E, 55th Regiment North Carolina Troops. Captured at Falling Waters, Md. Greenville, N. C.

Davidson B. Penn, colonel 4th Regiment Louisiana Volunteers. Captured at Rappahannock Station, November 7, 1863. New Orleans, La.

I. Marshall Steptoe, lieutenant Company D, 7th Louisiana Volunteers. Captured Rappahannock Station, November 7, 1863. Lynchburg, Va.

G. J. Bethell, first lieutenant Company C, 55th Regiment North Carolina troops. Captured Gettysburg, July 1, 1863. Stanyville, N. C.

J. S. Marmaduke, brigadier general, P. C. S. A., November 13, 1864.

J. T. Archer, brigadier general, P. A. C. S. Maryland.

R. H. Archer, A. A. General, P. A. C. S. Archer's Brigade. Maryland.

George Seamon, first lieutenant Arkansas P. A. C. S. Division of Archer's Brigade. Baltimore.

J. R. Jones, brigadier general, Jackson's Division. Harrisburg, Va.

M. Jeff Thompson, brigadier general M. S. G., St. Joseph, Mo. Johnson's Island, July 25, 1864.

G. W. Gordon, brigadier general, Cheatham's Division. Nashville, Tenn. Residence in Memphis, Tenn. (1906).

J. W. Frazer, brigadier general, P. A. C. S. Memphis, Tenn.

John Critcher, lieutenant colonel 15th Virginia Cavalry. Oak Grove, Va.

B. R. Smith, Jr., captain Company G, 6th North Carolina Infantry, Hoke's Brigade, A. N. V., Rappahannock, November 7, 1863. Charlotte, N. C.

J. Calder Turner, captain Company A, 6th North Carolina Infantry, Salisbury, N. C.

David L. Durham, second lieutenant Florida Infantry, Perry's Brigade, Anderson's Division. St. Augustine, Fla.

Charles H. Powell, lieutenant 6th Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. J. H. Morgan's Command. Captured in Ohio, July 14, 1863. Carrollton, Carroll County, Ky.

Thomas H. Malone, captain 7th Regiment Alabama Cavalry. Nashville, Tenn.

J. E. Trice, lieutenant 7th Alabama Cavalry. Decatur, Ala.

A. J. McCreery, St. Louis, Mo.

Thomas B. Harris, lieutenant 4th Louisiana Infantry. Surrendered Port Hudson, July 9, 1864. Clinton, La.

William L. Jeffers, colonel 13th Missouri Cavalry. Captured near Fort Scott, Kans. October 25, 1864. Cape Girardeau, Mo.

C. W. Lewis, adjutant 23rd Arkansas Regiment. River-view, Jefferson County, Ky.

William H. Harris, lieutenant Regular Army, staff of General Wheeler. Columbus, Miss.

Samuel Matthews, captain Company A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry. Captured near Stanford, Ky., August 1, 1863. Plaquemine, Iberville Parish, La.

F. J. Cameron, lieutenant colonel 6th Arkansas. Captured at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862. Princeton, Dallas County, Ark. January 24, 1864.

George McKnight, major and A. A. General staff Major General Loring. St. Joseph, Mo. "Asa Hartz."

Bart Jones, lieutenant colonel 1st Arkansas Battalion Infantry. Lake Village, Ark.

J. E. Cravens, colonel 21st Regiment, Arkansas Brigade. Clarksville, Ark.

W. G. Matheny, lieutenant colonel 21st Regiment Arkansas Infantry. Evening Shade, Ark.

R. M. Powell, colonel 5th Texas Regiment. Captured Gettysburg July 2, 1863. Danville, Montgomery County, Tex.

R. Gaillard, lieutenant 1st Alabama Regiment. Camden, Ala.

L. N. C. Swagerty, major 16th Arkansas Regiment Infantry. Clarksville, Ark.

R. H. Riley, captain 1st Alabama Regiment. Perote, Ala.

Charles H. Cox, lieutenant 12th Mississippi Regiment Cavalry. Corinth, Miss.

I. P. Threadgill, second lieutenant 23rd Alabama Regiment. Pine Hill, Ala.

D. W. Shannon, lieutenant colonel 5th Texas Cavalry. Anderson, Tex.

Joseph Prebb, lieutenant C. S. N. New Orleans, La.

John R. Fellows, captain and assistant inspector general, staff Brigadier General Beall. Captured Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Camden, Ark.

T. A. Ross, captain and ordnance officer, staff Brigadier General Beall. Captured Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Port Gibson, Miss.

John S. Lanier, C. S. A., adjutant general staff of Major

General Gardner. Captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Columbus, Miss.

Beall Hempstead, captain and assistant adjutant general, staff Brigadier General Beall. Captured Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Little Rock, Ark.

W. B. Shelley, colonel 39th Mississippi Volunteers. Captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Brandon, Miss.

A. M. Chichester, captain Engineers P. A. C. S. Leesburg, Va.

Thomas Hollingsworth, of Baltimore, Sparks's Cavalry Division, P. A. C. S. Gettysburg.

Daniel Provence, colonel 16th Arkansas Infantry. Captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Strother, S. C.

Fountain C. Boston, lieutenant Company I, 5th Virginia Cavalry. Fluvanna County, Va.

William H. Payne, lieutenant colonel 4th Virginia Cavalry, Fitz Lee's Brigade. Warrenton, Va.

John A. Blair, major 2nd Mississippi, Davis's Brigade. Iuka, Miss.

W. H. Luse, lieutenant colonel 18th Mississippi Regiment. Benton, Yazoo County, Miss.

John S. Latane, captain Company H, 53rd Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division. Captured Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

John A. Graves, lieutenant colonel 47th North Carolina. Captured Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Yanceyville, N. C.

E. M. Robinson, lieutenant 1st Alabama Cavalry. Arkadelphia, Ala.

E. M. Stone, second lieutenant Company D, 7th Virginia Infantry. Captured Gettysburg, Pa. Pearisburg, Giles County, Va.

G. Smith, lieutenant Company C, 7th Regiment Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division. Captured Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Culpeper Courthouse, Va.

John Cussons, captain and A. D. C., Law's Brigade. Selma, Ala.

M. Suratt, captain and A. Q. M., 2nd Mississippi Regiment. Rienzi, Tishomingo County, Miss.

D. G. Reed, staff of Major General Wheeler. Woodville, Ballard County, Ky.

R. H. Adams, Jr., Engineer Corps, C. S. A. Faunsdale, Marengo County, Ala.

D. P. Ratican, lieutenant 1st Kentucky Regiment Cavalry. Lebanon, Ky.

George W. Winchester, major and A. A. G., General Bates's staff. Captured Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga. Gallatin, Tenn.

W. W. Williamson, major 7th Tennessee. Captured Gettysburg. Lebanon, Tenn.

Richard T. Lacy. Lynchburg, Va.

C. W. Lewis, adjutant 23rd Arkansas Regiment. Pine View, Jefferson County, Ky.

Julian Mitchell, major C. S. Doles's Brigade. Captured near Gettysburg. Charleston, S. C.

George A. Howard, adjutant 7th Tennessee. Captured Gettysburg. Lebanon, Tenn.

L. L. Croft, captain Company I, 46th Regiment Alabama Infantry. Captured Champion Hill, Miss., May 16, 1863. West Point, Ga.

Osceola Kyle, lieutenant colonel 46th Alabama Volunteers. Captured Champion Hill, Miss., May 16, 1863. Wetumpka, Ala.

Matt A. Hale, first lieutenant, Alabama Battalion Infantry. Captured Stone River, Tenn., January 2, 1863. Montgomery, Ala.

Charles W. Raiser, captain Company B, 59th Alabama

Regiment. Captured Champion Hill, May 12, 1863. Athens, Ala.

A. E. Chambers, captain Company B, 13th Alabama Regiment. Captured Gettysburg, July 5, 1863. Tuskegee, Ala.

John U. Shorter, adjutant 31st Alabama. Captured Champion Hill, Miss., May 16, 1863. Columbus, Ga.

Walter J. Taylor, captain Company C, 13th Alabama Volunteers. Captured Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Wetumpka, Ala.

John W. Powell, lieutenant Company E, 46th Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Captured Champion Hill, Miss., May 16, 1863. Montgomery, Ala.

Birkett D. Fry, colonel 13th Alabama Regiment. Captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Tallahassee, Ala.

Virgil S. Lusk, captain Company A, 5th North Carolina Cavalry Battalion. Captured Richmond, Ky., July 2, 1863. Asheville, N. C.

P. F. de Gournay, of Louisiana, lieutenant colonel artillery P. A. C. S. Surrendered Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

T. Friend Wilson, major and A. A. G. to Maj. Gen. Frank Gardner.

Fred Y. Dabney, first lieutenant Engineers C. S. A. Captured Port Hudson, July 8, 1863. Raymond, Miss.

James W. Spratley, major 12th M. P. A. C. S., late chief quartermaster, Port Hudson, La. Camden, Ala.

George W. Simpson, captain and acting inspector general C, staff major general, Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. New Orleans, La.

P. D. Hunter, first lieutenant C. S. A., artillery. Surrendered Cumberland Gap, September 9, 1863. Nashville, Tenn.

Joseph H. Pitts, captain, 11th Regiment Tennessee. Captured at (indistinct). Waverly, Tenn.

James E. Poindexter, captain 38th Virginia Regiment. Pittsylvania Courthouse Va.

Gaston Finley, captain 1st Florida Cavalry. Marianna, Fla.

C. H. Jones, captain and A. S. M., P. A. C. S. Captured Port Hudson, July 8, 1863. New Orleans, La.

James McMurry, captain and A. Q. M., 23rd Arkansas Cavalry, Lake Village, Ark. Surrendered Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863.

Ben Johnson, colonel 15th Arkansas Regiment. Captured Port Hudson. Magnolia, Ark.

Robert L. Price, first lieutenant Company A, 44th North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade. Captured South Anna Bridge, June 26, 1863. Townesville, Grantville County, N. C.

M. J. Bearden, captain and A. Q. M., 58th North Carolina Regiment, Asheville, N. C.

R. M. Bearden, adjutant 2nd Tennessee Cavalry Captured in Kentucky, August 18, 1863. Macon, Ga.

B. R. Cinn, captain Company 9th Battalion, S. O. M. Taken at Port Hudson, July 9, 1863. Lobdell Station. R. A., La.

B. M. Turnbull, lieutenant P. A. C. S. Captured Pass Christian, Miss., September 25, 1863. New Orleans, La.

M. Owen, captain Company D, 2nd Tennessee Cavalry. Bradensville, Tenn.

W. C. Branch, lieutenant 1st Company F, 45th Tennessee Regiment. Green Hill, Tenn.

M. C. Pratt, lieutenant 1st Alabama Volunteers. Prattville, Ala.

T. Edwin Betts, captain Company C, 40th Virginia Regiment Captured Gettysburg, Pa., July 11, 1863. Heocksville, Va.

John C. Ward captain, 11th Virginia Infantry. (Gettysburg.) Lynchburg, Va.

W. H. Williams, Company I, 53rd Regiment North Carolina Troops. Captured Gettysburg. Franklinton, N. C.

Fatis Dunham, first lieutenant 3rd Florida. St. Augustine, Fla.

S. Milton Thomas, captain light artillery P. A. C. S. Captured Port Hudson, La. Shreveport, La.

W. H. Johnston, captain Company K, 23rd North Carolina. Captured Gettysburg. Charlotte, N. C.

J. B. George, colonel George's Cavalry. Carrollton, Miss.

Nathan Grigg, lieutenant colonel 20th Tennessee Regiment. Jonesboro, Tenn.

A. C. Godwin, colonel 57th Regiment North Carolina. Captured at Rappahannock Bridge, November 7, 1863. Richmond, Va.

Will S. Waller, captain Morgan's Cavalry. Captured Mason County, Ky., May 7, 1863. Chicago, Ill.

The following were not at Johnson's Island, their names having been added in late years:

Asbury Allen, private Company G, 18th Mississippi Regiment, Rome Ga., March 26, 1908.

Palem J. King, Company H, 8th Georgia Regiment, March 27, 1908.

H. P. Crossman, 65th Georgia Regiment C. D., August 21, 1914.

J. A. Stewart, captain Company B, 18th Georgia Regiment. November 26, 1894. Rome, Ga.

[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 day bring 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.

CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF THE QUEEN CITY.

Joseph Pollock, of Company I, 6th Missouri Cavalry, tells of the capture and destruction of the Queen City at Clarendon, Ark.:

"Without disturbing a single battalion of recruits, and leaving McCroy, Dobbins, and Freeman to their parades and daily drills, General Shelby crossed the pontoon at Jacksonport and hurried on to Augusta. Heavy and incessant rains delayed him several days, but after wading Cache Bottom, ferrying Cache River, thence on through mire to Bayou De View, he crossed this treacherous stream after great exposure and galloped away to Clarendon. Above this town, perhaps fourteen miles, was Duvall's Bluff, the point nearest to Little Rock on the river and connected with it by railroad, the only one then in Arkansas. This railroad supported General Steele's army. Duvall's Bluff was strongly fortified, guarded by gunboats, and heavily garrisoned, for indeed it was the heart which supplied the Federal arteries of Arkansas with blood, therefore General Shelby determined to grapple the river at a point below this town, blackmail it with his battery, and kill the patient by striking the most vital part. Clarendon was selected as the point.

We reached Clarendon one sultry afternoon and reconnoitered the town. There, sure enough, not ten rods away from the wharf, stood the ironclad Queen City. Just at midnight the battery drew up in the road leading into town, the horses were taken from it, and a hundred eager hands grasped it and dragged it within fifty feet of the water's edge. General Shelby went close up to the boat. Just at daylight, with victory in his eyes and battle in his heart, he gave the eager order. A yell of one thousand exultant men, a sharp crash of one thousand muskets, the roar of four pieces of double-loaded cannon crashed upon the iron sides of the Queen City, and she whistled defeat. General Shelby took possession and ordered assistance and surgeon to the wounded. Without the loss of a man, he captured one of the enemy's finest ironclads, armed with thirteen heavy Parrott guns, with a little field battery of four guns. This forms one of the most daring and brilliant episodes among many of the Confederate struggles.

Taking two thirty-pounder Parrotts from the disabled boat, and putting them in an improvised battery on shore, General Shelby determined to blow up the Queen City. In twenty minutes, after all that was valuable had been taken off, the earth reeled and the trees trembled under the shock of the final destruction of the Queen City, and the waters closed over the remains of what had been two hours before a gallant mail-clad vessel. Major McArthur, of Shelby's staff, an old and experienced steamboat man, laid the mine and applied the torch.

Referring to the mention of General Shields in the March VETERAN, page 86, W. O. Hart, of New Orleans, writes: "The record of General Shields is one of the most remarkable in the history of the United States. He was born in Ireland; admitted to the bar in Illinois, where he was Supreme Court Judge, and served in the Mexican War; was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat from Illinois, and served for ten years; then moved to Minnesota, where he was elected to the United States Senate in 1858; General Shields then moved to California, and after the war settled in Missouri, from which State he was elected United States Senator in 1879."

CONFEDERATE ASSAULT JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

(Continued from March number.)

Col. E. Porter Alexander, in charge of Longstreet's artillery during the battle of Gettysburg, July 2 and 3, 1863, was instructed by Longstreet to select a position from which he could observe the effect of the Confederate firing. In "Battles and Leaders" and his "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," he recounts many sensations which his responsibility aroused as preparations were being made, pending the charge, as well as several of Longstreet's statements made during that time, clearly indicating the latter's unwillingness to direct the charge, and his assertion that he would not order it except that General Lee had ordered it.

While Longstreet's unwillingness to order the charge was being freely expressed to Colonel Alexander, a silent listener, "Pickett's division swept out of the woods and showed the length of its gray ranks and shining bayonets, as grand a sight as ever a man looked on. Joining it on the left, Pettigrew stretched farther than I could see. Gen. Dick Garnett, just out of a sick ambulance, and buttoned up in an old blue overcoat, riding at the head of his brigade, passed us and saluted Longstreet. Garnett and Armistead were my warm personal friends, and we had not met before for months. We had served in the plains together before the war; I rode with Garnett a short distance, and then we wished each other good luck and a good-by, which was our last."

When Alexander cast his eyes toward Cemetery Hill, the eighteen guns which had been apparently driven away during the Confederate artillery fire had returned and were in position again. The Confederate infantry "had no sooner debouched on the plain than all the Federal line, which had been nearly silent, broke out again with all its batteries. . . . All our guns silent—silent as the infantry passed between them—reopened over their heads when the lines had got a couple of hundred yards away, but the enemy's artillery let us alone and fired only at the infantry. No one could have looked at that advance without feeling proud of it.

"But as our supporting guns advanced, we passed many poor mangled victims left in its trampled wake. A terrible infantry fire was now opened upon the charging column, and a considerable force of the enemy moved out to attack the right flank. We halted, unlimbered, and opened fire upon the attacking column. There was no halt, but the attacking Confederate column opened fire at close range, swarmed over the fences among the enemy's guns—were swallowed up in smoke, and that was the last of them."

From the position of our guns the sight of this conflict was grand and thrilling, and we watched it as men with a life-and-death interest in the result. If it should be favorable to us, the war nearly over; and if against us, we had the risk of many battles yet to go through. And the event culminated with fearful rapidity. Listening to the rolling crashes of musketry, it was hard to realize that they were made up of single reports, and that each musket shot represented nearly a minute of a man's life in that storm of lead and iron. It seemed as if one hundred thousand men were engaged, and that human life was being poured out like water."

Lieut. Col. Edmund Rice, of the 19th Massachusetts, in "Battles and Leaders," has placed on record a beautiful pen picture of the advance of Pickett's Division. He says: "From the opposite ridge, three-fourths of a mile away, a line of skirmishers sprang lightly forward out of the woods, and with intervals well kept moved rapidly down into the open fields, closely followed by a line of battle, then by another, and by yet

a third. Both sides watched this never-to-be-forgotten scene—the grandeur of attack of so many thousand men. Gibbon's Division, which was to stand the brunt of the assault, looked with admiration on the different lines of Confederates, marching forward with easy, swinging step, and the men were heard to exclaim: 'Here they come!' 'Here they come!' 'Here comes the infantry!'

"Soon little puffs of smoke issued from the skirmish line, and as it came dashing forward, firing in reply to our own skirmishers in the plain below, and with this faint rattle of musketry the stillness was broken; never hesitating for an instant, but driving our men before it, knocking them over by a biting fire as they rose up to run in, their skirmish line reached the fences of the Emmitsburg Road. This was Pickett's advance which carried a front of five hundred yards or more. I was just in rear of the right of the brigade, standing upon a large boulder in front of my regiment, the 19th Massachusetts, where, from the configuration of the ground, I had an excellent view of the advancing lines and could see the entire formation as they swept across the Emmitsburg Road, carrying with them their chain of skirmishers. They pushed on to the crest and merged into one crowding, rushing line, many ranks deep."

Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, in command of the Federal forces at the point assailed by the Confederate column, said: "No attempt was made to check the advance of the enemy until the first line arrived within seven hundred yards of our position, when a feeble fire of artillery was opened upon it, but with no material effect and without delaying for a moment its determined advance. The column pressed on, coming within musketry range without receiving immediately our fire, our men evidencing a striking disposition to withhold it until it could be delivered with deadly effect.

"The regiments of Stenard's Vermont Brigade (of the First Corps), which had been posted in a little grove in front and at a considerable angle with the main line, first opened with an oblique fire upon the right of the enemy's column, which had the effect to make the troops on that flank double a little toward the left. They still pressed on, however, without halting to return the fire. The rifled guns of our artillery, having shot away all their canister, were now withdrawn, or left on the ground inactive. Arrived at between two hundred and three hundred yards, the troops of the enemy were met with a destructive fire from the divisions of Gibbon and Hays, which they promptly returned, and the fight at once became fierce and general. In front of Hays's Division it was not of very long duration. Mowed down by canister from Woodruff's battery and by the fire of two regiments judiciously posted by General Hays in his extreme front and to his right, and by the fire of different lines in the rear, the enemy broke in great disorder, leaving fifteen colors and nearly two thousand prisoners in the hands of the division. Those of the enemy's troops who did not fall into disorder in front of the Third Division were moved to the right and reënforced the line attacking Gibbon's Division. The right of the attacking line having been repulsed by Hall's and Harrow's brigades, of Gibbon's Division, assisted by the fire of the Vermont regiments before referred to, doubled to its left and also reënforced the center, and thus the attack was in its fullest strength opposite the brigade of General Webb. This brigade was disposed in two lines. Two regiments of the brigade, the 69th and 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers, were behind a low stone wall and a slight breastwork hastily constructed by them, the remainder of the brigade being behind the crest some sixty paces to the rear, and so disposed as to fire over the heads of those in front. When the enemy's line had nearly reached the stone wall, led by General Armistead, the most

of that part of Webb's Brigade posted here abandoned their position, but fortunately did not retreat entirely. They were, by the personal bravery of General Webb and his officers, immediately formed behind the crest referred to, which was occupied by the remnant of the brigade.

"Emboldened by seeing this indication of weakness, the enemy pushed forward more pertinaciously, numbers of them crossing over the breastworks abandoned by the troops. The fight here became close and deadly. The enemy's battle flags were seen waving over the stone wall. Passing at this time, Colonel Devereux, commanding the 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, anxious to be in the right place, applied to me for permission to move his regiment to the right and to the front, where the line had been broken. I granted it, and his regiment and Mallon's (42nd New York, on his right) proceeded there at once; but the enemy having left Colonel Hall's front, as described before, this officer promptly moved his command by the right flank to still further reinforce the position of General Webb, and was immediately followed by Harrow's Brigade. The movement was executed, but not without confusion, owing to many men leaving their ranks to fire at the enemy from the breastwork. The situation was now peculiar. The men of all brigades had in some measure lost their regimental organization, but individually they were firm. The ambition of the individual commanders to promptly cover the point penetrated by the enemy, the smoke of battle, and the intensity of the close engagement, caused this confusion. The point, however, was covered. In regular formation our line would have stood four ranks deep.

"The colors of the different regiments were advanced, waving in defiance of the long line of battle flags presented by the enemy. The men pressed firmly after them, under the energetic commands and example of their officers, and after a few moments of desperate fighting the enemy's troops were repulsed, threw down their arms, and sought safety in flight or by throwing themselves on the ground to escape our fire."

Pickett's Division encountered that part of the Federal line held by Gibbon's Division, of the Second Army Corps, consisting of the brigades of Harrow, Webb, and Hall. The Confederate bombardment had given the Federals ample notice of the probable point of attack, and the great delay in beginning the advance had permitted ample time to provide effectively against it.

Stanard's Vermont Brigade had been brought around from the Cemetery and aided in meeting and repelling the brilliant advance of Wilcox and Wright on the evening of the 2nd of July, and had bivouacked the previous night, and was in position, near the point passed by Pickett's right flank. Stanard's enfilade fire caused the Confederate charging line to diverge and encounter the main Federal line to Stanard's right. When Stanard changed the front of his line at right angles to the main Federal line, the movement brought his line at right angles to Pickett's right flank, which he assailed with a fierce and destructive enfilade fire.

Brig. Gen. John Gibbon, commanding the Second Division, Second Federal Army Corps, the division which sustained the shock of Pickett's three brigades, said: "As the front line came up, it was met with such a withering fire of canister and musketry as soon melted it away, but still they came from behind, pressing forward to the wall. By this time most of our artillerymen had fallen, and but an occasional cannon shot along our part of the line interrupted the continuous rattle of musketry. The right of the enemy's line did not extend as far as the left of my division, and, while urging forward some of my left regiments, to take his line in flank, was wounded and left the field."

Brig. Gen. William Harrow says: "The crest of the hill, occupied by the right of Colonel Hall and the left of General Webb, seemed to be the main point at which the attack was directed. As this purpose became manifest, Harrow's and Hall's brigades, of the Division, inclined to the right, engaging the enemy as they moved, the whole command meeting the shock of the enemy's heaviest lines and supports near the crest of the ridge. Here the contest raged with almost unparalleled ferocity for nearly an hour, when the enemy was routed and fled in disorder."

Brig. Gen. Alexander S. Webb, commanding Second Brigade, of Second Division, Second Army Corps, said: "About 1 P.M., the enemy opened with more than twenty batteries upon our line. By 2:45 o'clock they had silenced the Rhode Island Battery and all but one gun of Cushing's Battery, and had plainly shown by his concentration of fire on this and the Third Brigade (Hall's) that an important assault was to be expected. I sent, at 2 P.M., Captain Banes, assistant adjutant general of the brigade, for two batteries to replace Cushing's and Brown's (the latter the Rhode Island battery). Just before the assault, Captain Cowan's First New York Independent Battery had gotten into position on the left, in the place occupied by the Rhode Island battery, which had retired with the loss of all its officers but one.

"The enemy advanced steadily to the fence, driving out a portion of the 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers. General Armistead passed over the fence with probably over one hundred of his command and with several battle flags. The 72nd Pennsylvania Volunteers were ordered up to hold the crest, and advanced within forty paces of the enemy's line. Colonel Smith, commanding the 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers, threw two companies behind the stone wall on the right of Cushing's Battery, fifty paces from the point of attack. . . . The 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers and most of the 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers, even after the enemy were in their rear, held their position. The 72nd Pennsylvania Volunteers fought steadily and persistently, but the enemy would probably have succeeded in piercing our line had not Colonel Hall advanced with several of his regiments to my support. Defeated, routed, the enemy fled in disorder. General Armistead was left, mortally wounded, and forty-two of the enemy who crossed the fence lay dead."

Col. Norman J. Hall, 7th Michigan Infantry, commanding Third Brigade, Second Division, Second Army Corps, says: "The conformation of the ground enabled the Confederate column, after advancing near the lines, to obtain cover. The few pieces of artillery still in position were directed upon this column, while the Confederate cannon again opened with shell, firing over their own troops. Hall's was a single line, his only support (the 72nd Pennsylvania Volunteers) having been called away by General Webb before the action had fairly commenced. Hall caused the 7th Michigan and the 20th Massachusetts to open fire at two hundred yards. The deadly aim of the former was attested by the line of slain within its range. This had a great effect upon the result, for it caused the Confederate column to move rapidly at one point, and consequently to crowd in front; being occasioned at the point where the column was forming, it did not recover the disorder. The remainder of the Federal line reserved its fire until the column was within one hundred yards, and some regiments waited until but fifty yards intervened between them and the enemy.

Hall admits that there was a "moment of doubtful contest in front of" his brigade. The enemy halted to deliver his fire, wavered and fled, while the fallen line marked the limit of his advance. His troops were pouring into the ranks of the

fleeing Confederates that rapid and accurate fire, the delivery of which victorious lines always enjoy, when he saw that a portion of the line of General Webb on his right had given way, and many men were making to the rear as fast as possible, while the Confederates were pouring over the rails that had been a slight cover for the troops.

Having gained this apparent advantage, the Confederates seemed to turn again and engage his whole line. Going to the left, Hall found two regiments that could be spared there, and endeavored to move them by the right flank, but, coming under a warm fire, they crowded to the slight rail fence, mixing with the troops already there. Finding it impossible to draw them out and reform, and seeing no unengaged troops within reach, Hall was forced to order his own brigade back from the line and move it by the flank under a heavy fire. The Confederate assaulters were rapidly gaining a foothold; organization was mostly lost; in the confusion commands were useless, while a disposition on the part of the men to fall back a pace or two each time to load gave the line a retiring direction. With his staff officers and a few others, who seemed to comprehend what was required, the head of the line, still slowly moving by the flank, was crowded closer to the Confederate assaulters, and the men obliged to load in their places. Hall did not see any man of his command disposed to run away, but the confusion first caused by the two regiments spoken of so destroyed the formation in the two ranks that, in some places, the line was several files deep. The line remained in this way for about ten minutes, rather giving way than advancing, when a simultaneous effort upon the part of officers he could instruct, aided by the general advance of many of the colors, the line closed with the Confederates, and, after a few minutes of desperate, often hand-to-hand, fighting, the crowd—for such had become that part of the Confederate column that had passed the fence—threw down their arms and were taken prisoners of war, while the remainder broke and fled in great disorder.

Lieut. Col. Edmund Rice, of the 19th Massachusetts, says: "The men in gray were doing all that was possible to keep off the mixed bodies of men who were moving upon them swiftly without hesitation, keeping up so close and continuous a fire that at last its effects became terrible. . . . The grove was fairly jammed with Pickett's men in all positions, lying and kneeling. Back from the edge were many standing and firing over those in front. By the side of several who were firing lying down and kneeling were others with their hands up in token of surrender. In particular, I noticed two men not a musket length away, one aiming so that I could look into the barrel, the other lying on his back, coolly ramming home a cartridge. A little farther on was one on his knees waving something white in both hands. Every foot of ground was occupied by men engaged in mortal combat, who were in every possible position which can be taken while under arms or lying wounded or dead.

"A Confederate battery near the Peach Orchard commenced firing. A cannon shot tore a horrible passage through the dense crowd of the men in blue, who were gathered outside the trees. Instantly another shot followed and fairly cut a road through the mass."

Capt. H. L. Abbott, commanding the 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, said: "The enemy poured in a severe musketry fire, and at the clump of trees burst several shells, so that our loss was very heavy, more than half the enlisted men of the regiment being killed or disabled, while there remained but three out of thirteen officers."

Col. E. Porter Alexander, in his "Memoirs of a Confederate," has identified the shots described by Lieutenant

Colonel Rice and Captain Abbott, as coming from the batteries under the command of Major Haskell. Though no official report was made by Haskell, he quotes from a personal letter of Major Haskell some years later:

"Just before Pickett's Division charged, you rode up and inquired what ammunition I had; you ordered me to move with five guns, part of which were taken from each battery. We advanced about three hundred to five hundred yards, when I saw a large mass of infantry to our left front beginning to deploy apparently to strike the right flank of Pickett's Division. I at once opened fire on this infantry, which almost immediately scattered or withdrew, unmasking a large number of guns. General Hunt told me after the war there were over twenty. In a few minutes these guns had disabled several of mine, killing and wounding quite a number of men and horses. Our ammunition being exhausted, I ordered such guns as could be moved to withdraw, ordering Garden and Flanner to return as quickly as possible with litters for the wounded and teams and limbers for the disabled guns. They did, getting everything out."

There were also four guns of the Washington Artillery, under the command of Captain Miller, in this advanced position at the Peach Orchard, and they fared nearly as badly. Major Eshleman, seeing that they were being badly cut up, withdrew them; but two of the guns, three of the teams, a lieutenant, and several men were put *hors de combat* in the movement. The guns of both Haskell and the Washington Artillery occupied a position sufficiently far to the right of the line of advance of Pickett's men to fire at the enemy without endangering the troops of Pickett's right flank.

Capt. John G. Hazzard, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, commanding artillery brigade, Second Federal Army Corps, reported the explosion of three limber chests, when attacked about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of July. The great bombardment began at 1 P.M., and for an hour and a quarter, Hazzard's artillery "was subjected to a very warm artillery fire." Withholding his fire for awhile, it became too terrible, and his guns replied till all their ammunition, except canister, was expended; he then waited for the anticipated attack. Battery B, 1st New York Artillery, was entirely exhausted; its ammunition expended; its horses and men killed and disabled; the commanding officer, Captain Rorty, killed, and senior first lieutenant, A. S. Shelton, severely wounded. The other batteries were in similar condition; still they bided the attack. The Confederate lines advanced slowly and surely; half the valley had been passed over by them before the guns dared to expend a round of the precious ammunition remaining on hand. They steadily approached, and, within deadly range, canister was thrown with deadly effect into their ranks. Battery A, 1st Rhode Island, had expended every round, and the Confederate lines still advanced. Cushing was killed; Milne had fallen mortally wounded; their battery was exhausted, their ammunition gone, and it was feared their guns would be lost if not withdrawn.

"At this trying moment the batteries were taken away; but Woodruff still remained in the grove and poured death and destruction into the Confederate lines. The latter had gained the crest, and but few shots remained. All seemed lost, and the Confederates, exultant, rushed on. But on reaching the crest they found our infantry, fresh and waiting on the other side. The tide turned backward, and downward rushed the Confederate line, shattered and broken, and the victory was gained. Woodruff, who had gallantly commanded the battery through the action, July 2 and 3, was mortally wounded at the very moment of victory.

"Batteries from the artillery reserve of the army imme-

diately occupied the positions vacated by the exhausted batteries of the brigade, and immediate efforts were made to recuperate and restore them to serviceable condition. So great was the loss in men and horses that it was found necessary to consolidate five batteries into three."

(Continued in June number)

THE SINKING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The press reports that what was supposed to be the remains of the battleship upon which Admiral Dewey served the Union during the siege of Port Hudson had been brought to the surface of the Mississippi River a short distance north of Baton Rouge, La., brought out the following from Moncure Dabney in a contribution to the *New York Times*:

"My father, who was a lieutenant of Engineers in the Confederate army, and who had supervision of the construction of the breastworks in the defense and siege of Port Hudson, gives this account of the sinking of the ship in question, the Mississippi, in the official report that he was detailed to make of the siege of Port Hudson:

"The night of March 14, 1863, offered the Union fleet the long-sought opportunity to run the blockade, as it proved to be a dark, drizzly night, especially adapted to such an undertaking. We were duly advised by scouts from below that an unusual stir was observable among the vessels there congregated, and all the batteries were put upon the alert and stood prepared for action. As we found out afterwards, the sloop of war Hartford, flagship of the squadron, took the lead, followed by two others of the same class, the Richmond and the Mississippi, and several gunboats, among them the Kimo, Genesee and the Monongahela. This was at a late hour of the night. I had taken my position at what we called the "Hot Shot Battery," just below the village and opposite the point where the channel, after running close in under the bluff, was deflected thence squarely to the south. I can only speak authoritatively, of course, of what came under my immediate observation.

"Evidently the orders to the enemy's vessels were to move up as noiselessly as possible and not to reply to our fire until it became so hot as to necessitate a return of compliments. As they approached, or reached a point opposite our lowest batteries, they were opened upon, and fire kept up as vigorously as the guns could be worked. So with each battery in succession; and such another "din" was never before heard on the quiet waters of the Mississippi. The vessels could only be discerned by the dim outline each presented through the thick haze, but that was a sufficient target for such large bodies. They began now to open in their turn, and the noise, which was deafening before, now became terrific.

"For myself, not having any of the batteries in charge, I was a mere looker-on, but remained at the "Hot Shot Battery," a close observer of events. There was a furnace at this battery, and a large quantity of solid round shot had been brought to a white heat. These were discharged as rapidly as they could be handled, and the boys flattered themselves that they were accomplishing a great deal, but whether so or not I am not prepared to say. The Hartford, in the lead, never fired a shot until she completely cleared all of our batteries, then she opened with her stern guns as she steamed rapidly on up the river.

"The vessels following did the firing, thereby attracting our fire to them and enabling the Hartford to sneak past, comparatively unharmed. The flagship and one gunboat got by in safety, I suppose; the rest were driven back.

"Just opposite the "Hot Shot Battery," and directly under

the bluffs, was a strong eddy in the river, swirling around with considerable force. One of the gunboats became badly disabled and unmanageable and fell into this eddy, from which she could not extricate herself. She was being carried around and around in an apparently helpless condition, while our guns were pouring into her a relentless fire of shot and shell. Finally some one, presumably an officer on board, cried out: "Cease your firing; I surrender." This was done, but before any steps could be taken to secure the prize, she got out of the eddy and floated off down the stream and was never captured.

"The event of the night, however, was the destruction of the sloop of war Mississippi. On account of her superior size (carrying, I think, twenty-seven heavy guns), she became a target for every one of our guns, and as she approached the bend in the river where our batteries were most heavily concentrated, the quantity of iron hurled upon her sides was enormous. In sheering off toward the opposite bank, she went aground on the bar, and her officers and crew soon realized the utter hopelessness of extricating her under the heavy fire which was being concentrated upon her from all quarters. She was accordingly abandoned, her complement of men taking to their boats and landing on the opposite shore. In a short time flames began to make their appearance, and before long she was a sheet of fire from stem to stern. Our "Hot Shot Battery" boys set up the claim that they had set her on fire, but I believe it was generally admitted afterwards that her own officers had started the fire before abandoning her.

"When she was fully afire from end to end, and the flames had enveloped her rigging, she presented one of the grandest pyrotechnic displays I have ever witnessed. As her upper works were consumed she gradually lightened, and finally floated off down the river—her guns, many of which had been left loaded, firing to right and left into the banks of the river amid the cheers of our boys, who lined either side. About daylight, or shortly before, she passed Prophet's Island, at the bend below, and became lost to view, shortly after which the fire reached her magazine, and the explosion which followed scattered her to the four winds of heaven and bestrewed the surface of the river with many fragments."

"The original of the above report is in the files of the Confederate museum in New Orleans.

"It will be of interest to know that in addition to Admiral Dewey's being in service on the Union side at the siege of Port Hudson, another illustrious American, the late Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, was a private of infantry in the Confederate army at Port Hudson and, along with the entire Confederate force there, was taken prisoner when Port Hudson fell on July 6, 1863, two days after the fall of Vicksburg."

DEWEY AT PORT HUDSON.

Responding to the request for some information of the capture of Admiral Dewey at Port Hudson, La., Dr. J. C. R. Kerr, of Corsicana, Tex., now eighty-three years of age, writes: "I witnessed it. The Hartford, Farragut's flagship, and Albatross both passed us that night, being ironclad. Then the Mississippi attempted to pass the lower battery, on which we had a ten-inch gun, passing close under the bluff, confusing the commander, who depressed his gun and fired, cutting her steampipe and knocking her half across the river, when a shot from a hot-shot battery set her on fire. Only seventeen persons were taken, Dewey among them. The rest of the Yankee fleet steamed south as the Mississippi blew up ten miles below. I was there and saw Dewey in prison at Port Hudson." [Since contributing this, Dr. Kerr has joined his comrades "over the river."]



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

TRIBUTE.

(Dedicated to Dr. Jasper Kelsey.)

Grandfather sat in his easy chair
And I sat on his knee.
"You're growing a big boy now," quoth he,
And I answered: "Almost three."

"One of these days you'll be a man,"
He visioned the future for me,
"A man of honor and truth," quoth he;
And I answered: "Like unto thee."

"One day the tempter will walk by your side,"
He smiled his dear smile at me;
"Stand by your guns when he comes," quoth he,
And I asked: "Did he walk with thee?"

"Yes, lad, one day on the mountain top"
Memory drew him away from me—
"I stood by the guns, thank God," quoth he.
And I said: "May your God keep me."

I looked at the wound on his withered arm,
Made in 1863.
"Be true to your flag, my lad," quoth he;
And I answered: "As true as thee."

"Only three things in the world are worth while,
Would I could teach thy young eyes to see,
Faith, hope, and love," quoth he.
And I answered: "O Grandfather, they are thee."

COMRADES OF JEFFERSON, TEX.

Gen. Dick Taylor Camp, No. 1265 U. C. V., of Jefferson, Tex., has lost three members during the past year.

William J. Sedberry enlisted at Jefferson, Tex., in the 3rd Texas Cavalry, which was dismounted after crossing the Mississippi and served a year in McNair's Brigade; was remounted and served as cavalry in Sul Ross's Brigade until the close of the war. Comrade Sedberry died at Jefferson, in April, 1923, in his eighty-first year.

Silas M. Durham ran away from his home near Jefferson at the age of fifteen and joined W. P. Lane's cavalry regiment, in which he served till the close of the war. He answered the last roll call on Thanksgiving Day of 1923, in his seventy-seventh year.

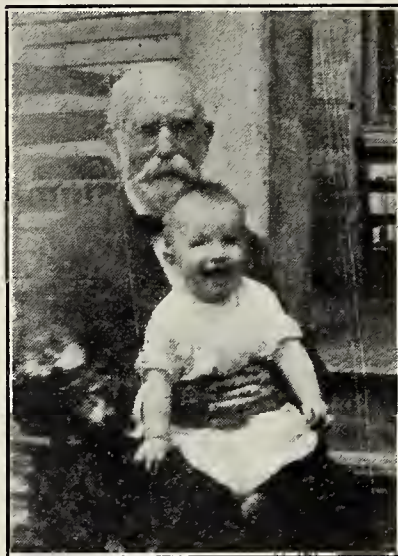
Charles J. Simmons enlisted in the Palmetto Rifles, of Hampton's Legion, in South Carolina, as a mere boy, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia till the surrender. He died on the 18th of March, at Lassater, Tex., in his seventy-eighth year.

These comrades were good soldiers in war and good citizens in peace.

[Davis Biggs, *Adjutant*.]

DR. JASPER KELSEY.

Dr. Jasper Kelsey was born in Maury County, Tenn., December 26, 1838. Early in 1861 he enlisted for service and joined Captain Armstrong's company at Henryville, in Lawrence County. He was made lieutenant of this company, which was mustered into service at Ashwood, Maury County, on the 3rd of July, 1861, and formed a part of the 23rd Tennessee Regiment.



DR. JASPER KELSEY.

Lieutenant Kelsey was with this regiment in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Bean Station, Knoxville, and Petersburg. He was wounded and captured on the lines at Petersburg, Va., on the 11th of June, 1864, and was taken to the emergency hospital at Washington. From there he was transferred to the Federal prison at Fort Delaware, where he remained until after the war ended. At the time of his capture

Lieutenant Kelsey was due to receive the rank of major.

Returning to his desolated home, he, like all brave soldiers, entered at once into the process of reconstruction of his interrupted hopes and ambitions. The meager education that he had received in the country school at Henryville had been supplemented by the study of Latin and geometry under Confederate generals imprisoned with him at Fort Delaware. Thus equipped, teaching in winter and working in summer, he paid his way through the medical school of the University of Nashville.

In 1868 Dr. Kelsey was married to Mary Minerva Compton, of Giles County, and to them were born seven children, six of whom survive him—five daughters and a son: Mrs. Hester Kelsey Cooper and Mrs. Verda K. Cochran, of Holly Springs, Miss.; Mrs. Annie K. Caruthers and Mrs. Alice K. Gabrielle, of Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Edna Swearingen, of Fort Meade, Fla.; and Fred W. Kelsey, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dr. Kelsey died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Swearingen, in Florida.

Dr. Kelsey practiced his profession successfully at Lynnville, Tenn., for a half century. Here he labored and loved and lived such a life that no flaw could be found in his character by even the most critical. It has been said by many: "He was the best man I ever knew." One said: "When the preacher explains what it means to be a Christian, I always think of Dr. Kelsey as the one person I know who typifies all the Christian virtues." For many years he was a steward in the Methodist Church.

The surviving members of Harvey Walker Camp attended his funeral in a body and read the burial service at the grave.

[Committee: R. M. Bugg, M. L. Davidson, T. G. McMahon.]

CAPT. W. T. BALDRIDGE.

Capt. W. T. Baldrige died at his home near Martin, Tenn., on March 18, 1924, in his eighty-eighth year. He rendered considerable service in the War between the States, and an interesting incident in his experience was in the second day's fighting at Stone's River, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he

was wounded and left lying on the field. A Federal officer picked up his sword, thinking he was dead. This sword passed down through several generations of the Federal officer's family, but some years ago, it was sent to a reunion in Nashville in the effort to find the owner or his relatives. The sword was identified as the property of Captain Baldrige, and later was expressed to him. It had been well preserved, and was placed at the head of his bed, Captain Baldrige saying: "It will be there when I die." His name had been engraved on the sword before he went to war.

JAMES ELLIS TUCKER.

In the passing of James Tucker, who had made his home in California since the war, some interesting incidents of his career as a boy soldier of the Confederacy have been brought out. He died in San Francisco on February 24, 1924, and from a tribute by a friend of late years the following is taken:

In the death of James Ellis Tucker, a spirit at once gentle and intrepid has gone out of the world. He came from a family—the Tuckers of Virginia—distinguished both in private and public life. His father, Hon. Beverly Tucker, was American consul general at Liverpool just preceding the War between the States. Casting in his lot with the South, he remained for a time in England in the service of the Confederate government, returning later to become its Secretary of the Treasury. James Ellis Tucker, then a boy, was called from school in Switzerland to bear dispatches from the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, to President Davis, and sailed for home on a blockade runner which was sunk by a Federal gunboat at the entrance to Charleston harbor. Young Tucker escaped by swimming ashore, and contrived to save and deliver his dispatches.

He then served in the Confederate army through the war, being wounded several times. With Pickett's Brigade, he went "into the jaws of death" at Gettysburg, and was with Lee's army to the surrender at Appomattox. Later he made his way to Canada, thence to Mexico, where he served on the staff of Emperor Maximilian and attended his chief to the final hour, going with him to the place of execution and rendering him the last courteous service. He had also been in command of the escort to Empress Carlotta when she left Mexico. After the Emperor's execution, he was imprisoned, but managed to escape, and made his way through the western wilderness, arriving in San Francisco on Christmas Day, 1869, in company with Jefferson Howell, brother of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. He was married there to Miss Maye C. Bourn, of a prominent family of California. For some time he was in the Pacific Mail service, and under President Cleveland he served as United States Appraiser.

Surviving him are his wife and two sons, Burling and Beverly H. Tucker.

JOSEPH S. CUSHING.

At the City Hospital in Huntsville, Ala., on February 13, 1924, occurred the death of Joseph S. Cushing, following a serious operation. He was nearly eighty-four years of age, having been born April 29, 1840. He served the South with faithfulness and distinction as a member of the 12th Alabama Cavalry, and in late years the reunions with his comrades of the sixties were occasions of great pleasure.

In 1861 Comrade Cushing was married to Miss Lucy A. Henley, of Gadsden, Ala., and together they spent sixty-three years of happy wedded life. She died in December, 1923, and he survived her only two months. He was laid by her side in Maple Hill Cemetery at Huntsville, wearing the Confederate uniform he loved so well, and Confederate comrades attended his burial. He is survived by three sons and four daughters.

CORNELIUS SIMPSON.

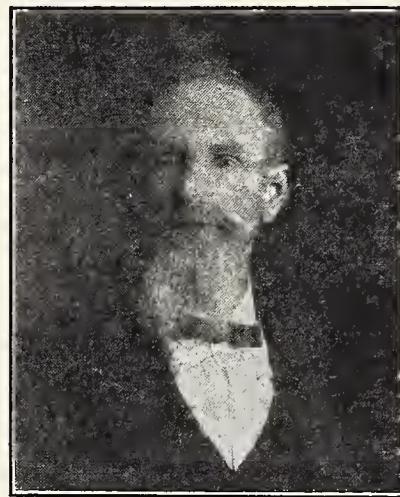
Cornelius Simpson, one of the last two Confederate veterans of Pulaski County, Ky., died at his home in Somerset, Ky., on June 27, 1923. He was born February 2, 1843, and grew to manhood on his father's farm, two miles from where the battle of Fishing Creek was fought, in which General Zollicoffer was killed. About two weeks before this battle, Comrade Simpson and his next older brother were taken by the Yankees to Somerset and kept in prison until after the battle. They then returned to their home, but in August they joined Company C, 6th Kentucky Cavalry, and were captured with Gen. John Morgan on his Ohio raid and remained in prison until March, 1865. He was exchanged, and surrendered in North Carolina. His brother was held in the prison hospital until June, 1865, when he was released and returned home, but died some six years later from the effects of exposure and hunger while in prison.

After the surrender Cornelius Simpson and a comrade walked from North Carolina to their homes in Kentucky, going through East Tennessee, where they were told it would be better not to let it be known that they belonged to Morgan's command, as the feeling was so strong against him. So they told that they were of the Louisiana troops, and thus escaped, though narrowly at times, any interference. They reached home at last, tired and footsore. Even a year later, the sentiment in the home section was strong against any "rebel," and he found it necessary to show that he could not be intimidated. In 1868 he was married to a Miss Hudson, sister of the boy friends who had stood by him in time of trouble. She survives him, with one daughter, two grandsons, and two great-grandchildren. All who knew him felt the loss of a good citizen in his passing.

[John W. Simpson, Bronston, Ky.]

CAPT. W. T. POWERS.

Capt. W. T. Powers, born in Hardin County, Tenn., March 1, 1837, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. U. Speers, in Clifton, Tenn., on February 8, 1924, having nearly completed eighty-seven years. His long life of usefulness and kindly interest in his fellow man had endeared him to the hearts of relatives and friends. A loyal Confederate, he enlisted in the Confederate army at the beginning of the war and rendered creditable service to the close. Captain Powers will be missed by his old comrades at reunions, as well as by his loved ones and friends, for wherever known his genial presence was appreciated. He stood high in Masonry and was a faithful member of the Methodist Church.



CAPT. W. T. POWERS.

Captain Powers was the father of ten children, nine of whom survive him and are a credit to parental training, successful and useful citizens, and will ever hold his name in loving reverence. The example of a well-spent life is an inspiration to posterity, and no greater heritage can be bestowed than that of honor and integrity.

He sleeps beside his beloved wife in the cemetery at Savannah, Tenn.

CAPT. GREENE F. DANIEL.

The last call came to Greene F. Daniel at his home in Madison, N. C., on the 3rd of March, 1924, and the tired soldier "passed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees."

He was born in Rockingham County, N. C., in 1844, and at the age of sixteen offered his services to the Confederacy, which cause he bravely and faithfully served during the four years of struggle. He served as corporal and lieutenant and at the close of war was captain of Company H, 45th North Carolina Regiment. He was in some of the bloodiest of the fights and was four times wounded. A bullet entered his head, severing a piece of skull. After the battle of Gettysburg, he lay on the field for two or three weeks with his wounded leg propped in a forked prong, and when sufficiently recovered, he was carried as prisoner to David's Island, N. Y.

It was a bitterly sad day for him when he had to lay down his arms and give up the cause that he had so loved, but life still had duties awaiting him, battles to be fought among quiet scenes, where there were no victor's palms, but only the quiet content that comes from walking day after day the path of rectitude and right. He was a man true to his ideals, and strong in his friendships. He was so worthy himself of trust that unreservedly he gave his trust to others, and this child-like confidence and kindness of heart, blended with strong character and unswerving principle, won for him a host of friends along the varied paths of life.

He was for many years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and found much pleasure in his Master's service.

He was under the shadow of a sad bereavement for nearly a year before his call, for last May death took from him his dearly beloved wife and companion of many years, who, before marriage, was Miss Mary Anderson Ralls.

Afterwards he made his home with his son, A. W. Daniel, of Madison, N. C., who survived his parents. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was a source of much enjoyment to him, and after reading it himself he was glad to pass it on.

He looked forward with much pleasure to the reunions, and last summer attended, for one day, the meeting in Winston-Salem, N. C., though too feeble and saddened then to enter into the spirit of the occasion and perhaps he was listening to hear, above the notes of "Dixie," a bugle call from old comrades who had already gone to the reunion on that other shore.

[John Chrisman Hanes.]

A. F. SMITH.

Absalom F. Smith was born at Marietta, Ga., September 28, 1847, the youngest son of Absalom C. and Frances Malinda (Sims) Smith, a prominent family in that State. He joined the Confederate army in February, 1863, enlisting in Company K, 42nd Georgia Regiment, Stovall's Brigade, Stewart's Division, Army of Tennessee, Col. Robert Henderson commanding the regiment. He served in the Georgia campaign under Generals Johnston and Hood, and was made a prisoner when Atlanta was evacuated by the Confederate forces. Although a mere boy when entering the army, he soon distinguished himself as a valiant soldier. After the war he moved to Mississippi, where he married Miss Mary Steele, and to them were born two daughters, the older of whom is now Mrs. T. K. Hale, of Tyler, Tex. He was an honored member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp No. 48 U. C. V., of Tyler, having been made its Commander for six consecutive years, and which office he held at the time of his death.

Comrade Smith and his wife spent their declining years with the youngest daughter, Miss Georgia, at their home in South Tyler, where he died, after a short illness, on February

18, 1924. He had lived at Tyler the greater part of his life since 1878, and was a consistent member of the First Baptist Church of that place. He was esteemed for his honesty, veracity, and clean Christian character.

Thus ended the earthly life of one of God's noblemen.

[Committee: W. W. Horner, *Chairman*; W. W. Roberts, H. C. Lisle.]

DR. J. P. HIGHT.

The death of Dr. J. P. Hight, at his home in Fayetteville, Ark., removed one of the prominent and most esteemed residents of that community. His death occurred on January 19, after a short illness, and on the same day he had been presented with the Cross of Honor.

Dr. Hight was born in Bedford County, Tenn., July 7, 1843. His parents were also natives of Tennessee. His maternal grandfather, John Patterson, was a native of Scotland and a descendant of the Patterson who founded the Bank of England. He was educated in the Unionville University, Tennessee, and St. Louis University. With the outbreak of the war in the sixties, he joined the 23rd Tennessee Infantry, with which he served for two years. He was wounded five times and captured four times, escaping three times and being released the fourth. At Chickamauga, he was badly wounded, and was afterwards transferred for scout duty under Forrest.

He was also at Murfreesboro, where he was again wounded. Altogether his service was for more than four years.

After the war, Dr. Hight went to Washington County, Ark., from Tennessee, on foot, giving his only team of horses to his father. He started his career with a capital of two dollars, but within a comparatively few years he built up a considerable fortune. After establishing a home in Arkansas, Dr. Hight engaged in road building, and next in school teaching, later entering a medical college in Missouri. He built up a wide practice, which he followed until his retirement in 1900. He also found time for farming and business dealings, acquiring large holdings in farm and town property. A number of years ago he made a division of his property to his family, desiring to see all his children established in life.

In 1873 Dr. Hight was married to Miss Mary Cladonia Cummings, a native of this county, and six children were born to them. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge, and both he and his wife were members of the Christian Church. She survives him with their three sons and three daughters. There are also two brothers and three sisters left of his family.

Working hard in his youth and middle years, he earned, as he said, "a period of quiet in the evening of one's days," taking enjoyment in his retirement, but keeping up his interest in life in general.

JOHN BAILEY JONES.

The constantly dwindling membership of Marian Cogbill Camp, No. 1316 U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., suffered another loss in the death of Comrade John Bailey Jones on February 15, 1924. He was born January 18, 1844, and at the age of seventeen became a soldier of the Confederacy, enlisting in 1861 in the 5th Arkansas Regiment, and serving under Gen. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He served to the end and was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought, devoted to his comrades, and a long-time subscriber to the VETERAN, which he read until his eyesight failed. He was a faithful member of the Baptist Church, constant in attendance on its services. The few remaining members of Marian Cogbill Camp mourn the passing of this comrade, loved by all who knew him.

[W. P. Brown, *Commander*.]

JOHN METCALFE.

John Metcalfe died at his home in Montgomery, Ala., on April 3, 1924, at the age of seventy-eight years.

He was born in Washington, D. C., and was taken by his parents, to Montgomery when he was seven years of age. In 1863 he entered the Confederate army, the 7th Alabama Cavalry, under Capt. C. P. Stone and Col. James Hodgson. He has served on the staff of the Commander of Alabama U. C. V., and was a member of Camp Lomax, of Montgomery.

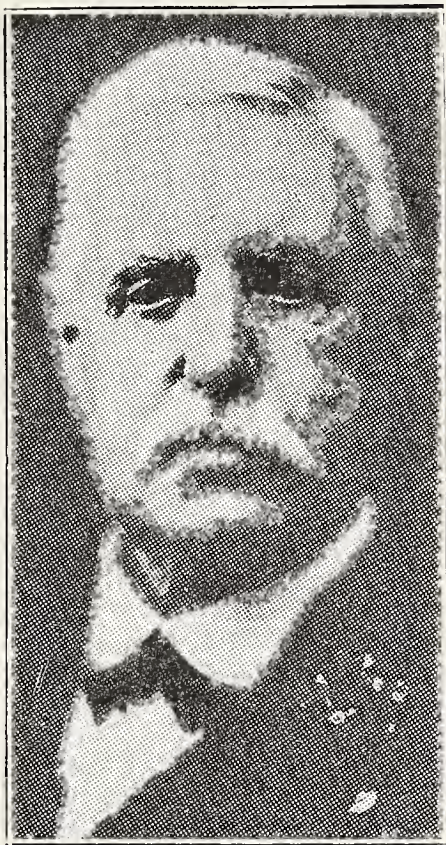
His life in the business world was spent in railroad work, which began with the Louisville and Nashville. In 1889 he formed connection with the Southern Railway and remained with that company until his death, serving for a time as district passenger agent. His last position was that of special passenger agent. He ever had the confidence of his superiors.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Cora Annette Farley, two daughters, and three sons, also by two sisters.

Comrade Metcalfe was a brave son of Alabama during the War between the States. He and his devoted friend, George W. Hails, of Montgomery, entered the war together and fought side by side throughout the struggle. Young Metcalfe volunteered at the age of sixteen, enlisting in the Tuscaloosa Cadets in 1863. In 1864 his cavalry outfit was placed under the command of Nathan B. Forrest. It was in the battles in Tennessee that he saw the greatest service. He was in the thick of the fighting at Nashville. Gen. E. W. Rucker, whose death is just reported, was his commander at that battle. One of his daring acts during the war was near Columbia, Tenn., when he captured a flag of the enemy.

J. M. GUEST.

J. M. Guest was born near Water Valley, Miss., January 14, 1842, and died February 5, 1924, at Breckenridge, Tex., leaving a wife, five daughters, and three sons. Early in the War between the States he joined Company C, of the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, and served during the war; he was slightly wounded. After the surrender he returned home, having only his horse, bridle, and saddle with which to begin life's battle. As a farmer he was successful. In 1868 he married Miss Jane McCarter and joined the Primitive Baptist Church. He moved to Texas in 1874 to Wills Point, Van Zant County, later locating near Strawn, then near Mingus, and to Breckenridge in 1907. On the 6th of February he was buried in the family graveyard at Mingus.



JOHN METCALFE.

CAPT. WILLIAM OVERTON.

"Like shuttles through the loom, so swiftly glide my feathered hours."

We are reminded of the above lines almost every day now by the passing of some one or more of our old Confederate comrades. One of the bravest and best of this noble remnant to be lately called away was Capt. William Overton, of "Prospect Hill," Louisa County, Va.

Captain Overton was born at "Maiden's Adventure," Virginia, the plantation of his paternal grandparents, December 4, 1839, and died at his old home in Louisa, January 17, 1923. He was the eldest son of William and Martha Gilliam Overton and grandson of John Overton, of "Woodstock," Louisa County, a captain in the Revolutionary army, who claimed descent from Gen. Robert Overton of Cromwell's army, and he was in every way a worthy scion of his sterling ancestors. Educated at the Virginia Military Institute under the tutelage of Stonewall Jackson, William Overton was one of the cadets who served as a guard at the hanging of John Brown. He always stated that there were no negroes, infant or adult, present on that occasion, nor the slightest foundation for the pictured and storied myths that have grown concerning that event. He was commissioned second lieutenant in Company A, 1st Battalion of Virginia Infantry on May 1st, 1861. His command, known as the "Irish Battalion," was attached to the forces which marched via Staunton into West Virginia in July, 1861, under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. This command returned to Staunton in December, 1861, and marched down the Shenandoah Valley, joining General Jackson at Winchester during Christmas week of that year.

Early in January, 1862, he went with General Jackson on his Romney campaign, made in the very worst weather of the entire year. It was intensely cold, snowing, raining, and freezing; the snow and ice were such that it was impossible to keep the wagons up with the troops; most of the time they were without tents and suffered greatly from the want of rations in addition to exposure and cold.

Captain Overton was with Jackson in the battle of Kernstown, and later in all of the battles, hard marching, and fighting done in Jackson's celebrated Valley Campaign of 1862. He marched with Jackson to Richmond to participate in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond. He was then promoted to captain of Company B, having been put in that company on his previous promotion to first lieutenant, and his command was detailed as provost guard of the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendering at Appomattox.

Captain Overton never had a thought, either during or after the war, that was not filled with loyalty and devotion to the Confederate cause and its defenders, of which he was one of the bravest, most patriotic, and devoted.

On December 22, 1874, Captain Overton married Miss Nannie Branch Giles, granddaughter of Gov. William B. Giles, of Virginia, and is survived by his son, William Overton, IV, two daughters, Frances Giles and Martha G. Overton, of Washington and Louisa County, and one sister, Mrs. John Gilliam. The funeral was conducted from St. John's Chapel, Louisa County, in whose churchyard his body was laid beside that of his beloved wife.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

LIEUT. JAMES W. WRAY.

Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans, Lynchburg, Va., sustained a heavy loss in the death of Lieut. James W. Wray, which occurred January 3, 1924, his spirit taking its flight during the night, while he slept.

Comrade Wray was a member of Company E, 11th Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. This company was made up of men from Lynchburg and Campbell Counties. He was in turn private, corporal, sergeant, and lieutenant, and was a model soldier. In the Garland-Rodes Camp, of Lynchburg, Va., he was much esteemed, and was at various times elected to the highest offices, including that of Commander. He could always be counted on to attend reunions of Confederates, whether in Virginia or elsewhere in the South. We shall miss him sadly, but he was a devoted Christian and we feel that he is at rest.

[Thomas C. Miller.]

JOHN C. HENDERSON.

Another member of Tom Hindman Camp, No. 318, U. C. V., of Newport, Ark., has been lost in the passing of John C. Henderson, who served with Company E, 32nd Arkansas Infantry, his death occurring at his home in Auvergne, Ark., on December 14, 1923. He was born August 14, 1847, at Elkton, Giles County, Tenn., and came to Jackson County, Ark., in 1861. He first settled at Bowen's Ridge, afterwards moving to Auvergne, on the Rock Island Railway, where he entered the mercantile business and built a splendid home. He also engaged extensively in farming and stock-raising.

Comrade Henderson was a Christian gentleman and valued citizen, a member of the Methodist Church. His many friends and comrades of Tom Hindman Camp will miss his genial presence. His wife and a daughter survive him.

TEXAS COMRADES.

(Reported by Col. Ed C. Wilson, Electra, Tex.)

John J. Conroy, seventy-eight years of age, died at Oak Cliff Tex., on February 20, 1924. He was born in Ireland, March 24, 1846, and came to America in 1846 to Baltimore, and in 1861, when only fifteen years old enlisted in the 1st Maryland Cavalry and served under Stonewall Jackson. He moved to Texas in 1877 and operated a blacksmith shop until 1910. He was alderman for ten years and superintendent of the Dallas waterworks for eight years.

Capt. Isaac Douglas, one of Lee County's oldest citizens, died at his home here on February 16, 1924. He was born at Gallatin, Tenn., July 25, 1833, and came to Texas in 1852. He served four years in the Confederate army, attaining the rank of captain, his service being with Company C, 2nd Tennessee Regiment.

ROBERT R. CADE.

Robert R. Cade, born in Mississippi, January 4, 1843, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Hill, in Grand Saline, Tex., on November 20, 1923, in his eighty-first year. He went to Texas in 1851, and entered the Confederate service in 1861. After being in the battle of Elk Horn, he was sent across the Mississippi River, but his health failed and he was sent home to recuperate. As soon as possible he joined Captain Spate's Regiment, of Ross's Brigade, and was wounded in the battle of Boonsboro, La. Again he was sent home until able to walk, when he was sent to Shreveport just about the time the war closed. After the war he returned home, married Miss Georgia Hopesin in 1866, and moved to Van Zandt County, Tex., which had since been his home.

[J. C. McCullough, Grand Saline, Tex.]

JAMES M. HOWARD.

On the morning of February 3, 1924, James M. Howard, of Albertville, Ala., answered the last roll call.

He was eighty-two years of age and is survived by his wife and fourteen children. Mr. Howard was the last surviving member of Company E, 12th Alabama Regiment, a unit made famous under the fighting name of "Raccoon Roughs."

In his early life he taught school, served as county commissioner of Dekalb County, his native county, for four years, and as tax collector of the same county eight years, and later engaged in business as a merchant and farmer, from which he had retired at the time of his death.

He was married in 1867 to Miss Margaret Summerour.

Mr. Howard was a devoted member of the Methodist Church and was a loyal citizen. He was laid to rest with Masonic honors.

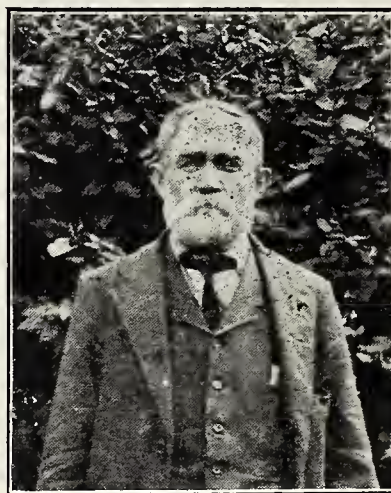
[A Daughter, Miss Nettie Howard, Albertville, Ala.]

R. E. ROGERS.

R. E. Rogers died at his home near Belmont, Tenn., in February, in his eighty-third year. He was a member of Company B, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Division, and was mustered into service on May 31, 1861, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., 1865. He was as brave a soldier as ever rode with Forrest.

JOHN M. DORSEY.

What is now the lovely little town of Fort Valley, nestling in the midst of peach blossoms in South Georgia, was a large plantation in 1844, where John Matthew Dorsey was born.



JOHN M. DORSEY.

At the beginning of the War between the States, he was away at boarding school and was called home by the illness of his father. He had to travel by the old stagecoach, taking him two days and a night to reach home, and his father died while he was on the way. Instead of returning to school, he, though but sixteen years of age, with his white horse answered his country's call for volunteers, and was placed in the Western Army, Wheeler's Division of Cavalry, and went

through the war untouched. Though as a young orderly he did little fighting, yet he was in the "thick of it" day after day when carrying messages.

The father of John Dorsey was a founder of Wesleyan College, the oldest girls' college in the world, and he himself was a founder of the handsome little brick Methodist Church in Taylorsville which will stand through the years as a monument to his whole-hearted devotion in his Lord's service.

Comrade Dorsey led an active outdoor life till his last illness, which came on his seventy-ninth birthday, November 30, 1923, of which his daughter writes: "He was ill nine days, and then, late in the afternoon just as the sun was going down, with an inexpressibly sweet look on his face, he gently closed his blue eyes, which never looked bluer than right then, and passed away to his heavenly home, where he is now our guardian angel."

F. C. McNEILLY.

Felix C. McNeilly, aged eighty-one years, died on January 28, 1924, at the home of his son, Charles M. McNeilly, in Miami, Fla., where he had gone to spend the winter. He was born in Dickson County, Tenn., March 19, 1843, and his boyhood was spent in Charlotte, Tenn., where he received his education at Tracy Academy. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits until forced to retire on account of the infirmities of age.

With the death of Mr. McNeilly there comes to a close the career of one of the well-known heroes of the War between the States. Upon the secession of Mississippi, he enlisted as a soldier in the 28th Mississippi Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, W. H. Jackson's Division, under the command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He held the rank of sergeant and served throughout the war. During a portion of the war he served in General Forrest's command. He and his two brothers, Thomas Lucien and the late Rev. James H. McNeilly, participated in the battle of Franklin, when the brother T. L. met his death in the attack at the ginhouse. He was a soldier of unflinching courage, and was conspicuously faithful to duty in the most trying circumstances. He was twice desperately wounded in battle.

Mr. McNeilly was a man of handsome appearance and of fine mind. He was absolutely true and dependable in all the relationships of life. A very positive character, fearless and outspoken in his views, yet a person of great generosity and kindness. He was greatly respected by all who knew him, and his sterling qualities of character won to him many friends.

He was an earnest, devoted, and consistent Christian, being a member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he was reared. His religious interests and activities were not restricted to his own denomination, but he was active in aiding and upbuilding the Churches of the other denominations in any community where he resided.

On October 15, 1873, he was married to Miss Ella E. Bagwell, of Montgomery County, Tenn., who died October 14, 1909.

Mr. McNeilly's body was taken to Ashland, Ky., his former home, for burial beside his wife. He leaves three children—Mrs. Sam Chesnut, of Elkton, Ky.; G. W. McNeilly, Ashland, Ky.; and Charles M. McNeilly, Miami, Fla.; also six grandchildren.

DAVID BROWNING BOZEMAN.

At the home of his daughter, in Throckmorton County, Tex., at the age of seventy-nine years, David Browning Bozeman died on February 23, 1924, and was laid to rest in the family cemetery in Milam County.

He enlisted at the age of sixteen as a private in Company I, 3rd Alabama Regiment, April 27, 1861, at Wetumpka, Ala., and was discharged at Richmond, Va., August 4, 1862, by reason of the conscript act. He reenlisted in company K, 53rd Alabama Partisan Rangers, November 10, 1862, at Montgomery, Ala.; was captured at Cedartown, Ga., October 26, 1864, and released June 17, 1865, at Camp Douglass, Ill.

He was a brave soldier, a good citizen, and a deacon in the Baptist Church.

[P. J. Rast.]

LOUISIANA COMRADES.

The following comrades of Camp R. J. Tabor, No. 1780 U. C. V., of Bernice, La., have died since the last report: E. A. Weldon, 2nd Louisiana Regiment, A. N. V., at the age of eighty-two years. W. J. Stewart, 15th Mississippi Regiment, died on February 6, 1924, aged eighty-four years; survived by wife, three daughters, and two sons.

DAVID OSCAR SUMMER.

David Oscar Summer was born in South Carolina in 1841, and his parents removed to Smith County, Miss., when he was fourteen. He, and an older brother who was killed in the Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania, marched to war in May, 1861, under the leadership of Capt. W. H. Hardy. Their company became Company H, 16th Mississippi Regiment, organized at Corinth. Because of measles, this regiment was hindered from reaching General Beauregard's army at Manassas until a few days after the battle of July 21, 1861.

This regiment formed a part of Ewell's Division in Jackson's Shenandoah Valley campaign in the spring of 1862. Having defeated three armies in the Valley, Stonewall hurried his army over to Richmond in June to help Gen. Joe Johnston drive McClellan from before Richmond. Gen. Posey's Brigade was called upon almost as soon as they reached the battle area to drive the enemy from a well-entrenched position. Strange to say, both brothers were wounded in the hip at the same instant. As one was rushing forward behind the other in the charge upon the enemy, they believed that the same ball struck both of them. His brother received a deep flesh wound, but Oscar received only a dark blue streak across his hip and a hole in his trousers. At the second battle of Manassas, in August, 1862, when crossing a fence in the heat of the battle, a bomb, or cannon ball, struck the fence and laid about a dozen of them sprawling upon the ground and senseless for a few minutes. When he revived, he felt sure that both legs were torn off. Even when he stood up, he still felt that his legs were torn to pieces. Blood actually oozed from the back of his hands so great was the shock.

At the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, Md., on the 17th of September, 1862, Oscar Summer was the last of the company to be shot down. A Minie ball went through his stomach and lodged near the spinal column. He walked and crawled several hundred yards and was then picked up and helped to the field hospital. General Lee retreated into Virginia, and Oscar was left to die. The hospital being deserted, a friend who was driving an army wagon, placed him on the bare floor of the wagon and hauled him across the Potomac to Charlestown, Va. Although it was six months before he could return to his company, he could not get a furlough. He had been back in ranks only one or two weeks when plunged into the battle of Chancellorsville. The evening of Stonewall's last charge, Oscar found that he could not keep up with the boys. He was not yet fully recovered.

At Gettysburg, his command was not called upon to do hard fighting, but on the 3rd day of July he was posted on vidette, just on the line of Pickett's charge, with instructions that his command was to reinforce Pickett, and that he and all on vidette duty must fall into line and duplicate Pickett's charge. He could plainly hear the command forward, but it was halted before reaching him. During the latter part of the war, when it was proved that he could not stand hard service any longer, he was joined to the brass band. He did all kinds of extra service during the campaign of 1864 and the siege of Petersburg and surrendered at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

He attended school two years after the war. He married in 1868, and his two living sons and three daughters have interesting families. He became an expert timber estimator and surveyor in the sawmill districts of the famous yellow pine, to which he applied himself, together with building railroads through the pine forests for the lumber mills.

Oscar Summer passed into the Great Beyond on the 18th of June, 1922, at his son's home in Newton, Miss. He was the last survivor or the one hundred stalwart sons of the South who first offered their services from Smith County, Miss.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. <i>First Vice President General</i> 1701 Center Street	MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. <i>Treasurer General</i> 711 Leland Avenue
MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal. <i>Second Vice President General</i> 2440 Third Street	MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. <i>Historian General</i> 41 South Battery
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. <i>Third Vice President General</i>	MRS. W. J. WOODRUFF, Muskogee, Okla. <i>Registrar General</i> 917 North K Street
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. <i>Recording Secretary General</i> 411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street	MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. <i>Custodian of Crosses</i> 645 Superior Avenue
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. <i>Corresponding Secretary General</i> 11 Everett Street	MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. <i>Custodian of Flags and Pennants</i> 8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It is probable that our members will find their greatest interest this month in the announcement that the executive board of our organization has decided to accept the invitation of the charter Chapter at Savannah, Ga., Mrs. A. B. Hull, President, and hold the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in that city during the third week of November, 1924.

Headquarters will be at the De Soto Hotel, while large numbers of delegates will also stay at the Savannah Hotel, the John Wesley and other splendid hostleries of the Georgia port city. A complete list of suitable hotels will be published later, together with all other information necessary for the convenience and comfort of the delegates to this gathering.

It might be well at this time to remind the various Divisions that representation in the general organization is allotted as much on the registration basis as on the per capita tax paid. Most of the Divisions, it is gratifying to note, are fully registered. To those who have overlooked this, however, the importance of full registration may be again pointed out. Our registration lists are the source from which future generations will get their information regarding the men who served the gray in the sixties and the women who have since that day carried forward the noblest ideals of the Confederacy through their work for the U. D. C.

In reply to many inquiries old members may obtain certificates of membership through their Chapter Registrars. Chapter Registrars are instructed in ordering these certificates to copy each individual record on a separate application and forward these with the order. A twenty-five cent fee must be inclosed for each certificate.

Mrs. W. J. Woodruff is Registrar General to whom all these applications should be sent at her home in Muskogee, Okla. In a recent letter she writes: "The daily mails bring me application papers by the hundreds. I am working day and night, doing all physically possible to bring my work up to date, but despite this am three weeks behind. I am now working on the papers for the eighth new Chapter this year, and will receive applications for the third new Chapter in Oklahoma alone within the next few days. One of these was chartered with fifty-six new members."

Since my last letter published in these columns, I have made official visits as President General to five Georgia Chapters and one in Florida. These were Macon, Fort Valley, Albany, Thomasville, and Quitman in Georgia, and Tallahassee, Fla. I have been deeply impressed on all my visits, meeting hundreds of thoughtful women, with the way in which they are all thinking along the line that love of country, patriotism, and good citizenship are inseparable. They also unite in the conviction that the energies and intellect of good women can-

not be used to better advantage for the nation than in keeping alive the spark of patriotism and in providing the means of education for needy boys and girls. The work of perpetuating the true history of our nation is a part of both these endeavors.

In connection with this thought, Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Chairman of the Committee on Southern Literature and the Indorsement of Books, has repeatedly urged the desirability of Southern colleges and primary schools including the works of the best Southern authors in their literary curricula. This is a vitally important subject, not for the fostering of sectional prejudice, but rather to encourage Southern writers and for better education of our youth in the South's rightful place in American literary annals. In addition to Miss Hanna, this important committee is made up of Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Wytheville, Va.; Mrs. G. L. Bradfield, Wynnewood, Okla.; Miss Mollie Kavanaugh, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. J. Frost Walker, Union, S. C.; Mrs. Charles Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. M. T. Hall, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mrs. Lula Epperson, Clarksville, Tenn.; Mrs. W. T. Stuart, McComb, Miss.; Mrs. Frank Tracy, Pensacola, Fla.; Mrs. A. B. Hull, Savannah Ga.; and Mrs. Bettie Mcgruder, San Angelo Tex.

Division Presidents are urged to advocate that every Chapter in their Division have at least one copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our splendid official organ, in their files for reference. This monthly magazine will do more than any other one factor to keep alive the ideals and enthusiasm of our organization, and without enthusiasm it is impossible for us to accomplish any of those important tasks to which we have set our hands.

The realization and fulfillment of our obligations is now our greatest responsibility. We must not falter, as a great organization or as smaller unit, to carry on to our goals. Let me urge once again the importance of redeeming our pledges to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. Every interested member—which means all of us—is asked to give some assistance to the effort to complete this memorial. Send contributions at once to Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Treasurer General, U. D. C., 5330 Pershing Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Another important matter always with us, which should receive our most earnest attention, is the formation of more Chapters among the young women of our land in our colleges and universities. It is in school days that lifetime friendships are made, that the ideals of after life are formed. Our women students of to-day will be better citizens to-morrow for having lived as part of an organization which proclaims: "Our membership carries distinction with it, memorializing as it does a glorious past, achievements of no mean purport in the present, and a vision of usefulness and patriotism for the future, which is the equal of any other patriotic society."

Adjutant in Chief Walter L. Hopkins, of Richmond, of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, says regarding identification certificates for reduced railroad rates for the reunion in Memphis: "I desire to turn over to you as President General, U. D. C., or your secretary, sufficient certificates for your organization; your secretary, in turn, will send them out to the Division Presidents, and the Division Presidents in turn will send them to their Chapter Presidents, and the Chapter Presidents will give them to their members." Accordingly, Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Corresponding Secretary General, will direct the matter and follow Adjutant Hopkins's instructions.

I was asked by General Haldeman, Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, to appoint a maid of honor for the South on his staff, to represent the United Daughters of Confederacy at the reunion in Memphis. Miss Mary Francis Harvey, daughter of Mrs. Felix Harvey, of Kinston, N. C., a former President of the North Carolina Division, has graciously accepted this appointment.

On July 28, this year, the bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee will be formally presented to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England. Any of our members who are in England on that date are cordially invited to be present at the ceremonies. Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, Chairman of the Presentation Committee, can be reached by addressing her "care of the American Ambassador, London."

A portrait of Admiral Raphael Semmes, commander of the Alabama, painted recently by George Nelson, of New York, will also be presented by Mrs. T. Darrington Semple, of New York, to the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland, for the Salle De L'Alabama, on August 7, 1924. All Daughters are likewise invited to attend this ceremony. Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., is chairman of the committee.

U. D. C. badges may be secured from Mrs. Frank Ross, 2440 Third Street, San Diego Calif., our Second Vice President General. The price of these badges, with emblem suspended by red ribbon from a bar, is \$8; badge with bar alone, \$5.50; without bar, \$4.50.

North Dakota will shortly become the thirty-seventh State to boast one or more Chapters of our organization within its bounds. Mrs. J. L. Coulter, of Fargo, N. D., writes that an earnest group of women there have completed plans for securing a charter for the Fargo Chapter, U. D. C.

News has just reached me, as I write, of the death of Mr. A. J. Smith, of New York, husband of our Recording Secretary General. The sympathy of our entire membership, I know, goes out to Mrs. Smith in her bereavement.

May the Spirit of God guide and strengthen you, as you seek to do your part in bringing his kingdom to this world, for the service of country is the service of God.

Faithfully yours, ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. S. P. Kennedy, Editor for the Alabama Division, writes of the continued interest and untiring zeal with which the Daughters of that State work along all U. D. C. lines. We rejoice with them in that they have saved the first White House of the Confederacy, this historic building having been torn down piece by piece and carefully rebuilt on a lot nearer the State Capitol. The silver star that marks the spot in the Capitol entrance on which President Davis stood in taking the oath of office attracts the attention of all visitors. Surely in no State are Confederate relics preserved with more love and pride than in Alabama; and in no Division is more loving care and attention paid to the survivors of that history-making epoch.

Mrs. Stillwell, of Little Rock, sends a record from an Arkansas Chapter that makes us "stand at attention," truly: The Joe Wheeler Chapter has a membership of *fifteen*. They have unveiled a monument, costing \$1,760, to the memory of the soldiers of Yell County, and paid the entire amount before the last payment was due without asking a dollar outside the Chapter. Now they are erecting marble headstones at the graves of veterans buried in outlying places in a very large county—eight hundred graves in all. The markers cost five dollars each, which indicates the size of the task ahead of these fifteen women. And here is how they say that they raise funds: "We work hard but enthusiastically, often spending the day together sewing, making aprons of all kinds, bonnets, etc., in fact, anything that will sell at our Christmas and Easter bazaars. Between times we have market days, teas, parties, etc.; in fact, anything that promises a dollar appeals to us."

* * *

Maryland.—Officers of the Maryland Division elected for 1924 are: President, Mrs. Jed Gettings; First Vice President, Mrs. E. H. Bash; Second Vice President, Miss Mae Rogers; Third Vice President, Mrs. Jones Hoyle; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Winfield Peters; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Forney Young; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Franklyn Canby; State Editor, Mrs. Preston Power; Treasurer, Mrs. Jackson Brandt; Registrar, Mrs. C. W. Boulden; Historian, Mrs. Roy McCardell; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Sally W. Maupin; Parliamentarian, Mrs. De Lashmutt; Chaplain, Mrs. John Jones; State Directors, Mrs. J. D. Iglehart, Mrs. Joseph Branhams, Miss Mary Jones; Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Ernest Darby.

* * *

Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, Mo., writes of the plan adopted by the Columbia Chapter—viz., to have a meeting at the beginning of the U. D. C. year and outline plans for the succeeding twelve months. If every Chapter would do this, including its budget in the plans, and work in a systematic way to accomplish the ends in view, success would crown the efforts. We know personally of Chapters doing this.

Missouri Chapters are responding to the call of Mrs. J. F. White, chairman of "The Men and Women of the Sixties," to give these old people a great deal of pleasure during the Eastertide at the Home in Higginsville.

Missouri's Director for "Women of the South in War Times," Mrs. Longan, is hard at work with the prospect of her State being high on the list of "best sellers."

The Sterling Price Chapter, of Nevada, has given three large social affairs recently, thereby keeping U. D. C. work before the public.

* * *

Mrs. J. Harper Erwin, recently appointed Publicity Chairman for the North Carolina Division, brings to us this month the assurance "that the brave deeds, self-sacrifices, and devotion to noble ideals and right principles of the 'boys who wore the gray' will never be forgotten in the Old North State." A continued evidence is that this year there are to be unveiled two Confederate Memorials on May 10, Memorial Day—one in Kinston with appropriate exercises, at which the President General, Mrs. Harrold, will be the guest of honor; the other in Durham. Both of these were made possible largely through the untiring efforts of the Kinston and Durham Chapters. The annual convention of the North Carolina Division will be held in Rocky Mount, October 7.

Especially interesting is this special effort of a South Carolina Chapter, described by Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, the Division Publicity Chairman:

"The Hart's Battery Chapter, of Williston, has erected a Confederate Memorial Arch at the entrance of the cemetery. This Arch is of South Carolina granite, under which is a large central gate and two smaller side gates. Above the foundation stones on each side are polished slabs, on which are inscribed the names of Williston's veterans who have 'gone over,' and a space for the names of those yet to go. The arch will be unveiled May 10, with appropriate exercises. The members of this Chapter have been planning and working for this memorial for a number of years, making all the money themselves; it truly has been a 'labor of love.'

"The Wade Hampton Chapter, of Columbia, very fittingly celebrated Gen. Wade Hampton's birthday with the Clariosophic Society of the University of South Carolina, of which Society General Hampton was a member. After the program they marched in a body to the grave of General Hampton, upon which was placed a wreath of laurel. This same Chapter is giving a series of entertainments at the Confederate Home for the boys of the sixties."

Since her election in December, the President of the South Carolina Division, Mrs. O. D. Black, of Johnston, has stressed in every communication to the Chapters the matter of increased membership. Her efforts evidently are bearing fruit, two Chapters standing preëminent this month—the Hampton-Greer, of Easley, receiving fourteen new members at its February meeting, and the J. B. Kershaw, of Laurens, receiving twenty-five new ones at its March meeting. Many others report additional members at every meeting.

* * *

It is an inspiration to hear of U. D. C. work through Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, former Vice President General, ex-President of the Tennessee Division, and a loyal Daughter always. This month she tells of the Memorial exercises to ex-President Woodrow Wilson, held under the auspices of Clark Chapter, in the Gallatin Methodist Church. The Church choir led in the singing of the hymns—"The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "Day Is Dying in the West," and "How Firm a Foundation"—being joined by the large congregation with great feeling and solemnity. Prominent speakers spoke ten minutes each, on the following phases of the lamented President's life and character: Woodrow Wilson, the American; the Scholar; the Christian Citizen; Leader of World Democracy; the Apostle of Peace; Woodrow Wilson, 1919-1924.

* * *

News of interest from the Texas Division, for this month, as sent by Mrs. Annie Grace Drake, Publicity Director:

"The city of Dallas, which already had two Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, is to have another Chapter, organized by Mrs. J. F. Self, formerly Corresponding Secretary of the Texas Division the past month of February.

"The various Camps of veterans throughout the State are showing much activity as the season of the reunion approaches, electing their delegates, sponsors, etc. Texas, the Line Star State, will send a big delegation to Memphis, reduced rates of one cent per mile having been already announced by the railroads." Great interest in the reunion is characteristic of all of Texas.

The Texas Division has given an endowment fund of \$5,000 to the University of Texas, to be known as the United Daughters of the Confederacy Gift Scholarship, and to be awarded to a World War soldier of Confederate lineage early in the spring of 1924.

They have also let the contract to have a boulder placed on

the shell road, between Beaumont and Sabine Pass, commemorating the almost miraculous feat of Dick Dowling and his forty-seven Irish patriots, who, without the loss of a man, captured two Federal gunboats and 350 soldiers.

* * *

Miss Vass, of Keyser, sends the following notes from W. Va.:

"The Parkersburg Chapter, of Parkersburg, gave a social program after the regular business session at their February meeting, and the chief feature was a detailed account by an eyewitness of the unveiling of General Lee's head carved on Stone Mountain.

"Huntington Chapter No. 150 reports that the best way to make money is to secure a picture, as it is always easy to sell tickets for a picture show, and it always nets them a nice little sum of money.

"Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Fairmont, is taking up 'Incidents of Prominent Men in the Southern Confederacy' and finds that it makes their meetings very interesting and instructive.

"Hinton Chapter has gotten out a splendid yearbook, with interesting and well-arranged programs for each month.

CONFEDERATE RECORDS.

At the State convention in Kansas City, the F. M. Cockrell Chapter, of Warrensburg, was awarded the second prize, ten dollars in gold (presented by the Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia), for the second greatest number of Confederate records compiled. These records, eight hundred and sixty-one in number, were procured and written out by Miss Neille Burris, a charter member of the Chapter, who has filled nearly every office in the Chapter, serving as its President for six years. She has also served the Division as Treasurer and Registrar.

Among the records sent in by Miss Burris, thirty were for her own relatives. Her father, the late Capt. Louis Burris, commanded Company A, of the 2nd Missouri Cavalry, and four of her paternal uncles, two uncles by marriage, and ten cousins served in the same company; two cousins served with Gen. John S. Marmaduke's escort; her maternal grandfather, one great uncle (who was a surgeon), and two cousins served under Gen. Thomas Harris, in a Northeast Missouri regiment of Martin Green's brigade; five uncles and a brother-in-law served in Company A, of the 5th Missouri Infantry, 1st Brigade; and an uncle by marriage served in Bledsoe's Battery.

THE TEXAS DIVISION. U. D. C.

Gen. Thomas D. Osborne, Commander of the Kentucky Division U. C. V., spent the winter in Texas, and wrote of having been honor guest of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas in convention at Baylor College, October 23, 24; and of which he said: "The Baylor College Chapter and the Bell County Chapter joined in hospitality, which was at high water mark. General Kirkpatrick made a fine address on the efficiency of their work. The next meeting will be at Houston.

"At the request of Mrs. E. W. Bounds, President, the financial slate was cleared, and all pledges paid as follows: Dick Dowling Fund, \$750; Courtland Graves, \$800 (this is to mark the graves of forty-five Texans buried at Courtland, Va.). They had given \$1,100 to the Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky., and, led by Mrs. Thomas Yarrah, of Belton, a Christmas gift of \$800 more was given; and on the last day, urged by Mrs. Katie Cabell Muse, \$400 more was given. The social features were numerous and elaborate."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR U. D. C. STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

June.

Draft riots in New York City.

The fiercest ever known in this country.

Note that negroes especially were objects for attack by the mob.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

June.

Describe the battle between the Alabama and the Kearsage, June 19, 1864.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES.

1. Ideal: A clear concept of the origin of America and American principles. Subject: The development of self-government in the first successful Anglo-American colony, with particular emphasis upon the political, educational, and general welfare acts of the first representative legislature of the New World.

Suggestions for study on this topic:

(1) The influence upon a subsequent settlement of Sir Walter Raleigh's efforts at Roanoke Island. The pictures of Governor White and the report of Scientist Thomas Hariot.

(2) The names and tonnage of the vessels which brought to American shores the colonists for the first permanent settlement at Jamestown.

(3) A comparison between the system of communism established at Jamestown with that attempted at Plymouth thirteen years later; cause of failure in both cases. *Query:* Why should one failure be given in most of our histories without the other?

(4) The founding of Plymouth due to the kindly interposition of the founders of the first colony. Connection between the two colonies.

(5) The first school and the first English literature in the New World.

(6) The influence and ideals of Sir Edwin Sandys, the leading founder of American liberty.

(7) The Earl of Southampton, Sandys' ablest assistant, the first patron of Shakespeare; and Shakespeare's knowledge of and interest in the first colony.

2. Ideal: Avoidance of inaccurate terms and thinking with regard to the development of American political principles. Subject: The essential similarities between the principles of self-government held and upheld by Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, George Washington, John Hancock, and their compatriots in 1765-81, and those of John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis in 1828-65.

Suggestions for study on this topic:

(1) Taxation without representation as a long-used ex-

planation of the American Revolution—a popular slogan since 1781.

(2) Slavery the fundamental cause of sectional strife—a popular fallacy since 1861.

Both the above fictions have a plausible basis, and both are equally misleading.

(a) The Revolutionary fathers *did not really desire* "representation" in the British Parliament. Hancock, Washington, Henry, and their compatriots objected to taxation imposed upon them against their will. They contended *for the original principle of self-government*, whose beginnings were established at Jamestown, 1607-19.

(b) Similarly, statesmen and leaders of the Southern Confederacy were not primarily concerned with the maintenance of slavery. As in the case of their Revolutionary forbears, they objected to oppressive and unfair *forms of Federal taxation and sectional legislation*. They, too, contended for the *sacred American doctrine of local self-government*, called "State rights."

Suggestions:

(a) All the Principles for which the South then contended are to-day as vital to the life and future of the republic as they were in 1861.

(b) Emancipationists in the Southern armies and slaveholders in Federal service.

(c) The Emancipation Proclamation, *despite a popular and historical delusion now grown world-wide*, was *not humanitarian in principle*, but a "war measure" and was so proclaimed by its author.

(d) In 1861, Northern Congress, *by constitutional amendment, attempted to make slavery perpetual where it already existed*.

(e) Responsibility for the maintenance of the African transatlantic slave trade in negro captives rests with the commercial elements of the North; that of maintaining American negro slavery in large part upon the violence of Northern abolitionist agitators, for which statement there is the authority of the author of the Emancipation Proclamation, now become famous on a fictitious rather than a real basis.

(f) The *principles* of secession common to all; and held by all examples.

(g) The *practice* of nullification common to all; examples.

3. Ideal: Coöperative work for the common good through the inspiration of precedents in the development of the republic. Subject: The expansion of the republic, and the character and ideals of the leaders in that expansion.

(1) Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Rogers Clark, and the acquisition of the first Northwest.

(2) The acquisition of the Louisiana Territory.

(3) Consideration of the New England threats of secession in the light of comparative justification on the part of that commercial section with the attitude of the Cotton States, fifty years later. From 1801 to 1850 New England *feared* loss of influence and adverse action in Federal councils. From 1828 to 1861 the South actually felt what the New Englanders "morally feared." (As Thomas Jefferson predicted, the moral question of slavery would be used to cloak or cover profound political and economic issues.)

(4) Thomas Jefferson and the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

(5) The purchase of Florida.

(6) The annexation of the Republic of Texas. (Opposition to same.)

(7) The acquisition of the Mexican purchase and the subsequent vision of Jefferson Davis. (Opposition to same.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
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MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

CONVENTION CALL.

CLARIDGE HOTEL HEADQUARTERS.

The twenty-fifth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will be held in the city of Memphis, June 3-6, 1924, in accordance with Article IV of the Constitution: "Time and place of the annual meetings of this Association shall be the same as that of the annual meetings of the United Confederate Veterans." The Claridge Hotel has been designated as official headquarters of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Business meetings will be held daily at 9 A.M. and 3 P.M., in the parlors of hotel.

Railroad Rates.—Reduced fares have been granted by all railroads, secured only by certificates through the United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and United Daughters of the Confederacy. *Be sure to secure certificates.*

Payment of Dues.—Do not fail to forward annual dues to Mrs. E. L. Merry, Treasurer General, 4327 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla., on or before May 1.

Special attention is called to the opening or welcome meeting, which is set for one o'clock on Tuesday, June 3, at the Auditorium, this hour being designated so that convention members may attend the memorial exercises of the Memphis Memorial Association, June 3 being their Memorial Day.

Your President General is anticipating with eager interest and pleasure the privilege of again meeting with you, and her prayer for each one of you is that the Father of all mercies may bless and abide with you, and much good be accomplished for our beloved organization.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

AN APPRECIATION.

My Dear Coworkers: With loving greetings to each of you, it is my pleasant duty and privilege to send to you the "call" for assembling to honor once again our beloved and revered heroes of 1861-65. That I am permitted through Divine Providence to again address you after long months of illness is to me an unspeakable source of gratitude, and my prayer is for you that we may meet with only the happiest association and the deepest interest in the noble work for which you are called to render account. Our splendid First Vice President General, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, with Mrs. Mary Hunt Miller, State President of Tennessee and General Chairman of Program, aided by their capable and enthusiastic committees, have prepared many charming entertainments for your pleas-

ure, so let us not fail to attest our appreciation, but let us "on to" Memphis in ever-increasing numbers, giving to your convention the largest attendance in its history.

Faithfully yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, C. S. M. A.

MOTTO: "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

OFFICIAL PROGRAM.

Welcome meeting at Auditorium 1:30, P.M., June 3, 1924, Jefferson Davis's birthday,

Assembly, Bugle Call.

Procession of pages.

Meeting called to order by Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, President of Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association of Memphis.

Song, "America," chorus and audience, band.

Invocation, Rev. T. M. Lowry, D.D.

Address of Welcome, Mayor Rowlett Payne, on behalf of the city.

Address, Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

Greeting, Governor Austin Peay, on behalf of the State.

Soprano Solo, Mrs. Charles Watson: Accompanist, Mrs. William J. Meyer.

Greetings, Mrs. Eugene B. Douglass, Vice President Tennessee C. S. M. A.

Dixie, Band.

Greetings, Mrs. Frank D. Harrold, President General United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Greetings, W. McDonald Lee, Commander in Chief Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Convention turned over to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, who responds to welcome addresses.

Songs of "Long-ago," Confederate Choir of America.

Announcement of Committees on Credentials and Resolutions.

Appointment of Committees to extend greetings to the U. C. V and S. C. V.

Benediction, Rev. Giles B. Cooke.

All business sessions of the C. S. M. A. will be held in the Hotel Claridge, corner of Main Street and Adams Avenue.

Memorial Service by Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association at Elmwood Cemetery June 3, 4:30 P.M.

Motto: "Esto Perpetua."

Master of Ceremonies Gen. C. A. Dessausure, U. C. V.

Bugle Call, Assembly.

Dixie, by Band.

Hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association Choir.

Invocation, Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee.

Hymn, "All Hail The Power of Jesus' Name," Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association Choir.

Tribute to Mrs. C. W. Frazer, organizer of the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, By Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General.

Tribute to Gen. George W. Gordon, late Commander in Chief U. C. V., by Mrs. C. B. Bryan, President Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association.

Poem, "Women of the Confederacy," by Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate, U. C. V., S. M. A., S. C. V., read by Mrs. Joseph Gray Miller.

Address, Charles Middleton Bryan.

Hymn, "Abide with Me," Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association Choir.

Benediction, Rev. Joseph L. Pastorelli, O. P.

The soldiers' graves will be decorated with Confederate flags, by the children of the Confederacy.

Echo Taps.

Wednesday June 4, 10:00 A.M.

Meeting called to order, Mrs. Mary Hunter Miller, Tennessee State President.

Invocation, Rev. A. U. Boone, D.D.

Soprano Solo, Mrs. Garner Strickland, Accompanist, Mrs. Frank Sturm.

Greetings, Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, Honorary Vice President General National Society Daughters of American Revolution.

Welcome Greetings, Mrs. Embury E. Anderson, President Tennessee Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Contralto Solo, Mrs. Iver Schmidt; Accompanist, Mrs. Frank Sturm.

Greetings, Capt. C. A. Dessausure, President Confederate Historical Association.

Greetings, Mr. J. L. Highsaw, Commander Nathan Bedford Forrest Camp, S. C. V.

Song (selected), Mrs. David L. Griffith; Accompanist, Mrs. Frank Sturm.

Response to addresses of welcome, Miss Mildred Rutherford, on behalf of Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Benediction, Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Chaplain General C. S. M. A.

A luncheon will be given to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and invited guests at Hotel Claridge by the Memphis Daughters of the American Revolution on Wednesday, June 4, at one o'clock.

Afternoon Session 3:00 P.M.

Invocation, Rev. Giles B. Cooke.

Convention called to order, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson.

Reports of Officers; reports of State Presidents; reports of Standing Committees.

From 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., there will be a garden party at the residence of Mrs. Raphael Semmes Bryan in honor of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, association members and all official ladies' given by the Ladies Memorial Association of Memphis.

Thursday June 5, 9:30 A.M.

Convention called to order, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General.

Invocation, Rev. Giles B. Cooke.

Reports of Special Committees.

Reports of Associations.

MEMORIAL HOUR.

The convention will suspend business at 11:00 A.M., and proceed to the auditorium to take part in the memorial exercises of the United Confederate Veterans, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

This Memorial Service will be under the direction of Rev. J. W. Bachman, D.D., Chaplain General U. C. V., and Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., on Thursday, June 5, 1924, at 12:00 M., in the Memphis Auditorium.

ORDER OF MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Bugle assembly call.

Hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Vested Choir, of Calvary Church, under the direction of Adolph Steuterman, F.A.G.O.

Invocation, Rev. Charles Blaisdell, D.D., rector of Calvary Church.

Anthem, by the Choir.

Reading, Roll Call of Confederate Veterans, General R.E. Bullington, Acting Adjutant and Chief of Staff

Reading, Roll Call of Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General.

Reading, Roll Call of Sons of Confederate Veterans, Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief.

(1) Poem, "I know That my Redeemer Liveth," Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate U. C. V., C. S. M. A., S. C. V., read by Mrs. C. B. Bryan.

(2) Tribute to Mrs. C. W. Frazer, late State President and organizer Memphis Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, by Mrs. C. B. Bryan, President Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association.

(3) Vocal Duet, "O! Morning Land" (Phelps), Mrs. William F. Murrah and Mr. Milton Knowlton.

Address, Hon. Malcolm R. Patterson.

Hymn, "God Be with You Till We Meet Again."

Benediction, Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V.

Taps.

Thursday June 5, 1:30 P.M.

Luncheon to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association by the Memphis United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Convention called to order at 2:30 P.M.

Reports of Associations continued.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Adjournment.

Thursday, 8:00 to 9:00. P.M.

Reminiscences, "Days in the Old South," Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

Southern Songs, (Costumes of the fifties.) Confederate Choir of America.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

COMMENT IN GENERAL.

"PROFESSIONAL SONS."—We have long had 'professional Southerners'—the question is now asked: "Are we to have the 'professional son'?" The purport of the query is not very clear. As stated above, we have had the professional Southerner, the individual of the high hat and goatee, extensive thirst, and much declamation (a caricature of a great figure), but the generation of which he was a part is about gone. Now as to the professional son, let us see. If it means a type of man who professes loyalty to the traditions of the South for the sake of office and advancement, and there have been and are such men, then we join in the cry, "Avaunt!" But if it means a type of man who, from sincere and patriotic motives, separate from any idea of personal gain or fame, believes in and strives to hold safe from calumny the traditions of the South and the memory of the men who made her famous, why, may his tribe increase, say we, and most abundantly at that. There is a professional Southerner, but is there not also a professional "New Southerner"? As between the two evils, we prefer the former, though both are reprehensible. Too often is it the case that, along with the man who, with love and reverence in his heart for the past, still keeps his face to the front and lives in an active present and is the true type of New South man, you find the man whose intolerance for "Old South" ideas is based upon a family record back there in the sixties which cannot pass the closest inspection as to patriotic endeavor; or upon ignorance of history; or upon the possession of a dead soul which, Sir Walter Scott has announced, will finally bring him down "to the dishonored dust from which he sprung, unwept, unhonored, and unsung!"

AN EXPLANATION.—Please pardon personal mention, but the editor of this department is forced to make an explanation that involves use of the first person singular to a large degree. *Current History* asked me to write an article on the number of men in the Confederate armies, a subject recently under considerable discussion in the magazines, and touched on by me in this department. The title of my article was, "The Size of the Armies of the Confederacy," but when it appeared in the magazine this month the heading was changed to "Confederate Forces in the Civil War," and the expression "Civil War" was used once or twice in the body of the article, though I had not placed it there. I have written the editor of *Current History* that the expression "Civil War" is taboo in the South; that its use is an indication of ignorance; that while it is permitted a Northern man to use the words, his immunity from blame rests on a knowledge that his whole viewpoint is wrong, and one cannot expect him to use the right name for a war concerning which his whole viewpoint is wrong. The South holds, I told this editor, that the expression "Civil War" is as incorrect as "War of the Rebellion," which formerly was the popular Northern name for the war, and is still used, though admittedly without warrant. I also stated that the Confederate organizations, all of them, had barred the expression and suggested "War between the States" as the correct wording.

Hence the use of his title over my article places me in the position of ignoring the ethics of my tribe; of being so ignorant of the history of my country as to give a wrong name to its chief struggle. I make this explanation here to keep anyone from thinking the office of Historian in Chief S. C. V. could be filled by one who would commit the historic *gaucherie* of calling the War between the States by such a misnomer as the "Civil War."

FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS S. C. V.—Commander in Chief McDonald Lee writes that "the younger generation should feel proud when attached to the veterans' organization in any official capacity. The Sons' organization has never frowned upon the selection of Sons for positions on the staffs of the veterans, as has been customary in late years. But the federation of Sons strenuously objects to the enrollment of descendants into the veteran Camps, largely for the reason that it is a misnomer, entails burdens upon the Confederate veterans, and detracts from membership in the Sons' Camps. The present Commander in Chief of the Sons is rigidly opposed to such amalgamation. At New Orleans last year my pronouncement to this effect was adopted by acclamation by both the U. C. V. and the S. C. V. organizations, and should be adhered to."

The Commander in Chief further states: "The S. C. V. discourages the double appointment of any one official lady to the staffs of both the veterans and the Sons."

For information regarding the Memphis reunion, June 3-6, write to Commander in Chief McDonald Lee, or to Adjutant in Chief W. L. Hopkins, both of Richmond, Va.; or to the following heads of reunion committees at Memphis: John S. Martin, General Chairman; Thornton Newsum, Housing and Accommodation; Thomas B. Hooker, General Committee on Sons; Gen. R. E. Bullington, Program; Gen. C. A. DeSausure, Program.

HE SEES IT!—George Rothwell Brown, in the *Washington Post*, says that although one hundred years ago Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, did a good act for Greece, following a move by Speaker of the House Henry Clay, of Kentucky, which molded public sentiment to that end, the act of Webster is lauded to-day and that of Clay forgotten. This he attributes (quite correctly) to the fact of New England pre-eminence in "historians and poets"—and, we might add, to their propensity for claiming everything in sight, whether justly or not. "But," says Mr. Brown, "this predominance of New England historians and poets might tend to make one think from their outbursts that Paul Revere's ride was the most outstanding event of the Revolutionary War." We wish there were a lot more sages like Mr. Brown who could see and speak a lot of truth, even camouflaged as jokes.

GET THE MONEY!—For one hundred and thirty-three years this government has been paying out pensions. From 1791 to 1833 there was an expenditure of public funds to the extent of twenty-nine million dollars for pensions. This was a lot of money in those days, but a mere bagatelle now when the Grand Army of the Republic, in one year, gets from the public treasury five times the expenditures of those forty-two years. Of these twenty-nine millions, nine millions came South, although the South had furnished perhaps a larger share of soldiery of these wars, and twenty millions flowed northward. Since then the proportion against the South has been even worse. The millions and millions and hundreds of millions

which the country has paid over to the Grand Army of the Republic is dwarfed by the bonus claims of the American Legion, the total cost of which is now estimated to run between three and four billions of dollars. But the Grand Army of the Republic is not to be outdone; they have a bill in Congress now to increase their pensions, and nobody who knows Congress and the ways of politicians will in the least doubt the success of their move.

TEXAS DIVISION S. C. V.—The Third Brigade reports the following officers appointed:

Brigade Adjutant, Hon. J. O. Cooper, Henderson, Tex.
Brigade Inspector, Hon. Galloway Calhoun, Tyler, Tex.
Brigade Quartermaster, Hon. Angus Wynne, Kaufman, Tex.
The Eighth Brigade reports the following officers appointed:
Brigade Adjutant, A. B. Foster, Houston, Tex.
Brigade Inspector, Dr. G. D. Parker, Houston, Tex.
Brigade Quartermaster, T. J. Anderson, Houston, Tex.

CONFEDERATE TWINS.

An interesting occasion was the celebration at the McLaurin home in McColl, S. C., on December 16, 1923, of the eightieth anniversary of Messrs. H. L. and D. W. McLaurin, the latter of Columbia, S. C. These twin brothers were noncommissioned officers of the Confederate army, and joining in the celebration were the following comrades of the sixties: B. F. Moore, aged seventy-six, who served with Speak's cavalry; J. K. Fletcher, seventy-eight; J. D. Fletcher, eighty, who was in the first battle of Manassas; and W. R. Fletcher, aged seventy-seven. Two younger brothers, Luther and W. B. McLaurin, were also present, and a son of H. L. McLaurin, the Rev. L. A. McLaurin, of Rowland, N. C., and the ministers of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches at McColl. A dinner and reception were the features of the occasion.

The McLaurin brothers volunteered in the same company, went out and fought together throughout the war, returned home safely, and their activity and vigor at the age of four-score are remarkable. D. W. McLaurin is now Brigadier General commanding the 2nd Brigade of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., and both are patrons of the VETERAN.

Texas, too, can boast of twin brothers who served in the war together and are still living. They are J. H. and W. E. Doyle, the former a merchant at Granbury, where he has lived for fifty years, and the latter a practicing attorney of Teague, Tex. They were born in Pickens District, now Oconee County, S. C., April 26, 1846, and they served the Confederacy as members of Company G, 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Gary's Brigade, taking an active part in the strenuous campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia down to Appomattox. J. H. Doyle was wounded once. W. E. Doyle served in the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth legislatures of Texas as senator from the twelfth district, and is likely the last Confederate veteran to serve in that capacity.

ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA COAST, 1861-65.

(Continued from page 169.)

were ordered to move camp again, and a squad of the young boy Home Guard, under a lieutenant, moved in about the same time. The owner of the plantation discovered his loss and reported it to the officer in command, and the lieutenant was placed under arrest. We soon left for our long hike to North Carolina, so we did not hear how the Home Guard got out of the affair. Of course, we sympathized with them, but that was all we could do.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Since my last report, I have heard from many Division Directors and am encouraged in finding the wheels of our book, "Women of the South in War Times," running smoothly, evidences of progress on many sides, and an ever-increasing enthusiasm and loyalty among the Daughters and a clearer understanding of *our obligation*.

Mrs. W. L. Callaway, Illinois Director, reports her State "over the top" with a quota of ten copies. Congratulations!

Miss Emmeline Ruggles, Massachusetts Director, not only fulfilled her quota last year, but has to her credit this year the distribution of thirty copies, with prospects for more orders.

Miss Marion Salley, South Carolina Director, is still in the lead, with Mrs. J. B. Morton, Alabama Director, a close second, and Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Virginia Director, gaining steadily, followed by Mrs. Thomas Yarrel, Texas Director; Mrs. George B. Longan, Missouri Director; Mrs. Eugene Monday, Tennessee Director; Mrs. Thomas Wilson, North Carolina Director; Mrs. Thomas Douglass, California Director; not to speak of Mrs. L. R. Bailey, Oregon Director (new State), going "over the top" with her Chapter quota of ten copies.

I would be glad if the State Director would have conferences with the President, coöperate with her, and secure pledges by Chapters at the State conventions. Chapter quotas can quickly be disposed of in this way. Result: Division "over the top."

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON.

Fairmont, W. Va.

THE MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY MONUMENT.

The Association which has as its object the erection of a monument to perpetuate the memory of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury is still active in soliciting contributions to that worthy undertaking. Every dollar received aids in the accomplishment of this object. By annual dues, sustaining and life memberships, and other gifts, the fund is increased every year, but slowly. To this end \$20,000 has been collected, and is now bearing interest. Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, President of the Maury Association, Richmond, reports that \$60,000 additional is needed to complete it. It should be a privilege for every countryman of this great American to help to perpetuate the name and fame of one who did so much for his country and people, and every patriotic association should share in it. Send to Mrs. Moffitt a contribution, large or small. Attention is also called to the list of books which give information on his life and work.

"ROBERT E. LEE."

(An Interpretation by Woodrow Wilson.)

A little book that should have wide appreciation has recently been issued under the above title by the University of North Carolina Press. It gives an address on General Lee made by the late Woodrow Wilson before the student body of that University in 1909, an interpretation of the character of the great Confederate general which shows a deep insight into the principles of that noble life and is also an expression of the dominant thought and action of his own life when guiding the destinies of his country. There is much in this intimate talk before a body of young people to inspire and direct the life that is before them—a pointing of the way to those things that "take a life out of the narrow circle of self-interest" and set it on the path to nobility.

This little book makes an ideal gift and should be widely circulated. It is offered at a price to bring it within the reach of all. (See advertisement in this number.)

WANTED.—Some comrade or friend to give me the address of Frank Erwin, who was a member of Company I, 4th Alabama Cavalry, in the battle of Parker's Crossroads, West Tennessee, December 31, 1862, as I want him to come and dwell with me during our reunion in June. When last heard from he was living in Arkansas.—A. H. BEARD, 1985 Oliver Street, Memphis, Tenn.

The Housing Committee for the Memphis reunion, of which Thornton Newsum is Chairman, has sent out a list of the Memphis hotels and rates for the reunion, which run from \$1.50 to \$5.00 per room with one occupant, with reductions for additional inmates. Those who contemplate attending this reunion should write to him for reservations at hotel or boarding place.

Mrs. Eunice Logan Arnold, of Gunnison, Miss., seeks information on the record of Col. (or Gen.) John Leroy Logan as a Confederate soldier. She thinks he went out as captain of a company (C?) in the 11th Arkansas Regiment, was made colonel in 1862 or 1863, and promoted to brigadier general before the close. She would also like to get a picture of him (her brother), as there is none in the family.

Dr. Joseph T. Derry, now living in Jacksonville, Fla. (1250 Riverside Avenue), has a small stock of his epic of the War between the States, entitled "The Strife of Brothers," a splendid composition, which he would like to dispose of. Write to him for price, etc. After many years of industrious activity, he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and now is recuperating under the loving ministrations of his devoted wife. He will appreciate hearing from old friends.

W. J. Bohon, who served with the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. John H. Morgan's Division, and whose home address is Gadsden, Ala., will be glad to hear from any surviving member of the "Seven Confederate Knights" of Rock Island prison, or any other old comrades of war days. Comrade Bohon had some harrowing experiences in prison, but survived it, and has been actively at work to the present day. He has the unique distinction of having traveled for one firm for over fifty years, and is still on his "beat," one of the most popular representatives on the road. Who can equal this record?

THE PRICE OF WAR.

The cost of the war in men to Germany is given in the "Yearbook" of the Reich. It appears certain that the killed were no less than two millions. Of these twenty-five per cent were between the ages nineteen and twenty-two; fifty per cent were between the ages nineteen and twenty-five; sixty per cent were between ages nineteen and twenty-nine. The effect of this on Germany's labor strength is plain. About sixty per cent of the dead were unmarried.—*Canadian American*.

Miss Annie Terrill Mauck, Jamestown, O., wishes to obtain a copy of Henry Howe's "Historical Collections of Virginia," and anyone having such for sale will please write to her, giving price asked. She also wants to buy some Confederate money.

Mrs. G. W. Outlaw, Sweetwater, Tex. (Box 772), is trying to learn the company and regiment with which her husband enlisted and served in the Confederate army; it was from Northeast Mississippi, Baldwin being the post office. She will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades.

J. C. Roy, of Bunch, Okla., after doing without the VETERAN a few years, subscribes again, saying: "I like to hear from the old boys of the sixties, and that is about the only way I have of keeping in touch with them or my native land. I have now passed my eighty-first birthday, February 14, 1924. I was a soldier of the 17th Tennessee Regiment, under Col. T. W. Newman, and served the full four years. I would like to know if there are any others of this old regiment still living."

Mrs. Amelia E. Cross, of Selma, Ala. (303 Lauderdale Street), wishes to get in communication with any old comrades of her husband, Capt. Nathaniel D. Cross, who can give her information of his record as a Confederate soldier—his company and regiment, etc. He was a resident of Nashville, Tenn., when the war came on, enlisted in 1861, was in some battles in Mississippi. In 1862 he was sent to Selma, Ala., to manufacture gunpowder for the Confederate army; was in charge of the arsenal there at the close, and took part in the battle of Selma. Any information will be appreciated.

R. W. Johnson, of Dayton, Tenn., says of General Schaff's book on "Jefferson Davis, His Life and Personality": "It is certainly fine. General Schaff would have made a good Confederate."

William E. Yancey, of Birmingham, Ala. (1319 North Thirty-First Street), has a collection of money issued by the States of Georgia, North and South Carolina during the War between the States, which he offers for sale.

Mrs. Lula Wallis, Smith Point, Tex., is trying to locate a small pamphlet, "The History of DeBray's Regiment." Any information concerning the book, or where it was published, will be appreciated. Does not know the author.

Frank Reagan, of Macon, Miss., asks for a missing number of the VETERAN, "that I may not miss an issue. I devour its contents and then always keep the number on file for future reference in matters of Southern history."

J. W. Harris, Adjutant and Chief of staff, First Oklahoma Brigade, U. C. V., Oklahoma City, Okla., asks that a list of the regiments of Bell's Brigade, and their commanders, participating in the battle of Harrisburg, Miss., in July, 1864, be published in the VETERAN. Any comrade who can furnish such list will kindly send it in.

Mrs. W. L. Lewis, Lexington, Ky. (426 West Sixth Street), is trying to secure the record of her uncle, Alpheus Lewis, as a Confederate soldier. She has been told that he was with Bragg, serving on his staff at times, and that he also did scout duty; that at the close of the war he left for the Far West, never living in Kentucky again. He was called by his friends "Ack" Lewis.

W. H. David, of Comer, Ga., wants to get in communication with any veteran who can vouch for the record of I. H. Mitchell, known as "Doc" Mitchell, who enlisted in April, 1861, from Newton County, Ga., and in November, 1863, was serving with Company E, 9th Georgia Battalion, no later record. His wife says he was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, went back to his command after being wounded, and served to the end. She is trying to get a pension and will appreciate hearing from any old comrades.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

T. H. Peebles, of Clarendon, Tex., asks for information on General Beauregard's alleged proclamation of "Beauty and Booty," which is referred to in Craven's "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis." He will appreciate any light on the subject.

J. W. Barton, of Frankford, Mo., wonders why the VETERAN hasn't published more about J. E. B. Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee, with whom he served and whom he especially admires. Perhaps some patron of the VETERAN can furnish something not before published about these two leaders.

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THE NEWEST STATES.—The last four States admitted to the Union were Utah, 1896; Oklahoma, 1907; New Mexico, January 1912; Arizona, February, 1912.

D. O. Smith, of Mobile, Ala. (312 North Joachim Street), wants to get in touch with any of the now old boys who joined the kid army at Brandon, Miss., in 1864, under Col. A. B. Harper. He recalls only three of those comrades—Tom Dearing, A. P. (o. Albert) Monroe, and I. N. Meadows.

ERROR.—Capt. W. F. Fulton, Goodwater, Ala., refers to an error in his article in the December number, saying: "I made a mistake in saying that General Shields was killed in the encounter at Ox Hill (Chantilly), as it was General Kearney, a one-armed Mexican War veteran, and not Shields. I was trusting entirely to memory, and being in my eighty-fourth year, I am liable to err."

Miss Annie Laurie Cullens, of Ozark, Ala. (109 North Union Avenue), asks for a copy of a song on Gen. R. E. Lee, which begins:

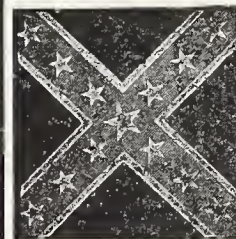
"Heroic Lee! O peerless Lee!

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Robert Wiley, of Fairfax, Va., writes: "I seldom see anything from the 7th and 14th Tennessee Infantry, also the 4th and 5th Texas Infantry, and the 19th Georgia. I served as a 'pathfinder' for some of the Texans in the early part of the war in Virginia, and would like to know if any of the old scouts are still living."

W. A. Sullivan, Jackson, Miss., would like to hear from anyone who remembers two relatives of his serving in the Confederate army. Alonzo Lee enlisted in an Alabama regiment and was probably killed. Templeton R. Sullivan enlisted in a Georgia regiment; he was from Savannah. Wants to know the regiments with which they served.

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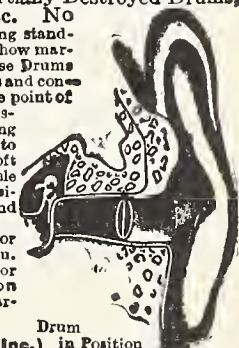


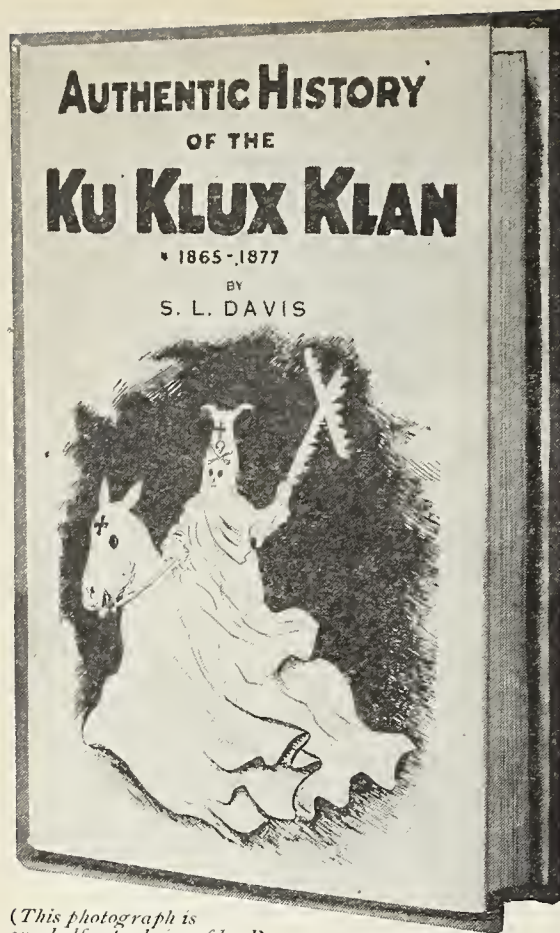
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"The 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' is a remarkable book and ought to be read by every intelligent citizen of the 'Sunny South'; also by every intelligent citizen throughout the whole country who desires to know the reasons why the Ku Klux Klan was organized and how it later changed the condition of the whole South. . . . The good people of those trying times and their descendants owe Miss Susan Lawrence Davis a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. She saw the need of a true history of those times and with untiring energy and great ability has fully succeeded in giving to humanity a work that ranks with the most important publications extant."—*Col. Lee Crandall, Confederate Veteran, Washington, D. C.*

"The 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' should be read by every Southerner that wants a true history of the existing conditions that were borne by the beloved South."—*C. P. Trice, Swifton, Ark.*

"I have carefully read the 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' and take pleasure in recommending it to every one who in any way has entertained a doubt as to the origin, purpose, and significance of the organization.

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"I most cheerfully recommend this book to all old Klansmen, who will doubtless read it as of yore, and especially recommend it to the members of the organization of to-day."—*N. B. Watts, President Security Bank, Member of 50th General Assembly, Frederickstown, Mo.*

"The book is intensely interesting to every Southerner who wants to relive those stirring times."—*Mrs. H. H. K. Jefferson, 1022 Sycamore Street, Birmingham, Ala.*

"The volume shows careful research and is a good contribution to the literature upon the subject."—*LeRoy Stafford Boyd, Librarian, Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.*

"I received the 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' about two weeks ago. I have read all kinds of books and histories but none are equal in my opinion to your 'History of the Ku Klux Klan.' It is a book which every red-blooded American should have in his household. It states the true facts about the past happenings very plainly and easily understood."—*Rodney E. Larkin, Box 75, Tulsa, Okla.*

"I have read every word of the 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' and enjoyed it very much. It is indeed a fine thing and will be read with interest by every Southerner. Besides being a splendid history, it is so well written. A professor of history read it, and he pronounced it great and lectured to his class on it."—*Bessie Moore, Women's College, Montgomery, Ala.*

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"Susan Lawrence Davis, daughter of old South, has written the 'Authentic History of the Ku-Klux Klan'. . . Attempts have been made previously, but with indifferent success. Miss Davis has written a complete chronicle. . . She has graphically pictured one of the most tragic episodes of Southern history, that of Reconstruction."—*Augustine (Fla.) Evening Record*.

"Miss Davis is a firm believer in the purity of the motives of all the old Klan members; one feels after having read the book that all the Klansmen were romantic and ideal figures we like to think of Southern gentlemen as having been."—*Roanoke (Va.) World-News*.

"This book gives an authentic history of the real Ku-Klux Klan. . . In preparation of this latest history of it remarkable and unique organization recourse was had to original and authentic records. . . The author ended upon this work for the purpose of setting into enduring print the real facts and thereby correcting the false impressions that had been so largely read by the partisan reports of the acts of its operations and by subsequent writings that were not fair or partial. In this book the reader will receive revealing light as to the true situation which called the Ku-Klux Klan into being. The book is a valuable contribution to an interesting and important chapter of national history, particularly the South."—*Wilmington (Del.) Every Evening*.

"With a new Klan, apparently a revival of the old in name only, a very important factor in American life to-day, Miss Davis's book possesses a keen and lively interest. . . The book is fully illustrated with portraits of the founders and principal leaders; photographs of famous Klans in Klan history and of documents; and there is a frontispiece picturing the ideal Klansman in regalia, mounted on a horse and holding a fiery cross, the work of the cartoonist, C. K. Berryman, a native Kentuckian."—*Louisville (Ky.) Herald*.

"She is, therefore, an authority on the atmosphere of the times and the facts. The book is interesting. . . There is a frontispiece photograph of General Lee in the book which . . . is worth the price of it to Virginians."—*Richmond (Va.) News-Leader*.

EAST

"Those who wish to get the real story of the original Ku-Klux Klan of Reconstruction Days, as it was and is believed in the South itself, cannot do better than to read this account by Miss Davis, who is a member of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Many years ago she began to interview survivors of the Klan, and after the death of Capt. John C. Lester, who had been one of the founders, she was permitted to make use of the materials that he had gathered for a history of the organization."—*Review of Reviews, New York*.

"The book of Susan Lawrence Davis is a studied defense and justification of the original Ku-Klux Klan. It speaks in the voice of the Old South that created and used the first hooded order and has made a legend of it. . . Its value is in the detailed and circumstantial accounts of the founders of the first Klan and their methods of action."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"As far as the Klan is concerned, her book is valuable as a part of American history."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.

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"The main body of the book is devoted to a narrative of the spread and achievements of the Ku-Klux Klan and is embellished with portraits of the founders and the leaders of the movement, with pictures of many historic scenes and relics."—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*.

"She does not deal in generalities, but gives specific names and dates throughout, so that her book sounds as authentic as she claims it to be."—*Columbus (Ohio) Citizen*.

"This book is written in justification of the men and measures adopted, which led to the redemption of the Southern States from radical, carpetbag, and Negro rule following the Civil War."—*Indianapolis News*.

"The book is written with fervor."—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune*.

"The first-hand utterance of such men (Generals Lee, Forrest, Gordon, Wade Hampton, Pike) convince us that many of the vilest outrages attributed to the Klan were perpetrated by ruffians."—*Evanston (Ind.) News-Index*.

NORTH

"The 'Authentic History of the Ku-Klux Klan, 1865-67,' should have wide popularity. Miss Davis, who is the daughter of Lawrence Ripley Davis, the first man in Alabama to apply to the original K. K. K. at Pulaski, Tenn., for permission to form a branch at Athens, is well-qualified to give an exhaustive account of its origin and history, most of her information derived from first-hand sources. . . Miss Davis has definite opinions on the subject of Northerners. Henry Ward Beecher she refers to as a 'Salesman of Hell,' and Harriet Beecher Stowe she calls 'chat arch-fiend.'"—*New York Telegraph*.

"This book tells the whole story of the famous K. K. K. The volume is a worth-while contribution to our Americana."—*Boston Evening Globe*.

"The author of this authentic history has done a considerable amount of original research work and has probably brought together some historical facts that might otherwise have been lost. The book is the essential feeling of the South about the Klan."—*New York Evening Post*.

"We don't know why the words 'Sunny South' seemed to jump at us from every page. . . The lives and characters of the men connected with this society are dwelt upon much after the fashion of a genealogy. Naturally we expected to find the Northerners 'tromped' on in a book of this character, and needless to say our expectations were fully realized. Many interesting photographs add value and interest to this history. It is, on the whole, pleasantly written."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial*.

"This is the work of a Southern woman who aims to justify the measures adopted by the founders of the original Ku-Klux Klan movement."—*Boston Herald*.

"It is the sympathetic Southern view which Mrs. Davis presents."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Illustrated Express*.

"The book is a compilation of facts. . . Chronological. . . Has interest."—*New Haven (Conn.) Journal-Courier*.

"One gets a real idea of the original Ku-Klux Klan in this book. It is an interesting history, well told, and evidently written after much research and careful attention to accuracy."—*Knickerbocker (Albany, N. Y.) Press*.

WEST

"The author of this work is a Southern woman and appears to be especially well qualified for the task she has undertaken. This book is a very complete one and contains many official records in support of statements made.

She demonstrates the difference between the original Ku-Klux Klan and present one by disclosing the inner workings of the old, which was organized for the purpose of maintaining the white domination of the States that were at War with the Federal Union, an organization which, from her standpoint and to the standpoint of thousands of others, was essential to the welfare of the people of seceding commonwealths.

"She cites numerous instances to show that there were many acts of violence attributed to the Klan that were not committed by it and relates how others donning its costumes and engaging in such acts were brought to grief.

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"A painstaking search for material adds to the authenticity of the work. . . Miss Davis has unearthed a quantity of data of undeniable historical value."—*Colorado Springs Telegraph*.

"Here is a meticulous history of the Invisible Empire, telling of its origin in a small town of Tennessee, the meaning of its name, the personnel of the first organization, and many details which will be of interest to the public."—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Press*.

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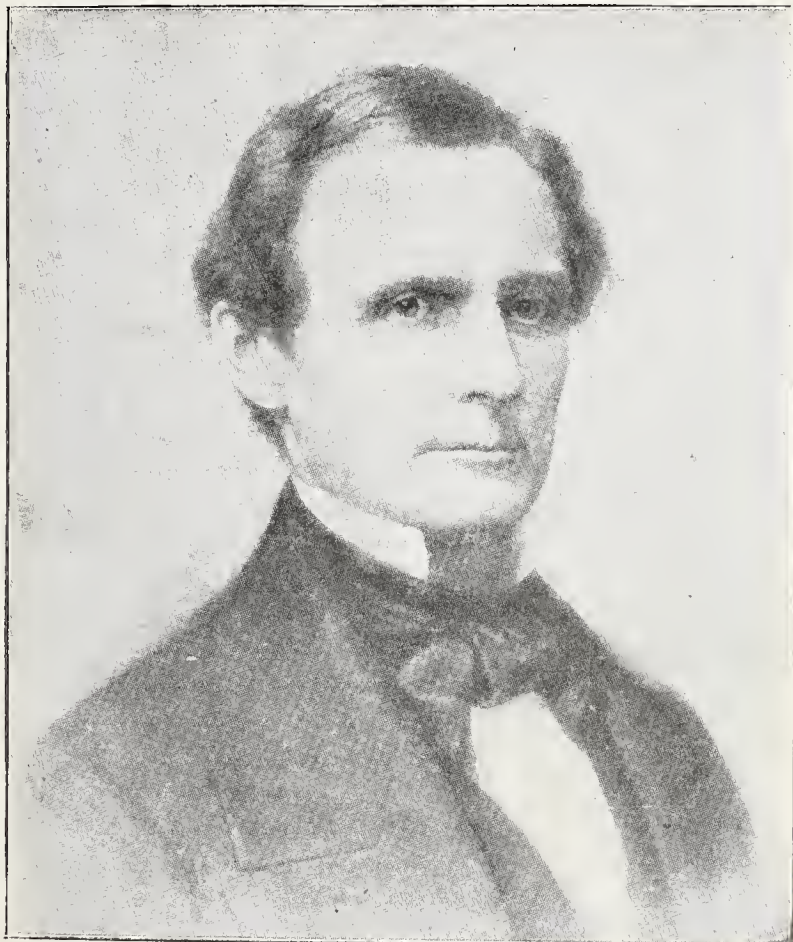
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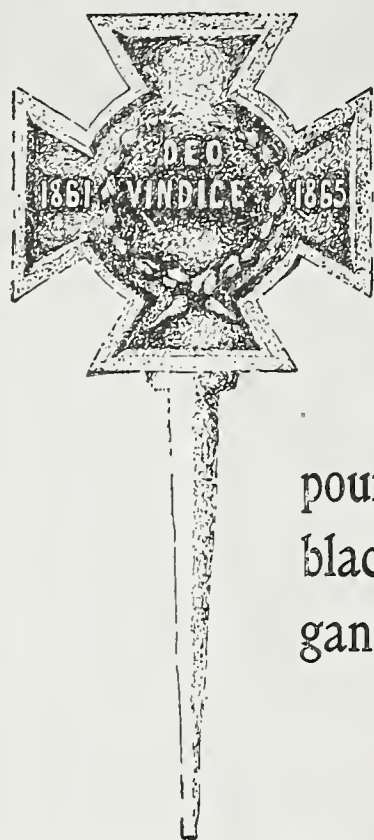
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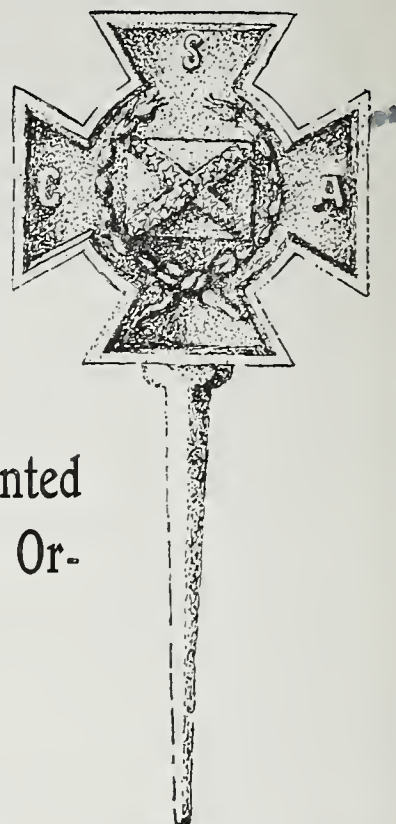


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M. T. Crouch, of Gay, Ga., wishes to locate anyone who was a member of Battery A, at Savannah, Ga., from 1863 to the close of the war, as he is trying to get a pension and needs the testimony of some member of that command as to his service. Lieutenant Fugue was in command of Battery A.

The widow of Micajah M. Cross is an applicant for a pension and needs the testimony of comrades as to his service. He was a private in Company B, 33rd Arkansas Infantry, enlisting at Camden, Ark., September 1, 1863. Address Jeff T. Kemp, County Judge, Cameron, Tex.

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Referring to the notice in the VETERAN for March concerning his father's service in the war, A. T. Ransone, of Hampton, Va., says the command was the 9th Virginia Infantry, instead of the cavalry, and it was something about that regiment that he wanted. Surviving comrades will please write him.

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

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

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1924.

No. 6.

} S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

ONCE AGAIN.

(Inscribed to Veterans at Memphis Reunion.)

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

Yours is a priceless, hallowed heritage;

That veteran valor won proud patriot crown!

Each year new glory brings for hist'ry's page,

To tell old veterans' fame more glorious grown!

You, veterans, who have come from near and far

To meet old camp mates, rehearse camp fire fun,

In mem'ry's crown will fasten shining star

To cheer 'til earthly comradeship is done.

When last you met, some with you then are missed—

They left your ranks to meet those gone before—

And on that other shore they'll keep love tryst,

Waiting for you—where parting grieves no more!

Be of good cheer! You've drunk deep of earth's fame!

And when last summons comes—you'll know no
shame.

A MESSAGE TO COMRADES IN REUNION.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 15, 1924.

To my Comrades: When this issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN greets you, the United Confederate Veteran Federation will be in session at Memphis, Tenn. The hospitable people of a splendid city of the South have prepared a greeting for the Confederate veterans that will be long remembered by those who have the privilege of attending the Memphis reunion.

The Commander in Chief, as President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, has appeared with his annual report before many conventions of Confederate veterans, expressing hopes for the completion of the monument to the President of the Confederate States at his birthplace at Fairview, Ky. He is now ready to report the fulfillment of the promises made, and to announce that, on June 7, 1924, the Jefferson Davis Monument will be dedicated and turned over to the State of Kentucky, which will maintain and perpetuate it for all time to come. The height of the monu-

ment is three hundred and fifty-one feet, the second highest monument in the world, and the highest concrete monument in the world. Especially to the women of the South does the Commander in Chief tender his very grateful thanks for work done by them in securing the necessary funds to complete this testimonial and tribute to the only President of the Confederate States.

I desire to extend my very sincere thanks to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the liberal use permitted me of its columns throughout my term of administration. I hope that Confederate veterans and their descendants will see to it that this magazine, devoted entirely to the interests of the Confederate veterans and auxiliary organizations, will have a place in every home in the South. I have endeavored during my term of office to increase its circulation, and, with increased circulation, its sphere of influence; and my best wishes go out to the publishers of this magazine for its abundant prosperity and great success.

W. B. HALDEMAN, *Commander in Chief U. C. V.*

REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE SOUTH.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 5, 1924.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 7.

The General commanding will be honored on the occasion of the thirty-fourth annual reunion at Memphis, Tenn., by the following ladies as members of his official family:

Matron of Honor for the South.—Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General U. D. C., Americus, Ga.

Chaperone for the South.—Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Paducah, Ky.

Sponsor for the South.—Miss Connie Leake, Memphis, Tenn.

Maids of Honor for the South.—Miss Mary Callaway Reid, Atlanta, Ga., representative of Women's Confederated Memorial Association (named by President General Mrs. A. McD. Wilson); Miss Nina Harrison, Bedford, Va., representative of the Sons of Veterans (named by the Commander in Chief of the Sons of Veterans); Miss Mary Lewis Harvey, Kinston, N. C., representative of the Daughters of the Confederacy (named by President General Mrs. Frank Harrold).

Special Staff Appointments.—Maids of Honor to Commander in Chief—Miss Evelyn Caine, Columbus, Miss.; Miss Miss Gray Poole, Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Lida Carr Vaughan, Durham, N. C.; Miss Clarrissa Given, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Cary M. Tyndell, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Sarah Ruth Frazier, Rhea Springs, Tenn.

Honorary Matron of Honor.—Mrs. Lindsay Cleland, Winchester, Ky.

Color Bearer.—Miss Jessica Smith, Washington, D. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 30, 1924.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 9.

The General Commanding, is filled with profound sorrow to announce to his Confederate associates the death of General Julian S. Carr, of Durham, N. C., former Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, which took place at Chicago, Ill., yesterday.

General Carr joined the army at the age of sixteen years and served throughout the war as a private in Hampton's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He returned to North Carolina at the close of the war, where he made his home, having varied business interests.

His passing will be mourned by his comrades, especially in North Carolina, where he was idolized by the brave men who composed the North Carolina Division of the Confederate Veterans.

A valued citizen and brave Confederate veteran has passed to his reward.

By command of

W. B. HALDEMAN, *General Commanding.*

I. P. BARNARD, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

GEN. JULIAN S. CARR.

Another leader has passed from the fast thinning ranks of gray in the death of Gen. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, N. C., ex-Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, and one of the most prominent citizens of the Old North State. With brief warning, the last call came to him, and he joined the silent ranks of comrades who bivouac on the other shore.

Julian Shakespeare Carr, son of John Wesley and Elizabeth Pannill Carr, was born at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 12, 1845. His earliest American ancestor, John Carr, came from Ireland to Virginia in Colonial times, and during the Revolution served as ensign in the 1st Virginia Regiment. A still earlier generation of the family contained Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, for whom General Carr named his handsome home, Somerset Villa, at Durham.

He entered the University of North Carolina at the age of sixteen, but left school to join the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company K, 3rd North Carolina Cavalry, Barringer's Brigade, Hampton's Corps, A. N. V., and serving gallantly to the close of war. Returning home, he entered business with his father at Chapel Hill, then spent a year in Arkansas, returning to North Carolina in 1870, where he made the important business connection which later expanded into one of the most successful tobacco manufacturing concerns under his direction. He sold his interest in that some twenty years ago and devoted himself to developing his banking and railway interests, being president of the First National Bank of Durham, as well as of the Durham and Charlotte Railway, to the time of his death. It is said of General Carr

that though he amassed wealth, he did not die rich, for he gave away even as he gathered. The history of the little town of Durham is a record of his public spirit.

Generous and charitable, he was widely known as friend and benefactor, and especially to his comrades of the sixties was his door ever open and the impulses of his heart ever warm and tender. "Be good to the boys," was always his admonition to the superintendent of the Confederate Home at Raleigh, on whose board he served. His comrades appreciated his thought and care and delighted to honor him with the highest offices in their gift. He was Commander of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., from its organization until promoted to command of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, and in 1921 was elected Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

General Carr was a member of the Methodist Church, and a liberal contributor to his Church, as he was to the cause of education in his State. Through him, Trinity College was removed to Durham and there financially established. He also contributed liberally to other colleges of the State. The handsome Carr Building on the campus of the University of North Carolina is a tribute to his *Alma Mater*. At the last commencement, the degree of Doctor of Laws was bestowed upon him in recognition of his large and active interest in the institution. Perhaps his greatest interest and generosity was in behalf of Confederate comrades and the memorial undertakings of Confederate organizations, notable among which were the Battle Abbey at Richmond and the Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky. He will be missed by his comrades in reunion, where he had ever been prominent and active, "young as the youngest who wore the gray." It was his custom to pay the expenses of many comrades to these gatherings.

In 1873, General Carr was married to Miss Nannie Graham Parrish, daughter of Col. D. C. Parrish, of Orange (now Durham) County, and to them were born six children. His wife died some years ago, and a daughter and two sons survive him. Though many sorrows had been his portion in late years, he continued active and cheerful, his enthusiasm never waning. He was taken ill while visiting his daughter in Chicago, and died there on the 29th of April. His body was taken back to Durham, and, in the presence of thousands assembled to do him honor, he was laid to rest in the old home State. Sons and nephews were the pallbearers, with honorary escort by his Confederate comrades and friends from every walk of life.

COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF GEORGIA.

In the list of "Autographs from an Old Album," published in the VETERAN for April, appears the name of "W. A. Wright, lieutenant and ordnance officer, Wright's Brigade," and it will doubtless be of interest to his surviving comrades of the present to learn something more of this brave officer.

Lieut. William Ambrose Wright, 3rd Georgia Regiment, Wright's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, lost his right leg in the second battle of Manassas, but returned to his command within a few months, and was later captured and held prisoner at Johnson's Island for nearly a year. He was appointed Comptroller General of Georgia in 1879, by Gov. Alfred H. Colquitt, and has been elected every two years since that appointment. He is now Comptroller General and Insurance Commissioner of Georgia, discharging all duties pertaining to his office.

General Wright was born January 19, 1844.

FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In the large collection of Confederate relics of Richard D. Steuart, of Baltimore, are four Confederate flags, each with an interesting history. Three are of the Stars and Bars type; the fourth is the beautiful "Last Flag of the Confederacy." One is a regimental standard, another a company presentation flag, the third a navy flag, and the fourth a banner of hope that was never fulfilled.

The finest banner of the group is the flag presented to the 2nd Kentucky Infantry when it went to the front in 1861. It is a beautifully made flag of heavy silk, 42 by 60 inches, with bullion fringe. The eleven stars are embroidered in silk on both sides the blue field. On the broad white bar in gold letters, five inches tall, is: "2nd Kentucky Regiment."

The 2nd Kentucky was known as Hanson's Regiment, for its gallant colonel, Roger W. Hanson. It was organized at Camp Boone in July, 1861. At Fort Donelson its conduct won high praise from General Buckner. It repulsed two Federal attacks and charged in quick step as if on parade, breaking the Union line. The loss of the regiment was eighty killed and wounded out of five hundred men. The command as a unit was surrendered when Donelson fell, but the handsome flag was secreted by one of the men and did not fall into the enemy's hands.

The other presentation flag is that of the Granger Rifles, a Tennessee unit. It is made of fine wool material, 58 by 80 inches, handmade, and with heavy bullion fringe. In the center of the blue field is "Our Right Is Our Might." On the white the bar is, "Mountain Rifles from Granger." The workmanship on the banner is of the finest. Evidently it was the work of tender, loving hands—no factory stitching there.

The navy flag is of cotton, crudely made, and 35 by 67 inches, with eleven stars. It was flown on the dispatch boat Signal in Mobile harbor, and was captured when Mobile fell. For many years the flag was in Long's Museum, Philadelphia. When the museum relics were sold at auction in 1885, the flag was bought by Col. Thomas Donaldson, writer and politician, in whose possession it was until it came to its present owner twenty years ago.

The last of the flags is of bunting, and is the flag adopted by the Confederacy shortly before the close of the war. A description of the new Confederate flag was sent through the lines to friends in Baltimore, and this banner was made by Baltimore flag maker, whose "loyalty" was above reproach, but who believed in earning an honest penny whenever possible. The little group of Southern sympathizers for whom the flag was made hoped to fling the banner to the breeze when the victorious Confederates entered Baltimore. Needless to say, the flag's mission was never fulfilled. It has never waved.

COMMANDER TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT U. C. V.

[The concluding paragraphs of the sketch of General Kirkpatrick in the VETERAN for May (page 164) were inadvertently omitted, and are given here.]

In 1874, General Kirkpatrick was married to Miss Emily T. Clice, and their golden wedding anniversary would have been celebrated next November. Four children also survive him—two sons and two daughters; two children died in infancy. A brother and two sisters are left of the once large family of which he became the dictating head. He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of other fraternal organizations.

On the way to the old home, his body lay in state at El Paso,

and there a memorial service was held in his honor by the Daughters of the Confederacy and veterans.

SOME WAR FEASTS OF THE SIXTIES.

BY J. M. WEISER, DUBLIN, VA.

That "hunger is the best sauce" is proved by "feasts fit for a king" partaken of by Johnnie Rebs where circumstances, and not the variety, quality, or abundance of the bill of fare, counted.

For example: On Hood's march from Atlanta on the luckless Tennessee campaign, when at times the commissary stores were nil, the writer went foraging on Sand Mountain in Northern Alabama and, like the vast majority of his comrades, found nothing. In returning to camp after dark, he stepped on something soft and "givey" and, found it to be a hog hide which some more fortunate forager had separated from the carcass. He gladly slung it over his shoulder, took it to camp, soused it in the creek, rolled it in the camp fire ashes, which caused the bristles to come off easily, then washed it as well as he could in the creek, which simply removed the ashes, loose bristles, sand, etc., but left it black as widow's weeds. Cut into small strips and boiled in the camp kettle, while the blackest of scum rose to the top and was skimmed off, the strips, when done, were fairly white and clean looking and were enjoyed hugely by messmates, served without even salt. This, with creek water, constituted the entire meal.

On another occasion sorghum was the only find, and he gladly assimilated a quart of that for supper, without other food, and, furthermore, without colic or other digestive disturbances.

A pint of lard likewise constituted the sole food for another meal, and without subsequent indigestion or other inconvenience.

And in Point Lookout prison a loaf of baker's bread, gotten of the prison sutler and devoured at 9 P.M., sitting on the end of a culvert, was enjoyed by two comrades as hugely as many an elaborate feast in the sweet afterwards at home. We had no surplus of rations in prison.

SONS OF MISSOURI.

BY T. W. CASSELL, INDEPENDENCE, MO.

It may be of interest to know that in the yard of my father's home, near Independence, Mo., in March or April, 1861, was organized the first cavalry company of our county, and that he gave six sons, who volunteered, in defense of the Southern cause. Four of these boys at the time were under twenty years of age, two of them being twins. When the war closed, two of them had filled soldier graves, one was a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and one at Fort Leavenworth, while the two remaining had each been wounded several times.

At the end of our first year's enlistment the company was reorganized at Maysville, Ark., with L. N. Lewis, captain; H. C. Brooking, first lieutenant; George W. Hammer, second lieutenant; J. S. Wallace, third lieutenant; T. W. Cassell, orderly sergeant. The new organization became Company A, 16th Missouri Infantry, Parsons's Brigade, Price's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. In 1863 Captain Lewis was promoted to colonel of the regiment, and in 1864 to brigadier general of Parsons's Brigade.

A PROPHECY OF PEACE.

(Written over seventy years ago.)

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a
ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing
warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-
storm;
Till the war drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags
were furl'd
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

—Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall."

THE VERDUN OF THE SIXTIES.

(Contributed by Mrs. W. C. McGehee, President Bryan M. Thomas Chapter U. D. C. Dalton, Ga.:

The Dixie Highway covers historic ground as it follows from Chattanooga to Atlanta, via Dalton, Ga., the route traveled by the armies of Johnston and Sherman. Near Ringgold, Ga., where both the railroad and highway pass through a ravine, through which flows the Chickamauga Creek, one of the most important engagements of the war was fought.

A monument erected by the State of New York marks the high tide reached by the Union army, but no marker or stone is there to tell of the splendid heroism shown by the men who wore the gray.

Missionary Ridge, that blot on the Southern army, was followed by a general retreat of our entire army. Major General Cleburne was assigned the task of covering the rear of our demoralized army, and, on November 27, 1864, he formed his division of about 4,400 muskets across the Ringgold Gap to allow the long Confederate wagon train to fall back to Dalton.

Hooker's Union army corps led the advance and formed a line of battle about 9 A.M., and attacked the Confederate line. Hooker's forces were about 16,000 strong; they made several desperate assaults on Cleburne's line, but his men were like a stone wall. Hooker extended his left and tried to envelop the Confederate right, but was driven back everywhere with heavy loss. The only artillery Cleburne had was Lieutenant Goldthwaite's Mobile Battery; this was posted in the center of the gap at about 1 P.M. General Bragg sent a message to Cleburne, telling him that the Confederate wagon train had reached Dalton, and for Cleburne to fall back. The division fell back in splendid order, burning the railroad brigade in the rear, and taking up a new position near Tunnel Hill.

This magnificent fight restored the confidence of the Confederate soldiers and made them eager to get revenge for the disaster of Missionary Ridge.

Cleburne's splendid and heroic division was composed of Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama troops.

The Dalton Chapter, U. D. C., wants to erect a tablet or suitable marker on the spot where these courageous men upheld so brilliantly the untarnished record of Cleburne's Division. They appeal to the Daughters of Confederacy of Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama to help them mark the spot that reflects immortal glory on its heroic de-

fenders, who were outnumbered four to one, but, like the defenders of Verdun, said: "They shall not pass."

General Cleburne fell on the fatal field of Franklin, Tenn. Around and near his body the veteran dead of his division lay thick. They had followed to death as they had followed in life.

For nearly sixty years Ringgold Gap has remained unmarked by a single stone to tell the coming generations of Confederate valor. The sons and daughters of these men should take immediate steps to mark this hallowed spot.

STILL ON THE ROAD.

In renewing his subscription in April, Col. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., a good friend "from the other side," wrote:

"On the 16th of next month, *Deo volente*, I will complete eighty years of mortal life, and with no desire to stop, even for a day's rest. Traveling has been good, and I hope it will continue to be good until about May, 1944, when, if my great-great-grandchildren consent, I may pack 'my old kit bag' and try to overtake my friends who have preceded me. The VETERAN will, of course, continue right along with a new list of subscribers, and perhaps under new management, but always representing the best things in American life.

"On April 4, Gen. William Walker Russell, former Confederate soldier, died in this city and was buried in Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis. My acquaintance with him was slight, and as it may be of interest to you, I inclose a notice of his death published in the *Minneapolis Tribune*. I attended his funeral and acted as honorary pallbearer, and placed a rose upon his breast. He was buried in his Confederate uniform. Military record was brilliant and unusual. I regret that my acquaintance with him was limited, and I was deprived of an opportunity to talk over war-time experiences with him."

The name of "Gen. William W. Russell" does not appear in any list of Confederate officers, and the VETERAN would like to hear from any comrades who remember his service.

"THE LITTLEST REBEL."



EDWARD LEIGH BEST.

In sending this picture of her little grandson, Mrs. J. E. Malone, of Louisburg, N. C., writes: "He was just three years old when this picture was made of him in his little gray uniform, and holding a Confederate flag. I call him 'The Littlest Rebel,' for his Confederate ancestry. His great grandfather, Henry Best, volunteered at the beginning of the War between the States, and at the time of the surrender was a prisoner at Point Lookout. There were also three great uncles in the Confederate service—William and Alfred Jackson and C. D. Malone . . . I have been taking the VETERAN for years, and in my work as Chapter Historian, U. D. C., could not be without it.

THE EPIC OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In this number of the *VETERAN* appears a poem on the first battle of Manassas, entitled "A Christening," written by Arthur Lewis Peticolos, of Chicago, a young man of Confederate ancestry, his father having served with the 2nd Virginia Cavalry; the name is of French origin. It is the aim of this young writer to chronicle in verse the leading events of the four years of war in the sixties, these poems, in sequence, to give the story of the "storm-cradled Nation" which fell so pure of crime. Only one who has love and appreciation of those men and women who made the history of that thrilling period can do the subject justice, and such feeling must fill the heart of this poet, who says:

"The story of the great Confederacy is epic, yet so many and so varied were the phases of that story that not even a Homer could do it justice. Needless to say, I am no Homer; nevertheless, it is possible in many and varied poems to do for the glorious legend what an epic could not do—to vary the key from the thunderous tones of Shiloh or Chancellorsville to the quaint brave humor of the Confederate soldier in camp or on the march, enduring hardships cheerfully that no other soldiers could have endured at all; to portray the homes behind the battle lines and the heroic women; to portray the grandeur of the battle fields and the heroic and picturesque figures of the generals in the field—to do all this with love and pride and reverence, without apology, believing in the righteousness of the Southern cause, and confident that the verdict of history will show that the South was right, is a task worthy of the greatest poet. . . . It may be that I shall be able to do no more than perhaps to inspire some other, greater, to take up the work where I may be compelled to lay it down, some other who will succeed where I have failed, and leave me only the glory of having pointed the way. I desire no more. . . . I am trying to put into each poem the best that is in me, at the same time endeavoring to fit each theme with poetic form best suited to it, to the end that the whole, when complete, shall be at the same time both homeogenous and diverse. . . . From my soul, I believe that the people of the South, inspired by the lofty ideals of their sires, are the hope of the future for this nation. . . . You who live in the South, surrounded by its people, close to its ideals, can hardly realize this as much as I do, who live surrounded by so much—so very much—that is and ever has been abhorrent to the people whose forefathers, more than others, had so much to do with the founding of this nation."

TO THOSE WHO LIVED!

On the occasion of a visit to Marion, S. C., on the sixtieth anniversary of the battles of the Wilderness and the Bloody Angle of Spotsylvania, May 5, and May 12, 1864, B. F. Brown, of Augusta, Ga., copied the following from the inscription on the Confederate monument in Marion, a tribute to the surviving Confederate veterans of Marion County:

"This monument also stands to voice our praise and speak our debt of gratitude to those noble and gallant veterans who survive. We prosper to-day because they taught us how to suffer and grow strong."

Appropriate inscriptions to the dead are on the other side of the monument, but a tribute to the veterans who survived is unusual.

It was in the Bloody Angle that the gallant Capt. W. P. Shooter, of the Marion Rifles, Company E, 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, and others of that dauntless company, gave up their lives.



LOOKING NORTH ON MAIN STREET, MEMPHIS.

THE REUNION CITY.

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since Memphis first was host to the United Confederate Veterans, in 1901, and two-thirds of that time has passed since the second reunion there, in 1909, so that those attending the meeting in June will find much that is different, much to convince them that Memphis has grown in those years, that indeed it is one of the most progressive cities of the South. The great auditorium, where the conventions will be held, and many entertainments of the occasion, represents an outlay of more than two million dollars, and its many hotels and other buildings of public utility mark it as a city of vast commercial interests.

The location of Memphis in the heart of the Mississippi Valley gives the city advantage as a gateway to the South, both by rail and water. The great Mississippi River furnishes a highway for traffic second to none, and there are ten railway lines converging in Memphis, six from the East and four from the West. It is the center of a large area of raw materials—cereals, cotton, timber, and ores—and the accessibility to this raw material has induced the establishment of many manufacturing concerns. Of the cotton seed industry alone there are thirteen oil mills; besides the refining companies, and the value of the output is more than \$37,500,000 yearly. Over one hundred and forty industrial and commercial enterprises arranged to establish there in 1920. It is on the route of many projected highways, such as the National Bankhead, the Jefferson Davis, Muscle Shoals, Shiloh Park, Mississippi River Scenic Highway, and others, and thousands of tourists pass through the city every year.

Memphis is a city of 175,000 inhabitants, practically "all American." It is a city of homes, attested by the many beautiful residential districts; a city of schools, offering the best educational advantages in its public and private institutions. There are over eight hundred acres of highly improved parks, and this park system forms one of the most valuable assets of the city.

To the Chamber of Commerce of Memphis, through Mr. George B. Bowling, S. C. V., and to the Macon & Andrews Business College, the *VETERAN* makes acknowledgment, with appreciation, for illustrations of Memphis in this number.

A GIRL OF THE SIXTIES.

BY MRS. SALLIE B. BENT, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The opening of the War between the States had not touched me personally till May, 1861, when I saw a brother leave with the first regiment from Kentucky to serve the South. I never saw him again. The following winter he was brought home from Virginia in his gray uniform to be buried beside our mother in the old cemetery.

In the fall the Confederate army entered Kentucky. I remember distinctly the military bearing of Hardee and the dapper little Frenchman, General Beauregard. During the stay of the army in Kentucky, my father was connected with the Provisional Government that had been established. Being lame, he could not serve in the army, but he gave three more sons to the Southern cause.

General Johnston with his troops evacuated Bowling Green in the next February, and before daylight the next morning the town was alive with Yankee soldiers, searching for Confederates who might have been left behind. Many persons were treated with discourtesy, but we were more fortunate. One of the soldiers told my little sister he was hungry. Overhearing this, my mother gave him food, and for this act of kindness the good fortune of being respectfully and kindly treated was ours.

On a bright September day the army wagons of General Rosecrans drew up before our house, and the officers announced that it was to be taken for his headquarters. As it was a large old house, my mother was told we could "occupy the back of it, or move out." We took the first offer and took "the back."

In a short while the old house, with its pillared dignity and old forest trees, was abloom with blue uniforms and brass buttons, while a group of awe-stricken little children stood in silence with their mother and watched the desecration of the old house by the Federal troops. They occupied the house nine months, Rosecrans leaving it in charge of General Manson when he continued his march south.

During the winter the house was used by the Federals, a regiment of soldiers from Kansas joined the troops in this town. This regiment was made up of drafted men, and among them was a distant relative of ours. He was allowed to visit us frequently and was known to the officials in the house. After he had been in the town several weeks, he said to my mother one day: "As you know, I was drafted into this army, but my sympathy is with the South, and I will not be in a regiment at war with her. I want your help to get away from here."

I well remember seeing my mother rise with the words: "Henry, you know if I help you, I will be in prison before night, and possibly this house burned." But seeing the disappointed look on his face, she turned to me with a motion of her hand: "Maybe Sallie can help you."

I was a resentful girl of thirteen years, who had never lived "in the back of a house" in my life, and I loved my home in spite of the ruin and destruction each day brought to it. Henry turned to me, saying: "I only want a suit of the boys' clothes, and to have it placed in the garden where I can get it to-night." "Of course, I will help you" I replied. "Come on upstairs," where I opened a closet filled with the clothing of my three brothers then serving in the Southern army. With a "help yourself," I left him.

After a time, Henry came into the hall and told me the suit he wanted was lying on the bed. Could I put it under that old quince tree in the garden that night? He added: "You know this is a serious business for us both, and a

risky thing for you. You must not let anyone see you put that bundle in the garden. When it's there, I will do the rest."

I realized then the gravity and risk, but I never faltered. Saying, "you will find the bundle there," I bade him good-by.

At dusk, with that bundle in my arms, I went out into the garden, dodging the family, the servants, and, more than all, the Yankee sentries who made their rounds at stated intervals, and in every direction one could see a blue coat. I was fortunate to evade them, and you may be sure I was out early the next morning to see if that bundle was gone. It was, and I drew a breath of relief.

Two or three days later, a squad of soldiers came to the house hunting the "deserter." My mother could tell them truthfully that she knew nothing about him. It never occurred to the soldiers to question the white-faced girl who stood beside her. Later on, we learned that Henry passed through the lines, joined the Southern army, and made a valiant soldier for the South.

Looking across the long stretch of years to this good day, it affords me infinite pleasure to remember that a girl thirteen years old scored one for her beloved Southland.

A CONFEDERATE NOTE.

Some years ago the VETERAN received from Allston P. Joyce, city clerk of Medford, Mass., an old Confederate ten-dollar bill, on the back of which was signed the name of "James W. Comfort, O. Sergeant Company F, 9th Georgia Regiment," and Mr. Joyce wrote: "I thought it possible that the person whose name is written upon the note might still be living, and that it would be of interest to him to receive it, or some of his family or friends, or some veteran's Post (Camp) in Georgia would like it as a souvenir of the 'days that tried men's souls.' I send it at the suggestion of Mr. Fred G. Mills, a member of the 'Louisiana Tigers,' who is now a resident of Somerville, Mass."

The VETERAN would be glad to hear from anyone interested in this old bill.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY KATE A. BLACKSTOCK, FORT WORTH, TEX.

O Southern Cross! By Southland's host adored!
From thy exalted place did'st thou step down,
But in thy lowered folds a broken heart
Hath given thee renown!

Thou hast not cowered in the dust;
Thy place shall ever be
Exalted high in heaven's blue dome
In hearts that would be free.

A banner in whose stars and bars
A people's hope did rest;
An emblem mourned and loved and sung
Thy followers Heaven blest.

Loud shouts of victory followed thee
At many a battle's close.
O, tattered flag! Could God's decree
Have given thy repose?

Nay, O never, will we yield!
High Heaven heard our wail;
And in due season by our faith
Our rights shall yet prevail!

THE MEMORIAL HALF DOLLAR.

From the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, Hollins N. Randolph, President, the following statement in regard to the memorial half dollar has been received;

"The Congress of the United States has nationalized the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial by passing a special act authorizing the issuance of five million silver fifty-cent coins, commemorating the commencement of the work on this the greatest monument in the history of mankind. This act was passed by unanimous vote of the House and the Senate, and was unhesitatingly approved by President Coolidge. It is, to my mind, one of the most remarkable and significant acts in the history of the American Congress. It signalizes in a magnificent way the complete reunion of all sections of our great republic.

"Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the great sculptor, who designed the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial, and who has demonstrated its feasibility both from an engineering and sculptural standpoint, is now engaged in making the designs for the Stone Mountain half dollar. As soon as these designs have received the necessary approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, they will go to the Mint for the dies to be made, and the issuance of the coins will then be a matter of but a short time. I am authorized to state that on the front of the coins will be a miniature reproduction of the figures of President Jefferson Davis, Gen. Robert E. Lee and Gen. Stonewall Jackson, as they will appear in the central group.

"Under the provisions of the act authorizing the issuance of these coins, they are to be issued by the Mint only to the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association or its agent. The plan of the Association is to take the entire issue from the Mint at face value and deposit the coins in the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta. The Association will then

sell the coins throughout the United States as a souvenir of the Memorial for \$1.00 each, thereby bringing into the Association's Treasury, for the purpose of carrying on the work, a revenue of \$2,500,000, less whatever nominal expense is incurred in distributing the coins.

"These coins, of course, will have a permanent face value of fifty cents, but we anticipate that very few, if any, of them will ever go into circulation as money. On the contrary, they will be preserved by those who buy them as a beautiful and durable souvenir of the Memorial, to be handed down from generation to generation. Hence, it is practically certain that these coins will have a sentimental value far in excess of the price paid for them. We anticipate that the entire five million will be gone in a few months.

"At this writing, I am unable to state definitely the date when the Stone Mountain Memorial half dollars will be ready for the public, but I rejoice in this opportunity so graciously extended to me by the editor of the *VETERAN* to make this announcement, calling attention to the above facts. In conclusion, I would like to suggest that the sons, daughters, and friends of the glorious old heroes of the South should see to it that each and every one of them is presented with a Stone Mountain Memorial half dollar immediately upon their issuance."

FOR THE RESTORATION OF ARLINGTON MANSION.

The following joint resolution, authorizing the restoration of the Lee mansion at Arlington, was introduced in the House of Representatives on May 13, 1924:

Whereas the era of internecine strife among the States having yielded to one of better understanding, of common loyalty, and of a more perfect Union; and whereas now honor is accorded Robert E. Lee as one of the great military leaders of history, whose exalted character, noble life, and eminent services are recognized and esteemed, and whose manly attributes of precept and example were compelling factors in cementing the American people in bonds of patriotic devotion and action against common external enemies in the war with Spain and in the World War, thus consummating the hope of a reunited country that would again swell the chorus of the Union, therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed, as nearly as may be practicable, to restore the Lee mansion in the Arlington National Cemetery, Va., to the condition in which it existed immediately prior to the Civil War and to procure, if possible, articles of furniture and equipment which were then in the mansion and in use by the occupants thereof. He is also authorized, in his discretion, to procure replicas of the furniture and other articles in use in the mansion during the period mentioned, with a view to restoring, as far as may be practicable, the appearance of the interior of the mansion to the condition of its occupancy by the Lee family.

A TOAST.

BY WILL CAMP CHURCH, CAMP NO. 584 S. C. V.

Here's to the VETERAN, tried and true,
Friend of old, yet always new!

Here's to the Cause and ideals it portrays!
Gallant bits of other days,

Giving us all a pride in the race—
Making this a better place!



THE CLARIDGE HOTEL, MEMPHIS REUNION HEADQUARTERS.

A CHRISTENING.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS.

'Twas mid July of sixty-one,
The war was new then—scarce begun—
And hardly known was the name "Bull Run."
Talk about leaping to sudden fame!
In a single day, like a far-flung flame,
A flame of terror, a flame of glory,
Around the world was flashed Bull Run's story!

To meet the foe we were all too few,
And little of discipline we knew.
Ah, as I look back through the long-past years,
I can see that host through a film of tears!
Just raw, high-spirited volunteers,
Discipline lacking, but courage high,
Sternly resolved to conquer or die!

An able general kept watch and ward—
Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard—
Fiery and gallant, and skillful too;
Warily watching the long hours through
The steady advance of the host in blue;
Watching toward Shenandoah's hills and glades
For the coming of Johnston's "Valley" brigades.

The "First" arrived as the west'ring sun
Lighted the hills above Bull Run.
Jackson came with them, gaunt and grim;
And to think the men scarcely noticed him!
Stiff and awkward and gaunt and grim—
In another year 'twas another story,
All Southland singing with "Stonewall's" glory!

Well, Bee and Bartow arrived the morn,
And Joseph E. Johnston, a captain born—
Not the rawest recruit in the ranks but knew
That here was a soldier through and through;
And we only opined that those men in blue
Were going to find Richmond farther away
Than at first they thought that it was, next day.

But even when the "Valley men" were come
We were few; and many a rolling drum
Told of the host that would storm the fords,
Despite the audacious "Rebel hordes"
That held them; and Kirby Smith was still
Somewhere afar from the fateful hill
That to-morrow, in thunder and smoke and flame,
Would set the world ringing with Bull Run's name.

* * * * *
Sunday morning. The folks at home
Were going to church, and the blue, blue dome
Of heaven was looking benignly down
On farm and forest, and village and town;
Upon roads a-gleam 'neath the July sun,
And morning-glories that bloomed upon
The walls and fences beside the way;
But here we greeted the dawning day
Far otherwise. Heaven must have wondered,
When through dawn's hushed stillness the cannon
thundered,
How men could fight in a world so fair,
Shatt'ring the peace of the summer air
With whistling bullet and screaming shell,
And fierce, high-ringing battle yell.

'Twas only a feint on our front they made,
With reconnoissance and cannonade,
To veil the gathering storm of war
That was soon to burst on our left. Afar,
"For God's sake come!" was the cry of Bee,
Bartow, and Evans, the gallant three
Who met the foe's first onset. Then,
'T was "Double quick!" and "Get on, men!
Close up! Close up!" While the July sun
In pitiless splendor beat down upon
The hurrying column.

Far and fast
We marched that morn. We came at last
To the Henry Hill, and the pine wood there,
And the Sudley Road stretching far and fair,
And the house where a bedrid woman lay—
Of all who were destined to die that day
Most piteous.

We formed our line
Just on the edge of the screen of pine,
And heard the roar of battle swell
From the valley below; while with shot and shell
The enemy's guns swept wood and field
As in battle array we stood revealed.

Then up from that valley of death there came
A tide of defeat. Soon in thunder and flame
The battle would burst on the hill. Though yet
The retreat was steady, rout might beget
A panic we trembled to think upon.
Then out of the battle cloud rolling dun,
Where a valiant remnant struggled still,
Bee rode up on the Henry Hill,
Magnificent in his valor and pride,
Raised his sword on high, and before he died
Christened our "Stonewall." "Look," he cried,
"There Jackson stands like a stone wall!" Then,
"Rally behind the Virginians, men!"

He fell, but his spirit lived. He sealed
With his blood the fate of that battle field.

* * * * *
From the far-off center, galloping hard,
Came the generals, Johnston and Beauregard,
With impassioned appeal and stern command
Called the weary troops to rally and stand!
Johnston, the colors raised on high,
Stemmed the tide of defeat that was drifting by;
"For home and country!" was Beauregard's cry.
And the broken battalions took heart again,
Rallied, and faced the field. And then,
In cheers, the generals' names were known,
Afar on the winds of battle blown—
"Johnston!" "Beauregard!" as the foe
Mounted the height from the vale below.
And with them Ricketts and Griffin came,
Into batt'ry wheeled, and with guns aflame
Thought to sweep the hill; but with ringing cheers
They were met the grim gray cannoneers
With cheers and grapeshot; and "Stonewall" then
Swept down on the guns with his "Valley" men
Charged, and took them, and held them fast,
Their thunders stilled by a fiery blast;
And the ground with a crimson tide grew wet
Where "Stonewall's" men plied the bayonet.

So raged the fight on the Henry Hill,
And down flowed many a crimson rill
To swell the tide of the purling brook
That flowed beneath; while the old hill shook
With the thunder of the cannonade;
And the flaming muskets a red murk made
Like a hellish twilight.

And then the blue
Wavered and broke, we scarcely knew
Why. One minute charging, cheering,
The next down the hillside disappearing,
Panic stricken, in utter rout,
With Stuart wheeling the hill about
To hasten them on their homeward way.
* * * * *

Ah, many another and bloodier fray
Were we to see who fought that day,
Many another victory won;
But never again did the blood-red sun
Go down on a rout like the first Bull Run.

*JEFFERSON DAVIS OFFICER IN UNITED STATES
ARMY, 1828-1835: AND IN WAR WITH
MEXICO, 1846.*

(Essay by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Waco, Tex., which won the Orren Randolph Smith medal presented at U. D. C. convention, Washington, D. C., November, 1923.)

INTRODUCTION.

It is eminently fitting that the subject of the Hon. Jefferson Davis's service to the United States should be chosen as a topic for the historical contest of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. No history of the United States has accorded him his proper place, not even those historians of Southern birth who have honestly striven to place the cause of the Southern Confederacy in the War between the States in its proper light. Fortunately, his biographers have performed this service, not only in justice to Mr. Davis, but in fairness to all unbiased, earnest students who wish to know the truth of American history.

BIRTH AND EARLY ENVIRONMENT.

Biographies of men are the mirrors of the times in which they lived, reflecting the standards and ideals of the period, and the life of Jefferson Davis is replete with standards of the highest type of American citizenship. He was born with the love of liberty and justice, the heritage of sturdy pioneer ancestors who braved the dangers of a new world to enjoy the benefits that it promised.

Jefferson Davis was of Welsh and Scotch-Irish descent, his grandfather, Evan Davis, having emigrated from Wales to the American Colonies early in the eighteenth century, first locating in Philadelphia, finally settling in Georgia, where he married one of the descendants of an earlier Southern colony. From this union came Samuel Emory Davis, father of Jefferson, who was a soldier of the American Revolution, and a grant of one thousand acres of land by the State of South Carolina attested his services. (Original patent now in Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.)

Samuel Davis married Miss Jane Cook, a South Carolinian of Scotch-Irish descent, and after living near Augusta, Ga., they settled in Christian County, Ky., where Jefferson, the youngest of nine children, was born June 3, 1808. With such an inheritance, it was but natural that Jefferson Davis

was born with the instincts of a patriot, and that such patriotism should early manifest itself in the desire to serve his country as a soldier. His very name, for the great Democrat Thomas Jefferson, one can readily see might have a bearing on the thought of a gentle, high strung child such as he was always depicted. At the age of six, in the Mississippi school (near the home to which his parents removed when he was three), it is said that he considered himself the guardian and protector of a sister many years his senior.

Scarcely out of his babyhood, at the age of seven, he was sent nearly a thousand miles on horseback to attend a boy's Catholic academy in Kentucky. There are no special events recorded of this period, except perhaps one incident that typified his bravery and high sense of honor. He was so small and delicate that he was put in a room with one of the priests rather than in the boys' dormitory. The priest had incurred the enmity of the boys for some reason, and they had planned a night attack with decayed vegetables and other missiles dear to the heart of unruly boys. The light went out suddenly and the priest suffered the consequences of being rudely handled. When the crowd disappeared, Jefferson was asked if he knew who the leaders were; he replied that he did, but declined to reveal their names. He was strapped down to receive corporeal punishment, when he said to the priest: "I cannot give you the names of the boys who threw the vegetables, but I can tell you who blew out the light that gave the signal for the attack." "Who," said the priest? "It was I," said Jefferson. The priest was so surprised at the temerity of the youngster that he did not punish him. That little scene may be taken as the keynote of Jefferson Davis's character, brave and honorable, the highest qualifications of a soldier.

WEST POINT.

Several private Southern schools, and finally Transylvania University, the best school of the Southwest at that period, furthered the education of Jefferson Davis until he was appointed, at the age of sixteen in 1824, as a cadet to West Point, from which he was graduated in 1828. He received the usual appointment of brevet second lieutenant; he was not a private, as stated by Dodd, one of his historians, who makes that and several other mistakes which are completely refuted in his biographies—by Jones, Alfried, Schaff, and others.

He served on the frontier with such distinction that he was soon promoted to first lieutenant. During the period (1831-33) of service in the Indian wars, Davis not only showed himself a soldier of initiative, brilliance, and daring, but gave evidence of the judicial mind that distinguished him as a statesman in later life by the conciliatory yet firm way in which he handled the dissatisfied Indians. During the Black Hawk War this was especially true. Black Hawk, when in his charge as a prisoner, became a great admirer on account of the courtesy with which he was treated. One tribe made him their head, calling him "Little Chief."

"In the early months of 1829, Davis was detailed to superintend the cutting of timber on the banks of the Red Cedar River, a tributary of the Chippewa. The party camped near the site of the present town of Menomonee. Owing to the proximity of unfriendly Indians, it was necessary to fortify the camp and maintain guards or small outposts. A large part of Davis's duty was to protect his men against the savages. Notwithstanding precautions, on one occasion they were attacked, and Davis, it seems, having become isolated from his party, escaped being scalped only by hiding in the dense underbrush. The main business of the detail was to cut logs on the banks of the river, drag them into the water, and fasten them together in large rafts, which were then

guided down the stream to the Chippewa, thence to the Mississippi, and finally landed at Prairie du Chien, where they were hewn or sawed into proper shape and used in the construction of the fortifications or other buildings which the government was erecting. It was sometimes hazardous work to direct the rafts over the rapids of the smaller streams, but no fatalities were reported. What the young West Pointer, still under twenty-one years of age, reared in school, and utterly unused to the lumber business, could do in such a place as this we are at a loss to know, but his mission was successful, and two years later he was sent to the Yellow River camp to superintend the building and management of a sawmill, proof, perhaps, of his adaptability and talent, certainly of the confidence of his superiors."

Thus even the grudging Dodd admits a splendid record of achievement under privation and difficulties. During this time, while engaged in the cutting of timber for rebuilding and enlarging Fort Crawford, the scene of his first military duty, he came near losing his life from pneumonia, being exposed to the most rigorous weather, which, even for that climate, was unusually severe and is spoken of as "the winter of the deep snow." But for the care of his faithful body servant, James Pemberton, he would never have recovered, and as a matter of fact his health was permanently impaired. Always thereafter he suffered greatly with his eyes, at one time being on the verge of blindness. James Pemberton was a young negro servant given to him on his graduation from West Point by his brother, Samuel Emory Davis, who had taken a father's place in fostering the education and ambition of the youngest brother. Pemberton remained his faithful servant and friend until death.

Not long before Davis's retirement (1835) from the army, on account of his marriage and the apparent peace which obtained, he was awakened to the fact that a decision might be necessary as to loyalty to State or Federal government by the Nullification Act. It was at this time that Davis was first brought face to face with the problem of State versus national loyalty. He says in a speech on the Compromise of 1850, and Mrs. Davis repeats the statement in her book, that the rumor of the conflict with South Carolina on the question of nullification reached the army, and that the regiment to which he belonged would probably be sent to Charleston in the event of open hostilities. His own words will best set forth his position, as he viewed it in 1850: "Then, much as I valued my commission, much as I desired to remain in the army, and disapproving as much as I did the remedy resorted to, that commission would have been torn to tatters before it would have been used in civil war with the State of South Carolina."

Undoubtedly from subsequent events he would have been joined in that attitude by his West Point comrades, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, and others, all loyal and ardent unionists as he was, but standing for the upholding of the Constitution which left every State the right to decide its own affairs.

After a retirement of ten years, while a member of Congress from Mississippi, Jefferson Davis again answered the call to arms when the United States became involved in war with Mexico (1846). He resigned his seat and went immediately to Mississippi, where he was made a colonel of Mississippi troops, embarking for the Texas coast, where he landed near Point Isabel. Here he reported for duty to Gen. Zachary Taylor and was in charge of drilling of the troops, his ability in that particular having been recognized when he was made an adjutant soon after his graduation. His skill in the battle of Buena Vista and Monterrey would in them-

selves form a not inconsiderable volume. He became internationally known as a strategist, one particular method known as the "V," or "wedge formation," having since been copied by experts in military tactics. Of Davis officially, General Taylor said: "Colonel Davis behaved to-day with a great gallantry and bravery as one of Napoleon's marshals of France."

We may close this sketchy account with a quotation from a Union soldier, as lofty a tribute as could be paid to mortal man. When we realize it was paid by an erstwhile antagonist in the bitter days of 1865, it should make every Southerner blush that we do not always demand honor and justice for Jefferson Davis.

"Fellow Citizens: I was at Buena Vista. I saw the battle lost and victory in the grasp of the brutal and accursed foe. I saw the favorite son of 'Harry of the West,' my colonel, weltering in his blood as he died on the field. I saw death, or captivity worse than death, in store for every Kentuckian on that gory day. Everything seemed lost and was hopeless; when a Mississippi regiment, with Jefferson Davis at its head, appeared on the scene. I see him now as he was then—the incarnation of battle, the avatar of rescue. He turned the tide, he snatched victory from defeat, he saved the army. His heroic hand wrote 'Buena Vista' in letters of everlasting glory on our proud escutcheon, a hero, my countrymen, my brother, my rescuer. He is no less so this day, and had I the power, I would strike the shackles from his aged limbs and make him as free as the vital air of heaven, and clothe him with every right that I enjoy."

"IN PRISON, AND YE VISITED ME."

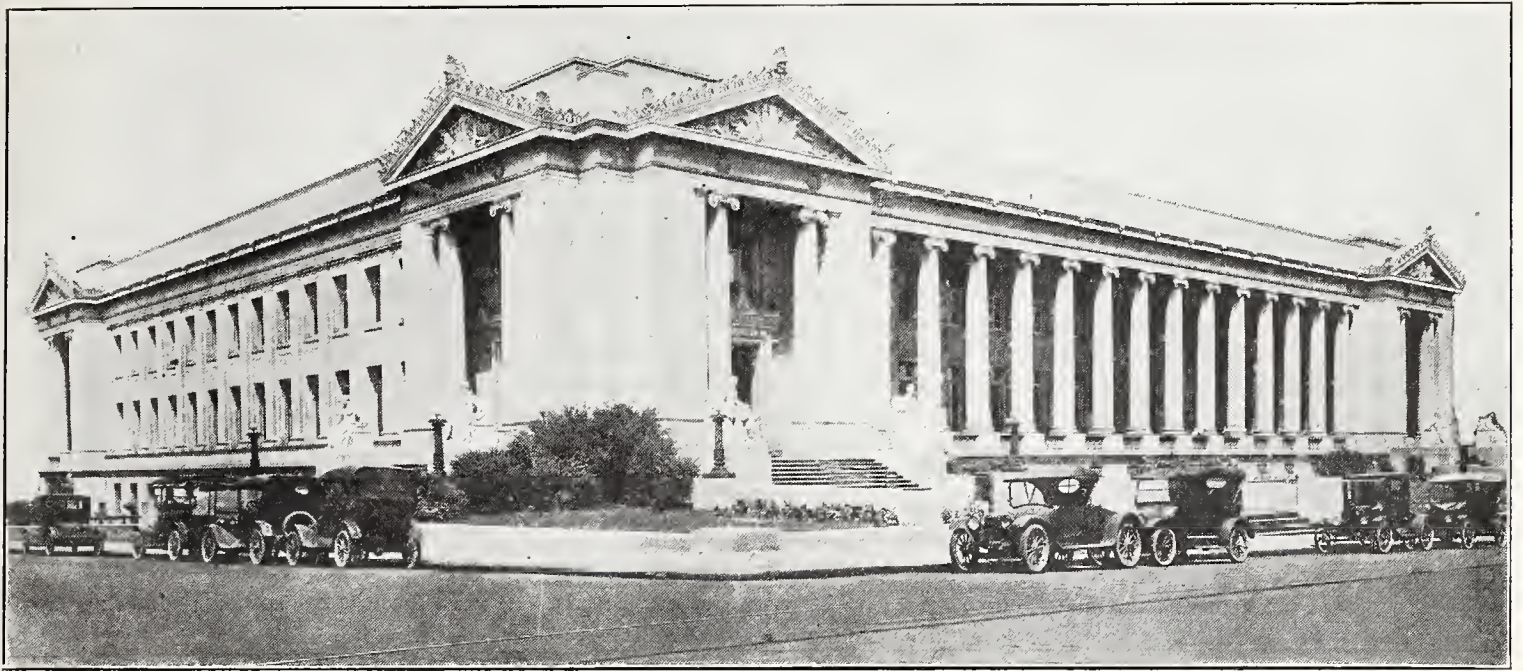
BY VIRGINIA LEE COX, IN RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH.

Strange it is how all the emotions, the kindnesses, heart-aches, loves, and hates of a lost day come back to us in the yellowed paper and faded ink of simple little letters, and, more important, though equally faded, documents. The Confederate Memorial Literary Society has just been presented by Miss Belle Minnigerode, of Washington, with a letter which her father, Dr. Charles Minnigerode, for nearly thirty-three years rector of St. Paul's Church here, wrote in July of 1865 to Andrew Johnson, then President of the United States, asking that he be permitted to visit Jefferson Davis, a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. With the letter Miss Minnigerode has also given to the museum the pass to the prison which President Johnson sent her father in granting his request.

Though Andrew Johnson saw fit to grant Dr. Minnigerode's request, it was not until more than a year later, in November of 1866, that he did so. Then the commanding officer at Fort Monroe had the following pass issued to Dr. Minnigerode: "Headquarters, Fort Monroe. Fort Monroe, Va., November 20, 1866. Guards will pass Dr. Minnigerode in and out of Fort Monroe, Va. Good until revoked. This pass to be taken up by the guard when it expires and forwarded to this office. By command of Bvt. Brig. Gen. Burton." It would seem as if this pass, which remained in Dr. Minnigerode's possession, was never revoked.

It does not seem so strange that Dr. Minnigerode should have obtained the pass when one reads the letter which his daughter has just given to the Confederate Museum. It was a masterly argument for the privilege and the necessity of visiting Jefferson Davis in his solitary confinement and giving him the spiritual aid which he so sorely needed.

"To His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of U. S. A.: Sir," Dr. Minnigerode wrote. "In the year 1861 I became the



SHELBY COUNTY COURTHOUSE, MEMPHIS.

pastor of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his family. The tie which unites minister and people is peculiar and very strong, more lasting perhaps than all others—because independent of political and social causes and changes, more sacred because beyond all human dictations, of God's appointment and providence, and based upon the immortal wants of the soul. This tie has bound me to that unfortunate family and given me an interest in them which passing events cannot change. As I did not seek them because they seemed to be in power, neither can I deny them the pastoral sympathy which they have a right to claim in this day of adversity; and the fact that Mr. Davis himself made a profession of religion and became a communicant of the Church under my ministry has naturally secured for him under all circumstances my deep and enduring interest in his spiritual welfare. I therefore would ask of your Excellency to allow me the right which my ministerial position and pastoral relation to Mr. Davis would seem to give me, and grant me a permit, as his pastor and spiritual adviser, to visit him.

"Ever since his arrest and solitary confinement I have felt it my duty to extend to him my pastoral care, if practicable and consistent with the views of the government. The state of the country and the agitation pervading the public mind North and South made me doubt the expediency of this petition heretofore. But now, when peace has begun to make itself, and this very imprisonment is no longer the chief source of excitement nor the sensational topic of the day, I cannot resist the conviction that it is my duty respectfully to make application to yourself. Every one who can conceive at all what is involved in solitary confinement will concede the humanity and importance of ministerial care over one thus suffering. The universal practice of civilized nations allows it to the lowest felons, and the granting of this petition, which could affect only the spiritual status of the prisoner, would be another instance of the executive clemency which you have inaugurated.

"In the name of my Master and of that love which he has shown to perishing sinners, I ask you to grant the comforts of the gospel, administered by his own pastor, to that unfortunate man, assured that God's blessing will rest upon your own soul as you mete out to others every comfort which does not militate against the end of justice and the public safety.

"If permitted to pay this proposed visit I promise to confine myself strictly to its pastoral and spiritual character, and am ready to give my word of honor not to violate any trust reposed in me.

"Praying for God's blessing upon you and your administration, I remain most respectfully. Your Excellency's Obt. Svt., Charles Minnigerode, Rector St. Paul's Church, Rd."

The rather tattered old pass of more than a half century ago, which has so recently come to rest in the Confederate Museum, is proof that Dr. Minnigerode did visit his distressed and suffering communicant. That Mr. Davis needed spiritual aid more than any other thing in the world is shown by his own words spoken to Dr. John J. Craven, a Northerner who attended him while in prison, and who later wrote "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis." In this book Dr. Craven quotes Mr. Davis as saying: "But to have a human eye riveted on you in every moment of waking or sleeping, sitting or walking or lying down is a refinement of torture on anything the Comanche or Spanish Inquisition ever dreamed. . . . The human eye fixed upon you is the eye of a spy or enemy, gloating in the pain and humiliation which itself creates. . . . I confess the torture of being watched begins to prey on my reason. The lamp burning in my room all night would seem a torment devised by some one who had intimate knowledge of my habits, my custom having been through life never to sleep except in total darkness."

Dr. Craven mentions also Mr. Davis's deeply religious nature, his comfort in discussing the Bible, and his habit of often quoting from the Psalms, which were his favorite part of the Bible. To such a man, undergoing both brutal and so-called refined tortures, suffering mentally and spiritually from discouragements, slights, failures, insults, jibes, and sneers, the comfort of spiritual understanding and care from his own pastor must have been a necessity in order to retain his reason.

Mrs. Davis, in her book, "Jefferson Davis: A Memoir by His Wife," points out some of the tortures which Mr. Davis endured in nearly two years' confinement at Fortress Monroe. The fall of Richmond, on Sunday, April 3, 1865, inaugurated a reign of terror and horror for its inhabitants. To the ill-fated President of the Confederacy and his family, however, who fled from Richmond in the hope of saving at least a part of the

South, the evacuation meant the beginning of mental anguish, physical suffering, and spiritual torture unequaled, perhaps, by any other Southern family. It was as if the government of the North attempted to heap on the heads of one Southern family, and particularly one Southern man, all the pent-up hate for the South which was running rampant in the North.

Mrs. Davis says: "Men may be forgiven who, actuated by prejudice, exhibit bitterness in the first hours of their triumph; but what excuse can be offered for one who in cold blood deliberately organizes tortures to be inflicted, and superintends, for over a year, their application to the quivering form of an emaciated, exhausted, helpless prisoner, who, the whole South proudly remembers, though reduced to death's door unto the end, neither recanted his faith, fawned upon his persecutor, nor pleaded for mercy?"

When Jefferson Davis first reached Fortress Monroe he was worn out with fatigue, deprivations, and the strain of the days since the evacuation of Richmond. A weak, almost feeble man, he was placed in solitary confinement, in a heavily guarded stone casemate, which opened on a gunner's room. Inside this casemate two sentinels, with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, walked ceaselessly around the iron cot where he lay. The door leading into the gunner's room, a heavy iron door, was locked. In this room were two more sentinels and a commissioned officer. The door leading out of the gunner's room was also locked, and outside of this were also sentinels. Overhead, on the parapet, sentinels watched. Beyond a ditch, about sixty feet wide and from seven to ten feet deep, which was filled with water, a double chain of sentinels kept vigilant watch.

And yet, with all these guards, it was found necessary to shackle Mr. Davis with two heavy leg irons, connected by an immense and ponderous chain, which was riveted on his legs by two blacksmiths. So weak was he at this time that he was unable to drag the irons around. They caused abrasions on his ankles, and finally Dr. Craven recommended that they be removed, as exercise was absolutely necessary to the prisoner's failing health. Mr. Davis felt that the chains were an indignity to the Confederacy rather than to himself, and for that reason resisted their being placed on him.

Other indignities were heaped upon him. His nerves began to wear out at the ceaseless treading of the sentries, at the noise of the men in the gunner's room, at the clang and clatter always around him, at the loud calling of the roll when the guard was changed. The lamp burning all night long, the glare of the white walls affected his eyesight to such an extent that for a long time he lost entire use of one eye. The dampness of the walls and the bad air from the ditch gave him neuralgia, erysipelas, and carbuncles. It was almost impossible to eat the bad food. His bread was shredded through the dirty hands of the soldiers, searching for hidden weapons, before he was allowed to have it.

He was not allowed to have books, magazines, or newspapers of any kind until he had been there for some months, and then he was allowed to read only those newspapers which were antagonistic to the South. His letters to his wife, and hers to him, when, after many weary months he was allowed to write, were censored several times. He was allowed only two changes of linen in a week, and his wardrobe was taken from him and meted out to him when the powers that were decided it necessary.

He was not allowed to have a knife or fork to eat his food with, it being implied that such a desperate criminal would attempt his own life, even with those countless sentries forever watching. For months he ate all of his food with a spoon. Some of these trying and cruel conditions were alleviated

through the intervention of Dr. Craven. His cell was finally moved to a healthier spot, but even here the lamp burned all through the night, and the eyes of the sentries were always fastened upon him.

No one, however, seemed able to eliminate the cruelty of the people who looked upon him as one might gaze in curiosity and horror upon a caged beast in the zoo. When he walked upon the ramparts all sorts of people, even school children accompanied by their teachers, came to stare at him. Friends of the officers at Fortress Monroe were allowed to stare through the bars at him. Soldiers, who were his guards, stole everything he touched to send home to their sweethearts and families as "relics."

In the midst of this suffering of soul and mind and body the visit of the beloved Dr. Minnigerode must have seemed a heaven-sent gift. One can imagine the peace and fortitude that must have entered into the soul of Jefferson Davis when the kindly rector of St. Paul's was admitted to Fortress Monroe by the pass which now lies tattered and worn in the Confederate Museum to give him spiritual guide and help.

CAPTURE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The following statement from the book on "Jefferson Davis, His Life and Personality," by Gen. Morris Schaff, a veteran of the Federal army, should overcome the prevailing impression in the North as to the incidents of his capture:

"On the evening of the second day after overtaking them, and while preparations were being made to leave at daybreak and continue the journey, one of Davis's aides, Colonel Preston, who had been to a neighboring village, reported that it was rumored a band of marauders would attack the camp that night. About daybreak, hearing firing, Davis sprang to his feet and going out saw that regular soldiers and not bandits were making the attack; he went back to the tent to notify Mrs. Davis. He picked up and put on Mrs. Davis's raglan, mistaking it in the dark for his light overcoat, and as he went out Mrs. Davis threw her shawl over his head as a disguise. He had advanced but a few steps when a mounted soldier, after some angry words from Davis, presented his carbine and ordered him to halt. Mrs. Davis rushed out and threw her arms about his neck and begged the soldier not to kill him. Seeing now all hope of escape gone, he quietly turned back and seated himself on a fallen tree near the dying-down camp fire till the commanding officer of the troops, Colonel Pritchard, came up, demanding his name and surrender.

"A correspondent of lively imagination, who was not present at the capture, at once telegraphed his paper from Macon that Davis had been taken, and in women's clothes. Thereupon the cartoonist seized his pad, and then his pencil pictured Davis accordingly, much to the exuberant amusement and delight of his enemies. But in time, as usual, truth made its way, and the cartoonist's testimony was ruled out, and now in the periodicals of the past they lie petrified, so to speak, like the bones of the saurians of the carboniferous period.

"While on his way to Macon to be delivered to General Wilson, whose troops had made the capture, he learned that a reward of one hundred thousand dollars had been offered for his arrest by President Johnson, charging him, Stephens, Clay, and others with complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He was amazed and indignant.

"On his arrival at Macon, some troops drawn up before Wilson's headquarters saluted him as he passed through their

ranks to the door of Wilson's hotel. Wilson treated him well; and in the course of an extended interview with him referred to the President's proclamation for his arrest, when Davis replied: 'The man who signed that proclamation knew that I would a thousand times rather have Abraham Lincoln to deal with as President of the United States than to have him.'

"Wilson, who had been at West Point as a cadet while Davis was Secretary of War and Senator, says that in his long talk with Davis that, however petulant he may have been at the time of his capture, he had regained complete equanimity and inquired most kindly of his old friends in the West Point faculty—Church, Bartlett, and Mahan—and that he spoke unreservedly and feelingly of Lee, declaring him to be the ablest, most courageous, most aggressive, and most beloved of all the Confederate generals, and that he referred to Mr. Lincoln and his untimely death in terms of respect and kindness."

"FROM THE RAPIDAN TO RICHMOND."

REVIEWED BY G. NASH MORTON, A.M., NEW YORK CITY.

Dr. William Meade Dame, called "the Bishop of Bolton Street (Baltimore) has passed away, but he has left behind him a monument in this book which will endure as long as men shall be interested in knowing, at first hand, the facts of the great War between the States. Dr. Dame was a private in the first company of Richmond Howitzers, the company in which I had the honor to enlist in 1861, and of which I wrote an account for the January number of the *VETERAN* before reading this book. This account was taken up with the first act of the great drama, wherein there was little or no action; Dr. Dame's book concerns itself with the fifth act, which is all action.

The book is edited by Matthew Page Andrews, and it has an introduction by Thomas Nelson Page, who writes: "The author of this book is a kinsman of mine, a delightful raconteur, because he had seen and felt himself what he related. He told his story without conscious art, but with that best kind of art—simplicity. Also with perennial freshness, because he told it from his journal, written on the spot." The reader will find this an exact description of the

narrative, which is written without technicalities in strait-forward, idiomatic, may I say, Southern, English. We meet with even the Southern "expect," where the Yankee would look for his harder-worked, though not more elegant, "guess." But in spite of all, the reader, whether Southerner or Northerner, cannot help being moved by the story, as told by Dr. Dame.

The Howitzers, under Captain McCarthy (Lieutenant McCarthy, in my day), in early May broke winterquarters at Morton's Ford on the Rapidan. They hung for a little while around the Wilderness, where there was little chance for artillery to get into action. They then joined in the dash for Spotsylvania Courthouse, to head off Warren, who led the advance of Grant's army to get around Lee's left and take possession of that coveted spot. But Warren was held in check by Jeb Stuart's cavalry. After a brush with Warren, whom a little later they were to handle very roughly, the Howitzers marched almost directly to the line of battle.

A section of the battery under Lieutenant Anderson, a noble private in my time, to whose fatherly advice and guidance we younger Howitzers could always look with the utmost confidence of receiving his sympathy, was placed in the line which had been marked out by the army engineers, as with a plowshare, and told to make the best of it. They were on the extreme left of Longstreet, to whose corps they belonged, and on the right of A. P. Hill. After shoveling dirt all night, they had something which, by courtesy, they called "Fort Dodge." Without breakfast, they set out to make the acquaintance of their neighbors who were to be their support. They found, to their delight, that it was Gregg's fighting brigade of Texans.

By this time, they discovered the Federals in three solid columns, a part of Warren's corps, marching parallel, in quick time, across their front, through the field which lay between them and the wood, about two hundred yards off. They were aiming to get into the gap between Longstreet and Hill and attack Hill on the flank. The Howitzers opened fire upon these exposed columns, which sent them hurrying and in disorder back to the woods. This brought upon our guns the fire of the enemy's rifled guns, stationed on the other side of the wood, firing over the tops of the trees.



WEST TENNESSEE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, MEMPHIS.

Lieutenant Anderson sent word to our battery of rifled guns stationed on the hill to the rear to engage the enemy's guns and draw their fire, in order to give his section some relief. Pretty soon, however, the badly made Confederate shells began to show their defects by what is known in artillery practice as "tumbling" "swapping ends," as the Tarheels called it. This made them fall short, and thus threaten to do more damage to us than to the enemy.

Dr. Dame, describing the unearthly noise of a "tumbling" Parrot shell as "a wild, venomous, fiendish scream that makes every fellow within half a mile of it feel that it is looking for him particularly and certain that it is going to get him," remarks: "I believe it would have made Julius Caesar himself 'go for a tree,' or want to, anyhow." Anderson sent a special messenger on horseback to tell "those men what confounded work they were doing," and that if they fired any more shells there, he would "open fire on them immediately."

Warren made another attempt to cross the field, with the same, or still more bloody, result, the officers making a vain attempt to rally their troops. Then there was a thin effort, doomed to failure like the former ones. This was followed the next day by five or six attacks organized down in the woods to carry by storm the battery which had given so much trouble. Every effort was broken up before it could get within a hundred yards of the works. The dead and wounded lay piled up in windrows by thousands in front, with little or no damage to the defenders. These last thought the fight was over, and that the enemy would attempt no more of this one-sided and bloody work. The Howitzers were taking it easy, the Texans were stretched out on their backs, most of them sound asleep, when lo! there emerged from the wood, at a run, a heavy force of Federals, which would reach our lines in less than two minutes. There was no time to awaken anybody. The Howitzers opened fire, but they could not check the impetus of the enemy, who swarmed over the breastworks, and bayoneted several Texans in a profound sleep. Anderson ordered the guns to be run back a few yards and urged the gunners to hold the enemy in check at all hazards, as success by them would cut our lines in two with fatal results. This was done, and now they poured canister, double canister, and even triple canister, at close range, into the huge mass of Federals that made them stagger. The Texans, at the first rush, had retired from the lines and left the Howitzers all alone to contend with the invaders, but when the Texans reached the bottom of the hill, they reformed and, furious, because, for the first time, they had been forced to retire under fire, charged with such impetuosity upon the already wavering mass that it was hurled back into the woods, leaving behind their dead, wounded, and six hundred prisoners.

General Gregg galloped up to the boys, and, taking off his hat, shook hands with each one, saying: "Texas will never forget Virginia for this. Your heroic stand saved the line and enabled my brigade to rally and redeem its honor. God bless you!" Robert Stiles, who, on hearing the boom of the guns, had left headquarters, where he had been appointed adjutant of the battalion, and hearing from General Gregg what had happened, hugged each cannoneer with a grip that almost crushed the breath out of him, vowing that he would resign his position and return to the battery. Major General Field, who commanded that part of the line, witnessed from his position the whole performance. With all speed, he dashed up and shook hands with each Howitzer, saying: "Men, it was perfectly magnificent, and I have to say that your splendid stand saved the army from disaster."

Such was the glory shared among nine men who had served the guns.

This was not all the glory achieved by these brave men that day. But "when the battle was over," says Dr. Dame, "we promptly went among the Federal wounded, who lay thickly strewn on the inside of our lines, to see what we could do for their comfort and relief. Curious how one could one minute shoot a man down and the next go and minister to him like a brother. The moment an enemy was wounded, he ceased to be thought of as an enemy. He was just a suffering fellow man." Among the wounded they came to one whose life was fast ebbing away. He was perfectly conscious of his condition, and earnestly entreated that some one would pray for him. The request was passed on to Robert Stiles, who came at once. Taking the hand of the poor fellow tenderly in his own, he knelt down in the wet, bloody ground, and in a fervent prayer commended his soul to God. Then, as a brother might, he stayed by him until the end, saying what he could to comfort his troubled soul. Some of us looked reverently on with hearts full of sympathy. (Read Dr. Dame's testimony regarding Grant's care of his wounded, pages 24, 85.)

On those two eventful days of May, the Howitzers, who had been under fire from 5 A.M., of the 10th to 9 P.M., of the 11th, had withstood the shock of thirteen heavy lines of infantry—had toiled all night the night before without a mouthful of food except one crustless corn cake, fell down on the wet ground and slept as only soldiers can. The boys were informed that in the edge of the woods a cow had been killed. They determined to have some of that cow. When they reached the spot, they found the ground covered with dead Federal soldiers. Five bodies were touching the cow, so thickly were the dead lying piled up. Flaying away the skin, and cutting out a hunk from the hind quarter, they returned to the guns. Colonel Cabell, commanding the battalion, met Dame and exclaimed: "My dear boy, where on earth did you get that meat?" Dame cut off a chunk as big as his fist, put it on a sharp stick, held it a few minutes in the fire, and passed it up to the Colonel, still setting on his horse. The Colonel took it off the stick and ate it ravenously, declaring it the best morsel he had ever tasted, and this from a colonel of artillery. You may bet those privates devoured their portions with gusto.

The story ends at Cold Harbor, where the battery lost its genial and chivalrous captain, Ned McCarthy, beloved by every one who knew him. Ned was a groceryman's clerk, if I remember rightly. He rose to be the commander of one of the finest bodies of men in the South, not only respected, but loved, by every man in the company.

A frightful and bloody march was this from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, when Lee's fewer than fifty thousand half-starved, ill-equipped men were in a death grapple with Grant's one hundred and fifty thousand well-armed, well-fed hosts. Grant's losses were seventy thousand; Lee's, less than twenty thousand. At Cold Harbor, after Grant had, in less than twenty minutes, lost over thirteen thousand men, the frightful carnage ceased. The Federal generals simply refused to lend themselves further to it. Major General Schenk, a couple of years before his death, told me that he was one of the generals chosen to take the message to General Grant which put an end to this kind of work. Dr. Dame testified how the men were seen to falter when ordered to charge.

It was a fitting close of the drama—say, rather, tragedy—which we have been following, that the Howitzers should have suffered on that fateful day the loss of their noble and heroic

captain. On the evening before he was seized with one of those strange presentiments which, it is recorded, often overshadow the brave as they enter the penumbra of the dark eclipse. The captain's intimate friends noticed the damper which hung over his otherwise irrepressible spirits. A bullet in the forehead! and Ned McCarthy's light was snuffed out! All honor to the brave, heroic Howitzers and to their noble captain. I am proud to have been one of them.

AN ORIENTAL'S VIEW OF PEACE.

Search out the source of these pernicious wars,
Replete with horrors which the world abhors.
First, of the evil we must find the root;
Then seek a remedy to extirpate.

'Tis blended greed and ignorance that cause
Mankind to disregard its noblest laws.
And while these evils hold their direful sway,
The world can never know the peaceful day.
In every habitation we must preach
The doctrine of fraternity; and teach
That all the races of mankind are one,
All sharers of a universe where none
Has preference in the great Creator's sight,
Who made one home for all born of his might.

—Prince Arfa-ud-Daula.

THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF OKLAHOMA.

The following is taken from an interesting article on the Confederate Home in Oklahoma, contributed by Jemerson Moore, one of the veterans of that Home, who served in Company K, 8th Arkansas Infantry, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, C. S. A.

When the territory of Oklahoma was organized, many Southern people had made their homes there, and after it became a State, its population greatly increased, and largely continued to be from the Southern States, and many veterans of the Confederate army were numbered in that population. Many of these failed to reap the reward of their efforts in a new country, and as they advanced in age the need of special care for them was apparent. A resolution was passed by the D. H. Hammon Camp, No. 177 U. C. V., of Oklahoma City, in 1908, to provide a Home for the indigent and disabled veterans of the Confederacy, which was enthusiastically

commended by other veterans, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and others, all over the State, and on February 20, 1909, at a public meeting at the courthouse in Oklahoma City, the Confederate Home Association was formed, the object of which was to raise funds for this laudable purpose. Some \$15,697, was raised, in addition to a tract of land donated by Mrs. Lutie Hailey Walcott, when it was decided to turn all the property over to the State to carry out the purposes of the Association, and the following legislature made a suitable provision for erecting the Oklahoma Confederate Home and maintaining it. On June 24, 1910, the corner stone was laid by the Grand Lodge of Masons, and the building was finished in that year.

This Confederate Home is on an elevated tract of some twenty-three acres near the city of Ardmore, Okla., a handsome two-story brick structure, 133 by 84 feet. The two porches have concrete floors, and the interior of the building is as conveniently arranged as modern skill could devise. It was built with twenty-seven rooms on the first floor and thirty on the second. A wide hall runs through the building, with rooms on either side; the office and parlor—which contains pictures, flags, and a piano—are at the front on the first floor; the large dining room and kitchen are in the rear. Ten more rooms were later added at the back, and there is now a large two-story brick annex, of sixteen rooms, to the right of the main building, which is occupied by the veterans as overflow from the main building. It also contains the large commissary room, and its equipment is up to date in every respect. To the left of the main building has been erected a two-story, fireproof brick building for a hospital of twenty-eight rooms, with all modern equipment. Here the sick are tenderly cared for by expert trained nurses.

Other buildings add to the up to dateness of this model institution. The power house supplies heat and hot water for all the buildings, but water and electric light are furnished from Ardmore. There is a dairy barn with all conveniences, also a barn for the work animals, and other buildings. An orchard furnishes all kinds of fruit. The land is cultivated in corn, melons and vegetables, from which the tables are largely supplied. Nothing is wasted.

This Confederate Home is a valuable asset to the State of Oklahoma. It is under the direction of a Board of Trustees, composed of seven able and experienced Confederate veterans, Sons, and one Daughter of the Confederacy—who serve without pay—all selected by the governor for their ability,

efficiency, and devotion to the cause they serve. Rev. George W. Lewis and his wife, of Ardmore, are serving as superintendent and matron, and have managed the Home most efficiently. Both veterans and widows are admitted to the Home, and each draws a pension of ten dollars per month in addition to being cared for. They can visit relatives and friends at any time and stay out indefinitely, or otherwise go about as they wish. Some veterans brought their wives with them, and numerous mar-

(Continued on page 244.)



CONFEDERATE HOME AT ARDMORE, OKLA.

"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

BY CORNELIUS HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Reading the interesting records of "Famous War Prisons and Escapes" in the *VETERAN* for November recalled the following experiences in prison that came under my knowledge.

Old members of the Clarke Cavalry, Company D, 6th Virginia, will readily remember Dan Morgan, a brother of Col. William A. Morgan, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, who was captured at Shepherdstown just after the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. He and I were cousins and later messmates.

Not knowing the Yankees had crossed the Potomac River and entered the town, he, unarmed, carelessly rode into town and right into a squad of Yankees. He was taken to Point Lookout, where he and a man named McCleary bunked together and pitched their tent as near to the "dead line" as possible, with the intention of tunneling to freedom. The tunnel, unfortunately, came out on the river shore near a guard. They tried to bribe him, but he betrayed them; for when they emerged from the tunnel and passed him a body of negro cavalry charged down on them, firing, as they quickly jumped behind a protecting bank of the shore.

The negroes continued firing and cursing, but, finding their shots did not take effect, they promised, if the men would come out, to do them no harm; but as soon as they came out a volley was fired, shooting McCleary through the breast and just grazing Morgan's head; then both were beaten over the heads with pistols. McCleary got well, though very seriously wounded. Morgan was exchanged about Christmas time that year. He never got over his experience at Point Lookout and determined never to be captured again if he could prevent it; and it was this dread of capture that caused his death later in the war, when he was wounded at the battle of Five Forks when acting as aid to his brother. He was wounded in the thigh, but rode forty miles on horseback to avoid capture, and this brought on gangrene, from which he died about ten days later. He was a fine soldier and had gone through the war up to that time unscathed.

Another prisoner's experience was that of Alex Hunter, of the 4th Virginia Cavalry. He was captured several times, but his roughest experience was after he was taken from a Harper's Ferry prison on board a Baltimore and Ohio train, bound for an Ohio prison, with a number of other prisoners, one of whom was Julian Robinson, of Mosby's Rangers.

Hunter and Robinson determined to try to escape before reaching Camp Chase.

When they arrived at Wheeling, and were detained, then entered the bridge over the Ohio River, they dodged the guards and returned to Wheeling, and, after many vicissitudes and hairbreadth escapes, they reached Cumberland, Md., where they expected friendly treatment from a Southern family. But they were forced to go out into a stormy, snowy, bitterly cold night and came near freezing to death. They were saved, however, only to be betrayed and taken to a Yankee camp at St. John's Run. There they were confined in a room made of upright railroad ties covered with a canvass cloth, which fell down in front of the doorway, where a soldier stood on guard inside. The room was about eighteen feet square, with a chimney of stone and mud (for plaster), and was kept well supplied with wood.

They made up their minds to get away that night, and the plan was to make the chimney smoke as much as possible, so the guard would put his head out of the door for air. At a given signal, Robinson sprang up the chimney and jumped off into the Potomac River, which ran swiftly some twenty

feet below, the guardhouse being on the brink of the bluff. In jumping he threw off a stone to let Hunter know he was in the river. The guard rushed out to see what was the matter, and Hunter then began his climb up the chimney; and when the guard came inside again Hunter was on top and jumping into the river. He was glad to get there, too, because his clothing was all on fire; but it was not seriously burned and served as good protection till he donned new clothing on rejoining his command in February, 1864.

While in the Potomac River, the current carried Hunter to the southern shore, and he soon landed. After running along the bank about seventy to eighty yards, he lay down flat and crawled across the open space, which was in sight of the Yankee camp, and soon got into the mountains, which are there close to the river. The snow was about two feet deep, and it was bitterly cold, but by fast walking, he managed to keep warm, although he had to wade and swim streams. His line of travel took him within twelve miles of Winchester. A Southerner, who took him in the second day after his escape, told him he had made thirty-five miles the first day and thirty-three the second. He finally, reached Woodstock, where were Confederate pickets. He was badly wounded in front of Spotsylvania Courthouse that spring, but recovered and was in the service to the end.

The experiences of two Confederates at Camp Douglas, Chicago, furnish examples of the indefensible and inhuman treatment of all prisoners.

Sergt. T. B. Clore, Company C, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, says: "Upon a wintry night while lying in my bunk, hearing a noise in the barracks, I looked out of a window near by and saw our men coming out with a rush and one of the control guard rushing them and cursing.

"After all the men had gotten out of the barracks, they were ordered to form a line. The weather was bitterly cold and the ground covered with snow. One guard stood at the head of the line, and another in the rear. These Confederate soldiers were then compelled to partly undress and sit in a half-naked condition on the frozen ground, covered with ice and snow. The guard in the rear discovered that some of the boys had pulled their coat tails down to protect their nakedness from the icy ground; and these men were cruelly kicked in the back by the guards, wearing heavy shoes, and then were forced to sit for ten to fifteen minutes on the barebones, so to say, when the brutal guard said: Now, — you, I guess you have had enough, haven't you?"

"These brutal guards would in the dead hours of the night, while walking around the prison, deliberately fire at random into the barracks, where the men were sleeping, just out of pure devilment. So common did this become that many built defenses against these midnight assaults." This is only a part of Sergeant Clore's experience. A similar experience was that of J. M. Lynn, as follows:

In the winter of 1864-65, some Confederates dug a tunnel in an effort to escape; but it was discovered before escape was possible, and the Yankees tried to find out who had dug the tunnel. They suspected Kentucky soldiers, and ordered some one hundred of them to assemble near the commandant's headquarters, in a huddled mass. The commander then came out and instructed a corporal to demand that some one step out of line and tell the names of the men who had dug the tunnel; but no one would do so. He reported to the commander, received fresh orders, and came back to within ten feet of where Sergeant Beck and I were standing and whispered to one of the armed guards near us. Instantly the guard fired in to the helpless mass of prisoners, killing two men.

"Many occurrences of killing and wounding and beating pris-

oners took place there under the excuse that they had broken some rule, sometimes a very trifling one. The prison guards had full power of killing or maltreating the prisoners in any way they fancied, without any word from the officers, and they exercised tyrannically their unwarrantable authority." (Extracts from "Partisan Rangers" of Kentucky.)

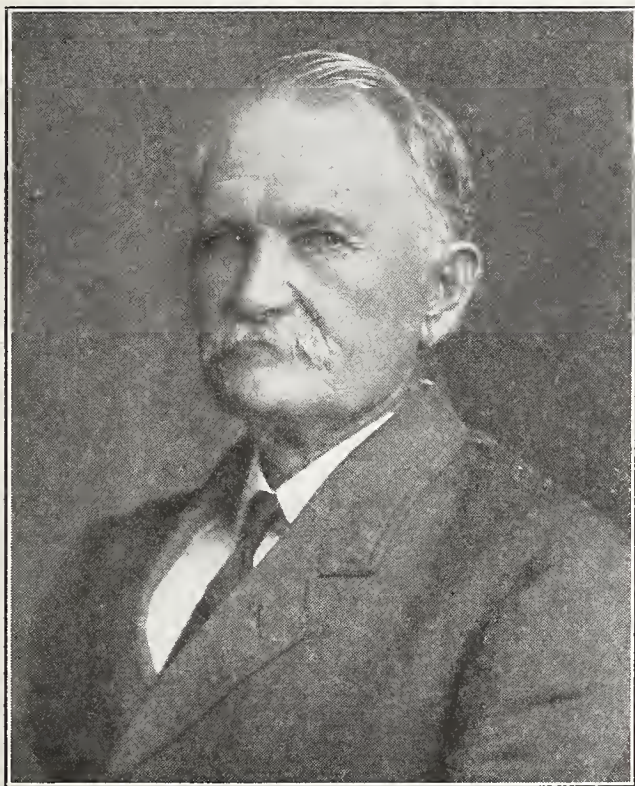
Did Wirz, the commandant of Andersonville prison, ever do anything as inhumanly brutal as was inflicted on Confederate prisoners in Camp Douglas and other Federal prisons, and which was paralleled only by the brutal Germans in the World War?

REMINISCENCES OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

BY MIDSHIPMAN CHARLES F. SEVIER, SAVANNAH, TENN.

(Written for Shiloh Chapter, U. D. C.)

In the United States Academy, in 1861, as each State seceded her cadets resigned to return to their native States. I was in the Naval Academy when Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for 75,000 troops, and, with the rest of the border States midshipmen, I resigned. The government abandoned the



CHARLES F. SEVIER, C. S. N.

Academy at Annapolis, the Northern midshipmen sailing on the old Constitution for Providence, R. I., where they established the Naval Academy in one of the old forts. The Northern troops in passing through Baltimore had a bloody riot, and they then changed their route by way of Annapolis. We were thrown with them, but they treated us kindly. It was thought that we were under obligations to Commander Rogers for the respect shown us. Commander Rogers had married a sister of Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, who was one of the Confederate ambassadors taken from the English ship Trent on the way to England. The Southern midshipmen were settled with by the United States government, June 1, 1861, and returned home, via Baltimore, on the steamer Louisiana by way of Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk. This was the last trip of this steamer, as the blockade was closed. After-

wards the Louisiana went down at sea with one thousand Yankee soldiers aboard.

I tendered my services to the Confederate government, was accepted, given a commission, and ordered to report for duty to Commander Barron, at Port Hatteras, N. C. On my way I learned that the fort had fallen. I was then ordered to proceed and report to the senior officer commanding the waters. I went to New Bern, N. C., and was ordered by way of Norfolk, Va., to get transportation to Roanoke Island, off the North Carolina coast. In Pamlico Sound, off Cape Hatteras, we found the Confederates engaged in battle with the Yankees. We captured a gunboat, the Fannie. I was then attached to the Curlew, the fastest ship in the fleet. While we were lying at New Bern, we heard of a ship in distress off Roanoke Island. As you doubtless know, there are three inlets here, Oregon on the north, Ocrocoke on the south, and Hatteras, the central and main inlet at Cape Hatteras. They are seven or eight miles apart. On going to the assistance of the ship, we found a French man of war, the Prony. We took the crew off and sent them to Norfolk, where the consul secured passage for them to France. For this act, we received thanks from Emperor Napoleon, of France. A short time before the battle of Roanoke Island, I was detached from the Curlew and ordered to the Forrest. The engagement lasted the greater part of the day. When night came on we had lost the Curlew, sunk in action. The captain of the Forrest was mortally wounded and his vessel disabled. Having exhausted our ammunition, the fleet got under way and went to Elizabeth City, N. C. On the second day the battle of Elizabeth City took place, January, 1862. There we lost all our vessels but two, the Raleigh and the Beaufort.

THE INFANTRY.

BY GEN. BARNARD ELLIOTT BEE, C. S. A.

Music: "Turkey in the Straw."

Our army is a motley crew
In dress and armor—duties, too;
And each and all I love to see,
Yet most I prize the infantry.
In tented field, in ladies' bower,
Alike they shine; all fear their power;
Though other corps are dear to me,
Yet most I love the infantry.

Chorus.

The infantry! The infantry!
Who would not love the infantry?
Though other corps are dear to me,
Yet most I love the infantry!

The engineer, with science crowned,
In action traces out the ground;
Artill'ry at a distance play,
And troopers often clear the way—
A skirmish sharp, a pistol shot,
The quick retreat in rapid trot;
The foe advances, light and free:
Who meets them now? The infantry!

And see the gallant host move on,
Their bay'nets glitt'ring in the sun;
On! on! it holds its glorious way,
Though death shots madly round it play
Their comrades slain, their banners torn,
Those noble hearts still proudly form,
And hark! a shout! 'tis victory!
Who would not love the infantry?

INCIDENTS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BY JAMES P. WHITMAN, HORSEPEN, VA.

In relating these incidents, I must admit that memory is the most treacherous attribute of man. But the experience and scenes during the years of 1861-65 are so firmly impressed upon my memory as to make reference to records unnecessary.

It is not generally known that two cavalry brigades, Gen. John A. McCausland's and Gen. Thomas L. Rosser's, were not surrendered by General Lee at Appomattox although units in that memorable retreat from Petersburg. The Federal government had offered a reward of \$25,000 for General McCausland, for the burning of Chambersburg, Pa. Hence, General Lee granted McCausland and Rosser, permission to cut through the lines of General Grant and join General Johnston in North Carolina, if possible.

General McCausland succeeded in reaching the Lynchburg Bridge, and General Rosser's brigade swam the river. Learning that it was impossible to join General Johnston, as Gen. Phil Sheridan, with greatly superior force, perceiving their intentions, had blocked the way, General McCausland disbanded his brigade at Liberty, Bedford County, Va., on the 10th of April, 1865, and instructed his troops to return to their homes and peaceably submit to the Federal authorities until legally paroled or exchanged.

I was the Adjutant of the 16th Virginia Cavalry, McCausland's Brigade, and had the brigade remained with the army and been included in the terms of surrender by General Lee, this incident of my life, sad, lamentable, and humiliating as it was, would not have happened, as there would have been no necessity for the Federal authorities to parole us, and our horses were to be retained under the terms of surrender. There was less cause for the Federals to send troops into Tazewell and adjoining counties to parole those who had escaped surrender and to collect all Federal property branded "U. S." found in the possession of Confederate soldiers or citizens, such property being captured in engagements by the Confederates, much of which was of no material value to the Federal government.

During the reconstruction Gen. D. M. Gregg, of the Federal army, commanding the Western Department of Virginia, with headquarters at Lynchburg, issued the following order: "All Confederate soldiers who have not been paroled will report to the Federal authorities in their respective counties and be paroled and turn over all Federal government property in their possession. And if they continue to wear their uniforms, they must cut off, or cover, the military buttons or cease to wear the uniform. They must respect the flag, and take the oath of allegiance to the United States and obey all orders issued from this Department." This may not be the exact language of General Gregg, but the terms of the order are correct, as I will show.

After giving four years of my boyhood to the cause, I returned to my home in Tazewell, believing the war ended, only to find in a short time we were under military government. I helped my father in his farm work until October 5, 1865, when I was united with Miss Louisa J. Crockett in the holy bonds of wedlock, the girl who had been loyal to her vows through all those years of sorrow, suffering and privation. In September a company of Federal cavalry, in command of Lieutenant Bailey, under orders of

General Gregg, come from Wytheville to Tazewell Courthouse, Va., where Lieutenant Bailey made his headquarters and promulgated General Gregg's order by posting it at all public places in the county. I had in my possession three cavalry horses, two being branded "U. S.," and a black Morgan mare unbranded. One of these, a high bred sorrel, I had captured at Hanging Rock, near Salem, Va., in a charge on a battery, killing the rider, a lieutenant of the battery, on General Hunter's retreat from Lynchburg, Va.

Lieutenant Bailey, learning that I had these horses, sent a detail to the farm where the horses were grazing and had them brought to town. He sponged with water the mare's shoulder's, but could find no mark of a branding iron upon her; one of the horses apparently had fistula. The lieutenant confiscated the sorrel horse and returned the other two to me. The next day the lieutenant sent Sergeant Wells to me with a proposition (not in writing) saying if I would pay him (Lieutenant Bailey) \$75, I could keep the horse. After a moment's reflection, I told Sergeant Wells to tell Lieutenant Bailey, that under General Gregg's order he could take the horse, but he could not take my money and the horse, which he would have done—as he had no authority under the order to dispose of government property in that manner.

About this time in October, the weddings and infairs of the boys who wore the gray were so frequent, we had not time to rest our digestive organs or our tired feet from dancing. The merriment and enjoyment continued while my bride and I were enjoying our honeymoon. A young lady rode "Sam," the fine saddlehorse Lieutenant Bailey took from me several times a day, passing by my door, showing thoughtless regard of the feelings of me and my wife. She rode him to an infair in the community, and that was her last ride on that horse.

A Confederate soldier and friend, who was a guest at the infair, thinking to confer a favor, went to the stable, saddled the horse, and quietly rode away. I was not at the infair, being away from home in another section of the county, and for that reason my bride was not there, being at home that



WHERE SOUTH CAROLINA SUFFERED.

Boulder placed on the "Crater" battle field, Petersburg, Va., to mark the spot where Elliott's South Carolinians gave up their lives, July 30, 1864. Erected by the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., and dedicated November 26, 1924.

night and ignorant of what was transpiring at the infair. But we were soon to learn, to my surprise and sorrow. Just after breakfast, I answered a loud knock at the front door and recognized Sergeant Wells and another trooper, armed with an order from Lieutenant Bailey for my arrest, which Wells presented. I read the order, which contained no charges or information as to the arrest, and asked Wells if he knew why the order was issued. He said he did not, but was ordered to arrest and take me to Bailey's office. I told him to return and tell Bailey I would be at his office in half an hour. "No," he said, stepping into the room, "my orders are to arrest you on sight." Surprised and humiliated by the order, I proceeded direct to the office with Wells following close, to find Lieutenant Bailey absent. But he soon returned, spoke, "good morning" to me, and, turning to Wells, he asked if he had any trouble. The sergeant said: "No." Then he asked: "Any news of the horse?" The Sergeant said: "No." This last question of Bailey threw a glimmer of light into my darkened brain. Was it possible the horse had run away from his new master, back to the blue grass pasture he was loth to leave. I hoped so. Lieutenant Bailey was writing at his desk. I was standing within a few feet of him watching his every movement. Turning from the desk, he said: "Mr. Whitman, I am sorry I had to arrest you." "Will you inform me why you have done so?" I replied. "You have seen General Gregg's order posted at the courthouse and at the post office." I told him I had a copy of the humiliating order. Then he said: "You can't plead ignorance of the order." I replied, that I did not wish to, and he asked if I wished to be paroled. "I refuse to be paroled by you," I said, for twenty Confederate soldiers, including myself had been paroled by Major Gramn at Princeton, W. Va., but I did not tell Bailey so. "And I see," he said, "you have not cut off or covered the buttons on your uniform." I told him the buttons were not U. S. or Confederate buttons, but the Virginia, *sic semper tyrannis* button, private property, and looking him in the eye, I said: "If you think under the order they should be cut off, why not do so now." But he declined, and said: "You and your Confederates are concealing government property. Where is the horse you or your Confederate took from Mr. Thompson's stable last night, at an infair?" "Sir," I replied, "if the horse was taken, I did not take him; nor have I any knowledge of the person who did; your charges are false." He replied: "I believe you know where the horse is." "It seems," I said "not difficult for you believe what is absolutely untrue, and these are the charges you have preferred to justify my arrest. Are there any others?" "Yes," he said, "some of my troops heard you cursing the U. S. flag, flying over my office." "Well," I replied, "I fought the flag four years, and it is not to be presumed after your conduct in the county that any Confederate would have tender feelings toward it or bow in submission to you. I charge you with embezzling government funds. With the aid of Sergeant Wells, as a go-between, you proposed to sell me the horse you took from me for \$75. You have received hundreds of dollars from the Confederate soldiers and the citizens in payment for government property which you knew to be illegal; and not a dollar so received have you returned to your superior officers."

"Well," he replied, "I am going to send you under arrest to Lynchburg, with the charges preferred, where you may answer to a court-martial, and prove your charges of embezzlement, if you can. Sergeant Wells will start within thirty minutes." I was so surprised and stunned, I could not answer, and stood speechless, gazing at him, while he wrote, and then he placed the paper in an envelope, handing it to Wells,

saying: "Take the prisoner, and don't let him escape." Wells approached, saying: "Come, Mr. Whitman, the horses are waiting." Mechanically I followed him from the room to the street, and mounted the horse selected for me to ride.

It was 10 A.M. when we started on the memorable ride to Wytheville, Va., a distance of forty-five miles across four mountains. We had not proceeded far when Wells said that we would have to ride rapidly so as to overtake a detachment sent to Burke's Garden, and would leave there for Wytheville by twelve o'clock. He was to turn the "prisoner over to the detachment," and he and the trooper to return to Tazewell. Wells, mounted on the lieutenant's horse, a fine stepper, rode at a rapid pace, and I soon learned that the one I was riding was a "man killer," as he was an inveterate trotter, and the roughest one I ever backed. I endured this gait until we reached the big spring, the head of Clinch River. There I halted and deliberately dismounted, and I saw the hand of the trooper on his revolver as he halted near me. Wells turned and rode back inquiring why I stopped. I told him I could not ride the rough trotting horse, that it would kill me at the gait we were going. He then dismounted and exchanged horses. In fixing the stirrups, I delayed as much time as I could to prevent meeting the detachment. Arriving at the Garden, we learned that the detachment had left there about 9 A.M. Wells said he would try to overtake them at Sharon, where they might stop. At Sharon we learned they had proceeded to Wytheville.

In passing through the Garden I was convinced that my horse was the fastest of the three. Many plans of escape had been formed to be rejected; only two could be considered—to spring from the horse into the brush and run for life, or outdistance the guards on the horse. Either plan would subject me to the shots of the guards. We had crossed the Garden and Brushy Mountains and were passing through Rich Valley, where my uncle, Phillip Umberger, who married my father's sister, lived, near the foot of Walker's Mountain. When ascending this mountain, and at a turn in the road, I was in the act of springing from the horse over the backing of the road into the brush, when a pheasant flew over my head from the upper side of the road. And the report of the trooper's pistol in my rear was heard, as the bird flew away unharmed. This scared my horse, and, I confess, made me nervous, for the guard may have anticipated my act. Wells cautioned the trooper not to fire again unless necessary, and I determined to stick to my horse.

We crossed the mountain without further incident. I was praying for night to come, that the sun would drop its luminous rays behind the range of hills and mountains and cast a cloud of darkness so impenetrable as to blind the aim of the guards. Dark and angry clouds were looming up in the southwest, and an occasional streak of forked lightning pierced their dense blackness, as peals of thunder died in the distance. An electric storm was imminent. Arriving at Stony Creek, within five miles of Wytheville, our horses took the bits and plunged into water. Wells called: "Don't let the horses drink all they want, for they are hot and thirsty." I rode to the side of Wells, and said I was hungry, the horses needed food and rest, and it would be late in the night before we reached Wytheville, when the people would be asleep, and suggested that we stop at a farm house and get supper and the horses fed. He said he was going to "stop at Mr. Tarter's." That was another surprise. What did Wells know of Mr. Tarter. We proceeded until we reached a lane and, turning to the right, rode down a dark lane, on each side a row of trees growing in the fence corners, whether fruit trees or black jacks I

could not tell. We reached Mr. Tarter's, and dismounted at the gate, the dogs barking and preventing our entrance. Mr. Tarter came to us, and Wells ordered the trooper to take the horses to the barn and feed them, Mr. Tarter went with him. Wells and I entered the house, and were invited by Mrs. Tarter to "take seats," Wells requesting supper for three. I learned, some time afterwards, that Tarter, at the beginning of the war, had raised a Union flag at Stony Creek, but the incensed citizens cut it down and warned him. And Lieutenant Bailey had stopped there on coming to Tazewell.

The electric storm broke in all of its fury. I scarcely realized its violence or the hurried entrance into the room of Mr. Tarter and the trooper, and took no interest in the ensuing conversation of the guards and host. I hoped when we were invited to supper that the guards would remove their arms, when I would make a desperate effort to secure them, and I can only surmise what might have happened. But the guards were not so careless. I had little appetite, and the victuals cold, except the coffee, which was excellent, did not stimulate a languid stomach. After supper Wells ordered the trooper to bring the horses, the storm having ceased. Wells paid the bill and he and I left the room, passing to the horses hitched to the fence. Wells and I mounted about the same time, but the trooper seemed a little slow. Mr. Tarter having come to the gate, called to Wells: "Hold a moment. I wish to speak to you." He approached and Wells, leaning over his horses withers, engaged in a whispered conversation, which I could not hear. The night was dark, and the sky obscured with angry clouds. Turning my horse's head toward the main road, I reined him taut, settling myself in the saddle, and I called to Wells: "Are you ready?" "Hold a minute," he replied. Pressing the steel spurs into the horse's side, I called: "Good-by." The horse sprang forward as I threw my body forward, still gripping the horse with the cutting steel. "Stop, stop, Mr. Whitman. Stop." Bang! bang! bang! the report of the guards' pistols rang out in the stillness and darkness of the night, the balls passing through the friendly branches of the trees, which increased the darkness of the lane. I soon reached the road, thankful I had escaped the shots and from being unhorsed by the overhanging limbs in the lane. I could hear the sound of the pursuing horses' hoofs and the reports of the pistols. I urged the horse to his best, and he responded, for he did not like the crack of the guns or the whiz of the balls any more than I did. I soon reached and crossed the creek, gaining higher ground, and realized that I had distanced the guards. They ceased firing and had stopped or turned back at the creek, as I never saw these courteous guards again.

Walker's Mountain appeared in my front, with all of its grandeur, but the clouds and fog hid its altitude, and hung lowering on its sides. In passing through the dense fog, after the tense excitement and relaxation of brain and body, I felt the penetrating dampness and chill of the altitude. I urged the horse at an increasing pace down the winding road, and continued without incident across the mountains, until I reached the big spring, where we had stopped in the morning and exchanged horses. I dismounted and drank of the cool and refreshing water, then continued to Tazewell. Arriving there, I dismounted in the street opposite Lieutenant Bailey's office, where the horse was found that morning. I did not go home, but crossed the hill, to my father's farm, where Frank Whitman, a negro man, lived, a former servant of my father, who informed me that my horse had been turned into Mr. Augustus Spott's meadow, and Lieutenant Bailey had got the horse. The person who had taken the horse evidently thinking its return would convince Bailey of my innocence. I immediately wrote to Lieutenant Bailey informing him where I

left his horse and regretting that I was compelled to put him to a severe test, for the eighty mile ride had tried his and my endurance, and I told Bailey he would be given until noon to get his troopers and effects together and leave Tazewell; if he failed to do so, I would not be responsible for what would happen to him and his troopers.

It was nearing daylight, Frank hurried off and delivered the note to Bailey, and he wisely concluded to leave Tazewell, about 1 p.m., taking my horse with him, and the Lynchburg paper soon after reported Bailey was before a court-martial for embezzlement of government funds, his commission annulled, and he himself fined.

This ended reconstruction in southwest Virginia, and we were not visited again by Federal troopers.

THE PERPETUAL COVENANT IN THE CONSTITUTION.*

BY GEORGE STEWART BROWN, IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Many of those commentators on our Federal Constitution who have insisted that it is not a covenant or compact overlook the proviso in Article V, reading: "No State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

Proposed by Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, it was adopted in this language to perpetuate and cement the compromise between the small and large States made in settlement of the heated controversy which almost wrecked the Philadelphia convention. Madison, in his terse yet graphic report of its adoption, says: "This motion, being dictated by the circulating murmurs of the small States, was agreed to without debate, no one opposing it or on the question saying 'No.'" (5 *Elliott's Debates*, 551.)

Later, while urging the people of the several States to adopt the Constitution, Madison describes it as the "palladium to the residuary sovereignty of the States implied and secured by that principle of representation in one branch of the legislature . . . insisted on by the States particularly attached to that equality." (*Federalist*, Article 43.)

In this day of constitutional flux, when the sanctions of every fundamental constitutional protection and safeguard are being violently challenged, the history of the adoption of this extreme safeguard to the residuary sovereignty of the States is worth our careful study. When a horde of new amendments, designed in the aggregate to destroy the whole American system of government, are being pressed for adoption, the importance of this perpetual covenant, with its necessary implications, becomes manifest. No use of the amending clause by three-fourths of our State legislatures can affect or impair whatever of liberty, of local self-government, or of representative institutions is protected by it.

The Supreme Court seems to have mentioned it only twice. In *Dodge vs. Woolsey*, 18 Howard, 348, it is called a "permanent and unalterable exception to the power of amendment," and in *Dillon vs. Glass*, 256 U. S., 374 (decided May 16, 1921), the Court says: "It excludes any amendment which will deprive any State, without its consent, of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

Any group of Senators from half of the States, who may represent a minority of the people of all the States, may defeat any Federal legislation inimical to their section. This prevents sectional minorities from being overridden by a majority of the American people massed in the large States. Similarly, more than one-third of the Senate may prevent the submission

of any Constitutional amendment considered by them inimical to their section. Curtis, in his *History of the Constitution* (Vol. II, pp. 124, 139-140, 166), summarizes the controversy which nearly wrecked the convention and which led to the adoption of "equal suffrage for the States in the Senate," made perpetual by the proviso, in the following graphic language:

"The minority (Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and generally Maryland) . . . said that the smaller States . . . could not surrender their liberties to the keeping of a majority of the people inhabiting all the States, for such power would inevitably destroy the State constitutions. They were willing, they said, to enlarge the powers of the Federal government; willing to provide for it the means of compelling obedience to its laws; willing to hazard much for the general welfare; but they could not consent to place the very existence of their local governments, with all their capacity to protect the distinct interests of the people and all their peculiar fitness for the administration of local concerns, at the mercy of great communities whose policy might overshadow and whose power might destroy them. . . .

"It was settled and conceded that the States as political societies must be preserved. . . .

"The basis of representation in the Senate must either be found in the number of people inhabiting the States, creating an unequal representation, or the people of each State regarded as one, and as equal with the people of every other State, must be represented by the same number of voices and votes. . . .

"That the final concession on this point (equality of suffrage in the Senate) was a wise and fortunate determination, there can be no doubt. . . . They looked upon it, in the first instance, as the means of securing the acceptance of the Constitution by all the States and thus preventing the evils of a partial confederacy. They probably did not at once anticipate the benefits to be derived from giving to a majority of the States a check upon the legislative power of a majority of the whole people of the United States.

"Complicated as this check is, it both recognizes and reserves the residuary sovereignty of the States; it enables them to hold the general government within its constitutional sphere of action, and it is in fact the only expedient that could have been successfully adopted to preserve the State governments and to avoid the otherwise inevitable alternative of conferring upon the general government plenary legislative power upon all subjects."

In moving that the suffrage of the States in the Senate be equal, Ellsworth said: "To the eastward, he was sure that Massachusetts was the only State that would listen to a proposition for excluding the States as equal political societies from an equal voice in both branches." (5 *Elliott's Debates*, 260.)

Madison in the Virginia convention said: "When we come to the Senate, its members are elected by the States in their equal and political capacity" (3 *Elliott's Debates*, 94.)

Iredell said in the North Carolina convention: "In order that no consolidation should take place, it is provided that no State shall by any amendment or alteration be ever deprived of an equal suffrage in the Senate without its consent." (4 *Elliott's Debates*, 177.)

C. C. Pinckney in the South Carolina convention said: "The Senate . . . will represent the States in their political capacity." (4 *Elliott's Debates*, 304.)

As the suffrage is perpetually to remain, both the State to cast the "vote" and the Senate, wherein the equal vote is to be cast, must also perpetually remain. The covenant provides not only for equality of suffrage, but for such perpetual suffrage for an indestructible State in a permanent Senate created

to represent the States. Without an indestructible State the suffrage as well as the equality is mythical; without a permanent Senate the power of the equal vote is gone. No one can dispute that a provision which can only be changed by the consent of all the States is a compact between the people of the States. By reason of it the Supreme Court may be hereafter called upon to declare the following proposed amendments to be violations of that compact and, therefore, unless assented to by all of the forty-eight States, unconstitutional:

1. Mr. Bryan's serious proposal for a national popular initiative and referendum on acts of Congress and on foreign treaties. That would bury little Delaware's "suffrage in the Senate" in the mass vote of all America. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt lately gave color to this idea by proposing a mass vote upon the ratification of the League of Nations treaty. Amendments seeking to accomplish Mr. Bryan's idea were proposed in the last Congress in Representative Emerson's House Joint Resolution No. 60, and in Senate Joint Resolution No. 22 introduced by Senator Pomerene "by request."

2. The proposal in the Socialist platform suggesting a constitutional amendment abolishing the Senate. This would still leave each State with the same number of Senators (zero), yet it is a manifest violation of the perpetual covenant.

3. Destruction of the Senate's coequal legislative power with the House so as to reduce it to the position now held by the House of Lords, leaving two powerless Senators to each State and thus destroying the equal suffrage of the States in the Senate.

4. Transfer of the peculiar prerogatives of the Senate to confirm appointments, ratify treaties, and try impeachments to the House of Representatives. This would leave a dismantled Senate, not the Senate in which equality of suffrage was perpetually reserved, and thus impair the covenant. Amendments introduced in the last Congress to change the Senate's part in treaty making were proposed in Senator Owens's Joint Resolution No. 176 and Representative Griffin's Joint Resolution No. 164.

5. Total abolition of the States by transfer of all their powers to the Federal government, or what would result in the same thing, making Congress omnipotent and the final judge of its own powers. This Senator LaFollette proposes to accomplish by taking from the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. There would then result nominal States merely, exercising their powers by the grace of Congress alone. They would become mere geographical divisions (Senatorial districts) with no inherent powers which would each elect two representatives in an Upper House. The Constitution safeguarding an indestructible union of indestructible States would cease to exist.

These and similar proposals are based upon a fundamental misconception of the history and purposes of the American system of government, involving the mistaken belief in a mythical mass people of the United States which never had any existence in fact and which never acted directly or by representation. Of this belief, looking to a great consolidated national government, the adoption of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments were the dangerous premonitory symptoms.

There is no such political concept in this country as the people of the United States in the aggregate. The people do not speak, never have spoken, and never can speak in their sovereign capacity, otherwise than as the people of the States. The so-called "National" House of Representatives is elected every second year by "the people of the several States." (*United States Constitution*, Article 1, Section 2.)

There are but two modes of expressing their sovereign will

known by the people of this country. One is by direct vote—the mode adopted by Rhode Island in 1788 when she rejected the Federal Constitution. The other is the method generally pursued, of acting by means of conventions of delegates elected expressly as representatives of the sovereignty of the people. Now, it is not a matter of opinion or theory or speculation, but a plain undeniable historical fact, that there never has been any act or expression of sovereignty in either of these modes by that imaginary community, “the people of the United States in the aggregate.” Usurpations of power by the government of the United States there may have been and may be again, but there never has been either a sovereign convention or a direct vote of the whole people of the United States in the aggregate to demonstrate its existence as a corporate unit or self-contained political sovereignty.

Every exercise of sovereignty by any of the people of this country that has actually taken place has been by the people of the States as States.

No respectable authority has ever had the hardihood to deny that, before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the only sovereign political community was the people of each State. When the Confederation was abandoned and the Constitution was adopted by the people of the several States in their State conventions, the general government was reorganized, its structure was changed, additional powers were conferred upon it, and thereby subtracted from the powers theretofore exercised by the State governments; but the seat of sovereignty—the source of all those delegated and dependent powers—was not disturbed. The only change was in the form, structure, and relation of their governmental agencies. There was a new government, but no new “sovereign people” was created or constituted. The people, in whom alone sovereignty inheres, remained just as they had been before.

Madison said in the Virginia Ratification Convention (3 *Ellsworth's Debates*, 94) “Who are parties to it? The people, but not the people as composing one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties.”

“Light Horse Harry” Lee, of Westmoreland, said (3 *Ellsworth's Debates*, 180) “If this were a consolidated government, ought it not to be ratified by a majority of the people as individuals and not as States?”

Charles Pinckney, in the South Carolina convention, said (4 *Ellsworth's Debates*, 328): “With us the sovereignty of the Union is in the people.”

In *McCulloch vs. Maryland* (4 *Wheaton*, 316, 402), Marshall said for the Supreme Court: “They (the people) acted upon it in the only manner in which they can get safely, effectively, and wisely on such a subject, by assembling in conven-

tion. It is true they assembled in their several States—and where else should they have assembled?”

Then, answering his own question, he conclusively disposes of any idea of a “mass people of the United States” in these words: “No political dreamer was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States and of compounding the American people into one common mass. Of consequence, when they act, they act in their States.” (See also statement of President James Monroe in his message to Congress of May 4, 1822, to the same effect.)

Of course it may be denied that there were no such political dreamers then or are not now. But, after all these years, does anyone expect a new ultimate sovereign people—a mass people of America—different from and superior to the “people of the States” who ratified the Constitution, now to be discovered? Or that the primary sanction upon which Marshall based the very supremacy of delegated Federal power, the action of the people of the States in ratifying the Constitution, has now been broken down? While the Supreme Court in the recent cases, it is true, held that the “amending agents” acted without constitutional restraint, nevertheless they set up no “mass people.” On the contrary, they still held that the “legislature” was designated as the agency to express “the assent of its State” to a proposed amendment.

In *Dillon vs. Glass*, decided May 16, 1921 (256 *U. S.*, page 374), Mr. Justice Van Deventer says: “Thus the people of the United States, by whom the Constitution was ordained and established, have made it a condition to amending that instrument that the amendment be submitted to representative assemblies in the several States and be ratified in three-fourths of them. The plain meaning of this is (1) that all amendments must have the sanction of the people of the United States, the original fountain of power, acting through representative assemblies, and (2) that ratification by these assemblies in three-fourths of the States shall be taken as a decisive expression of the people’s will and be binding on all.”

This is no Federal government acting, nor is it a “mass people” acting, but direct action by the sovereign people of the several States (who are the States), “the original fountain of power,” “by whom the Constitution was ordained and established.”

Thus the “sovereign people” of the several States (and sovereignty is indivisible) may indeed be a minority of the whole American people, which could not be so if any sovereignty resided in a “mass people of America.”

The Constitution of these United States was a great charter of human liberty. Its primary purpose, as the preamble recites, was to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.”



To that end (1) it made a delegation of Federal power strictly limited and restrained to the regulation of commerce and to common defense. It reserved local self-government to the people in their States as to all else. This is the keystone of the arch. (2) It provided for the separation of legislative, executive, and judicial powers as a further protection to liberty. (3) It expressly restrained Federal tyranny over the individual citizen by the Bill of Rights inserted contemporaneously, by gentlemen's agreement, as declaratory of the purposes of the instrument. (4) It established a Supreme Court with power to declare and defend the will of the people as written in the Constitution against legislative encroachment.

All these things are now under severe popular attack by a people who, in their desire for what they call "results," social, political, and moral, seem to have lost faith in the American tradition.

If the great charter of our liberty is to be preserved, that tradition must be restored.

A study of our palladium, the perpetual covenant between the people of the several States preserving their equal suffrage in the Senate, tends to bring home to the casual thinker the primary and fundamental purposes of our Federal Constitution. It may yet prove to be the bulwark of defense which will save us from rushing headlong into a consolidated national government, with an omnipotent Congress at Washington, regulating and controlling all our various local and private concerns. That is an impossible form of government for one hundred and twenty millions of people of diverse customs, habits, and traditions, inhabiting a continent three thousand miles wide. It was one of the main purposes of the Constitution to prevent forever the establishment of such a consolidated government.

A casual perusal of our Federal Constitution shows on its face that no mass democracy, a majority of whom were to rule, was ever intended to be set up by that instrument. On the contrary, it established a federation of States. As Mr. Justice Brown said in *Downes vs. Bidwell*, 182 U. S., page 251: "The Constitution was created by the people of the United States as a union of States to be governed solely by representatives of the States. . . . In short, the Constitution deals with States, their people, and their representatives.

Most of its provisions indicate distrust and fear of mass majority rule and set up protections to individual liberty and to local self-government. Of the latter the most significant is the perpetual covenant between the States herein discussed. But we should also never forget or ignore the ninth and tenth articles of the Bill of Rights, inserted as declaratory of the main purpose to establish a federal as distinguished from a consolidated or national government.

The Ninth Amendment reads: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

The Tenth Amendment reads: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

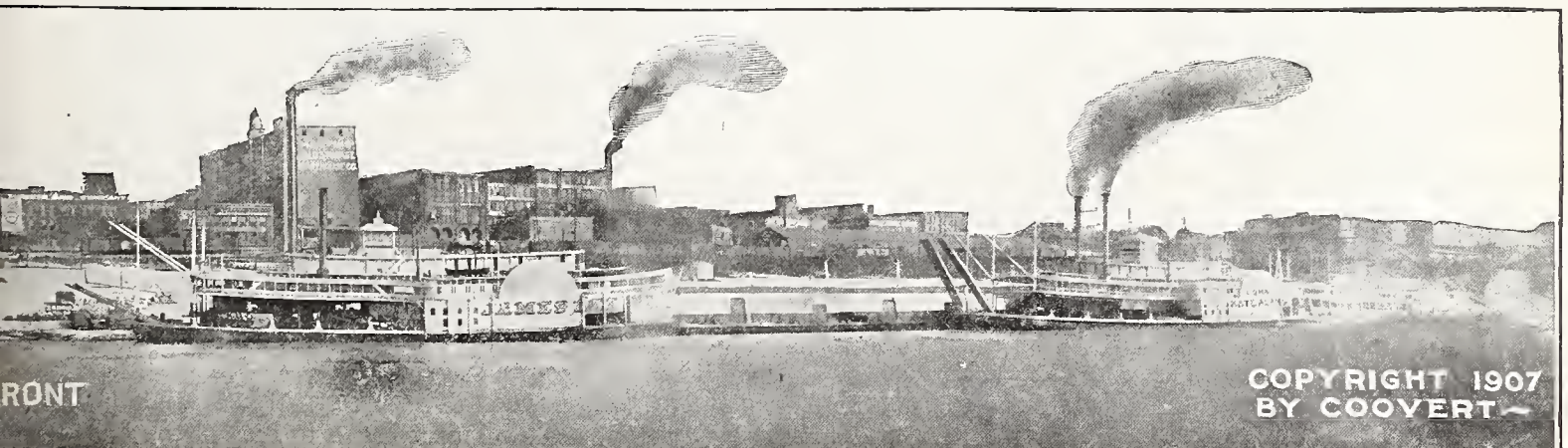
The "people," for whom these reservations of power were made are none other than the people of the several States who ratified the Constitution, the only "people of the United States" who ever existed or can exist.

To whom, according to those moderns who deny that the States have any sovereignty, could the people of the States have ceded their sovereign rights when they ratified the Constitution? Not to the mass of people inhabiting the territory embracing all the States, for there was no such community in existence, and they took no measures for the organization of such a community. If they had intended to do so the very style "United States" would have been a palpable misnomer, nor would treason have been defined as levying war against them. Not to the government of the Union. For in the United States no sovereignty resides in government or in its officials. As Daniel Webster said (*Congressional Debates*, Vol. IV, Part 1, page 565): "The sovereignty of government is an idea belonging to the other side of the Atlantic. No such thing is known in North America. Our governments are all limited. In Europe sovereignty is of feudal origin and imports no more than the state of the sovereign. It comprises his rights, duties, exemptions, prerogatives and powers. But with us all power is with the people, and they erect what governments they please and confer on them such powers as they please. None of these governments are sovereign in the European sense of the word, all being restrained by written constitutions."

In the Declaration of Independence, in the Articles of Confederation, in the Constitution of the United States, the cornerstone is the inherent and inalienable sovereignty of the people.

To have transferred sovereignty from the people to a government would have been to have fought the battles of the Revolution in vain—not for the freedom and independence of the people of the States, but for a mere change of masters. Such a thought or purpose could not have been in the heads or hearts of those who molded the Union, who sought by the compact of union to secure and perpetuate the liberties then possessed. Those who had won at great cost the independence of the people of their respective States were deeply impressed with the value of union, but they could never have consented to fling away the priceless pearl of the sovereignty of the people of their States for any possible benefit therefrom. And they did not.

[Continued on page 244.]



CONFEDERATE ASSAULT AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3.
LEFT WING OF CONFEDERATE ASSAULTING COLUMN AT
GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The difficulties under which the troops forming the left wing of the Confederate assaulting column, attached to the left wing of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, fought on the 3rd of July, 1863, are not fully appreciated by the ordinary reader of the history of that battle. This condition is largely due to the method pursued by writers generally in their treatment of the subject. The men of Pickett's Division conducted themselves in a conspicuously noble manner in the performance of their part of the great tragedy; but there were also others engaged in that assault whose conduct deserves the highest praise. Many writers speak of the assault as Pickett's charge, and others have actually stated that Pickett made that charge with 5,000 Virginians. The latter method of referring to the charge is particularly noticeable in our friends on the other side.

Readers who have followed and carefully noted the contents of these contributions to the VETERAN have not failed to note that credit has been given Archer's Brigade, of Heth's Division, Hill's Corps, for opening the battle on the first day, encountering Buford's Cavalry Division early on the morning of the 1st of July, and, subsequently with Davis's Brigade, of the same division, the two numbering less than 2,000 effectives, became heavily engaged with Wadsworth's Division, of the First Federal Army Corps, led by Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds commanding Meade's left wing. Though Reynolds was killed, perhaps by a marksman of Archer's Brigade, soon after he entered the contest, the fighting continued, and it was of a bloody character, until 3 or 4 P.M. It was bravely and pertinaciously sustained by these two brigades until, finally, the two remaining brigades of Heth's Division, Pettigrew's and Brockenbrough's, advanced to their support; and later in the day Pender's Division, of Hill's Corps, moved up and became hotly engaged in Heth's support. The losses of Archer's, Davis's, Pettigrew's, and Brockenbrough's brigades, of Heth's Division, and Scales's and Lane's brigades, of Pender's Division, in the first day's battle amply attest the character of the work done by them on that day. It has been previously stated that these men were all suffering with "bloody noses and cracked crowns" from their fierce fighting during the opening battle on the first day.

By reference to the diagram, showing the formation of the troops engaged in the assault on the 3d of July, published on page 101, March number of the VETERAN, the left of Heth's Division was without support, and its right was supported by the decimated brigades of Scales and Lane, of Pender's Division. Brigadier General Lane said in his report: "Heth's Division was much longer than the line formed by Lane's and Lowrance's (Scales's) brigades, and these were the only support, consequently there was no second line in rear of the left of Heth's division."

Brig. Gen. Joseph R. Davis, commanding a brigade in Heth's Division, filed a report of the operations of both. Brig. Gen. J. J. Pettigrew, who commanded a brigade in Heth's Division, was in command during the assault on the 3d of July, Heth being absent, wounded. While Pettigrew was slightly wounded in the assault, he escaped capture, but, subsequently, on the 14th of July, in an action at Falling Waters, Md., he lost his life, hence there is no report from him while the division was under his command.

Lieut. Col. S. G. Shepard, of the 7th Tennessee, reported that Archer's Brigade, commanded by Col. B. D. Fry, of the

13th Alabama Regiment, held position on the right of Heth's Division in the formation for the assault, and that there was a space of a few hundred yards between the right of Heth's Division and the left of Pickett's Division; but as the line advanced, the right of Heth's Division gradually approached the left of Pickett's Division, and when the line had advanced a little over half way, Heth's right touched Pickett's left. The command was then given: "Guide right!" Within one hundred and eighty or two hundred yards of the Federal works, Heth's Division came to a lane inclosed by stout post-and-rail fences. The men rushed over these fences as rapidly as they could and advanced directly upon the enemy's works. Davis says they were post-and-rail fences, and Shepard says they were post-and-plank fences. They were a considerable obstruction and caused a break in the alignment. The line encountered other similar fences, which were equally obstructive. Though such derangement was rectified in each case, and though the ranks were growing thinner at each step, the division moved steadily on in line with the troops on their right. When in musket range, the division encountered a heavy fire from small arms, from which it suffered severely, but it continued to advance.

Owing to the conformation of the ridge on which the Federal forces were posted, the right of the division having a shorter distance to pass over to reach it encountered the enemy in close conflict first, but the whole line dashed up to the fence—behind which the enemy was posted. Here the line was subjected to a most galling fire of musketry and artillery, which so reduced the already thinned ranks that any further effort to carry the position was hopeless, and there was nothing left but to retire.

General Davis reported the wounding and capture of Col. B. D. Fry, commanding Archer's Brigade, and James K. Marshall, 52d North Carolina, commanding Pettigrew's brigade. Both were gallantly leading their brigades. The killed and wounded in the division was very great.

Lieutenant Colonel Shepard states that the first line encountered by Archer's Brigade was behind breastworks composed of rough stones. The enemy abandoned this line, and the line all along as far as he could see had become very much weakened; indeed, both right and left, as far as he could observe, seemed to melt away until there was but little of it left. Those who remained at the works saw that it was a hopeless case and fell back. Archer's Brigade remained at the works, fighting as long as any other troops, either on the right or the left, as far as he could observe.

Every flag of the brigade except one was captured at or within the works of the enemy. The 1st Tennessee had three color bearers shot down, the last of whom was at the works, and the flag was captured. The 13th Alabama lost three color bearers in the same way, the last of whom was shot down at the works. The 14th Tennessee had four color bearers shot down, the last of whom was at the enemy's works. The 7th Tennessee lost three color bearers, the last of whom was at the enemy's works, and its flag was saved only by Capt. A. D. Norris tearing it away from the staff and bringing it out beneath his coat. The 5th Alabama Battalion lost its flag at the enemy's works. "Seven field officers went into the charge, only two of whom came out. The rest were all wounded and captured. The loss in company officers was nearly in the same proportion."

Colonel Alexander says: "All accounts of the charge agree that its failure began when the advance had covered about half the distance to the Federal line. At that point the left flank of Pettigrew's command began to crumble away, and the crumbling extended along the line to the right as they

continued to advance, until two-thirds of the line was gone, before the remainder, beginning at Fry's Brigade, was finally absorbed in the collision with the enemy. That result was inevitable. Under the conditions it should have been foreseen. The Federal line on our left overlapped our line by nearly a half mile. It was crowded with guns, and their oblique fire upon the unsupported left could be endured but for a short period, particularly as several fences crossed their line of advance, causing constant disturbance of their ranks."

Brig. Gen. James H. Lane, commanding his brigade in support of the right Heth's of Division, said as soon as Pettigrew's command gave back, Lane's and Lowrance's brigades, without halting, took position on the left of the troops which were still contesting the ground with the enemy and opened with telling effect, repeatedly driving the cannoneers from their places, completely silencing the guns in their front, and breaking the line of infantry which was formed on the crest of the hill. They advanced to within a few yards of the stone wall, exposed all the while to a heavy raking fire from their right. Lane's left here was also greatly exposed, as the 8th Ohio was thrown forward in his direction and enfiladed the whole line. Bicknell's conglomeration was also thrown forward by a left wheel on that flank, and added to the magnitude of the enfilading fire. This condition forced Lane to withdraw his brigade, the troops on his right having already been withdrawn.

Concluding his report, Lane said: "Our great loss tells but too sadly of the gallant bearing of my own command—660, out of a total of 1,355, including ambulance corps and rear guard, our loss on the 1st and 2d being but slight."

Col. W. L. J. Lowrance, 34th North Carolina, commanding Scales's Brigade, said: "We were ordered forward over a wide, hot, and already crimson plain." All went forward with a cool and steady step, but before they had advanced over two-thirds of the way, troops from the front came tearing through the ranks of his brigade, which caused some of the men to break; but with the remaining few they went forward until the right of the brigade touched the Federal breastworks, as the brigade had advanced in rather an oblique line. "Now the pieces in our front were all silenced. Here many were shot down, being exposed to a heavy fire of musketry and grape on our right flank. Now all had apparently forsaken us. The two brigades (Lane's and Scales's), now reduced to mere squads, not numbering in all over 800 guns, were the only line to be seen on that vast field, and no support in view. The natural inquiry was, 'what will we do?' and none to answer. The men answered for themselves, and without orders, the brigade retreated, leaving many on the field unable to get off, and some, I fear, unwilling to undertake the hazardous retreat."

Brigadier General Hays, commanding the Third Division, Second Federal Army Corps, reported that when within one hundred yards of the Federal line of infantry, the fire of the men could no longer be restrained. Four lines rose from behind their stone wall and before the smoke of the first volley had cleared away, the Confederates, in dismay and consternation, were seeking safety in flight. The attempts of their officers to rally them were vain. "The angel of death alone can produce such a field as was presented." The division captured and turned into corps headquarters fifteen battle flags and banners.

Lieut. L. E. Bicknell, 1st Massachusetts Sharpshooters, in "Battles and Leaders," stated that during the heavy cannonading which preceded the charge on the 3d of July, many regiments sought the seeming shelter of Zeigler's Grove, in which he was located with twenty members of the

1st Company of Massachusetts Sharpshooters. Just before the charge, at the request of General Hays, Lieutenant Bicknell gathered up all the men who had taken refuge in Zeigler's Grove, and the general formed them in line to the right of the Bryan House. Bicknell took position, with the remnant of his squad of Sharpshooters, on the right of the line thus formed. While the Confederate line was advancing to the Emmitsburg Road, General Hays drilled the line in the manual of arms, allowed them to fire left oblique while the Confederate line was closing with the Federal line to the left of the Bryan House, and then swung them down by a left wheel to the lane which ran from the Bryan House to the Emmitsburg Road, across which they fired. The moment chosen for the left wheel, or flanking, movement was just as the last division of the Confederate column was crossing the Emmitsburg Road, moving direct for Zeigler's Grove. "As the entire front of the Second Corps, to the left of the Bryan House, was already covered, and in many places penetrated, this fresh division would probably have forced our line back and gained the shelter of Zeigler's Grove had it not been subjected to our flank fire, which destroyed its formation, and sent its shattered and disorganized masses along the other side of the lane and in front of the Third Division, of the Second Corps."

Bicknell finally drew back his line a little from the fence, to prevent his rear from being gained by the Confederate line moving north on the Emmitsburg Road and also to uncover one or two guns that had been gotten into position during the mêlée at the head of the lane near the Bryan House. As the Confederates crowded forward in the lane, the fire of these guns ended the contest. [Note.—Zeigler's Grove and the Bryan House are located on the western slope of Cemetery Ridge, near where the Emmitsburg Road passes toward the town of Gettysburg, and not far from the Federal line on the 3d of July.—J. P.]

Col. Franklin Sawyer, commanding the 8th Ohio Infantry, states that the attacking column directed itself upon the Federal battery to his left (probably Woodruff's battery), and the line on the flank directly upon his position. He advanced his reserve to the picket front, and, as the Confederate line came within about one hundred yards his line poured in a well-directed fire, which broke the Confederate line, and it soon fled in the wildest confusion. Being relieved from this direction, he changed front forward on the left company of his regiment, thus presenting the front of his regiment to the left flank of the advancing Confederate column. The fire of his regiment was poured into the left flank of this column with terrible effect before the Second Brigade as the battery opened. But almost instantly on the fire from the front, together with the concentrated fire from the Federal batteries, the whole mass gave way, some fleeing to the front, some to the rear, and some through the lines of the regiment, until the whole plain was covered with unarmed Confederates, endeavoring to show their antagonists that they wished to surrender as prisoners of war.

The 8th Ohio pressed forward, capturing about 200 prisoners and three stand of colors; one marked 34th North Carolina (which regiment belonged to Scales's Brigade) and one marked 38th Virginia (which regiment belonged to Armistead's Brigade).

Colonel Sawyer reports that his regiment was under a terrific fire from the Confederate batteries, and his loss in all on both days was 101 killed and wounded, and one missing.

Col. Thomas A. Smyth, 1st Delaware Infantry, commanding a brigade in Hays's Division, directed his men to reserve their fire until the column was within fifty yards, when so

effective and incessant was the fire from his line that the advancing Confederates staggered, were thrown into confusion, and finally fled from the field, throwing away their arms in their flight. Many threw themselves on the ground to escape the destructive fire of the Federal infantry.

The 108th New York Regiment, of Smyth's Brigade, supporting Woodruff's Battery, is reported to have lost half its men. Many of the horses of that battery were killed, which made the maneuvering of the guns, limbers, and caissons very difficult, and the men of the infantry regiment were required to assist in their movements.

Maj. T. J. Ellis, 14th Connecticut Infantry, states that when the first Confederate line had advanced to within two hundred yards, the fire of the Federal line opened almost simultaneously along the whole line. "The first Confederate line was broken and hurled back upon the second line, throwing that into confusion. Detached portions of the line were rallied, and for a short time maintained their ground, but being rapidly mown down by the terribly destructive fire, they commenced falling back. A portion of the regiment then charged upon the retreating Confederates, capturing five regimental battle flags and over forty prisoners. There also came into the lines of the regiment about one hundred more Confederates, some of whom were wounded, and gave themselves up. Among the officers who personally surrendered themselves to Major Ellis were Col. John A. Fite, 7th Tennessee, and Lieut. Col. H. J. George, 1st Tennessee (Provisional Army), not wounded; Col. Marcus A. Parks, 52nd North Carolina, and Maj. John Q. Richardson, wounded. Among those who came within our lines wounded were Capt. G. A. Graves, 22nd North Carolina; George Gilliam, 52d North Carolina; First Lieut. J. C. Warren, 52d North Carolina; and J. H. Robinson, 5th Alabama Battalion. There were many other field and line officers captured whose names were not ascertained. The colors captured belonged to the 14th Tennessee, 1st Tennessee, 16th North Carolina, 4th Virginia, and 52d North Carolina."

Maj. T. W. Osborn commanding the artillery of the Eleventh Army Corps, located on Cemetery Hill, says he had fifty-two guns in position on the 2d of July. After describing the great Confederate bombardment, which opened about 2 P.M., July 3, he said: "The left of the charging column rested on a line perpendicular to our front, then stretching away to the right beyond our view, thus offering an excellent front to our fire. We used, according to distance, all descriptions of projectiles. The whole force of our artillery was brought to bear upon this column, and the havoc produced upon their ranks was truly surprising.

"The enemy's advance was most splendid, and for a considerable distance the only hindrance of it was by artillery, which broke their lines fearfully, as every moment showed that their advance under this concentrated artillery fire was most difficult; and, though they made desperate efforts to advance in good order, were unable to do so; and I am convinced that the fire from the hill was one of the main auxiliaries in breaking the force of the grand charge."

Brevet Maj. Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Federal Chief of Artillery, said General John Newton, having been assigned to the First Corps, *vice* Reynolds, was now in charge of the ridge held by Caldwell. Compactly arranged on its crest was McGilvery's artillery, forty-one guns, consisting of his own batteries reinforced by others from the Artillery Reserve. Well to the right, in front of Hays and Gibbon, was the artillery of the Second Corps, under its chief, Captain Hazard. Woodruff's Battery was in front of Zeigler's Grove; on his left, in succession, Arnold's Rhode Island, Cushing's United

States, Brown's Rhode Island, and Rorty's New York. . . . "So great had been the loss in men and horses in these batteries on the 2nd that they were now of four guns each, reducing the total number in the corps to twenty-six. Daniel's battery of horse artillery, four guns, was at the angle. Cowan's 1st New York Battery, six rifles, was placed to the left of Rorty's soon after the cannonade commenced. These numbered thirty-six. In addition, some of the guns on Cemetery Hill, and Rittenhouse's on Little Round Top, could be brought to bear, but these were offset by batteries similarly placed on the flanks of the enemy, so that on the Second Corps line, within the space of a mile, were 77 guns to oppose nearly 150."

I daresay General Hunt intends to be fair in his article, which will be found in "Battles and Leaders." If all the Federal guns that could be brought to bear on the Confederate assaulting column, usually designated as Pickett's charge, it will be found they will number, including Osborn's 52, at least 135, and these were not all that were engaged. Attention is called to Osborn's report of the character of work his guns did.

Hunt further said that the steady fire of McGilvery and Rittenhouse, on their right, caused Pickett's men to "drift" in the opposite direction, so the weight of the assault fell upon the position occupied by Hazard's batteries. Hunt had counted on an artillery crossfire that would stop Pickett's Division before it reached the Federal lines, but, except a few shots here and there, Hazard's batteries were silent until the enemy came within canister range. They had unfortunately exhausted their long range projectiles during the cannonade, under the orders of their corps commander. Hunt asserts that had his instructions been followed by Hazard, as they were by McGilvery, he does not believe that Pickett's Division would have reached the Federal line. Here is an admission, by the Federal Chief of Artillery, that when the Confederate column was advancing, no long-range cannon practice was given it from its front, that such ammunition had been exhausted during the cannonade.

To the attentive reader certain striking facts, showing adverse conditions encountered by the Confederate assaulting column on July 3, 1863, are readily noticeable. Their antagonists occupied a stronghold the natural features of which made it difficult to reach its salient points under ordinary conditions; but when crowned with the best death-dealing engines of war that the ingenuity and skill of man could devise and manipulated by an army of superior numbers and acknowledged training, skill, and courage, directed by officers trained in the best military schools available, their position was impregnable.

The Confederate preparations for the assault had been plainly seen by the Federal officers, as the space between the two lines, from 1,400 to 2,000 yards in width, was practically open. Gen. Henry J. Hunt states that between 10 and 11 A.M. he crossed from Culp's Hill to Cemetery Ridge, and here a magnificent sight greeted his eyes. The whole Federal front for two miles was covered by batteries already in line or going into position. They stretched—apparently in one unbroken mass—from opposite the town to the Peach Orchard, which bounded the view to the left, the ridges of which were planted thick with cannon. Never before had such a sight been witnessed on this continent, and rarely, if ever, abroad. Hunt soon concluded that this display meant a Confederate assault on the Federal center, and became active in his preparations to meet it. The result of his efforts are seen in the storm of shell, shrapnel, and canister which was encountered by the brave Confederate assaulters.

These came from their front, from their right, and from their left; approximately 150 of the finest guns that were made at that time belched their destructive missiles from almost every direction, and the brave Confederate assaulters were mown down like wheat in harvest before the sickle.

When the Confederate bombardment took place in the afternoon of the 3d of July, the Federal officers along their entire line were given notice as to the point on that line that would be assailed and ample preparations were made to meet it. When formed, the Confederate column was approximately a mile in length and both flanks were "in the air." This is readily understood by the military student to mean that the flanks, or ends, of the line were unprotected by any artificial or natural safeguard, and were subject to assault by flanking troops who would enfilade the line. To add to the danger, the Federal line extended beyond both flanks. Stanard's Vermont Brigade took advantage of the right flank and poured in a destructive enfilading fire on that flank. The 8th Ohio Regiment and Lieutenant Bicknell's collection in Zeigler's Grove assailed the Confederate left flank with an equally destructive flank fire.

Major General Hancock said: "The enemy's attack was feebly renewed immediately after his first repulse. A single line of battle, with its left running nearly along the line followed by the right of the preceding lines and numbering about 3,000 men advanced, but it was utterly broken by the fire of the batteries on my left before it arrived within musket-range."

This attack was the advance of Wilcox's command. Hancock estimated its strength at 3,000, about as near correct as an opposing officer gets to the true numbers of an enemy. Its real strength was less than 1,500. This force had been ordered out early in the morning to the support of Alexander's batteries, and the men had not had anything to eat since the previous morning. They were soldiers, however, and good soldiers, hence obedience was their first duty. The assaulting column, led by Pickett's Division, had passed the position held by Wilcox at least twenty or thirty minutes before three staff officers, in quick succession, gave him orders to advance to the support of Pickett's Division.

As Wilcox's force came in sight of the Federal line on the Emmitsburg turnpike, all its terrible artillery that could be brought to bear on the line was concentrated upon it from both flanks and in front. Not a man of the division Wilcox was ordered to support could he see, but his orders were to go to their support, and on his men went, down the slope until they came near the hill upon which were the Federal batteries and entrenchments. Seeing his right flank threatened by a strong force of Federal infantry, Wilcox ordered his men to hold their ground until he could bring up artillery to fire upon it. Riding back to the Confederate artillery, he could find none near that had ammunition. Realizing that his small force could do nothing but make a useless sacrifice of themselves, he ordered them back. His casualties numbered 204 killed, wounded, and missing. Perry's losses were slightly greater proportionately because of a greater proportionate loss of prisoners.

General Hancock and both Wilcox and Lang say the movement did not begin, nor was it ordered, before the failure of the assault had taken place. Colonel Alexander, near whose position Wilcox was stationed, said that Wilcox, posted in rear of the right of the assaulting column, was not put in motion with the column, and, being ordered forward twenty minutes or more later, was much too late to be of any assistance whatever; and that now, when all was over, the single brigade was moving forward alone, and there was

no one with authority to halt it. It was both absurd and tragic.

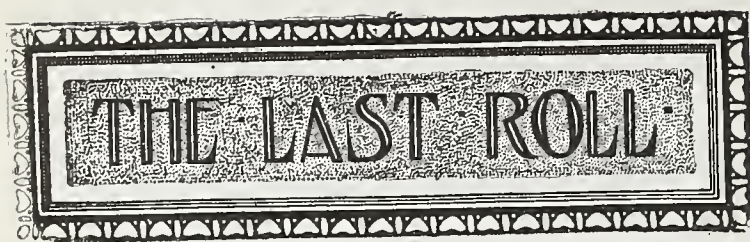
During Wilcox's advance, General Lee rode forward and joined Alexander at his advanced position. He was entirely alone, and Colonel Alexander concluded that his being alone was General Lee's design. Alexander's batteries were not firing, but were simply holding the position to prevent Federal pursuit if attempted. Alexander thought that Lee apprehended pursuit, and had come to the front to help rally the fugitives, if such action was begun. Lee remained with Alexander perhaps an hour, and spoke to nearly every man who passed, using such expressions as: "Don't be discouraged." "It is my fault this time." "Form your ranks when you get under cover." "All good men must hold together." Was ever such nobility seen in man? Here was a single individual loading himself with the burdens of the defeat of a great army. There were scores of subordinate officers, and an army of 65,000 or 70,000 men on whom the burden of blame could have been placed, and the man of ordinary human nature, and guided by the ordinary human passions, would have loaded some one or more of this vast throng, with his condemnation and the burden of defeat. Lee's superior character enabled him to assume the entire burden.

Alexander had Lieutenant Colston, ordnance officer of his battalion, as an aid with him. Loud cheering was heard in the Federal lines, and Lee asked Colston to ride forward and find out the cause. Colston's horse, being unused to the spur and balking, Colston used a stick on him. Lee quickly said: "O, don't do that. I once had a foolish horse, and I found gentle measures much the best." Colston made his investigation and reported that the Federals were cheering an officer riding along their lines. To this report, Lee remarked that he thought it possible that Johnson's Division, in the Federal rear, might have gained some success. This remark indicates that Lee had not yet been informed that Johnson had withdrawn from Culp's Hill to a defensive position about noon. Brigadier General Kemper, commanding a brigade in Pickett's Division, was brought by on a litter. Lee rode up to the litter, and said: "General, I hope you are not badly hurt." "Yes, General, I'm afraid they have got me this time." Lee pressed his hand, saying: "I trust not! I trust not."

These incidents indicate that if Lee was sad or disappointed at the defeat of his army, it did not prevent him from giving his attention to matters of less weight that were taking place in his presence. Lee did not leave Alexander's position until all the fugitives had passed, and there was no sign of a counter stroke by the Federals.

Alexander continued to hold his advanced position, with few changes, until after dark. There were some advances made by the Federal skirmish lines, which he checked with his guns, sometimes having to use canister sharply. But the Federal guns did not interfere. During the afternoon, Alexander quietly withdrew his guns, one at a time, sending them to be refitted, and by ten o'clock his whole line had been retired about to the position from which Longstreet's attack began on the 2d of July. Longstreet had withdrawn McLaw's and Hood's divisions from their advanced position early in the evening. Ewell's Corps fell back after dark on the evening of the 3rd, and formed along Seminary Ridge and Oak Ridge, connecting with A. P. Hill's left, and temporary breastworks were thrown up along the new line during the night.

[To be continued.]



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

MEMORIAL DAY.

Ye little need these flow'rs we bring
 Who proudly wore the gray,
 For flowers must be plentiful
 Where all the angels stay;
 But with a wreath of love we crown
 Your memory on this day.
 Sleep sweet, all ye who follow'd Lee
 In love and hope and pain;
 Rest well, and know, on earth below,
 Where spring hath come again—
 Ye bloom eternal in our hearts;
 Ye have not lived in vain.
 —David Edward Ungar, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

HENRY D. DUCKWORTH.

Henry Duvall Duckworth, born March 16, 1846, died at Charlotte, N. C., on March 16, 1924.

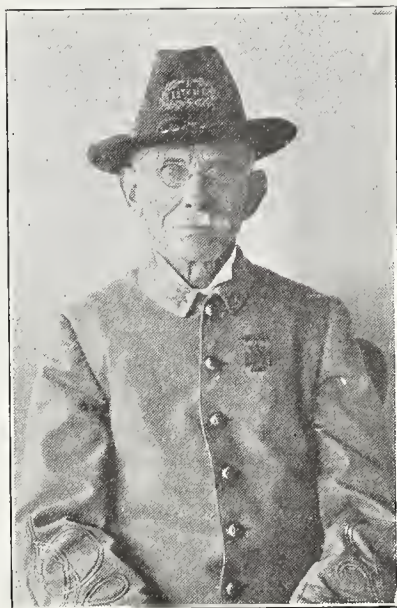
Though a mere boy when he joined the Confederate army, he displayed all the manliness of maturer years in his record as a soldier. In peace the gold of character shone with peculiar luster. As a member of Camp No. 382 U. C. V., his worth was recognized and he was made Adjutant, which position he filled for twenty-three years, when fatal disease made him lay down the pen and "pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees of paradise." Death could not have deprived the Camp of anyone else so indispensable nor have struck the Camp a more grievous blow.

[J. D. Barrier, Adjutant.]

COMRADES AT PITTSBURG, TEX.

Mortuary report of Horace Randal Camp, No. 1367, of Pittsburg, Tex.:

J. M. Bradley, Company C, Wells's Texas Cavalry.
 T. B. Dalton, Company H, 4th Mississippi Infantry.
 P. W. Browning, Company E, 22nd Texas Regiment.
 E. H. Hopson, Company G, 10th Texas Cavalry.
 [R. F. Lewis, Adjutant.]



HENRY D. DUCKWORTH.

COL. G. BENT ALFORD.

Seventy-nine years ago, July 24, 1924, Col. G. Bent Alford was born in a log house near Cary, Wake County, N. C. There he was reared, his early life being spent on a farm. His father was Green Haywood Alford, born near Wakefield, N. C., his grandfather was Green Alford, born near Wakefield, N. C., in 1787, and his great grandfather was Maj. Tanner Alford, a Revolutionary hero, who fought in the battles of Cowpens and Guilford Courthouse. Bent Alford enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of eighteen, but was discharged for some time on account of sickness. Later on, in October, 1864, he joined his command at Dinwiddie Courthouse, Va., and was in action at Stoney Creek, Bellfield, and other engagements, serving with Company I, of the 41st Regiment, the 3rd North Carolina Cavalry; and he served with bravery and distinction during the remainder of conflict. He was devoted to the cause of keeping alive the history of the achievements and sacrifices of the men who wore the gray. He was Commander of the Oscar R. Rand Camp, No. 1278 U. C. V., of Holly Springs, N. C. Colonel Alford attended all reunions, local, State, and general, and was deeply interested in these gatherings. He had been a very successful business man.

On April 28, 1875, Colonel Alford was married to Miss Charlotte A. Olive, daughter of Rev. Johnson Olive, one of the best known and beloved Baptist ministers of his day. Two children were born of this union, a son and a daughter, Colonel Alford's first wife died in 1897. His second wife was Mrs. Texanna Collins, of Holly Springs township. His health failing in late years, Colonel Alford desisted from some of the activities of his earlier life, but a few years ago he made up his mind that there should be a monument to the Confederate heroes at Holly Springs, N. C., so, with much effort, he raised the money with which to erect it, and on October 25, 1923, this beautiful memorial was unveiled. He was very happy over it, and told the large audience that he had built the monument on faith. He was a Christian, thoughtful of the poor and needy, and faithful to every religious cause.

JAMES W. RENICK.

James W. Renick, one of the best known men in Lafayette County, Mo., died at his home in Odessa, on October 29, 1923. He was born near Wellington, October 4, 1842, a son of Andrew and Sabina (Livesay) Renick. His father went to Missouri from Virginia in 1835 and settled near Wellington.

At the outbreak of War between the States, James W. Renick espoused the cause of the South and took an active part in many important battles. At Corinth he was wounded in the left arm, and at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain he was wounded in the right arm. After the war he returned to Lafayette County and began farming and stock raising, and acquired considerable land.

On December 9, 1875, he was married to Miss Sallie A. Greenwell, of near Columbus. His wife, four sons, and two daughters surviving him, also a brother, R. F. Renick, of Kansas City.

When a post office was established at Broadlands, southeast of Odessa, several years ago, Comrade Renick served as postmaster. Among many other good traits, he was spoken of as an honest man and a splendid neighbor. His death is a sad loss to the community.

ACE JOHNSON.

Ace Johnson, one of the oldest, most prominent, and most substantial citizens of Rhea County, died at his home there on August 29, 1923. He was born in Rhea County, and there had spent his long and useful life. He was known and held in high esteem by people of every walk and condition of life. He was honest, reliable, and trustworthy in every relation of life and on all occasions. He was a staunch friend and advocate of temperance and sobriety, of law and order, and gave his support in political campaigns to the candidates he thought would best conserve these principles. He had contributed his full share toward the progress and prosperity of Rhea County along material, educational, and religious lines. This city and county has had no better citizen.

Comrade Johnson enlisted in the Confederate army in Capt. W. P. Darwin's company at the age of eighteen, and was a brave and valiant soldier throughout the war. It was his battalion that opened the great conflict at Chickamauga, and he was with the Army of Virginia when it surrendered under Lee at Appomattox.

After the war he was actively and successfully engaged in business until 1910, when he retired. A. A. Johnson & Sons was for years one of the most substantial, reliable, and successful business houses in this section, and it had a large patronage from Rhea, Hamilton, Meigs, and Bledsoe counties.

In 1870 Mr. Johnson was happily married to Miss Katherine Abel, a member of another of Rhea's old and prominent families, by whom he is survived; also by two sons, E. P. Johnson, of Calhoun, and R. W. Johnson, of Dayton, and two daughters, Mrs. Minnie Hardin and Miss Delta Johnson, both of Dayton; a sister, Mrs. Belle Magill, of Alva, Okla., and ten grandchildren.

The funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which he was a devoted and consistent member. The service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. C. Camper, and Rev. L. M. Cartright, a former pastor and bosom friend. The profusion of beautiful floral tributes emphasized the esteem in which he was held. All business in Dayton was suspended for the funeral.

He was laid to rest in College Hill Cemetery.

THOMAS S. WOOD.

Thomas S. Wood, highly esteemed citizen of Brady, Tex., died at his home there, April 23, 1924, aged eighty-two years. He was born in Missouri in 1842, but in early manhood removed to Louisiana, just at the breaking out of war and in 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company K, 7th Louisiana Regiment, of the famous Louisiana Tigers, and served to the end of the conflict. He was in the first and second battles of Bull Run, both battles of Fredericksburg, fought in the battle of Petersburg, Cold Harbor, and many of the major engagements of the war. He was with Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, and until he was wounded at Chancellorsville. Through all these mighty conflicts he took an active part, was in the surrender at Appomattox and was never wounded or captured.

He settled in McCulloch County, Tex., in 1874, and there lived almost continuously until death. He served on the first grand jury of the county, and was Worshipful Master of the old Masonic Lodge at Camp San Saba in the early days.

This brave soldier was also a soldier of the Cross and died in the faith, a member of the Church of Christ, and, like his general whom he followed bravely, he was a follower of his Lord, and has "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

Surviving are his wife, four sons, and two daughters.

CHARLES D. MANN.

On the 16th day of December, 1923, Charles D. Mann, of Poplar Creek, Miss., died suddenly, in his eighty-eighth year.

There was not a braver man in the Confederate army than Charley Mann. He belonged to the famous 42nd Georgia Regiment, under the gallant and chivalrous Col. Robert Henderson; and as a member of Company C, was under Captain Parrish and Lieut. Milton Trammell. He was wounded in the knee in that fierce fight at Resaca, Ga., and as he was dragging his way to the rear, a wounded Federal, lying concealed in the top of a fallen pine, tried to shoot him with a revolver. Forgetting all about his bleeding and painful wound, Comrade Mann dispatched him with the bayonet of a discarded musket and, while himself resting on the tree, discovered the probable cause of his close shave—a buckskin pouch containing \$375 in gold, which he carried home on his furlough, and which helped to sustain his family in the hard days that followed.

With his father, who had to go into ranks at an advanced age, Charles and his brothers, George W. and Allen B. Mann, served in the Western Army. George was killed in the battle of New Hope Church, near Dallas, in Paulding County, Ga., May 22, 1864, while on picket duty. His father, Robert Mann was wounded in the face, the ball lodging in his neck, and he carried it to his death in 1892. Allen B. Mann, now the only survivor, is living near Oxford, Ga., in his eighty-third year.

They were all as good men as Joseph E. Johnston had in his army, but the numbers of these brave men are fast diminishing, and Confederate history will soon be only a written one. Peace and rest from their labors!

Comrade Mann is survived by two sons, three daughters, and several grandchildren. He was a member of the Baptist Church, highly respected and beloved by all who knew him.

JOHN STAFFORD.

Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1216 U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., mourns the loss of a loved comrade in the death of John Stafford. He was born in Fayette County, Tenn., November 25, 1846, and died in Cherry Valley, Ark., May 3, 1924. He served with General Forrest. The writer was with him at the Chattanooga reunion in 1913 and visited the battle field of Chickamauga, and this comrade pointed out the places where he had fought.

Comrade Stafford leaves a wife, three sons, and a daughter. He was a noble man, loved by all who knew him. Though in feeble health for several years, he was always cheerful and ever met his friends with a smile. There was large attendance at his burial on a beautiful Sabbath evening, and the grave was covered with flowers.

[W. P. Brown, Commander and Adjutant.]

VETERANS OF CHATTOOGA COUNTY.

The following Confederate veterans have died in Chattooga County, Ga., since the last report:

Clark Owens, private, Company C, 22nd Georgia Infantry, Jackson's Corps.

W. F. Henry, private, Company H, 3rd Georgia Cavalry, Wheeler's Corps.

R. H. Bailey, private, Company F, 6th Georgia Cavalry, Wheeler's Corps.

G. A. Ragland, private, Company H, 39th Georgia, Hardee's Corps.

[T. P. Henry, Summerville, Ga.]

COMRADES AT ANNISTON, ALA.

Camp Pelham, of Anniston, Ala., was twice invaded by death during the month of April, as reported by H. F. Montgomery, Adjutant, in the following:

John C. Hanson was born May 16, 1841, at Wedowee, Ala., and in February, 1862, in his twenty-first year, volunteered in Company H, 1st Alabama Heavy Artillery, Coast Defense, at Mobile, Ala. He was transferred in April to Island No. 10, then to Port Hudson, where he was wounded on May 27, 1863. He was in the siege of Vicksburg, and paroled on July 4, 1863, then exchanged, and was in the battle of Franklin. While in a convalescent camp at Savannah, Ga., the war ended, and he was paroled May 12, 1865. He returned to Alabama, and in October, 1865, was married to Miss Emily Hester Mitchell, who died some years ago. He was a member of Camp Pelham, of Anniston, Ala., and died April 6, leaving two sons and a daughter.

George W. Jones died April 24, in his seventy-fourth year. He was born in Tennessee in 1848, and as a boy of sixteen he joined Company E, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Wheeler's command, on his raid around Sherman's army in August, 1864, and served for the rest of the war, surrendering with Johnston's army in April, 1865. He was a charter member of Camp Pelham, and a regular attendant at its meetings. He was buried in the Hillside Cemetery, "just at sunset," by his oft-expressed request.

COMRADES OF TIPTON COUNTY, TENN.

Three more comrades of Tipton County, Tenn., have answered to the last roll call:

J. M. Culbreath, Company B, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Division, died in Arizona, January, 1924, aged eighty-six years. A true man, a good soldier, and faithful to every trust.

A. H. Elam, born in Tipton County, August 31, 1844, died in Dallas, Tex., January, 1924. When quite young he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving with Company C, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under command of J. U. Green, of sacred memory. A quiet, conscientious, Christian gentleman, a good soldier, a devoted friend, and highly respected citizen.

William Sanford, born February 15, 1846, in Tipton County, died at his home in Covington, April 7, 1923. His parents were of a well-known family of Tennessee, and of strong and Christian character. He left the schoolroom early in 1862, at the tender age of sixteen, and enlisted in Company I, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest, taking part in the battles of West Point, Okolona, Tishomingo Creek, Harrisburg, East Point, Franklin, Nashville, and was in the rear guard of Hood's retreat, when he was captured and sent to prison near Chicago. There he was detained until long after the surrender, when he was paroled, and walked from Alabama to his home near Covington. He first worked in the field and raised a crop, then went back to school, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and was eminently successful as a lawyer. He retired from practice some years ago.

GEORGIA COMRADES.

The following deaths among Georgia comrades were reported by J. E. F. Matthews, of Thomaston, Ga.:

Jesse Arrington, a member of Company A, 46th Georgia Regiment, died in Upson County on March 27, 1924, and was buried in the Flint River Church Cemetery by the side of his wife. He was born November 26, 1846. Surviving him are a son and a daughter, seven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

William J. McDaniel, of The Rock, Upson County, Ga., died on the 16th of April. He was born August 31, 1844, at Savannah, Ga., and in September, 1882, he joined Company B, 32nd Georgia Regiment Volunteer Infantry, and served until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., April, 1865. A brave soldier and good man. He had been on the pension roll since 1911.

TEXAS COMRADES.

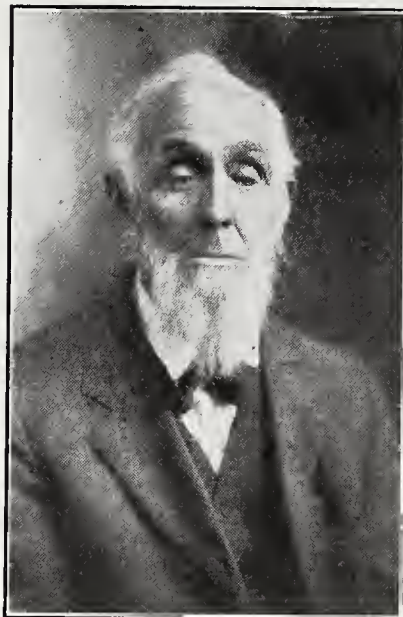
The following comrades of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 91 U. C. V., of Atlanta, Tex., have died in the past year:

J. H. Allen, Company D, 15th Arkansas Regiment.
F. A. Crawford, Company K, 53rd Alabama Regiment.
B. F. Smith, Company I, 32nd Georgia Regiment.
Thomas Teal, Company A, 21st Georgia Regiment.
J. A. Saussman, Company B, 3rd Arkansas Regiment.
W. E. Boyd, Company E, 27th Louisiana Regiment.
J. S. Draper, Company I, 39th Alabama Regiment.
Lieut. C. Curtright, Company D, 1st Texas Regiment.

These have died in 1923 and 1924, valiant soldiers, upright and Christian citizens, all died in the faith and have gone to "rest under the shade of the trees." [J. H. McWilliams.]

JAMES B. WILLIAMSON.

James B. Williamson, the oldest member of Mecklenburg Camp, No. 382 U. C. V., of Charlotte, N. C., died at



JAMES B. WILLIAMSON.

his home in Matthews, N. C., on April 24, 1924. He was born June 7, 1832, and thus lacked but a few weeks of completing his ninety-second year, and until a few days before his death he was in splendid health. He attended the last meeting of his Camp on April 11, when plans were made to celebrate his anniversary with a big picnic, the Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, having so celebrated his birthday for many years.

James Williamson was the youngest son of John and Margaret Williamson, and at the outbreak of War between the States he enlisted in Company E, 4th North Carolina Cavalry, under Captain Brice and Colonel Fernby, and served throughout the war, being held as a prisoner at Fort Delaware for the last fifteen months. After the war he returned to Matthews and began farming. He was twice married, to two sisters, Misses Mary and Malissa Knowles, of Morning Star Township, and was the father of twelve children, eight of whom survive him; and there are thirty-eight grandchildren, seventy-seven great-grandchildren, five great-great-grandchildren, and one great-great-great-grandchild.

Comrade Williamson lived through the reconstruction of four wars—the Mexican War, the War between the States, the Spanish-American, and the World War.

After funeral service at his home in Matthews, he was laid to rest in the family cemetery near by. Six grandsons were his pallbearers, and comrades of Mecklenburg Camp were the honorary pallbearers. [Mrs. Ellis W. Henderson.]

REV. S. H. CARTER.

Rev. S. H. Carter, well known to many of the older citizens of Southwest Ray County, Mo., died at the home of his son-in-law, W. S. Clark, in Mount Washington, Mo., on January 31, 1924, aged eighty years. He was a native of Yadkin County, N. C., where he grew to young manhood, and, in 1858, was united in marriage to Miss Nannie Jones. The following year he came to Missouri, first locating in Lafayette County and a few years later going to Ray County. He was a pioneer Baptist preacher, having served the Baptist Church organization of this place when it was located at Albany as far back as the seventies, and it was the result of his preaching that Rock Fall Church, north of Orrick, was organized.

He is survived by two children, C. E. Carter, of Kansas City, and Mrs. Claud White, of Springfield Mo. His wife and three children preceded him in death a number of years. Funeral services were held at the Mount Washington Baptist Church, and burial was at Nelson, Mo. He served all through the war as a Confederate soldier, with the exception of a short time spent in the hospital, having been wounded in battle.

[W. S. Clark, Mount Washington, Mo.]

DR. P. B. BACOT.

After a long illness, Dr. P. B. Bacot died at his home in Florence, S. C., on April 25, 1924, in his eighty-seventh year. Most of his life was spent in Darlington and Florence Counties.

Dr. Bacot was born on February 3, 1838, his parents being Peter Samuel Bacot and Anna Jane White, of Darlington County. The family has been prominent in this section of the State since the days of the Huguenot settlement in South Carolina. He received his education at the University of North Carolina, graduating in the class of 1859, and then went to Philadelphia to study medicine. When his State seceded from the Union, he went back to Charleston and completed his course at the medical college of South Carolina. He specialized in surgery in order to become of more assistance to the Confederate armies, and it was in this capacity that he went into the war with the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen from Charleston. He was first sent to Florence to assist Dr. Dargan in the emergency hospital established there, and, after performing splendid and unselfish service, was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, where he served under Col. William Trenholm.

For the rest of the war he was in Virginia and was at the surrender at Appomattox. He then returned to the plantation home in old Darlington County, S. C.

In 1860 Dr. Bacot married Miss Daisy Trenholm, of Charleston. He was for several years connected with the state board of health of South Carolina, and made a splendid record in this important work. He practiced medicine in this section of the State for many years and was known far and wide for his devotion to his patients and his eagerness to serve all who were in distress, without thought of personal recompense.

Dr. Bacot was a man of the highest character, a gentleman to the manor born, in whose life was woven the chivalry and ideals of the Old South. Splendidly educated, widely read, and possessing a rare intellect, his company was sought and enjoyed by all who knew him, and, up to the time his health began to fail, he was always the center of the circles which he moved.

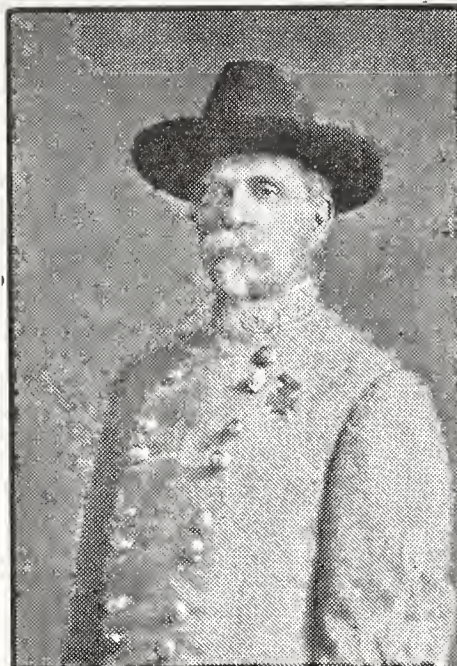
He is survived by one brother, A. J. Bacot, of Florence County, and six daughters.

GEN. A. D. WILLIAMS, U. C. V.

From the ranks of Confederate veterans a beloved comrade passed with the death of Gen. A. D. Williams at his home in Jacksonville, Fla., on February 20, 1924.

He and his family were prominently and intimately identified with the history of the South. His father, Col. Gilbert

Martin Williams, who commanded the regiment known as the "Fighting 47th," was a member of the Congressional convention which passed the ordinance of secession that enrolled Georgia as the fifth State of the Confederacy. Three generations of the Williams family participated in this war—grandfather, father, and sons, the latter being A. D. Williams and his brother.



GEN. A. D. WILLIAMS.

He enlisted in Company I, 47th Georgia Infantry, in April, 1862, before he was fifteen years of age, and served con-

tinuously with this command. In all the fighting, marching, and starving of the Army of the West, his regiment was particularly prominent, and surrendered at Goldsboro, N. C., in April, 1865, with Johnston's army.

After the war, young Williams finished his education at the South Carolina College, and in 1880 graduated from the South Carolina Medical College. He located in Jacksonville, Fla., and there practiced his profession until the Spanish-American War, when he volunteered his professional services to the United States army and was in active duty in Cuba and Porto Rico until the close of the war. He was retained in the United States army and served in Porto Rico and the Philippines until 1904, when he was retired.

Always interested in Confederate matters, in the establishment of the Confederate Home at Jacksonville, General Williams was an active factor, and largely through his work and efforts the beautiful memorial to the women of the Confederacy, in Confederate Park, at Jacksonville, was erected. He also organized the John B. Gordon Camp, No. 1794 U. C. V., of that city.

The private and public life of General Williams was a model of manly virtue and Christian citizenship. His nature was genial, with ability to radiate sunshine and happiness. He exhibited to the last that vivid interest and enthusiasm for all the best things in life and that exquisite thoughtfulness of others, the keynotes of his life.

CLAUDIUS W. MINTER.

At his home in Kansas City, Mo., Claudius W. Minter died on March 31, at the age of eighty-five years. He entered the Confederate army as a private and was promoted to captain of Company E, 19th Virginia Regiment. With his two brothers, he founded the Advance Grain Elevator Company of Kansas City in 1879, from which he retired in 1910. He is survived by his wife, a son, and two daughters.

COMRADES AT AUGUSTA, GA.

The following members were lost to Camp No. 435 U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., for the year April, 1923-24.

R. T. Atkinson, 22d Georgia Infantry Battalion, Anderson's Division, Hardee's Corps; died May 12, 1923.

John H. Braddock, 22d Georgia Regiment, A. R. Wright's Brigade, Mahone's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps; died June 8, 1923.

George W. Taylor, 14th South Carolina Regiment, McGowan's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps; died July 14, 1923.

A. G. Howard, 26th South Carolina Regiment, Wallace's Brigade, Johnson's Division, Anderson's Corps; died August 17, 1923.

Frank S. Roberts, 2d Georgia Sharpshooters, J. K. Jackson's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps; died October 19, 1923.

James P. Verdery, 48th Georgia Regiment; died November 15, 1923.

John M. Lombard, 5th Georgia Regiment, J. K. Jackson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps; died December 22, 1923.

Samuel A. Coleman, 1st South Carolina Regiment, Beauregard's Division, Hardee's Corps; died January 13, 1924.

Right Rev. Edwin G. Weed, D.D., S.T.D., of 7th Georgia Cavalry Regiment; died January 18, 1924.

John Harris, of (Wheeler) Dragoons, Independent Company; died February 15, 1924.

B. K. Benson, of 1st South Carolina Regiment, McGowan's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps; died early in March, 1924.

J. J. Green, of 1st South Carolina Regiment, McGowan's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps; died March 24, 1924.

[Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian Camp No. 435 U. C. V.]

H. D. PATTERSON.

In looking over some old papers, I found a manuscript that was like a voice from the grave. It was a paper on State Rights by one of our departed Confederates, H. D. Patterson, of Temple, and is a masterful exposition of the subject. "Uncle Pat," as I lovingly called him, was in Company K, 16th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, General Lee's army—if I am not mistaken—and volunteered in April, 1861. No braver than he wore the gray, nor any other color, and he was as gallant in civil clothes as he was brave in uniform.

Though he passed on to bivouac with his comrades on the other side the same day that President Harding died, I have seen no mention of his passing in the VETERAN, so I hope you will remedy the oversight by printing this letter, or, at least, the part which refers to the beloved veteran. His life was an inspiration to every one who knew him, and though he was always a cripple from his service, he never allowed it to interfere with his activity in behalf of his dear ones and humanity at large. He left a wife, two daughters, and a son.

He was the veteran who gave me the spirit of the toast I wrote—

TO YOU WHO WORE THE GRAY.

"Spoke I as men and angels, the tribute I should pay
Would be, at best, unworthy of you who wore the gray;
But speaking as a woman, I toast you here to-day,
The greatest heroes of all time, you men who were the gray."
[Genie Griffin De Wolfe, Fort Worth, Tex.]

GEORGE W. OLIVIER.

George Wythe Olivier, who served during the Confederacy in the 12th Virginia Infantry, and later in Pegram's Petersburg Battery, died at Charlottesville, Va., on June 15, 1923, in the eighty-first year of his age. Entering the Confederate army early in 1862, he fought through the entire war, and was with his battery on the retreat to Appomattox. He was in the battles around Richmond, Second Manassas, and Chancellorsville, where he was captured. Being quickly exchanged, he served in the Plymouth, N. C., expedition, and then in all the long siege of Petersburg. It was Pegram's Battery that was blown up at the Crater, but, having been relieved from the trenches only a few hours before, he escaped the fate which overtook every man stationed at his gun when the explosion took place. After the surrender, he went into business. He married Miss Kate Roy Pollard in 1880, and finally settled at Charlottesville. During the years spent there, he took an active part in the political and religious life of the community, having been a vestryman and warden of Christ's Episcopal Church for over thirty years, a member of the city council for four years, and mayor for four years. During his administration, and partly under his leadership, the saloon was finally driven from Charlottesville, and that curse was thus removed from the gates of the University of Virginia, which is situated there. He was a member of the John Bowie Strange Camp C. V., and took an active interest in Confederate affairs and history. He was also a Mason. He is survived by one son and a daughter.

CHARLES A. D. FARIS.

On October 31, 1923, the spirit of Charles A. D. Faris passed into rest at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn.

He was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., August 11, 1846, the son of the Rev. Charles Blackman and Mary Ransom Faris. His father was for many years an honored and beloved minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

He had three older brothers—John, Richard, and William—serving in the Confederate army, and so great was his patriotism that in spite of parental opposition on account of his youth he slipped away from home and became one of Forrest's boy soldiers, being assigned to Company D, Bell's Brigade, 11th Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry, Jackson's Division.

He was a true and faithful soldier, ever ready for any duty, and his war experiences were many and interesting. He surrendered in April, 1865, at Gainesville, Ala., with his company and regiment. Stanch in his devotion to the cause for which he fought, he never failed, to champion the traditions and ideals of the Old South, and on his grave among the flowers was placed the Confederate flag he loved so well.

In early life he joined the Methodist Church and lived a consecrated Christian life, serving long as Sunday school superintendent and as steward for more than thirty years.

In all walks of life he was true, faithful to religious principles, conscientious to a marked degree, a good citizen, esteemed and honored by a host of friends for his fine qualities of mind and heart, and a devoted husband and father.

After the war he was engaged in the lumber business in Rutherford County, later moving to South Pittsburg, Tenn., where he had large lumber interests and was prominently identified with the city's business and social life until removing a few years ago to Chattanooga.

He was twice married; in 1894 to Miss Sallie Rogers, of Franklin, Tenn., who preceded him to the home beyond. In 1902 he was married to Miss Mary Hubbard, of Birmingham, Ala. He is survived by his wife and one son.

REV. STEPHEN OWSLEY.

The death of Rev. Stephen Owsley, at Middlesboro, Ky., on February 24, 1924, then in his eighty-first year, marked the passing of another of those gallant spirits who, in the vigor of young manhood, freely offered their lives to the Southern Confederacy in the cause of liberty. Thus, one by one, 'neath the weight of accumulated years, fall the soldiers of a once glorious army.



REV. STEPHEN OWSLEY.

Rev. Stephen Owsley was born in Claiborne County, Tenn., on December 7, 1843, and in August, 1861, when a mere boy, enlisted at Knoxville in the 2nd Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. Henry Ashby, afterwards brigadier general in the Confederate army. After his first engagement at Mill Springs, the young cavalryman, though severely wounded through the breast and shoulder, made his way home horseback, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Speedily recovering, he rejoined his command under Generals Bragg and Johnston and served throughout the remainder of the war, taking part in the defense of Atlanta, the fighting at Murfreesboro, Ringgold, Chickamauga, Dalton, and many other battles of the Georgia campaign. He surrendered at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., in 1865. About this time he married, and soon afterwards, in 1867, joined the Southern Methodist Church and was baptized in Powell River, not far from his old home, and for fifty-seven years served under the banner of his new Leader with the same zeal and devotion which characterized his allegiance to the cause of the South.

Brother Owsley was one of the pioneer settlers of Middlesboro, where he, with his sons, engaged in the mercantile business, developing one of the most successful firms in the city. In 1885 he was ordained by Bishop Morris to preach, and his subsequent years of pastoral and evangelistic work won for him the title of "Old War Horse," by which he was familiarly known until he laid down his arms for the last time to bivouac with the illustrious leaders and loyal comrades of his youth.

For more than twenty-five years the writer has been brother Owsley's close neighbor, during all of which time he has been prominently identified with the religious and business life of this section. A familiar figure on the streets of Middlesboro for more than a quarter of a century, he was ever a welcome counsellor of all whom he met. For many years he was a faithful reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and, until age and impaired health rendered traveling difficult, was always in attendance at the Confederate veterans' reunions. In the passing of this old soldier of the Cross, the community has lost a zealous advocate of law and order, the Church an able preacher of clean living and Christian service, and the people a loyal friend and brother.

JOHN P. WILLIAMS.

John P. Williams, a valiant soldier of the Confederacy, died at Brady Tex., on March 3, 1924. He enlisted in

Company B, 18th Texas Cavalry, organized at Dallas, of Granbury's Brigade, was transferred to the Tennessee Army, and was in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge; was wounded at Ringgold, and taken prisoner. He was born in Gibson County, Tenn., June 5, 1843, and came to Texas when eight years of age with his parents, who settled in Bastrop County. He located in Brady, Tex., in 1919. He was a good man and good citizen.

[L. Ballou, Brady, Tex.]

HENRY CLAY CHRISMAN.

On December 16, 1923, Comrade Henry Clay Chrisman peacefully passed into the great beyond.

He was a man of kind disposition, strong intellect, fearless courage, and honorable deportment.

Henry C. Chrisman was born and reared in Mississippi, and came of one of the most prominent families of that great State. His eldest brother, Judge Joseph Bledsoe Chrisman, served uninterruptedly for a period of twenty-four years upon the bench of the Circuit Court of that State. He also held a very important position in the Confederacy, having been placed in charge of the quartermaster's department at the port of New Orleans. His second brother, Capt. Thomas Chrisman, lost his life in the battle of Vicksburg; the third brother, Dr. Pinkney Chrisman, died in the hospital service of the Confederate States at New Orleans, La.

Comrade H. C. Chrisman rendered a valiant service to the Confederates cause in the Trans-Mississippi Department, serving in his brother's Company A, 36th Mississippi. He participated in some of the most heated engagements, and was one of those sturdy veterans of the siege of Vicksburg.

He came to Texas in 1866, settling near old Fort Graham on the Brazos River. He married Miss Margaret Jane Ogden, of one of the leading pioneer families of that section, and reared a large family.

Early in life he united with the Baptist Church, and ever lived a consistent Christian life. He also joined the Masonic Fraternity in early life and afterwards took some of the higher degrees.

He was a profound student of history, law, and economics, possessed by the highest conception of honor and justice, and took a deep interest in public affairs.

In the passing of H. C. Chrisman, Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 88 U. V. C., of Victoria, Tex. has lost one of its most valuable members, and will miss the cheerful companionship of a kind comrade and warm-hearted man; the community and country, a true citizen and noble character.

[T. J. Hooker, Fred T. Vickers, G. L. Gordon, *Committee.*]

COMRADES AT MORRISTOWN, TENN.

The following losses in membership of W. B. Tate Camp, No. 720 U. C. V., of Morristown, Tenn., are reported by Robert C. Crouch, as for the last fifteen months:

R. N. Price, chaplain, 24th North Carolina; died February 7, 1923.

J. B. McCrary, private, 63d Tennessee; died October 18.

R. J. Bartlett, private, 61st Tennessee; died October 18.

G. D. French, captain, 7th Virginia Cavalry; died October 20, 1923.

E. B. Sams, private, 5th North Carolina; died January 27, 1924.

John Miller, private, 60th Tennessee; died January 28.

D. S. Kisler, private, 71st North Carolina; died April 11.

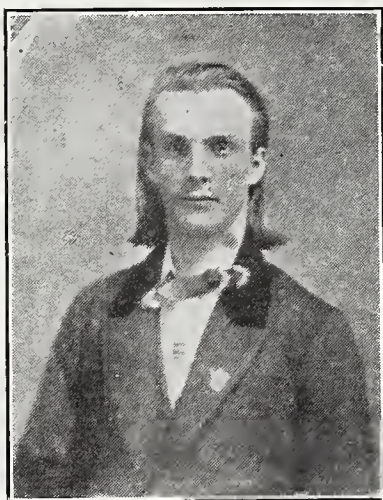
J. M. Miller, private, 3d Engineering Corps; died May 1, 1924.

MAJ. PETER PELHAM—A TRIBUTE.

BY HIS FRIEND EX-GOVERNOR CHASE S. OSBORN, OF MICHIGAN.

Maj. Peter Pelham died at his home, Poulan, Worth County, Ga., April 3, 1924, in the darkest hour of the morning just before the dawn. He lacked twenty-two days of being eighty-four years old.

The adjectives in superlative degree that define life—courage, honor, sacrifice, gentleness, love, devotion, and the entire list of human higher attributes—could all be exhausted without fulsome-ness or exaggeration in striving to do him only justice. As well try to translate into words the fragrance of the sweetest flower or the song of a bird or the glow and glory of a sunset. Most human lives are beyond definition. His was entirely so. To have explored it partially, to have known of it at all, were privileges deep in satisfaction.



PETER PELHAM IN THE SIXTIES.

Major Pelham was born on a plantation near Talladega, Ala., April 25, 1840. His father was Dr. Atkinson Pelham. His mother's maiden name was Martha Montford McGehee. Thus he was English-Irish. There were six sons—Charles, William, John, Peter, Samuel, and Thomas—and a daughter, Betty. All the boys served in the Confederate army. They wrote imperishably the name of Pelham upon the records of the war of the sections. Pelham meant heroism, valor, dash, tirelessness, everything needed to constitute the ideal Southern soldier. They were all gallant men in every way. Perhaps the effulgent daring of John, under opportunity that he mostly created, due to Pelham initiative and daring, slightly dims the performances of the other boys. John, who was a West Pointer, was killed at the head of Pelham's Battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, at Kelly's Ford, Va., leading what is said to have been the first charge ever made by artillery.

When the war burst on the land, Peter Pelham, in his major year, was at Oglethorpe College. He was a frail young man. His father as a physician understood his condition and begged him not to enlist, even forbade it. Five of his brothers had gone, and they were enough the good father thought. Not so with Peter. His body might be weak, *but* his spirit was mighty. He ran away and joined the Alabama Partisan Rangers, a self-equipped troop of young bloods who followed the hounds of war so eagerly that they were soon wiped out to the extent that they were either killed or absorbed in other commands. Peter found himself in the 1st Alabama Cavalry, and finally was a scout in Wheeler's Corps d'Elite, 51st Alabama.

One of the memorable incidents of his service was his capture, October 7, 1862, at LaVergne, Tenn. (not far from Nashville), and his narrow escape from being executed as a guerilla. He was a scout and wore no uniform at the time. On the day of his capture he sought to return to his command. Near the spot he had left it, he saw troopers approaching at a gallop. He did not suspect the presence of Federals. They covered him and ordered him to surrender. He refused and fought. Down went his horse under him. He barricaded

behind it and kept firing. When finally taken, the fact that he was alone, had no uniform, and kept on shooting in the face of almost certain death made it appear as if he were a guerilla. This he was charged with. A court-martial was organized. In the swift trial, just as it seemed certain he was lost, a young Federal officer spoke up and asked the name again, Pelham. He asked if he was related to John Pelham. Peter replied: "A brother." It took little time to convince the officer, who announced he had been a classmate at West Point with John.

"He's a Pelham. The Pelhams are as honorable as they make them. Turn this man over to me. I'll vouch for him."

This saved Peter's life. The officer took him to Nashville, found a captured uniform for him, and paroled him, October 9, 1862. But he was not out of service long.

If I were to continue I could write a book on the subject. Peter Pelham was brave. "The bravest are the tenderest; the loving are the daring." In the fights around Atlanta it fell to him to serve under his brother Charles, who had just had him under arrest for foraging against orders. It made the fighting young Peter boil with rage. Charles was soon desperately wounded. Peter was the very first to kneel over him and give him loving aid. Then he took command.

When the surrender of Lee was reported, Peter Pelham refused to believe it. Then he found his own commander was hemmed in and about to capitulate. So off he scouted and tried to find another fighting body. Thus, he really never surrendered, and never took the oath of allegiance.

In all the tales of his experience, he was the quintessence of personal modesty. He had his fling at the Ku-Klux and was with both Gordon and Forrest in reconstruction activities. It was always his contention that the war was unnecessary, and that the South would have freed the negro in due time, and, in fact, was doing so when the war occurred.

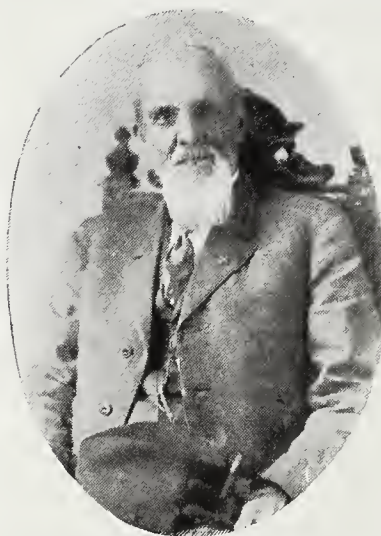
Major Pelham married Emma Frances McAuley, at Oxford, Ala., July 26, 1869. There were six children. Three of these and their mother died. The surviving children are Joseph

Pelham, of Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Herbert Graves, Washington, D. C.; and Mrs. J. D. Hank, Jr., whose husband is assistant attorney general of Virginia. In June, 1917, Major Pelham took as his second wife Mrs. Sally Jackson, who cared for him lovingly and tenderly to the last.

The funeral was at Poulan, Ga. It was imposing and impressive and simple. He had requested only wild and garden flowers. This was Pelhamesque.

Since the war Major Pelham had been a perfect citizen. He was loyal in memory to the old cause, but he was equally sensible of his duty as a citizen of the great nation his family has helped to build and decorate.

Early in 1700 a young Pelham left Pelham Manor in England. He settled in Boston as an artist. This was Peter Pelham, the great, great, great grandfather of the subject of this sketch. Whitmore says this progenitor was the founder in America of portrait painting and engraving. He married the mother of John Singleton Copley when young Copley was



MAJOR PELHAM IN LATE YEARS.

eleven. The brilliant career of Copley in art is credited to the instruction and sympathy and association given him by Peter Pelham. There is not a more distinguished family in America than the Pelham line.

In civil life Major Pelham was a complete success in every way. There was no creditable activity in his region in which he did not alertly and potentially participate. As a Presbyterian he was a veritable pillar of the Church. The last Union Bible Class program in Poulan before his death had been arranged by him in every detail. It was his custom each Sabbath to go to the chain gang camp and read the Bible to the prisoners and talk to them. Most of these were negroes. They worshiped him. He made his last visit only the Sabbath before he died.

All in all, he was the most refined, the gentlest, the best poised man I ever knew. There was a latent dignity that did not obtrude, yet was sufficient to command respect. There was a fragrance of humanity that made all love him.

The story of the Pelham family in America, from Yankee artist to Southern chivalry, would make a brilliant continental romance.

[Possum Poke in Possum Lane, Poulan, Ga., and Duck Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.]

EDITORIAL TRIBUTE IN THE ALBANY (ALA.) HERALD.

With sorrow I note the passing of Maj. Peter Pelham, of Poulan, beloved citizen of Southwest Georgia and one of God's anointed. For fourscore and four years he had walked among men, and for a full half century he had made his home in the little community where to old and young, to white and black, to neighbors all and the stranger passing through he was a veritable incarnation of the Golden Rule.

Major Pelham was an old-time Southern gentleman, the real, the genuine. . . . He had as much right to be proud of his Southern ancestry as any man, but he was prouder of many things than of that. His brother, John Pelham, was a major of artillery, the youngest in the Southern army. Major Pelham himself rose to the command of an Alabama regiment, though he was just twenty-one when the War of Secession plunged the country into four years of fratricidal strife. He fought with gallantry, he gladly made every sacrifice which duty demanded, he gave without stint as long as the issue hung in the balance, and when the war was over he returned home to fight as bravely in life's other battles as ever he had in the legions of gray.

Then for fifty years—the best years of his life—Major Pelham lent his influence to the highest interests of society in the section of Georgia to which he came soon after the war and whose people long ago came to know and love him. The great war in which he fought left no bitterness in his soul, no rancor in his heart. He was no longer an officer in the Southern army, yet was he destined to be for all the years of his life a soldier, a soldier in the great citizen army of his reunited country, a soldier of the cross in the army of the Prince of Peace.

How far the influence of his godly life reached no man can ever know. Like Enoch of old, he walked with God, and as did the Master whose he was and whom he served, he loved mankind. He organized the Worth County Sunday School Association forty-two years ago. For years he had been an elder in Poulan Presbyterian Church, and he was a familiar figure at the presbyteries, synods, and assemblies of his denomination. He loved the sanctuary, but no less did he love the open road and the street in town, where walked his fellow men and where he found life good because he gave far more than he asked or desired.

Yes, Major Pelham was a Southern gentleman of the old school, a citizen above reproach, and a Christian whose humbleness before God was as real as was his abhorrence of all things artificial. He was spared to a ripe old age, and though his step faltered as the shadows of evening slanted across his path, he asked no higher privilege than that he might keep his face to the sunset glow as long as it lighted the way.

And when the house of clay in which Peter Pelham lived for four and eighty years is laid to rest at Poulan to-morrow, and neighbors and friends from near and far turn homeward from the grave, they will go with a sense of benediction resting upon them, the benediction of a godly life that was lived to noble purpose.

THE BOYS OF YESTERDAY.

(Dedicated by W. C. Kinsolving, of Abilene, Tex., to the "boys who joined with me in Company C, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, at Princeton, Ky., in 1861," and he would like to hear from any survivors.)

Where are the boys of yesterday
With whom we roamed the woods among,
When no defeat had blocked our way,
Before a victory e'er was won?

In bouyant youth we roamed the fields,
Together drove dull care away;
Not doubting every foe would yield
Before our bounding, dauntless sway.

But changes came in '61,
To other fields we were called to go;
We joined in phalanx sure and strong,
To face a new and doughty foe.

Our Constitution plainly taught
Equal rights to weak and strong,
But numbers put these rights to naught
And jeered them, both in deeds and song.

The rights of States shall never fail,
'Tis won anew with patriot's blood.
The child of freedom will prevail,
Though threatened with corruption's flood.

O bring us, Lord, to again revere
The former days of patriot mold,
Which marked the courtly cavalier
Whose honor gripped his heart and soul.

But save us, Lord, from his pretense
That works alone on other's sin,
And never mends his home back fence
That lets his own come trooping in.

Boys, we're growing old, they say,
So let our foolish conflicts cease,
And join that army while we may
To win the victories of peace.

Let's join together, though short our lease;
Let's join for life, tho' long it be;
Let's follow the flag of the Prince of Peace
To win the last great victory.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street
MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
2440 Third Street
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Avenue
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery
MRS. W. J. WOODRIF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street
MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue
MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy By the time this month's message reaches the Daughters, I will be in Memphis, Tenn., representing you at the annual reunion of the Confederate veterans. By invitation of General Halde- man, I will be able to carry your greetings to the survivors of the sixties as Matron of Honor on his staff. This honor I deeply appreciate, and, on your behalf, look forward to doing all possible to make the occasion a happy one for the old veterans.

Six Divisions have held their annual conventions during the month of May—Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and California. Unfortunately, it was impossible for me to attend all these gatherings, but the reports from each, telling of their progress and growth during the past year, have been exceedingly gratifying, and I wish to convey to all a full sense of my pride in, and praise for, the splendid, constructive work going on in every branch of our great organization.

Mrs. Joseph Aderhold, Historian for the Alabama Division, writes: "This is the banner year in the historical department of the Alabama Division—14,000 student addresses on Southern History." You will recall that this Division won the Raines Banner for the best historical work reported at the general convention in Washington.

Invitations were received to attend the Americanism Conference held by the American Legion, in Washington D. C., on May 15. I appointed Mrs. Cernelia Branch Stone and Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, Va., to represent the U. D. C. at this meeting.

It was with deep regret that I found myself unable to attend the unveiling of a tablet on the Francis Scott Key Bridge at Georgetown, D. C., on April 21, placed by the National Society of United States Daughters of 1812.

On April 11 and 12 I was in Atlanta, and on April 24 in Macon, on official business.

On April 25 I traveled two hundred miles to Forsyth, Ga., in order to hear my son deliver his first Memorial Day address. While there I attended a luncheon given in honor of the hundreds of Confederate veterans and extended greetings on your behalf. In the same town I was guest of honor at a reception given by the local U. D. C. and D. A. R. Chapters.

From Forsyth I went to Waycross to be present at the Memorial Day exercises held there on April 26, when I delivered an address. Here also I enjoyed the opportunity to greet the veterans on your behalf at an elaborate luncheon given to them. On the same day Mrs. G. P. Folks, of Waycross, Treasurer of the Georgia Division, gave a most enjoyable reception at which I was honor guest.

April 29 found me in Macon, the guest of Mrs. Walter

Lamar, where I attended a banquet—and voiced your greet- ings—given to the delegates to the annual convention of the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames

An invitation, extended through Mrs. Felix Harvey, to visit North Carolina from May 8-14, was accepted. Mrs. Harvey and I were guests of honor at a dinner given for the members of the North Carolina State Federation of Clubs in Raleigh, N. C., on May 8. I was given the opportunity of extending greetings from the United Daughters of the Con- federacy to this splendid gathering of six hundred women.

My visit to Raleigh was pleasantly terminated by attend- ing an elaborate luncheon given in honor of the President General by the Johnson-Pettigrew Chapter, Mrs. Henry M. London, President.

At Kinston the Memorial Day exercises and the unveiling of the monument to the Lenoir County Confederate soldiers on May 10 were most impressive. The President General placed a wreath on this monument in the name of the U. D. C.

I accepted an invitation to make an address on this oc- casion, Gov. Cameron Morrison was the orator of the day.

While in Kinston it was my privilege to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Harvey for the week-end at their mag- nificent estate, "Vernon Hall." Here many social affairs were given in honor of your leader.

Official visits were made to the following Chapters: New Bern, Chapel Hill, Durham, Greenville, Goldsboro. At New Bern, I was the guest of Mrs. Thomas Hyman, who was hostess at a beautiful reception in my honor.

I also attended a district meeting at Beaufort, N. C., with Mrs. W. B. Murphy, of Snow Hill, as director, where the pleasure and interest were enhanced by the presence of Mrs. R. P. Holt, President of the North Carolina Division, and Mrs. Charles Wallace, of Morehead City, Third Vice President General of the U. D. C. Mrs. C. C. Clawson, President of the Fort Macon Chapter, of Beaufort, was hostess on this occasion.

Your President General welcomes this opportunity to express her appreciation of the hospitality extended by the North Carolina Daughters. A visit to that State is all that is necessary to understand why the North Carolina Division never fails to measure up to the highest standards and ex- pectations of the general organization.

Probably the most important part of our work as an or- ganization is that which touches the education of the children. If we would see the ideals for which we stand made permanent, and our work go steadily forward, we must first of all educate. And education, to be effective, means education of children during the receptive, formative years of life. It is thus that we build the future of our organization and the future of the South in history and civilization. On this line, it is important

to read and remember a message sent in a circular letter addressed to Presidents of Divisions by Mrs. T. T. Stevens, of Atlanta, as chairman of the Committee on Education, which reads as follows:

"It is the earnest desire of the Committee on Education to fill all scholarships available for the session 1924-25. To this end, we ask that you coöperate with the committee and do all in your power to promote the educational work in your Division and in the general organization. Please remind your Division Chairman of Education to report all work to the Central Committee. All applications for scholarships must be filed prior to June 15, 1924."

Other members of the Committee on Education, in addition to Mrs. Stevens, are Mrs. J. C. Muse, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. B. B. Ross, Auburn, Ala.; Mrs. Cabell Smith, Martinsville, Va.; and Mrs. Hugh Miller, Kansas City, Mo.

Believing that the Daughters would enjoy, as much as I do, messages from former leaders of our organization, I have asked each former President General to send a message to the U. D. C. through this monthly letter. It is my hope to have two or three of these to quote to you each month. This month I have letters from Mrs. Augustine L. Smythe, of Charleston, S. C., and Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, which will undoubtedly be of interest to all. Mrs. Stone writes:

"To the General Organization, United Daughters of the Confederacy: Our President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, has been inspired by a very beautiful, tender, loving thought, asking each ex-President General to send a message to you, as a competent part of her monthly letter to our magazine.

"There is much in the fullness of my heart to say to my Daughters that I dare not begin, for you know, that 'once a Daughter, always one'; and your loving kindness to me assures me of the truth of this old assertion.

"You have done much to carry on the great purposes of our organization; there is much yet to do. Equip yourselves to stand on the watch tower of truth, in defense and protection, and, above all, to cherish, honor and comfort, along all lines, that matchless army of soldiers who stood for the highest ideals of the founders of this republic 'the men who wore the gray.'

"And in all work which leads to this end, be faithful, not forgetful. In the doing of this great patriotic work, always remember that you are United Daughters of the Confederacy, preserving harmony, coöperation with nobility of soul, that you may glorify these men who came nearest to setting an example of civilized warfare!

"Think of the great heritage they have bequeathed to us for all time. They were great in war, and no less so in peace. Let us honor them in our lives!

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE."

Mrs. Smythe writes:

"Dear Mrs. Harrold: I am very much interested in the new work of our organization—the awarding of the Crosses of Service to the descendants of Confederate veterans. I rejoice in this undertaking of our society, as I do in anything that tends to prove and develop our intense love and respect for the memory of the men 'who wore the gray.' This is another opportunity to impress this upon another generation. Wishing you every success in your efforts, I am, very sincerely yours.

LOUISA MCCORD SMYTHE."

In conclusion, may I once more quote that oft-repeated proverb which has such intense meaning to every Daughter of the Confederacy: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Yours in U. D. C. bonds.

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—The David Owen Dodd Chapter, of Pine Bluff, has marked, during the year, one hundred and fifty-eight graves of veterans with the iron cross, at a cost of \$1.50 each, besides having them embedded in cement. This is quite an accomplishment for the Chapter in one year.

* * *

Florida.—The annual convention of the Florida Division will be held in Clearwater, May 6-9, with the Mary Custis Lee Chapter as hostess.

This Chapter, while having only thirty-two members on the roll, is thoroughly capable in handling the convention, and the State Division officers and delegates are looking forward with much pleasure to being their guests.

As the Florida Division elects a new President this year, as well as several other officers, interest is great as to who will be the choice of the delegates. Miss Agnes Person, the retiring President, has in every way proved herself worthy of the high honor bestowed upon her in Orlando two years ago; there has been a material increase in membership and more money was raised in the past year for all U. D. C. purposes than ever in the history of this one-hundred-percent Division.

When Dr. Henry Lewis Smith was in Florida recently in the interest of the Lee School of Journalism, \$1,200 was subscribed to this fund by five Chapters of the Florida Division.

* * *

Louisiana.—April 6, Confederate Memorial Day in Louisiana commemorating the battle of Shiloh, in which the brave Albert Sidney Johnston was killed, was fittingly observed by the Confederate veterans, S. C. V., and U. D. C. In New Orleans, every monument was decorated with flags, garlands, wreaths, palms, and a profusion of flowers by the four local Chapters U. D. C., led by the Presidents. Appropriate exercises were held at the Confederate monument in Greenwood Cemetery, and the children of the Confederacy scattered flowers on the beautiful mound, presenting the surviving veterans with bunches of violets. Addresses were made by the Adjutant General of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., James A. Pierce; Mrs. F. C. Kolman, President of Louisiana Division U. D. C.; Commander B. H. Richardson, of Beauregard Camp S. C. V.; Hon. St. Clair Favrot, Commander Louisiana Division S. C. V.; and Capt. James Dinkins. Mr. F. C. Kolman gave the invocation and "taps" was sounded.

In Baton Rouge, the two Chapters, Joanna Waddill and the Henry Watkins Allen Chapter, and the David Boyd Camp of Sons united in paying tribute to the heroes of the Confederacy, decorating all monuments and graves, and in appropriate exercises. Henry Watkins Allen Chapter now has a large band of Children of the Confederacy. The Chapter has purchased a share in the woman's club house for the children to meet there. Joanna Waddill Chapter has been most active the past month, giving an outing to the Confederate veterans in an automobile ride to the new Greater Agricultural College, through the city and suburbs, and taking well-filled baskets to the Home, the contents of which were spread beneath the beautiful oaks and thoroughly enjoyed.

With 2,363 readers recorded for the month of March, including 83 new readers, is the satisfactory report of the Joanna Waddill Chapter library. Ten of the new readers are from the rural districts. The Scout corner for boys is proving a great attraction. The police jury gave the use of one of the rooms in the new courthouse building to the library.

The convention of the Louisiana Division will convene in Tangipahoa, La., on Tuesday, May 20, Camp Moore Chapter

will be the hostess, and invited the convention in honor of its member, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, President of the Division. The Delegates will be entertained complimentary in the homes of the members and friends, and a most delightful convention is anticipated.

The monument erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy to the memory of Prince de Polignac, who led the Confederate forces to victory at the battle of Mansfield, when brave Gen. Alfred Mouton was killed, is nearing completion, and by the time this article is read, this beautiful monument will be standing on the battle field of Mansfield by the side of the great Jefferson Highway, that "he who passes may read for all time the glorious deeds of the Confederate soldier." The erection of this monument is the first work of the Paris Chapter, assisted by the Daughters of the Confederacy "over here," and the unveiling of the monument will be a brilliant event at some time named by the Kate Beard Chapter, of Mansfield, when it is hoped that members of the Prince de Polignac Chapter in Paris will be present.

Louisiana Day, April 30, was celebrated by the Louisiana Division and was again this year a most successful feature of the Division work. This day was assigned to the Educational Committee by Mrs. F. C. Kolman, President of the Division, and Mrs. Florence Tompkins, Chairman, and her able committee, Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, Mrs. Jesse P. Wilkinson, Mrs. Arthur Weber, Mrs. Edward Phillips, assisted by members of Chapters throughout the State, visited the schools and colleges and told of the great resources of Louisiana, its history, etc., and of the educational advantages offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. A speaker was assigned to every school.

All Louisiana mourns the passing of Gen. John McGrath; not only will he be missed in all civic matters, but sadly in Confederate circles, being Past Commander of the Louisiana Division U. C. V., and president of the Pension Board. General McGrath was the oldest newspaper man in the State.

* * *

Maryland.—Preparations are in progress for the celebration of President Davis's birthday. Baltimore Chapter, through the Division Recorder of Crosses, Miss Sally Maupin, will bestow Crosses of Honor and Crosses of Service. An elaborate musical program will follow. A large attendance is expected.

* * *

Missouri.—The Division President, Mrs. Miller, sends each Chapter a monthly letter of encouragement inspiration, and information on U. D. C. matters. "Women of the South in War Times" is being stressed.

A drive is to be made for subscriptions to the VETERAN, and a prize to be given to the Chapter securing the largest number.

A large Confederate flag has been presented to the Confederate Home in Higginsville. A flag is placed on the casket of each veteran from the Home.

The U. D. C. will have a large glass case for relics in the new capitol building in Jefferson City, and these they are now collecting.

Twenty-seven members of the Oak Grove Chapter, with the high school orchestra, went by train to Higginsville recently and remained all day. So much did the veterans enjoy the program that they too joined in, one singing a solo, and another giving a dance.

* * *

North Carolina.—April is the month for District meetings in this Division. Among reports given at these some of the outstanding features were: All plans completed for the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Durham on May 10;

six new scholarships given for descendants of Confederate veterans, effective in September; an endowment fund, \$2,500, given by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kirkman to Greensboro College for Women, the interest from which providing for the Avery Irma Kirkman Scholarship, in memory of their daughter; completion of plans for marking the Jefferson Davis Highway through North Carolina with boulders of granite and bronze tablets, this to be done before the next Division convention.

* * *

South Carolina.—The recent legislature increased the appropriation for pensions for Confederate veterans from \$600,000 to \$750,000.

On May 10, the Maxey Gregg Chapter, of Florence, placed crosses on a number of Confederate graves.

Mrs. J. Frost Walker, Division Historian, has been appointed by the President General on the committee of "Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books."

Many of the South Carolina Chapters had as guests, May 10, the Confederate veterans, their wives, and the widows of veterans.

Appropriate memorial services were held and the graves of veterans decorated.

The Drayton Rutherford Chapter, of Newberry, has just placed one hundred and sixty iron crosses at veterans' graves. This chapter has made plans for impressive exercises incident to its first bestowal of Crosses of Service, on June 3. The meeting will be held in the large auditorium of the high school at night.

* * *

South Carolina.—Officers elected at convention in Newberry December 5-7, 1923: President, Mrs. O. D. Black, Johnston; First Vice President, Mrs. J. H. West, Newberry; Second Vice President, Mrs. Alonzo Kellar, Greenwood; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Janie Flowers, Bishopville; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edythe Loryea, St. Matthews; Historian, Mrs. J. F. Walker, Union; Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Iney, Florence; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Agatha Woodson, Edgefield; Auditor, Mrs. Ferdinand Jacobs, Clinton; Registrar, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, Pickens.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General.*

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

U. D. C. Outline for July.

Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

After five months' siege surrenders to General Grant.

This was the strongest Confederate post on the Mississippi River.

The Confederacy was now cut in two.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

July.

Give an account of the defence of Charleston Harbor.

A WOMAN'S NAME IN STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL HALL.

On a bronze tablet in the great Memorial Hall which is to be quarried out of Stone Mountain, below the central group of the Confederate military panorama, will go the name of a beautiful, white-haired lady of the Old South, who, at the age of eighty-six years, made a long journey to attend the unveiling of the head of General Lee last January.

This lady is Mrs. V. L. Pendleton, of Warrenton, N. C., a descendant of some of the oldest families of North Carolina and Virginia, and prominent among the women of her State in all patriotic, civic, and religious activities. She is Honorary President of her U. D. C. Chapter, chaplain of her D. A. R. Chapter, chaplain of the American Legion Post of her county, chairman of the board of charities, and otherwise active in good works. She represented her Chapter at the Stone Mountain unveiling accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Katherine Pendleton Arrington, of New York City. Both are ardent supporters of this great memorial undertaking, and, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Arrington made a "Founders' Roll" contribution of one thousand dollars, and Mrs. Pendleton's name will go on a bronze tablet in the great Memorial Hall, "together with the names of Confederate soldiers who fought on the battle fields and Confederate women who suffered and sacrificed for the South at home."

SALLY TOMPKINS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In sending a report of contributions received for the memorial to Capt. Sally Tompkins, who did so much hospital work in Richmond during the war, Col. Walter Greene, of Greensboro, N. C., ex-chairman of that memorial fund, writes that an association was to be formed in Richmond for the purpose of completing this work, and any contributions sent to Gen. Edgar Taylor, of Richmond, would be added to the fund. A report in full will be made at the reunion in Memphis, the following having been received up to March, 1924, by Colonel Greene, who says:

"The first check I got was from a lady in Illinois, Mrs. Logan Ellett McMinn, Bloomington, \$3.

"Alabama Camps, \$13; Arkansas Camps, \$6; California Camps, \$2; Florida Camps, \$3.50; Georgia Camps, \$21.15; Missouri Camps, \$7; Mississippi Camps, \$4.50; North Carolina Camps, \$45.50; South Carolina Camps, \$21.25; Texas Camps, \$45.10; Virginia-Tennessee Camps, \$17; Oklahoma Camps, \$42; Virginia Camps, \$90.10; West Virginia Camps, \$10; Kentucky Camps, \$22; W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La., \$10. Total, \$355.10."

BRONZE STATUES OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

Mrs. Annie Grace Drake, of Rockdale, Tex., sends an item of interest in the report of the placing of the massive bronze figures of three Confederate leaders—Jefferson Davis and Generals R. E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston—and that of ex-President Woodrow Wilson in the rotunda of the State Capitol at Austin on March 21. These figures are eight feet in height and were executed by Pompeo Coppini, the renowned Texas artist, and are a part of the memorial group to be placed on the campus of the University of Texas. When the group is completed, these statues will be removed from the Capitol.

This handsome group of statuary of the beloved Confederate leaders comes through the beneficence of Maj. George W. Littlefield, a member of Hood's Brigade of Cavalry, who bequeathed large amounts for special purposes to the University of Texas.

MORE CONFEDERATE TWINS.

Virginia comes to the front with report of twin brothers of that State who served as Confederate soldiers, and there is added distinction in their being doubtless the oldest of the Confederate twins now living. These twins are George P. and John H. Haw, of Hanover, Va., now eighty-five years old, and still active and interested in affairs of the day.

The Haw brothers were sons of John and Mary Watt Haw, and were born July 29, 1838, at Oak Grove, near Studley, in Hanover County, and the home of their childhood is still in the family; it is near the birthplace of Patrick Henry. Volunteering in the Hanover Grays before Virginia seceded, these boys, on April 23, 1861, were mustered into the service of the Confederacy as members of Company I, 15th Virginia Infantry, and saw their first fighting on the Peninsula against McClellan. Following that campaign, John Haw was desperately ill, and was on sick leave for a year. In the meantime, George Haw was promoted to first lieutenant, and was actively engaged with his command. At Harper's Ferry he was wounded and his left arm was amputated, and several days later was captured and held at Richmond until exchanged. On his recovery, he was assigned to light duty as enrolling officer for several counties and served thus to the close.

John H. Haw returned to the army as first sergeant of his old company and took part in a number of battles with his command. After the battle of Cold Harbor he was transferred to Selma, Ala., and assigned to a gun foundry until the war ended.

After the war George P. Haw entered Washington College, graduating from the Law School in 1867. His diploma, signed by General Lee, is one of his most cherished possessions. For forty years he served as Commonwealth's Attorney of Hanover County, and was actively in practice until two years ago. He married Mrs. Elizabeth Winston Fontaine, a daughter of Dr. Price, of Dundee, and has two sons and two daughters.

John H. Haw eschewed both politics and matrimony, and was noted as a sportsman. He is the owner of the famous old Piping Tree Ferry farm in King William County. Both brothers are communicants of the Presbyterian Church.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

In our endeavor this year to cancel our obligation in disposing of 8,000 copies of our book, "The Women of the South in War Times," many of the Divisions having large quotas are showing signs of real work and activity. This promised energy will help bring success. Mrs. Charles L. Moore, Director for Georgia, has circularized her Division, and in her letter has forcibly expressed the subject: "A big job and a little job. This big job redeeming the pledge of Georgia Division, U. D. C., by selling her quota. The little job by prorating this quota among all the Chapters. I pass each a little job. Please get behind this work and push it over quickly."

It may be of interest to occasionally hear how the Divisions are progressing. In disposing of copies, Virginia heads the list of all the States to May 13. South Carolina is second, with Alabama third. New Jersey, one of the new Divisions, has disposed of almost half of her quota. The Publicity Fund is in arrears. North Carolina leads in Publicity Fund contributions, with \$26.10 to her credit; Georgia, \$24; California, \$22, Texas, \$3; Boston Chapter, \$1; New York, \$1. Total, \$77.10.

Again allow me to suggest that the State Directors have conferences with the State Presidents and secure pledges at the State conventions. Chapter quotas can quickly be disposed of by this method.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief. W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
 Adjutant in Chief. Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
 Editor, Arthur H. Jennings. Lynchburg, Va.
 [Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

ACTIVE CAMPS.

"HOLDING HIGH THE TORCH."—We all believe that when that distressful time comes when every veteran Camp shall have passed from this sphere and pitched its tents on the far side of the shining river, the Sons will have caught the torch from their failing hands and will be carrying it high.

There stand out at this time three Camps of notable distinction in regard to activity in their ranks, general interest, and influence in their communities as well as serving well in the particular line for which they were created. They are Washington Camp No. 305 S. C. V., of Washington, D. C.; New York Camp No. 985, of New York City; and R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, of Richmond. (Stonewall Jackson Camp, also of Richmond, Va., although a new organization, is doing good work and fast making a name for itself.)

Commander Fry, of New York Camp, has just written me that by reunion time they expect to have two hundred active and associate members enrolled. On April 2, New York Camp held a meeting in "The Town Hall" in New York City, in advocacy of the principle of restriction of immigration. There were eighteen hundred people present, and standing room was at a premium. The meeting was addressed by Congressman William N. Vaile; Hugh Freyne, general representative of the American Federation of Labor; Congressman John C. Box, of Texas; William McCarroll, former Public Service Commissioner of New York; Dr. Jonathan C. Day, Commissioner of Markets, New York; S. W. Fry, Commander of New York Camp S. C. V. In spite of the great meeting, one of the best ever held in the "Town Hall," scant publicity was given to it because in New York the foreign element largely predominates and the Camp was taking "the unpopular side of a popular question." The Camp proposes to have a ball and dinner at the Hotel Astor in honor of S. C. V., officials and New York Daughters of the Confederacy.

The activities of Washington Camp have been often touched upon in this department. Their annual ball at the Raleigh is a feature of Washington life, and their regular meetings are to a considerable extent devoted to discussions of historical matters as relating to the days of the Confederacy, while in practical affairs, such as their members making their marks in patriotic works, illustrated in one instance by the great work of Major Ewing of that Camp in the matter of the Manassas Confederate Memorial Park, the Camp stands high.

Old R. E. Lee Camp, S. C. V., of Richmond, gave an Easter dance at Randolph Hall in the Confederate Home at Richmond, and this is announced as "the first of a series of informal entertainments that will be given by the Camp during the year."

Cannot other Camps, especially those in the cities, such as Memphis, Atlanta, New Orleans, Charleston, Nashville, Chattanooga, Birmingham, Savannah, Columbia, Jacksonville, Raleigh, etc., catch step and march in this procession? Help carry high the torch.

SOUTH CAROLINA SONS.—John M. Kinard, Commander of the South Carolina Division S. C. V., has announced his official staff and Brigade Commanders as follows: J. Y. McFall, Newberry, Adjutant and Chief of Staff; Thomas F. McDow, York, Judge Advocate; J. Rion McKissick, Greenville, Quartermaster; Hugh W. Fraser, Georgetown, Inspector; Dr. J. C. Harper, Greenwood, Surgeon; D. A. Spivey, Conway, Color Bearer; Duncan D. Wallace, Spartanburg, Historian; Rev. Charles E. Burts, D.D., Columbia, Chaplain; Thomas M. Neel, Newberry, Commissary.

George D. Rouse, Charleston, Commander First District, composed of the counties of Charleston, Berkley, Colleton, Dorchester, and Clarendon.

Harry T. Calhoun, Barnwell, Second District: Aiken, Bamberg, Barnwell, Beaufort, Edgefield, Saluda, Hampton, Jasper, Allendale.

John K. Hood, Jr., Anderson, Third District: Pickens, Oconee, Anderson, Abbeville, Greenwood, McCormick, Newberry.

Albert C. Todd, Laurens, Fourth District: Laurens, Spartanburg, Greenville, Union.

J. C. Roper, Chester, Fifth District: Cherokee, Chester, York Fairfield, Kershaw, Chesterfield, Lancaster.

J. W. Ivey, Florence, Sixth District: Marlboro, Marion, Horry, Darlington, Florence, Williamsburg, Georgetown, Dillon.

Pelham M. Felder, Jr., Orangeburg, Seventh District: Richland, Sumter, Orangeburg, Lexington, Lee, Calhoun.

WE CAN POINT WITH PRIDE!—Here is a Sumter, S. C., Daughters of the Confederacy idea. In the form of a query from a student of the public schools of England to public school pupils of this country comes the following:

"Will you be good enough to make the following perfectly clear to me:

"1. The causes, immediate and remote, of this War between the States.

"2. The battle of Shiloh.

"3. The battle of Chancellorsville.

"4. The battle of Gettysburg.

"5. A comparison of Lee and Grant as men and military leaders.

"6. Bitterness resulting from memories of Reconstruction Days."

Answers to these questions were to be contributions from public schools of Sumter in form of essays, with prizes awarded for the best.

We can but wonder if the fifth question was touched upon in its form of stark truth or as mellowed by time and the prevalence of some legendary ideas. As men, in what form can we compare Grant with Lee without seeming to indulge almost in slander of the former? As soldiers, the world has passed its verdict. Lee is acknowledged as a soldier and strategist of the first rank; Grant as a lucky possessor of immeasurable supplies, ammunition, and men. Their viewpoint upon methods of waging war can be compared by Grant's famous order to Sheridan to ravage the Valley of Virginia so that a crow flying over should have to carry his own rations; and Lee's caution to his men on entering Pennsylvania to refrain from doing useless damage and to respect the rights of private property. But Grant was soldierly in his treatment of Lee at Appomattox—he would later have none of the blood lust of the Northern politicians visited upon men whom he had paroled—and the South looks upon him with a kindly regard in many ways.

THE DEATH OF "ROONIE" LEE'S WIDOW.—The passing of this most estimable lady brings from the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* the following paragraphs culled from an article appearing editorially in that paper on the day of her funeral. It is so valuable in its direct and inferential utterances that we copy it here:

"In 1867 the Petersburg belle—she who had captivated the knightly 'Marse Robert'—became the bride of Maj. Gen. William Henry Fitzhugh Lee. It is said that the young officer's father encouraged the match. At any rate, he came to the marriage. Thus Mary Tabb Bolling, herself the radiant flower of a great civilization, came into possession of the Lee name and the high Lee traditions.

"To-day her funeral service will be held from historic St. Paul's Church, where General Lee was accustomed to worship whenever the exigencies of war permitted. The body will be taken to Lexington, to rest in the mausoleum which is a shrine for millions, because it holds the precious dust of the great commander. From 1867 to 1924 is a long period of time. Many changes have taken place. Ideals, perhaps, are not held so dear as they were when Petersburg was a beleaguered city. Virginians, some of them, have strayed off into strange paths. But Mrs. Lee during all the years since the day she became the bride of 'Roonie' Lee held fast to her heritage and to her trust. If in girlhood she typified the sweetness and the nobility of the Old South, she typified them just as perfectly in old age. Her own traditions and those of the Lees were safe in her keeping to the end. The old general made no mistake in giving to her a lasting place in his heart. She well merited the privilege of handing down to posterity, in direct line, the great name her son bears."

"CHOPPING AWAY AT THE ROOTS."—One by one the supports thrown around the idea of State sovereignty by the fathers are being chopped away. "State Rights" is more asserted now in the North than in the South. Another amendment is now sought to the much-amended Constitution whereby the centralization of government and increasing wreckage of State sovereignty is emphasized. Ten of Virginia's congressmen voted against this measure to submit this amendment, but two, misled by misapplied and mistaken humanity, helped "chop." It is asserted that Virginia's two senators will vote to submit the amendment, but we hope not. At this writing we do not know the number of Southern members of Congress who voted to chop away at one of the fundamentals of our government—but we fear many did. It is not a heartening nor enlightening thing to sit by and see our lawmakers busily engaged in digging at the foundations of our government.

ANSWERING MONROE A. WILDER.—This gentleman, who is principal of central schools of Maddock, North Dakota, writes a delightful letter to the *VETERAN* which is forwarded to me. He, however objects to my sentence which follows the copy of General Sherman's letter published in April where he advocated that the Southerners of occupied territory be "killed or transported." I remarked that General Sherman would have been useful as a Hun general in the recent Great War. I fail to see the inappropriateness of the remark: Sherman's acts and words mark him as a man who waged war with a severity and without regard to humane principles. War was "hell," so he is quoted as saying, and he waged war in a hellish manner. Sheridan, with his ravaging of the Valley and his ideas of waging war so as only to

"leave them their eyes to weep with," as he expressed it, was likewise of this type. Mr. Wilder may feel bad about the acts of these men or he may feel bad because these acts are drawn forth to the light, but unless he can shatter the truth of the assertions, historically, I cannot see the justice of his complaint though I deeply regret that any word of this department should be objected to by anyone. He says that I injure my "cause" when I write words such as the above about General Sherman. I reply that I have no "cause" save the truth of history. We of the South will abide by that.

INFORMATION SUPPLIED.

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., kindly gives some information asked for in the May *VETERAN*:

"Mrs. Eunice Logan Arnold, of Gunnison, Miss., wants to know of her brother, John Leroy Logan. The records show him a captain in the 11th Arkansas Infantry, in January, 1862, and colonel of the regiment on September 29, of the same year. He was commanding a cavalry brigade under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in July, 1863, and served in that capacity until the surrender. He was never commissioned a general, although doing a brigadier's duty and entitled to it.

"To J. W. Harris, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, First Oklahoma Brigade, U. C. V., I will state that Col. Tyree Bell's brigade during the battle of Harrisburg, Miss., July 13-15, 1864, consisted of the 2nd Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Barteau; 15th Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Russell; 16th Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Wilson; 19th Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Newsom.

"The brigade went in 1,300 strong, and had 59 killed, 341 wounded, and none missing, a total of 400 casualties, or a loss of about 30%, which goes to show that they took quite an active part in this affair. (By the way, 'Old Man' Forrest whipped the tar out of his opponents as usual, although he had less than half of their force, and also did the attacking). The officers in Bell's command killed during the battle were Captain Estes, Lieutenants Dunning, French, and Lipscomb, of the 2nd; Captain Field and Lieutenant Hawkins of the 15th; Lieutenant Kennedy and Ensign Paine of the 16th, and Captain Stratton and Lieutenant Hollis of the 19th.

"Mr. T. H. Peeples of Clarendon, Tex., wants General Beauregard's famous proclamation of "Beauty and Booty," and here it is:

"CAMP PICKENS, VA., June 5, 1861.

"To the Good People of Counties of Loudon, Fairfax, and Prince William.

"A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln has thrown his abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property. All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war cry is: "Beauty and Booty." All that is dear to man—your honor, and that of your wives and daughters, your fortunes, and your lives are involved in this momentous conflict. I, therefore, make this my proclamation, and invite and enjoin you by every consideration dear to the hearts of freemen and patriots, by the name and memory of your Revolutionary fathers, and by the purity and sanctity of your domestic firesides, to rally to the standard of your State and, by every means in your power, to drive back and expel the invader from your land.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *Brigadier General Commanding.*"

THE PERPETUAL COVENANT IN THE CONSTITUTION.

(Continued from page 225.)

Shall we of our generation throw away this rich endowment of self-government? Rather we should heed the warning of our great historian, John Fiske, when he said in his "Critical Period of American History" (1888), page 238: "If the day should ever arrive (which God forbid!) when the people of the different parts of our country shall allow their local affairs to be administered by prefects sent from Washington, and when the self-government of the States shall have been so far lost as that of the departments of France, or even so far as that of the counties of England, on that day the progressive political career of the American people will have come to an end and the hopes that have been built upon it for the future happiness and prosperity of mankind will be wrecked forever."

The Federal nature of our governmental system and its corner stone "State Rights" will be greatly safeguarded and protected if the proposal known as the "New Bill of Rights" or "Back to the People" Amendment is adopted. It was introduced in the Senate by James W. Wadsworth, of New York, and in the House by Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee. It restores State autonomy and popular sovereignty in the ratification of future Federal amendments by providing (1) that at least one house in each ratifying legislature must be elected after proposal by the Congress, (2) that any State may require confirmation of its legislature's ratification by popular vote, and (3) that until the result is announced any State may change its vote.

This proposal has been supported by most of the press. All of us who believe in preserving our American system should give it our approval.

"BILLY PHELPS AND HIS THREE WHITE KITTENS.

[This tribute by Dr. Mont J. Moses to his friend, Capt. W. H. H. Phelps, of Atlanta, was published in Columbus, Ga., in 1865.]

Some months ago, when Wilson's raiders,
Prov'd such great pests to all the traders,

And rode a conquering band—

Some months ago, when mobs turned loose
Engaged in every vile abuse,

And stay'd not for command—

When some days after Yanks had left,
And men all seemed of wits bereft,
And when the numerous little stores,
Seemed ne'er to have known the use of doors,

When each gray coat in free relief,

Boldly called the others "Thief;"

When silver spoons and forks long hid

Were pulled from under every lid;

Who was he who led the van

And proved himself the very man

Columbus long had needed?

Who, amid the blackened walls,

'Mid gutted stores, and cannon balls,

First began to open store,

To sweep out trash and mend his door?

'Twas Billy Phelps.

How first he did, and what he saved,
How Billy laughed, while others raved,
My pen shall seek to tell.

He noted first the public mind,
(Tho' Billy's shrewd, he's very kind)
And opened with a sell.

It seems the night the Yankees came,
A cat (I cannot call her name)
Had kittens, and the Yanks and mobs,
Having heads more full of other bobs,
O'erlooked sweet kitty's pretty stripes,
And strange to say, a box of pipes—
Not meershaums, plain and mounted well,
Such as William now doth sell—
But common brown Powhatan,
With stems of native-grown rattan,

For poor Confeds to smoke.

Brave Billy went and opened store,
Stuck a placard on his door,
Which very plainly told the tale
That pipes and cats were had for sale

At Billy Phelps's.

Whether Billy sold his cats,
Or whether kept to kill the rats,
Which lived in Billy's store;
Or whether William sold bowls
Which bring such peace to all men's souls,

To king, to sage, or boor,
I cannot tell; but this I'll say,
That after this, and day by day,
Good bacon took the place of cats,
And corn and meal now fed the rats,
And then the shelves began to fill,
And greenbacks poured into the till;
Dry goods and shoes took the place
Which first was but a vacant space

By friends and foes bereft.

And when the people 'gan to arrive
They wondered at the great Beehive,
And all soon joined in giving praise.
Earned by the steady, honest ways

Of Billy Phelps.

The following comes from George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City, who has been using advertising space in the VETERAN for some time. He says: "I have secured quite a number of old U. S. stamps, 1845 to 1870, through my notices in the VETERAN; and I have suggested to the persons of whom I have purchased them to contribute the amounts they have received in this way to one of the Confederate associations in loving memory of the loved one to whom those letters were addressed. . . . The VETERAN brings me more returns than any daily paper in the South."

THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF OKLAHOMA.

(Continued from page 217.)

riages have taken place within the Home. Pensioners outside the Home are paid \$25.00 per month.

It is appropriate to conclude this article with the following from Conrade Moore: "Everything is done to make us comfortable and happy. This is as near paradise as it is possible to get on this earth."

OLD BOOK OFFERING.

This list of books on Confederate history contains some of the best works on the subject, now out of print, and in but few instances is there more than one copy available. So in sending your order give second and third choice. These books are very scarce now, and this will be an opportunity to add some long-sought volume to your collection. The first orders get them.

Confederate Military History. Twelve volumes.....	\$25 00
Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. Two volumes.....	10 00
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. Craven.....	3 50
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two volumes.....	8 00
History of Morgan's Cavalry. By Gen. Basil Duke.....	4 00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon.....	4 00
Advance and Retreat. By Gen. John B. Hood.....	3 50
Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.....	4 00
Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By Col. William Preston Johnston.....	5 00
Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor.....	5 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke.....	5 00
Memoirs of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long.....	5 00
Personal Reminiscences of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	3 50
History of the Confederate Navy. By J. T. Scharf.....	4 00
War Poetry of the South. By William Gilmore Simms. (Rebound.).....	3 50
Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair.....	4 00
The War between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens. Two volumes.....	10 00
Mosby's War Reminiscences and Stuart's Cavalry Campaigns.....	4 00
Mosby's Rangers. By James J. Williamson.....	4 00
Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. R. A. Pryor.....	3 00
The Cruise of the Shenandoah. By Cornelius E. Hunt (one of her officers).....	4 00
Southern Poetry of the War. Compiled by Miss Emily Mason.....	4 00
Hammer and Rapier. By John Esten Cooke.....	1 25

In renewing subscription, C. Zipprian, of Gulf, Tex., writes: "I am always glad to receive the VETERAN, and expect to subscribe for it as long as I live."

From F. S. Wade, of Elgin, Tex., comes announcement that the annual reunion of Green's Brigade will be held at Beeville, Tex., on the last Wednesday and Thursday in June. He is Life Commander of the association; is now nearly eighty-eight, but in good health.

H. H. Smith, of Blackstone, Va., has published in pamphlet form a "character sketch" of Gen. R. E. Lee, which has been highly commended. In this brief sketch he emphasizes the lofty character of our great Southerner and touches every phase of it, putting it all in small compass that "he who runs may read." A great deal is thus offered for the small sum of fifteen cents, and if five or more copies are taken, the rate is only ten cents each. Send to him for a copy. It should be freely distributed among school children.

THE SEMPLE SCHOOL

Boarding and Day School for Girls
Opposite Central Park, New York's Most Picturesque Spot
College Preparatory, Postgraduate, Special and Finishing Courses, Secretarial, Domestic Science, Languages, Art, Music, Dramatic Art, Costume Designing, and Interior Decoration
MRS. T. DARRINGTON SEMPLE, Prin.
(Member New York Chapter U. D. C.)
41-242 CENTRAL PARK WEST, NEW YORK CITY

Gen. Edgar Taylor, Adjutant in Chief to General Haldeman, writes from Richmond, Va.: "I do not like to be without the VETERAN. It gives me some good information."

Mrs. Julian Evans, of Aberdeen, Miss., writes: "I enjoy each copy of the VETERAN, and file them for reference. Have copies from the first publication, that were my mother's."

William D. Deacon, of Murat, Va. (R. R. No. 1, Box 33), asks for information on the service of Thomas Nelson Martin, a boy soldier detailed as guard for bridges or other public property. His company is not known, but veterans of Campbell County, Va., or Appomattox, may recall him. His widow needs a pension.

J. R. Boldridge, of Nelsonville, Mo., is anxious to learn something of Col. William Maddox, who owned a large plantation in Claiborne Parish, La., near a little town called Hightower. Comrade Boldridge says he was left there to die in the fall of 1862, but Mrs. Maddox ("God bless her!") nursed him back to health. They had two boys and a girl. About 1875, he sent her a dress and trimmings by a minister who had charge of a Baptist Church at Hightower, but he afterwards learned that this gift of appreciation was never delivered. Anyone who knows of the Maddox family will please write to him.

— PETTIBONE —



makes U. C. V. UNIFORMS, and a complete line of Military Supplies, Secret Society Regalia, Lodge Charts, Military Text-books, Flags, Pennants, Banners, and Badges.

Mail orders filled promptly. You deal direct with the factory. Inquiries invited.

PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

VERY CLEAR.—A young lady from a Rose Creek, Minn., school gives this significant definition: "The carpet-baggers were people of the South who wore shirts made of carpets, so that the bullets would not go through."—*Washington Herald*.

Miss Mary A. Powel, of Rogersville, Tenn., sends thanks for reminder of "subscription due," and says: "In renewing for myself, I only wish I could send a hundred others. I am a woman who lived in the days of the sixties, with five brothers in the Confederate army and father in the government service, and can and do appreciate the VETERAN to its fullest."

Deafness

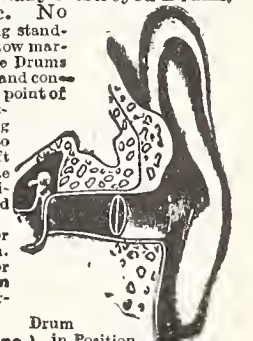
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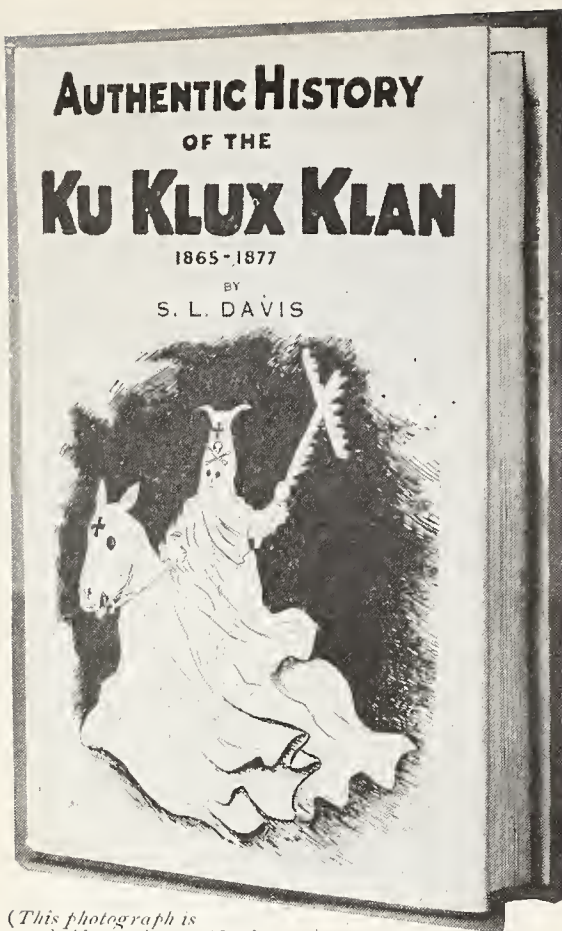
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1865-1877

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"The 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' is a remarkable book and ought to be read by every intelligent citizen of the 'Sunny South'; also by every intelligent citizen throughout the whole country who desires to know the reasons why the Ku Klux Klan was organized and how it later changed the condition of the whole South. . . . The good people of those trying times and their descendants owe Miss Susan Lawrence Davis a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. She saw the need of a true history of those times and with untiring energy and great ability has fully succeeded in giving to humanity a work that ranks with the most important publications extant."—*Col. Lee Crandall, Confederate Veteran, Washington, D. C.*

"The 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' should be read by every Southerner that wants a true history of the existing conditions that were borne by the beloved South."—*C. P. Trice, Swifton, Ark.*

"I have carefully read the 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' and take pleasure in recommending it to everyone who in any way has entertained a doubt as to the origin, purpose, and significance of the organization.

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"I most cheerfully recommend this book to all old Klansmen, who will doubtless read it as of yore, and especially recommend it to the members of the organization of to-day."—*N. B. Watts, President Security Bank, Member of 50th General Assembly, Frederickstown, Mo.*

"The book is intensely interesting to every Southerner who wants to relive those stirring times."—*Mrs. H. H. K. Jefferson, 1022 Sycamore Street, Birmingham, Ala.*

"The volume shows careful research and is a good contribution to the literature upon the subject."—*Leroy Stafford Boyd, Librarian, Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.*

"I received the 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' about two weeks ago. I have read all kinds of books and histories but none are equal in my opinion to your 'History of the Ku Klux Klan.' It is a book which every red-blooded American should have in his household. It states the true facts about the past happenings very plainly and easily understood."—*Rodney E. Larkin, Box 75, Tulsa, Okla.*

"I have read every word of the 'Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan' and enjoyed it very much. It is indeed a fine thing and will be read with interest by every Southerner. Besides being a splendid history, it is so well written. A professor of history read it, and he pronounced it great and lectured to his class on it."—*Bessie Moore, Women's College, Montgomery, Ala.*

"My whole family is absorbed in reading the book. We've simply glued our noses to the pages and have been enraptured. It is so very interesting and fair, and I feel it will prove a revelation to some folk and some locations! It should be put in every Southern library for historical reference work."—*Mrs. Margaret Bush (granddaughter of General Wallace), Birmingham, Ala.*

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1865-1877

By SUSAN LAWRENCE DAVIS

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SOUTH

"The Klan about which Miss Davis writes is not to be confused with the Klan of to-day. She has written a graphic, moving tale of one of the most picturesque and one of the most patriotic organizations the world has ever known. She has written to justify the existence of the Klan in those needy days. Miss Davis has brought to the task of writing the 'Authentic History of the Ku-Klux Klan' judgment, culture, information (much of her material she obtained by interviewing members of the Klan), and an easy, interesting style."—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*.

"Susan Lawrence Davis, daughter of Old South, has written the 'Authentic History of the Ku-Klux Klan'. . . Attempts have been made previously, with but indifferent success. Miss Davis has written a complete chronicle. . . She has graphically pictured one of the most tragic episodes of Southern history, that of Reconstruction."—*St. Augustine (Fla.) Evening Record*.

"Miss Davis is a firm believer in the purity of the motives of all the old Klan members; one feels after having read the book that all the Klansmen were the romantic and ideal figures we like to think of Southern gentlemen as having been."—*Roanoke (Va.) World-News*.

"This book gives an authentic history of the real Ku-Klux Klan. . . In preparation of this latest history of that remarkable and unique organization recourse was had to original and authentic records. . . The author entered upon this work for the purpose of putting into enduring print the real facts and thereby correcting the false impressions that had been so largely spread by the partisan reports of the days of its operations and by subsequent writings that were not fair or impartial. In this book the reader will secure revealing light as to the true situation which called the Ku-Klux Klan into being. The book is a valuable contribution to an interesting and important chapter of national history, and particularly the South."—*Wilmington (Del.) Every Evening*.

"With a new Klan, apparently a revival of the old in name only, a very live factor in American life to-day, Miss Davis's book possesses a keen and timely interest. . . The book is fully illustrated with portraits of the founders and principal leaders; photographs of places famous in Klan history and of Klan documents; and there is a frontispiece picturing the ideal Klansman in full regalia, mounted on a horse and waving a fiery cross, the work of the cartoonist, C. K. Berryman, a native Kentuckian."—*Louisville (Ky.) Herald*.

"She is, therefore, an authority on the atmosphere of the times and the facts. Her book is interesting. . . There is a hitherto unpublished photograph of General Lee in the book which . . . is worth the price of it to Virginians."—*Richmond (Va.) News-Leader*.

EAST

"Those who wish to get the real story of the original Ku-Klux Klan of Reconstruction Days, as it was and is believed in the South itself, cannot do better than to read this account by Miss Davis, who is a member of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Many years ago she began to interview survivors of the Klan, and after the death of Capt. John C. Lester, who had been one of the founders, she was permitted to make use of the materials that he had gathered for a history of the organization."—*Review of Reviews, New York*.

"The book of Susan Lawrence Davis is a studied defense and justification of the original Ku-Klux Klan. It speaks in the voice of the Old South that created and used the first hooded order and has made a legend of it. . . Its value is in the detailed and circumstantial accounts of the founders of the first Klan and their methods of action."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"As far as the Klan is concerned, her book is valuable as a part of American history."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.

"Her work has been published largely as a defense of the organization which was called into being by reason of Negro excesses and carpetbagger domination in the South after the Civil War. . . For the reader the book's special value is in the detailed and circumstantial accounts of the founders of the first Klan and their methods of action."—*Trenton (N. J.) Times*.

"The main body of the book is devoted to a narrative of the spread and achievements of the Ku-Klux Klan and is embellished with portraits of the founders and the leaders of the movement, with pictures of many historic scenes and relics."—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*.

"She does not deal in generalities, but gives specific names and dates throughout, so that her book sounds as authentic as she claims it to be."—*Columbus (Ohio) Citizen*.

"This book is written in justification of the men and measures adopted, which led to the redemption of the Southern States from radical, carpetbag, and Negro rule following the Civil War."—*Indianapolis News*.

"The book is written with fervor."—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune*.

"The first-hand utterance of such men (Generals Lee, Forrest, Gordon, Wade Hampton, Pike) convince us that many of the vilest outrages attributed to the Klan were perpetrated by ruffians."—*Evanston (Ind.) News-Index*.

NORTH

"The 'Authentic History of the Ku-Klux Klan, 1865-67,' should have wide popularity. Miss Davis, who is the daughter of Lawrence Ripley Davis, the first man in Alabama to apply to the original K. K. K. at Pulaski, Tenn., for permission to form a branch at Athens, is well-qualified to give an exhaustive account of its origin and history, most of her information derived from first-hand sources. . . Miss Davis has definite opinions on the subject of Northerners. Henry Ward Beecher she refers to as a 'Salesman of Hate,' and Harriet Beecher Stowe she calls 'chat arch-fiend.'"—*New York Telegraph*.

"This book tells the whole story of the famous K. K. K. The volume is a worth-while contribution to our Americana."—*Boston Evening Globe*.

"The author of this authentic history has done a considerable amount of original research work and has probably brought together some historical facts that might otherwise have been lost. The book is the essential feeling of the South about the Klan."—*New York Evening Post*.

"We don't know why the words 'Sunny South' seemed to jump at us from every page. . . The lives and characters of the men connected with this society are dwelt upon much after the fashion of a genealogy. Naturally we expected to find the Northerners 'tromped' on in a book of this character, and needless to say our expectations were fully realized. Many interesting photographs add value and interest to this history. It is, on the whole, pleasantly written."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial*.

"This is the work of a Southern woman who aims to justify the measures adopted by the founders of the original Ku-Klux Klan movement."—*Boston Herald*.

"It is the sympathetic Southern view which Mrs. Davis presents."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Illustrated Express*.

"The book is a compilation of facts. . . Chronological. . . Has interest."—*New Haven (Conn.) Journal-Courier*.

"One gets a real idea of the original Ku-Klux Klan in this book. It is an interesting history, well told, and evidently written after much research and careful attention to accuracy."—*Knickerbocker (Albany, N. Y.) Press*.

WEST

"The author of this work is a Southern woman and appears to be especially well qualified for the task she has undertaken. This book is a very complete one and contains many official records in support of statements made.

She demonstrates the difference between the original Ku-Klux Klan and present one by disclosing the inner workings of the old, which was organized for the purpose of maintaining the white domination of the States that were at War with the Federal Union, an organization which, from her standpoint and to the standpoint of thousands of others, was essential to the welfare of the people of seceding commonwealths.

"She cites numerous instances to show that there were many acts of violence attributed to the Klan that were not committed by it and relates how others donning its costumes and engaging in such acts were brought to grief.

"As a contribution to history, this book is something well worth reading. As a book that holds interest, it is something that all who read will appreciate."—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

"A painstaking search for material adds to the authenticity of the work. . . Miss Davis has unearthed a quantity of data of undeniable historical value."—*Colorado Springs Telegraph*.

"Here is a meticulous history of the Invisible Empire, telling of its origin in a small town of Tennessee, the meaning of its name, the personnel of the first organization, and many details which will be of interest to the public."—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Press*.

"Miss Davis gives in detail the reason why the original Ku-Klux Klan took upon itself the function of regulators and maintaining the supremacy of the whites in the South."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

"Much that has hitherto been shrouded in mystery as far as most of the world is concerned is here revealed concerning the activities and personnel of the original Ku-Klux Klan. Around few organizations has there hung such a glamor of romance. . . Probably such a frank account as this book contains could not have appeared at a much earlier date, nor could one as authentic have been written much later. There will be many readers in the North as well as in the South who will be glad to find here the history of an organization which attained considerable importance at one period of our country's development."—*Omaha (Nebr.) World*.

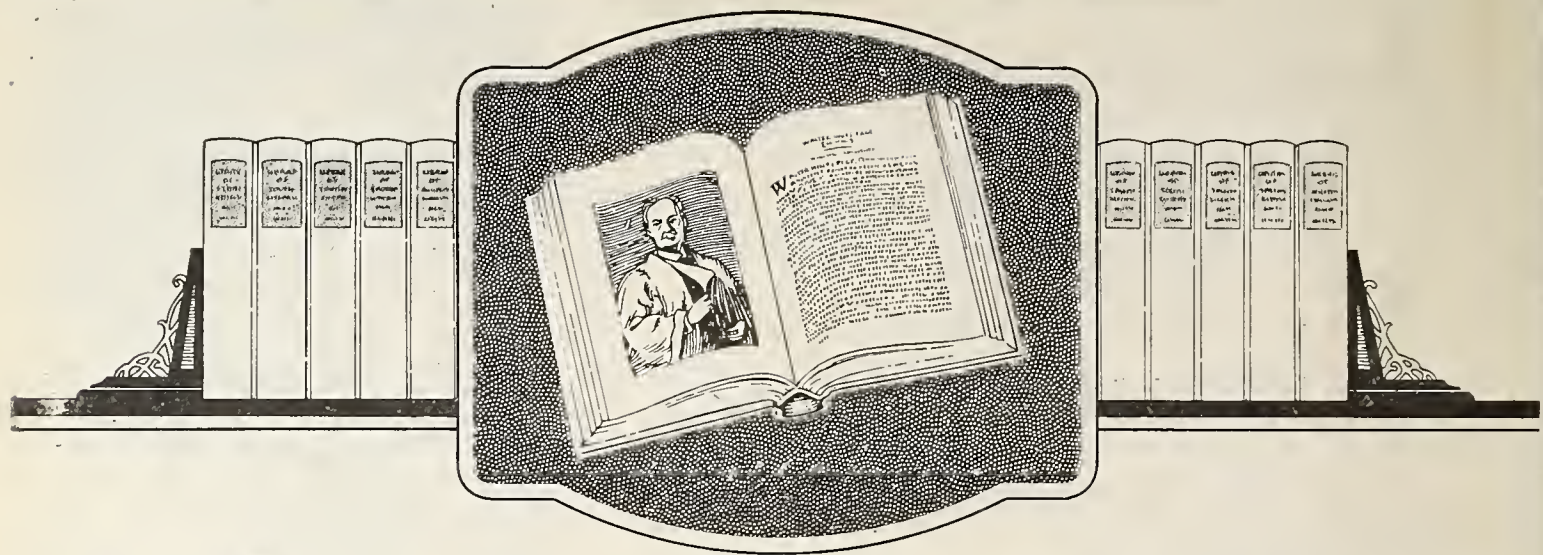
"Tremendous devotion to the men who made up the Confederate cause—and who after the war became the bulwark of the old Klan—is evidenced throughout this interesting book."—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press*.

"She has done a good piece of work. . . There are more than 300 well-written pages to make good this claim. There are many sensations in it. It is a good book for the history shelf. There are many interesting pictures in it."—*Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Press*.

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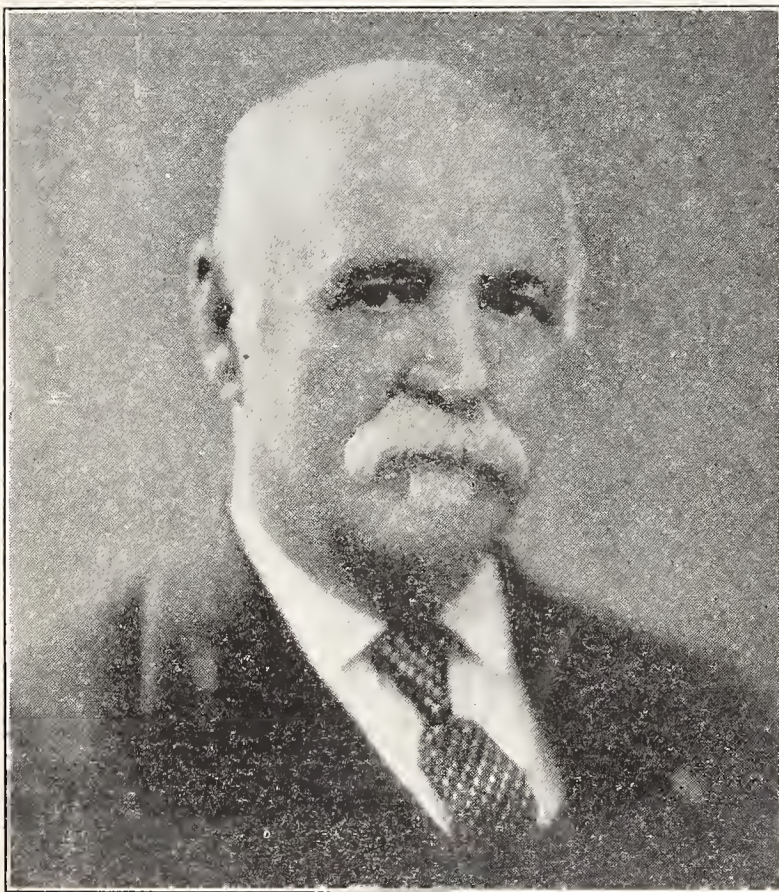
Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXII.

JULY, 1924

NO. 7



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Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, re-elected by
acclamation at the Memphis reunion, June, 1924.

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The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

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Life of Jefferson Davis, with Secret History of the Confederacy. By Edwin A. Pollard.	1 25
Annals of the Army of Tennessee. By Dr. E. L. Drake.	1 00
Order No. 11. By Caroline Abbott Stanley. (Old copy.)	2 00
Leather Stocking and Silk. By John Esten Cooke. (Original edition, 1854).	1 00

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R. B. Cummins, of Sterling City, Tex., renews subscription and says: "The June number of the VETERAN ought to be read by every American citizen and especially by the present and rising generation of the South."

Mrs. J. E. Doman, Basin, Wyo. (P. O. Drawer 269), wants to get the war record of her father and uncles, of whom she writes: "My father, Nathaniel Washington Walton, was a son of Nathaniel Walton, of Cartersville, Va. When war came on, he joined a company largely made up from Cumberland and Powhatan Counties, and it was connected with General Lee's headquarters during the greater part of the war. My father died in 1913, at my home in Clarksburg, W. Va., and his three

brothers, Henry and Edward Walton, of Penrith, Va., and Burton Walton, of Richmond, are all dead. Any help in tracing their records as Confederate soldiers will be appreciated.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written between 1845 and 1880. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Highest prices paid. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Another good friend, William Zacharias, of Beaufort, N. C., sends check for \$6, "covering four advanced years of subscription to help the cause along, being physically unable to help toward increasing the list of subscribers."

HOW TO COMPUTE BONUS.

Veterans may compute the amount of adjusted compensation due them by observing the following rules:

1. Establish the number of days served at home, 500 being the limit.
2. Establish the number of days served overseas, 500 being the limit.
3. Subtract thirty days from the total days served.
4. Then allow \$1 a day for home service, and \$1.25 a day for foreign service.

5. Multiply the total by the average factor corresponding to the age of the veteran.

Example: John Smith, age 25, served 160 days at home and 100 days abroad; knocking off the 60 days of his home service, leaves 100 days at \$1 a day, or \$100, and 100 days at \$1.25 a day, or \$125. Total credit due, \$225. Multiply this by John Smith's age factor, which is 2.537 for the age of 25, and this gives \$570.72, the face value of the insurance certificate. It bears interest at 4 per cent compounded annually.

Mrs. Leila Price, of Memphis, Tenn. (No. 1382 Jefferson Avenue), wishes to know in what division of the Confederate army her husband, William Robb Price, served. He enlisted in the cavalry from Columbus, Miss., and fought through the last three years of the war, having left college and volunteered.

Not being able to get out and make up a club of subscribers, Rev. W. H. White, Adjutant of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 118 U. C. V., of Brownwood, Tex., sends his check for \$5 to extend his own subscription, "which will be the same in the end," he says. "I may not live that long, but I am glad to help a good cause."

PRINCETON'S GIFT TO STONE MOUNTAIN.—As a memorial to Princeton men who fell in the War between the States, the National Alumni Association of Princeton University has donated \$1,000 to help complete the memorial being carved on the face of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta. Princeton's student body was almost equally divided between the North and South during the war, and by a coincidence the number of Princeton men who died fighting for the North is exactly the same as of those who died in the Southern cause. Their names are now engraved on a wall of Memorial Hall at Princeton, in alphabetical order, regardless of whether they wore the blue or the gray.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1924.

No. 7.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE REUNION AT MEMPHIS.

"Memphis has kept the faith," was the feeling expression of Commander in Chief Haldeman in reference to the entertainment provided for the heroes in gray by the great Bluff City, and this appreciation was echoed in the hearts of all veterans there. The hospitality of the city was not limited, and only compliments have been expressed by those who enjoyed it. Even the weather man was considerate and provided weather that was ideal for the occasion. Memphians can rest satisfied that all were pleased.

On the afternoon of June 3, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, memorial exercises were held at Elmwood Cemetery, the chief feature of which was an address by Charles B. Bryan, of Memphis, grandson of Admiral Semmes, and his eloquent tribute to the men and women of the South found responsive hearts attending. General Haldeman followed in a brief tribute to President Davis and then introduced to the audience the grandson of the Confederacy's chief, Jefferson Hayes Davis, now a major of the United States army, who responded briefly but feelingly. Following the exercises, the graves in the Confederate section were decorated with flags by the Children of the Confederacy, and taps was sounded. As its thrillings echoes died away and the throng dispersed, a veteran, bent with the weight of many years, said to his comrade: "It isn't far to the other side. We're on the borderland and can almost touch hands with those who have gone on ahead of us."

The convention was opened on Wednesday morning, June 4, in the presence of thousands gathered in the magnificent new auditorium, capable of seating some 12,000 persons. At least 5,000 were there for the opening exercises, and there was some confusion in getting the delegates seated; also, the unfinished condition of the auditorium made it difficult to hear a short distance from the stage. The convention was called to order by Gen. John P. Hickman, commanding the Tennessee Division, and addresses of welcome were made by Mayor Paine for the city, while Governor Peay extended welcome for the State. Others who spoke were Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, for the Confederated Southern Memorial Association; Mrs. Frank Harrold, for the United Daughters of the Confederacy; J. McDonald Lee, for the Sons of Confederate

Veterans, and Maj. J. Colton Lynes, of Marietta, Ga.; and Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian C. S. M. A., also spoke. The convention was turned over to General Haldeman, Commander in Chief, who spoke upon the necessity of making provision for the continuance of the organization, saying:

"My comrades conferred the gratest honor within their gift on me at New Orleans, and I hold in highest appreciation the honor thus bestowed, but I hold as nearer and dearer to me the respect, confidence, and affection of my comrades than I do the title of Commader in Chief. We are here in convention assembled in a Southern city, a goodly city, whose people were our people in the days of the sixties. They have spared no effort to make this assembling of Confederate veterans an epoch in the record of Confederate reunions. Nothing has been left undone that might contribute to the proper care of, and to the comfort and enjoyment of the Confederate veteran during his stay in the city of Memphis. I desire to testify in the name of my comrades our appreciation of the hospitality of this great Southern city. May the richest blessings in the way of increased prosperity, health, and happiness be meted out to the citizens of this hospitable city.

"The grim reaper is rapidly depleting the ranks of the Confederate veterans, but those of us who are here to-day can commingle with one another, can reminisce on the days when we bore no mean part in an unequal contest. The contribution made by the Confederate soldier in the War between the States is a record of valor, endurance, and adherence to principle that can but add to the glory of the republic. We have no apology to make that we loved the flag under which we served and still cherish it with tenderest love. The Bonnie Blue Flag is, and will ever remain, near to our hearts. 'It is wreathed around with glory and 'twill live in song and story' as long as the ages of our common country. To-day we honor and love another flag, the flag bespangled with the stars of forty-eight States in this American union. To the glory of this flag the sons and grandsons of the Confederate veterans have attested their devotion by the giving of their lives. To the honor of this flag the conservatism of the South is attesting its devotion by the endeavor to perpetuate a republic of free men.

"There are matters deserving of our careful consideration

which the delegates to this convention should attempt to solve. There are problems upon which the continued life of this federation depends. Our camps grow fewer, our members grow less, and if we desire to continue the federation we must, in our convention, by the act of these delegates, provide ways and means for this continuation. It will not be long till our successors—the Sons of Confederate Veterans—will assume the privileges and prerogatives now vested in us. To them and to the splendid women of the South will remain the great privilege of perpetuating the name, the honor, and the glory of the Confederate veterans. Let us endeavor to leave to them the record of an organization, full of years and full of honors, marked by its fidelity to the cause of the South and to our common country.

"I have endeavored during my term of office to do the best that was within me for our federation, and I have been prompted by the affection which I hold for my every comrade to devote my effort to that which would redound to the best interests of these comrades and to the organization of which we are members.

"My mail pertaining to veteran matters since I was elected Commander in Chief last April has averaged from thirty to sixty letters a day, and not one of the letters received by me has remained unanswered.

"Many letters have come before me as Commander in Chief to be considered and determined by me. Conclusions have been reached that, wise or unwise, were according to the constitution and by-laws which govern this federation. If this constitution and by-laws are not in accord with your views, it is your privilege and duty to change them. So long as they stand as the law which governs our federation, they will be my guide and will govern me. My rulings have been, and will continue to be, in accord with our law.

"The best that is within me has been given to you, my comrades, for I love you."

The special reunion address by Senator A. O. Stanley, of Kentucky, was an eloquent tribute to and defense of President Davis, which the VETERAN hopes to publish later.

The morning session of the 5th was taken up with various addresses, and during this session young Jefferson Davis was introduced to the convention and made a brief talk, expressing his love and admiration for the Confederate host, declaring that "time will add to the glory of the Southern cause and the men who defended it." A special feature of the session was the presentation to General Haldeman, by Mr.

Thomas B. King, for the city of Memphis, of a handsome silk banner, on which was his name as Commander in Chief of the veterans and that of his Adjutant, Gen. I. P. Barnard.

At noon came adjournment for Memorial Hour, in which the C. S. M. A. and S. C. V. joined, the exercises being in accordance with the program given in the June number.

* * *

The last session, on Thursday afternoon, was devoted to the election of officers for the coming year and selection of the place of meeting for 1925. Dallas, Tex., Birmingham, Ala., and Norfolk, Va., gave cordial invitations, and Dallas was the winner, backed by the enthusiastic efforts of some Texas beauties, whose bright eyes and sweet smiles were irresistible. So it's on to Texas in 1925.

General Haldeman was reelected by acclamation, but there were changes in two Departments, the list of officers being as follows:

Commander in Chief, Gen. William B. Haldeman, Kentucky.

Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, Edgar D. Taylor, Virginia.

Commander Army of Tennessee Department, J. A. Thomas, Georgia.

Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, J. M. Cochran, Texas.

* * *

At this last session, the convention adopted the proposal of the committee on resolutions that the annual per capita dues be increased from ten to twenty cents.

This committee also presented a plan for establishing a great institution of learning as a memorial to the women who served the Confederacy, and the plan was heartily approved.

It was unanimously voted to petition congress to strike out the word "deserter" recorded in the files of the War Department after the names of 1,226 men who escaped from a Federal prison shortly after the evacuation of Richmond in 1865.

Unanimous approval was given to the Stone Mountain Memorial. The next Tennessee legislature will be asked for

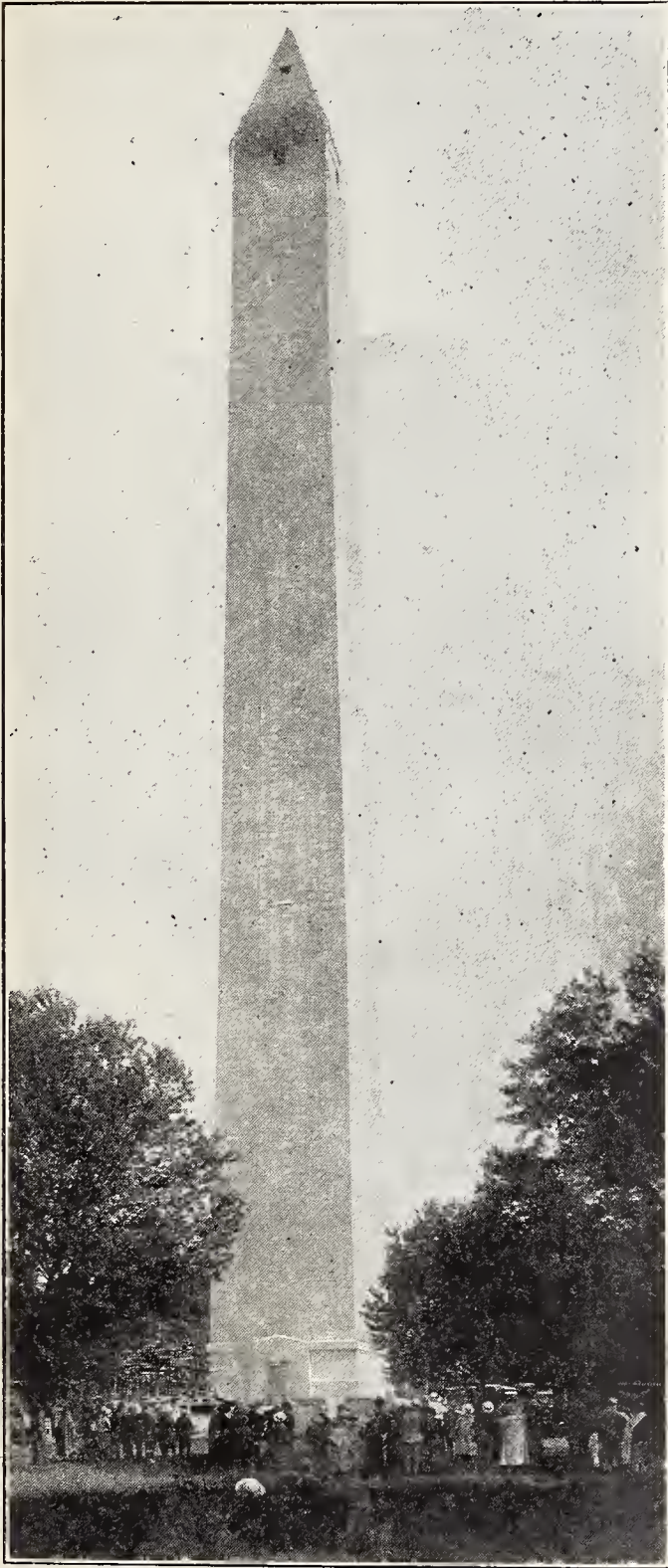
an appropriation of \$30,000 as the State's contribution toward that great undertaking, and other States will doubtless do likewise.

An outstanding action of the convention was an amendment to the constitution by which the Daughters of the Confederacy will become co-heirs with the Sons of Veterans in the disposition of all property belonging to the United



SOME OF THE ORIGINATORS OF THE JEFFERSON DAVIS ASSOCIATION.

In the front row, left to right: C. F. Jarrett, of Hopkinsville; Mrs. S. B. Buckner, General Buckner, Judge W. P. Winfree, and Hunter Wood, of Hopkinsville. On the steps and in doorway: Mrs. L. McF. Blakemoire, Dr. C. C. Brown, of Smiths Grove; S. A. Cunningham, Capt. J. T. Gaines.



THE DAVIS MONUMENT AT FAIRVIEW, KY.

"Build up a shaft to Davis! Let it tower to the skies.
Let those who fell in battle see the stately column rise.
'Twill represent the cause they loved, the cause they died to
save,
And shadow forth our deep respect for every soldier's grave.
For, right or wrong, our brethren fell on every bloody field,
They knew the cause they loved was just, and, feeling so, to
yield
Were baser than all baseness is and greater to be feared
Than all the guns that ever roared since heaven's light ap-
peared."

7*

Confederate Veterans when "the last sad trump has sounded" and the organization is no more.

The Adjutant General's report showed that out of 1,013 Camps, there were 539 delinquent in dues the past year. No response was received from 270 Camps, and only 6 new Camps were organized during the year. A balance of nearly \$1,300 was reported in the treasury by the finance committee, the receipts during the year totaling \$4,618.99 and expenditures \$3,334.89.

Resolutions of thanks were passed in appreciation of the hospitality of Memphis, and the railroads were also thanked by resolution for the special reunion rates allowed.

* * *

The reunion parade is always the crowning feature with the veterans, and Memphis gave them two parades, veterans taking part in both. The civic flower parade on Wednesday afternoon was a vivid spectacle, highly enjoyed by participants and spectators. The veterans' parade on Friday morning brought them out in force, many marching in line, though the larger part seemed well content to ride with the pretty girls and share with them the enthusiastic cheers of the thousands looking on.

And thus another reunion was added to the past, and all hearts turned in anticipation to the meeting next year in the Lone Star State.

Dallas, put the latchstring out!

FROM THE DAILY PRESS OF MEMPHIS.

Strange as it may seem, after the thirty and more reunions that have been held, this meeting in Memphis was also noted as bringing together comrades who had not met since their parting at the close of the war. Such a meeting was that of W. C. Hamm, of Martin, Tenn., and D. W. Durbin, of Memphis. Their joy was expressed in the Rebel Yell, for sixty years had not dimmed the friendship and love which had been born in the days of war.

Another meeting was between J. H. Limerick, of Oak Ridge, La., who served with Company K, 24th Alabama, and J. A. Crawford, of Greenwood, S. C., who was with Company I, 19th South Carolina. The former is eighty, the latter seventy-nine. Together they fought again the battles of Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and innumerable other engagements.

* * *

A number of the reunion visitors were remarkable for their strength and activity at advanced age. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is Comrade George Sheram, of Gogginsville, Ga., eighty-eight years old, whose practice it has been to walk to the reunion city, however far off. He was at Memphis, but the hot weather had prevented his making the trip on foot, though he is now planning to walk to Los Angeles, Calif.

Gen. Felix Robertson, of Texas, one of the two surviving brigadiers of the Confederate army, was prominent among the veterans of this reunion. He now lives in Waco. The other general of the Confederacy now living is Gen. John McCausland, of West Virginia, nearly eighty-seven years old.

Another distinguished visitor was Maj. Giles B. Cooke, of Mathews Courthouse, Va., the only surviving member of General Lee's staff. He is now in his eighty-seventh year.

Col. George Mikler, of St. Augustine, Fla., was another

notable attendant on the reunion, a veteran in his eighty-eighth year, and the only surviving member of the 1861 legislative body of Florida which voted to withdraw from the union, and he also saw active service in Florida. He is proud of having been born and reared in St. Augustine, oldest city in the United States, and he thinks that the famed fountain of youth sought for by Ponce de Leon is in his yard, for "I feel as young as I did forty years ago," he said, "and I intend to live to be a hundred at least."

* * *

A unique distinction is that of Mrs. Sallie Floyd Watson, of Wytheville, Va., in being the first woman ever elected to command a Camp of veterans, the William Terry Camp, No. 55 U. C. V., and this she considers a supreme honor.

* * *

The fiddle was battered, the musician old and gray, but the rollicking tune had all the appeal to restless feet that it had in days before the war.

The melody was "Billy in the Low Ground." "William" must have been a joy-loving, reckless youth from the tale that the fiddle told. The air ended with a last flourish. The steady pat of feet that had kept time to the fiddle strains ceased after an extra thump or two thrown in for good measure.

"How is that?" inquired the fiddler, D. D. Page, eighty-year-old Confederate veteran. There was no answer for a moment from the little circle of comrades that had gathered around him in a rest hall on North Main Street. The magic of the violin had carried them back to the intricate figures of the "Virginia Reel."

"I remember when I danced that tune till daybreak in the morning," said one veteran. "With a pretty girl, too," he added as an afterthought.

In answer to questions, Page told how he had joined Allan's Company C, Waterhouse's Regiment, 19th Texas Infantry. "Fought at Perkins's Landing in Louisiana," he related. "Was a sharpshooter at Milligan's Bend."

But the veterans were impatient of the interruption. They sought to renew the spirit of old times. No words could bring those times back as one familiar melody.

"Play 'Money Musk,'" demanded one. Another put in a bid for "Packenham's March." Some one asked for "Have You Any Good Things," and three or four wanted "Arkansas Traveler."

"Wait a minute," countered Page. "I'll play one that I want to play."

Another gay tune, and with it went the accompaniment of thumping feet. The air grew livelier, the feet tapped faster.

"Young man," said a veteran gravely, "That piece is 'Saddle Old Mike.'" Mike was finally saddled, but there was many a buck in his system before the operation was completed.

"You ain't going, are you?" called out an Alabama veteran. "He's gonna play 'Blind Dog in the Meat House' next, or I'll play it fur him myself."—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

* * *

A colorful element of the reunion was the old ex-slaves who had served their "marsters" during the war. There were about twenty of them in Memphis, well decorated in badges, and all seemed supremely happy. For these old white-headed darkies the veterans have a great affection, and they are well looked after during the reunion. "The passing of the old negro is a great loss to the South and to the negro race," was the comment of one of the veterans.

The Boy Scouts and Cadets of Memphis deserve much praise for their assistance in making the reunion a success.

They were first on duty each day and last to leave at night, ever alert and watchful in behalf of the veterans and other visitors, keeping the crowds in order during parades, and otherwise being indispensable. All honor to these boys of the present—our men of the future!

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

A fitting conclusion of reunion week was the dedication of the great monument to President Davis at Fairview, Ky., on Saturday, June 7. A special train carried Gen. William B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., and a large party from Memphis to Hopkinsville, Ky., where it was met by a delegation of citizens of that hospitable town, who had provided refreshments and conveyances for the trip to Fairview. This was also the order of the day at Elkton and Pembroke, other railroad points nearest Fairview, and those Kentucky roads were fairly alive with cars of human freight hurrying toward this point of interest. The first veteran who registered at Hopkinsville was J. M. Conway, of Millersburg, Ky., who drove three hundred miles to attend the dedication, arriving the day before "as fresh as a daisy and full of enthusiasm." The second registered was J. K. Taylor, of Greensburg, Kans., and many more came from far and near, the crowd at the dedication being estimated as ten thousand or more.

The exercises were directed by General Haldeman, President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and to whose active interest is due the completion of the monument. After some preliminary remarks, he presented the color bearer, Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, and the color guard of fifteen veterans from Christian and Todd Counties, Ky. The Stars and Bars borne by this devoted daughter of the South was placed on the pinnacle of the great obelisk, where it floated high in the sunlight, the starry flag that lives in Southern hearts forever!

An address was made by Col. Robert J. McBryde, of Louisville, son of a Confederate veteran and himself a veteran of the Spanish-American and World Wars, who turned over to the State the monument and grounds for its perpetual custody. Governor William J. Fields received the monument on behalf of the State, and following his address dinner was served on the grounds, during which there was a musical program by the bands. Thousands were served, and there was plenty for more. Such hospitality bespoke the great heart of Kentucky.

The first address of the afternoon was by Dr. Dunbar Rowland, State Historian of Mississippi, representing that State, and he spoke of "Jefferson Davis, the Constitutionalist." Maj. Jefferson Hayes Davis, grandson of President Davis, was introduced and made a short talk expressing appreciation of the honor that had been paid to his grandfather. Other addresses were by representatives of the Confederate organizations and of the State, and the benediction was given as the evening shadows lengthened over the beautiful park in which this giant obelisk has been erected.

It was back in 1908, at a meeting of the Orphan Brigade Association of Kentucky, that Dr. C. C. Brown, of Smith's Grove, Ky. (as reported by the late S. A. Cunningham, founder and editor of the *VETERAN*), suggested to Gen. S. B. Buckner the idea of purchasing the land at Fairview which had been a part of the original Davis estate and the place where Jefferson Davis was born. The suggestion was then presented to the comrades there, and from that was started the Jefferson Davis Home Association, whose work was to procure the land for a memorial park to Jefferson Davis. This was done, and the twenty acres were inclosed with a handsome rock

fence under the management of Gen. Bennett Young, who succeeded General Buckner as President of the Association. Then, in 1916, General Young started the movement for this monument in the form of an obelisk, to be similar to the Washington Monument and in height second only to that. Work on it had been started when restrictions of the World War period caused its cessation. General Young died before work was resumed, and General Haldeman was made President of the Association, and under his management, with the assistance of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, funds were secured for the completion of the great structure. The State of Kentucky appropriated some \$15,000 toward the funds needed to complete it, and with its dedication the State has become the custodian of monument and park, which will be beautified and made one of the points of interest for visitors from every country—and a shrine for Southern hearts!

This great obelisk, of concrete and limestone, is 351 feet high, 35 feet square at the base, with a foundation 40 feet square on 6 feet of solid rock, with a weight of 30,000,000 pounds. Nine thousand barrels of Portland cement, eight thousand cubic yards of limestone, and many hundred pounds of steel were used in its construction. Through the center runs a shaft space twenty feet square, and at the base there will be a room for relics of President Davis and his family. An elevator, or stairway, will lead to the top, from which the view is into four States—Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, and Indiana.

These grounds and monument have cost more than \$200,000. The largest contribution to the fund was given by Gen. George W. Littlefield, of Texas, who gave \$40,000. Other large contributors have been Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Col. Robert J. McBryde, Gen. Bennett H. Young, Col. Edmond H. Taylor, of Kentucky; Gen. Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina; Col. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas; John A. Webb, of Mississippi; and many small contributions helped to swell the fund.



BAPTIST CHURCH ON SITE OF DAVIS BIRTHPLACE

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(On Dedication of Monument at Fairview, Ky.)

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY

Ten thousand words seem far too frail, or few,
To fully portray fate's fair, matchless man,
Whose fearless courage strove in vain to do,
Prayed humbly to find righteous, God-made plan
To pledge our Southland place among her peers,
Yet keep kind, white-robed peace upon her throne;
To save the nation useless woe and tears,
And yet—to plight our Southland what was her own!

The annals of this world have never told
Of grander, more unselfish sacrifice;
And sacred scribe has never yet unrolled
More regal story—in God's Paradise!

Jealousy, nor greed, nor fanatic hate
Have plucked one jewel from his hallowed crown.
To guileless purpose he did consecrate
His checkered life—to beat oppression down!

And this proud shaft that you unveil to-day
Will guide your children up fame's Alpine way.

JAMESTOWN AND PLYMOUTH ROCK.

In the following Sterling Boisseau, of Richmond, Va., gives some additional data on an interesting incident previously written of (see April VETERAN, page 157) and elaborates his poem:

"Hurrah! and three cheers for Mrs. Arthur P. Wilmer, of Richmond, Va., Corresponding Secretary of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and for Lady Astor, member of the English Parliament, for placing Jamestown, Va., in its proper place in the history of our grand and glorious republic, these United States of America.

"Mrs. Wilmer, when in England some time ago, saw a large picture of the Mayflower hanging in the gallery of the House of Lords in London. The inscription under this painting read:

"The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the Massachusetts Shore at Plymouth Rock in 1621, from which sprang the First Ten Permanent Settlements of America."

"On her return to Richmond she took the matter up with the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities and wrote Lady Astor, who communicated with the Speaker of the House of Lords, with the result that the inscription is being amended to read as follows:

"In the last years of James I, a community of English Puritan sectaries, who had lived a dozen years in Holland to enjoy the religious liberty then peculiar to that country, determined to cross the Atlantic to obtain still greater spiritual freedom.

"In the summer of 1620, after reorganizing their expedition at Southampton, about 120 of them sailed thence in the Mayflower, and planted a small colony in New England which, in the subsequent years (1628-1640), in the days of Archbishop Laud, attracted nearly 20,000 English Puritans, and thus became the origin of the New England settlements in North America."

"The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities wished to place a painting there too to set forth the prior claims of Virginia, but that could not be done, as there was no vacant panel in which to hang one.

"This was a work of love on the part of Lady Astor, as

well as the others concerned, for Lady Astor was born and reared in Virginia, being Miss Nannie Langhorne, one of the famous Langhorne sisters, known for their beauty and intellectual attainments.

"The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has done much, and is still doing much, to bring out our history and in preserving old landmarks in the State. Their greatest work has been done at Jamestown, the true first permanent English settlement in America, where the colonists arrived May 13, 1607, and landed the next day. This was thirteen years before the landing at Plymouth Rock. Indeed, Virginia had an elective legislature passing laws, this body having met on July 30, 1619, before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, but through erroneous history Plymouth Rock has tried to assume what was really the rôle of Jamestown.

"THE HOMESPUN DRESS."

REPORTED BY J. B. LEWIS, OF ANDERSON, S. C., ADJUTANT GENERAL, SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. C. V.

At the reunion of South Carolina Confederate Veterans in Orangeburg on May 14 and 15, there were many delightful features, but perhaps that which appealed most to the "Boys in Gray" was the singing of "The Homespun Dress," by Mrs. Louise Salley Hartwell. Though the wife of a Northerner, Mrs. Hartwell "glories in the name" of being a Southern girl, being the granddaughter of Dr. Alexander S. Salley, brigade surgeon of Kershaw's Brigade. The costume she wore was a wartime homespun dress which had belonged to Mrs. Mary Ward, of Spartanburg, S. C., who was a widow at the time of the war, and her five sons were all in the army, one dying in prison at Elmira. Everything about the dress—the cotton from which it was woven and spun and the indigo, walnut, and pine bark from which the dyes were made—was produced on Mrs. Ward's plantation in Spartanburg County. The cloth was spun, woven, and dyed at home, and this, a very pretty blue-and-tan plaid, was an "everyday" dress.

As Mrs. Hartwell's lovely soprano voice rang out, her appearance itself so much like that of their old sweethearts, the five hundred South Carolina veterans wept and cheered, and would not be satisfied until she came back again on the second day to sing the same old song. Gen. C. I. Walker, in speaking of the song itself, says that though the authorship has been claimed by several, it is absolutely certain that the words were written by Mrs. Walker's sister, Miss Carrie Belle Sinclair.

At this same reunion, Miss Marion Salley, in her address of welcome for the U. C. V., recited a part of the beautiful poem, "Echoes of the Confederacy," which appeared in the *VETERAN* in October, 1923.

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

O yes, I am a Southern girl, and glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride than glitt'ring wealth or fame.

I envy not the Northern girl her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck and pearls bedeck her hair.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear!
Three cheers for the homespun dress our Southern ladies wear!

My homespun dress is plain, I know; my hat's palmetto, too;
But when it shows what Southern girls for Southern rights will do,

We scorn to wear a bit of silk, a bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up and wear them with such grace.

Now Northern goods are out of date; and since Old Abe's blockade

We Southern girls can be content with goods that're Southern made.

The Southland is a glorious land, and hers a glorious cause;
Then here're three cheers for Southern rights and for the Southern boys!

We send the bravest of our land to battle with the foe,
And we would lend a helping hand—we love the South, you know.

We send our sweethearts to the war; but, dear girls, never mind;

Your soldier love will not forget the girl he left behind.

A soldier is the lad for me—a brave heart I adore;
And when the Sunny South is free and fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave from out that gallant band;
The soldier lad I love the best shall have my heart and hand.

And now, young men, a word to you; If you would win the fair,

Go to the field where honor calls, and win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles are for the true and brave,

And that our tears fall for the one who fills a soldier's grave.



MRS. LOUISE SALLEY HARTWELL WEARING "THE HOMESPUN DRESS."

GEN. W. L. KIRKPATRICK, OF ALABAMA.

BY ALICE CLAPP BARRINGTON.

Among those who have "Crossed the Bar" since the annual reunion of 1923 no one will be more missed than Gen. W. L. Kirkpatrick, Commander of the 2nd Brigade of Alabama, U. C. V., a man whom to know was to admire and esteem for his many fine and beautiful traits of character, a man of the highest integrity and noblest impulses. Tender in his home, loyal toward his friendships, unselfish, and generous, his rare nature was a combination of all the elements of fine Christian manhood.

On the evening of September 21, 1923, after an illness of some months, his spirit winged its flight to the "golden shores of eternity." In returning from the U. C. V. reunion at New Orleans, he had spent several weeks at his beautiful plantation home at Hazen, Ala., and later, with his wife and daughter, went to his summer home at Point Clear on Mobile Bay, where he contracted an illness, returning later to Selma and to his own physician. He did not rally, however, and after some weeks of suffering he quietly "went to sleep," leaving a vacancy in his home and in the community where he stood for only what was highest and best. In his death the United Confederate Veterans lost a warm, true, and devoted friend, whose interest and enthusiasm in the cause of the Confederacy never wavered.

General Kirkpatrick was the youngest of a large family of brothers. He was the son of Laird and Nancy Callen Kirkpatrick, and of pure Scotch descent, of which he was justly proud. He was born at Fort Deposit, Ala., on February 28, 1848, but when quite young he made his home with an uncle, Samuel Kirkpatrick, at Cahaba, Ala. There he grew to manhood, later locating at Hazen, where he had large mercantile and farming interests. He married in 1869 and is survived by his wife and two daughters—Mrs. Joseph Knight, of Selma, and Mrs. George Stone, of Mobile. During the War between the States W. L. Kirkpatrick was a member of Company B, Field's Battalion, from Tuscaloosa. He served throughout the war, winning recognition for his many splendid, manly acts of bravery and daring. At the close of war he returned to Hazen, and, like other unconquerable souls of that time, he took up the burden of rebuilding his business even amid the very ashes left in the wake of the invading army.

Too noble and Christianlike to live for himself alone, General Kirkpatrick began to take a material interest in his fellow men, in the community, and this interest made itself felt in the gradual uplift and happiness of those about him. His interest in all that pertained to the cause of the Confederacy was always alert, and the finest enthusiasm marked his activities as a member of the staff of the 2nd Brigade of Alabama. At the reunion in New Orleans he was unanimously chosen to command this part of the State Division, having been in command by special appointment on the death of its commander. He had been enthusiastic in carrying out all plans in a splendid way that gave the 2nd Brigade prominence during the reunion.



GEN. W. L. KIRKPATRICK.

General Kirkpatrick was a member of the Episcopal Church, a Mason, and a Knight of Pythias, and these organizations, with the Confederate veterans of Selma and Montgomery, paid beautiful and touching tribute to him when the last rites were held at Live Oak Cemetery in Selma.

THE WAR GOVERNORS OF ALABAMA.

BY MRS. C. W. M'MAHON, LIVINGSTON, ALA.

Andrew Barry Moore, the first war governor of Alabama, was born in Spartanburg, S. C., in 1807, the son of Charles Moore, a Revolutionary soldier who, in the War of 1812, was raised to the rank of captain. Andrew Barry Moore had the advantage of the best schools in the country. He came to Perry County, Ala., in 1824, where he taught school for two years, and afterwards practiced law, and in 1829 entered the legislature, where he won quite a reputation. He was several times elected Speaker, once over Mr. Jamison, and the following year over Judge Peter Martin, both of Tuscaloosa. He was said to be of commanding appearance and had a clear, logical mind.

He was appointed by Governor Collier to fill a vacancy on the circuit bench, to which he was subsequently elected. He held this position until 1857, at which time he resigned to accept the nomination for governor. In 1859 he was re-elected over William Sanford.

During the administration of Gov. John Anthony Winston the legislature had framed a system of railroads to develop the mineral regions of Alabama. Under Governor Moore a young civil engineer, John T. Milner, was selected to survey a route that would connect the Tennessee River and Mobile Bay. Mr. Milner asserted that he did not know where the mineral regions of Alabama were, and Governor Moore was unable to enlighten him. The young engineer's work was well done, however, and his report aroused enthusiasm, but the great change that came at the end of Mr. Moore's administration put an end to all of this.

The war clouds were hanging dark and threatening over our fair Southland; Alabama was playing a part in history that it never played before or since. This was a trying time for the chief executive, for tremendous changes were to come in our State—come suddenly and with great uproar. The silver-tongued orator of Alabama, William L. Yancey, was exciting attention throughout the United States. He traveled through the North as the principal speaker for Brechinridge as the Democratic nominee for President.

Lincoln was elected; the South realized that the North had voted against giving the slave property owners the protection of the Supreme Court of the United States, to which it was entitled. Governor Moore at once ordered an election of delegates to a State convention. South Carolina had already seceded; State after State followed, Alabama being the fourth. Before the Alabama convention acted, Governor Moore took the responsibility of seizing the forts at Mobile Bay and the United States arsenal at Mount Vernon. He was severely censured by some for acting so precipitately. Governor Moore espoused the Southern cause zealously, aiding in the equipment of State troops, for Alabama was soon to have her fortunes cast with the Southern Confederacy. Governor Moore was an ardent patriot, doing everything in his power to encourage and stimulate the South.

When the war closed he was imprisoned at Fort Pulaski along with other distinguished Southerners. Upon his release, he returned to Marion, where he enjoyed the esteem of his fellow citizens to the fullest degree. He died in 1873.

His memory is much endeared to Alabamians by the later events of his career.

At the gubernatorial election in 1861 to choose a successor to Governor Moore, John Gill Shorter, an original Secessionist, was chosen over Thomas H. Watts, of Montgomery.

Governor Shorter was born in Georgia in 1818, came to Alabama in 1836, and made Eufaula his home. He was graduated from Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, was admitted to the bar in 1838, and four years later was appointed by Governor Fitzpatrick as solicitor for his judicial district. Later he represented Barbour County in the State Senate and for nine years served on the circuit bench. While serving in this capacity, Governor Moore appointed him Commissioner to Georgia to attend the Secession Congress in 1861, and he urged the legislature of the State to coöperate in the movement for separation. He was an ardent advocate of secession and devoted himself to the cause of the Confederacy. He was a competent and faithful public servant, facing the difficult measures necessarily arising during the exigencies of war with calmness and sagacity. In these troublous times it was impossible to meet the demands of the government and the expectations of the people. Questionous touching taxes, the redemption of bonds, the quota of State troops to be conscripted arose. He was unremitting in his efforts to provide for the families of soldiers and to construct defences for the port of Mobile. During the latter part of his administration, the Federal forces laid waste North Alabama, causing general suffering among the people. These hardships of war evoked popular discontent which reacted against the governor and caused the decrease of his popularity. In 1863 he was defeated by Thomas H. Watts, of Montgomery, his former opponent. He was never active again in politics, and after peace was declared resumed the practice of law at Eufaula.

Thomas H. Watts, lawyer, soldier, attorney general of the Confederate States of America, was a native Alabamian, a graduate of the University of Virginia. He was a "Know-Nothing" candidate for Congress, but was defeated. He was called a Union man until Lincoln was elected, then he changed and became a secessionist, and was elected to the convention with William L. Yancey, representing Montgomery County. Foreseeing war, Watts proposed that the general assembly be given power to confiscate property of alien enemies and also suspend collections of debts to enemies. In 1861, he received a flattering vote for governor, but was defeated by John Gill Shorter. Upon the opening of hostilities he joined the 17th Alabama Regiment and was made its colonel and saw service at Pensacola, Fla., and Corinth, Miss. He had distinguished himself for bravery and daring under fire, thus winning honors in war as well as in peace. While in camp he was apprised of his appointment as attorney general of the Confederacy by President Davis. He fulfilled the duties of his high office in Richmond until called to the governorship of Alabama by the election of 1863.

Governor Watts met the same difficulties that had beset its predecessor in office, but he exerted all his energies and abilities to meet the issues of the gloomy period of his extraordinary administration. Great battles had shadowed the destiny of the Confederacy. The fall of Vicksburg, the check at Gettysburg, the march of Sherman through Georgia, Farragut at Mobile Bay, Wilson's cavalry advance through the northern and central counties of Alabama, and Canby's siege of Mobile prepared the people for the news of Appomattox.

Sadness beyond expression filled the State as it was realized that all the brave efforts of gallant Southern soldiers had failed to roll back the invasion of the Federals and the devastation that necessarily follows war.

Governor Watts, standing bravely at the helm of the State during the most trying period through which a State ever passed, guarded every interest as best he could and closed his term of office with the surrender of the Confederate armies.

Governors Watts and Shorter were arrested soon after the fall of the Confederacy and were confined for some time in Northern prisons. Upon his release and return to Alabama, Governor Watts found that the Federal troops had destroyed all of his property, but with redoubled energy he endeavored to rebuild his fallen fortunes. He never ceased to be active in politics, always working for the good of the State.

Thus it seems that Alabama was most fortunate in her war governors. Men who were called to lead their people through trying times—times that tried men's souls—proved themselves upright, just, courageous, acquitting themselves like men, true to themselves, their country, and their God.

THE SIGNAL CORPS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BURNSWICK, GA.

In the Journal of the Confederate States Congress there appear the names of thirty-seven officers of the Signal Corps of the army of the Confederacy who were nominated by the President and commissioned by the Senate. This service has the distinction of being the only branch where sergeants were passed upon as well as commissioned officers, and the Journal carries the name of ten of them. I trust that some survivor of this corps will favor us through the columns of the VETERAN with his recollections of this extremely important branch of the service. [The name, State, rank, and date of rank are given below.]

- Adams, R. H. T., Virginia; captain, September 26, 1862.
- Alexander, J. H., Georgia; captain, September 26, 1862.
- Ashbrook, Hubert C., Mississippi; sergeant, September 26, 1862.
- Bankhead, J., Mississippi; sergeant, September 26, 1862.
- Barker, W. N., Virginia; captain, September 26, 1862.
- Bellinger, John, Georgia; second lieutenant, December 29, 1862.
- Brownfield, R. J., South Carolina; first lieutenant, December 29, 1862.
- Cosby, Charles V., Virginia; sergeant, September 26, 1862.
- Crittendon, J. L., Texas; second lieutenant, December 6, 1862.
- Duvall, Eli, Maryland; second lieutenant, October 13, 1862; first lieutenant, August 16, 1864.
- Gregory, E. S., Virginia; sergeant, September 26, 1862.
- Harrison, George E., Virginia; second lieutenant, October 13, 1862.
- Kenny, Joseph, Virginia; sergeant, September 26, 1862.
- Leidy, Samuel, Virginia; sergeant, September 26, 1862.
- Lindsay, A. L., Virginia; first lieutenant, October 13, 1862.
- McLane, William F., Mississippi; sergeant, September 26, 1862.
- Manning, J. H., Virginia; captain, September 26, 1862.
- Markoe, Frank, Maryland; second lieutenant, October 13, 1862.
- Mason, J. Stephen, Virginia; second lieutenant, October 13, 1862.
- Memminger, C. C., South Carolina; first lieutenant, October 13, 1862.
- Murphy, Richard D., Mississippi; sergeant, September 26, 1862.
- Norris, William, Virginia; captain, September 26, 1862; major, chief of service, October 8, 1862.

Otey, W. N. Mercer, Texas; first lieutenant, October 13, 1862.

Randolph, M. L., Virginia; captain, October 8, 1862.

Routh, S. M., Louisiana; first lieutenant, October 8, 1862; captain, February 19, 1864.

Ruffin, E. T., Georgia; second lieutenant, October 13, 1862.

(Continued on page 285.)

SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MISS MARION SALLEY, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Some years ago, the *Youth's Companion*, commenting on misfits in names, mentioned the fact that there was a distinguished Confederate colonel, afterwards superintendent of a famous military school, whose name was "A. Coward."

Col. Asbury Coward, now the highest ranking South Carolina field officer living, commanded the 5th South Carolina Volunteers, Longstreet's Division, A. N. V. Born in York County, S. C., in 1835, he received his education at the Citadel in Charleston, and in 1855, with Micah Jenkins, opened the King's Mountain Military Academy at Yorkville. Within a few years there came his country's call, the school closed, and the teachers entered service. Serving first as a captain on Gen. D. R. Jones's staff and taking active part in the battle of First Manassas and other engagements, after a year and a half, Coward received his commission as colonel of the 5th South Carolina Volunteers in recognition of "extreme gallantry on the field of battle." He took part in the fighting at Wauhatchie, Chattanooga, and other battles in Tennessee,

returning to Virginia to see his beloved friend Jenkins killed at the battle of the Wilderness, where he himself was wounded.

Before he had fully recovered, he rejoined his regiment, and it is said that when the general in command was asked, "Why do you send Coward to make the attack when he has been fighting and is not well?" he answered: "Wherever Coward leads, his men will follow and stay with him." The little colonel, measuring only five feet six inches and balancing the scales at one hundred and thirty pounds, was filled with so great a personality and wielded so much power that all who came in contact with him realized the greatness of the man.

After the war he rebuilt the school he helped to found and for many years was superintendent of the Citadel, finally retiring on a Carnegie pension. When told of the little paragraph in that Northern periodical, his eyes twinkled, as he said to the writer of this article: "You write the editors and tell them that further proof of the fact that I am no coward, save in name, is shown by my living with the same wife for sixty-five years." And so he has, for both of them yet live. When a cadet at the Citadel, he claimed as his sweetheart Elise Blume, of Charleston, and on Christmas Day, 1857, they were married. For sixty-seven years now these two have been together, and of their seventeen children but three are left. They have spent their days making friends wherever they go, in York, in Charleston, in Orangeburg, S. C., and in Johnson City, Tenn., coming back to York when he is eighty-nine and she eighty-seven. Can any other couple of the South boast of so many years together?



COL. AND MRS. ASBURY COWARD, COMPANIONS OF SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS.

*STUART'S CAVALRY BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG,
JULY 3, 1863.*

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Gen. R. E. Lee, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, reached the vicinity of Chambersburg, Pa., on the 27th of June, 1863. On the morning of the 1st of July, he proceeded in the direction of Gettysburg, the Corps of Longstreet and Hill having been previously ordered to move in the same direction, and Ewell's Corps was moving in the same direction from Carlisle and York. When Lee reached Cashtown, eight or nine miles northwest from Gettysburg, an occasional cannon shot was heard. After a brief pause to learn the conditions which would follow, and finding that the cannonade continued and increased, he moved rapidly forward. Arriving near the crest of an eminence, more than a mile west of Gettysburg, he dismounted and, leaving his horse under cover, proceeded to a position overlooking the field. This was about 2 P.M., and the battle was raging with considerable violence. Soon after Lee reached the vicinity of the fighting the Confederate force succeeded in forcing their Federal contestants to abandon the field, and, as he followed, he saw the enemy retreating through the town of Gettysburg to an eminence beyond.

Lee was now confronted with an expected condition. Both armies seemed to have blundered into a battle. Lee soon learned that a fierce encounter had occurred between two divisions of Hill's Corps and two of Ewell's Corps with Jenkins's cavalry brigade, on the part of the Confederate army, and the First and Eleventh Federal Army Corps and Buford's cavalry division, of the Federal army. That the losses were heavy in both armies; the Federal army having been forced from the field, its losses exceeded those of the Confederates. He soon became possessed with the information that Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, with three brigades of cavalry, was at Carlisle, Pa., thirty or more miles distant, and that Robertson's command, left in the Virginia mountains, had not reported to that part of the army. He immediately dispatched messengers to each, with information that a battle had been fought at Gettysburg and with instructions that both commands repair immediately to that point.

Here was an unusual and peculiar condition. While the cavalry accompanying an army is required to discharge a variety of duties when actively campaigning and on the move, it is supposed to perform all necessary preliminary work to keep in touch with the commanding general, and promptly inform him of the movements and probable intentions of his adversary. In this case neither commander of the two main bodies of cavalry knew the location of the commanding general nor the location of the army. The commanding general was sending out scouts to hunt up and escort the cavalry to the army.

Stuart received his message during the night of the 1st of July and immediately put his troops in motion to march to Gettysburg. Gen. Wade Hampton, of his command, reached the vicinity of Gettysburg on the evening of the 2nd of July, in time to meet and check a movement of Federal cavalry which was attempting to pass around the Confederate left flank, to reach and destroy the trains of the Confederates. Stuart's great ride through the enemy's country was briefly sketched in the *VETERAN* for February, 1923.

Comparatively few readers of the history of the battle of the 3rd of July, 1863, at Gettysburg are aware that a cavalry attack on the rear of the Federal army was part of General Lee's plan of battle on that date. In his report he pays this brief eulogy to the prowess of the cavalry and makes brief

mention of the battle, but does not state that he authorized it in any other way: "The ranks of the cavalry were much reduced by its long and arduous march, repeated conflicts, and insufficient supplies of forage, but the day after its arrival at Gettysburg it engaged the enemy's cavalry with unabated spirit and effectually protected our left." Though Stuart's troopers had been in the saddle, practically night and day, since the night of the 24th of June, eight days, and the horses and riders were badly jaded, and had previously been active in covering the movements of the army since the 16th of June, when they crossed the Rappahannock River and moved along the east side of the Blue Ridge, covering the advance of the infantry and its accompanying artillery, after conferring with General Lee, Stuart moved forward to a position left of Ewell's left, and in advance of it, where a commanding ridge completely controlled a wide plain of cultivated fields stretching toward Hanover, on the left, and reaching to the base of the mountain spurs, among which the Federal forces held position, preliminary to beginning active operations. His command was increased by the addition of Jenkins's Brigade, who, he says, here in the presence of the enemy allowed themselves to be supplied with but ten rounds of ammunition, although armed with the most improved Enfield carbines. Stuart moved Jenkins's and W. H. F. Lee's Brigades, the latter commanded by Chambliss, through the woods to a position and hoped to effect a surprise upon the Federal rear; but Hampton's and Fitz Lee's Brigades, which had been ordered to follow him, unfortunately debouched into the open ground, disclosing the movement and causing a corresponding movement of a large force of Federal cavalry.

He sent for Hampton and Fitz Lee to come forward, so that he could show them the situation at a glance from the elevated ground he held and arrange for further operations. His message failed to find Hampton promptly, and he never reached Stuart; so Lee remained, as it was deemed inadvisable at the time the message was delivered for both to leave their commands.

Hampton went to hunt Stuart, but before he found him the Federal cavalry had deployed a heavy line of sharpshooters and were advancing toward the Confederate position. The Confederate artillery, however, had left the crest which it was essential for it to occupy on account of being too short range to compete with the longer range Federal guns; but Stuart sent orders for it to return. Jenkins's Brigade was employed chiefly dismounted and fought with decided effect until the ten rounds were expended and then retreated under circumstances of difficulty and exposure which entailed the loss of valuable men.

The left, where Hampton's and Lee's brigade were, by this time became heavily engaged as dismounted skirmishers. Stuart's plan was to employ the enemy in front with sharpshooters and move a command of cavalry upon their left flank from the position lately held by him; but the falling back of Jenkins's men caused a like movement on the left, and the enemy, sending forward a squadron or two, was about to cut off and capture a part of the Confederate dismounted sharpshooters.

To prevent this Stuart ordered forward the nearest cavalry regiment, one of W. H. F. Lee's, quickly to charge this force of cavalry. It was gallantly done, and about the same time a portion of Fitz Lee's command charged on the left, the 1st Virginia Cavalry being most conspicuous. In these charges, the impetuosity of these gallant fellows, after two weeks of hard marching and hard fighting on short rations, was not only extraordinary, but irresistible. The enemy's masses vanished before them like grain before the scythe, and that

egiment elicited the admiration of every beholder and eclipsed the many laurels already won by its gallant veterans. Their impetuosity carried them too far, and the charge being very much prolonged, their horses, already jaded by hard marching, failed under it. Their movement was too rapid to be stopped by couriers, and the Federal troops seeing it, turned upon them with fresh horses. The 1st North Carolina Cavalry and Jeff Davis Legion were sent to their support, and gradually this hand-to-hand fighting involved the greater portion of the command till the Federal troops were driven from the field, which was now raked by their artillery, posted about three quarters of a mile off, the Confederate officers behaving with the greatest heroism throughout. The Confederate artillery commanding the same ground, no more hand-to-hand fighting occurred, but the wounded were removed and the prisoners taken to the rear. General Hampton was wounded in this action.

Though the results obtained were favorable, according to Stuart's conclusion, he would have preferred a different method of attack, but he soon saw that entanglement was unavoidable, and he determined to make the best fight possible. Both Fitz Lee and the 1st Virginia begged Stuart (after the hot encounter) to allow them to take the Federal battery, but Stuart doubted the practicability of the ground for such a purpose.

During the day's operations, Stuart held such a position as not only to render Ewell's left entirely secure, where the firing of his command, mistaken for that of the enemy, caused some apprehension, but commanded a view of the routes leading to the Federal rear. Had the enemy's main body been dislodged by the infantry assault, as was confidently hoped and expected, Stuart was in precisely the right position to discover it and improve the opportunity. He watched keenly and anxiously the indications in his rear for that purpose, while by the attack which he intended the Federal cavalry would have separated from the main body, and gave promise of solid results and advantages.

Some writers refer to the failure of Custer's Brigade to join Kilpatrick on the Federal left, the Confederate right, on July 3, as a mistake. Col. E. Porter Alexander, in his excellent work, "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," permitted himself to drop into such an error. He says: "By some mistake, surely a fortunate one for the Confederates, Custer's Brigade had already been sent to Gregg's Division on the other flank." Kilpatrick, to whose division Custer's Brigade belonged, reporting, said: "By some mistake, General Custer's Brigade was ordered to report to General Gregg and did not join me during the day." Colonel Alexander may have been led into his erroneous conclusion by Kilpatrick's report.

General Gregg's report gives a different view for Custer's absence, as will be seen. He reported: "At 12 M., I received a dispatch from the commander of the Eleventh Army Corps to the major general commanding the Army of the Potomac, that large columns of the enemy's cavalry were moving to the right of our line. At the same time I received an order from Major General Pleasanton, through an aide-de-camp, to send Custer's Brigade, of Kilpatrick's Division, to join Kilpatrick on the left. The First Brigade of my division was sent to relieve Custer's Brigade. This change having been made, the enemy's cavalry gained our right and were about to attack, with the view of gaining the rear of our line of battle. The importance of successfully resisting an attack at this point, which, succeeded in by the enemy, would have been productive of the most serious consequences, determined me to retain the brigade (Custer's) of Kilpatrick's Division until the enemy were driven back. General Custer, commanding the brigade, fully satisfied of the intended attack, was well pleased to remain with his brigade."

It was the threatening and dangerous aspect of Stuart's demonstrations that caused Gregg to order Custer to remain and allow his brigade used in meeting Stuart's determined assault. As this story proceeds, it will be readily seen that Custer's troops were needed and were very active against Stuart's brave Confederate troopers, and his absence from the Federal left was not a mistake, but a necessity.

Continuing, Gregg said: "The very superior force of dismounted skirmishers of the enemy advanced on our left and front required the line to be reënforced by one of General Custer's regiments." At this time the skirmishing became brisk on both sides, and an artillery fire was begun by the Confederate and Federal troops. During the skirmish of the dismounted men, the Confederates brought a column upon the field for a charge. The charge of this column was met by the 7th Michigan Cavalry, of Custer's Brigade, but not successfully. The advantage gained in this charge was soon wrested from the Confederates by the gallant charge of the 1st Michigan, of the same brigade. This regiment drove the Confederates back to their starting point. Other charges were made by the Confederate columns, but in every instance they were driven back. Defeated at every point, the Confederates withdrew to their left, and, on passing the wood in which the New Jersey Cavalry was posted, that regiment gallantly and successfully charged the flank of the Confederate column. They retired their column behind their artillery and at dark withdrew from their former position. At that time Gregg felt himself at liberty to relieve Custer's Brigade.

Capt. William E. Miller, 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry, has written a lucid story of the operations of the cavalry division commanded by Gen. D. McM. Gregg during the Pennsylvania campaign, and which is published in "Battles and Leaders." The following matter, pertaining to the cavalry battle, at Gettysburg, July 3, is obtained from it.

The cavalry command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart occupied what is known as Cress's Ridge, in the vicinity of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. The place was admirably adapted to the massing and screening of troops. Behind the woods, Stuart, who had come from the direction of Gettysburg along the York Pike, concentrated his troops on what is the Stallsmith farm. Gregg's troops were not so favorably situated. Occupying a line about three miles long from Wolf's Hill to Lott's house, through an open country, they were in full view of the Confederates.

A party of Confederate skirmishers, thrown out from the front of Stuart's center, occupied the Rummel farm buildings, which were situated in the plain about three-fourths of a mile northwest of Lott's house, near the base of Cress's Ridge. About 2 o'clock McIntosh dismounted the 1st New Jersey and moved it forward in the direction of Rummel's. To meet this advance the Confederates pushed out a line of skirmishers and occupied the fence south of Rummel's. The 1st New Jersey soon adjusted their line to correspond with that of their antagonists and firing began. At the same time a Confederate battery appeared on top of the ridge and commenced shelling. Pennington's battery, in position in front of Spangler's house on the Hanover road, instantly replied. A section of Randol's battery, under Lieutenant Chester, was placed in position a little southwest of Lott's house. Pennington and Chester soon silenced the Confederate battery, and finding Rummel's barn filled with Confederate sharpshooters, who were picking off the Federal soldiers, they turned their guns on it and drove them out. In the meantime the Federal front line was advanced and drove back that of the Confederates. A lull in the firing now ensued, during which Custer's Brigade returned. After the engagement opened, McIntosh had discovered that the force in his front was too strong for his com-

mand, and consequently he had sent word to General Gregg to that effect, requesting that Irvin Gregg's Brigade be forwarded to his support. As this brigade was some distance in the rear, and therefore not immediately available, Gen. D. McM. Gregg, meeting Custer, who was about to begin his march in an opposite direction, ordered him to return, and, at the same time, sent word to Irvin Gregg to concentrate as much of his command as possible in the vicinity of Spangler's house. Custer, eager for the fray, wheeled about and was soon on the field. (Here is additional evidence that Custer's failure to join his division was at Gen. D. McM. Gregg's instance, under a peremptory order to remain.)

General Gregg, at this juncture, appeared and took command in person. Custer, as soon as he arrived, extended the left of his line along Little's Run, with a portion of the 6th Michigan, dismounted, and at the same time Randol placed in position to the left and rear of Chester the second section of his battery, in command of Lieutenant Kinney.

At this stage the 5th Michigan was ordered to relieve the 3rd Pennsylvania and the 1st New Jersey. The 5th Michigan was dismounted, and while it was moving to the front a dismounted regiment from W. H. F. Lee's Brigade came to the support of the Confederate skirmishers. A heated contest followed, in which the 1st New Jersey and 3rd Pennsylvania remained to take part. After the firing abated, these regiments attempted to withdraw, but they were followed so closely that they were obliged to face about and resume the conflict. The short supply of ammunition of the 5th Michigan having by this time given out, and Maj. Noah H. Ferry, who was in command of the line, having been killed, the whole line was driven in. Improving this opportunity, Fitz Lee sent forward the 1st Virginia, which charged the right and center. The 7th Michigan at once moved forward from the Reeve house, in close column of squadrons, and advanced to the attack. The right of the 5th Michigan swung back, and the 7th pressed forward to a stone-and-rail fence and opened fire with their carbines. The 1st Virginia advanced with steadiness, and soon the two regiments were face to face, the fence alone separating them. Miller's squadron, which occupied the right center, and which up to this time had not been engaged, opened a flank fire on the Virginians, which aided in materially in holding them in check. The 1st North Carolina and the Jeff Davis Legion coming up to their support, they crowded the 7th Michigan back, and it was obliged to give way, the Confederates following in close pursuit. "A more determined and vigorous charge than that made by the 1st Virginia it was never my fortune to witness." But they became scattered by the flank fire they received, together with the shells from the Federal artillery, and were in the end obliged to fall back on their main body.

About half a mile distant from the last-mentioned fence, where the crossroad passes through the woods on the Stall-smith farm, there appeared moving toward us a large mass of cavalry, which proved to be the remaining portions of Hampton's and Fitz Lee's brigades. They were formed in close columns of squadrons and directed their course toward the Spangler house. A grander spectacle than their advance has rarely been beheld. They marched with well aligned fronts and steady reins. Their polished sabers glittered in the sun. All eyes turned upon them. Chester on the right, Kinney in the center, and Pennington on the left opened their fire with well-directed aim. Shell and shrapnel met the advancing Confederates and tore through their ranks. Closing their gaps as though nothing had happened, on they came. As they drew near, canister was substituted by the Federal artillerymen, and horse after horse staggered and fell. Still they came on.

The Federal mounted skirmishers rallied and fell into line; the dismounted men fell back, and a few of them reached their horses. The 1st Michigan, drawn up in close column of squadrons near Pennington's battery, was ordered by Gregg to charge. Custer, who was near, placed himself at its head, and off they dashed. As the two columns approached each other, the pace of each increased, when suddenly a crash, like the falling of timber, betokened the crisis. So sudden and violent was the collision that many of the horses were turned end for end and crushed the riders beneath them. The clashing of sabers, the firing of pistols, the demands for surrender, and cries of the combatants filled the air. As the columns were drawing nearer to each other, McIntosh sent his adjutant general, Newhall, to the left with orders to Treichel and Rogers to mount and charge, and also sent Captain Wagner, of his staff, to rally the headquarters staff, buglers and orderlies, while he himself rode to the Lott house for the 1st Maryland. As the 1st Maryland had been moved, and failing to find it where he had expected it, McIntosh gathered up what loose men he could, joined them to the headquarters party, and charged. At this stage of the conflict, without orders, Captain Miller "sailed in," striking the Confederate left flank about two-thirds down the column. Hart, of the 1st New Jersey, whose squadron was in the woods to Miller's left, soon followed, but directed his charge to the head of the Confederate column. When Newhall reached Treichel and Rogers, he joined them in their charge, which struck the right flank of the Confederate column, near the color guard. The standard bearer, seeing that Newhall was about to seize the colors, lowered his spear, which caught his opponent on the chin, tearing and shattering his lower jaw, and sending him senseless to the ground. Every officer of the party was wounded. Miller's command swept through the Confederate column, cut off the rear portion and drove it back. In the charge, Miller's men became somewhat scattered. A portion of them, however, got into Rummel's lane, in front of the farm buildings, and there encountered some of Jenkins's men who seemed stubborn about leaving. Breathed's battery, unsupported, was only one hundred yards away, but Miller's men were so disabled and scattered that they were unable to take it back.

The losses in this fighting were: Federal, 30 killed, 149 wounded, 75 missing; total, 254. Confederate, 41 killed, 50 wounded, 90 missing; total, 181.

The Confederate losses do not include the losses in Jenkins's Brigade.

In going over the field, Mr. Rummel, who aided in removing the dead, found two men, one a private in a Federal command, the other a Confederate, who had cut each other down with their sabers, and were lying with their feet together, their heads in opposite directions, each with the blood-stained saber still tightly in his grip. At another point he found two men, one a Virginian and the other a Pennsylvanian, who fought on horseback with their sabers until they finally clinched and their horses ran from under them. Their heads and shoulders were severely cut, and their fingers, though stiff in death, were so firmly imbedded in each other's flesh that they could not be removed without the aid of force. Mr. Rummel told Captain Miller that he had dragged thirty dead horses out of his lane.

The following is related by Captain Miller as coming under his personal notice:

In the midst of the engagement, and immediately in front of Rummel's house E. G. Eyster, of Company H, 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry, captured a dismounted Confederate and covered him with his carbine. Eyster's attention becoming drawn

off by the firing around him, the Confederate drew his revolver, shot Eyster's horse, and held the rider a prisoner. Just then Sergeant Gregg, of Company A, came upon the scene and cut the Confederate to the ground. Before Gregg had time to turn, another Confederate came up, and, with a right cut, sliced off the top of Gregg's scalp. Gregg, who subsequently rose to a captaincy in his regiment, and who died in 1886, had only to remove his hat to show a head as nicely tonsured as a priest's.

Eyster and Gregg were both taken prisoners in the fight. Gregg, being wounded, was removed in an ambulance, and Eyster was compelled to walk with other prisoners. They were separated on the field. Eyster was sent to prison; Sergeant Gregg was sent to the hospital, and was soon afterwards exchanged. It so happened that when one came back to the regiment the other was absent, and *vice versa*, so that they never met again until sixteen years afterwards at Gettysburg, where the regiment was holding a reunion. In going over the field, Eyster was relating the story to Col. John B. Bachelder on the very spot where the above scene had occurred, when Gregg came up and they met for the first time since their separation on the ground.

COLONEL MOSBY'S HENRY.

BY ELIZABETH MOORE JOYCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Ya'as, suh," said Uncle Henry, as he caressed one of his pets, "Cunnel Mosby was my ole massa. Bes' white man dat eber lived, he was, Boss. Ya'as, suh. Happy days dey was down on de plantation befo' de wah. Plenty to eat an' no 'sponsibilities to worry 'bout. O, ya'as, suh, had to work hard, but lots o' fun, too, playin' de banjo an' singin' in de li'l cabins back o' de big house."

Uncle Henry, born a slave, is one of the few remnants still remaining from the old régime, the *ante-bellum* days of the last century. He belonged to Colonel Mosby, the noted Confederate cavalry raider, and he is mighty proud of it. He considers General "Bob" Lee and General "Stonewall" Jackson names to conjure with and talks familiarly of both these Southern heroes.

"Why, Boss," he says, "if Gin'ral Bob Lee or Gin'ral Stonewall Jackson had been yere when dis las' wah was goin' on dey'd have settled things ober dar in France in no time. Dey was great men, dey was. Ain't none like 'em dese days."

At present he lives in Washington, dividing his time between working as a janitor and visiting with his adopted "Massa" and "Missus." He devotes much time to "prognosticatin'" about the weather and world events. Seldom indeed has he been known to miss it when he predicts rain or storm.

To help him make his decisions, he keeps some ants in a bottle, where he feeds them regularly, and when he is in doubt he consults this oracle. If the ants come out of the bottle, it will rain; if they do not, it will be clear. He has even been known to expedite a slow-coming shower by turning an ant out of his bottle.

But, besides being a prognosticator, Uncle Henry is also something of a philosopher. He has spent many hours trying to solve the problem as to whether the chicken or the egg was on the earth first. This has proved a knotty problem to the old man, and so far he has not been able to solve it satisfactorily to himself.

"I'se got to ask Moses 'bout dat dar business," he replies if hard pressed. "Moses'll know."

Uncle Henry claims to have been born with a caul, which is

the reason he gives for his ability to "see things." Ghosts and "ha'nts," unseen by ordinary mortals, are plainly visible to him, especially at certain phases of the moon.

On the skeptical person who treats lightly these things, Uncle Henry casts a pitying glance and says briefly: "You can't tell me 'tain't so. I *knows*."

This ability to "see things" has led many persons to seek out Uncle Henry for advice. Sometimes it is about having a spell removed, or perchance to bring back a recreant lover; but the old fellow is equal to all emergencies. He will look in your left palm and then consult a pack of cards. From these combined sources of information he seldom fails to discover a remedy for the trouble. But in an emergency there is always Moses left to be consulted.

The "night doctors" have caused old Uncle Henry great perturbation of soul in the past. The present generation does not perhaps understand this branch of the medical profession as well as do the older folks. But in the olden days, or so it is said, these "night doctors" used to prowl around after dark seeking material for the dissecting table. Unsuspecting "cullud folks" were the prey generally seized by the "night doctors," and all well-informed colored persons knew that, once sighted by the dreaded prowlers, it was well-nigh impossible to escape the plaster they had ready to clap over the victim's face. So Uncle Henry has gotten into the habit of going prepared for emergencies, and any prowling "night doctor" who looks his way is apt to get a warm reception.

"I'se ready for 'em," he says grimly. "Jus' let 'em come on."

The old fellow's life has been full of changes and vicissitudes since the days when he was a little slave boy down in Virginia. For years he was employed by a steamship company and during that time visited many foreign ports. He has seen wonderful sights, he tells us, on sea and on land, and can speak many strange tongues. But now the sands of life are running low, and he wants to go home.

By "home" he means the place where he spent his childhood, down South among the "sugar cane and corn." He longs for the days that are no more with a great longing.

Uncle Henry has never married, even though he has been able to assist many others with their love affairs. When he was a young man he had a sweetheart, a dark-eyed girl named Nelly. But while he was on one of his sea trips, which often lasted for months, his Nelly died.

"I loved de groun' dat gal walked on, Boss," he says. "Dere's neber been no other gal for me. She's waitin' for me up yonder, an' it won't be long now till we meet again neber to part no mo'."

"Were you happy when a slave, Uncle Henry?" he was asked, and without hesitation he replied:

"Happier dan I'se been since I was free, Boss. Nothin' to worry 'bout den. Massa an' ole Miss took good care of all us pickinnies, an' we neber got whipped 'less we 'served it. I knows de Cunnel an' Missy went straight up to heaben an' am wid de shinin' ones dar, but I'se neber been so happy as I was wid ole Massa when I knowed I b'longed to somebody."

The old régime is now a thing of the past. "The moving finger writes and having writ, moves on." Only now and then one may still hear an echo of the days when banjos tinkled in the little cabins and the darkies sang in the cotton fields "away down South in Dixie."

"Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from this world to a better land, I know.
I hear those gentle voices calling old black Joe."

*THE DEFENSE OF VICKSBURG IN 1862 AND THE
BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE.*

(From an address by Maj. John B. Pirtle, of Louisville, Ky., before the Kentucky Historical Society in 1880.)

The Army of Tennessee, under General Bragg, had been for several weeks encamped at and near Tupelo, Miss., and here, on the night of the 18th of June, 1862, the reserve corps, as Breckinridge's Division was called (this designation had been given it when the dispositions for the battle of Shiloh were made), received orders to be prepared to march at daylight the next morning. Memphis was now in possession of the enemy, and a heavy column of infantry and cavalry was menacing our railroad lines at Oxford and Grenada, where we had large quantities of army supplies. To protect these points Breckinridge's Division was detached from the army and marched across the country to the railroad near Abbeville, reaching there on the 22nd of June. The enemy did not advance as was expected, but returned to Memphis, and, after removing the supplies from Grenada, in obedience to orders from the commanding general, the division proceeded by railroad to Vicksburg, part of the command reaching there on the 29th and the remainder on the 30th of June. In order to make clear the situation at Vicksburg at this time, it will be necessary to digress a little.

After the capture of New Orleans, Major General Lovel, who had been in command there, determined to make a defense at Vicksburg, and the patriotic people of that devoted city approved his determination, although they knew it might cause its destruction. Brig. Gen. M. L. Smith, with a force of some 2,000 men, occupied the city and proceeded to erect batteries for heavy guns on the bluffs overlooking the river. Water batteries were also constructed and heavy guns put in position. The city was in a measure ready for defense before the enemy's fleet of gunboats, mortars, and transports from New Orleans arrived below it.

When Breckinridge's command reached Vicksburg, the fleet was in sight below the city, and in a few days the upper fleet arrived. The Federals now had above and below the city more than forty gunboats, mortar boats, rams, and transports, besides an army. On the 2nd of July the bombardment began, and for over three weeks it was kept up without much intermission. Our troops were placed in convenient positions to support the batteries, and proper dispositions were made to promptly repel any attack that might be made by a land force. Many will remember the disagreeable nights spent in the railroad cut, the picket duty on the river front, and the march to Big Bayou, on the Warrenton Road, to meet an enemy "who was not," the "Castle" and the "Smede House." It will be remembered, too, how, because of the necessary exposure to which the troops were subjected, malarial diseases abounded, filling the hospitals with fevered patients, so that in less than three weeks from the 30th of June nearly one-half of the defenders of Vicksburg were on the sick list.

At the commencement of the bombardment many families were living at their homes in the city, and it is true that quite a number remained throughout the siege. Although when the enemy withdrew hardly a house remained which had not been struck, there were very few casualties, as even thus early the people had dug caves in the sides of the hills; and when the regular morning and afternoon shelling began, they gathered their little ones in and remained in safety until there was a cessation. Often, on returning to the homes, they found that a ruthless enemy had been there. Perhaps it was the mother's room which the unfriendly shell had entered and destroyed, leaving nothing fit for further use, except the woodwork, which might do for kindling. During one of the night bom-

bardments, a large solid shot entered a room in which two children were sleeping, and, after passing through the bureau, struck the bed, tore out the foot posts and passed out of the house. The bed was dropped to the floor, but the children, though much frightened, were unharmed. On one occasion, soon after the investment, a regiment which had been on picket duty along the river front, on being withdrawn, was marched along the road on the bluff down to the center of the city and out the Jackson road to its camp. The movement was in full view of the enemy and provoked a terrific fire. At first the range was bad, but before the regiment got out of their reach, the shells burst above and around it in a manner very unpleasant. Two men were struck by pieces of shell, one being killed. No more regiments were moved by daylight along that bluff. The spectacle during the night bombardments was grand. Such displays of pyrotechnics have rarely been seen. The graceful ascent of the bomb making its curve just before it reached the city, that it might explode over it; shells bursting here, there, and everywhere; the lurid light of the mortar as the bomb was shot upward; the hisses and shrieks most unearthly of the "buggy wheels," as the men called the long, conical shells; the noise of the batteries, the earth trembling, made impressions never to be effaced from memory of those who were at Vicksburg during the summer of 1862. When at last the enemy, apparently tired out, ceased firing, the silence seemed strange.

The Yazoo River empties itself into the Mississippi at a point about twelve miles, I think, above Vicksburg. Up the Yazoo, on the approach of the fleet, had been run several steamboats and other craft, which were protected by a ram called the Arkansas. General Van Dorn, the commanding general at Vicksburg, believed this ironclad to be formidable enough to successfully attack the whole upper fleet of the enemy, and he thought that if she could fight her way through that fleet and reach Vicksburg uninjured it would demonstrate to the enemy the impossibility of taking the city, for they then would be put on the defensive. He determined to make the venture, and Captain Brown, her commander, was ordered to bring her out into the Mississippi, and, after sinking a boat in the Yazoo to prevent the enemy reaching our steamboats, let her drive right through the upper fleet. How well Captain Brown obeyed his instructions is well known. On the morning of the 15th of July, the cannoneers at the Vicksburg batteries discovered a commotion in the fleet above, and rapid firing was heard. There was a scattering of the groups of war vessels and transports, and soon from the midst of them, firing broadsides from all her port-holes came riding down a queer looking craft flying the Confederate flag. It was the Arkansas. She had run the gauntlet of the upper fleet, dealing death and destruction as she came. She had proved her offensive power, for she had inflicted much damage. A right royal welcome was received as she rounded to the wharf, and right nobly had she earned it. Her injuries were slight, and soon repaired. Her casualties, if my memory serves correctly, were but seven, two killed and five wounded. Among her crew was a young man from the city named Gilmore. He had formerly been an officer in the 1st Kentucky infantry, a one-year regiment, which had been mustered out when its term of service expired. From the Kentucky brigades volunteers were accepted to fill the places of those who had been killed and wounded. About a week after this event, just about sunrise, the Essex, a formidable Federal ironclad, bore down on the Arkansas, but after a short fight withdrew. The evident intention was to fasten on to the Arkansas with grappling irons and then board her with a superior force, but the attempt failed, and the Essex lost a

number of her crew killed. The enemy, now apparently satisfied that Vicksburg was impregnable to his attack, seemed determined to destroy the city at any rate. The bombardment was more furious than ever for a few days and then gradually ceased, and on the 27th of July, the fleets, which for nearly a month had day and night rained an iron hail upon the city, acknowledged defeat and steamed away. Not a gun in the batteries had been dismounted, and we had lost but twenty-two men killed and wounded. The successful defense of Vicksburg had been accomplished.

Hardly had the enemy disappeared, when orders were issued to Breckinridge's command to break camp, proceed to the railroad, and take the cars for Camp Moore. It was rumored that a heavy force of the enemy from Baton Rouge was threatening that point, but the rumor proved unfounded. Camp Moore was on the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad, near the little town of Tangipahoa, some seventy or eighty miles above New Orleans. It was the place where the Louisiana regiments were organized, equipped, and drilled at the beginning of the war. Breckinridge's command arrived at Camp Moore late in the afternoon of the 28th of July, and on the morning of the 30th it was put in motion toward Baton Rouge. At Camp Moore, Brigadier General Ruggles joined us with a small force, and we numbered now about 4,000 men all told. The weather was intensely hot, and about one-third of the men were without shoes. Many had no coats. No baggage was allowed; each man carried his all on his back, and some were almost naked. Water along the line of march was very scarce; often it was ten or fifteen miles from one running stream to another, and no other water to be had. Sometimes we passed stagnant water, ponds on which the green scum lay thick, and I saw many men drive off the scum with their hands and greedily drink that water. The fierce heat of the sun was reflected on the sandy road and made greater. Men sickened and fell out of the ranks every mile we marched, until at last, when we reached the Comite River, about ten miles from Baton Rouge, there were not more than 2,600 men fit for duty. Here a day of needed rest was taken and the men given an opportunity to wash their ragged clothes. And here General Breckenridge made a strong speech to the Kentuckians, beginning: "My brave, noble, ragged Kentuckians."

Before giving an account of the battle of Baton Rouge, it is proper that I should say why we were sent to fight that battle and the result it was hoped would be accomplished.

Baton Rouge is one hundred and twenty miles above New Orleans, on the east side of the Mississippi, and forty miles above it Red River, which enters Western Louisiana near the Texas and Arkansas line, runs through and empties into the Mississippi. The mouth of Red River was blockaded. The Red River country, a rich agricultural region, not having been subjected to the ravages of war, was full of supplies much needed by the armies on the east side of the Mississippi, for the country on the east side had been pretty well drained of cattle, corn, forage, sugar, molasses, and salt. There were many steamers in Red River ready to bring out supplies as soon as the blockade should be removed. At Baton Rouge was a force of the enemy, estimated at 4,000 to 5,000 strong, and four or five gunboats. If the enemy's forces at Baton Rouge could be captured, the Mississippi would be open nearly to New Orleans and the navigation of Red River secured. General Breckinridge was, therefore, ordered to make the attack, and the Arkansas was ordered to coöperate by engaging the gunboats, it being believed she could drive them off, at least, by occupying their entire attention, render them unable to give protection and assistance to the land forces.

On the afternoon of the 4th of August, General Breckinridge, having learned by messenger that the Arkansas had passed Bayou Sara and would be at hand ready to coöperate at daylight next morning, ordered one day's rations cooked, and at 11 o'clock that night the command started for Baton Rouge. It was a rather dark, starlit night. The march was slow, frequent halts being made, so that the men might not be fatigued. Gen. Ben Hardin Helm's Kentucky Brigade was in advance, and about 3 o'clock in the morning, when about a mile and a half from the enemy, and during a halt, an unfortunate accident (if I may so call it) occurred. We had no information that any of our friends were in our front, and when suddenly there came galloping down on us at full speed what seemed to be a regiment of cavalry, we naturally supposed it was an attack of the enemy, and for a few moments considerable confusion ensued, the men scattering to the right and left of the road and opening fire on the supposed enemy. It was a body of partisan rangers, or mounted home guards, who had managed to get through to the front and which stampeded on being halted and fired on by the enemy's pickets. When order was restored, it was found that Brigadier General Helm had been seriously wounded, his horse having reared and fallen on him. His aid-de-camp, Lieut. Alex Todd, was killed, as were several of the men, and Lieutenant Colonel Caldwell, of the 9th Kentucky, and Captain Roberts, of the 4th Kentucky, were wounded. Two of the three guns of Cobb's Battery were disabled. (Lieutenant Todd was a brother of Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm and of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. On the evening before his death he seemed to have a presentiment of his fate the next day, and on his body were found letters to his family and directions for the disposition of his effects.)

It was now nearly day, and the dispositions for attack were promptly made, the command taking position in a single line to the right and left of the Baton Rouge and Greenwell Springs road. While the line was forming, we could distinctly hear the reveille of the enemy. A field band was playing the "Grand March from Norma," and every note was borne clearly out to us in still air of early morning. Soon the order to advance was given, and the troops moved rapidly forward through cornfields and gardens, over fences and around houses, quickly driving in the skirmishers and developing the enemy's line, behind which, when the fog cleared, we could see a heavy reserve force. General Breckinridge had formed the command into two divisions, the left being placed under Brig. Gen. Daniel Ruggles, and the right under Brig. Gen. Charles Clarke. The battle was opened by Ruggles's Division, which encountered the enemy strongly posted in a wood in front of a regimental camp. Semmes's Louisiana battery, attached to this division, was splendidly managed and fought well up with the infantry, using grape and canister at close quarters with fine effect. Clarke's Division now closed in on the enemy, who found the fire too hot, and he slowly retired through the first encampment, taking position in front of the second encampment, and being reinforced by the reserves. Owing to the broken nature of the ground and the obstructions, the line had, in advancing, become considerably deranged and disconnected, but as soon as it was adjusted it was thrown forward on the forces posted in front of the second encampment. Here the first determined and obstinate resistance was met. The contest was warmly maintained for a considerable time, probably an hour, and our losses were heavy. Colonel Allen, one of Ruggles's brigadiers, was wounded, his brigade was repulsed and fell back in confusion. Colonel Thompson, commanding the other brigade of Ruggles's Division, was wounded leading a charge. Col. Thomas H. Hunt, who succeeded to the command of Helm's Brigade when General Helm was

disabled, was wounded, and many regimental and company officers killed and wounded. Inch by inch the enemy was driven back, and the left of the army had reached the second encampment when suddenly the right began to fall back. It was said to be in obedience to General Clarke's orders, and Col. John D. Buckner, in command of Helm's Brigade, rode along his line directing his men to retire to a ravine a short distance in the rear. The order to retire was unexpected and not understood, and the movement was made in some disorder, but the men quickly rallied in the ravine.

Just as the line fell back General Clarke was badly, and it was supposed mortally, wounded. The enemy did not follow, but took advantage of the opportunity to change his line somewhat, shortening it and retiring his left to the woods in front of his third encampment. Clarke's Division was now moved a short distance to the left, being joined on its left by Thompson's Brigade of Ruggles's Division. The whole line was moved forward across a road parallel with the river and now became exposed to a sharp fire from the gunboats. The enemy was in front of the third encampment, which was in the edge of town and near the arsenal. General Breckinridge rode along the line and was greeted with enthusiasm. The men felt that the decisive moment had arrived, that victory was theirs. As the order "Forward" was given, above the roar of the enemy's guns could be heard that clear, shrill, not-to-be-described cheer, called by the Federals the "Rebel Yell." On moved the line unchecked by the heavy fire it met, closer and closer it came, until it seemed that there would be work for the bayonet, when suddenly the Federal line broke, panic-stricken, and, in a confused mass, fled to the river, to the shelter and protection of the gunboats.

General Breckinridge had been anxiously listening for the sound of the Arkansas's guns. It was now 10 o'clock. Had she done her part, the enemy was ours. But the heavy fire from the gunboats on our position was evidence that she had not arrived. Orders were therefore given to burn the camps, and the command retired a short distance out of reach of the gunboat fire and remained waiting, anxiously waiting for the Arkansas. Late in the afternoon news of her fate reached General Breckinridge, and the little army moved back to its camp on Comite River. Just before daylight, when the Arkansas had reached a point some four miles above Baton Rouge, a serious break occurred in her machinery and her engine refused to work. Finding her drifting helplessly, her commander, Lieutenant Stevens, moved her to the shore and every effort was made to repair the damage, but without success. In the meanwhile, negroes had conveyed word to the enemy of her whereabouts and her condition. An easy capture was anticipated, and two gunboats were sent to bring her in. But the Arkansas was not destined to become a trophy of her foe. In his report to the Secretary of War, General Van Dorn described her destruction in language so graphic that I quote it here: "On the cautious approach of the enemy, which kept it a respectful distance, Lieutenant Stevens landed the crew, cut her from her moorings, fired her with his own hands, and turned her adrift down the river. With every gun shotted, our flag floating from her prow, and not a man on board, the Arkansas bore down upon the enemy and gave him battle. Her guns were discharged as the flames reached them, and when her last shot was fired, the explosion of the magazine ended the brief but glorious career of the Arkansas. It was beautiful, said Lieut. Stevens, while tears stood in his eyes, to see her, when abandoned by commander and crew and dedicated to sacrifice, fighting the battle on her own hook."

About a week after the battle, Baton Rouge was evacuated and the Federal forces there returned to New Orleans. The

Mississippi River was now open nearly to New Orleans. Vast quantities of army supplies were brought from Red River and distributed from points on the east side of the Mississippi. Steamboat communication with the Trans-Mississippi was reestablished. Every result hoped for in the battle of Baton Rouge had been accomplished, save only the capture of the forces there.

MISSOURI'S TRIALS AT THE BEGINNING OF WAR.

BY GEORGE D. EWING, PATTONSBURG, MO.

There was quite a similarity of conditions in the States of Kentucky and Missouri at the inception of the War between the States, commencing in 1861. Both were border States, and both were desirous of maintaining their status in the union of States; both greatly admired our form of government as made by its founders; both were by tradition, as well as by lineage, more in harmony with the Southern States than with the States of the North. A large majority of the people of these States were originally from the Southern States.

Both were very anxious to avoid fratricidal war and did all possible things in the limit of honor or right to avoid such a war. Therefore, they were desirous of making all honorable compromises.

Apparently, at first, the Washington government was willing to grant these States strict neutrality, with the promise that they would not be deprived of any of their rights or liberties as sovereign States of the Federal Union. After events showed that these promises were not made in good faith, but for the purpose of gaining time until the shackles could be forged to conclusively bind them under the complete dominance of the Washington government.

Missouri's geographical position as a Southern State was a precarious one, being encompassed on as much as three-fourths of her border by States adhering with the North. But a large majority of her citizens were in sympathy with the Southern States, to which they had originally belonged. This was true of nearly all the State, with the exception of the city of St. Louis and the county of St. Louis. These were largely composed of foreigners, and the German element largely predominated.

From their traditions, they believed in a strong centralized government, with autocratic powers, not unlike those existing in their home country during the reign of Frederick William, called Frederick the Great, by reason of his military conquests; also known as "the Cruel."

To many of the Missouri Germans, a government founded by conquest appealed to them more than a government whose powers were derived from the people and whose rulers were supposed to be the servants of the people.

To preserve the Union in the spirit and for the purpose for which it was established, an equilibrium between the States, grouped in sections, was essential. When the Territory of Missouri constitutionally applied for statehood, the trouble between the rights of the States and that sectional aggrandizement, which was seeking to destroy existing equilibrium, gave rise to a contest which shook the Union to its foundations and sowed the seeds for geographical divisions, which have ever proved harmful, and which still exist.

In 1861, Missouri appealed to the national Constitution for her rights as a State within the Federal Union. She had refused, through her governor, to furnish her sons to crush her own people of the Southern States in their constitutional rights to regulate their own State affairs.

By reason of blood relationship, as well as similarity of their State governments, Missouri was more in affinity with

the Southern States than with those of the North. This seemed to create apprehensions of the Federal government that some ulterior design might be in vogue against the government. But there was no just cause for such suspicions. Missourians desired to maintain the government as the fathers had made it.

As had been the custom, the Missouri State militia was in Camp Jackson, near the city of St. Louis. This was more of a holiday camp than a military camp for instruction. It was visited daily by men, women, and children to see the strange things about camp life.

At this time General Harney was in command of the Federal forces, known as the Western Department, of which the State of Missouri was a unit. He was a capable officer, held in high esteem by the people of Missouri. General Harney was absent from his department during the encampment of the State militia at Camp Jackson.

It was with much surprise that General Frost, in command of the State militia at Camp Jackson, received a note from Captain Lyon, commanding the Federal troops at St. Louis, for an unconditional surrender to him of Camp Jackson, with its force and all of its supplies. To this amazing demand Frost answered as follows: "Camp Jackson, May 10, 1861. Sir: I never for a moment conceived the idea that so illegal and unconstitutional demand as I have just received from you would be made by an officer of the United States army. Am wholly unprepared to defend my command from this unwarranted attack, and shall, therefore be forced to comply with your demand.

D. FROST, *Brigadier General Missouri State Militia.*"

General Frost and his men were placed in prison without any explanation whatever of either the demand for the surrender or the imprisonment of these State troops. No greater offense could have been justly placed against them than of being State militia at a holiday encampment. Had this outrage gone no further, it would have been more creditable to the Federal commander, but after the surrender had been made, without any show of resistance, the troops of Lyon fired into a part of the militia, killing and wounding a number of them, besides the citizens and children. The details were given by Frost from prison, in a letter to General Harney after his return in part, as follows: "My command was, in accordance with the above, deprived of their arms, and surrendered into the hands of Captain Lyon; after which, while thus disarmed and surrounded, a fire was opened upon a portion of my troops and a number of my men put to death or wounded, together with several innocent lookers-on—men, women, and children."

On the occasion of the attack on Camp Jackson, "a large crowd of citizens—men, women, and children—were gathered around, gazing curiously at these strange proceedings, when a volley was fired into them, killing ten and wounding twenty, mostly women and children. A reign of terror was at once established, in accordance with ancient German usages, which would conform, to ancient Hun usages of centuries ago. In defense of real American manhood that nearly all of these troopers were foreign, mostly Germans, is the only apology which can be offered.

Upon the assumption of command by General Harney, Captain Lyon, the human python, was relieved of his command, as the anger of the outraged people was intense. But soon thereafter, Harney was relieved of his command, and Lyon restored and advanced until he was made a major general and placed in command of the Department of Missouri. But his nemesis followed, and he was killed in battle not long afterwards at Springfield, Mo.

But after General Harney had again assumed command and Lyon had been relieved, Harney did what he could to restore good feeling in the State. He restored Camp Jackson to the State authorities and returned the State's military stores as far as possible.

The agreement entered into between General Harney, commanding for the Federals, and Gen. Sterling Price, on behalf of the State of Missouri, was as follows: "The undersigned officers of the United States government and of the government of the State of Missouri, for the purpose of removing misapprehensions and of allaying public excitement, deem it proper to declare publicly that they have this day had a personal interview in this city, in which it has been mutually understood, without a semblance of dissent on either part, that each of them has no other than a common object, equally interesting and important to every citizen of Missouri—that of restoring peace and good order, and in subordination to the laws of the general and State governments. It being thus understood, that there seems no reason why every citizen should not confide in the proper officers of the general and State governments to restore quiet, and of the best means of offering no counter influences. We mutually commend to all persons to respect each other's rights, making no attempt to exercise unauthorized powers, as it is the determination of the proper authorities to suppress all unlawful proceedings, which can only disturb the public peace.

"General Price, by commission, having full authority over the militia of the State of Missouri, undertakes, with the sanction of the governor of the State, already declared, to direct the whole powers of the State officers in maintaining order within the State among the people thereof.

"General Harney, publicly declares that, this object being assured, he can have no occasion, as he has no wish, to make military movements which might create excitement or create jealousies, which he most earnestly desires to avoid.

"We, the undersigned, do therefore mutually enjoin upon the people of the State to attend to their civil business, of whatever sort it may be; and it is hoped that the unquiet elements which have threatened so seriously to disturb the public peace may soon subside, to be remembered only to be deplored.

W. S. HARNEY, *Brigadier General Commanding.*

STERLING PRICE, *Major General Missouri State Militia.*"

Had the above wholesome agreement been carried out, as it was the intention of the signers thereof to do, in the State of Missouri, much ill-feeling, the loss of life, besides the destruction of much property, could have been avoided and an era of better feeling brought about.

But it was not long after this that General Harney was removed from the command of his department and, still more strange to think, that Captain Lyon had been promoted to a brigadier general's commission. This man was the very antithesis of those humane principles which both Generals Harney and Price so firmly adhered to. Camp Jackson had been returned to the State, and they were in possession. But it was soon plainly apparent that General Lyon, who seemed to be full of malicious hate, coupled with a desire for military glory of his kind, was organizing so-called Home Guards in many portions of the State. The people were deprived of their civil rights, as well as much of their property. The pacific efforts of Generals Harney and Price were reversed, and a period of hatred, defamation, and spoliation was begun. This must have been agreeable with the power "higher up," as there were no efforts set on foot, or even suggested, to stay this orgy of wrong and plunder.

The people of Missouri were convinced that there was no hope for an honorable peace, with due respect for the rights of her citizens. The people who had so ardently labored for peace were now ready to fight for it. Governor Jackson left the capital city with a small force, moving to the southwest portion of the State.

General Price was organizing forces to join the Confederate army. It was claimed by Federal authority that constant reports were received of Union men being driven from their homes, their property destroyed, and other outrages were occurring. But when traced to the location where charged, they were found to be untrue. These reports were simply to inflame the public mind and bring about war.

Missouri had waited too long in listening to the pleas for peace, which was only a delusion to gain time and prepare for the overthrow of the State government. With but little military organization, but few implements for war, the State capital in the hands of their enemy, the future looked bad. But men, with such arms as they had, were enlisting under Generals Price, F. M. Cockrell, and others. Their deficiency in training and in arms was in a measure compensated for by their willingness to meet the enemy in battle. The first real conflict was near Carthage, Mo., where the Confederates gained a signal victory over the enemy, who were numerically as much as three to one in men engaged.

General Price possessed an extraordinary ability to secure the personal attachment of his troops. In this, as well as in other matters, he was much like Stonewall Jackson. He had the unlimited confidence of his men.

General Lyon, the Federal commander, had the characteristics of a fighter even though lacking in humane feelings. He seemed desirous of throwing his heavy columns at the thin lines of Confederates which confronted him. But what the Missourians lacked in numbers or military preparation was largely compensated for by their unerring marksmanship and, as they believed, in the righteousness of their cause.

In the next battle the Missourians were no longer to be alone. General McCullough, commanding a brigade of Confederate troops, joined General Price before the battle at Springfield, Mo. There the Confederate troops gained quite a victory over an enemy of more than four to one. In this battle General Lyon was killed and his troops completely routed. While it is hard to forget the cruel wrongs he committed against the State of Missouri, yet he had, at least, one redeeming trait—that he was fearless under fire. It was while he was endeavoring to reform his broken columns to again lead them in the battle that he was killed. After the battle, some officers came under a flag of truce for the body of their fallen commander. To this request, General Price readily complied, sending the body of Lyon in his own wagon. After being conveyed to Federal headquarters, the body was removed from the wagon and laid on the ground, but in the precipitate flight of the Federal troops the body was left there. No preparation for burial had been made. General Price, upon hearing of this, had it duly prepared for burial, in a neat coffin, and properly interred, thus demonstrating those humane principles which should guide our actions, even to an enemy who had not been notably characterized for his humanity during his brief period of power.

The Missourians had been kept from acting at first by the promises made to them, but when convinced there was no alternative but to assert their prowess in battle, they went in with the determination of doing their full duty. The history of the War between the States does not show more indomitable courage and faithfulness than was shown by Confederate soldiers from the State of Missouri.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN LEWIS COUNTY, (W.) VA

BY ROY B. COOK, IN CLARKSBURG TELEGRAM

"There was everything in the child to betoken the great man. The more intimate I get with his life, the greater charm it has," wrote Sarah N. Randolph, one of Stonewall Jackson's biographers, to Mrs. Alfred Neale, of Parkersburg, on August 17, 1871. And such is the general impression of all people who for a moment pause to consider the life of the great captain that the War between the States brought forth, and whose early life is inseparable with the story of Lewis County. From the time of his birth in the town of Clarksburg, until the setting of the star of a great American soldier on May 10, 1863, at Chancellorsville, the story of his life reads like a romance, but one in which "truth is stranger than fiction."

Thomas Jackson was born January 21, 1824, the third child of Jonathan and Julia Beckwith Neale Jackson. The first few years of his life were filled with family adversities. On March 26, 1826, his father died, his oldest sister a few days before; and the young widow, with three little children was left with meager means. In 1830 his mother was married to Blake B. Woodson, of Cumberland County, Va., and removed to the present Fayette County, where she died the following year. The children in the meantime had been placed with relatives, Thomas going to the old Jackson home at Jackson's Mills, then occupied by his step-grandmother, Mrs. Edward Jackson, and several uncles and aunts. Here, in the large hewn log house that stood in the present apple orchard, he lived almost constantly for twelve years, and for intermittent periods thereafter.

Young as he was he soon became well known for his dependability and honesty. He at once set into becoming acquainted with and participating in every activity of the farm. Raised chickens, helped care for the sheep, and later wore clothes made from the wool that came from the Hays carding mill. Within a few years it was no unusual sight to see him driving oxen hitched to logs, sometimes forty feet long, hauling them to the sawmill maintained as an adjunct to the grist mill, the remains of which still stand. Across the river from the home was a private race track, and here he tried his hand at riding Cummins Jackson's horses in the races. His excellence caused him to be selected to ride in a great competitive race on Freeman's Creek, which is yet the talk of the old residents. And it soon became "bad luck" to have a hunting party and not have the lad along, it mattered not whether in the day for deer or at night for the raccoon. And at least one story of a hunt is worth setting down here, showing the sheer pluck of the embryonic soldier.

In company with some three local young men and a party of the slaves they set out on to the waters of McCann's Run. The ground was "not right" and little success attended the party. Coming back through a cornfield, then covering the present ball ground, a dog treed a coon almost in the back yard. It took refuge in a big chestnut tree that still stands near the spring. By the flare of a torch, two gleaming eyes shone from a branch, and a darky was sent up to get him. Out on the limb went the would-be captor; a slap of the paw from the animal, and the frightened boy fell to the ground. "It is no coon," he declared. Jackson at once took the matter in hand, ascended the tree, and with a club dispatched the animal, and, of course, became the hero of the hour. But his mind was not always set on light matters.

To secure an education and to improve himself seemed to be an aim always in his mind. His efforts along this line were many and varied. One almost got him into trouble.

The "camphene" lamp had not reached the Valley yet; candles were a luxury; and borrowed books were to be read and returned with the utmost speed. He made arrangements with one of the slaves to furnish pine knots for light, and in return he would teach him to write, "just like Mr. Ray taught me." The result was only fair. The light was secured and many hours spent in long evenings in this way, but the student to be, learning to write, wrote out a pass through the "underground railroad" and ran away. Happily, his Uncle Cummins Jackson was so taken with the boy's earnestness that it was overlooked.

It was no unusual matter for Weston folks to be solicited to buy maple sugar, which Jackson made with his own hand and the help of "Celia," the faithful slave who cared for the house; and also the sale of fish furnished further remuneration. An interesting anecdote is handed down concerning this undertaking.

One day he passed the home of Col. John Talbott, on the present lower Main Avenue, Weston, with a large pike over his shoulder. Mr. Talbott called to him: "Tom, that is a fine fish you have, what will you take for it?"

"This fish is sold, Mr. Talbott."

"I will give you a dollar for it."

"I can't take it, Colonel Talbott. This fish is sold to Mr. Conrad Kester."

"Well, I will give you a dollar and a quarter. Surely he will not give you more than that."

Jackson straightened up, saying: "I have an agreement with Mr. Kester to furnish him fish of a certain size for fifty cents each. He has taken some from me a little shorter than that; now he is going to get this larger one for fifty cents." Such was his attitude toward honor as a boy. Little wonder that one of his schoolmates related that "Tom was always an uncommonly behaved lad, a gentleman from a boy up, just and kind to every one."

During the winter of 1836-37, under the leadership of his brother Warren, they set out down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to seek fortune, but soon returned without it. The summer of 1837 found him working on the old Parkersburg and Staunton Pike under Maj. Minter Bailey, who was ever ready to answer the multitude of questions asked about all engineering problems. The winter of 1839 was spent in school in Lewis County's first courthouse building, under the instruction of Alexander Scott Withers, a brilliant writer and scholar, who was much attached to his quiet student. Mathew Edmiston, a brilliant young lawyer (grandfather of the present mayor of Weston), arrived in the winter of 1839 and with him brought a small library of choice books. Jackson at once repaired to the office of Edmiston, who not only loaned him books, but helped him in his studies.

About this time Jackson came into possession of his great desire, a violin, and he soon learned to play. Several stories are handed down in this connection, and later his companions at West Point set down his attempts to play a flute. At the same time the great Christian character which so set him apart began to crystallize, as shown in his letters.

The spring of 1840 found Colonel Withers a member of the county court, along with Maj. Minter Bailey. They set out to get Jackson a job, and on June 11, 1841, he walked out of the court room a full fledged constable, a sort of "minor sheriff" in that day. He at once set about his duties and filled the office with industry and fidelity. One instance shows his pluck, and, like later times on the battle front, he had no time to call a "council of war."

On the waters of Freeman's Creek lived a man who owed some money to a widow living down the river, and the exe-

cution was placed in Jackson's hands. The debtor made a promise to meet the young constable in Weston and pay it. Jackson was there, but the man did not appear, and Maj. Minter Bailey related that Jackson, to keep his word, paid the woman the money out of his own pocket. Observers wondered what he would do, but a few days later found out. The man appeared in town and hitched his horse near "Benny" Pritchard's blacksmith shop. Jackson was in the office of the "old" Bailey Hotel and soon found out that his man was in town. He at once started down Second Street, but the debtor saw him coming and leaped on his horse. There was at the time an understanding of law that one could not levy on a horse with the rider thereon, and this flashed through Jackson's mind. Running forward, he grasped the bridle and hastily led the horse into the doorway of the shop, which, not being high enough, forced the man to dismount. Needless to say the debt was settled. Harsh methods perhaps, but who would say not just and right. The constablenesship only lasted a year, for a far greater opportunity soon arose.

Samuel L. Hays announced that he had a vacancy at West Point for a cadet, and young Jackson quickly grasped the chance. Three other applicants appeared, J. N. Camden, G. J. Butcher, and J. A. J. Lightburn, who later became a brigadier general in the Federal army. A sort of local examination was held at the Bailey Hotel and Gibson J. Butcher was selected. Butcher left for West Point, found it not to his liking, and came home. Here again was an opportunity for Jackson, and he appealed to Capt. George Jackson and Jonathan M. Bennett, the latter a rising young lawyer of twenty-six then residing on the site of the Bennett Memorial in Court Street, Weston. "I know I have the energy, and I think I have the intellect. I am very ignorant, but I can make it up in study," he told Mr. Bennett. On June 17, Mr. Hays, in Washington, found himself confronted with a determined young man with his few belongings in saddle pockets. He presented a letter from Butcher in which was set forth "Mr. Jackson will deliver this letter to you, who is an applicant for the appointment."

On July 1, 1842, he was admitted to West Point, and thereafter each year during the encampment period returned to Weston and Jackson's Mills for a visit. During the summer of 1844 an incident took place which is worthy of notice.

Dressed in a brand new uniform, mounted on one of the fine horses from the Jackson stables, he set out one Sunday to attend Church at Broad Run. With him rode Miss Caroline Norris, Sylvanus White, and others. Crossing the West Fork River at Withers's Ford, the water was some three feet deep, and his horse stumbled, precipitating the future general into the river. His companions were alarmed, and, when he arose and remounted, proposed that they turn back and let him get some dry clothes. "It will soon be Church time, and we must not be late," he replied, and in this condition went on to church.

Graduating from West Point, he paid a visit to Weston in the summer of 1846. Col. William McKinley was holding the annual muster of the 150th Virginia Militia. Jackson was requested to take command of one company, which he did after some discussion. McKinley later failed to give the proper command. Jackson's company was headed up Main Street, so he went on. Afterwards he explained he was simply "obeying orders." Within a short time he was "obeying orders" in the war with Mexico, where he achieved distinction and merited promotion.

Following his return to the States, he made several more

(Continued on page 286.)



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

"The passing years speed swiftly,
And silence 'round them wraps;
And to their listening ears there comes
No sweeter song, perhaps,
Than when the battered bugle sounds
Again the old call, 'Taps!'"

THEODORE HARTMAN.

Col. Theodore Hartman, a pioneer resident of Arkansas and one of the oldest civil engineers of the State, died at El Paso, Tex., on November 18, 1923, at the age of eighty-four years. His body was taken back to the old home at Little Rock and tenderly laid to rest.

Theodore Hartman was born in Louisville, Ky., September 24, 1839, and later on lived in Tennessee. In May, 1861, he volunteered for the Confederacy, becoming a member of Company A, 14th Tennessee Infantry, Archer's Brigade, A. N. V., and served to the surrender at Appomattox. He went to Arkansas in 1869 as a bridge builder and, liking the State, moved his family there. He then became interested in railroad building and was actively engaged in that work for some years. He helped to lay the line for the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, and later was superintendent of the road. He served two terms as city engineer of Little Rock and kept up his engineering work until some five years ago.

Comrade Hartman was married in 1874 to Miss Ella Powers Harn, of Clarksville, Tenn., and of their seven children, three sons and three daughters survive him. His wife died a few months before he passed away. He was taken ill while visiting a daughter at El Paso and died within a few days. He was a Mason, "and stood for everything good and noble in life and was well beloved by the entire community."

B. B. CANNON, Sr.

B. B. Cannon, of Arlington, Tex., aged eighty years, died at his home there on May 20, 1924, after an illness of several weeks.

Benjamin Bartlett Cannon was born in Hamilton County, Tenn., October 12, 1843. His father, Benjamin Bartlett Cannon, and his mother, Eliza Tunnell Cannon, moved their family to Cherokee County, Tex., near Rusk, in 1846, when Comrade Cannon was three years of age. The elder Cannon was a friend and schoolmate of Sam Houston.

Young Cannon was reared and educated in Cherokee County, where he attended Rusk Masonic College. In 1862 he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving in Company A, 2nd Texas Cavalry, until the close of the war. He was present at the retaking of Galveston and participated in the engagements of Sabine Pass, La Fourche, and numerous encounters with the Indians. After the war he returned to civil life and supported his widowed mother and two widowed sisters and their children. He was married to Miss Amanda Knight, of Dallas, in 1876.

In the course of his long life, he was engaged in several different lines of business. For some years he was in the dry goods business at Jacksonville, and after going to Weatherford, in 1892, he was engaged in cotton buying for many years. Under the regime of Gov. T. M. Campbell, he was State purchasing agent. He was always interested in farm and live stock and passed several years on a farm near Arlington, removing to that town in 1921.

He was an active member of the Presbyterian Church from early manhood and served as an elder of that Church for more than forty years. He was also a Chapter Mason.

Comrade Cannon is survived by his wife, five sons, and one daughter. His pallbearers were the five sons.

COMRADES AT EATONTON, GA.

"These have passed over," reports Robert Young, Adjutant of R. T. Davis Camp, No. 759 U. C. V., Eatonton, Ga.:

H. T. Strange, 16th Georgia Cavalry; died January 19, 1923, aged seventy-eight.

R. H. Paschal, Company F, 44th Georgia; died July 5, 1923, aged eighty-one.

John T. Resseau, Company B, 5th Georgia Reserves; died September 22, 1923, aged seventy-eight.

Thomas J. Clements, Company B, 3rd Georgia, and Company G, 12th Georgia; died December 1, 1923, aged eighty-four.

Thomas M. Leverette, Company F, 44th and 66th Georgia; died December 3, 1923, aged eighty-two.

Z. J. Edmondson, Company F, 44th Georgia; died January 9, 1924, aged eighty-five.

George W. Denham, Company A, 27th Georgia Battalion; died March 14, 1924, aged seventy-seven.

G. Coates Ryles, Company C, 4th Georgia; died April 4, 1924, aged seventy-eight.

W. M. Cox, Company F, 44th Georgia; died February 25, 1924, aged eighty-eight.

"Only twenty-two left out of more than six hundred that went from this county, 1861 to 1865."

JOHN LEIPER.

John Leiper, a prominent citizen of Weatherford, Tex., for the past forty-four years, died there on May 20, 1924, aged seventy-eight years.

He was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 6, 1846. He served the Confederacy three years as a member of the famous Forrest Cavalry and did valiant duty for the Southland in the long and bitter struggle of 1861. He was a cousin of Gen. E. W. Rucker, who was aid to General Forrest, and they served in the same command.

Comrade Leiper went to Texas in 1876, settling in Parker County. He was married to Miss Susan Norton, and to them five children were born, one son only surviving him. He was many years in the general mercantile business in Weatherford, later engaging in other business there, retiring some eight months ago.

John Leiper was always known to the people of Weatherford and Parker County as an honest, upright man, with whom it was a pleasure to do business and a delight to make acquaintance and friendship. A man of sterling worth and character, he numbered his friends by his acquaintances.

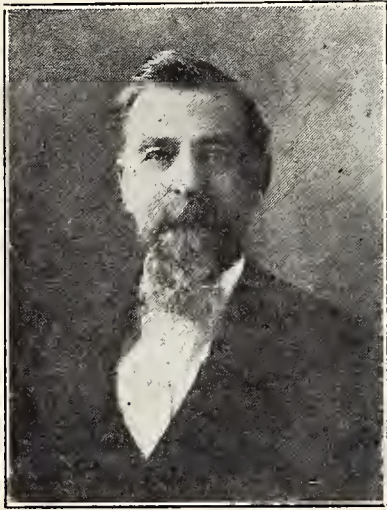
In addition to his son, he is survived by a sister and one brother, William K. Leiper, of McMinnville, Tenn.

He was a member of the Methodist Church, also a member of Tom Green Camp U. C. V., of Weatherford. The honorary pallbearers were from his Confederate comrades.

CAPT. WILLIAM RANDOLPH SHEPHERD.

The sudden death of Capt. William R. Shepherd on November 28, 1923, removed from our homes and association the last veteran of the War between the States who was intimately associated with the early history and pioneer days of Bolivar County, Miss.

Captain Shepherd was born in Dayton O., eighty-three years ago, February 10, 1923. He came South with his father when he was sixteen years old and was later a member of Company A, 20th Mississippi Regiment. In compliment to this company of ninety-five men, the Miles McGhee family, of Gunnison, had a tailor from Memphis, Tenn.,



CAPT. W. R. SHEPHERD.

to take the measure and make two handsome uniforms for each young soldier, and, in compliment to the McGhee family, the company was also known as the "McGhee Rifles." Before the war came on, Captain Shepherd had married Miss Louise Brown, whose father was a pioneer in the county. She lived only two years. After the war he married Miss Alice Glenn, and she was his companion for twelve years. One son of that union survives him, James Weller Shepherd, of Pace, Miss. His third wife was Miss Annie Wilson, who lived only fourteen months. The fourth marriage was with Miss Mary Walker, of Kentucky, and one son, D. C. Shepherd, survives the parents.

Captain Shepherd lived alone approximately twenty-three years. He was a great reader, keeping in close touch with current events and political questions. His memory was wonderful. He was interested in good schools and the public welfare of the community. He was reserved and retiring by nature, yet very genial and kind to those who came in contact with him. He was a member of the Methodist Church of Gunnison. At the age of eight-three he was actively engaged as inspector of levee works near Greenville, Miss. He was laid to rest in Madisonville, Ky., beside his wife and two children.

[Mrs. S. B. Martin, Gunnison, Miss.]

CAPT. G. R. BROWN.

Capt. George R. Brown, for sixty-five years a resident of Dallas County, Tex., died at the home of his sister, Mrs. E. J. Martin, in Dallas, during 1923, at the age of eighty-five years. He had never married and is survived only by this sister.

Captain Brown came of a family prominent in Tennessee history, his father, Gen. John Brown, having commanded a brigade under Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812. George Brown was born at Rockwood, Tenn., and educated principally in the schools of Roane County. Going with his brother-in-law and sister to Texas in 1859, he entered the Confederate army from that State as a private, and rose to the captaincy of Company C, in a regiment of Ross's Brigade, and he was known throughout the command as "Fighting George." He was a high-toned, high-minded, and honorable gentleman. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a Christian whose humility and faith exemplified "old-time Christianity." In private life he was as much a soldier of the Cross as he was valiant on the battle field.

D. M. ATCHISON.

The following is taken from a sketch prepared by D. M. Atchison a few months before his death, which occurred on April 7, 1924:

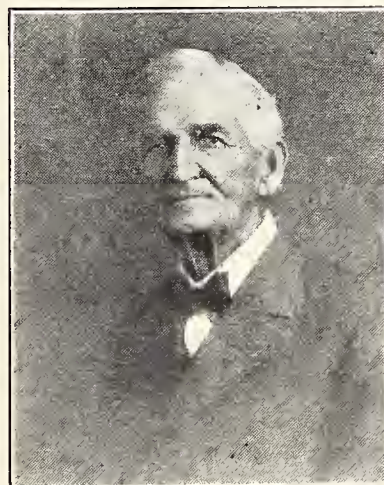
"D. M. Atchison, born April 4, 1841, in Bibb County, Ala., the second son and third child of S. J. and Mary Atchison, was raised on a farm and attended the common schools of the country. He united with the Baptist Church at Macedonia, in Bibb County, in 1859. On the 10th of September, 1861, he volunteered as a private in Company B, 20th Regiment Alabama Volunteers, and was in the Confederate service continuously until May 9, 1865, when he was honorably discharged by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's surrender of his troops in North Carolina. He served first under General Gladden, at Mobile, Ala., was then under E. Kirby Smith in Tennessee and Kentucky; under Pemberton at Vicksburg, Miss.; under Bragg at Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and to Dalton, Ga.; under Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to New Hope Church; under Hood at Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy Station, Ga., Florence, Ala., Columbia, Franklin, and Nashville, Tenn., thence to Tupelo, Miss., and to Augusta, Ga. He was wounded slightly three times—at Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga., and at New Hope Church.

After the surrender he returned to his farm in Bibb County, Ala., but in October, 1866, he left the old home for Texas, and settled near New Salem, in Rusk County. He farmed until 1877, moving to New Salem in 1878, where he engaged in carpentering and then in merchandizing until 1905. In 1884 he was ordained deacon in New Salem Baptist Church. In 1894 was elected justice of the peace and reelected to the same office. He had served as postmaster at New Salem continuously since 1896.

In 1867 he became the support of his widowed mother and five sisters and had never married.

JOHN LAWSON PARROTT.

John Lawson Parrott was born in Stewart County, Ga., April 15, 1838. The family removed to Randolph County, Ga.,



JOHN LAWSON PARROTT.

April 15, 1853, and three years later Terrell County was formed. Comrade Parrott died October 28, 1920, in the town of Parrott, Terrell County, Ga., and was laid to rest in the Parrott Cemetery with Masonic honors, of which order he had been a member over fifty years.

In 1861, when the war clouds gathered over the South he joined Captain Pickett's company, made up at Weston, Webster County, Ga., and in September, 1861, went to

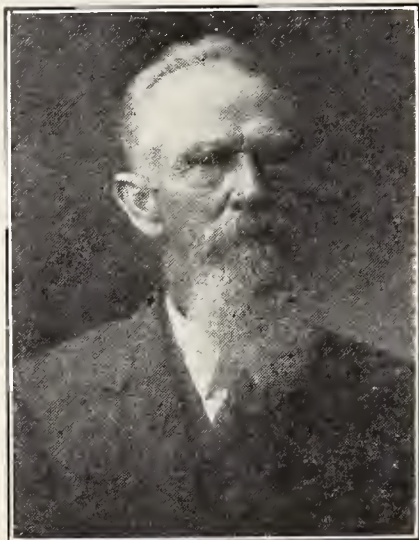
Virginia. This company was made part of the 17th Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade, Fields's Division, and Longstreet's Corps. Comrade Parrott took part in the battles of Second Manassas, the seven days fighting around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Fort Maryland, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and the Wilderness. It was a continuous fight from then on down to Petersburg. He served as first lieutenant during the battle of Gettysburg.

[L. M. Jumper, Dawson, Ga.]

JAMES MADISON HENDRICKS.

James Madison Hendricks was born February 6, 1844, in Jefferson County, Va. (now West Virginia), and spent his entire life of nearly eighty years there, passing to his rest on June 12, 1923. His family was one of the early pioneer families, their lands being a part of the Fairfax Land Grant, and the original home is yet in the Hendricks family.

In his passing, the Southland lost a true, noble, Christian son. The South and her cause, history, and traditions were deeply rooted in his very being; and no appeal from any source in her behalf was ever made to him in vain.



JAMES M. HENDRICKS.

James Hendricks joined the Confederate army when a lad of seventeen and served the first two years in Company H, 2nd Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. He took part in all its marches and battles and was severely wounded at Kernstown, Va., the effects of this wound being felt the rest of his life. After his recovery, he joined the cavalry, being unable to endure marching, and served gallantly in Company D, 12th Virginia Cavalry, under General Rosser. He was captured on February 5, 1864, at Smithfield, sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and later transferred to Fort Delaware. He spent his twenty-first birthday in a Federal prison and was not released until June, 1865.

His pastor, Rev. W. M. Compton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, said of him: "It has been only a little over a year since I first met Brother Hendricks. It was evident then that he was nearing the evening shadows. Even though I did not know him in his active life, still there were traces of what must have been some outstanding characteristics. I take it that he was a man that never halted long between two opinions. He was of ready response, active, energetic, persevering in the thing he believed to be right. Other men have lived a little more extensively, but few lived more intensively than he.

"He was a Confederate soldier and had no apology for that. The cause of the Southland was dear to him to his last day. He served with honor throughout the war. Scarcely had the smoke of battle died away when, in the fall of 1867, he was converted and enlisted in another war—the warfare of truth and righteousness. He cast his lot with the M. E. Church, South, and served his Church as steward for over fifty years. He was Sunday school superintendent for many years and was always active in the affairs of the Church. He was a good soldier of the cross.

"In the same year, he made another decisive step. He was happily married to Miss Sarah Ellen Knott, and for fifty-six years they traveled the road of life together, sharing joys and sorrows, failure and success, with Christian faith. He passed out peacefully into the Great Beyond, having fought a good fight, and having kept the faith, like Paul, sure of his reward." His wife and three daughters and two sons survive.

Mr. Hendricks was a great reader, and the best literature of the day was always found in his home. He was the pioneer good roads man of his county and of his State, serving as

road supervisor for over forty years. A farmer by occupation, he owned and operated a large farm, where his last days were spent in comfort and peace, surrounded by his family. He rests from his labors in his beloved Shenandoah Valley.

JOHN H. SCHOPPERT.

John Henry Schoppert, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., died at his home there on May 8, 1924, in the eightieth year of his age. In his death the community lost one of its best citizens, upright in all his ways, exemplary in character, standing for the best interests of the community. He had for many years been a member of the Lutheran Church and led a consistent Christian life.

Comrade Schoppert was born in Martinsburg. In his early youth his parents removed to Harper's Ferry, where his father, Joseph Schoppert, worked in the government arsenal. When war came on in 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army, entering the service in September, 1861. He was assigned to the ordnance department, serving for a time under General Imboden. Afterwards he was assigned to the same branch of the service under Stonewall Jackson, later being transferred to the 2nd Maryland Battalion and detailed as a scout under General Rosser. He was a good soldier and served faithfully until paroled June 3, 1865. He was proud of his service in the Confederate army and never lost interest in the Southern cause, to his death keeping in close touch with the affairs of the veterans of the South. He was for years the active head of the Southern Soldiers' Memorial Association. He had a wide knowledge of Confederate affairs and of the men from this section who had been in the service, and his records will be valuable to future generations. After the war he settled in Shepherdstown and there married Miss Eliza Harris. For fifty-seven years they lived happily together, and his death is the first break in the family circle. For a number of years he was connected with the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury Department, later engaging in business for himself, in which he was eminently successful. Bad health caused his retirement in 1923.

Comrade Schoppert was the oldest member of Caledonia Lodge of Odd Fellows, of Shepherdstown, both in years and in membership. He joined the lodge about fifty-five years ago and had been one of its most active and devoted members, filling all the important offices and many times had been its representative in the Grand Lodge, also serving as an officer of the Grand Encampment.

He is survived by his wife and one daughter, also a brother and a sister. The final honors were by the Odd Fellows.

COMRADES IN WEST TENNESSEE.

The following losses in membership of Bill Dawson Camp, No. 552 U. C. V., of Dyersburg, Tenn., during the past four months, have been reported:

J. P. Gilman, Company A, 10th Virginia, Crutchfield's Artillery, A. N. V.; aged eighty-three.

J. W. Dunn, 47th Tennessee Infantry; aged eighty-six.

J. A. Green, Adjutant of Camp, 7th Tennessee Regiment, Forest Cavalry; aged seventy-nine.

B. A. Haguewood, enlisted in 5th Tennessee at Milan (he was the man who had a ramrod shot through him at Perryville, Ky.); aged eighty-four.

A. M. Stevens, 47th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry aged; eighty-two.

J. A. Sanders, 7th Tennessee Regiment, Forrest Cavalry; aged seventy-nine.

W. H. Roark, Forrest Cavalry, 7th Tennessee, Bell's Brigade; aged eighty-three.

JOHN B. LONG.

John B. Long, born in the Republic of Texas, in Nacogdoches County, September 8, 1843, died at Rusk, Tex., his home, on April 27, 1924, after a short illness. His father, Capt. William T. Long, was a brave Confederate soldier, and his grandfather, Col. Benjamin Long, was a volunteer under Gen. Andrew Jackson in the second war with Great Britain; and his paternal grandmother was Miss Mary Moore Dickson, granddaughter of Gen. Joseph Dickson of Revolutionary fame and a Congressman from North Carolina in 1799-1801.

John B. Long was reared upon his father's plantation and given a good education. Upon the outbreak of the war in 1861 he enlisted in Company C, of the 3rd Texas Cavalry, and saw hard service in Missouri, Mississippi, Georgia, and Tennessee. He was twice severely wounded—over the right eye at Yazoo City and through both thighs during Hood's last campaign in Tennessee, while that commander was fighting his way toward Nashville. Although he had not attained his eighteenth year when he entered the Confederate army, he made a brave and efficient trooper. After the war he became a successful planter. In November, 1890, he was elected to Congress, being one of the few native Texans who had up to that time been chosen to that office. He served his people in Washington for several years and with great credit. In 1891 he was elected Master of the State Grange, and for several years he was a director of the Agricultural and Mechanical College. He had been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for forty years, and was a bright Mason. He was a newspaper publisher from 1886 to 1905, in which he won enviable success. He was married April 8, 1869, to Miss Emma King Wiggins, of Rusk, and seven children were born to them, two sons and three daughters, also thirteen grandchildren surviving him. Mr. Long was a man of wide influence, always wielded for good.

GILBERT LAFAYETTE CRITTENDEN.

On April 9, 1924, at his home in Bonham, Tex., there passed into the great beyond the soul of Gilbert L. Crittenden, who died as he lived, a true soldier of Christ. Surrounded by all the members of his devoted family, he fell asleep to wake no more amid the tears and storms of this world. He had been in failing health for several years, and as his bodily weakness grew, his faith became stronger. He had been a faithful member of the Missionary Baptist Church since he was sixteen years of age.

Comrade Crittenden was born in McMinn County, Tenn., January 12, 1844, and was thus in his eighty-first year. He served through the war in Company H, 16th Missouri Infantry, Parson's Brigade. He was married to Miss Martha Price in 1878, who, with three daughters and one son, survive him. He was devoted to the VETERAN, and during the latter years of his life his Bible and the VETERAN were all he cared to read. The funeral was conducted at the Second Baptist Church, where a large crowd assembled to pay tribute to his memory. A fast thinning remnant of those who wore the gray were in attendance.

"He is not dead although asleep
In the encircling arms of death,
Unconscious while we o'er him weep
And tell our grief in quickening breath;
For in our memory still he lives
And will while love its tribute gives."

[Dedicated to his memory by his wife and children.]

COMRADES OF CAMP CABELL, VERNON, TEX.

The following deaths in Camp Cabell, of Vernon, Tex., have been reported by Miss Kate E. Collins, Secretary:

James P. McCaleb died at his home near Vernon, Tex., on December 3, 1923, and was laid to rest in the Eastview Cemetery, in the gray uniform of the Confederacy, in whose cause he fought in the War between the States as a member of Company D, 9th Tennessee Battalion.

The few surviving comrades of Camp Cabell, No. 125 U. C. V., who were physically able to attend the funeral, formed an escort of honor for the dead veteran. In his declining years, Mr. McCaleb devoted much of his time and energy to perpetuating the memory of the Southern Cause. He was an active worker in the local Camp, having been the Commander, and filled various other offices. He always attended the reunions, and only two days before his death was at the regular monthly meeting of Camp Cabell, as cheerful and bright as was his wont to be. The funeral was carried out according to his often expressed wish that it might be held in such a way to give expression to his undying devotion to his beloved Southland. He is survived by his wife and four sons, who, with a stepson and one grandson, were his pallbearers.

R. H. Baskerville, aged seventy-nine years, Confederate and pioneer resident of Vernon, Tex., died on January 20, 1924, after a brief illness, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. V. Moore, at Quanah, Tex., where he was visiting. Funeral services were conducted from the Church of Christ at Vernon, of which he was a member.

Comrade Baskerville was born March 30, 1844, in Tennessee and was married to Miss Minerva Helms, also of Tennessee, who died a year ago. He was a private in Company E, 24th Tennessee Infantry. He took a keen interest in the affairs of Camp Cabell, and at the time of his death was first lieutenant of the Camp. He attended reunions of the veterans when his health permitted, and lived true to the traditions of the Old South. He had seen the membership of Camp Cabell dwindle from eighty to eight, five of his comrades of the gray attending the funeral. He is survived by six children, two sons and four daughters.

He was laid away in his suit of gray, and his comrades acted as a guard of honor. Interment was in East View Cemetery.

JAMES SPENCER WARREN.

On January 18, 1924, Comrade James Spencer Warren, of Company E, 34th Alabama Infantry, passed away at his home at Montgomery Ala., where he had resided for twenty years. He had passed his eightieth birthday on January 10.

Comrade Warren enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, March 12, 1862, and shortly afterwards went with his regiment to Mississippi. He took part in Bragg's expedition into Kentucky, and, after the withdrawal from that State, saw service about Shelbyville and Chattanooga, Tenn. He was with Joseph E. Johnston during that general's masterly retreat from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta, before Sherman's superior force, and participated in Hood's desperate attempts to save the latter place, July 22 and 28, 1864. He was in the hospital when the surrender came.

For many years Comrade Warren had been a member of the Presbyterian Church. A loving husband, a tender father, a loyal comrade, his Christian character had endeared him to all associated with him, and his quiet, unassuming manner, honesty, and integrity won the respect of all who knew him. He was a member of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., and was interred with military honors.

ROBERT M. SHULTS.

Robert M. Shults, eighty-six years of age and a resident of Palmyra, Mo., for eighty-five of them, died about midnight, May 31, 1924. He was a painter by trade and to his last sickness, notwithstanding his advanced age, followed his trade.

Robert M. Shults, Bob, as he was familiarly called by his associates, and "Colonel," by those of the younger generation, was born at Flint Hill, Fauquier County, Va., May 28 1838. He came to Palmyra, Mo., with his parents when one year of age. His fortunes were cast with the Southern Confederacy in June, 1861. He enlisted at Kirksville, Mo., in Company H, 1st Missouri Regiment, Cockrell's Brigade, Bowen's Division, Kneisley's Battery, and served the entire four years of the war faithfully and loyally. He was married to Miss Clara M. Bell in April, 1868. She preceded him in death several years, and he is survived by an adopted daughter, Mrs. Kate Winn, one of the community's most influential women.

Mr. Shults was buried with military honors. Services were held at the Methodist Church, of which he was a member. At the cemetery, representatives of the Boots-Dickson Post, American Legion, gave the bugle call and fired a volley in honor of the dead soldier. The casket was draped with a United States flag, two small Confederate flags, and a wreath made of Southern moss.

Robert M. Shults was a genial, companionable man and had many friends.

[Mrs. B. F. Moore, President Jefferson Davis Chapter U. D. C., Palmyra, Mo.]

WILSON VINCENT BELL.

Wilson Vincent Bell, aged eighty-two years, died at the family home near Luling, Tex., on January 21, 1924, and was laid to rest in the City Cemetery.

He was born at Spartanburg, S. C., February 21, 1841, going later to Adairsville, Ga., where he enlisted in the 8th Georgia Battalion, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, serving as sergeant throughout the war.

He was married in 1868 to Miss Missouri Moore, and his second wife was Miss Martha Abernathy, who survives him, also thirteen children.

Comrade Bell was one of the pioneer citizens of Caldwell County, going to Texas in 1879. He was a man who made warm friendships, and no man had more true friends than he. Having joined the Baptist Church in 1865, he consecrated his life to God and practiced his religious belief in the daily works of his life, serving as a deacon in the Church almost from the time he united with it.

Services at the grave were conducted by the Odd Fellows Lodge, of which he had been an honored member for a number of years, and loving hands tenderly laid away this mortal remains under a mound of beautiful flowers, attesting the love and esteem of all for this good man who had passed to his reward.

C. J. McDONALD.

C. J. McDonald died suddenly on the morning of May 22, 1924, at Yatesville, Upson County, Ga. He was born in that county October 12, 1846. In the early part of 1864, at Macon, Ga., he joined Company B, 3rd Georgia Regiment of Reserves, Infantry, and served until the surrender, April, 1865, and was paroled at Macon, Ga. His name has been on the Confederate pension roll since December, 1910. For a number of years he was county surveyor.

[J. E. F. Matthews, Thomaston, Ga.]

J. H. MURPHY.

Died, at Lopxahoma, Miss., May 5, 1924, J. H. Murphy, a life-long resident of Tate County. At the early age of sixteen he entered the Confederate army as a private in Captain Hill's Company of the 18th Mississippi Cavalry, Chalmers's Regiment, Starke's Brigade, Chalmers's Division, Forrest Cavalry, and surrendered with General Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., May 13, 1865. He was a member of the pension board of this county and had held various positions of trust in the county, such as magistrate, supervisor, tax assessor, all of which he filled with signal ability. In a few months he would have completed seventy-eight years, having been born September 18, 1846. He left his wife and four married children to mourn his loss, besides a host of friends.

Comrade Murphy had been looking forward to the reunion at Memphis, where he expected to meet some of the old soldier boys with whom he had been associated during the war and together have a good time—but, alas! "Man proposes, but God disposes." He was buried at Mount Vernon Cemetery.

[M. P. Moore, Senatobia, Miss.]

J. E. STOCKBURGER.

J. E. Stockburger was born December 28, 1840, near Dalton, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate army February 1, 1862, as a private, being promoted to sergeant after the battle of Rocky Face Mountain, serving with Company B, 39th Georgia Regiment, Cumming's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee. His first captain was T. H. Pitner. He was in the battles of Richmond, Ky., Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face Mountain, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Nashville, and Bentonville, N. C.

He went to Texas in 1875, and in the same year, at Sherman, was married to Miss Nannie Stockburger. To this union was born twelve children, two of whom died in infancy. He professed faith in Christ at the age of thirty-two, and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and remained a faithful member.

Comrade Stockburger was a citizen of Coryell County forty-nine years, and of Oglesby, Tex., for thirty years. He died there on February 22, 1924, at the age of eighty-three years and was tenderly laid to rest attended by a large family connection and many friends and acquaintances, who bore testimony to his many good traits of character.

He is survived by his wife, seven sons, and three daughters, also a brother, living near Cohutta, Ga.

M. M. HINES.

M. M. Hines, born December 23, 1840, in North Carolina; died in November, 1923, at Colorado, Tex.

He volunteered in the 1st North Carolina Regiment, under "Bob" Hoke as captain. At the end of six months, his time having expired, he returned home. In 1862 he enlisted in the 23rd Regiment under Colonel Christa, S. A. Shuford, captain. He was in the following battles: Bethel, below Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, South Mountain, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness. He acted as brigade commander at one time, when he was the only commissioned officer left in the brigade. He was wounded three times, but he never broke down on a march and never shirked duty.

Comrade Hines was married to Miss M. E. Shuford in December, 1860. She survives him at the age of eighty-one years. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and had served as steward and Sunday school superintendent.

[J. M. Shuford, Colorado, Tex.]

COL. BENJAMIN BOONE CHISM.

Many hearts were made sad over the passing of Col. Benjamin Boone Chism on January 15, 1924, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Luther D. Reid, of Fort Smith, Ark. He was a descendant of the Chisms of Scotland and the Logans of Ireland, and Daniel Boone was a later ancestor.

Colonel Chism was born in Scott County, Ark., in 1845, and was educated in the common schools near his home, Charleston Academy and Wallace Institute, at Van Buren. At the breaking out of the War between the States he enlisted as a private, at the age of sixteen, in the 5th Arkansas Infantry. He was with his regiment at the bloody battle of Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. In the fall of 1861 the army was reorganized, and he became a member of the 17th Arkansas Infantry, was captured soon thereafter, but made his escape and took part in the battle of Elk Horn, Ark., where the Confederacy lost three leading generals—Ben McCulloch of Texas, Slack of Missouri, and McIntosh of Arkansas. Soon after this battle, young Chism was elected and commissioned lieutenant for gallantry, then being only seventeen years of age. His command was sent with General Van Dorn east of the Mississippi River; and he commanded his company in the battle of Iuka. He was wounded at Corinth and was then made aid-de-camp to the brigade commander. He laid the plan and took active part in the capture of the Federal gunboat Petrel near Yazoo City, Miss.

While under a special order, he was doing some important work at the front and was severely wounded and for weeks was unable for military duty. During the remainder of the war, he was with his command continually, taking part in many battles and minor engagements, surrendering at Jackson, Miss., conquered but not convinced. He returned home to assist in the rebuilding of his father's home, made desolate by the ravages of war. While engaged as a planter, he devoted his spare time to the study of law and literature. In 1871 he was married to the daughter of S. Titsworth, near Roseville, Ark., and to them six children were born. In 1873 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1874 he was elected to the convention called to frame a constitution for the State in place of the carpetbag constitution in force from 1868. In 1876 he was elected to the State senate, and in 1888 he was Secretary of State, and was reelected in 1890.

Colonel Chism was a leader of men and a man of purposes. He did what he could to sustain the cause for which he fought and was laid away in the suit of gray that he ever delighted to wear.

[His comrade, Joe M. Scott, Fort Smith, Ark.]

JOHN STAFFORD.

Marian Cogbill Camp, No. 1316 U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., mourns the loss of a loved comrade, John Stafford. He was born in Fayette County, Tenn., November 25, 1846, and died



COL. B. B. CHISM.

in Cherry Valley, Ark., May 3, 1924. He served with Gen. Bedford Forrest. The writer was with him at the Chattanooga reunion in 1913 and visited the battle field of Chickamauga, and he pointed out where he fought. Comrade Stafford leaves a wife, three sons, and a daughter. He was a noble man, loved by all who knew him. He had been in feeble health for several years, but was always cheerful and ever met his friends with a smile. Many friends and comrades attended the burial on a beautiful Sabbath evening, and the grave was covered with flowers.

[W. P. Brown, Comrade and Adjutant.]

RICHARD H. MOORE.

Comrade Richard Henry Moore was born at Raytown, Taliaferro County, Ga., August 15, 1843, the son of James and Sarah Moore, pioneer settlers of that county, and the youngest of nine boys, all of whom made brave and honest men.

He enlisted in the army at the age of sixteen years, with the old historic Company, Irvin Artillery, of Washington, Ga., in the ranks of which he served with honor and distinction until the surrender.

Returning home to a widowed mother and a country devastated, he went diligently to work to help build up the farm; he also had a small mercantile business, in both of which he was successful. Later he located in Culverton, Hancock County, where he lived the remainder of his life.

He was a man of unbounded energy and courage, of strong convictions, and unswerving loyalty to his friends. Noted for his hospitality, at his home "the latch was always on the outside," and friend and stranger ever found a welcome.

He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Missouri Culver, of Culverton, and to them were born seven children. His second marriage was to Miss Ida Reams, of Griffin, Ga., who bore him four sons. She and eight of his boys survive him.

In early manhood he joined the Methodist Church, and was a faithful member until his death.

After a short illness, he passed away at his home in Culverton, Ga., May 14, 1923, in his eightieth year, leaving to his family that most priceless heritage, a good name. He was a devoted father, a tender husband, a good neighbor, and a friend to all who needed his friendship.

Successful in life, triumphant in death, he has "passed over the river" to rest until the remainder of his old comrades shall join him.

[His friend and comrade, W. O. Wright, Sharon, Ga., Adjutant of Alex Stephens Camp, No. 1050 U. C. V.]

GEORGE S. ARNOLD.

George Sloan Arnold, a member of Company A, 33rd Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Jackson Brigade, died at his home, Hampshire County, W. Va., on January 6, 1924. He was born in the same house on January 11, 1843. He joined the Confederate army in 1862 and served throughout the war. He was a volunteer with McNeil's Rangers when they captured Generals Crook and Kelly in Cumberland, Md. He was on mounted dispatch duty for quite a while in the lower Shenandoah Valley and in the latter years of his life often related his experiences in delivering dispatches to General Lee.

Comrade Arnold was married to Miss Virginia Parsons in June, 1882, and he survived her by some twenty-two years. Their four children survive him.

After the war his life was devoted exclusively to farming, and he was regarded as a very modest, energetic, and successful man of the community in which he lived.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark....*First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal....*Second Vice President General*
2440 Third Street

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City....*Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass....*Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo.....*Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Avenue

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C.....*Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla.....*Registrar General*
917 North J Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It was indeed a great privilege to have represented you officially at the reunion in Memphis, Tenn. In the great auditorium, I extended greetings from the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the United Confederate Veterans at their opening meeting. The parade on the last day of the reunion was most inspiring. Thousands of veterans and their friends made the occasion one never to be forgotten.

The hospitality extended by the city of Memphis to the guests could not have been surpassed, and it would be difficult to equal it. As your representative, I was shown every honor due the President General. Mrs. Embry Anderson, President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., Mrs. C. B. Bryan, the President of the Confederate Memorial Association; and all Tennessee Daughters made our stay in Memphis delightful in every way.

The beautiful luncheon given in honor of General Hickman and the President General by Mrs. Embry Anderson deserves especial mention. Many prominent guests of the reunion were present.

The pleasure and interest of the reunion were enhanced by the presence of many distinguished Daughters of the Confederacy. Other general officers present were: The Treasurer General, Mrs. J. P. Higgins; the Historian General, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton. Ex-Presidents General present were Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler and Mrs. Alexander B. White.

The following Division Presidents attended the reunion: Mrs. George B. Gill, of Arkansas; Mrs. Albion Tuck, President *de facto* of the District of Columbia; Mrs. Harry McCarty, of Kentucky; Mrs. H. F. Simrall, of Mississippi; Mrs. Hugh Miller, of Missouri; Mrs. Philip Holt, of North Carolina; Mrs. Embry Anderson, of Tennessee; Mrs. E. W. Bounds, of Texas; Mrs. J. C. Blocker, the newly elected President of the Florida Division.

I returned home feeling that whatever can be done to cheer life's eventide for those gray patriots who followed the Stars and Bars ought to be done with heart brimming eagerness and with a generosity that glories in the gift.

From Memphis many Daughters, veterans, and Sons of Veterans attended the dedication of the Jefferson Davis Monument, June 7, at his birthplace, Fairview, Ky. This monument is three hundred and fifty-one feet high, the second highest monument in the world, and the highest concrete monument.

No record of this occasion would be complete without mentioning the work and efforts of Mrs. E. H. Morrison, Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee, and Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, Vice Chairman, and their associates—

Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Mrs. J. A. Perdue, and Mrs. L. C. Hall, who helped to bring this undertaking to a successful ending.

Every forward step in the history of mankind has resulted from a dream. Some one has visioned a better way, and, by holding steadfastly to the ideal of the dream, it has become a reality—reality which has marked another milestone in the faltering march of the human race.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy is an organization which has, in an unusual degree, been enabled to put its dreams into everyday life—been steadfast to its hope and aspirations until they have been transformed into soul-satisfying entities of marble and stone, imperishable monuments to the noblest ideals of our race.

"The master builders of olden times were content to do their part in a contribution toward an edifice that should delight those of the century which should come after them."

How fortunate, then, should we consider ourselves in seeing so many of the great undertakings, the visual evidences of our firmest faith, completed in our day.

The value of the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument alone—an eternal teacher of things we cherish—preserving our ideals for youth and handing them on to posterity, seems incalculable. It perpetuates from age to age the memory of the men who fought, bled, and died for truth, honor, home, and Anglo-Saxon civilization.

But this one monument is not the only dream of ours which we have seen bear fruit in marble, bronze, and stone. Over eight hundred memorials to Confederate heroes have been erected under the efforts of the U. D. C.

We were instrumental in building the \$70,000 memorial to President Davis at Richmond. We also help maintain the historic White House of the Confederacy—now known as the Confederate Museum—in the same city.

We caused the erection of the \$50,000 Arlington Cemetery Monument in 1914 and the Shiloh Monument at Shiloh Military Park in 1917.

Such work, continuing from year to year, will some day prove the most important factor in keeping alive our country's history.

A great chain of memorials, marking the spots where heroes fell that ideals might live, will tell in graphic picture the story of past generations, so that the traveler may live again, in imagination, the events which send their message of living faith through our veins and sing of truth, honor, and courage in our American hearts.

During the summer months members of the U. D. C. should stress the importance of rapid work on the Jefferson Davis Highway, particularly in view of the fact that the naming of highways in all sections of the country is going forward at a rapid rate.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville, Ky., chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, has sent out a plan of work for 1924, addressed to each Division director. It is important that all our members familiarize themselves with this work and coöperate to the fullest possible extent with this committee. This is said to be the most stupendous undertaking ever sponsored by a woman's organization alone, and that fact should be sufficient to make us bend every effort to show that we are fully capable of doing work of such magnitude.

The plan, as outlined, is as follows:

PLAN OF WORK FOR 1924: JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

(To be able to answer these questions affirmatively for your State.)

1. Has the route been legally designated? By legislature or highway commission? When?
2. Is it marked, and how?
3. Have you a State committee to help you?
4. Are you raising funds for memorials, etc?
5. Have you planned for memorial or other trees? Has any planting been done?
6. Have you marked State boundaries? Historic spots?
7. What place would you personally like to see marked first? Why?
8. Have you given data regarding any historic spot to your automobile club and asked that it be printed in their road book? Please send me a copy.
9. Will you take some pictures along the Jefferson Davis Highway in your State, either of historic interest or natural beauty, and send same with description to me? This and 4, 5, 6, and 8 will make good work for your State Committee.
10. Please save this plan. I shall refer to it during the year. It will make matters plain and uniform if you will give each member of your State committee a copy of this.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize at Annapolis.—For several years our organization has presented a prize in the name of this great American to that student at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis who attained the greatest excellence in physics. The Chairman of this committee, Mrs. Robert Alter, 3615 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio, received an invitation from Rear Admiral Wilson, Superintendent of the Academy, to present this prize at dress parade on Tuesday, June 3. Other members of this committee are Mrs. John C. Jacobs, 4515 Oakwald Street, Chicago, and Mrs. C. J. Milling, Darlington, S. C. The winner of the prize this year was Midshipman John Sylvester, of Denver, Colo., a star member of his class, having been rated third in last year's merit stand. The prize is a pair of marine binoculars.

On June 18 I attended the annual convention of the Children of the Confederacy of the Georgia Division held in Albany, Ga. The meeting proved to be most interesting and profitable, and the activities of the Children's Chapters in all good works was a source of pride, not only to the Division Director, Mrs. Leroy Hankinson, of Augusta, but to the Division Historian, Miss Mildred Rutherford, who made the principal address for the convention, to the Division President, Mrs. Walter Grace, and to the President General.

A letter from the Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, says: "Please urge the Divisions to send in their orders for Crosses of Service through the summer months and not wait until the last few days before time for bestowal." Crosses of Service may be awarded on September 27, birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes. Let me repeat the request that all Chapters order the Crosses as promptly as possible.

Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Treasurer General, writes: "We have every reason to be proud of the monument to President Jefferson Davis, and I sincerely hope that the States which have not redeemed their pledges will do so at once."

At the convention at Washington our organization pledged the amount necessary for the completion of this undertaking, and it is necessary that these pledges should be redeemed.

"Let us show a destiny for this great organization that will reap a glory and shed luster upon the men and women who made it possible, for to the women of the South is committed the most joyous of all privileges, the most sacred of all trusts."

Sincerely yours,

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The Arkansas Division has pledged itself to an undertaking which, when completed, will have added another to that State's list of "Firsts"—viz., "A Confederate History of Arkansas," including Reconstruction, written by a professor of history in the Arkansas State University, under the auspices of the division, and to be passed upon by a committee of Arkansas Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Stillwell, of Little Rock, writes that the work is well under way and is creating enthusiastic interest throughout the State.

* * *

Mrs. Amos Norris writes this month of the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Florida Division, held in Clearwater, May 6-9, Miss Agnes Person, President, presiding.

Two new Chapters were added during the past year, one at Umatilla, the other at West Palm Beach.

The membership of the Florida Division is 2,114, the gain for the past year being 323; loss 299.

Reports showed that the Division had raised in the past year for all U. D. C. purposes approximately \$8,000, nearly \$4 per member, a showing any Division might be proud of.

After all obligations had been paid, the treasurer reported a balance of \$2,000 in the treasury! [Can any Division beat that?] Florida paid more to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund in the past year than any other State.

The Division will bend every effort to increase its endowment fund for the maintenance of the Florida Room in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, from \$3,000 to \$5,000 in the next year.

Reports showed that as the result of Dr. Smith's tour of Florida in February and March, the Chapters and, through their efforts, interested friends, had pledged \$5,000 to the Lee School of Journalism. This is another record of which the Division may justly boast.

A note of sadness was given to the convention by the passing away recently of one of the most beloved and highly appreciated Honorary Presidents of the Florida Division, Mrs. J. N. Whitner.

Newly elected officers of the Division are:

President, Mrs. J. C. Blocker, St. Petersburg.

First Vice President, Mrs. Robert Bulloch, Ocala.

Second Vice President, Mrs. I. R. Hancock, Brooksville.

Third Vice President, Mrs. B. J. Bond, Tallahassee.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. P. E. Oliver, West Palm Beach.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. A. Douglas, Sanford.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. G. Hustande, St. Petersburg.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. L. Medlin, Jacksonville.

Registrar, Miss Julia Dickenson, Tampa.

Historian, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Leesburg.

Registrar C. of C., Mrs. Julius Lamb, Palmetto.

Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. George P. Allen, Jacksonville.

In future, all conventions of the Florida Division will be on the Harvard plan—that is, the hostess Chapter furnishing to the delegates lodging and breakfast, delegates paying for the other two meals.

The next State convention will be held in Leesburg.

The Division was never in a more flourishing condition, filled with enthusiasm for all U. D. C. work.

The Clearwater Chapter, of thirty-one members, gave one of the most perfectly planned conventions ever held in the history of the Division.

* * *

Daughters everywhere will rejoice over the following note sent by Miss Williamson, of Chicago. In perfecting this organization of children, Illinois Division is looking to its future life: A children's Chapter known as "The Dixie" Chapter, was organized at the home of Mrs. John C. Jacobs, Illinois Division President, on April 26, 1924, under the auspices of the Chicago Chapter, Miss Ida F. Powell, Leader; and Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Mrs. Prince, Leader; Mrs. Dudley, President of Chicago Chapter, made the organization of the Chapter most impressive. Great interest was displayed by both children and parents. Mrs. Jacobs was a most delightful hostess and created an enthusiasm that will endure for time to come. Twenty children were enrolled, ten from each parent Chapter, and officers were elected and installed.

The children participated in Memorial Day services at Oakwood Cemetery, May 30, and arranged a program in honor of President Davis's birthday, June 3.

* * *

Mrs. Fowler, of Frankfort, Ky., has sent in this month the yearbook of the Joseph Lewis Chapter, with comments and additions, all of which indicate a most profitable year in this Chapter. Among the many interesting numbers on a program in the John Morgan Chapter, we note that Miss Anna Belle Fogg read an excellent paper on Matthew Fontaine Maury, prepared from original sources and from matter loaned by his family, all authentic, and most of it new. Readers of the VETERAN would welcome an opportunity to read this article.

Mrs. Conant, Division Historian, is busy preparing "Kentucky Firsts" for Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook.

* * *

Readers of this Department will join most cordially with the editor in the earnest hope that Mrs. F. C. Kolman will be continued as Publicity Chairman from Louisiana. Rarely has a month passed during these eighteen that we have not had notes from this wide-awake Division that has accomplished so many things of interest and emulation during Mrs. Kolman's presidency. When several efforts failed to secure a Publicity Chairman from Louisiana, Mrs. Kolman agreed herself to send the notes, but in everything projected or accomplished she was too modest to assume any of the credit to herself.

The twenty-fifth annual convention of the Louisiana Division was held in the little town of Tangipahoa, May 20-22. This being the "Silver Anniversary" of the Division, silver offerings were poured into the treasury and all debts were cleared. Tangipahoa has a population of less than three hundred, but is of historic interest, as it was here that the camp of instruction, "Camp Moore," was located during the War between the States and soldiers from Louisiana and other Southern States were trained and sent out to fight for the Southern cause.

The convention was held in the auditorium of the grammar

school and was called to order by Mrs. D. T. Settoon, President of Camp Moore Chapter, the hostess Chapter. Addresses of welcome were given by representatives of the parish, the town, the Camp Moore Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, interspersed with music and song, and the response was given by Mrs. J. D. Weir, of the New Orleans Chapter No. 72.

The delegates were entertained complimentary in the homes, and a real country picnic dinner was served at noon under the spreading oaks. Tangipahoa entertained the convention as a compliment to the retiring President, Mrs. Kolman, who was born and reared there and held her membership in Camp Moore Chapter. Among the social affairs was a reception at the home of the Missess Wall in Tangipahoa, a grand ball in Kentwood, and a trip to Camp Moore. Historical Evening was voted to be one of the best in the history of the Division, under the direction of Mrs. F. W. Bradt, Division Historian. Twenty-one copies of "Women of the South in War Times" were sold by the Director, Mrs. Wilkinson. Liberal contributions were given to the Widows' Fund of the Louisiana Division, Miss D. Gautreaux, Chairman; to the Camp Moore Improvement Fund; Maury Monument; and to the Silver Anniversary Fund. Resolutions were indorsed to petition the legislature now in session for an appropriation for Camp Moore to make this historic spot one of the beauty places of Louisiana, and for the increase of pensions for Confederate veterans from \$20 per month to \$30 and that the pensions be paid monthly instead of quarterly.

A delegation of Daughters of the Confederacy will go to Baton Rouge in the interest of the resolutions. Recommendation was made to the Louisiana Division U. C. V. that June 3 be designated as Memorial and Decoration Day, that the Daughters may concentrate on one day.

This closed one of the most successful and harmonious and enjoyable conventions of the Louisiana Division.

Mrs. F. C. Kolman was appointed to succeed Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, the incoming President, as Chairman of the Educational Committee. Mrs. Tompkins had served in this Chairmanship under five Presidents.

The only changes in Louisiana's Division roster made at this convention are:

President, Mrs. Florence G. Tompkins, New Orleans.

Third Vice President, Mrs. D. T. Settoon, Tangipahoa.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, New Orleans.

The Louisiana Division celebrated the birthday of General P. G. T. Beauregard on May 28 with a delightful program and refreshments at the Confederate Home on Bayou St. John. The veterans of the Home had made a request that the pictures of Mrs. Kolman, retiring President of the Division, and of Mrs. Feeney Rice, Custodian of the Home, be hung in the library, because of the many courtesies extended to them by both ladies. The pictures were presented on this occasion.

* * *

Mrs. Preston Power sends the following from the Maryland Division:

At Monocacy Chapel, Beallsville, Montgomery County, a meeting of the Executive Committee, Directors, and Chapter Presidents of Maryland Division was held on the 20th of May, with Mrs. Thomas Hall as hostess.

Baltimore Chapter had its election on May 2. Reports of committees were read, and the election of officers followed, Mrs. William McMechen Buchanan being elected President.

On the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of President Davis, June 3, nine Crosses of Service will be awarded, and five Crosses of Honor, by the Division Recorder, Miss Sally

Washington Maupin, at the celebration which will be held at the Belvedere Hotel. Other interesting features will help make this entertainment a success.

* * *

Missouri notes are never complete unless there is at least one paragraph telling of some act of thoughtfulness on the part of the Daughters of that Division toward the veterans in the Home at Higginsville. Mrs. McMahan says that the big picnic at the home on June 1 was "the very best ever."

Among the many scholarships given in this Division, the M. A. E. McLure Chapter supports one at the State University worth \$400 a year. Dixie Chapter, of Kansas City, supports one at the University, value \$150. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, has a Loan Fund for students from that county. It also assists high school students with books and supplies.

* * *

During May a great many Chapters entertained, in varied and pleasing ways, the veterans and their wives. This lovely month makes South Carolina Daughters bestir themselves to bring joy into the lives of the heroes of the sixties who are still with us.

The conferences of the four Districts of the South Carolina Division have been held. The Division President, Mrs. O. D. Black, was present at each. The outstanding feature of the work of each is education. The four Districts unite in the support of a new coeducational scholarship at the University of South Carolina. Edisto District established a new coeducational scholarship at the University of South Carolina also.

The Leesville Chapter will support a scholarship at Summerland College.

Four new Chapters have been formed—Belton, Olar, Cameron, and Trenton.

An appropriation of \$1,000 was secured from the legislature for the South Carolina Relic Room, in Columbia, which is being completely renovated so as to preserve properly Confederate relics.

The Lottie Green Chapter, of Bishopville, has been presented with a Confederate battle flag which belonged to a company of Lamar's regiment and was carried through many battles in South Carolina. The flag was presented by Capt. W. E. Charles.

Most impressive were the exercises arranged by the Drayton Rutherford Chapter, of Newberry, on June 3, incident to the celebration of President Davis's birthday, the bestowal of three Crosses of Honor, and of eighteen Crosses of Service. On the beautifully decorated stage of the high school auditorium sat the speakers of the evening and the presidents of every patriotic organization in the city, the members of each being invited to occupy seats reserved for them. The Newberry College orchestra furnished music, playing very effectively during the tableau, "1861-1865," and "1917-1918."

The Calvin Crozier Chapter, of Newberry, is planning to bestow a large number of Crosses of Service on Armistice Day.

* * *

The Tennessee Division is another that holds its annual convention in May, this year in Nashville, May 13-16, the Mary Frances Hughes Chapter, Mrs. M. W. Harrison, President, being the hostess, ably assisted by the other Chapters of the city—Nashville Chapter No. 1, William B. Bate, and Kate Litton Hickman Chapters. From Mrs. Bennett D. Bell has come a program showing how filled the days were with reports of things accomplished during the year and of delightful pleasures planned by the hostesses. Work along educational

and historical lines seems preëminent in this Division. The Children's Chapters are given every encouragement, and prizes are offered as incentives to them. Notable among these prizes is a handsome loving cup given to the Chapter bringing in the largest number of new members during the year. The donor of this prize is Mrs. Evander Williams, President of the Mary Latham Chapter, of Memphis, who gives it in memory

(Continued on page 284.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR U. D. C. STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

August.

Daring cavalry raids of Gens. Nathan Bedford Forest, Joseph Wheeler ("Fighting Joe Wheeler"), Earl Van Dorn, John H. Morgan.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

August.

Tell of Commodore Ingraham; of the Chicora and the Palmetto State.

U. D. C. GIFT TO OXFORD LIBRARY.

It will be remembered that Dr. Samuel Eliot Morison, the Harold Vyvyan Harmsworth Professor of American History at Oxford, England, wrote to Mrs. Lawton, Historian General, U. D. C., requesting the organization to contribute to that library a set of the works of John C. Calhoun. The South Carolina Division presented these works on Historical Evening at the general convention in Washington, November, 1923, and the Historian General forwarded them to Oxford. The fact that the Historical Department of the U. D. C. is in friendly touch with the Chair of American History at Oxford is not to be lightly regarded. The following letter is published that many Daughters not present at Washington may be informed concerning this matter:

"Dear Madam: I beg to thank you most heartily for the set of the works of John C. Calhoun edited by Mr. Cralle, which you have sent to this library, and likewise for the pamphlets of 'Obituary Addresses' and 'Harmony of Power and Law.' The fact that these books came from the United Daughters of the Confederacy makes them all the more valuable for us. We shall have the works of Calhoun bound handsomely in half morocco, uniform with our other sets of American statesmen's works, where they will take their proper place beside the writings of Washington (given us by the Daughters of the Cincinnati), Adams (given us by the Massachusetts Historical Society), Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Clay, Lincoln, and Webster, which are already on our shelves. I am thankful that the gap left for Calhoun can now be filled, and beg you, madam, to convey to the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., our grateful appreciation of their gracious and appropriate gift.

"Faithfully yours,

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

THE CONVENTION IN MEMPHIS.

My Dear Coworkers: The Memphis reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention have passed into history as the most successful and inspiring gatherings ever held. With hospitality unbounded and patriotic fervor unsurpassed, Memphians may proudly claim first place in the hearts of all who entered her open doors in welcome to the strangers within her gates. The devotion of the South to her matchless heroes of the sixties still fervently acclaims our heritage of loyal devotion undiminished, and our purpose passes on to coming generations the sacred trust committed to our keeping through the undying faith and consecration of our mothers. That your President General has merited your commendation, in her election for the third time, is a cause of deepest and most profound appreciation, and she can only prove this by giving to you the best efforts of her life. Success can come only through your united coöperation, which is most earnestly sought. Your official family remains largely the same as for the past three years.

NEW EDITOR FOR OUR C. S. M. A. DEPARTMENT.—Among the most gratifying and delightful things which it is the privilege of your President General to report from our C. S. M. A. convention is the acceptance by Miss Phoebe Frazer, of Memphis, a sister of our own Virginia Frazer Boyle, of the post of honor as Editor of our Department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Bringing to the work a devotion and loyalty which she consecrates to the undying love of her sainted mother, we are rich indeed in that she has consented to serve with our official family. You are to be congratulated upon the good fortune which brings Miss Frazer into the circle of our official family, and I urge you to send to her items of interest from your Associations, that she may feel she has your sympathetic support.

That our work is growing, though sometimes slowly, our impatient hearts would have it appear, yet each year has chronicled real growth, and it is the responsibility of each one of you to see that the growth continues. Dallas, Tex., won in her efforts to secure the 1925 convention. Make your plans early in the year to be represented there and help your officers in their efforts to organize new Associations.

Devotedly yours.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

ECHOES OF THE CONVENTION.

The C. S. M. A. had the honor of opening the magnificent new Auditorium at Memphis and of greeting an audience of more than six thousand. After songs by the Confederate Choir and addresses of welcome, the First Vice President, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, turned the meeting over to the President General, who graciously responded. Throughout each day, the official program was given as published.

Memorial Day was celebrated at Elmwood Cemetery on June 3, Jefferson Davis's birthday. A great concourse had assembled with the veterans and the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, who conduct these services each year. Gen. C. A. De Saussure, President of the Confederate Historical Association, was master of ceremonies.

Our President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, paid an eloquent and loving tribute to the women of the Confederacy and to the late State President of Tennessee, Mrs. Charles W. Frazer. Vice President General, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, spoke in memory of Gen. George W. Gordon. Charles M. Rryan, grandson of Admiral Semmes, gave a masterly address, which stirred the hearts of his hearers.

Jefferson Hayes Davis, U. S. A., grandson of Jefferson Davis, was presented by General Haldeman and responded briefly and feelingly.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at the stand, the numerous companies of uniformed veterans marched to the Confederate lot, where taps was sounded and the farewell salute was given after the Children of the Confederacy had placed flags on the graves and flowers and wreaths on the monument.

Memorial Hour was observed in the Auditorium by the United Confederate Veterans, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and Sons of Confederate Veterans jointly with Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, our President General, presiding. The oration was delivered by ex-Governor Patterson. After the roll call, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, President of the Memphis Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, paid a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Charles W. Frazer, organizer of the local Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association and State President of Tennessee. There were songs by the vested choirs. At the close of the ceremonies, General Haldeman presented Mrs. Robert E. Lee, widow of the grandson of General Lee.

By vote, the rules were suspended and all officers were elected by acclamation. The President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, was reelected to the third term. In honoring this be-

loved lady, the Association honors itself and is still further stimulated by the example of her fortitude and unselfish devotion.

Our Secretary General, Miss Daisy Hodgson, was reelected for the twenty-fifth time. She has not missed a convention since her first election. Such faithful service demonstrates that devotion to the cause which the South has always held. The appreciation and love which she has inspired was unanimously voiced.

The reports of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association work for the Davis Monument and Stone Mountain were exceedingly interesting.

Four new State Presidents were welcomed: Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, of Oklahoma; Mrs. B. A. Blennar, of Virginia; Mrs. Mary H. Miller, of Tennessee, who has been active for many years in Confederated Southern Memorial Association work in the Confederate Choirs; and last, but not least in enthusiastic appreciation, Mrs. D. H. Fred, the President of the Association of the District of Columbia, our latest organized association. Hail to our latest addition, an added glory and a tower of strength.

The social features of our convention were hospitably arranged by the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Memphis.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

How turns the cycle, warder of the years,
That stands upon the eternal's blinding height?
And so the watching Warder, listening, hears
And flashes back his answer, writ in light.

Yea, tell us, O! thou Warder on the peaks—
Say, shall the fame of him endure for aye?
And so the list'ning Warder, answering, speaks,
"The soul of truth and honor cannot die!"

O! know ye not, proud Southron, of the way
That men call new, that life is always old,
And all the splendor of your golden day
Was builded on the principles he told?

Your eyes were blinded in the aftermath
That followed fast on war and blood and pain;
His silent finger pointed to the path
Where stern, unbroken spirits meet again.

Your hands were empty, but your days were free
To gird again the land your fathers gave;
His days ebb'd sadly by a dreamless sea,
Reft of the liberty men gave the slave.

Your voices cried for bread; you drove the plow
With unused hands and forced the earth to yield;
His voice was dumb, and calm the eagle brow,
His great heart broke upon your bloody field.

Men heaped upon him calumny and spite—
The hissing rage of erstwhile friend and foe;
He only kept his stern face to the light,
Forgave the ruthless tongues that gave the blow.

And so he passed, just on the warder stroke
That called the golden hour of the land,
When all the pulses of the South awoke
To claim her lilies from an iron hand.

But once again, O! Warder on the peaks—

Say, shall the fame of him endure for aye?

And once again, the Warder, answering, speaks,

"The soul of truth and honor cannot die!"

THE CAPT. SALLY TOMPKINS MONUMENT.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE TO THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS
IN REUNION, JUNE, 1924.

In June, 1922, the United Confederate Veterans in reunion assembled in Richmond, Va., adopted a resolution to erect a monument over the grave of Miss Sally L. Tompkins, who, for the great service rendered by her in the establishment and maintenance of the Robertson Hospital in Richmond, was commissioned captain by President Jefferson Davis.

Capt. Walter Greene, of Greensboro, N. C., was appointed chairman of a committee to solicit funds for this purpose, and Gen. Edgar D. Taylor was requested by Captain Greene to serve on the committee with him. In March, 1924, Captain Green was authorized by Commanding General W. B. Haldeman to turn over funds collected by him to the Capt. Sally Tompkins Monument Committee. In compliance with this authority, Captain Greene turned over to Gen. Edgar D. Taylor the sum of \$373.95. In addition to this sum, other gifts had been received from members of the U. C. V. amounting to \$122. A preliminary meeting was held to elect officers and members of the committee, and Captain Greene was to have been one of the officers, but to our sincere regret he was called from his earthly life before the notice of his election could reach him.

Several months after the appeal for funds to erect a monument to Captain Tompkins was sent out by Captain Greene, an appeal was made for the same purpose by two Chapters of the U. D. C. in the State of Virginia, both bearing her name, one the Sally Tompkins Chapter of Gloucester and the other the Capt. Sally Tompkins Chapter of Mathews. Several hundred dollars have been collected through these Chapters, which will be added to that collected by the U. C. V., and it is expected that a suitable monument will be erected over the grave of Captain Tompkins in Kingston Parish Churchyard, Mathews County, Va., during October, 1924.

The following constitute the full committee who are to be in charge of this work: Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, U. C. V., Chairman; Mr. Roy Mason, S. C. V., First Vice Chairman; Mr. Boyd Sears, S. C. V., Second Vice Chairman; Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, U. D. C., Secretary; Mr. P. Howell Brooke, S. C. V., Treasurer; Mrs. W. B. Lightfoot, Mrs. John Bagby, Miss Ella Cocke, Mrs. John Tabb, Mrs. C. E. Forrest, Rev. Giles B. Cocke, Mr. William B. Smith.

The committee would record its appreciation of the faithful work of Capt. Walter Greene, and also an expression of sorrow that he was not spared to see the fulfillment of his efforts to place a lasting memorial to the noble Confederate woman, Capt. Sally L. Tompkins.

In closing, let us express our thanks to all members of the U. C. V. who have contributed to the monument fund.

Respectfully submitted.

EDGAR D. TAYLOR, *Chairman*;

MRS. CHARLES E. BOLLING, *Secretary*.

The following from Channing M. Smith, of Delaplane, Va., Adjutant of John S. Mosby Camp, No. 110 U. C. V., seems a

(Continued on page 286.)

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....D. S. Etheridge, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

THE REUNION IN MEMPHIS.

The reunion is over, and Memphis has done herself proud. She stands at the front rank as a reunion city. There is only one other in the country that equals her—and none surpass. One of the most impressive things of the reunion, as stated by close observers, was the “heart interest” of the mighty host there in the reunion and what it stood for and meant. It was not all a mere spectacle, great though it was *as* a spectacle; to these people, the tens of thousands there, it meant more than his—it is personally close to them; it was *their* reunion.

Never has greater interest been shown. The number of visitors present was estimated at fifty thousand. The great parade, which took about three hours to pass a given point, progressed for miles through streets packed solid with interested spectators. There is every reason to believe that the Confederate reunions are the red letters days of the Southern people, and their interest waxes instead of wanes as the years pass by. If the veterans can cry out as they pass, “*Morituri, te salutamus*” (“we, the dying, salute you!”), just as readily in spirit do the great crowds shout back: “Hail, victors, you shall never die!”

ADMIRAL SEMMES; FATHER RYAN.—I gladly yield my space in this department this month to the following bits of biography, sent in by Comrade John Ashley Jones, of Atlanta, and written by Mr. Joel Hunter, of that city. I consider these sketches of such importance and interest that I hold out important copy for the next issue and give way to this article.

SOME CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, THE CONFEDERATE NAVAL HERO, AND FATHER RYAN, THE POET OF THE CONFEDERACY.

I was born and reared in Alabama, in the city of Mobile, affectionately called the “Gulf City” by its residents. Its right to this title is due to its position, being situated on the Bay of Mobile, made famous by Admiral Farragut’s great battle. Mobile Bay is a huge indentation of the great Gulf of Mexico. Like its sister seaports of Savannah and Charleston, which it somewhat resembles, Mobile exhales an unusually rich ante-bellum fragrance, due perhaps to its heroes of both land and sea. My father came to Mobile just in time to be included in the surrender of the city to the Federal General Canby. He was a young lieutenant in the Marianna Dragoons, a company commanded by his brother-in-law, Captain Smith. He married my mother when he was only nineteen years old. He used to tell me that he loved his mare better than anything in the world until he met my mother, when he capitulated to her. As a sign and token of his surrender, he rechristened the mare “Laura D, the Darting Star.” This renaming consisted in prefixing Laura D. before “The Darting Star,” which was the mare’s first name before my father met the young woman who was to become my mother. So the beautiful young woman took the place of the beautiful young mare, and the Star waned and a new queen reigned. We lived at the home of my maternal grandmother, a typically

Southern old house, painted white, with green blinds. Five stately Corinthian columns graced the front, ornamenting and supporting two spacious galleries, an upper and a lower. The front lawn faced the street for a distance of perhaps two hundred feet, and a picket fence, painted white, protected it from marauding cows and dogs. The lot ran back nearly four hundred feet, and the house was built just in the center of it. On each side of the house were planted fig trees. I used to climb in these trees and pick figs, sometimes before they were ripe. When the figs are green, or half ripe, they exude a milky substance which we called fig milk. This has an acid in it which seems to blister the lips or tender skin wherever it touches, and I was invariably detected when I ate unripe figs by my sore lips. No other punishment was needed.

Our home was situated on Government Street, which at that time was the fashionable residence street of Mobile. It was quite the proper thing done by the best society to take walks in the late afternoon. Comparatively few people had carriages, and the healthful exercise commended itself. The Great Admiral, as we used to call him, lived about five blocks further toward the business section than we did. Very often in the twilight hour, between sundown and nightfall, he used to stroll past our house. A tall, slender man, probably six feet high, dark, olive complexion, black hair, piercing dark eyes, whether black or blue, I cannot recall; very erect and impressively commanding of presence. He had beautifully shaped feet and wore handsomely varnished boots. A naval cloak was generally thrown over his shoulders, even in warm weather, and this coat was lined with the reddest of red linings. It used to fascinate me, that red lining. Everything else about him was so dark and somber that the carmine lining seemed to shriek out. Black felt hat, black hair, dark complexion and eyes, black mustache and small imperial, very dark blue trousers, even a black malacca walking stick. In the late afternoon the boys in the neighborhood used to gather to play on the dirt sidewalk in front of our house. Near the curb, at distances of about thirty feet apart, were five or six splendid old oak trees. In our games we boys would use as our base these trees and certain marked places on the picket fence. All of us had a tremendous respect, even awe, of the Admiral, and when we saw him coming would holler out: “Here comes the Admiral.” Slowly, almost majestically it seemed to us, he would approach, and we would line up either on the curb of the sidewalk or with our backs against the fence, and as he passed us we would respectfully salute him, to which he would gravely respond by taking off his hat. It seemed both a salutation and a benediction. In a half hour perhaps he would be on his return journey, and the business would be repeated of lining up, saluting, and being saluted. He never seemed to tire of it, and we boys were tickled to death. It was a new kind of a game to us. One time, in a game like swapping corners, or Puss in Boots, and the fun was fast and furious, the Admiral came along without our seeing him. One of the boys, in a mad rush for the other fellow’s “corner,” ran straight into the Admiral and managed to fall between his legs. It nearly threw the Admiral off his feet, and the little boy, when he saw what he had done, the august person he had collided with, began to cry. The Admiral gently lifted him to his feet, and in a low voice said: “Hush, sir, hush. Southern men do not cry, whatever befalls.” Another time, just after a heavy shower of rain, and the water had collected in the gutter in front of the house, I had gone to wade. In the midst of my wading I spied the Admiral coming up the street. I stepped out of the water, hastily rolled down my breeches and prepared to give him a more than usual hearty salute, since none of the other boys were with me, and

WITH THE FOURTH CONFEDERATE INFANTRY.

BY THOMAS N. SHEARER, STARKVILLE, MISS.

The account in a recent number of the *VETERAN* of Confederates escaping from Federal prisons induces me to chronicle the following:

We left our home town, Okolona, Miss., in April, 1861, and camped around Memphis, Tenn., for some time, going into winter quarters at Fort Pillow. In the early part of February, 1862, we received orders to move into Missouri, where we lost our first man in action. From there we were ordered into Tennessee, where we camped opposite Island No. 10. Our command, the 4th Confederate Volunteer Infantry, under Col. Alpheus Baker, of Eufaula, Ala., was captured March 8, 1862, and we were taken to Camp Douglas, Ill., and confined in some stables, or stalls, of a barn. We remained there for a week or more, when we were transferred to Camp Randle, Wis., near the town of Madison.

While in this prison, four of my company went to the hospital, either as patients or on consignment as nurses—I don't remember which. However, they made their escape the first night, and though they were in enemy territory and beset on all sides by obstacles that would seemingly assure their recapture, they eluded all efforts of the Yanks and finally turned up back in Chickasaw County, Miss., again ready to "shoulder arms" and march to the martial music of fife and drum in defense of those rights which we then felt, and which we yet feel, were being trampled upon. These four men traveled together by night, hiding out in daylight for several days, finally separating into twos and thus continuing their journey toward the beloved Southland, the mecca of their desires and hopes, with no other idea in view than that of rejoining the fighting forces of the Confederacy.

Two of these men, Bill Jagers and Hugh Deavenport, stopped in Illinois, where for a time they worked on a farm. The other two, Wiley Gray and Buck Morgan, worked at a mill of some kind long enough to accumulate funds on which to travel and until the way was clear for their easy and ultimate escape home. After separating, the two parties lost sight of each other and were unaware of their safety until they met, several months later, in the old home county.

The 4th Confederate Infantry was a mixed regiment, being made up of members from both Alabama and Mississippi. After the general exchange of prisoners, in September, 1862, all four of these boys came back to us and went through the war, with the exception of Wiley Gray, who died soon after getting back to the old regiment after the long trip afoot from Camp Randle. Bill and Hugh spent several hours in St. Louis while on their way home, and, though that city was full of Federal soldiers, their identity was not discovered nor their presence or mission challenged.

Soon after they had left us in Camp Randle, we were transferred back to Camp Douglas, Chicago. This inclosure was between a half and one mile from Lake Michigan, and here we remained until the latter part of September, 1862, when we were liberated under the general exchange act. Again we turned our faces where our hearts were, to the Sunny South and the army of which we were proud to be a part. Our trip from Cairo, Ill., was by boat down the Mississippi River to our landing place, within four miles of Vicksburg on the Louisiana side, and we were not slow in hiking it into Vicksburg, where we had a rest of three or four days before we were entrained for Jackson, where we re-organized the regiment as the 54th Alabama, with Alpheus Baker as colonel, afterwards general.

Probably some of those old boys are still living. I know

I felt that in a way the honor of the neighborhood was at stake, that I had to make up for the lack of numbers by a more than ordinarily cordial greeting. Standing then on the edge of the curb, as he passed I supplemented the usual salute with a bow. My foot slipped, and I fell flat on my back in the wading pool. Seeing my predicament, the Admiral, with a quickness you would not have suspected, grabbed me by my neckband, lifted me out, calling out as he did so, though we were entirely alone: "Boy overboard. Man the lifeboats." The Admiral had a keen sense of humor. It was about this time of his life that the avalanche of criticism was directed against him, arising out of his naval raids all over the seven seas. Branded almost everywhere outside of the South as a pirate, and the fact that he was solitary and alone, that there were no other equally commanding figures in the Confederate States navy, seemed to isolate him. A very sincere and patriotic man, who if he had to do this work over again, would have done it in the same way, yet seemingly a sad and lonely man.

In the later years of my life, after reading Father Ryan's poems, I was never able to associate the Father Ryan that I knew, albeit slightly, with the author of "The Conquered Banner." In this poem there is a vein of infinite sadness, such a passion of pathos, that it is difficult to connect the writer with the jolly, vigorous, red-blooded man that we knew as Father Ryan. More like him is that immortal poem, "The Sword of Robert Lee." Here flashes out that flame of brilliance that we boys knew as lightsomeness, of sparkliness, that something of birds singing, a sort of joyousness, even though the poem itself has the inevitable sadness in it. Father Ryan, to us boys, seemed a great big, stout, florid-complexioned man, full of life, with flashing eyes in which lurked a merry little devil of whimsicalness. A whole-hearted, happy-natured man. He, too, would take his walks of an afternoon, and when he met us at play he would invariably stop, pat our heads, sing a snatch of song, put an arm around us, and pretend at times to carry us off. Crasping us by the hand, one boy at each arm, he would drag us up the street, we pretending resistance, he declaring that he was going to carry us to the fairies' castle. Or it may have been to the giant's cave, where Mrs. Giant would serve us piping hot for dinner for Mr. Giant when he came in tired and hot after his day's fighting. Then he would sing some ridiculous little ditty, something on the order of this:

"I wonder what I had better make,"
Said Mrs. Giant, with a sigh,
"A little bad boy battercake,
Or a naughty nice girl pie."

Then Mr. Giant would roar out:

"Hurry up with things to eat—
A cow, a goat, a great round cheese;
Make haste, lest I but gnaw thy feet,
And then thou'dst serve upon thy knees."

By this time we would break away, and he would chuckle in that mellow, deep-throated laugh, so rich in sound that it seemed a veritable talent.

That was Father Ryan to us.

MARRIED.—On June 16, at Sumter, S. C., Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, of Virginia, to Miss Armida Moses, of South Carolina.

not. I, myself, am getting a little old, and my heart yearns for word from my comrades. I am the last survivor of Company D, of whom I know. If any of the boys are alive I would like to hear from them. We left home with ninety-eight men and boys.

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 279.)

of her little daughter Elizabeth. It was awarded this year to the Lee Ola Roberts Chapter, of Whiteville.

This convention saw the completion of the Admiral Semmes Scholarship in the University of Tennessee, a handsome contribution from Mrs. M. A. Martin, of Memphis, granddaughter of Admiral Semmes, completing the fund. This is the third endowed scholarship in the University to the credit of the Division, each worth \$100 annually, two of these in honor of Gens. W. B. Bate and Felix Zollicoffer. In addition to these, the Division gives nine scholarships, to the value of \$1,182, and twenty-three Chapter scholarships, totaling \$2,240.

For many years the Division has given a banner for the best historical work. This year the retiring Historian, Mrs. E. O. Wells, gave a loving cup as first prize, the banner becoming the prize for the second best. The Division also gives two medals for historical work, one to the high school and one to the junior high of the State doing the best historical work.

The report of Mrs. Telfair Hodgson, of Sewanee, as State Registrar, gave a splendid showing for the Division's growth. During the year 406 names have been added to the membership roll, and four new Chapters have been organized—the Thomas Stewart Easley Chapter, of Centerville; Major Folsom Chapter, of Elizabethton; Admiral Raphael Semmes Chapter, of Memphis; and Cannon County Chapter, at Woodbury; and one Chapter has been reinstated. Total membership was reported as 3,810.

Mrs. Thomas Newbill, former State Registrar, presented the handsome registration book to be placed in the State archives, and was given a rising vote of thanks for the gift and the arduous work she did in the compilation. There are 9,333 Tennessee records in the Registrar General's office.

Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, Chairman, made report of the Fort Donelson Monument committee, showing \$1,585.77 on hand. Additional pledges aggregating \$199.50 were made. Mrs. Herbert N. Leech, of Clarksville, Chairman of the Fort Donelson Park Committee, gave a report on that.

A resolution was introduced by Mrs. Mark T. Harrison to have the age of admittance to the organization changed from eighteen to sixteen years, and this will be brought before the general convention in November.

The officers of Tennessee Division for the coming year are as follows:

President, Mrs. Embry Anderson, Memphis; First Vice President, Mrs. A. C. Dodson, Humboldt; Second Vice President, Mrs. F. C. Yearwood, Sweetwater; Third Vice President, Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin; Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Martin, Memphis; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Ernest Walworth, Memphis; Treasurer, Mrs. Claude Hooper, Dickson; Historian, Mrs. L. D. Kirby, Sewanee; Registrar, Mrs. W. B. Romine, Pulaski; Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. E. Fenton Moore, Chattanooga; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. J. A. Long, Springfield; Poet Laureate, Mrs. T. A. Moses, Knoxville; Chaplain, Mrs. William Hume, Spring Hill; Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Whiteville.

The social features of the convention were well planned and most enjoyable, these being inaugurated by a luncheon at the Hermitage Hotel given by the Mary Frances Hughes Chapter

on Wednesday; and on that evening Nashville Chapter No. 1 entertained with a reception at the Centennial Club; the Lions Club of Nashville extended hospitality for the city in a luncheon on Thursday, while a luncheon given by the Bate Chapter on Friday, followed by a drive to the Hermitage and Confederate Home, with a reception and afternoon tea given by the Kate Litton Hickman Chapter at Clover Bottom Farm, home of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Stanford, concluded the festivities of the occasion.

The presence of Mrs. William Hume, of Spring Hill, who suffered a long and serious illness during the winter, gave pleasure to her many friends. Mrs. Hume is Honorary State President, and also one of the Honorary Presidents General since the convention in November. Another notable figure of this convention was Mrs. Julia R. Love, of Sweetwater, wife of Col. James R. Love, C. S. A., and one of the "women of the South" with a thrilling war experience.

* * *

It is always gratifying to hear of plans for a Confederate monument, but especially so when it is to be built in a State that did not join with the Confederacy. May early success crown the efforts of the McNeill Chapter of West Virginia, as reported by Miss Maria Vass this month: The Alkire Brothers, of Keyser, gave McNeill Chapter a beautiful lot in Queen's Point Cemetery. One veteran is buried on the lot, and the Chapter is now having a marble coping put around it, which will be completed by Memorial Day. They hope some time in the future to erect a monument to the Confederacy on this lot.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Fairmont, has been having some splendid sketches of prominent men of the Confederacy at their regular meetings, which have been interesting, instructive, and much enjoyed. This Chapter has a fine children's auxiliary called the Mary Custis Lee Auxiliary, and Mrs. J. S. Snodderly, who has charge of it, is to be complimented upon the excellent work she is doing.

The William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmont, on March 20, awarded a prize of five dollars in gold to Miss Lena Reese Lilla, a student in the Fairmont high school, for writing the best essay on Stonewall Jackson. This Chapter has voted to support a scholarship at the Fairmont Teachers' College, the recipient of the scholarship to be a descendant of a Confederate soldier.

Parkersburg Chapter reports interesting meetings, with well arranged, instructive programs. The social part is not neglected and is much enjoyed.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATE LEADERS.—When Lloyd George, war-time premier of Great Britain, visited Richmond, he paid tribute to the South and its two great soldiers, Jackson and Lee. Accompanied by Governor Trinkle and others, he went over the battle ground of the seven days' fighting around Richmond in 1862; returning he visited the monuments to Jackson and Lee and laid wreaths upon them, baring his head for several minutes in reverence. He agreed that the World War had developed no military commander like either of these Southern leaders and ventured the opinion that the history of America might have been different had Stonewall Jackson lived.—*Rockbridge County News*.

THE SIGNAL CORPS, C. S. A.

(Continued from page 259.)

Ruggles, Edward S., Texas; second lieutenant, August 19, 1863.

Schley, W. C., Maryland, second lieutenant, November 3, 1863.

Stedman, A. J., North Carolina; first lieutenant, October 13, 1862.

Stephens, John A., Georgia; first lieutenant, October 13, 1862.

Stringfellow, F., Virginia; second lieutenant, December 20, 1864.

Stubbs, J. N., Virginia; second lieutenant, October 13, 1862; first lieutenant, February 19, 1864.

Tabb, George E., Virginia; second lieutenant, March 20, 1863.

Vermillion, F. H., Virginia; sergeant, September 26, 1862.

Vermillion, G., Virginia; sergeant, September 26, 1862.

Wilbourn, R. E., Mississippi; captain, September 26, 1862.

Wilmer, Skipworth, Virginia; second lieutenant, February 10, 1864.

A ENGLISHMAN WITH THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

In sending the following interesting reminder of war days, Thomas Peters writes from Atlanta, Ga.:

"My friend Vizetelly, editor of the Standard Dictionary, sent me the inclosed as coming from his brother (or nephew), and I tender it as being quite interesting. . . . I have recently been joking with friends that I am the oldest Reb alive in that I "was there" from beginning to end, at the brick-bat fight in Baltimore, when the 6th Massachusetts essayed to go through to Washington. (No 'Confederates' then); later with Marylanders in service, and after Chambersburg in Camp Chase; in 1864 I was paroled with Col. Willie Hawkins, to distribute supplies for the Confederate government to needy prisoners; then was at Point Lookout when Lincoln was assassinated, and, having got 'lost in the shuffle; was actually the *last* man released."

WITH THE CONFEDERATE ARMY IN VIRGINIA, IN WINTER QUARTERS April 2, 1864.

Two months ago I rode through the log and canvas city on the Rapidan, and as I left it I lingered for a few minutes to make a farewell sketch. There was much of sorrow in the feelings that governed me at that moment. I was looking, perhaps for the last time, on the camp that sheltered men who had been my companions for nearly two years. What thoughts crowded on me then, what a kaleidoscope of great events whirled through my recollection! Many a gallant deed and many a well-fought field that I had witnessed with my Southern friends were reviewed rapidly as I rose in my saddle and waved a trembling adieu. There curled the blue smoke from the tent of Robert E. Lee, whose hand I had just shaken and whose friendship I am proud to own; there were the quarters of the gallant Stuart, whose guest I had been for the past few days and whose hospitality in the field I had enjoyed for many months. Yes, every soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia was a comrade; we had marched many weary miles together, and I had shared in some of their dangers. This brought me nearer to them than years of ordinary contact would have done; and now, as I looked on their camp for perhaps the last time, I realized painfully and forcibly the many friends who were lying there, some of whom would breathe their last in the first glad sunshine of coming spring. Not only did I survey the camp of the living, but around me, on every side as far as the eye could reach, lay spread the battle

fields of Virginia; and in many a distant clump of open wood slept their last sleep those whom I had known in life. *Requiescat in pace.* Far away in the background, tipped with snow, towered the mountains of the Blue Ridge, every pass of which bears the imprint of the dead hero, Stonewall Jackson, and of the gallant men who fought with him in the Valley of the Shenandoah that lies beyond. Through these passes were made some of those wonderful flank movements which for celerity and success have challenged the admiration of the world. There, within the eye's glance, lay a classic ground, crimsoned with deeds that will make history for the future. The camp which now looks so calm and passive in the clear winter's sunshine, with naught to disturb the quiet but the stroke of the pioneer's ax cutting fuel for the bivouac fire, would in a few short weeks be broken up. Across the Rapidan, which flows beyond the nearer crest of hills, lay the enemy, only waiting probably the first approach of spring to renew the awful drama that has spread desolation over many a once smiling acre of Virginian soil. As I grasped the hands of my friends on leave taking, they knew that the present lull was but the forerunner of a coming storm; every man thinking hopefully and confidently of the future, and here, dispassionately, I assert that, whatever be the result of the approaching campaign, I am confident that General Lee and his veterans will have done their duty.

And now, while bidding farewell to an army with which I have been associated for a lengthened period, let me take an opportunity of thanking all those officers and soldiers whose guest I have been during my sojourn in the Confederacy. From the Rappahannock to the banks of Yazoo in Mississippi, from the Tennessee to the Atlantic seaboard, every detachment, every Southern command has received me with unfailing courtesy and whole-souled hospitality: what they have had has been cheerfully shared with your correspondent, To procure me facilities, great warriors and "medicine men" have not hesitated to inconvenience themselves where necessary, and if your readers have not benefited as they might have done by my experiences, it is the fault of a rigorous blockade which has intercepted much destined for your pages.

FRANK VIZETELLY,

Special Correspondent of the Illustrated London News, with the armies of the Confederate States of America, in the Illustrated London News for April 2, 1864.

Col. John C. Stiles writes from Brunswick, Ga.:

"About a month ago a gentleman in St. Louis, Mo., asked for the names of the Union prisoners who were paroled from Andersonville and sent to President Lincoln with an appeal for exchange. I did not have the information at the time, and as I have lost his address will ask that this list be published in the VETERAN. I take it from Miss Rutherford's 'Scrapbook,' Volume II: Edward Bates, Company K, 42nd New York; H. C. Higginson, Company K, 19th Illinois; Prescott Tracey, Company G, 82nd New York; Sylvester Noirot, Company B, 5th New Jersey. It is understood that three of them returned to report failure of their mission."

"Long may Columbia's gonfalon float proudly to the breeze!
And let no man with angry hand the sacred emblem seize,
But let us grieve over every wound wherein our country bled.
We love the brave of every faith; we mourn our gallant dead.
Secure against fraternal hate they sleep beneath the sod,
The Lord of Hosts hath summoned them. Their fame is safe
with God."

STONEWALL JACKSON IN LEWIS COUNTY, (W.) VA.

(Continued from page 269.)

visits back to his boyhood home, the last during the summer of 1857. With this the narrative of his connection with Lewis County comes to a close, but his heart was ever with this region as shown in his letters in connection with political matters therein up until his death. In the war that followed, he, with many others brave and true, fought for the right as they saw it. To-day we are all content to leave Jackson in his place of honor among the great captains of all time, "who, to the renown of a great soldier and unselfish patriot, added the brighter fame of a Christian hero."

THE CAPT. SALLY TOMPKINS MOUNMENT.

(Continued from page 281.)

practical way of augmenting the fund which has been started for this worthy undertaking:

"At the reunion of the Grand Camp of Virginia, held at Roanoke last September, I offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: 'Resolved that the Adjutants of the respective Camps of Virginia be instructed to take up a collection, the proceeds thereof to be applied to the erection of a monument to the memory of Capt. Sally Tompkins.' As in all probability but few members of the different Virginia Camps who were present took part in this meeting, the fact of any such resolution is not generally known. At the reunion of John S. Mosby Camp, No. 110 U. C. V., held at Leesburg, Va., October 19, 1924, I collected \$25.20, though only ten or twelve of its members were present. However, others in sympathy with this cause gave liberally. I would also suggest that a collection for the same purpose be taken up at the general reunion in Memphis, June 4-7.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Stop, look, and listen!

We are approaching the last quarter of our year's work. There is yet much to be accomplished. The season for vacation time has arrived, and while we are enjoying our play time, let us not forget this obligation and our pledge. I want the Daughters to realize how rapidly the time is passing and the importance of this work and to concentrate in doing it. The alert Division chairman may be ever mindful of her task, but an unfruitful work will be hers unless the Division Chapters respond to her call and complete their quota assignments.

I am hoping much good can be accomplished at the State conventions in creating a greater interest and desire to take part in helping to wipe out this debt. Rhode Island, one of our new Divisions, is being heard from, and it is joyful to know that some of the Divisions with quotas yet untouched have awakened. The Chapter quota of the Publicity Fund is \$1 per Chapter, and contributions will be gratefully received.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

GOOD WORK.—In sending a club of ten subscriptions, Comrade W. H. Cackley, of Ronceverte, W. Va., writes as follows: "Your letter requesting my renewal was opened at the post office. Several friends (no veterans, but some were sons of veterans) were there waiting for their mail, and, after reading your letter, I decided that the opportunity was now to secure four or more subscriptions. So I proceeded to solicit, and in less than twenty minutes had secured six; the others were gotten on my way home, and I am sending you nine new subscriptions with my renewal. . . . I served the Confed-

eracy from August, 1863, to the close of the war, as a member of Company F, 19th Virginia Cavalry, Capt. William L. Jackson's Brigade. I was with Jubal Early in the Valley of Virginia during the summer of 1864. I know of but four of my company now living. I will be seventy-nine on the 25th of June."

GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.

"His brief career was like a dream of chivalry, but to-day his name and fame are cut upon a tablet warmer and more durable than 'Mountains.' That tablet is the great heart of Virginia."

The following is from Channing M. Smith, of Delaplane, Va.:

"The grave of Gen. Turner Ashby and his brother, Capt. Richard Ashby, who was killed first, is marked by a bronze monument in the Cemetery at Winchester, both having been buried in one grave.

"Gen. Turner Ashby was killed near Cross Keys, Va., on June 6, 1862. His horse was first killed, and he, leaping to his feet and waving his drawn sword, shouted: 'Come on, my brave men.' These were his last words, for he fell dead, and then there ceased to shine forever on this earth one of the brightest jewels in Virginia's crown.

General Jackson said of him: 'As a partisan officer, I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial; his powers of endurance almost incredible; his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy.'

"Such are the words of Jackson, one hero's estimate of another.

"That epitaph shall remain the glory of Ashby, 'the heroic,' while the grass grows and the waters runs.'"

"Turner Ashby will ever rank with such cavalry officers as Stuart, Forrest, and Hampton."

GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.

The name upon thy charger's crest,
The raven beard upon thy breast,
No more shall mingle lock with lock,
Like streamers in the battle shock.

Thy valiant hand no more shall feel
Within its grasp the gleaming steel;
And ne'er again shall battle cry
Nerve thine arm, or light thine eye;
Nor dashing charge, nor contest brave,
Arouse thee from thy honored grave;
But while the native mountains loom
In misty blue about thy home,
Shall Ashby's fame in battle won
Descend in pride from sire to son.

Valiant, kindly, knightly, pure,
Lustrous as the steel he wore,
Shall woman's lips delight to tell
The name of him who nobly fell
And left on earth no other stains
But those that dropped from bleeding veins.
In after years some shaft may rise
To mark the spot where Ashby lies;
But Ashby's name now makes a thrill
That bronze or marble never will.

—Dr. R. Cary Ambler, of "The Dell" farm in Upper Fauquier County, Va.

THE GREATNESS OF AMERICA.

The American Bankers' Association has given out some figures showing why America is great, in the following:

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Twenty-four million milch cows, forty million head of other cattle, forty million sheep, and sixty million swine.

More than three billion bushels of corn and one billion bushels of wheat produced a year.

More than sixty billion dollars' worth of manufactured products turned out in a year.

More than twenty-three billion gallons of crude oil produced in a year.

More than two hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad.

More than two hundred and fifty thousand miles of commercial telegraph lines.

Eight hundred thousand miles of telephone lines.

Twenty thousand daily and weekly newspapers to disseminate information and to bind our people by ties of common knowledge for common purposes.—*New York World.*

HE DIDN'T BELONG.—My seven-year-old grandson persisted in playing about a small, nearby branch post office. He told me that the men "shooed" him out of the back office. I explained that only the employees were allowed in there, but that he could go in the front office, as that was for the public. He said, "But, Granny, I'm not a Public; I'm a Democrat."—*Mrs. J. M. Johnson, Louisville, Ky.*

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C. N. Sellers, who served with the 21st Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, writes from the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, Calif.: "Just prior to the battle of Gettysburg, I, a lad, was member of a home guard organization. About the 1st of July, 1863, and some twenty miles west of Gettysburg, a soldier named John Foreman captured a Confederate infantryman in a hemp patch in a corner of a wheat field, and left him in a house under guard while we captured three more, including guns and equipment, the latter capture being on the turnpike east of the town of Fayetteville. These men did not lack courage, but circumstances happened to be in our favor; otherwise they could have killed both of us. Now if either of these men is living and will write to me, I will send him the VETERAN for a year, just to renew old friendship." Speak up, comrade!

L. C. House, of Whiteville, Tenn., writes: "Back from the reunion, after the finest time I ever had at any reunion. We were looked after in the very best of style. The little Scout boys were right there all the time and right on the job. The whole South will have to take off their hats to Memphis, for I am certain no city will ever surpass it in entertainment of the veterans. . . . My seventy-ninth birthday is nearly at hand, and I hope to live to see it."

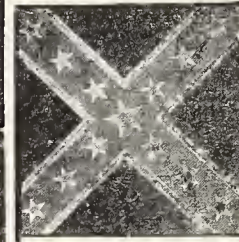
J. W. Matthews of Alvon, W. Va., sends check for two dollars, and says: "Let the good work go on. . . . Winters up in the mountains of West Virginia are very hard on old people, but I am one of the 'Immortal Six Hundred' still living; am now eighty-five years young. May the Lord bless each subscriber to the VETERAN."

A. L. Gaither, of Milledgeville, Ga., writes, in renewing subscription: "I look forward with pleasure to the arrival of the VETERAN. Long may it live to keep up the principles for which we struggled from 1861 to 1865."

W. L. Timberlake writes from Crichton, Ala.: "We had a splendid time at the reunion in Memphis, but when I got home and did not find my VETERAN, then I knew that I had missed something."

BETTER AFTER THAN BEFORE.—"But darling, don't you want to marry a man who is economical?" "I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."

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Mrs. Lillie L. Biggers, of Atlanta, Ga., seeks information of the service rendered by her husband, Willis R Biggers, during the War between the States. He was in the commissary at Atlanta and was afterwards transferred to Nashville, remaining there to the close. After the war he was in the grocery business for several years.

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VOL. XXXII.

AUGUST, 1924

NO. 8



AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
Tribute by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Convention
at Washington, D. C., November, 1923
(See page 292)

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

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All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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STATE CAPITOLS OF THE SOUTH.

A very special offer for the month of August is given in the following:

To those remitting two dollars on subscription account, a handsome booklet on the "Capitols of the South" will be sent, in addition to being given full credit of a year and four months on subscription.

This booklet, 9x12 inches, has handsome page illustrations of the Capitol building of each Southern State, and on opposite page is given a short history of the State and the establishment of its capital. The great seals of each State are given, also the State flags in colors. Altogether it is something that each family will appreciate for its beauty and historic information, and the perusal of State history in this concise form will lead the reader to further study of his State's history and the part it has taken in the development of this great country.

This offer is for the month of August only, and order should be sent promptly, as the supply is limited.

Address the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary Bertha Palmer Haffner, of Los Angeles, Calif. (342 Clay Street), wishes to hear from anyone who knew her father, Capt. Baylor Palmer, and can give her any information on his life. He was born in Norfolk, Va., and educated at West Point Military Academy, and during the war served with the Tennessee Light Artillery, C. S. A., and spent the last twenty-two months in prison at Johnson Island. She refers to her father's bugler, Frank A. Pfaffenschlager, and a ludicrous scene enacted during the encampment at Randolph, Tenn. She is very anxious to hear from any old friends or relatives.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written between 1845 and 1880. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Highest prices paid. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THERE WAS HOPE.—"Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife got a divorce." "Yessum, she done gone back to Alabama." "Who will do my washing now?" "Why, mum, I'se co'tin' ag'in, and I co'ts rapid."—*Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate*.

THE MOUNTAIN IN GRAY.

BY T. B. SUMMERS, MILTON, W. VA.

Stone Mountain!

Grim and gray and stern,
Where all that heed may learn

Deeds of chivalry,
That wore immortal gray
Rest in unity.

Stone Mountain!

Tho' ages constant roll,
Yet still the noble soul

Of heroes true
Will shed a noble ray
Around the brows of gray,
Where all may view.

Stone Mountain!

Forever, as you stand,

Secure in Dixieland,

We greet you fair.

You show the deeds so brave

That honest truth will crave
Your fame to share.

HOMES BEAUTIFUL.

Every home should be tied to the earth by means of shrubbery, trees, flowers, and grass. The house itself is only the background of the picture. To complete the painting and make the picture a real one, the proper planting of the ground is just as necessary as paint is to artists when putting it on a canvas.

A home cannot be beautiful unless the grounds are improved with trees, shrubbery, flowers, and grass. It matters not how expensive and elaborately the house is built, other things are necessary in order to make it a beautiful place.

Those who plant trees and shrubbery and beautify their home grounds are public benefactors, because such beauty cannot be hid from the public, but is open and free for anyone to view as often as they may wish. For that reason, persons who plant trees and shrubbery and change the home from a bare unattractive place to one of beauty in every sense of the word a public benefactor.

Miss Edmonia Ancell, of Bessemer, Ala., says: "I am pleased to have the VETERAN, and enjoy every number. My father, the late Capt. John Ancell, of Virginia, was a veteran. He was born in Virginia in 1861, and was unreconstructed. I wish that the facts concerning the war, so truly and interestingly told in the VETERAN, could be instilled into the minds of the youth of our country, and the knowledge passed on from generation to generation."

Confederate Veteran.

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

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

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

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
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VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1924.

No. 8.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE UNCONQUERED BANNER.

(To the United Confederate Veterans in Reunion.)

BY LOUISE H. COLLINS, WATER VALLEY, MISS.

Sons of the South! In song and story,
A hallowed past joins with the present here to-day;
For yours is now a heritage of glory
Whose precious price your brothers gave their lives to pay.
Through weary years of stormy strife,
Mid bloody clash or war,
With roll of drum and shriek of fife,
Hope was their guiding star.

Some of the South! This flag has led
Your gallant hosts on bloody fields where pain and prayer
Rose from Life's alters richly fed
By fires of faith and love—an incense pure and rare.
Through weary years of stormy strife,
Mid bloody clash of war,
With roll of drum and shriek of fife,
Hope was their guiding star.

Honor and Home! Justice and Right!
These were the watchwords bold of Jackson, Davis, Lee;
They nerved each comrade for the fight
Gainst greed and paid battalions, 'gainst wrongs that were to be.
Long was the strife—Ah! brave and long,
God rules—God reigns,
He whispered, "Suffer and be strong.
Your loss shall be your gain."

And so for you, our veterans, never "old,"
Our honored guests, beloved with joy and pride,
Yours is the crown for triumphs still untold;
Yours is our love—a kingdom fair and wide.

The South has come into her own—
Peace has its victories greater far than war,
Hark! to the swelling monotone
Of "good" achieved for all beneath our Southern Star.

Then say not that "The Cause is Lost."
Truth cannot die;
Tho' crushed to earth—and tempest tost—
Her record goes on High.

Sons of the South! Arise! Arise!
And gird your armor on,
For Love and Truth and Peace, world-wide,
Are trophies to be won.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS REGISTERED AT MEMPHIS.

Replying to an inquiry as to the number of Confederate veterans registered at the reunion in Memphis, Thomas B. King, Chairman of the Badge Committee, writes:

"We registered 4,600 Confederate veterans at the reunion recently held in Memphis, and we estimated that there were several hundred who did not come to our office because they were specially entertained in Memphis or were otherwise so situated that they could not get there. So we gave out a statement that we thought some 5,000 veterans attended the reunion, and we are satisfied that this is not very far from the actual fact. We ordered 5,000 general badges for the veterans, and gave them all out, though a few were pinned on wives and daughters accompanying the veterans, so as to give them the right of way to the privileges of the city.

"Memphis has received a great reflex blessing from the entertainment of the Confederate soldier, and our people feel that it did all good, even from the youngest to the oldest, who were in position to take any part or to witness the entire program."

AN AMENDMENT.—The report on the ruling of the convention of veterans in Memphis that the Daughters of the Confederacy would share as coheirs with the Sons of Veterans has created the impression that it was the organization United Daughters of Confederacy, referred to, when it simply means that any property surviving the U. C. V. Association would revert to the "Sons and Daughters of Confederate veterans." Only the two words, "and Daughters," were added to the amendment as adopted at a previous reunion.

FANATICISM A VIRTUE.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

The *Springfield Republican*, published at Springfield, Mass., in its issue of June 19, 1924, on the page of "Weekly Review of World Affairs," has a column headed, "Connecticut Neglects the Memory of John Brown." The *Republican* says John Brown was born at West Torrington, Conn., a place now presenting a scene of desolation, no marker indicates its historical significance. It seems that John Brown lived in Springfield, Mass., for several years, where, in 1851, he organized a negro society to aid him in the violation of the laws of his country. The *Republican* further states that many years ago it was said by John A. Andrews that "Whatever may be thought of John Brown's acts, John Brown himself was right." Then says the *Republican*: "The passage of time has proved the wisdom of this remark, for there is no doubting John Brown has come to be judged as one of the outstanding characters of American history. Less emphasis is placed now on his taking the law into his own hands and more significance is seen in his righteous and just character."

This may be true as applied to fanatics up North, but it will not work elsewhere. John Brown is an outstanding character in American history as a brutal, heartless, willful murderer. He committed willful and brutal murder in Kansas and at Harper's Ferry, and, with malice aforethought, intended to see the negroes of Virginia murder in endless numbers helpless women and innocent children. That "more significance in his righteous and just character" is hardly seen but by a few fanatics yet living in the shadow of Plymouth Rock.

The *Republican* grieves because desolation surrounds the birthplace of John Brown, saying it lies in a wild valley a mile from the main automobile road and can be reached only by a rude cart path clogged by mud in the spring and with herbage and shrubbery during the autumn. The old residence was burned years ago; there is no habitation near, and from a distance the only sign of the place having been inhabited by man is the presence of three black and decrepit barns, which, by their sturdy beams and wide-cut boards, denote their ancient construction.

Possibly it is a pity that there are not enough New England fanatics living up there to rehabilitate the birthplace of their god, where now, doubtless, the vilest vipers refuse to crawl and hiss.

MEMORIAL DAY AT PETERSBURG, VA.

The following comes from Robert Gilliam, of Petersburg, Va., in reference to the earliest observance of Memorial Day in Virginia, and it was the decoration of these Confederate graves in the Old Blandford Cemetery, at Petersburg, that so impressed Mrs. John A. Logan, wife of General Logan, U. S. A., that she urged a similar observance in the North; and, as Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, General Logan issued the order which established the National Decoration Day. Mr. Gilliam says:

"On the 9th of June, 1864, one hundred and twenty-five of the old men and boys of Petersburg, Va., withstood and repulsed the overwhelming attack of General Kautz and his specially selected and equipped soldiers, numbering 1,800, and saved the city from sack. Therefore, the 9th of June has ever since been celebrated as our Memorial Day. In 1865 the ladies of Petersburg were permitted by the Union general in command to decorate the graves of the Confederate soldiers lying in Old Blandford, the city cemetery. In 1866,

the Ladies' Memorial Association was formed, and continuously since this association has celebrated the 9th of June as Memorial Day, and memorial exercises have been held at the cemetery, with parades, speeches, salutes, and the decoration of the graves of all Confederate soldiers buried there.

"On the 9th of June this year, the orator of the occasion was Rev. Edwin Hemphill, who delivered an eloquent address of wide educational scope."

AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

During the U. D. C. convention in Washington, D. C., last November, a committee from the organization held special exercises at the tomb of the unknown soldier in Arlington Cemetery, when a wreath was placed on that sacred shrine, with the U. D. C. Cross of Honor for World War veterans and the U. D. C. insignia in bronze, by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, then President General, and accepted by Gen. W. H. Hart, Quartermaster General, U. S. A. The insignia was afterwards placed in a case in the Hall at Arlington, with a card inscribed:

"United Daughters of the Confederacy

A Tribute to the Unknown.

'And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie

That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.'"

In the picture on the front page of this number Mrs. Schuyler is shown with the wreath. The flag bearers are the Misses Taylor, daughters of Mrs. Charles Fisher Taylor, of North Carolina and Washington, who so ably assisted the President General. Reading from left to right, in the group are: Miss Fisher Taylor, Gen. W. H. Hart, Mrs. Schuyler, Miss Eunice Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. S. M. Meek.

PRAISE FOR MEMPHIS.—From John W. Barton, of Frankford, Mo., comes the following: "A few words in praise of Memphis and her dear people. I have been to all the reunions for years—I have been to some that I thought could not be surpassed—but I want to say to the people of Dallas, Tex., if they expect to surpass Memphis, they had better be getting ready. The people of Memphis will always have a warm place in my heart for the kindness they showed us old Rebs that wore the gray. I have not words to tell of all their kindness to me, and they have asked me to come again."

A MARKER AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.—Dr. Andrew J. Mann, of Alvaton, Ga., plans to place a marker in memory of his uncle, George W. Mann, of Company C, 42nd Georgia Regiment, who fell on the 22nd day of May, 1864, while on picket duty at New Hope Church, in Paulding County, Ga. In order to place this marker as near as possible to the spot where his brave kinsman fell, he would appreciate hearing from any comrades who knew of his death and burial and can give any particulars about it or help to locate the spot.

HOOD'S BRIGADE OF CAVALRY.—Referring to the notice in the June VETERAN concerning the bronze statues of Confederate leaders lately placed on the capitol at Austin, Tex., Mrs. R. L. Dunman, of Coleman, Tex., says: "This is an error, as Hood's Brigade was all infantry. Major Littlefield belonged to the 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Texas Rangers. My husband, R. L. Dunman, 'soldiered' with him throughout the war, in the same regiment. I have the old muster roll of Terry's Texas Rangers, which gives Major Littlefield's record. This is written simply to keep the records straight."

[The VETERAN takes the blame for such an error.]

IMPRESSIONS OF THE DAVIS MONUMENT.

BY DR. E. P. LACEY, BESSEMER, ALA.

I am glad I had an opportunity to be present at the dedication of the Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky., June 3, the anniversary of the birth of Mr. Davis. The monument is erected in the center of a nineteen-acre park, which was originally a part of the farm owned by Samuel Davis, father of Jefferson. The house in which he was born was burned, and the site is now occupied by a church. The



THE LATE GEN. JULIAN S. CARR, OF NORTH CAROLINA, EX-COMMANDER IN CHIEF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

monument is on an eminence about a hundred yards from the church.

Fairview is a small village in Christian County, Ky., ten miles from Hopkinsville, the nearest railroad point. This is a splendid section of the State. The land is sufficiently undulating to make a beautiful landscape, and yet the hills are not high enough to interfere with the cultivation of the soil. Fat cattle and fine horses graze on the timothy and clover fields, which make a pastoral scene that is pleasing and beautiful and gives one the impression of a land of peace and contentment. It was in the midst of such scenes that Jefferson Davis was born in 1808.

People began to arrive in Hopkinsville early on the morning of June 3. Committees had been appointed to meet them and take special care of the veterans. They were then taken to the Chamber of Commerce, where a bountiful breakfast

awaited them, and every provision was made for their comfort and pleasure. Conveyances were in waiting to take them to Fairview, where at noon dinner was served to the old heroes on long tables in a grove of beautiful oaks in the rear of the monument. No charge is ever made against the veterans on such occasions, and there appears to be a rivalry to see who can do most for them. They gave the best years of their life for the people, and all we can do is poor compensation for what they endured.

The citizens of Hopkinsville deserve praise for their hospitality, not only to veterans, but to all strangers within their gates. Hopkinsville is a place of culture and refinement, attested by splendid schools, churches, beautiful homes, and other things which embellish and make attractive modern social life.

The crowd attending the dedication was estimated at ten thousand. It was a good-natured assemblage, and the people seemed to be in harmony with the spirit of the occasion—that it was to honor the dead chieftain of the Confederacy. I trust this spirit will survive forever, for the “love and veneration which survive the tomb are the noblest attributes of the soul.” A band played patriotic music, also some of the old Southern airs, which strike a responsive chord in every Southern heart.

The monument is a splendid and deserved tribute to a great and good man, who was the vicarious sufferer for his people. The Southern people have honored themselves in honoring our dead chieftain, and this just recognition of this man's worth is convincing proof that the spirit of chivalry and patriotism still live in the South. This tall shaft, which lifts its head so high above the plain, is indicative of the high and lofty character of Mr. Davis. Its foundation is typical of the solid worth upon which his character was based, and which made it impregnable to the assaults of those who never knew the man or the high ideals for which he stood.

Mr. Davis entered public life during the stormy days of the republic, when giant minds failed to settle in the forum of debate questions which eventually were submitted to the arbitrament of arms. Passion and prejudice usurped the place of reason and substituted in its stead force, which is often deaf to the appeal for justice and mercy. This great struggle brought to the front characters which stand apart from the mass of mankind as unique figures on the field of fame, and their names will be remembered after the bronze and the stone erected to their memory have crumbled to dust.

When Mississippi seceded from the Union, Mr. Davis was a member of the United States Senate, and he immediately resigned and returned to his home, as he felt that his first duty was to the State of which he was a citizen. He occupied a conspicuous position in the Senate and had the respect and confidence of the members. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, spoke of him as the “clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis.” As soldier and statesman, he had had a varied experience in the affairs of government, and for this reason he was selected by his fellow countrymen of the South as the leader of the new republic, which hoped for a prosperous and happy career. It was not conceived in hostility, but in peace, as a solution of fundamental questions which had perplexed sister States for years. It believed it deserved to live, for it came into existence under similar circumstances to those of the republic of the United States, which had “their inception in a secession from Great Britain.” The Confederacy had its

inception in a secession from the United States. The American colonies owed their allegiance to the English crown, which chartered or gave them birth. The Southern people believed their allegiance was due to the States of which they were citizens. The Revolutionary War was fought for the independence of the colonies and not for the independence of the United States. The Southern Confederacy was assailed by former associates and crushed to death after one of the most courageous struggles recorded in history. It fell without one blot to tarnish its good name, largely because the wise statesman, courageous soldier, and Christian gentleman, Jefferson Davis, directed its destiny. He was neither traitor nor rebel, because he was exercising rights which those who were his most bitter and determined opponents had repeatedly claimed for themselves. He was accused of cruelty to prisoners, but the charge was untrue, as the records will reveal to anyone who cares to investigate the case. He did not desire war, he did all he could to avoid it, and was anxious at all times to mitigate its horrors as far as possible. In 1862, after the conclusion of the seven days' fighting around Richmond, when General McClellan's army was terribly punished, and doubtless was saved from destruction by gunboats in the James River, Mr. Davis, in addressing his victorious troops, said: "Your humanity to the wounded and to prisoners is the fit and crowning glory to your valor." This is characteristic of the man, it was not in his nature to be cruel.

Whether as a private citizen enjoying the peace and quiet of his home in Mississippi, or as a soldier leading victorious troops on the battle field of Buena Vista, or as President directing the victorious armies of the Confederacy, he was always a courteous and dignified gentleman, commanding the respect of all with whom he came in contact. Possessing a quiet dignity and repose of manner which marked the man of culture and refinement, it was wrongly interpreted by some as an indication of bigotry and selfishness. Neither mock humility nor ostentatious display was known to him; he was meek and unassuming in the presence of the lowly, and he stood erect and unafraid in the presence of the great and mighty.

During the War between the States, the South was scourged by fire and sword, and devastation ran riot throughout the land, but, in spite of this, its bitterness is fast vanishing; yet we will always have the memory of our brave defenders with us, and none are more reverently remembered than Jefferson Davis.

WHEN PELHAM FELL—GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS

BY MRS. L. R. GOODE, DALLAS, TEX.

In reading over the *VETERAN* for June, I noticed with pain the death of Maj. Peter Pelham, brother of Maj. John Pelham, the gallant "boy artillerist." It brings to my mind the many reminiscent chats of my late husband with his cousin and comrade, Mark Alexander, both of Company H, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. Fitz Lee. As a traveling man, Cousin Mark always found the latch on the outside and a warm welcome within. The two comrades would talk for hours, and I was an attentive listener.

On several occasions they talked over the battle of Kelly's Ford, and from memory, I will give their account of a few instances pertaining to it. During the battle, or perhaps at its commencement, a part of the 3rd Virginia Cavalry was ordered to dismount and double-quick to a stake-and-rider fence. From this position they did most effective work, being partly protected by this fence. Cousin Mark, with others, was with the dismounted, while my husband, with

the remainder of the company, was kept mounted. The battle raged fiercely. This battle was either a surprise or brought on earlier than expected. I mention this, as the "boy artillerist" was not at the time with his command, something most unusual. Some writers have said he was visiting young ladies. This was often the case between battles, as I know from knowledge. I had such visits. However, it was but a very short while before he was seen galloping to his command. As he passed, he cheered the soldiers, and said: "Give it to them, boys! give it to them!"

In the heat of this battle, my husband's horse was shot twice under him and severely wounded. A bullet at the same time passed through his cartridge box and for the time paralyzed his bridle arm and rendered it useless. He went to the rear, under a tree and with his right hand took off the saddle, then the blanket from his horse, the splendid animal suffering intensely. As he threw the blanket on the ground, an officer was brought to the rear and laid on it. It proved to be gallant Major Pelham.

The grief of his comrades was intense and affecting.

My husband was always under the impression that the "boy artillerist" died on his blanket, but Cousin Mark said a comrade had written that Major Pelham was afterwards removed, but he was of the opinion that this was done after he died. It is, however, a consolation for us to know he was made as comfortable as possible by not being laid on the cold, damp ground. It is a sad thought that such a brave, gallant, and fine officer should have been taken so early. He acted his part well, not only to the credit of himself, but to the cause he served.

In reading the *VETERAN*, which I read from cover to cover, I have been interested in references to Gen. James Shields. In the March *VETERAN*, Mr. Roy B. Cook tells of General Shields's activities as Senator of Missouri after the war, and that at a public address at Independence, Mo., General Shields was introduced as "the only general who ever licked General Jackson." The General replied: "If I was the only one who ever licked Old Stonewall, then all I have to say, he was never licked." This brings to my mind General Shields's fear of our Confederate cavalry. During the war, Washington was crowded and overrun for accommodation for great crowds pouring into the city, especially the first two years of that period. Like many Southern families, we were caught there by the blockade of the Southern States. Every one took boarders or roomers. We boarded at a young ladies' school, which at that time was running half capacity. Among other boarders for a few days was General Shields. One day at the dinner table he was very much out of sorts and extremely exasperated. He said: "If it was not for that d— rebel cavalry, we would have no trouble in whipping the d— rebel rascals." The principal of the school said: "Sh-sh, General, you forget there are young ladies at the table." "No, Madame," he replied, in his Irish brogue, "if these young ladies had to contend with those infernal scoundrels they would say the same and more. I would help them. They remind me of a woolly dog covered with fleas, hopping up from their wool in every direction. We never know where they will bob up next." Of course, all had a hearty laugh. In our room we quietly gloried in our brave cavalry, and said, with Major Pelham: "Give it to them, boys, give it to them."

Comrade H. B. Baylor, of Atlanta, Ga., sends the following list of survivors of Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry (Baylor's Regiment), Stuart's Division, up to June 1, 1924: William C. Frayser, orderly sergeant; C. C. Conklyn, corporal; B. B. Ransom, Dug Battle, and H. Bedinger Baylor.

OUT OF THE PAST.

BY MRS. S. F. WILLIAMS, MANFIELD, LA.

It is a Swiss watch, with a unique history. It is more than hundred years old and is still ticking off the hours as they fly, unmindful of the trying scenes through which it passed in its long, eventful life—of the hard-fought battles of the sixties; of the weary, wearing months in a Northern prison; of fires and earthquakes in "divers places"; and many other scenes, perhaps sad or joyous, over which time has cast the mantle of oblivion.

This watch was the property long years ago of Capt. George Y. Williams, a brave Confederate soldier, who was killed at Chickamauga in 1863. Looking back to-day across the years, I think of him as I have often seen him, playing soldier, drilling the negro children on the farm. He loved nothing so well as to get his "men" in line, armed to the teeth, and march boldly to the fray. The martial spirit manifested then grew with the years, and when the South called on her brave sons to take up arms George Williams, with thousands of other loyal Tennesseans, responded. He organized one of the first companies in his county and went into the ranks with them; but at the time of his death he was captain of a company and was fast winning his way to higher military distinction. It was said that he would soon have been made colonel of his regiment.

Going back a little before the war, when he was only a lad, wine and whisky flowed like water, and drunkenness was the greatest curse of the human family, George Williams had a good mother, an old-fashioned mother, who realized her responsibility and trained her children "line upon line, precept upon precept," and often warned her sons against the evils of drunkenness. She told George if he would never drink she would give him a beautiful watch and chain on his twenty-first birthday. He promised, and this is the watch here before me. I heard him say, long after he was twenty-one, that he didn't know the taste of intoxicants. And his whole character developed in keeping with the promise he made in his boyhood.

The night before the battle of Chickamauga, Captain Williams requested a comrade, Captain Sexton, to spend the night with him in his tent, that they might talk over some important matters before they went into battle next day. He had an unmistakable premonition of death and left instructions about his personal belongings. Only God and the angels know what passed between the two soldier friends in those precious last hours; but before they said good night, Captain Williams said: "Send my watch and sword home to mother."

September 19 found the two great contending armies arrayed for battle, and before long Lookout, from every gorge and peak, echoed the roar of musketry and the thunder of artillery. In the first charge of his division, in the very front ranks, on this first day, Captain Williams, at the head of his company, fell mortally wounded, waving to his men after he fell, he said, with his expiring breath: "Press on, brave men; don't stop for me."

Many weeks passed before the watch could be sent "home to mother." An older brother, Dr. W. B. Williams, was a surgeon in the 9th Tennessee Regiment, but had become unfit for service on account of tuberculosis, and had resigned his commission. The watch became his property the short while he lived to wear it. At his death, it was sent to his son in San Francisco, and there was destined to pass through still other exciting experiences. After the great earthquake and fire in that city, no word came from the dear boy for years. We had every reason to believe he had perished. But to my

great joy, twelve months ago, a card came from him, with just a loving message and his address. A correspondence between us begun immediately and continues. It has resulted, not at my request, however, in the watch being sent to me, the only surviving member of Captain Williams's immediate family. It has found at last a safe and quiet haven where it is prized above all other treasures for its sweet and blessed associations.

MARCHING.

(A True Story.)

BY MRS. M. H. WIDMYER, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

It was June in Richmond—Richmond the city of history, of tradition, of romance and enchantment. Once more a Confederate reunion, once more a gathering of that little band in gray, once so glorious, so valiant, now a pitiful, diminishing company of broken and feeble old soldiers, with their sad faces on which the tragic history of the past was written, their dim eyes which still held visions of marching men in gray under the beloved flag of the Confederacy.

The day wore on, the heat increasing. Mrs. Bruce Randall drove her smart blue roadster leisurely toward home after an afternoon of tea and tennis at the Country Club. Passing Monroe Park, she glimpsed a gray-clad figure seated upon a bench and was struck by the weary, hopeless attitude of an old soldier. Stopping her car and hurrying to him, she found a bewildered and lost old man and soon was listening to his story.

He had so wanted to come for the last time to the reunion, though Mandy, his elderly granddaughter, had begged him, almost with tears, not to leave her watchful, loving care. But he had said, "It will be the last time, Mandy, that I will ever march again with the boys," and so she had prepared a nice box of lunch, helped him don his shabby uniform, gave him the address of a friend who would take him in for the night, and reluctantly sent the old tottering figure on its way.

So he had marched with the boys and, exhausted and confused, had stopped to rest on the bench. Mrs. Randall guided him gently to the blue roadster and started toward home. There she tucked him in her most luxurious *chaise longue* on her shaded and breezy veranda, and ordered iced tea, which she served with her own hands. A wonderful dinner followed, and soon he was asleep in a deliciously comfortable bed, dreaming a dream perhaps of Borglum's sublime battalion to be carved in stone on a mountain side near Atlanta, a picture for the ages, deathless and immortal as the memory of the Confederacy.

The next morning she put him on the train for the little village near the river, where Mandy and her fisherman husband lived. The old man's eyes brimmed over at parting, and he was almost breathless in his gratitude.

A week passed and, in the hurried stress of everyday things, the pathetic guest had been almost forgotten, when a heavy box arrived by parcel post. Mrs. Randall opened it curiously, to find on top some country roses, faded from the journey, and underneath quantities and quantities of—oyster shells! There fell out a penciled note written with the uncertain hand of age:

"My Dear Lady: I could never live long enough to forget your kindness, and I want to send you a little gift. The roses are from Mandy's yard, and I thought the oyster shells would make a pretty pathway in your beautiful garden, and so you would not forget the grateful old soldier who has marched for the last time."

A PRICELESS OLD PAPER.

BY VIRGINIA LEE COX IN RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH.

Sixty-three years after it was sent to Gen. Robert E. Lee on the field of battle, a faded yellow official notice of his appointment as a full general in the Confederate army has been unearthed in an old batch of papers near Boston, and is now in the possession of a Richmonder. Sixty-three years after General Lee held the notice in his hand at Valley Mountain, Va., the granddaughter of L. H. Chandler, United States District Attorney for the District of Virginia immediately after the War between the States, has discovered, quite accidentally, the invaluable document in some old papers of her grandfather's.

The notice of appointment as a general is partially written in ink and partially printed. It is on a double sheet of stiff, white paper, and is headed, "Confederate States of America, War Department," and dated, "Richmond, August 31, 1861." It reads:

"Sir: You are hereby informed that the President has appointed you by and with the advice and consent of Congress a general to take rank June 14, 1861, in the Army of the Confederate States. You are requested to signify your acceptance or nonacceptance of said appointment; and should you accept, you will sign before a magistrate the oath of office herewith and forward the same with your letter of acceptance to this Department. L. P. Walker, Secretary of War. General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A., Commanding, etc., Staunton, Va." The signature has been pronounced authentic at the Confederate Museum.

The original yellow envelope in which the notice was sent to General Lee, slit and slightly torn where he opened it, still incloses this interesting document. It is postmarked Richmond, Va., September 12, 1861. In one corner is printed "Confederate States of America, Adjutant and Inspector General's Office (Official Business)." The envelope is addressed to "General Robt. E. Lee, C. S. A., Comdg., etc., Staunton Va., and Staunton is scratched through several times with a pen and Valley Mountain, Va., substituted. Stamped on the envelope is "Paid, 5 cts.," and at one corner, symbol of what tragedy one can only imagine, are small spots of dried blood.

Such is the notice of General Lee's elevation to the highest military rank. By what devious means it came into the possession of L. H. Chandler, in what manner General Lee lost possession of it, and through whose hands it traveled finally to Chandler is only a matter of conjecture. Mrs. Emma Goldthwaite, Chandler's granddaughter, has no idea at all of how her grandfather obtained it. She does not even remember seeing it in her youth, which was spent in Richmond. She knew nothing of it until quite recently, when she stumbled on it in some of her grandfather's old papers, which had lain unnoticed for a number of years.

Recognizing the importance of such a historical paper Mrs. Goldthwaite immediately sent it to one of her old friends in Richmond, S. L. Kelly, with the request that it be given to some Confederate institution, as a fitting place for it to be preserved. And so, in such a matter-of-fact manner, one of the very precious possessions of the South's favorite son has returned to Richmond.

One cannot believe that this faded little paper went out of Virginia in such a matter-of-fact manner. It is easy to imagine that in the terror and confusion of the reconstruction period it was stolen from General Lee's home on Franklin Street in Richmond. Or it is possible that the document was a part of the mass of material gathered as evidence to be

used at the trial of Jefferson Davis, whose indictment was secured by Chandler.

Though General Lee returned here six days after the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse on April 9, 1865, he had no means of removing his possessions from his home on Franklin Street. When he rode into Richmond on April 15, 1865, unaccompanied except for five members of his staff, he was greeted by a great crowd of citizens in front of his residence, who dared to cheer him and thus to show their love and respect for him. Federal soldiers, occupying Richmond, were already in possession of his house, a guard having been placed over it by the commanding general. General Lee did not stay long in Richmond, going almost immediately to Powhatan, where he lived through that summer until called to the presidency of Washington College, in Lexington, Va., since renamed Washington and Lee University, in honor of two of Virginia's greatest sons.

The most plausible theory is that Chandler, in his official capacity, seized General Lee's papers to aid in indicting President Davis. Chandler was district attorney at the time of President Davis's indictment and was the official who insisted on \$100,000 bail for his release. Possibly also, General Lee's papers were seized with the idea of prosecuting him. It has been said that the people of the South, in those first awful days after the surrender, momentarily expected the arrest of General Lee on a charge of treason, just as Davis was arrested. Particularly was this move on the part of the Federal government expected after the assassination of Lincoln.

There are all sorts of ways in which this old document may have come into the possession of Chandler. One can only imagine what scenes of sorrow and tragedy and utmost heart break this symbol of the honor and responsibility of the South's most dearly beloved son passed through, to rest finally in the hands of the enemy. The small spots of blood on its envelope lead one to believe, too, that tragedy marked its way when it was first sent to General Lee, that probably some courier was desperately wounded, or killed, in delivering it. But these are only conjectures.

Of all the adventures this small piece of paper must have had in its sixty-three years of traveling in various places, there is no record. Fortunately, however, history is not so uncertain about the fact of this appointment being made. From its date we know that it was the second issued him by the Confederate government, though not the second that he received.

In March, 1861, Lee was made colonel of the First United States Cavalry, but a few weeks later, with the secession of Virginia, his career in the old army ended. He was offered the command of the Northern army about to invade Virginia, which he refused, resigning his commission in the army. He then went immediately from Arlington to Richmond, where he was made a major general in command of all military and naval forces of Virginia.

The scene in the Virginia Hall of Delegates when, on April 23, 1861, the convention received General Lee and presented him with the command of the Virginia forces, was most impressive. General Lee made the only speech of his life in accepting the honor which his native State wished to bestow upon him. On May 7, he was made commander of all forces tendering their services to Virginia, but three days later it became apparent that the States could not be allowed to select commanders for their armies, that all must be under the direction of the Confederate government, for the good of the whole. And so Governor Letcher asked Major General Lee to resign his commission, which he did on May 10.

On May 14, Lee was appointed brigadier general in the Confederate forces, but he probably did not receive this appointment until several weeks later, for, on June 9, he wrote to his wife: "Yesterday I turned over to it [the Confederate government] the command of the military and naval forces of the State, in accordance with the proclamation of the governor, under the agreement between the State and the Confederate States. I do not know what my position will be. I should like to retire to private life, so that I could be with you and the children, but if I can be of service to the State or her cause I must continue. Mr. Davis and his cabinet are here."

So this man, who became the beloved leader of the army of the whole South, turned down, within several weeks, two big commissions—the command of the United States army in the field and the command of all of Virginia's forces. On August 31, 1861, his great usefulness was rewarded by appointment as a full general in the Confederate army, to date from June 14, 1861. It is the notice of this commission that has just come to light so peculiarly. He received the notice of this appointment while on his first campaign in West Virginia, at Valley Mountain, where he had ridden on horseback from Staunton. This explains why the envelope which contained the notice of his commission was forwarded from Staunton, where it was first addressed. Writing to his wife in September, General Lee tells of his horseback trip from Staunton to Valley Mountain.

It was not until May 31, 1862, when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded at Fair Oaks, that Lee received command of the Army of Northern Virginia and proceeded to direct, without interference, the tremendous campaigns around Richmond which had for their object the protection of the capital of the Confederacy against the Northern hordes.

The South will not be able to estimate the value of this little old paper. Even the Confederate Museum, that

treasure house of Southern relics, has no other commission or notice of commission issued to General Lee. And now, after all these years, in the most unexpected and yet utterly unromantic manner, a notice of General Lee's greatest Confederate commission comes quietly into Richmond, to remain as one of her treasures.

OLDEST SURVIVING CHAPLAIN, C. S. A.

BY C. B. LINNEY, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

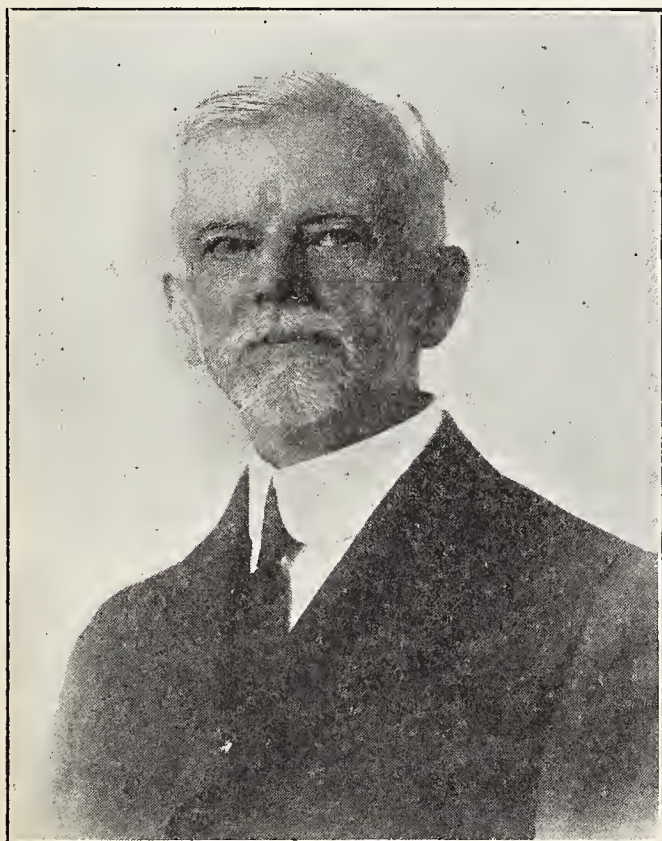
In these days of strenuous activities and little thought of the historic past, and when the actors in the mighty struggle for Southern independence are few and fast passing from the stage of earthly existence, it is refreshing to know that there still lives in our midst one who bears the distinguished honor of being the oldest chaplain who was in active service with the Confederate army. And as he ministered spiritual and temporal comfort to the wounded and dying on the fields of carnage, so to-day he lives to direct men to the Christ. May he be the last to go, that he may, *in memoriam*, pay highest tribute, in his own inimitable way to that devoted army of chaplains who counted not their own lives dear unto themselves that they might point men to the cross.

Dr. George L. Petrie, Chaplain of the John Bowie Strange Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Charlottesville, Va., was chaplain of the 22nd Regiment of Alabama Volunteers, C. S. A. Very few Confederate chaplains are living to-day, none of earlier date of commission than Dr. Petrie's, and he is the only one known to be still in active ministerial service. He began his first service as chaplain in the autumn of 1863, beginning as a missionary to the soldiers, but almost immediately received his commission as chaplain, not later than early in 1864. He has been the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville, Va., for forty-six years, and is still in its active service at the age of eighty-four. He preached his first sermon in January, 1860, sixty-four years ago. He was born in Cheraw, S. C., February 25, 1840.

CHAPLAINS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

(The following from Col. John C. Stiles, Brunswick, Ga., is appropriate to add here, and he asks that any surviving chaplains will report to him as to when and where commissioned and command with which they served.)

The Confederate States Congressional Journal gives the names of five hundred "Men of God" who were nominated by the President and commissioned as chaplains (with the relative rank of captain) by the Senate in the army of the Confederacy, but, unfortunately, in a few instances only does it give the organization or institution to which these reverend gentlemen were attached. The Journal states that several of these men stopped fighting the devil to fight the Yankee, as, for instance, Chaplain James M. Campbell is shown later as major of the 47th Alabama; William D. Chadwick, major and lieutenant colonel of the 5th Alabama Battalion; William M. Crumley as a captain in the 3rd Georgia Sharpshooters; Thomas L. Duke, to raise a company in Mississippi; Morris J. Langhorne, as lieutenant colonel of the 11th Virginia, and C. T. Quintard, of Tennessee, as a first lieutenant and A. D. C. In the instance of James E. Godfrey, Sr., of Georgia, he stopped healing souls to cure the sick and was commissioned a surgeon in March, 1863. Maj. Dabney Ball, of Virginia, started out as a commissary, but, according to the record, was made a chaplain and fed souls instead of bodies. As there is no mention made of naval chaplains, I presume that service was considered good enough without any "Sky Pilots."



REV. GEORGE L. PETRIE, OF VIRGINIA, OLDEST SURVIVING CONFEDERATE CHAPLAIN.

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

[Announcement was made in the October VETERAN that the article on "Incidents of the Surrender," as reported by Gen. Horace Porter, on the staff of General Grant, would be followed by an account from the Confederate side. There was considerable delay in locating such account, but in an old newspaper was found a copyrighted article by Col. Charles Marshall, A. A. G. on Gen. Lee's staff, and that account is here given.]

On the morning of April 7, 1865, rations were issued to what remained of the Army of Northern Virginia as it passed through Farmville on its march to Appomattox Courthouse. The approach of the enemy rendered it necessary to remove the trains, so that only part of the army was supplied. It was reduced to two corps, those of Longstreet and Gordon, and was less than 10,000 strong. The effective cavalry force was not more than 2,000.

By great efforts, the head of the column reached Appomattox Courthouse on the evening of the 8th, and the troops were halted for rest.

A correspondence had been begun on the 7th between General Grant and General Lee. The former had sent the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
5 P.M., April 7, 1865.

"General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A., General: The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility for any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that part of the Confederate Southern army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant General Commanding Armies of the United States."

To this letter General Lee had replied as follows:

April 7, 1865.

"General: I have received your note of this day. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid the useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, General."

"Lieut. General U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States."

The reply of General Grant to the above letter was not received by General Lee until late the next day, and was as follows:

"April 8, 1865."

"To Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

"General: Your note of the last evening, in reply to mine of the same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia is just received. In reply, I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name, for the same purpose at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General."*

Perceiving that General Grant had construed his note of the 7th of April as a proposition to surrender the army, General Lee immediately sent the following reply:

"April 8, 1865.

"General: I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States 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.

R. E. LEE, General."

To this letter no reply was received on the 8th, and that night General Lee, after a conference at which Generals Longstreet, Gordon, and Fitz Lee were present, determined to resume his march at 1 A.M. on the 9th.

During the night there were indications of a large force massing on our left and front, and Fitz Lee was ordered to ascertain its strength. He advanced about 5 A.M., with Gordon on his left, and the Federal cavalry in front was driven back. But it was discovered that a large infantry force was opposite Gordon's right, and the latter reported that he could not attack it successfully with his small command. It was impossible to reënforce Gordon, as the rest of the army was confronting the army of General Meade in our rear.

General Lee had left the front, and proceeded along the road designated in his letter to General Grant as "the old stage road to Richmond," when he received Gordon's report that he could do nothing without reënforcements.

He at once directed Gordon to ask a suspension of hostilities, and rode through our rear guard in the direction of the approaching army of General Meade, preceded by an orderly bearing a flag of truce and accompanied by myself. We had gone but a short distance when we came upon the skirmish line of the enemy, and I rode forward to meet a Federal officer who soon afterwards made his appearance.

General Lee dismounted and awaited the result of the interview, attended by the bearer of the flag of truce. The officer I have mentioned, who was, as I have since been informed by the late General Humphreys, Lieutenant Colonel Whittier, of his staff, delivered to me a letter from General Grant to General Lee. I informed Colonel Whittier that General Lee had come to meet General Grant for the purpose of arranging the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, and as I saw indications that the Federal troops were advancing to attack our rear guard, I expressed the hope that hostilities might be suspended in the meantime. Colonel Whittier retired after giving me General Grant's letter, saying that he would let me know whether hostilities could be suspended. I returned to General Lee and read to him the letter of General Grant, which proved to be a reply to General Lee's letter of the day before. General Grant's letter was as follows:

"April 9, 1865.

"General: Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace; the meeting proposed for 10 A.M. to-morrow could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well

understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*

"Gen. R. E. Lee."

General Lee then dictated the following letter:

"April 9, 1865.

"*General:* I received your note this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army.

"I now request an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

By the time I had written this letter, Colonel Whittier reappeared, and I went forward and delivered it to him. He said that he had reported my request that there should be a suspension of hostilities, but had been directed to say that an attack had been ordered and the officer in command (I do not remember that he gave his name) had no discretion. He added that General Grant had left General Meade some time before, and that General Lee's letter could not probably reach him in time to receive orders from him as to the attack.

I expressed my regret and asked him to request the officer commanding the troops then moving to the attack to read General Lee's letter to General Grant, saying that perhaps that officer would feel authorized, under the circumstances, to suspend the movement and avoid the useless sacrifice of life.

I should say here that as General Lee passed through his rear guard on his way to the place where the conference I have mentioned took place, 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 feel 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.

In a short time after I gave Colonel Whittier General Lee's letter, he came back and informed me that General Meade had read the letter and had agreed to suspend operations for one hour.

General Lee then returned to the front, and, with General Longstreet, proceeded to a small orchard at the foot of the hill, on which the line of battle was formed, where he awaited the reply of General Grant.

As he was much fatigued, a rude couch was prepared under an apple tree, upon which he reclined until the approach of a flag of truce from the Federal line in our front was announced. Soon afterwards Colonel Babcock of General Grant's staff was conducted to the presence of General Lee and delivered to him the following letter:

"April 9, 1865.

"*Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate States Armies:* Your note of this date is but this moment, 11:59 A.M., received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walter's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Colonel Babcock told General Lee that he had been sent forward by General Grant with instructions to make any arrangements for the meeting that General Lee desired, within the Federal or Confederate lines.

General Lee directed me to accompany him, with one orderly, and, immediately mounting his horse, rode with Colonel Babcock toward Appomattox Courthouse. We passed through an infantry force in front of the village, and General Lee directed me to find a suitable place for the meeting. I rode forward and asked the first citizen I met to direct me to a house appropriate for the purpose. I learned afterwards that the citizen was Mr. McLean, whose house was on the battle field of Bull Run (the battle of 1861), and who had removed to Appomattox Courthouse as a place of security.

Mr. McLean conducted me to an unoccupied and unfurnished house in a very bad state of repair. I told him that it was not suitable, and he then said he would allow us to use his own residence, to which he conducted me.

I found a room suitable for the purpose in view and sent back the orderly, who had accompanied me, to direct General Lee and Colonel Babcock to the house. They came in presently, and Colonel Babcock said that as General Grant was approaching on the road in front of the house, it would only be necessary for him to leave an orderly to direct him to the place of meeting.

General Lee, Colonel Babcock, and I sat in the parlor 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 members of his staff and a number of Federal officers of rank, among whom were Generals Ord and Sheridan.

General Grant greeted General Lee very civilly, and they engaged for a short time in conversation 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 propositions 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's side, 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 the 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. I think this interlineation will be found in the original draft of General Grant's letter. The terms of the letter having been agreed to, General Grant directed Colonel Parker to make a copy of it in ink, and General Lee directed me to write his acceptance of the terms as proposed.

Colonel Parker took the light table upon which General Grant had been writing to the opposite corner of the room, and I accompanied him. There was an inkstand in the room, but the ink was so thick that it was of no use. I had a small boxwood inkstand which I always carried, and I gave it with my pen to Colonel Parker, who proceeded to copy General Grant's letter.

While he was so engaged, I sat near the end of a sofa on which General Sheridan was sitting, and we entered into

conversation. In the midst of it, General Grant, who sat nearly diagonally across the room and was talking with General Lee, turned to General Sheridan, and said: "General Sheridan, 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 25,000."

General Grant turned to General Lee and said: "General, will that be enough?"

General Lee replied: "More than enough."

Whereupon General Grant said to General Sheridan: "Direct your commissary to send 25,000 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," etc.

General Lee struck out those 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 to 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 the course of 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 anyone 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 for 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 lines a large number of men gathered around him, to whom he announced what had taken place and the cause 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 officers who were present were unarmed, having become 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 foregoing is an exact narrative of the circumstances attending the surrender of General Lee's army as far as they fell under my observation. I have endeavored to give the facts as they occurred, without comment, and excluding

everything not immediately connected with the great event, believing that it possessed sufficient interest in itself to render comment unnecessary, if not inappropriate.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHTING AT AIKEN, S. C.

BY D. B. MORGAN, SAVANNAH, GA.

The account of the fighting at Aiken, S. C., in February, 1865, as given in the *VETERAN* for February (page 58) was very interesting to me. After the fall of Savannah, in late December, 1864, our regiment, the 5th Georgia Cavalry, Anderson's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, was stationed across the Savannah River from the city in South Carolina, to prevent the Yankee troops from making inroads and depredations on the country folk. However, as Sherman marched up through the State, we followed on, fighting Kilpatrick's cavalry daily, and when Sherman ordered him to Graniteville, S. C., and Augusta, Ga., to destroy the cotton stored there, our regiment was then in the lower part of the State. One night our Colonel Bird was ordered to effect a march of some sixty miles and report to General Wheeler at Aiken the next evening at six o'clock for important service. Immediately we took up the march and reported in due time, having reached the vicinity of Aiken about dark. We were ordered to dismount and lie in line of battle, without even striking a match to cook anything and with but little opportunity to forage for our jaded horses. We privates did not know what was up, but just before the dawn we were marched to a position on the road leading into Aiken, the one Kilpatrick was expected to travel *en route* to Augusta. General Wheeler was trying to entrap him and capture his whole force. This ruse, no doubt, would have worked well but for the extra enthusiasm of an Alabama regiment ("Yellow-bammers"). My recollection is that we were formed into a hollow square, leaving one side open, through which Kilpatrick would have to march. Of course, he was unaware of our presence. The Alabama regiment guarding the entrance on both sides was ordered not to fire a gun until the entire force had passed through, as the first shot would be a signal for a general engagement. However, when not more than half of Kilpatrick's troops had passed, some part of the Alabama boys opened fire and thus precipitated a general engagement, subjecting Wheeler's men to firing from both front and rear, instead of letting us close in on all four sides. However, we came near to getting Kilpatrick; captured a number of officers of high rank and quite a lot of his equipage, and drove him back to Sherman without accomplishing his purpose, thus saving Augusta and Graniteville and vast stores of cotton. Quite a number of the enemy were killed and wounded, and we suffered some severe losses ourselves.

Our regiment had just been issued sabers with wooden scabbards, which were awkwardly attached to our saddles. I was mounted on a very fine mule. We charged the enemy through scrub oak forest and open peach orchard, through the village, driving them back whence they came. It was an all-day fight. As we halted in one of the charges, my mule was shot from under me, the ball passing immediately under my left leg and entering the poor creature's heart. With an unearthly yell, such as animals make when shot, she bounded into the air and, in falling, caught me half dismounted, with my left leg under her body. The soft plowed ground on which I fell prevented its being broken. I pried my leg out, jumped up behind one of our lieutenants, and went on into the fight. As they fell back, I was ordered to go to the rear, get another mount, and join the command as quickly as possible, and

I started at once to do so. Near where my mule lay dead, I saw a dead Yankee trooper, and, being poorly shod, I tried to get his shoes off; for some reason I do not now recall, I did not take them. He also had on a nice watch and chain, which I did not want, so allowed a fellow soldier to possess himself of them. However, I did take his nice overcoat and cape, almost new, and it did me good service in the days to come.

On getting back to the village, I stopped at a well to quench my thirst and to wash the dust of battle from my face. Near by I discovered, sitting on a porch, Sergt. Maj. James Bird, of our regiment, who had been shot in the arm. He told me the good ladies of the house would be glad to give me something to eat, which I was delighted to hear. After taking in a supply, I remounted and set off at a lively gallop to overtake my command. About dark I charged up to what I thought was Confederate soldiers, as the two commands were engaged in a hand-to-hand combat, but I discovered that I was in the midst of the enemy's lines. They did not immediately realize that I was not one of them, and when they did I was well under way making my exit. They said, "Halt! surrender!" and fired on me at a lively rate, but I did not stop, and in the darkness made my escape and reached my own men.

General Wheeler did not think it wise to follow Kilpatrick farther that night, so, camping on the battle field, he awaited the morning to see that he had completely thwarted the attempt to reach Augusta. After caring for the wounded and burying the dead, we resumed the march, following Sherman on through the Carolinas to the last fight at Bentonville. Learning that General Lee had closed the scene at Appomattox, and we could not join him in his fight against Grant, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston treated with General Sherman, and thus ended the four years' struggle for independence.

I was a member of Company I, 5th Georgia Cavalry, made up from the men of old Effingham County, and at the time was but nineteen years old. After a lapse of nearly sixty years, my memory may not be exactly correct in all details, and if any of my comrades should criticise what I have written as to its correctness, I will not be offended.

MEMORIAL DAY IN RICHMOND, VA.

(Address by P. J. White, of Richmond, Va., before members of the Confederate and other patriotic societies of the city, on May 30, in Hollywood Cemetery.)

"I hear the voices of the years that are gone,
They roll before me with their deeds."

Fifty-nine years have passed away since the battered and decimated remnants of the Confederate armies laid down their arms and returned to the peaceful avocations of life; many to blackened hearth stones, weeping wives, and broken family circles; all to the welcoming arms of loved and dear ones. In need of all things, yet having nothing, the problem of existence was no easy one. A gallant Confederate officer in describing the condition of affairs, said: "Naked came I into the world and naked shall I leave it, but it tries my patience to remain naked in it." Raiding parties of the enemy in overwhelming numbers had carried off, destroyed, or burned crops, cattle, food, and in many cases, houses and barns, and nearly everything of value. Let me quote the words of only two officers of the Federal army, among many that could be mentioned, as to what they saw and did. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, one of the chief agents in the de-

struction of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia in the fall of 1864, in reporting to his superior officer, Gen. U. S. Grant, said: "*A crow flying over the Valley will have to carry his own rations.*" And here let me say that his description of his own vandalism was not far from the mark, for I saw it myself.

Gen. William F. Bartlett, one of Sherman's officers in his march through Georgia, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, thus writes in his private memoirs (which were edited after his death by Francis Winthrop Palfrey and published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., in 1878): "*They make sad havoc with the poultry and stock. They not only steal chickens and other live meat, but in some cases even go into the houses and take the food off the table and steal jewelry and other valuables. This army will be demoralized if this is allowed to go on.*" And here is his comment at the same time: "*The misery that the South is now suffering is but the just reward of her treachery and rebellion.*" Yet, forty-two years after the war, Charles Francis Adams, another governor of Massachusetts, and a general also in Sherman's army, came to Lexington, Va., by invitation, on the occasion of the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and, in an address on that occasion, said: "If I had been a Southern man and living in the South, as General Lee was, I hope I would have had the courage to do as Gen. Robert E. Lee did."

One other incident will I mention to show to what extremities our people were driven. The flag bearer of our regiment, "Billy Martin," as we used to call him, seeing the surrender at Appomattox impending, tore the flag from its staff and wrapped it around his body under his army jacket, and carried it home as a cherished reminder of the days when we followed Robert E. Lee and of the brave men who had died under its folds. Finding his two little girls in need of clothes, and having no other means, he had the flag made into shirt waists for them.

The causes of the war of aggression and coercion waged upon the South by the States of the North I do not here propose to discuss. Virginia did all she could consistent with honor and self-respect to avert the threatened conflict and to preserve the heritage handed down from the fathers, which her sons had so great a part in forming and to which she was strongly attached, and only yielded when called upon for troops to coerce her sister Southern States, a demand so unnecessary, so harmful, and so at variance with the spirit of mutual forbearance, comity, good will, and the conventions of the compact of union by which the States were joined together that one is left in doubt whether to wonder most at the temerity of its proponents or the wickedness of its conception. That it brought on war there is no doubt, and that but for it there would have been no war, I also believe. No demand having been made on Virginia for troops, she would not have withdrawn from the Union, nor would those States that awaited her example and followed her lead. Passion having subsided and reason having resumed its sway, may we not believe that those seven States already withdrawn from the Union would have again resumed their rightful places in their father's house and under more satisfactory assurances of greater security for the future?

Her commissioners flouted, sent to Washington for a last effort at conciliation and peace, and the issue of fighting for or against her sister Southern States having been forced upon her, Virginia drew her sword for the right, called her sons to her aid, and bared her bosom for the more than six hundred conflicts that took place upon her soil. The shadow

that fell across her pathway at Harper's Ferry in 1859 became a veritable reality, and the ghost of John Brown, metamorphosed into an invading army with banners, in 1861, "marched on" to its Waterloo on the historic plains of the first and second Manassas. How the pulse quickens as with the thrill of an electric shock at the recollection of those long-forgotten years, their heroes, and their deeds. We would not be unmindful of him who, standing foursquare to every wind that blew, held the ship of state upon an even keel with steady hand and unflinching nerve, amid tempestuous seas and treacherous shoals during four long years of bitter war and times that tried men's souls—a statesman without fear and without reproach; one of whom we may say, as was said of another: "We love him most for the enemies he has made." Thrice armed in the justice of his cause, and the integrity of his heart, no weapon formed against him by his enemies could prosper, and every tongue that rose in judgment against him was put to silence. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well" "in the land where we were dreaming," and the sons and daughters of the storm-cradled nation will not fail to do honor to the name and memory of Jefferson Davis in the years that are to come.

Shall we not mention him who was "*primus inter pares*," the immortal Lee, ever self-poised, self-contained, and equal to every emergency; leading his men on to victory after victory with that implicit confidence, which was not misplaced, in their patriotism, their constancy, and their courage, until his ever-diminishing ranks were swallowed up amid the hosts of an ever-increasing foe, a leader as grand in defeat as in victory! What shall we say of his great lieutenant, the immortal Jackson, who, brushing army after army from his pathway, as the whirlwind scatters the leaves of the forest, rushed to the aid of his great commander on many a hard-fought field (nor shall we forget the Homeric home run of one who, though so unfortunate until then as only to have seen the backs of his enemies, yet with a wise foresight, having established "hindquarters" as well as "headquarters in the saddle," was borne, not by angels, to Abraham's bosom, whence he could with equanimity view the fronts as well as the backs of his enemies). Last, but by no means least, falling upon its rear, he put to flight "the finest army on the planet" and "walked among the stars," leaving as a heritage to the land that gave him birth an example of duty done even unto death. Profoundly sensible of their country's peril, and jealous of her honor, they drew their swords and went forth in her behalf, swifter than eagles, stronger than lions, lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided. They sleep at Lexington in the Valley of Virginia, amid scenes they loved so well, their graves kept green by loving woman's hands and watered by her tears; nor shall they be forgot as long as the orb of day his courses run or peeping stars their nightly vigils keep, forever enshrined in a grateful people's heart, and "their rest shall be glorious."

Truly others in their sphere, equally meritorious, I could mention; their name is legion, for they are many. Fortunate is that foster mother from whose loins they sprang—happy that people who imitate their virtues and who follow their example. The epic of their deeds, their trials, and triumphs; the story of their constancy, their courage and faith amid overwhelming numbers and final defeat remains yet to be told by some impartial Muse of history worthy of the theme and capable of the subject; nor does the South fear its verdict, so it be written with the pen of truth. Let no son of the South in present or future years say in tones apologetic or palliative, in the presence of patronizing speech or supercilious air of assumed superiority: "*We thought we were right.*" We were right and only right, and for daring to do the right,

the clock of time stood still while all the world wondered, and high on Fame's eternal scroll names were writ that were not born to die.

As long as Massanutten lifts its lofty head among the fleecy clouds, as long as Shenandoah rolls its flood at Massanutten's base, as long as valor is esteemed or right has place with men, so long shall live in song and story the fame and deeds of Jackson and his men; while Kernstown, Front Royal, Cross Keys, and Port Republic shall not be forgot as long as time shall last. Yea, the memory of the heroes who swept from our very gates in seven days an overwhelming foe, who charged the heights and bled or died at Gaines's Mill and Malvern Hill, who wrote their names in blood and glory on many a hard-fought field, shall be the heritage of every Southern heart. If Plymouth Rock can point with pride to Concord and Bunker Hill, if patriotic fervor fills the breast at Yorktown and King's Mountain, if by Socrates the gods of Greece were daily thanked for Attic birth, shall not Virginia's God be praised for her immortal Lee?

Best-loved Son of the Morning, a leader in peace as well as in war, having laid aside the sword and donned the toga, he gathered together the sons of those who implicitly followed him in time of trial and taught them to rebuild the fortunes and waste places of their own native land and led them in the paths of peace. Nor should we fail to do justice to the men who followed such illustrious leaders. Neither the Old Guard of Napoleon, the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, nor the Macedonian Phalanx were more faithful, endured greater hardships, or accomplished more; they rushed to interpose their bodies a living wall where danger threatened most, and hurled back on many bloody fields an overwhelming foe, until, worn out by attrition, wounds, and death, the starry cross was forever furled. "They did not achieve success—they did more—they deserved it." Their cause was not lost though for a time eclipsed; "Eternal right, though all else fail, can never be made wrong." Down the dim and misty years has floated clearer vision, and the anodyne of time has soothed the grievous wounds of war.

Such are some of the memories of the long ago, in briefest outline told, nor do we crave indulgence for their recital. The great Burke has said: "Those will not look forward to their posterity who never look back to their ancestors." Not forgetful of the past nor unmindful of the future, may we not indulge the hope that a reunited people shall become a leader among the nations of the earth and point the paths of peace that shall usher in that glad era when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," and when the white-winged argosies of commerce shall bear the tokens of good will upon all seas and to all the sons of men.

On this Memorial Day we have gathered in this quiet city of dreamless sleep, amid well remembered scenes, apart from the busy cares of life, to deck with beautiful flowers evidences of a Father's love, the last resting places of our hero dead; whether from the land of the pine, the canebrake, the savannahs of the South, or from wherever they came; nor shall they be forgot so long as this monumental pile keeps watch and ward above the soldier's grave, or yon noble river, fit emblem of eternity, flows onward to the sea, while with each returning spring kind nature spreads, with fingers deft, her mantle green above their lowly bed, and from her bounteous store, with wondrous art, exhales the sweet perfume of flowers, and feathered songsters of varied hue and joyous note acclaim their part in Nature's resurrection.

Soldiers of the Confederacy, sons of the South, immolated on the altar of your country's honor, shall we not meet again?

Can these bones live? With one of old, We answer: "O Lord God, Thou knowest."

"They fell devoted but undying
The very gale their names seems sighing.
The waters murmur of their name
The woods are peopled with their fame.
The silent granite, lone and gray,
Claims kindred with their sacred clay.
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain.
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame forever,
Despite of every yoke she bears
The land is glory's still, and theirs."

ON THE WAY TO APPOMATTOX—WAR MEMORIES.

BY M. W. VENABLE, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

As the spring buds forth on hill and meadow with dogwood and redbud, memory goes back to a spring morning nearly sixty years ago when the Army of Northern Virginia faced the enemy for the last time. At such times an old rebel naturally becomes reminiscent; so, like an "arrow shot at a venture," I will tell the story of a six days' march from Richmond to Appomattox, thinking possibly some of the old command may yet be living, who, reading the *VETERAN*, may see the story and also recall with sad pleasure those last days of struggle and glorious defeat.

I was a corporal in Company H, 1st Regiment of Confederate Engineers. John Bradford, of Tallahassee, Fla., was my captain, and Thomas J. Moncure and Walter Petross, both of Virginia, were first and second lieutenants. It may be well to say the Confederate Engineers, as such, were organized during the last years of the war and consisted of two regiments. The first was with the Army of Northern Virginia, and commanded by Col. T. M. R. Talcott, of Richmond, Va. The second was in the Trans-Mississippi Army, and was commanded by Col. Henry K. Douglas, late of Baltimore. Two companies (G and I) of this regiment, however, were transferred to Lee's army and attached to our regiment. These regiments were officered, as a rule, by professional engineers, who at the time of organization were serving in the various other branches of the army and were transferred, while the noncommissioned officers were generally men of experience in construction work, bridge and boat building, and accustomed to handling men; and the body of the regiment was made up of recruits and mechanics transferred from other commands. So that, while the regiments were new, the vast majority of the personnel were veterans who had been serving in other commands until transferred. The companies (B, C, and H) were known as pontoon companies and were drilled in handling boats and putting in pontoon bridges when required. Each company had its equipment of boats and all necessary material for quick and efficient service, while the supply train carried all necessary tools and supplies for building fortifications, bridges, roads, and railroads. We were armed with rifles and drilled as infantry, and served as such in a number of instances.

Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, found us engaged in countermining the territory between the lines opposite Fort Harrison. This fort was at the apex of a salient in our lines some two miles north of the fortifications at Chaffin's Bluff on the river. It had been captured by the enemy some six months prior to this time, but our lines were reestablished so near to it that mining from one line to the other was practicable. Early

in the day of this beautiful, quiet Sunday morning we could hear the artillery firing far to the south beyond Petersburg. Our winter quarters camp was in a pine grove not far from the James River, on the north side and above Chaffin's. In the afternoon Corporal Bivens, of Georgia, and I were sent to the wharf to take over some tools and supplies expected by the next boat. While waiting, the "Flag of Truce Boat," loaded to the guards with Federal prisoners, came down from Richmond, and while the "draw" in the pontoon bridge was being opened, we talked with the prisoners and got the news from the battle that had been going on for the past two days. They told us that Lee had lost at Five Forks, and the city of Richmond was being evacuated as rapidly as possible; and, in fact, they said they would capture *us* before the week was out. Of course, we did not believe them, and as they looked pretty puny from long confinement, we jokingly suggested that they would do very well if they *caught* what was in their shirts. But when we got back to camp, the long roll was beating and men were falling into ranks.

We soon left camp under orders to get to Richmond as soon as possible. While at the wharf, we had noticed the hull of the new ironclad Texas, lying one-half mile below and being loaded with gravel from the bluff, which we understood afterwards was to be sunk in the channel to cut off pursuit after the other ironclads of the fleet had passed up the river. We got off from camp before dark, crossed the river on a pontoon bridge (in charge of Company C of our regiment). This bridge was a short distance above Drewry's Bluff. By this route we reached Manchester some time after midnight and we lay on our arms, awaiting orders, until about daybreak. In the meantime the fleet of ironclads and gunboats had come up the river to a short distance below Rockets, and some two or three of them were blown up and made a grand display of fireworks. The city of Richmond was in a great uproar, and fire was raging all over the lower part of the city when we began our march west. Following the main road along the divide between the waters of the James and Appomattox Rivers, we crossed the latter stream by a bridge at Brazil's Mill. During the forenoon of the 5th a small scouting party of Federals struck the wagon train that had left Richmond early on the 2nd, stampeded the train guard and drivers, and tore up things pretty generally until they were driven off by a small squadron made up of the mounted men of different organizations moving on the same road with us and commanded by Gen. John C. Breckinridge, at that time Secretary of War of the Confederacy.

We camped that night in the vicinity of Deatonville in Amelia County, resuming our march next morning, the 6th. About ten o'clock we were struck by a considerable force of cavalry coming from the direction of Amelia Courthouse, being part of the army engaged at Five Forks on the 1st. Our battalion of three companies was at once deployed as skirmishers and, by a quick movement, were strung out for about a half mile to the southeast of the road along which we were moving. Protected from cavalry by a thick strip of pines, we were enabled to hold our own, and finally drove the enemy off. Some distance in our front we could then hear rapid artillery fire, which was in reality the opening of the battle of Sailor's Creek. The enemy having withdrawn from our vicinity, we were marched rapidly ahead in the direction of the firing and, early in the afternoon, came up with Hunton's Brigade, of Pickett's Division, lying along the road awaiting orders, but within range of the enemy's artillery, as they proved by dropping an occasional shell among us. Soon, however, orders came for Pickett's men to go in, and the battle became

general and pretty hot for an hour or two. Some wounded were beginning to come our way and reported things in bad shape, one fellow saying he was the last of Hunton's Brigade, as all the rest were killed, wounded, or captured, which we found out afterwards to be a literal fact, as we lost heavily in captured men that day, Pickett and Ewell being among the nine or ten general officers captured.

We got hurried orders late in the afternoon, almost dusk, and by a move to the right for a mile or two got a road leading to High Bridge (the railroad bridge across the Appomattox), with orders to destroy the railroad bridge and the county bridge below it as soon as our men were across. We reached High Bridge about eight o'clock on the night of the 6th. Here we got in touch with the rest of the regiment that had come up from Petersburg with the main army, Company G (Capt. William R. Johnson) was detailed to destroy the railroad bridge, which consisted of about a dozen spans of a wooden Howe truss bridge on brick piers about one hundred feet high. The spans, being dry pine timber, were easy to burn, and when the time came Captain Johnson did his work effectually; but as our own men were continually crossing on the wagon bridge during the night, it could not be destroyed so soon, and when, a little after daylight, Company B (Captain Baldwin) was firing the bridge, the enemy had come up and in a sharp skirmish drove our men off the bridge, put out the fire, crossed over and attacked us, and here was when my friend Bevins was badly wounded and captured. Fortunately for him, the hospitals at Farmville (five miles west) were captured the same day and he was taken there.

Here I got separated from my company until we reached Appomattox, which occurred in this way. High Bridge is just four miles from my old home. I had tramped and hunted over this ground from boyhood and could travel it about as well at night as day. So I told my captain the situation and asked permission to go on home that night and warn my people that the Yankees would be upon them next day, and I would join the command at Farmville early next morning upon its arrival. He very kindly wrote me a pass that would take me past any pickets, guards, or scouts I should chance to meet, and I struck out. I was soon much surprised to find that, while the battle of Sailor's Creek was going on, there was a pretty big cavalry engagement fought out between High Bridge and Farmville on the south side of the Appomattox, and that our fellows had captured some 700 or 800 of the enemy. Gen. James Dearing's Brigade of Cavalry struck a heavy reconnoissance force under Gen. Theodore Read, rounded him up, and captured his command. Both Dearing and Read were killed however. This is known as the battle of High Bridge.

When I got within a half mile of home, I came to a picket post. There was a small fire and a vidette out a few hundred yards in advance. I could see the grove of trees against the sky around the old home, and told them I was headed for home, and showed them my pass. They let me by, but warned me that the enemy was only a short distance away. I got home about 2 A.M., gave the warning, and, while something was being cooked for me to eat, I took a nap. While I was asleep, a boy brought a message from my grandmother (about a mile away) saying that General Lee and staff were there for the night, and the boy was sent to warn my parents that the enemy would be along by early morning, so I was up and away by 5 A.M., with a small side of bacon and about a peck of biscuits, thinking I would give the boys of my mess one good feed anyway when they overtook me at Farmville. But after waiting at the road leading from High Bridge for an hour or more, and stragglers had begun to arrive, I decided that my command must have passed earlier than expected.

From among these stragglers I had in the meantime picked up some seven or eight men of the 2nd Regiment, and while puzzling as to what best to do, Captain Howard, a member of the staff of Gen. W. H. Stevens, Chief Engineer of the Army, came along with their headquarters train. Knowing him personally, I reported to him and asked for instructions. He at once put us on as headquarters guard until we could locate our command.

We continued our retreat without incident until we reached Appomattox, some twenty-five miles west, arriving late in the afternoon of the 8th (my eighteenth birthday). We went a mile or two west of the courthouse of Appomattox Station, on the South Side Railroad, where a train had arrived from Lynchburg and rations were being issued to the men of an artillery battalion, when a squadron or two of Sheridan's cavalry, under Gen. Wesley Merritt, got right among us (coming from the southeast), before we knew there was a Yankee in ten miles of us. The engine broke its coupling and ran off to Lynchburg, and for a short while there was a very hot little skirmish. Darkness closed the scene, with the enemy holding the captured train and precious rations, and during the night and early next day the enemy had us pretty well hemmed in and much hot fighting was done while negotiations for surrender were proceeding. Cessation of hostilities was effected at last and formal surrender took place.

By the following Wednesday most of those present had received their paroles and were leaving in groups for home, and as each fellow reached the point nearest home, he would say good-bye and good luck to his old comrades, whom he would probably never meet again, and drop out for home. I left with a bunch of Georgians, and was first to drop out at Farmville, only twenty-five miles distant from Appomattox. The last to reach home would be two or three from Florida and my chum and messmate, whose home was at Columbus, Ga., who wrote me sometime after reaching home.

In thinking over the situation, I am reminded of the story Gen. John B. Gordon used to tell about the bunch of Georgians leaving Appomattox who, on reaching Georgia, began to drop out in ones and twos until there were remaining only five or six from the same neighborhood. These, on nearing home, came to a nice clear creek and decided they would all take a bath and wash off the army dirt forever, but one fellow could not be persuaded to go in; the weather and water were fine, so his companies decided they would give him a good scrubbing whether or no, but when they got him into the water he seemed to enjoy it as much as anyone. So his chums asked him why it was he had put them to all that unnecessary trouble of dragging him in? He replied: "Boys, in 1861 I volunteered and went in this war, and stayed with it for four long years, but when old Grant gave me my parole yonder at Appomattox, and I started for home, I held up my hand and swore I would never do another thing *voluntarily*."

RECONSTRUCTED.

"When thou hearest the fool rejoicing and he saith, 'It is over and past,
And the wrong was better than right and hate turns into love at last.
And we strove for nothing at all, and the Gods are fallen asleep,
For so good is the world a-growing that the evil good shall reap!—
Then loosen thy sword in the scabbard and settle the helm on thine head,
For men betrayed are mighty, and great are the wrongfully dead!"

RECONSTRUCTION DAYS—1865-76.

(From Miss Rutherford's "Scrapbook.")

Lest my Northern friends may think that I have taken advantage of this opportunity to give vent to my feelings from the Southern point of view and what I may say will seem to be from prejudice, I shall quote only from fair-minded men of the North, nor will I even tell the worst things these men of the North have said.

Walter Henry Cook, a professor in the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, a Northern man by birth and education, one who is trying to read history with his heart as well as his eyes, says:

"The Northern soldier returned to his home to find every comfort and convenience. The North was more prosperous than when the war began. Manufactures had increased; railroads had opened up in the West; immigrants were supplying labor for factory and farm, and while the most destructive war in the history of the world had taken place, yet an increase in wealth, population, and power had been the result.

"What a contrast to the South! The Southern soldier returned defeated, sorrowful, ill-clad, ill-fed, sick in mind and body, to find the South desolate and prostrate. The whole economic system had been destroyed or confiscated. Factories in ashes, railroads in ruin, bonds useless, currency valueless, a pitiable condition!

"A new economic system could have been built up by the men and women of the South with freed slaves had they been let alone. The policy of Thad Stevens and Charles Sumner after Lincoln's death stirred up ex-slaves to hate the white men of the South, especially when they preached a gospel of social equality, for which the men of the South would not stand under any circumstances."

The next quotation is from Dan Voorhees, representative for many years, and later a United States senator from Indiana. In his speech, "Plunder of Eleven States," made in the House of Representatives, March 23, 1872, he pictures well the animus of reconstruction. He said:

"From turret to foundation you tore down the government of eleven States. You left not one stone upon another. You not only destroyed their local laws, but you trampled upon their ruins. You called conventions to frame new constitutions for these old States. You not only said who should be elected to rule over these States, but you said who should elect them. You fixed the quality and the color of the voters. You purged the ballot box of intelligence and virtue, and in their stead you placed the most ignorant and unqualified race in the world to rule over these people."

Then, taking State by State, he showed what Thad Stevens's policy had done.

"Let the great State of Georgia speak first," he said. "You permitted her to stand up and start in her new career, but, seeing some flaw in your handiwork, you again destroyed and again reconstructed her State government. You clung to her throat; you battered her features out of shape and recognition, determined that your party should have undisputed possession and enjoyment of her offices, her honors, and her substance. Then, bound hand and foot, you handed her over to the rapacity of robbers. Her prolific and unbounded resources inflamed their desires.

"In 1861 Georgia was free from debt. Taxes were light as air. The burdens of government were easy upon her citizens. Her credit stood high, and when the war closed she was still free from indebtedness. After six years of Republican rule you present her, to the horror of the world, loaded with a debt of \$50,000,000, and the crime against Georgia is the crime this same party has committed against the other

Southern States. Your work of destruction was more fatal than a scourge of pestilence, war, or famine.

"Rufus B. Bullock, governor of Georgia, dictated the legislation of Congress, and the great commonwealth of Georgia was cursed by his presence. With such a governor and such a legislature in perfect harmony, morally and politically, their career will go down to posterity without a rival for infamous administrations of the world. That governor served three years and then absconded with all of the gains. The legislature of two years spent \$100,000 more than had been spent during any eight previous years. They even put the children's money, laid aside for education of white and black, into their own pockets."

When Senator Voorhees came to South Carolina, the proud land of Marion and Sumter, his indignation seems to have reached its pinnacle:

"There is no form of ruin to which she has not fallen a prey, no curse with which she has not been baptized, no cup of humiliation and suffering her people have not drained to the dregs. There she stands, the result of your handiwork, bankrupt in money, ruined in credit, her bonds hawked about the streets at ten cents on the dollar, her prosperity blighted at home and abroad, without peace, happiness, or hope. There she stands, with her skeleton frame admonishing all the world of the loathsome consequences of a government fashioned in hate and fanaticism, and founded upon the ignorant and vicious classes of manhood. Her sins may have been many and deep, and the color of scarlet, yet they will become as white as snow in comparison with those you have committed against her in the hour of her helplessness and distress."

Then he took in like manner State after State, and wound up with this:

"I challenge the darkest annals of the human race for a parallel to the robberies which have been perpetrated on these eleven American States. Had you sown seeds of kindness and good will, they would long ere this have blossomed into prosperity and peace. Had you sown seeds of honor, you would have reaped a golden harvest of contentment and obedience. Had you extended your charities and your justice to a distressed people, you would have awakened a grateful affection in return. But as you planted in hate and nurtured in corruption, so have been the fruits which you have gathered."

I return now to quote from Walter Cook in regard to reconstruction graft. "Governor Warmouth, of Louisiana, accumulated one and a half million dollars in four years on a salary of \$8,000 a year. Governor Moses, of South Carolina, acknowledged that he had accepted \$65,000 in bribes. Governor Clayton, of Arkansas, said he intended to people the State with negroes. The carpetbag government of Florida stole meat and flour given for helpless women and children. In North Carolina and Alabama, negro convicts were made justices of the peace, men who were unable to read or write. In the South Carolina legislature, ninety-four black men were members. The Speaker of the House, the Clerk of the House, the doorkeeper, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and the chaplain, were all black men, and some of them could neither read nor write."

The next is an extract from the *Chicago Chronicle*, written by a Northern man:

"The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution grew out of a spirit of revenge, for the purpose of punishing the Southern people. It became a part of the Constitution by fraud and force to secure the results of war. The war was not fought to secure negro suffrage.

"The history of the world may be searched in vain for a parallel to the spirit of savagery which it inflicted upon a defeated and impoverished people, the unspeakable, barbarous rule of a servile race just liberated from bondage. Negro suffrage was a crime against the white people of the South. It was a crime against the blacks of the South. It was a crime against the whole citizenship of the republic. Political power was never conferred upon a race so poorly equipped to receive it."

Now a last quotation from Charles Francis Adams, the grandson of John Quincy Adams:

"I have ever been one of those who have thought extremely severe measures were dealt the Southern people after the civil war, measures of unprecedented severity. The Southern community was not only desolated during the war, but \$3,000,000,000 of property confiscated after the war. I am not aware that history records a similar act superadded to the destruction and desolation of war."

Again:

"Their manumitted slaves, belonging to an inferior and alien race, were enfranchised and put in control of the whole administration. Is there a similar case recorded in history? If so, I have never heard of it. It was simply a case of insane procedure, and naturally resulted in disaster. We stabbed the South to the quick, and during all the years of reconstruction turned the dagger round and round in the festering wound. If the South had been permitted to secede, slavery would have died a natural death."

The United States government is the only government that ever freed her slaves without giving just compensation for them.

Dr. Wyeth, an Alabamian, in his book, "With Saber and Scalpel," says:

"None but those who went through this period have any conception of it. Defeat on battle field brought no dishonor, but all manner of oppressions, with poverty and enforced domination of a race lately in slavery, brought humiliation and required a courage little less than superhuman."

The trouble arose from interference on the part of the scalawags and carpetbaggers in our midst, and they were the ones to be dealt with first to keep the negroes in their rightful place.

After the surrender the soldiers returned to their homes, where homes remained. They literally had nothing left but the ground upon which they stood. Families scattered, negroes freed, banks closed, no currency available, the slaveholder knowing less than his overseer and slaves about the practical part of farming. The lawyer had no clients, the teacher had no pupils, the merchant had no credit, the doctor had no drugs. O! It was pitiful. Georgia and South Carolina suffered most on account of desolation caused by Sherman's march to the sea.

This was the time when those women of the Confederacy showed of what stuff they were made. They put their loving arms about those husbands, brothers, and sons, and they said: "We are not conquered, we are just overpowered, and we think it was better that you fought, even if you did not win, than never to have fought at all. The South is going to come out all right; you wait and see." What prophets they were, for is not the South to-day the nation's greatest asset?

It was very hard for our Southern men, unused to manual labor of any kind, to try to adjust themselves to the new order of things in the South. It really was easier for the women than for the men, and some men never did get adjusted, and some women have never been reconstructed.

The kitchens in the old civilization were never in the house,

but some distance from it. There was no need that they should be in the house then, for there were plenty of young negroes to run back and forth with the hot waffles, the hot egg-bread, the biscuits, and the battercakes; but when the women of the South had to go into the kitchen after the negroes left, or had become too impertinent to be allowed around the house, the inconveniences were greatly felt. You must remember there was rarely such a thing as a cooking stove before the War between the States. All cooking had to be done in an open fireplace, with oven and pots. There were no waterworks, and all water had to be drawn from the well or brought from the spring. There were no electric lights, no gas lights, no kerosene lamps even, and lard lamps were really a rarity used only by the rich. The dependence for light were wax, tallow, and sperm candles. The wood had to be cut and the chips had to be picked up, and all this consumed time and required great patience. This was the beginning of the breaking up of home life in the South, and it proved the death blow to the old time Southern hospitality.

So many men, the heads of the house, had been killed in battle or died in prison. How could the mother, in the kitchen away from the house, continue to gather the children for family prayers?

How could hospitality, for which the Old South was so noted, continue under such changed conditions—with no servants to do the work and often no money to hire any or to buy necessary provisions?

The education of the children was taken from the home and private schools to the public schools. There had been no public schools under the old régime in the South. A Southern gentleman resented having the State educate his child; but the changed condition forced this upon him, and it humiliated him. Free schools in the South had been only for those too poor to pay tuition or to employ a tutor.

How could the husband, rushing off to his business office, and children rushing off to school, keep up the family altar or encourage that conversation around the family board so conducive to culture?

Adjustment to new conditions came gradually. The kitchen became a part of the house; the introduction of waterworks relieved the labor of drawing the water; gas and electric stoves and the fireless cooker make now the preparation of meals a less perplexing question; gas and electricity have revolutionized the light situation; so the women of the South to-day are as independent as their Northern sisters and far ahead of them in dealing with negro help, for, say what you will, the women of the South, knowing these people, can better sympathize with them, and they do treat them with far more consideration than the people of other sections. There is no doubt that the negro finds his truest friends in the South, and that, too, with no social equality ideas to upset him.

The reconstruction period was not only a time of real oppression, but also a time of repression, suppression, and fearful humiliation. The South lost more than \$2,000,000,000 by loss of slaves, together with confiscated and destroyed property. The South was also left with a bonded war debt of \$300,000,000.

It is really refreshing to realize, even at this late day, that some of the leading negro leaders are conscious of the mistakes that have been made and are willing to acknowledge it. One of them, named Wilkins, at Little Rock, Ark., in 1915, said on Emancipation Day:

"We are foolish for celebrating an event which has meant nothing to us but humiliation, persecution, alienation, degradation, obloquy, scorn, and contempt.

"We are celebrating a day that never took place, and you know it as well as I do."

By the freedom of the slaves and the estrangements that followed between them and their former owners, the civilization of the Old South gradually passed away.

Mark Twain said: "The eight years in America, 1860-1868, uprooted an institution centuries old, and wrought so profoundly upon the national character of the people that the influence will be felt for two or three generations."

FARNSWORTH'S CHARGE AND DEATH AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The 3rd of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, opened at 4 A.M. with a fierce and bloody battle on Culp's Hill, between the forces of Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson, commanding the Confederate left wing, and Maj. Gen. Henry W. Slocum, commanding the Federal right wing, and continued with unabated fury until 10:30 A.M., when General Johnson, to protect his left and rear which he thought were menaced, withdrew his troops to the base of the hill. A peculiar sequel to this battle is noted by Gen. H. J. Hunt, of the Federal army, and published in "Battles and Leaders": "At the close of the war the scene of this conflict was covered by a forest of dead trees, leaden bullets proving as fatal to them as to the soldiers whose bodies were thickly strewn beneath them."

"After a tedious delay, consumed in preparing the infantry column for advance, at 1 o'clock P.M., one hundred and fifty pieces of Confederate artillery broke the painful stillness with a previous unheard-of roar, replied to by an equal number of Federal guns. Their terrible din, with responsive explosions of shell and shrapnel, continued for an hour and a half or two hours. "So mighty an artillery contest has perhaps never been waged, estimating together the number and character of guns and the duration of the conflict."

And after another extended delay, 15,000 as magnificent Confederate patriots as ever shouldered musket in defense of their homes, preceded by a line of skirmishers whose steps were as steady and regular as if on dress parade, "swept out of the wood and showed the full length of their gray ranks and shining bayonets, as grand a sight as ever a man looked on." The left stretched into the wood farther than could be seen. This grand pageantry had no sooner debouched into the plain than all the Federal line, which had been nearly silent, broke out again with all its batteries. No one could have looked at that advance without feeling proud of it.

Col. E. Porter Alexander, whose guns followed in the rear of the advancing Confederate line, says they "passed many poor, mangled victims in its trampled wake."

While this bloody fighting was raging on the west side of Cemetery Ridge by the infantry, Stuart's cavalry, sent by General Lee to assail the Federal rear and protect the Confederate left wing, was met in fierce combat by the Federal General Gregg. "Twelve thousand sabers flashing in the July sun, the tread of twelve thousand horses over the turf revealed the greatest cavalry combat on the American continent." Many dusty gray and blue young riders amid the deadly roar of musketry, the sharp rattle of carbines, the flashing sabers, and the thunder of artillery embraced the sleep that knows no waking.

It may be presumed that the spectacular and unusual should end with Stuart's grand effort. Not so. Brig. Gen. Hudson Kilpatrick, commanding a division of Federal cavalry,

states that at 8 A.M. he received orders from headquarters Cavalry Corps to move to the left of the Federal line and attack the Confederate right and rear with his whole command and the regular brigade. It has been previously shown that Stuart's activity, on the Confederate left, the Federal right and rear, made it necessary for Custer's Brigade to continue at that point, even after being ordered to join Kilpatrick on the Confederate right, to prevent Stuart from turning the Federal right, Gregg requesting and Custer consenting to remain.

At 1 P.M., Brig. Gen. Elon J. Farnsworth had reached the right and rear of the Confederate position, and become engaged with the Confederate skirmishers. At 3 P.M., Brigadier General Merritt came in on Farnsworth's left, and the two brigades engaged in an active skirmish with the Confederate infantry pickets. At 5:30 Kilpatrick ordered an attack by both brigades.

Brig. Gen. Evander McIver Law, commanding Hood's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, the troops which were guarding the Confederate right against the Federal left, said that, while this grand artillery duel was progressing on July 3, and before the infantry column had moved to the attack, a new danger threatened the Confederate right. This was the appearance of Kilpatrick's Division of Cavalry, which moved up on that flank and commenced massing in the body of timber which extended from the base of Round Top westward toward Kern's house on the Emmitsburg road. Reiley's and Bachman's batteries were ordered to change front to the right so as to bear upon this position, and at once opened fire upon the cavalry, which retired beyond the wood and out of sight. In order to protect the flank more fully, the 1st Texas Regiment, of Robertson's Brigade, was withdrawn from the main line and placed in position midway between Round Top and the Emmitsburg road, with skirmishers extending from its left, and connecting at right angles with the extreme right of the main line, on the slope of the mountain. The 7th and 8th Georgia Regiments, of Anderson's Brigade, were detached and sent to the support of the 9th, which had been stationed at the Kern house. About the time these dispositions were completed, Colonel Black, of the 1st South Carolina Cavalry, reported to Law with about one hundred men who had been gathered up from the medical trains, most of them partly disabled and only a part mounted, with three guns of Hart's Horse Artillery. Hart's guns were stationed on the Emmitsburg road, and the cavalry extended the right flank beyond the road. The new flanking line was formed at right angles to the main line and crossed the Emmitsburg road near the Kern house.

Merritt's Brigade, of the Federal cavalry, moved across the road and deployed a strong line of dismounted skirmishers in front of Colonel Black's command, which was too weak to offer any effectual resistance. Hart's guns, however, were well handled, and did good service as long as the enemy remained in reach of them. To meet this flanking movement, Law had to extend the 7th and 8th Georgia Regiments to the right, and heavy skirmishing continued as the lines developed, with occasional efforts of the Federals to break through, until about half past three o'clock in the afternoon, when the two Confederate regiments were stretched out to a bare line of skirmishers.

Law found that it was not an easy task to operate against cavalry with infantry alone on an extended line and in an open country where the former, capable of moving much more rapidly, can choose its own point of attack and can elude the blows of its necessarily more tardy adversary. But Merritt's Brigade was now dismounted, and Law lost no time in taking

advantage of this temporary equality as to the means of locomotion. Detaching the 11th and 59th Georgia Regiments from the main line, Law moved them rapidly to the extreme right, now about a mile from Kern's house, attacked Merritt's reserve, and then, changing front to the left, struck his skirmish line "on its end" and "doubled it up" as far as the Emmitsburg road. This reduced Law's front to manageable dimensions and left some force at his disposal to meet any concentrated attack that the Federal cavalry might make.

Law had just returned to the position occupied by the Confederate artillery, which was in the angle formed by the main flanking lines, when Farnsworth's cavalry charged the line held by the 1st Texas Regiment. It was impossible to use the Confederate artillery to any advantage, owing to the "close quarters" of the attacking cavalry with the Confederates, the leading squadrons forcing their horses up to the very muzzles of the rifles of the Confederate infantry. That portion of the cavalry which covered the 1st Texas Regiment was handsomely repulsed; but the 1st Vermont Regiment, forming the Federal right wing, overlapped the 1st Texas on its left, and, striking the skirmish line only, rode through it into the valley in rear of the Confederate main line on the spurs of Round Top.

When Law first became satisfied, through information from the Texas skirmishers, that Farnsworth's Brigade was massing in their front, the 9th Georgia Regiment was ordered from Kern's house to the support of the batteries, the former position being now safe, as the other four regiments of Anderson's Brigade were concentrated near that point. Hearing the firing and knowing its cause, the 9th Georgia came up at a run, just as the 1st Vermont Cavalry rode through the Confederate skirmish line, led by General Farnsworth in person. Instead of moving directly upon the Confederate batteries, the cavalry directed its course up the valley toward Gettysburg, passing between the position of the Confederate artillery and the Confederate main line. Watching the direction that the cavalry had taken, Law sent Lieutenant Wade, of his staff, rapidly across the valley in advance of the Federal cavalry, with orders to detach the first regiment he should come to on the main line and send it down on a run to "head them off" in that direction. He was ordered to follow the line to the extreme right, and direct Colonel Oates (15th Alabama) to strengthen his flanking skirmish line and to close up the gap on the left of the 1st Texas where the cavalry had broken in.

Farnsworth and his cavalry in the meantime were riding in gallant style, with drawn sabers and unopposed, up the valley. As they approached Snyder's house, and as Law stood intently watching them, he saw a ragged Confederate battle flag fluttering among the trees at the foot of the opposite ridge, and the men with it soon after appeared, running out into the open ground on the further side of the valley. It was the 4th Alabama Regiment, of Law's Brigade, which had been taken from the main line and sent down by Lieutenant Wade. The men opened fire as they ran. The course of the cavalry had been abruptly checked and saddles were rapidly emptied. Recoiling from this fire, they turned to the left and rear and directed their course up the hill toward the position occupied by the Confederate batteries. Bachman's Battery promptly changed front to its left, so as to face the approaching cavalry, and, together with its infantry supports, opened a withering fire at close range. Turning again to their left, Farnsworth and the few of his men who remained in their saddles directed their course toward the point where they had originally broken in, having described by this time almost a complete circle. But the gap where they entered was now closed, and, receiving another fire from that point,

they turned to the left and took refuge in the woods near the base of Round Top. When the last turn to the left was made, about a half dozen of their number separated from the main body and escaped by "running the gauntlet" to the right of the 1st Texas Regiment. Farnsworth, with his little handful of gallant followers, rode upon the skirmish line of the 15th Alabama Regiment, and, pistol in hand, called upon Lieutenant Adrian, who commanded the line, to surrender. The skirmishers fired upon him, killing his horse and wounding Farnsworth in several places.

General Longstreet, aware of the danger that threatened the Confederate right from the attack of Kilpatrick's Division, went over to Law's position and expressed his satisfaction at the result and promptness and good conduct of the troops engaged. The troops had all day held their front line, gained the evening before, and with troops drawn from the line had repulsed Kilpatrick on the Confederate right. Law said: "It seemed to us on the Confederate right that there was at least one little spot of 'silver lining' in the cloud that hung so darkly over the field of Gettysburg after the disastrous charge of Pickett."

Col. William C. Oates, commanding the 15th Alabama Regiment, subsequently United States Congressman from Alabama for several terms, governor of Alabama, and brigadier general in the United States army during the Spanish American War, in his story of "The War between the Union and Confederacy," furnishes the following statements relative to Farnsworth's charge and death. It has already been shown that Hood's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, held position on the Confederate right; Law's Brigade, to which the 15th Alabama was attached, held the extreme right of Hood's Division, and the 15th Alabama, commanded by Colonel Oates, held the extreme right of Law's Brigade, and consequently, held the extreme right of the Confederate army on the 3d of July, 1863.

Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division was massed in the woods just off the Confederate right in the adjacent woods, and necessitated a line of pickets for some distance southward and nearly at right angles to the Confederate main line. A picket, acting as scout on that part of the Confederate line, overheard in the woods some loud talk between Generals Kilpatrick and Farnsworth, and reported it to General Law at once, through which he was able to prepare for what was coming.

A narrative by Capt. H. C. Parsons, of the 1st Vermont Cavalry, published in "Battles and Leaders," reported the character of the loud talk heard by the Confederate picket. Captain Parsons was a member of Farnsworth's charging party. He was near Kilpatrick when the latter impetuously gave the order to Farnsworth to make the last charge. Farnsworth replied, with emotion: "General, do you mean it? Shall I throw my handful of men over rough ground, through timber, again at a brigade of infantry? The 1st Vermont has already been fought half to pieces: these are too good men to kill." To this Kilpatrick replied: "Do you refuse to obey my orders? If you are afraid to lead this charge, I will lead it." Farnsworth rose in his stirrups—he looked magnificent in his passion—and cried: "Take that back!" Kilpatrick returned his defiance, but, soon repenting, said: "I did not mean it; forget it." For a moment there was silence, when Farnsworth spoke calmly: "General, if you order the charge, I will lead it, but you must take the responsibility." Captain Parsons did not understand the low conversation that followed, but as Farnsworth turned away he said: "I will obey your order." Kilpatrick said earnestly: "I will take the responsibility."

Farnsworth had but recently been promoted from the rank of colonel to that of brigadier general, in fact, while his commission as brigadier general had been issued, it had never been delivered to him, and he felt sharply piqued at what he deemed Kilpatrick's aspersion on his courage and determined to lead the charge. He first encountered the the 1st Texas Regiment lying behind a low fence, which was charged over, the Texas regiment being deployed as skirmishers, and he went for the battery; but the fire from it and the 9th Georgia Regiment and a cooking detail, on the south, caused him to circle around to the west side of the battery, but here he found the 4th Alabama advancing to meet him. He turned and assailed the battery again, which kept up a constant eruption of canister. His men attacked with sabers, and a gunner knocked two of them off their horses. Oates had been ordered to move with his regiment (15th Alabama) with all possible expedition to the relief of the battery, which he did, moving his regiment rear in front, not taking time to countermarch, but threw out a few skirmishers as the regiment moved forward. The regiment passed through an open space and crossed Plum Run, and, as it rose the ascent in the copse of woods, some eight or ten cavalymen came between it and the battery. . . . The officer commanding the cavalry, with pistol in hand, ordered the skirmishers to surrender, to which they replied with a volley. The cavalry commander, his horse, and one of his men fell to the ground, and the others dashed away. Lieutenant Adrian, commanding the skirmishers, with a carbine in hand, advanced and said to the officer, who still grasped his pistol and was trying to rise, notwithstanding he had received three severe and perhaps mortal wounds: "Now you surrender." With an oath, he swore he would not do it, and, placing his pistol to his own body, shot himself through the heart. Oates halted his regiment and allowed the men to rest where they were. The lieutenant with the skirmishers was Adrian, of the 44th Alabama Regiment, who was only temporarily with the 15th Alabama, having left his own regiment with the carbine, as he said, to try to capture a horse from the charging cavalry.

Oates had the facts, above related, as to the death of Farnsworth, stated to him then and there by Adrian, and from what he saw, at a distance of not more than fifty steps, he is satisfied of their truth. Oates did not go to the dead man at once, but sat down to rest. One of his skirmishers soon came to him and said: "Colonel, don't you want this Yankee major's shoulder straps?" holding them up before Oates. The man supposed that the dead man's rank was that of major because he had but one star on each shoulder strap—a single star on the coat collar indicating that rank among the Confederates. Oates took them and saw at once that the dead man was a general, and went to the body. Other men were coming up in little squads and looking at the dead man in silent amazement on account of Lieutenant Adrian's statement. Upon examination, Oates found letters in the dead man's breast pocket addressed to Gen. E. J. Farnsworth. He read enough to see that one of the letters was from his wife. He then destroyed them to prevent them from falling into the hands of irresponsible parties. Oates also states that the monument of cannon balls erected to Farnsworth on that field is at least one hundred and fifty yards north of where he fell.

Captain Parsons, previously referred to, describing Farnsworth's formation said: "We rode out in columns of fours with drawn sabers. General Farnsworth, after giving an order to me, took his place at the head of the second battalion. The whole number who rode with Farnsworth was about three hundred. Their casualties were sixty-five. They brought

out over one hundred prisoners; they rode into the Confederate lines nearly two miles; they received at short range the direct or enfilading fire of three regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery; they drew two regiments out of line and held them permanently in their new positions, breaking the Confederate front and exposing it to an infantry charge if one had been immediately ordered. It was not 'a charge of mad men with a mad leader,'"

The following is a continuation of Captain Parsons's narrative, and is a just and magnificent tribute to that splendid and generally useful animal, the horse.

"The behavior of the horses in this action was admirable. Running low and swift, as in a race, in their terror surrendering to their masters and guiding at the slightest touch on the neck; never refusing a fence or breaking from the column; I doubt if there was a single fall of man or horse, except from the shot of the enemy. I may be permitted a remorseful tribute. My powerful bay had been disabled in the action at Hanover, and I was riding my bugler's horse, a gentle sorrel, scarred and stiff from long service. When I saw the work before us, I condemned him, and would have ordered some trooper to change if it had not seemed like exposing another life, and yet, how he sprang into the charge! How he leaped the four walls! How he cleared Farrington's horse as it rolled over the rocks! And how gently he carried me from the field, although blood spurted from his side at every step. Four better horses passed him in the race, but only to fall or carry their riders to death. And when I was lifted down into unconsciousness, my last recollection was of his great eyes turned upon me as in sympathy and reproof.

"There was no charging of cannon, no sabering of men. Farnsworth and his troopers understood that they were to draw the enemy's fire, to create a diversion, preparatory to the main movement. They were to ride as deep into the enemy's lines as possible, to disclose his plan and his positions. The taking of the prisoners on the return was the accident, not the order of the charge. There was no encouragement of on-looking armies, no cheer, no bravado; and each man felt, as he tightened his saber belt, that he was summoned to a ride to death. Farnsworth fell in the enemy's lines with his saber raised, dead with five mortal wounds and without fame."

In a note, Captain Parsons says: "A strange story which appears in all the Confederate reports shows how a mistake may make history. It is stated that Farnsworth wore a linen coat and a havelock; that he fought desperately with his revolver after he was down, and blew out his brains rather than surrender. When Farnsworth was notified of his promotion on the field it was impossible to secure a new uniform, but Pleasanton divided his own wardrobe with him. Farnsworth wore Pleasanton's blue coat in the action, with a single star and black felt hat; he fell with his saber raised, and as if dead; and when his remains were taken from the field by Drs. Edson and Wood, there were five mortal wounds in his body and none in his head."

Captain Cushman wore a white duck "fighting jacket" trimmed with yellow braid. While he sat behind the guns in the heat, he threw a silk handkerchief over his cap, pinning it to the visor. This he forgot to remove; he, and not Farnsworth, rode in the charge on the 4th Alabama; he rode with Farnsworth in the charge on the 15th Alabama; he fell at Farnsworth's side, terribly wounded in the face and fought with his revolver until he fainted. He was a notably handsome officer, and it was clear that he was mistaken throughout the fight for General Farnsworth. Captain Cushman lay insensible and apparently dead until the next day, but finally revived, only to die in his next battle.

"FOR DISTINGUISHED VALOR AND SKILL."

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In April, 1862, the Confederate States Congress passed an act authorizing the President to nominate line officers for promotion on account of gallant or distinguished service, and this list includes about two hundred names of both army and navy officers, running from admiral to assistant engineer in the navy and from colonel to second lieutenant in the army. Only two were promoted twice for this cause, and they were both in the navy. The naval promotions show the cause for such, as Captain Semmes was raised to a rear admiral for "gallant and meritorious conduct in command of the Alabama," but, unfortunately, there is nothing specified for the army, except that in each instance it says, "Promoted for distinguished valor and skill;" and I am of the opinion that each raise was well merited. I trust that if any survivors of this band of heroes see this list, they will give, through the columns of the VETERAN, their experience in gaining such distinction.

PROMOTIONS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE CONFEDERACY
FOR "DISTINGUISHED VALOR AND SKILL."

[Unless specified, all organizations are infantry. The name of the officer, his State, rank, and organization to which appointed, and date of appointment are given.]

Addison, J. S., Florida; second lieutenant, Company G, 4th Florida; April 25, 1863.

Airey, Fred W., Louisiana; captain, Company H, 20th Louisiana; February 19, 1864.

Allen, Walter S., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company K, 14th South Carolina; December 23, 1864.

Anderson, F. M., Missouri; second lieutenant, Company D, 6th Missouri; January 6, 1864.

Avant, Jesse W., Georgia; second lieutenant, Phillips's Georgia Legion; February 19, 1864.

Ballenger, A. W., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company E, 13th South Carolina; February 15, 1865.

Barham, T. G., Virginia; lieutenant colonel, 24th Virginia Cavalry; December 7, 1864.

Barker, J. H., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company C, 4th South Carolina; January 31, 1863.

Barney, Joseph N., Maryland; commander, navy; April 25, 1863.

Barton, J. C., Mississippi; captain, Company A, 26th Mississippi; October 27, 1864.

Bates, D. E., Alabama; second lieutenant, Jeff Davis Alabama Artillery; January 20, 1863.

Bedell, George W., Alabama; first lieutenant, Company E, 1st Alabama Cavalry; June 1, 1863.

Berkeley, C., Virginia; second lieutenant, McLanahan's Virginia Artillery; May 2, 1863.

Bicksler, H. B., Virginia; captain, Company I, 8th Virginia; March 6, 1864.

Bishop, Samuel L., Louisiana; major, 20th Louisiana; July 7, 1863.

Blackwell, S. L., North Carolina; second lieutenant, Company F, 16th North Carolina; October 22, 1863.

Blackwell, W. H., Virginia; second lieutenant, Lynchburg (Virginia) Artillery; January 23, 1863.

Blanton, Leigh M., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company C, 1st Virginia; December 19, 1864.

Booth, George W., Maryland; captain, 1st Maryland Battalion of Cavalry; September 25, 1863.

Borland, E., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company E, 6th Virginia; May 30, 1863.

Bright, Robert A., Virginia; first lieutenant, Company B, 53rd Virginia; October 3, 1863.

Britton, Henry C., Virginia; captain, Company C, 9th Virginia; January 19, 1865.

Brown, A. J., North Carolina; captain, Company E, 38th North Carolina; August 8, 1864.

Brown, Isaac N., Mississippi; commander, navy; May 13, 1863.

Buchanan, Franklin, Maryland; admiral, navy; August 19, 1862.

Buck, Samuel D., Virginia; first lieutenant, Company H, 13th Virginia; May 20, 1863.

Buhrman, F. A., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company F, 60th Virginia; May 2, 1863.

Burgess, R. G., England; second lieutenant, Massenburg's Virginia Battery, Artillery; July 17, 1863.

Calahan, W. G., Georgia; major, 18th Georgia; February 19, 1864.

Caldwell, John A., ?; second lieutenant, Lumsden's Battery, Artillery; December 31, 1863.

Carter, H., Louisiana; second lieutenant, Company E, Louisiana Cavalry; October 27, 1863.

Carter, John W., Virginia; first lieutenant, Thompson's Virginia Battery, Artillery; April 23, 1864.

Carwile, T. W., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company A, 14th South Carolina; September 24, 1863.

Cherry, George F., Georgia; captain, Company A, 45th Georgia; June 15, 1864.

Clark, H. N., Florida; second lieutenant, Company G, 4th Florida; April 26, 1863.

Clarke, Edward Y., Georgia; major, 16th Georgia Battalion; September 3, 1863.

Clowney, S. B., South Carolina; captain, Company B, 1st South Carolina; December 5, 1863.

Cocke, Benjamin K., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company B, 44th Virginia; June 11, 1863.

Cody, B. H., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company G, 15th Alabama; February 23, 1863.

Cooke, James W., North Carolina; captain, navy; June 4, 1864.

Cooper, H. M., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company C, 3rd Alabama; June 26, 1863.

Couchman, W. B., Missouri; second lieutenant, Company H, 4th Missouri; January 13, 1864.

Courtney, W. W., Tennessee; second lieutenant, Company D, 32nd Tennessee; November 4, 1863.

Cross, A. J., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company D, 51st Alabama; July 25, 1863.

Cummings, J., Louisiana; second lieutenant, Company B, 14th Louisiana Sharpshooters; August 29, 1863.

Davant, J. C., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company B, 2nd South Carolina Cavalry; January 6, 1864.

Davidson, Hunter, Virginia; commander, navy; June 4, 1864.

Davis, H., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company F, 20th Alabama; September 1, 1863.

Davis, John B., South Carolina; colonel, 15th South Carolina; January 19, 1864.

Day, George W., Tennessee; major, 12th Tennessee Battalion of Cavalry; August 4, 1863.

Dempster, John J., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company E, 5th Virginia; February 4, 1863.

DeRoope, J. W., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company D, 7th Alabama; June 11, 1863.

Dibble, V. C., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company A, 5th South Carolina Cavalry; March 2, 1865.

Dorsey, G. W., Maryland; lieutenant colonel, 1st Maryland Battalion of Cavalry; February 17, 1865.

DuBose, J. H., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company I, 51st Alabama; August 4, 1863.

Ducat, L. L., Louisiana; second lieutenant, Company C, 7th Louisiana; June 2, 1863.

Dunovant, William, South Carolina; captain, Company C, 17th South Carolina; April 29, 1864.

Durisoë, W. F., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company D, 14th South Carolina; November 5, 1863.

Eells, John, Virginia; major, 5th Virginia Cavalry (killed); April 11, 1863.

Etheridge, D. L., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company F, 5th Alabama; March 25, 1863.

Fambro, James F., Georgia; captain, Company E, second Georgia Cavalry; June 30, 1863.

Farley, M. H., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company I, 60th Virginia; June 26, 1863.

Figgat, J. H. H., Virginia; first lieutenant, Company F, 12th Virginia; August 29, 1863.

Fitzgerald, William F., Mississippi; second lieutenant, Company C, 9th Mississippi Battalion; January 6, 1863.

Force, Charles F., Alabama; captain, Company E, 51st Alabama Cavalry; July 3, 1864.

Ford, William F., Texas; second lieutenant, Company B, 4th Texas; June 16, 1864.

Foresinger, G. C., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company I, 36th Virginia; May 22, 1863.

Foster, Henry P., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company C, 7th South Carolina; February 25, 1865.

Francis, Ind C., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company A, 8th Virginia; April 6, 1864.

Fullenwider, H. W., North Carolina; second lieutenant, Company E, 23rd North Carolina; May 4, 1863.

Gardner, James, Georgia; major, 27th Georgia (killed); May 2, 1863.

Gardner, Joseph M., Virginia; second lieutenant, navy; September 22, 1863.

Gilbert, John E., Alabama; first lieutenant, Company B, 50th Alabama; January 15, 1863.

Glassell, William T., Alabama; commander, navy; December 7, 1863.

Glenn, John W., North Carolina; second lieutenant, Company H, 23rd North Carolina; May 22, 1863.

Goodwyn, Matthew P., Virginia; second lieutenant, navy; September 22, 1863.

Gould, B. E., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company G, 8th Alabama; December 24, 1863.

Granger, George J., Georgia; assistant engineer, navy; July 21, 1864.

Gustine, L., Louisiana; second lieutenant, Company B, 25th Louisiana; April 5, 1863.

Hagood, James R., South Carolina; colonel, first South Carolina; November 16, 1863.

Hale, William J., Tennessee; lieutenant colonel, 2nd Tennessee; May 2, 1863.

Hargrove, A. C., ?; second lieutenant, Lumsden's Artillery; November 12, 1863.

Harkness, J. C. B., Alabama; captain, Company C, 11th Alabama; February 9, 1865.

Harman, Lewis, Virginia; captain, Company I, 12th Virginia Cavalry; March 6, 1864.

Harper, Charles J., Louisiana; second lieutenant, Company K, 20th Louisiana; February 19, 1864.

Harrell, J. W., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company A, 14th South Carolina; November 5, 1863.

Harrison, B. C., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company I, 51st Alabama; May 26, 1864.

Hicctt, W. H., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company C, 2nd Battalion Alabama Legion; October 13, 1863.

Hoge, Francis L., Virginia; first lieutenant, navy; December 7, 1863.

Horn, J. J., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company D, 12th Alabama; May 2, 1863.

Hough, Moses, South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company A, 7th South Carolina Battalion; December 21, 1864.

Hudgins, M. L., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company F, 21st Virginia; May 20, 1863.

Huff, William H., Missouri; second lieutenant, Company E, 6th Missouri; November 26, 1862.

Hughes, J. W., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company K, 44th Virginia; November 9, 1863.

Irby, A. P., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company H, 7th South Carolina; October 27, 1864.

Jamieson, William A., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company C, 5th Virginia Cavalry; January 26, 1865.

Johnston, J. F., North Carolina; second lieutenant, Company C, 1st North Carolina Cavalry; November 15, 1864.

Jones, Catesby A. P. R., Virginia; commander, navy; April 25, 1863.

Jordan, James W., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company H, 3rd Virginia Cavalry; February 19, 1864.

Jordan, R. J., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company F, 21st Virginia; May 20, 1863.

Keen, R. L., Louisiana; captain, Company I, 20th Louisiana; February 19, 1864.

Kell, John McIntosh, Georgia; commander, navy; October 4, 1863.

Kent, Judson M., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company H, 22nd Virginia; January 18, 1863.

Kibbee, C. C., Georgia; lieutenant colonel, 10th Georgia; February 20, 1863.

Kidd, John M., Georgia; second lieutenant, Company C, 35th Georgia; October 12, 1862.

Kilpatrick, Franklin, South Carolina; colonel, 1st South Carolina; January 31, 1863.

Kimball, Julius, Texas; second lieutenant, Company A, 14th Texas; May 28, 1864.

King, Festus, Virginia; second lieutenant, Carter's Virginia Battery of Artillery; April 6, 1864.

Kirkland, W. W., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company E, 15th South Carolina; February 19, 1864.

Kirkpatrick, M. L., Alabama; lieutenant colonel, 51st Alabama; June 12, 1863.

Kreutz, Andrew; Louisiana; second lieutenant, Company C, 20th Louisiana; February 19, 1864.

Lacy, Drury, Virginia; second lieutenant, Company I, 23rd Virginia; May 21, 1863.

Land, C. S., South Carolina; major, 26th South Carolina; December 9, 1864.

Lapsley, James W., Alabama; first lieutenant, Company E, 51st Alabama; June 2, 1863.

Lauderdale, J. M., Tennessee; second lieutenant, Company D, 47th Tennessee; February 14, 1863.

Lawson, W. M., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company H, 1st Virginia; June 29, 1863.

Logue, Henry; Georgia; second lieutenant, Company B, 22nd Georgia; February 17, 1865.

Lovin, John F., Tennessee; second lieutenant, Company B, 3rd Confederate; December 30, 1864.

(Concluded in September issue.)



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

"He waited for the last sweet summons home,
And he, in waiting, calm and patient grew.
He would be ready when the call should come;
His faith secure, all would be well he knew."

GEORGE PICKLE WALLER.

A most remarkable life came to its close in the death of George Pickle Waller, in Lenoir City, Tenn., on June 12, 1924, after an illness of several weeks. In his death, the South has lost one of its distinctively Confederate men. Born in Roane County, Tenn., October 8, 1843, he had nearly completed his eighty-first year.

George P. Waller was one of East Tennessee's oldest and most prominent citizens, and but few, if any, of her sons have been more closely identified with her industrial and political making. He was a man of unquestioned courage, and was blessed with an unusual amount of native ability. His friends knew where to find him on any public questions involving the welfare of his community and county. He was a Democrat of the old school, but never let his political bias swerve him so far but that he looked at the man and not at the party.

He had been a member of the Baptist Church for almost half a century, and contributed largely to advance its doctrine. He lived his religion by service to mankind. He ever looked after those in distress and need. His life meant more to the community than any man in it, his daily walk was a benediction to those with whom he mingled.

Few men in the State have passed through the trying times that George P. Waller did, and his record and experiences of the War between the States sound like a romance. In 1863 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company B, 63rd Tennessee Regiment, and actively participated in seventeen battles. He fought in the battle of Chickamauga and took part in the siege of Chattanooga. He was a member of the famous Preston Division in Longstreet's Corps, commanded by General Bragg, and was with Longstreet when he was ordered to Knoxville to meet Burnside. He was in the long siege at Petersburg. On the 2nd of April, 1865, when the 3rd Corps of Gen. A. P. Hill withdrew to Appomattox he was with them and was one of the sixty remaining men of his regiment and one of the nine survivors of Company B to surrender under General Lee at Appomattox Courthouse.

After the surrender George Waller walked to his home on the Clinch River, where his father, Henry A. Waller, lived. Since that time he has used his time and money to aid in the upbuilding of his native county and State. As a citizen of Roane County, none stood higher than George P. Waller. He was an honest, sincere, big-hearted man and Christian, loved and respected. He was active in business to his death. He was a prosperous farmer and merchant, and vice president of the First National Bank of Lenoir City, which he helped to organize about twenty years ago. He was laid

to rest in the old Woodlawn Cemetery. He is survived by his wife, nine children, and seven grandchildren.

George P. Waller was a strong believer in the VETERAN, giving faithful and loyal service in its behalf through many years

GEORGE W. JONES.

On the 9th of February, 1924, at his home in Richmond, Va., George W. Jones died in his eighty-third year. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Glasgow, Rockbridge County, Va.

Comrade Jones was descended from good old Welsh stock his great-grandfather, Jason Jones, having come from Wales about 1750 and settled near Norfolk, Va. His three elder sons fought in the Continental Army, while the youngest, Benjamin, served in the War of 1812. Benjamin's son, Joseph Sawyer Jones, attained the rank of colonel in the war with Mexico. He married Emily Jenkins, of Pasquotank County, N. C., and settled in the adjoining county of Camden, where George was born, November 16, 1842.

In April, 1861, George enlisted, at the age of nineteen, in Company F, 7th North Carolina Infantry, which was soon sent to Body's Island, about forty miles North of Cape Hatteras, where they were under shell fire from a Federal gunboat. About three months later they were transferred to Roanoke Island and changed from infantry to heavy artillery.

In February, 1862, at the fall of Roanoke Island, the whole command was captured and paroled. On being exchanged, Comrade Jones went to Petersburg and enlisted as a private in Company C, 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, then on picket duty along the Appomattox River. In the following January the writer enlisted, before he was sixteen years old, in the same company, then on duty near Drewry's Bluff, and we soon became fast friends. And many a bit of fun we had to lighten the hardships of war. Jones was always ready for a frolic or a fight, and was admired and beloved by all his comrades. He was with our command in Longstreet's Suffolk campaign, at Brandy Station, and at Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville, on the way to Gettysburg. He was wounded several times.

While picketing on the Appomattox at Genito, in Powhatan County, Va., in the winter of 1862-63, Comrade Jones lost his heart to Miss Nannie Spears, and they were married in 1867. This beloved wife died in 1871, and some years later he returned to Virginia and married his wife's sister, Susan, who died in 1906. He is survived by one daughter.

Comrade Jones stood high as an Odd Fellow and as a Mason, and he was a faithful member of the Baptist Church.

[His friend and comrade, who, as far as known, is the sole survivor of Company C, 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, John W. Gordon, Richmond, Va.]

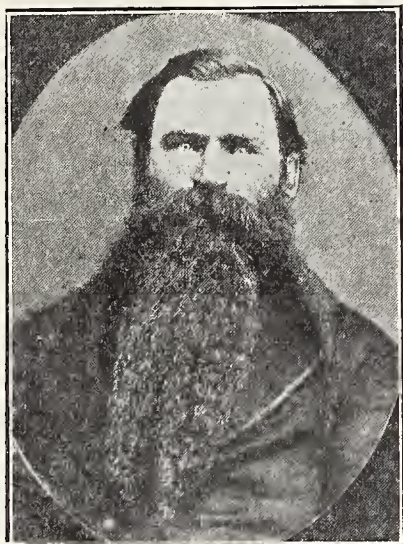
J. E. SANDERS.

The following was reported by D. J. Bowden, Adjutant of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Martin, Tenn.:

"On June 19, 1924, we lost one of our members, J. E. Sanders, eighty-five years old. He served in Company H, 5th Tennessee Infantry. He and I were sworn into service the same day, May 2, 1861. He made a fine soldier throughout the four years of the war, never flinching from duty. We went together to the reunion at Memphis and soon after coming home, he was badly injured in an automobile accident, from which he died in a few days. Another good comrade gone from our camp."

J. BEN BROWN.

J. Ben Brown, who died at Crawford, Tex., at the age of eighty-three years, was reared in Winton County, Miss. He joined the Confederate army as a member of Company F, 14th Mississippi Regiment, in 1861, was captured at Fort Donelson, and sent to Camp Douglas prison. After being exchanged he joined Company B, of the 14th Mississippi Cavalry, Perrin's Regiment, Ferguson's Brigade, and was one of the escort of President Davis; surrendered at Washington, Ga., May 5, 1865.



J. BEN BROWN.

In 1868, Comrade Brown was married to Miss Hattie Gasques, of Winton County, Miss., and removed to Texas, settled at Crawford, and reared a large family. By his energy and good judgment he accumulated a large estate. He loved the cause for which he had fought and was loyal to the end, and his death was a loss to the John M. Brady Camp of Veterans.

A good citizen, a consistent member of the Church, Comrade Brown was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Other members of John M. Brady Camp, No. 352 U. C. V., who have died since July, 1923, are as follows: Moses Coleman, 11th Mississippi Cavalry, aged eighty-nine; George Wiley, 11th Mississippi Cavalry, aged eighty-six.

[J. Pink Cagle, *Adjutant*.]

CAPT. WILLIAM DINGS.

The thinning ranks of gray lost another member in the death of Capt. William Dings on May 29, 1924, whose eighty-three years of life were spent in his native Missouri except for time in the Confederate army as a loyal follower of General Price. For more than forty years he was head of the William Dings & Sons Lumber Company, of St. Louis, and was actively engaged almost to the last, death coming after a brief illness.

Captain Dings was born in St. Louis on January 26, 1841. His father, a native of Hamburg, Germany, had gone to St. Louis when eighteen years of age and became a leader in the commercial life of the little city, a place taken by his son in later years. He was buried in Bellefontaine Cemetery, one of whose founders was his father. Confederate veterans served as honorary pallbearers.

CONRADES AT NEWBERRY, S. C.

The following members of James D. Nance Camp, No. 336 U. C. V., Newberry, S. C., have died since May, 1923. Jacob W. Crouch, G. Luther Sears, William C. Derrick, William H. Blots, (Company E, 3rd Regiment), D. L. Epting, Daniel L. Dennis, (Company G, 13th Regiment), F. M. Lindsey, George B. Aull, (Company G, 13th Regiment), W. C. Shealey (Company I, 15th Regiment), J. W. Mouts, E. S. Cromer, S. M. Dominick, John B. Chambers, William H. Wallace.

[M. M. Buford, *Adjutant*.]

R. L. DUNMAN.

The death of Robert Leander Dunman, of Coleman, Tex., on June 9, 1924, was the final chapter in an eventful life. He had been a citizen of Coleman for nearly half a century, locating there in 1879, and enduring the hardships that go with pioneering.

In February, 1862, just after passing his nineteenth birthday, he enlisted at Houston, Tex., to serve the Southland and was assigned to Company K, 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Texas Rangers. A month later he and a brother left Houston to join their regiment, then in Tennessee, making the trip by horseback. They reached their destination just after the battle of Shiloh. R. L. Dunman served throughout the war, being twice seriously wounded. He was shot through the thigh, on August 20, 1864, at East Point, Ga., and again through the shoulder in a skirmish at Barker's Crossroad, S. C., February 4, 1865. He was one of the original members of the famous "Shannon Scouts." Col. Tom Harrison, of the 8th Texas, appointed Capt. A. M. Shannon, of Galveston, to head a detail, and he selected R. L. Dunman, of Company K, Lew Compton, of Company C, and Bill Kyle, of Company I. They donned Yankee breeches as their only disguise, and under the friendly cover of the night went through Sherman's lines to examine a battery which had shelled Atlanta that day. After examining the battery, each selected a horse apiece, mounted, and rode back to headquarters.

There were six Dunman brothers who went into the war and one cousin, Joe Dunman, who was reared in the same family. Sol Dunman and the cousin were killed at Pleasant Hill, La., in April, 1864, and the day before, Henry Dunman was killed in battle in Louisiana. Daniel Dunman died in 1865, after the war. R. L. Dunman was the last of these seven Dunman boys.

For many years he had held membership in the First Baptist Church of Coleman, Tex., and honored it with his life work. He had been a Thirty-Second Degree Mason for over forty years, and was a charter member of the National Live Stock Growers' Association, organized in St. Louis, Mo., in 1884.

Comrade Dunman was born February 7, 1843, in Chambers County, Tex., and had passed into his eighty-second year. He had done much in the development of Coleman, and liberality was one of his outstanding virtues.

HENRY L. ROUSH.

Mr. Henry L. Roush, a prominent citizen of Mason County, W. Va., died at his home in West Columbia, W. Va., April 3, 1924, having passed his seventy-ninth milestone of a long and eventful life. He lived in his home county all his life, was ever loyal to his family, friends, and to his Church and its ordinances. In civil life he was known as a man of excellent character, uncompromising between right and wrong, of a quiet and unassuming disposition, a good citizen, fulfilling all the duties as such.

When about eighteen years of age the War between the States came on, and he enlisted in the Confederate army, joining Company E, 37th Battalion Virginia Cavalry, serving until the close of the war. When he returned home he accepted the situation philosophically and devoted himself loyally to his government. He was married to Miss Catherine Roush in 1865, and she preceded him to the great beyond about two years ago. Two sons and one daughter survive him. He was laid to rest in the Lone Oak Cemetery, Point Pleasant, W. Va., by the side of his wife, whom he had so deeply mourned.

JOHN H. BITTICK.

John Holland Bittick, son of Green and Sallie Brownlow Bittick, was born November 16, 1839, at the family home near Pulaski, in Giles County, Tenn.; and at Rives, Tenn., on June 17, 1924, he was promoted to the heavenly home, in his eighty-sixth year.

In his early boyhood the family removed to Gibson County, near Kenton, where he grew to manhood. At the age of nineteen years, he professed religion and united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and remained a faithful Christian throughout his long and useful life.

When he was but fourteen, his lovely Christian mother slipped away to heaven, leaving him and a younger sister to care for a large family of younger brothers and sisters, a task which they performed faithfully and well.

In April, 1861, he was among the first volunteers for service in defense of our Southland, joining Company H, of the 9th Tennessee Infantry. He was severely wounded at the battle of Shiloh, which incapacitated him for further infantry service, and he joined Forrest's Cavalry, was elected lieutenant at Corinth, Miss., and followed that dauntless leader throughout all the hard-fought campaigns of his matchless career.

On returning home he married Miss Harriett Alice Latimer, daughter of Andrew Jackson and Harriett Underwood Latimer, with whom he traveled life's rugged pathway more than fifty-nine years. Together they reared six children, three sons and three daughters.

When help was needed in reconstruction days to hold our Southland for its rightful possessors, he joined the "Invisible Empire" and followed his old beloved leader until the task was done. He was a member of Warren McDonald Camp, U. C. V., and no time was more joyful to him than that with his old comrades.

He became a Mason in early manhood and was raised to the Royal Arch degree more than thirty years ago. After funeral services at the old Beech Church, the Masons took charge and tenderly laid his body away beneath a mound of beautiful flowers.

COL. GIDEON EGG.

On November 29, 1923, after an illness of several months, Col. Gideon Egg died at his home in Edna, Tex. He was born in Switzerland, on December 16, 1839, and, as a lad of fifteen, left his native land with his parents, sisters, and brothers to establish a home in America, the family locating near Goliad, Tex.

At the beginning of the War between the States, he volunteered for the South, enlisting in Company C, of Sibley's first regiment, and later served in Tom Green's Brigade. His first service was in New Mexico, where he participated in the battles of Val Verde and Glorietta, being captured at the latter battle, but was paroled. Before he was exchanged he made several trips into Mexico with passengers and freight. When exchanged, he joined his regiment at El Paso, which then reported to Major Scurry in Houston. He was in the unsuccessful night attack on Fort Donaldsonville. In the winter following his command participated in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. His company was captured at New Iberia and taken to New Orleans, where they were exchanged. Passing into the Confederate lines, they found their regiment had been sent to Galveston, and they then began the march to join them. It was a long, hard trip, and when Houston was reached, news came that the Confederates had recaptured Galveston. The war closed before Comrade Egg could again get into service.

In December, 1873, he married Miss Emilie Kaapke, of Indianola, and they reared a family of five sons and three daughters. For fifty years he was in the mercantile business in Jackson County.

WINFIELD SCOTT BAGGETT.

In Oakland, Calif., on May 31, 1924, Winfield Scott Baggett passed to his eternal rest, in his seventy-seventh year. He had long been a resident of the State of his adoption, having moved there from Mississippi in 1880.

He became associated with the *San Francisco Examiner* in its days of infancy, and later with the *Recorder*, a paper founded by his brother, the Hon. William T. Baggett, and devoted to the interests of attorneys throughout the State, and held this post until a few years ago, resigning because of the infirmities of age.

Winfield Scott Baggett was born on a plantation in Laurence County, Miss., September 19, 1847, the oldest child of Judge and Mrs. William Pickens Baggett. After the war the family moved to Brookhaven.

In 1863, at the age of sixteen years, "Cap," as he was familiarly known, left the schoolroom and, proudly donning the suit of gray homespun made by the hands of his proud and loving mother, took up arms for the Confederacy. He enlisted in Company C, 11th and 17th Consolidated Arkansas (cavalry) Regiment, under Colonel Griffith. This regiment was seldom joined with any other command, but was always on detached service, such as scouting and raiding. The district was under Maj. Gen. Dick Taylor, and after the war ended this regiment was paroled by Maj. Gen. R. S. Canby, at Jackson Miss.

Comrade Baggett then resumed his education in New Orleans, and at its conclusion, took up his residence with his family in Brookhaven, Miss., where, in 1870, he was married to the daughter of Mr. John Steven Carson, one of the earliest and most esteemed citizens of the State. Miss Martha Carson was also the granddaughter of the beloved Rev. James Carson, of Natchez, Miss.

It was the privilege of the S. A. Cunningham Chapter, No. 1656 U. D. C., of Oakland, Calif., to decorate this faithful old soldier with a Cross of Honor on the last, Robert E. Lee memorial meeting and his daughter, Mrs. R. H. Marchant, President of this Chapter, had the unique privilege of bestowing the cross upon this occasion.

To the last Mr. Baggett retained his spirit of Southern chivalry, lofty ideals of truth, honor, and right, a true "gentleman of the old school." His memory dwells in the heart of his family and friends. His wife and four children survive him.

ISMA W. MEARS.

Isma W. Mears was born in Accomack County, Va., September 8, 1841, and died at Belle Haven, Va., same county, July 14, 1923, in the eighty-second year of his age. As a man, he was genuinely human and void of hypocrisy, a man of energy, cheerfulness, brotherliness, and Chesterfieldian politeness. He was a bright Mason and Past Master of Ocean Lodge, A. F. and A. M., where for many years he rendered unwearied service to his fellows.

He served through the War between the States, first in Company F., of the 39th Volunteer Regiment from the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and later in Company F, of the 46th Virginia Regiment, Wise's Brigade, where he and his company were noted for courage, valor, and self-sacrifice. Though in seventeen active engagements, he was never wounded, and at the close of the war was paroled from the Appomattox smallpox hospital.

As a faithful and devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he was active in all its work.

On December 19, 1866, he was happily married to Miss Jane F. Kellam, who proved an ideal helpmeet through the years, and who survives him, with their son, A. A. Mears, and grandson, Dr. B. N. Mears.

After simple and impressive funeral services in his beloved church his body was laid to rest in the Bell Haven Cemetery.

JAMES T. GRAY.

James T. Gray, of Richmond, Va., died in that city on October 5, 1923, at the age of eighty years. He was born July 1, 1843, in Manchester, the son of William Gray and Susan Ann Pleasants.

He was a student at Randolph-Macon College at Boydton when the War between the States began, and he left the college to join the first company of Richmond Howitzers, Cabell's Battalion, of which Edward McCarthy was captain. He took part in the following battles: Savage Station, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, where he was wounded and captured. He was first imprisoned at Fort Delaware, then at Point Lookout, from where he was sent to Savannah, Ga., for exchange. Going back to his company, he participated in the battles at Morton's Ford, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, and Appomattox, and was with his company at the surrender.

Returning to Richmond on foot, he entered vigorously into the work of reconstruction. He began business with his father in a Manchester tobacco stemmery, and with him established other stemmeries in Kentucky. Among the many business institutions with which he had been actively connected were the old National Bank of Virginia, of which he was vice president, and the Southern Fertilizer Company, of which he held the same office. He was a member of the Richmond Tobacco Exchange, a vice president of the Allen L. Lyon Tobacco Company, and a director of the City Bank of Richmond. He took an active part in the affairs of the city, and was at one time a member of the board of Aldermen.

In 1868 he married Bettie Palmer, a granddaughter of Col. William H. Palmer. Always active in Church work, he served as treasurer of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Virginia and was for many years a vestryman in St. James Episcopal Church.

He was a commander of Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, a member of the board of visitors of Lee Camp, and a member of the board of the Confederate Home.

RICHMOND V. ACKER.

In the passing of Richmond Virginia Acker, of Williamston, S. C., on the morning of the 24th of May, 1924, all save one of that fine body of men composing the Gist Riflemen, Company D, of the Hampton Legion, organized for Confederate service in the town of Williamston, in the early spring of 1861, have crossed to the other side to "rest in the shade of the trees."

R. V. Acker was born in Anderson County, S. C., in 1840, the youngest of fourteen children. When the call to arms was sounded in 1861, he was among the first to respond, and enlisted as one of the original members of the Gist Rifles, which command rendered such splendid service to the cause of the Southern Confederacy. The Hampton Legion, which soon became famous for its dauntless courage and efficiency, was first brought into action at the first battle of Manassas. Young Acker actively participated in that and six succeeding engagements, giving a good account of himself in each, and

to the end at Appomattox Courthouse, on April 9, 1865 acquitted himself as a faithful and gallant soldier.

He then turned his face again to the land he loved, with a faith undimmed in her integrity and the righteousness of her cause. Locating in the little town of Williamston, he entered upon a business career which was characterized by justice and fair dealing with men. For forty-two years he was a magistrate of his county, and it was his distinction to never have a judicial decision reversed by a higher court.

Though he passed through four years of carnage and blood without receiving a wound, soon after locating at Williamston he fell "mortally wounded" by a shaft from Cupid's quiver, and in January, 1876, he was happily married to Miss Della Roper, of Laurens, S. C. To this union six sons and two daughters were born, of whom two sons and a daughter survive.

In every relation of life—citizen, soldier, husband, father friend—R. V. Acker stood foursquare. Having served his generation well, he fell asleep in the eighty-fourth year of his pilgrimage, and his body, dressed in the Confederate gray that he loved so well, was tenderly laid to rest in the Williamston cemetery.

[R. W. Alexander, D.D.]

CAPT. W. H. NORTHROP.

Capt. William Harris Northrop, son of Isaac and Susan Harris Northrop, was born in Wilmington, N. C., July 3, 1836, and died in that city on February 19, 1924, at the age of eighty-eight years.

As a young man, with his brother Samuel, he succeeded to his father's business, which he left to answer the call of the Southland in 1861, enlisting as a member of the old Wilmington Light Infantry, commanded by Capt. William L. DeRosset. The company first took possession of Fort Caswell, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, and after a short period was ordered to assist in the construction of Fort Fisher. The first gun mounted upon the battery there was named, at his suggestion, for his captain, and was afterwards known as Battery DeRosset.

About this time Comrade Northrop received his commission as lieutenant and was ordered to join the 2nd North Carolina Regiment, Col. Gaston Meares, then stationed at Acquia Creek, in repelling McClellan's attack on Richmond. His command took part in the first battle of Manassas and was in the fighting around Richmond, and at Malvern Hill the beloved Colonel, Gaston Meares, received his death wound, and Captain Parsley was wounded. Then Lieutenant Northrop was in command of his company through the seven days fighting and on through the Maryland campaign, terminating in the battle of Sharpsburg, where Colonel DeRosset was severely wounded. Returning to Wilmington, Lieutenant Northrop resigned his commission, was detailed to the Engineering Department under General Whiting, and was again at Forts Fisher and Caswell. He was later with Bragg's Division, and then detailed to carry special orders to General Johnston, and his last active service was in the battle of Bentonville. Learning of the surrender of General Lee, they began their tramp homeward, sore-footed and in rags. So scant were his clothes that he purchased some cloth with a twenty-five-cent piece which he had carried through the war, and had a shirt made to cover his nakedness.

On reaching home, he resumed his business associations with his brother and built up a large lumber business with the West Indies and foreign ports.

DANIEL N. KEEVER.

Daniel Nelson Keever died at the home of his son, Drew Keever, near Erwin, Unicoi County, Tenn., on June 12, 1924, and was laid to rest in the Jobe Cemetery at Erwin. He was born in Alexander County, N. C., January 22, 1834.

Mr. Keever joined the Confederate army in 1861 and served until the close, holding the rank of sergeant in Company H, 55th North Carolina Regiment. He was proud of his service as a Confederate soldier. Two years ago the Rosalie Brown Chapter, U. D. C., of Erwin, bestowed upon him the Cross of Honor, which he wore with pride and was laid away with it on his coat. The members of the Chapter placed on his casket the evergreen cross and Confederate flag.

He was twice married, his first wife being a Miss Davis, of North Carolina, and his second wife, Miss Emily Kirby, was also of that State. She survives him. He was the father of fourteen children, and is survived by three sons and six daughters, twenty-five grandchildren, and forty-two great-grandchildren, also a brother, of North Carolina, and a sister of Kansas.

Mr. Keever was a member of the Methodist Church at Erwin, where the funeral services were held. He had lived at Erwin for over forty years.

[Mrs. Robert W. Brown, President Rosalie Brown Chapter, U. D. C.]

LEANDER GARRETT.

On November 29, 1922, after a lingering illness, Leander Garrett passed away at his home in Jackson County, Tex. He was the son of John Garrett and Emily T. Gindery, and was born in St. Mary's Parish, La., May 7, 1841. His parents moved to Jackson County, Tex., while he was a child, and he lived there until his death.

Just as manhood's estate had been reached, he left home and friends to battle for the cause so dear to the Southland. In October, 1861, he joined the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company K, under Colonel Owen, and with which he served as second sergeant and after as sergeant major, this giving him the title of "Major," which remained with him through life. He was in some of the fiercest battles of the war, and was twice wounded. He fought in the battle of Shiloh (where Colonel Owen fell), the two battles of Corinth, Holly Springs, Iuka, the siege of Vicksburg, battle of Snyder's Bluff, and at Pemberton, Miss. After the war, he returned home and did his part to help the South through the reconstruction period.

Comrade Garrett was twice married, his first wife being Miss Catherine McDowell, and the second marriage was to Miss Nonie Moody, of Victoria, who survives him.

CAPT. J. A. WEBB.—The death of Capt. J. A. Webb, of Jackson, Miss., who served with Company H, 4th Virginia Infantry, occurred on June 18, 1924. He was a member of the R. A. Smith Camp, No. 24 U. C. V., of Jackson, and for many years was the Adjutant General of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V.

[W. J. Brown, *Adjutant.*]

RUMLEY.—Died at York, Ala., on March 18, 1924, Fred Rumley, Company I, 24th Alabama Volunteer Regiment. He enlisted August 1, 1861, and was honorably discharged May 6, 1865. His age was seventy-nine years.

JOHN H. ASHBY.

John H. Ashby, of Exmore, Va., passed peacefully to his reward on December 27, 1923, in the seventy-ninth year

of his age. Though in feeble health for some years, he had been able to enjoy much of life and the presence of family and friends until just a few days before the end.

His had been a beautiful and useful life, the head of a large and interesting family, a kind neighbor, and loyal citizen. He was a devoted member and leading official in the Belle Haven Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for more than fifty years. He served through the war in the army of the Confederacy as a brave soldier, a member of Company E, 19th Virginia Regiment.

The funeral took place in his beloved Church and he was laid to rest in Belle Haven Cemetery.

Mr. Ashby is survived by six children, his wife having passed on many years ago.

SOME CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

The army of the Confederacy had among its officers two sons of ex-Presidents of the United States—viz., Gen. "Dick" Taylor, of Louisiana, who was the son of old "Rough and Ready," and Maj. John Tyler, of Virginia, a son of the President of that name. David H. Todd, a brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, was a captain in our army. The royalty of France was represented by Prince Camillus de Polignac, who was a major general in the service; Heros Von Borcke, lieutenant colonel on General Stuart's staff, well sustained the fighting quality of the Prussian nobleman; and G. St. Leger Grenfell, lieutenant colonel with Gen. J. H. Morgan, bore out the traditional bravery of the English aristocracy. J. S. Vallandigham, of Ohio, a relative of the Vallandigham, was commissioned an assistant surgeon by Congress; and Stand Watie, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, was a brigadier general. The latter, I presume, "Eat 'em alive," as our Indian auxiliaries were not allowed to accumulate scalps. Earl Van Dorn and John Wharton, both major generals, were killed by private individuals; and Gen. L. M. Walker died of wounds received in a duel with General Marmaduke. Col. W. Orton Williams and Lieut. Walter G. Peter were hanged as spies, and Maj. Henry Wirz was executed as a "scapegoat." One officer from France who rose to be a major of artillery deserted, and General Pemberton, it is said, demoted himself to a lieutenant colonel of artillery. The record of Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, who resigned his generalcy and then enlisted in the Third Virginia Cavalry, as a private, is unparalleled in the world's history. Several reverend gentlemen started out as chaplains and finished as warriors. Gen. Leonidas Polk was a bishop of the Episcopal Church. General Pendleton was a clergyman, but advocated the use of poison, or, as he called it, "deleterious gas," on the enemy.

John Taylor Wood was a colonel on the President's staff and a commander in the navy at the same time; and J. R. F. Tattnell was a captain of Marines, and colonel of an Alabama regiment simultaneously.

A. W. Parmenter, of Havre, Mont. (Box 1015), who served in Company C, 32nd Iowa Infantry, 16th Army Corps, U. S. A., would like to hear from anyone who knows of the following incident: "In 1864, on an expedition from Vicksburg, under command of General Sherman, while advancing in skirmish line near Meridian, we found a wounded woman lying on the floor of a log house, with three small children crying around her. She was wounded in the hip. The captain commanding the line sent for the surgeon, and I saw several horsemen and ambulances drive up and stop near the house. Would like to hear from anyone knowing about this."

A CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATION OF MISSOURI.

In April, 1922, Mrs. W. R. Millan, President of Sterling Price Chapter, No. 401 U. D. C., of St. Joseph, Mo., received an interesting letter from B. F. Murdock, of Platte City, Mo., from which the following is taken:

"I am sending your Chapter a contribution of \$400 to help in the erection of a Confederate monument to the memory of the 'boys' from Missouri who gave their lives in a cause they believed to be for 'constitutional liberty,' as they understood it. This donation is from the Platte County Confederate Association, organized in 1866.

"After the surrender in 1865, our Missouri boys commenced drifting back to their homes from hospitals, from prisons, and the different fields where they were paroled. From some cause the United States government failed to furnish transportation, and the boys were compelled to work their way back as best they could, with not a cent in their frayed and gray pockets to help them along, many of them suffering from wounds picked up in the 'scrimmage.' They found their parents in nearly as destitute condition, many homes destroyed, and some of their people murdered. All along the line the conditions were deplorable. Something had to be done to help those boys to get on their feet, and that at once. They had surrendered, but were not whipped by a long shot. So the good mothers, daughters, and friends appealed to me to help organize an association that would furnish funds for these destitute boys. With a united effort, we organized 'The Platte County Confederate Association' in April, 1866, and began the collection of funds. The citizens responded grandly, nobly, the Confederate mothers and their daughters taking the lead; and I wish to say the Union soldiers also assisted greatly, two of them in particular circulating subscription pledges. Altogether we succeeded in collecting a goodly sum.

"Those boys have long since 'gone over the top,' and very soon the Confederate soldier will be only a sad memory. We donated nearly \$200 to the Springfield Confederate monument, and the records will show that we donated \$100 to the monument at the Confederate Home at Higginsville, and we have been helping dependent Confederates, their widows, and orphans up to this day. It has been, and is still today, a sacred work of love.

We believe our association is the oldest and perhaps the only one of the kind in the State to-day. Our dependents are nearly all passed to that land where none return, and very few widows are left. With a reserve for their protection and our Association nearly extinct, we are sending a part of our surplus for this monument, and only request that your records show this:

"That the donation is made in loving remembrance of the Missouri boys who gave the supreme test, 'their lives,' by the Platte County Confederate Association, organized in 1865, for the purpose of assisting disabled Confederate soldiers, their widows, and orphans, and to-day, after fifty-six years have passed, are still working in the loving words, 'Our Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget.'"

You are building far better than you realize in memory of the Missouri boys who dared to die for a cause they believed in for the right—men that power could not corrupt, for whom, in the supreme test, death had no terrors and defeat no dishonor—that generations yet unborn may view and draw inspiration and patriotism from and in defense of constitutional liberty as these boys understood it. The Missouri boys who went out to battle for the South knew even if the South was successful, Missouri, owing to her

peculiar surroundings, would never be on the south side of the Mason and Dixon Line. Yet, knowing this, they went out and fought over the States of Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee. Their bones are bleaching over those States. A record of their heroic sleep is in the McGavock Cemetery on the battle field of Franklin, Tenn., one thousand miles from their homes, and furnishes one of the most sublime examples of true patriotism. In this battle, one of the last of the war, General Cockrell was shot from his horse, and Col. Elijah Gates, grand old man that he was, rode off the battle field with his bridle reins in his teeth. Wherever fighting was done, Missouri blood flowed like water, and this battle was one of the bloodiest.

"The Spartan mothers had nothing on our heroic Southern women, of whom it has been written:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the map of the world you will find it not—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men!"

A TRAGEDY OF WAR TIMES.

The Halifax Chapter, U. D. C., of South Boston, Va., has lately become interested in identifying some soldiers who were killed on a railroad in the wreck of a troop train on the Richmond and Danville Road just after the evacuation of Richmond and ask the publication of the following in the effort to locate some friends or relatives of the unfortunate soldiers. Capt. R. Walton Sydnor, of Danville, Va., who commanded Company F, 1st Regiment Virginia Reserves, 1864-65, gives the following statement about it:

"On the 3rd of April, 1865, my command, 1st Regiment Virginia Reserves, which was stationed at Staunton River Bridge on the Southern Railroad, about fifty miles east of Danville, Va., was ordered to Danville. This was the day after Richmond was evacuated. We boarded a freight train—old box cars—which had on it a number of sick and wounded soldiers from the hospital in Richmond on their way home to Georgia. Soon after leaving Staunton River our train was wrecked. In some way, the trucks of one of the cars turned and got out of place and the bottom of the car fell through, and the soldiers who were in this box car were caught right under the wheels and terribly mangled; five or six were killed outright. As this train was just preceding the one which carried President Davis and staff, we had to act promptly. I had charge of a detail of men to bury the dead soldiers. We took up their bodies on the old car doors, carried them up the slope some fifty or one hundred yards, and buried all in one grave, protecting them as best we could with boards from the old car. A few years ago I was in South Boston, and located the spot about two miles east of the town, near the railroad track."

The above was written in response to a letter from Mr. O. F. Copeland, of LaGrange, Ga., whose brother Sam Copeland, was one of the soldiers killed in this wreck. On the last Memorial Day, after the usual exercises and dinner, members of the Halifax Chapter and veterans repaired to the lone grave and placed flowers upon the mound. Mrs. W. J. Carrington, as representative of the Halifax Chapter, will be glad to hear from others who knew any of those soldiers.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street
MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
2440 Third Street
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Avenue
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North J Street
MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue
MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Though the warm summer months, with their constant call to vacation and rest, must tempt us to relax somewhat from our high standard of work and service, we should, nevertheless, remember that we can, under any conditions, carry on our personal efforts to benefit in every way possible our beloved organization. We can at least draw new interest into our work and new enthusiasm into our undertakings by interesting those with whom we come in contact.

During the past few weeks, your President General has given much time and thought to the unfinished tasks undertaken by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. With proper coöperation, many of these undertakings to which we have pledged ourselves can be accomplished before the convention in November, and my appeal is to the individual Daughter to assume a personal obligation that these tasks shall be pushed to rapid conclusion.

For one thing we, through our organization, have pledged \$5,000 to the work undertaken by the Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument Association to erect a monument in Richmond to this hero of the Confederate navy, the "Pathfinder of the Seas." The method by which this sum was to be raised was left to the discretion of the Divisions and to the Chapters where there are no Divisions. Your attention is called to this pledge in the hope that you may devise means of securing the entire amount during 1924.

A committee was named to direct this particular undertaking, with Division directors to assist. The committee is composed of Mrs. Frank Anthony Walk, 735 Westover Avenue, Norfolk, Va., chairman; Mrs. Frank Morrison, 1216 Decatur Street, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Birdie Owen, Jackson, Tenn.; Mrs. Chappel Cory, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. Wilson Lincoln, 34 Pleasant Street, Brookline, Mass.

The Division directors are: Alabama, Miss Allie Garner; Arizona, Mrs. A. T. Hoy; Arkansas, Mrs. L. C. Hall; California, Mrs. E. S. Meredith; Colorado, Mrs. W. K. Dudley; Florida, Miss Agnes Person; Georgia, Mrs. W. E. H. Searcey; Illinois, Miss Mary Lee Bhan; Indiana, Mrs. William Newman; Kentucky, Mrs. Robert Fenwick; Louisiana, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid; Massachusetts, Mrs. C. F. Randall; Mississippi, Mrs. H. B. Justice; Missouri, Mrs. Louis Houck; New Jersey, Mrs. Herbert Griffin; New York, Mrs. Shepherd Knapp; North Carolina, Mrs. Felix Harvey; Ohio, Mrs. J. B. Doan; Oklahoma, Mrs. T. J. Bally; Philadelphia, Mrs. Thomas Morgan; Pittsburgh, Mrs. Eugene Bransford; South Carolina, Mrs. Janie Flowers; Tennessee, Mrs. Herbert Leech; Texas, Mrs. H. W. Aldridge; Utah, Mrs. W. H. Landmasser; Virginia, Mrs. Thomas Drummond;

Washington, Mrs. A. W. Ollor; West Virginia, Mrs. F. J. Manning.

Mrs. E. W. Bounds, President of the Texas Division, and all the splendid Daughters in the Lone Star State, are due unusual congratulations this month. Mrs. Woodliff, Registrar General, has written as follows:

"Texas has just sent papers for three new Chapters, on with 102 members. South Carolina has sent in papers for new Chapter and applications for 140 new members from different Chapters. Oklahoma has held the palm since 1922 for organizing the Chapter with the largest number of chartered members (Idabel, with 88 members in a town of less than two thousand population). Now, however, we will have to be gracious and let Texas occupy the spotlight for awhile. Quoting from a letter from Mrs. Frank Ross, Second Vice President General: "I have sold \$739 worth of U. D. C. pins during April and May, the largest for any similar period since I have been in office."

This report on the pin sales is extremely gratifying. The importance of wearing the badge of the U. D. C. cannot be overemphasized. All loyal daughters should wear it at all times to show their allegiance to the society. The sight of the badge undoubtedly exerts a far greater influence than many of us ever realize.

Two of our former leaders, Mrs. A. B. White, of Parkersburg, Tenn., and Mrs. J. C. Muse, of Dallas, Tex., have written this month.

Mrs. Muse writes:

"Dear Mrs. Harrold: As President of the Dallas Chapter we have worked more untiringly this year than ever before. My first effort is to create a pride in being a member of the U. D. C., and at each of our Chapter meetings I have someone to tell what is being done by the U. D. C. in some movement that means either civic, religious, patriotic, or educational development.

"Thus: The director of our 'Welfare Board' is a member of the Dallas Chapter, so she was asked to tell us what was being done in her department. The State President of the Musical Clubs is also a member of ours, and on another occasion she told of her interest in education and her work. Each referred to her pride in Southern birth and emphasized that the U. D. C., of all women, should be vitally interested in all good and great movements.

"I believe this has done much to increase interest and help them realize that as U. D. C. we work for all things for our country's progress.

"The Cross of Service is a wonderful thought to me, and my heart rejoices to think that the U. D. C. is the finest patriotic organization to honor the soldiers of the World War. If the Division Presidents will become vitally a

energetically interested in the bestowal of the Crosses of Service I think new Chapters will spring into existence and old Chapters be revived.

"One young man writes me from Honolulu asking that I send him a Cross of Service."

From Mrs. White comes the following:

"*Dear Daughters:* With good wishes for every one of you, just this thought I send to you: As new contracts for school-books are being made in many States and textbooks may be changed, I suggest that every Division of the U. D. C. have a textbook committee to consult with school boards (State boards) and prevent, if possible the selection of any book—history, reader, geography, etc.—that contains misstatements or insinuations derogatory to the South.

"Some startling assertions have been made lately by schoolchildren, and when corrected they were unconvinced because their schoolbooks 'said so.'"

During the past month, I have enjoyed what was to me one of the most remarkable and delightful experiences of recent years. My itinerary took me to South Carolina, and while there I attended the Institute for Women at Winthrop College. This is the South Carolina College for Women, and it is located at Rock Hill, S. C.

This Institute brings together women from all sections of the State, and it is not only inspiring in its help for the future, but amazing in its evidence of progress already accomplished. Miss Leila Russell is at the head of the Institute and it is certain that a large part of its value and effectiveness is due to her splendid work and magnetic personality.

Winthrop College stands out in U. D. C. circles because it is the only college in the South where the students have a flourishing Chapter of the U. D. C.

A large reception was given to the President General during her stay here, and it afforded an opportunity to meet the daughters, the club women, and the members of the Winthrop culty.

It was exceptionally gratifying to note the wide range of usefulness and the unsurpassed success of the college under the enthusiastic guidance of Dr. D. B. Johnson, the founder and only president of Winthrop College.

After the conclusion of my Rock Hill visit, I attended conferences with U. D. C. leaders in Atlanta, Monroe, Social Circle, and Athens, Ga.

The July number of Miss Mildred Rutherford's "Scrapbook" will contain an interesting history of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Each Chapter President could write for a copy.

The following extract from a letter received on July 9 from Mrs. Armistead Swartout, President of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., will be of interest to all Daughters. "You may remember at the last convention at Washington, the sword of Gen. Nat Wales, of the 35th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, was returned to him by a niece Will Farley, of South Carolina, who captured the sword during the War between the States.

"It was with regret that I saw an account of General Wales's death in the papers a few evenings ago. As President of the Boston Chapter, I went to the funeral, representing U. D. C. The sword and his hat were laid on the casket, and the latter was draped in the American flag."

Cordially yours,

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The editor of this department acknowledges with thanks an invitation to the annual convention of the Oklahoma Division, held in Chickasha, July 1, 2, 3, 4, headquarters at Oklahoma College for Women. Instead of entertaining delegates in their homes, the hostesses arranged for all to be entertained in Willard Hall of the college.

* * *

We regret not to have received a report of the California Division convention at Los Angeles in line for this issue. The delay is explained by the fact that our fellow Publicity Chairman, Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, has been advanced to the Presidency of the California Division. We congratulate the Division and wish for Mrs. Garfield an administration of marked achievement. The Division's roster for 1924-25 is as follows:

President, Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, San Francisco.
First Vice President, Mrs. George Trowbridge, Los Angeles.
Second Vice President, Mrs. Ada B. Stocker, Los Angeles.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank W. Galvin, Los Angeles.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Callie M. Brooke, Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. Charles Gould Poland, San Francisco.
Historian, Mrs. William H. Anderson, Los Angeles.
Registrar, Mrs. W. J. Murphy, Berkeley.
Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Owen Stanley Lair, Pasadena.
Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Rena C. Keesling, San Jose.
Parliamentarian, Mrs. W. C. Tyler, Los Angeles.
Director of Children's Chapters, Mrs. Harry C. Graves, Alhambra.

* * *

Very often we receive descriptions of entertainments given by Chapters, but with such similarity to so many others that, although interesting, we feel compelled to give the space to something else. However the following write-up of a "Garden Fête," sent us by Mrs. Preston Power, of Maryland, contains so much of interest historically, as well as being full of suggestions for other Chapters, that we are giving it in large part:

"Hundreds visited Ferry Hill Farm, on the Potomac, for the supper and Garden Fête held by Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, U. D. C. Motorists from Hagerstown, Shepherdstown, Martinsburg, and other near-by points were present, while special motor busses carried many other passengers to Ferry Hill.

"The estate on which General Henry Kyd Douglas, for whom the Chapter was named, lived for many years, was turned into a gala fête, with twinkling Japanese lanterns strung among the trees, gayly decorated booths, pretty girls, members of the Children's Chapter of the Confederacy, "gypsy" fortune tellers, grab bags, wheels of fortune, and all the paraphernalia of a real fair. The tree-shaded lawn was transformed into a veritable "Main Street," with Lee Moler, of Hagerstown, as the "traffic cop" directing autoists at the gateway, while Miss Julia Cushwa proved herself a capable "soda slinger" in mixing milk shakes at the soft drink fountain; Miss Kate Hilliard lured the superstitious into her tent and read their fate in the lines of their palms. Fragrant boutonnieres of roses, garden pinks, and forget-me-nots, trays of cigarettes, a table laden with fudge and seafoam and all sorts of sweets, and a cake shop whose chief attraction was a "Confederate flag" done in red, white, and blue icing and donated by Mrs. W. C. Crowe, of Hagerstown, all beckoned to visitors before they reached the upper terrace, where suppers were being served.

"One room of the Douglas home had been turned into a

museum and was in charge of General Douglas's sister, Mrs. Beckenbaugh, who explained the various relics on display. The gray coat of General Douglas's uniform, in which he had his picture taken after the close of the war and for which he was charged with treason, was there beside a red velvet, betasseled smoking cap which President Jefferson Davis had worn; medals, pocket mirrors in wooden cases, dirks, guns, and battle field relics, and a campaign map on which were pencil marks made by Gen. Stonewall Jackson himself, were among the most interesting. A sheaf of historic papers belonging to J. C. Stonebraker, of Hagerstown, were also in the exhibit.

"Mrs. T. Robert Jenkins, a Baltimore member of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, served as cashier at the box hedge entrance of the outdoor "restaurant," while members of the Chapter and the Junior Chapter members were waitresses.

"Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, who was appointed general chairman by the Chapter President, Miss Anne Bruin, was the moving spirit of the event, and it was largely through her efforts that the fête proved such a success. John Kyd Beckenbaugh, nephew of General Douglas, who offered the use of Ferry Hill, was in charge of advertising, and more than a score of committee workers assisted."

Mrs. Power writes of other activities in her Division:

"The Division meeting, on June 3, President Davis's birthday, was presided over by Miss Sally Washington Maupin, Custodian of Crosses, and proved a most interesting event. An appreciative audience applauded as the ten descendants of veterans received their crosses.

"While, the World War record of Miss Elizabeth Collins Lee was not read, because of the length of the program, as it is one of which the State of Maryland is extremely proud, we are happy to give it in these notes.

"Volunteered and mobilized in New York, May, 1918. Assigned Base Hospital, Number 15, Chairmont, France. Volunteered for field service, American Troops offensive. Served in Sectors St. Mihiel, Lorraine, Argonne, and Verdun. Transferred to Evacuation Base Hospital Crmp, Fromerville, France. November 2, 1918, assisted in removal of wounded soldiers, made imperative by reason of shell fire directed against hospital by German artillery. For coolness and bravery displayed in discharge of duty, Miss Lee's name was forwarded by her commanding officer, Colonel Bowen, for Congressional medal, which citation was approved by General Pershing and awarded by War Department, Washington, D. C."

"On Memorial Day, June 6, Baltimore Chapter took charge of the services at Loudon Park. The graves of our sleeping heroes were covered with red and white roses, there was an excellent address, and the Cathedral choir sang, with much feeling, several hymns. The large crowd attending attested to our undying love for the brave men who wore the gray."

* * *

It is with speical pleasure that we welcome this month a Publicity Chairman from Mississippi, Mrs. B. K. Sessums, of Columbus. Mrs. Sessums is also Corresponding Secretary of the Division and has always been a loyal ,energetic worker in whatever position she has been called to fill. She sends this month some notes on the recent Division convention:

"On May 6, the Mississippi Division opened the twenty-eighth annual convention in the historic city of Vicksburg. The auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. was decorated in Confederate flags and bunting of red and white, while portraits of President Davis and Robert E. Lee graced the walls behind the rostrum. Vicksburg Chapter, No. 77, was hostess for the

occasion, and the gathering was composed of the flower of the womanhood of the Magnolia State. On the opening night, the pages and Children of the J. J. Cowan Chapter gave a beautiful rendition of 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.' Other numbers by local talent, both vocal and instrumental, interested the audience. The President of the Chapter introduced the Division President, Mrs. H. F. Simrall, who, after an eloquent address, presented the Division officers. At the close, Mrs. Nettie Story-Miller, a Past President, presented to Mrs. Simrall a bouquet of red and white lilies.

"The Madge Burney loving cup for increased membership in Children's Chapters was won by the Major Jonas Chapter, Aberdeen. The essay medal was won by Greenwood, and the J. Z. George Banner, for recording World War veterans of Confederate lineage was awarded to the J. Z. George Chapter, of Greenwood. Memorial Hour was fittingly observed for departed Daughters and veterans. A brilliant reception and a drive through the National Military Park, through the courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce, were social features of the occasion."

* * *

Hot weather has not diminished the ardor of Missouri Daughters, as is seen from the following from Mrs. McMahon, of Blackwater:

"Dixie Chapter, of Kansas City, entertained the officers of the other five Kansas City Chapters at a reception and tea given in honor of the Division President, Mrs. Miller, and the other two Division officers who reside there, Mesdames Liebstadter and Denhem, all other State officers being invited.

"The home-coming arranged for the Confederate Home at Higginsville, June 1, was a grand success. Everything was done for the veterans that talent and money could do, all arranged by enthusiastic Southern women. Even the dead heroes who wore the gray were remembered by a abundance of flowers placed on their graves in the well-kept cemetery at the Home. Every grave has a neat stone and a large monument is in the center of the plat, all the gift of the Daughters of Missouri.

"Independence Chapter, on June 3, with impressive ceremonies, unveiled a monument in memory of the Confederate dead. The ceremony took place in the beautiful Woodlawn Cemetery, on a lot donated by Mrs. J. W. Mercer. The \$2,500 for the monument was raised by the Daughters of Independence. The shaft was veiled with red and white and as the veils were drawn aside, flowers were laid upon the base, while appropriate music was rendered.

"The Mayor of Independence and several Daughters of the Confederacy made appropriate talks. The address of the day was by Dr. Combs, pastor of the Christian Church, who made a plea for peace and for an association of nations for the prevention of war.

"The memorial is of the obelisk type, composed of three bases, surmounted by a tall tapering spire. It is of the New Hampshire granite, light gray, with the surface of the rock faced in natural finish. On the front of the spire is a large axe panel, at the top of which is a Confederate battle flag, carved in relief.

"John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, made a large battle flag and presented it to the veterans of the Home at Higginsville.

"E. W. Stephens presented the Chapter with one hundred and four large, well-preserved volumes of history on the War between the States. This Chapter helped organize a Sons of Veterans Camp, with thirty charter members, and is organizing a Children of Confederacy Chapter.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO; "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower; The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

U. D. C. Outline for September.

Fierce fighting in Eastern Tennessee.

Chattanooga in possession of Rosecrans.

Battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 20, 1863.

The bloodiest great battle of modern history.

Confederate victory.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

September.

Tell of the submarine warfare of the sixties.

PERSONNEL OF THE ALABAMA'S OFFICERS.

Referring to the article in the VETERAN for September, 1923, on the "Contribution of the Confederacy to Naval Architecture and Naval Warfare," Mrs. Georgia Bryan Conrad, of Winchester, Va., calls attention to the statement in that article (page 337) that "Captain Semmes, her commander, was about the only Southerner who had any relation with the ship," of which Mrs. Conrad says

"In 'Recollections of a Naval Life,' by John M. Kell, it is stated that Armstrong was called from Gibraltar and appointed second lieutenant (Kell himself was first lieutenant); I. D. Wilson, of Florida, was third lieutenant; John Lowe, of Georgia, fourth lieutenant; and Arthur Sinclair, Jr., of Virginia, was fifth lieutenant. The acting master was Irvin D. Bulloch, of Georgia, a younger brother of Captain Bulloch, C. S. N. Francis L. Galt, of Virginia, was surgeon, and David Herbert Llewellyn, a young Englishman, was assistant surgeon. Becket K. Howell, marine officer, was of Mississippi, and the younger brother of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Of the midshipmen were Eugene Moffitt, of North Carolina, a son of Capt. John Moffitt; Edward Anderson, of Georgia; and George T. Sinclair, of Virginia. Captain Kell says: 'All were youths, most of them just out of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. With the exception of the captain, the surgeon, and myself, none had even reached the prime of life, and while they may not have had "old heads on young shoulders," they had all the alacrity, enthusiasm, and bravery necessary for our haphazardous cruise and steady, ceaseless work.' I feel that these boys ought to be remembered," says Mrs. Conrad.

And they must not be forgotten! Though the wonderful career of the Alabama will ever have its record in the pages of history, little thought is given to the men whose courage and devotion made that career possible. The statement in article referred to is quite misleading, and the VETERAN is glad to have this correction and to publish the names of the Southern boys who shared in the glory of the great Alabama.

"A picture of Gen. R. E. Lee, was presented to the Kappa Alpha Fraternity of the University of Missouri, at Columbia. This fraternity was founded in Washington and Lee University, on the principles of the beautiful character of Gen. R. E. Lee.

"Missouri was well represented at Memphis reunion on the staff of Maj. Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander of Missouri Division, U. C. V."

* * *

Those who know the capable retiring President of the Louisiana Division, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, will be interested in the following concerning her successor:

"Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, recently elected President of the Louisiana Division, served Louisiana for ten years as Chairman of Education. In that time she advanced her State from No. 30 to No. 6 on the list, thus placing it on the honor roll.

"Since her election Mrs. Tompkins attended the Memphis reunion as Matron of Honor for Louisiana. Then, at home but twenty-four hours, she again responded to the call of duty by attending Louisiana's legislature in the interest of the increase in pensions for Confederate veterans."

* * *

Can any other Division report two handsome granite bowlders erected by individual Chapters on the Jefferson Davis Highway? The VETERAN has shown the one in Columbus, and this time, among other interesting things, Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, tells of the second bowlder:

"On May 10, Memorial Day, four Chapters in South Carolina bestowed Service Crosses to World War veterans. These were the Ellison Capers Chapter, at Florence; John K. McIver, Darlington; Mercer. Keith, Timmons ville; William Wallace, Union.

"Practically all of the Chapters in South Carolina observed in some fitting way the birthday of President Jefferson Davis. Besides the regular Davis program, Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, and Drayton-Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, gave Service Crosses to World War veterans.

"Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, gave a bountiful dinner, at the June meeting, to forty Confederate veterans. The Stonewall Chapter, Chesterfield, has recently put a table marker on the grave of an unknown Confederate soldier buried near that town.

"Piedmont District reports every Chapter one hundred per cent in all causes.

"On June 3, the John D. Kennedy Chapter, of Camden, unveiled a beautiful bowlder which marks the Jefferson Davis Highway. The bowlder is placed in front of Hampton Park, and stands in this great ocean-to-ocean Highway, showing all who pass that Camden and all of South Carolina honor President Davis.

"A short history of the South Carolina Division, has been published in pamphlet form. It was written by Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, who has served the Division as Vice President, Historian, President, and Director of War Relief during the period of that work."

* * *

Daughters everywhere will sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Juan Rayner, of Pueblo, Colo., in the recent death of a beloved daughter, Marguerite. Mr. Rayner is a Confederate veteran, and Mrs. Rayner is one of the prominent Daughters of the Confederacy of that State, having served as President of the Division and is now its First Vice President.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peaody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

AFTERMATH OF OUR CONVENTION.

My Dear Coworkers: Realizing my limitations, coming after a protracted illness, I feel deeply grateful to you for your most generous consideration. Mistakes have been made, but "of the head and not of the heart," and the love and tender charity in overlooking all that was not up to its standard fills me with renewed desire to serve you better than ever, and I pledge you the best that I have to give.

We are happy in securing for the work in Arkansas Mrs. John T. Weinman, whom I have the honor to appoint as State Vice President for Arkansas. Mrs. Weinman brings to our work deepest loyalty and a sympathetic understanding, and we welcome her into our official body.

Miss Phoebe Frazer brought fresh inspiration and renewed courage to again take up and carry forward the work of the C. S. M. A., so dear to our hearts.

The President General takes great pleasure in again appointing Mrs. Oswald Eve, of Augusta, Ga., as Chairman of the Allen Seegar Memorial Library in Paris, France. Also in appointing again Mrs. James R. Armstrong of Oklahoma City, Okla., as Chairman of Textbooks. No two women in our organization more richly deserve our appreciation for splendid work than these two devoted friends to our cause.

After the close of our convention, a week was spent in Memphis as the guest of Mrs. Frank Lang at her lovely home, and opportunity had for several meetings and conferences with our Mrs. C. B. Bryan, First Vice President General, and Mrs. Mary H. Miller, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, and our new editor of the C. S. M. A. page in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

New Orleans commemorates Memorial Day on June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis. The veterans, accompanied by members of the L. C. M. A. were taken in automobiles from monument to monument and while they lingered flowers and wreaths were placed and "taps" was sounded. The monuments visited were the Lee monument at Lee Circle; the Jefferson Davis Monument, at Jefferson Davis's Parkway; the Army of Northern Virginia, the Army of Tennessee, Washington Artillery, Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Rev. Thomas R. Markham, Rev. B. M. Palmer, D.D., Chaplain C. S. A.; Father Turgis, Chaplain C. S. A.; Capt. Charles Didier Dreux, Confederate Home Tomb; General Moorman, First Adjutant General, U. C. V. The memorial

services were concluded at Greenwood, with J. Mitchell Pilcher, veteran of the World War and son of a Confederate veteran, as speaker. The spirit of the Memorial Day services were epitomized in a quotation from one of the last addresses of Jefferson Davis: "My friends, I cannot call you my fellow citizens, because I am an exile in the land of my birth, but I thank God that I yet remain in the hearts of my countrymen."

CONFEDERATE ART EXHIBITION.

From all over the country historical portraits were loaned to add their luster to the Memphis reunion and to inspire the many thousand of visitors to the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery in Overton Park. This unique exhibition was the thought of Miss Valerie Farrington, Director of the Art Gallery, whose enthusiasm and determination influenced statesmen and public officials to make it possible. Of special note was the sending out for the first time of the Mosby Tryptich from the National Art Gallery at Washington. This group of pastels is extremely valuable. They are the work of Walter Beck, executed in commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of the battle of Appomattox; portraits at that time of living men, an apotheosis of the long row of portraits in the National Gallery of Southern leaders. The Smithsonian loaned engravings of every general in the Confederacy. Family portraits, as well as museum paintings, were generously sent to the Gallery. The portraits of President and Mrs. Jefferson Davis were sent from Colorado by their grandson, Jefferson Hayes Davis. There was also one of Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," loaned by the New Orleans State Museum; a painting of the Alabama and a portrait of Admiral Semmes, loaned by his daughter, Mrs. Luke E. Wright. The Gibbs Art Gallery, of Charleston, sent two fine portraits, one of Gen. Spethen Elliott and one of Gen. Bernard E. Bee. From Governor Walker, of Georgia, came the portrait of Gen. J. B. Gordon from the State Capitol. General Wheeler's portrait was loaned by his daughter, Miss Annie Wheeler. Sewanee sent portraits of Gens. Kirby-Smith and Leonidas Polk. There were notable portraits of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Morgan, and Forrest. The only portrait extant of Gen. Patrick Cleburne, who was killed at the battle of Franklin, was loaned by the Seven Generals Chapter, U. D. C., of Helena, Ark. There were a number of interesting portraits of women as well as men of the old South.

An afternoon reception was held in the Gallery in honor of General Haldeman and his staff, the veterans, and patriotic

societies. That the invitation was appreciated was attested by the number who accepted. One hopes that this gracious inspiration may be emulated again and again.

Our President General has appointed Capt. C. A. De Saussure, chairman of the Advisory Board from the veterans, for the C. S. M. A. convention at Dallas.

HUMANE TREATMENT OF SLAVES IN THE SOUTH.

John D. Beatty, of Ivanhoe, N. C., sent this interesting item after having read the article by W. E. Doyle, of Teague, Tex., in the *VETERAN* for January, 1924, in regard to the treatment of slaves by some of the old "marsters" of the South. He says:

"I am copying from the record of Braden County, N. C., parts of the will of William H. Beatty, made June 6, 1849, and probated August, 1853, which may be of some interest to your readers. Mr. Beatty was a man of much property in both lands and slaves, and after devising and bequeathing most of his property among his heirs, he devises a certain tract of about two hundred and sixty acres of land on which there was a good farm to two of his executors and uses the following words regarding it:

"But the said parcel of land shall remain and be held by my executors, to whom the same is hereby devised, until the death of my slaves, Juliet, Sally, and Billy, children of Cloe, my cook; Sabina, Will, and Louisa, daughter of Will and Sally. And until the death of said slaves, my executors are soundly enjoined and directed to suffer and permit said slaves—Juliet, Sally, Billy, Sabina, Will, and Louisa—to reside on said land and cultivate the same under the care and management of my executors, who are requested to see that said slaves (when able to do so) shall be kept usefully employed, so that they may, if practicable, maintain themselves and not become a charge to my estate or a nuisance to society. But should said slaves, from old age or any infirmity, be unable decently to maintain themselves, my executors are further directed and required to pay over to said slaves, or such of them as may require it, respectively, the sum of twenty-five dollars per year, in such amounts and at such periods of the year as my executors may or shall deem necessary. It is my further will, and I do direct, that my man Tom be permitted to reside at Pleasant Retreat as long as he may live, under the care and management of my executors, and employed in such way as may be most agreeable to him.

"I do not design by the foregoing provision to attempt to emancipate the aforesaid slaves, Juliet, Sally, Billy, Sabina, Will, Louisa, and Tom; nor do I intend to make such a disposition of them as may be equivalent to emancipation. For their long and meritorious service, it has been my intention to direct their emancipation, but am advised that such a testamentary disposition of them, being deemed contrary to the policy of our civil institutions, would be adjudged void.

"Should the foregoing disposition of them, contrary to my expectations, be deemed void, I then bequeath said slaves to my son Hays and my grandson, William H. Beatty, son of my son William. This bequest is made in the confident expectation that my son Hays and grandson William, knowing my feeling toward said slaves and my wishes in regard to them, will treat them with all the humanity and kindness which may be compatible with the conditions of slavery."

"The writer is a son of Hays W. Beatty, one of the executors, and remembers going with his father on some of his trips to carry supplies to those old slaves years after the War

between the States, and he looked after them as best he could as long as they lived. The last of them died about 1877."

MEMORIAL DAY IN MISSOURI.

REPORTED BY COL. HARVEY W. SALMON, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Memorial services were conducted in the National Cemetery at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., May 30, 1924, on a broader scale than at any time heretofore. The historic military reservation known as Jefferson Barracks is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River, about ten miles south of the center of the city of St. Louis, and the National Cemetery here contains the remains of 1,339 soldiers of every war this country has ever engaged in. The graves are marked with the regulation headstone and are kept in perfect order. In fact, this cemetery is rated with that at Arlington by the War Department. A monument should be erected to the memory of these martyr dead.

It was not possible to assemble the patriotic societies in one joint parade, and the Grand Army of the Republic, the Spanish-American War veterans, and the Camp of St. Louis Confederate Veterans each had its own program and acted independently. The G. A. R. veterans conducted their services alone. The Spanish-American War veterans and the Confederate veterans conducted their exercises from the same platform, and fraternized in a most pleasing manner.

Col. William H. Cocke, son of a veteran, delivered a scholarly address.

That part of the cemetery appropriated for the interment of the Confederate dead contains the remains of 1,510 soldiers, many of them from far distant States of the Southland. At the close of the eloquent address of Rev. William Crow, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, the Confederate veterans, the Sons of Veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and friends repaired to the Confederate cemetery, and reverently placed upon each grave two flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars. Capt. R. C. McCracken, Superintendent of the National Cemetery, is entitled to the highest praise for the splendid arrangements made for these services and for the manner in which he and his assistants handled the immense crowd.

Thanks are also due Capt. Ira J. Wharton, Q. M. C., in charge of this cemetery and fourteen others in the West and South.

ONE OF THE LIVE ONES.—The following comes from A. Hamilton Bayly, of Cambridge, Md., when renewing his subscription to October, 1927: "I am nearly eighty-three, still in good shape, and full of vim, ready to engage in all kinds of tramps. I am called the 'old Confederate' and the 'last of the veterans, C. S. A.' of this town and county who are left to share the hopes, joys, and hardships of life. I march with the Grand Army boys, and show them that all Confederates are not dead yet. . . . I love to talk about the old times and fight our battles over again, but there are no Confederates here, and one only in my county, Talbot, so you see I have to talk and think alone. I am still reading the dear old *VETERAN* and enjoy it as much as ever. May I live to see my subscription expire, for, with care and kindness and love from all my neighbors I may weather many more storms."

"Twin-born with Liberty, she died
In the great battle by her side;
Mute, save the proud appeal that lies
In silent lips and shrouded eyes."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....D. S. Etheridge, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

NEW ENGLAND MENTAL ASTIGMATISM.—The *Boston Herald* of recent date had an article on "Lee and the Confederacy" which it doubtless thought highly laudatory. The peculiar kinks in the Yankee mind when it comes to anything concerning the War between the States can be well seen from an expression or two from this supposedly well-meant and highly laudatory article. After stating that the fall of the Confederacy was the only way the greatness of this nation could be secured, it says: "But we have come to realize how Southerners viewed the problem, and especially to realize that a patriotism of its kind [italics mine] buttressed even the great blunder of the rebellion." So, it was "patriotism of its kind" that animated Lee and his soldiers! In other words, neither Lee nor the Southerners were qualified to recognize "patriotism" in its true form, which recognition remains the exclusive possession of the *Boston Herald* and its surrounding New Englanders, who, even at this later and better day, speak of the war against invasion of Southern soil and deprivation of the South of her rights under the Constitution as "rebellion." This article speaks glowingly of the Southern soldiers in the Spanish War and the Great War; but when it comes to the 1861-65 period, that peculiar mental astigmatism asserts itself—there are none so blind as those who will not see.

COOLIDGE; CALIFORNIA; COLOR!—President Coolidge, in a recent speech at a negro university, says that slavery on this continent was a necessary "part of a great plan." But for this "inscrutable purpose which subjected a part of the black race to the burden of slavery" the negroes would have perhaps vanished instead of being "preserved for a great and useful work." This plan of God Almighty's, as announced by a New England President, must have a startling and strange sound to the ears of descendants of the "covenant with hell" people!

The Californians draw the color line rather strictly. They risk war to keep out the Japanese, and now, at a little town out there, in order to get rid of a negro householder, they order condemnation proceedings and run a street through the middle of his residence! Yet when the North shudders at the plight of the poor negro in the South, doubtless California heaves in sympathy a pious sigh.

DO YOU KNOW "THE BALTIMORE GRAYS"?—If so, send me the words for publication here. A correspondent whose father is a Confederate veteran, eighty years old, asks for it. He says he thinks it was composed by "Father Riley" (can he be thinking of Father Ryan?).

Rather complete lists of Confederate war songs fail to mention this poem. A résumé may interest. The great favorites were "Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," Foster's "Old Folks at Home," and "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "When This Cruel War Is Over,"

"Just Before the Battle, Mother," The great sentimental song of the South during the war period was "Lorena." Among less popular songs were: "The Southern Marseillaise," "Blue Coats Are Over the Border," "Volunteer Song," "We'll Be Free in Maryland," "Song of the Texas Rangers," "The Alabama," "The Southern Soldier Boy," "One I Left There."

["The Baltimore Grays," a poem by B. B. Minor, appeared in the *VETERAN* for March, 1906, page 127. It is too long for a song.—EDITOR *VETERAN*.]

OUR NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF.—In a letter just received from Commander in Chief D. S. Etheridge, of Chattanooga, he says: "I fully appreciate the honor that has been conferred on me in being elected Commander in Chief of the Sons' organization, and, notwithstanding the fact that it is an honor totally unsought on my part, I expect to give the organization the best that is in me for the year." That sounds awfully good, and we do not doubt he means it. And since Commander in Chief Etheridge is a successful business man, we do not doubt his ability to make his days of rule successful ones for the South.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.—The suggestions that Southern history be given a place along with Southern business and industrial exhibits at this Southern Exposition in New York next February have been favorably received. I have had letters of approval and commendation of the idea from many sources. The Sons Convention at Memphis passed resolutions indorsing the idea and asking the Exposition officials to "approve, set a space for, and assist in the successful presentation of a history exhibit," and letters from these officials show they are favorably disposed toward the idea. Here would be a chance to exhibit the truth of Southern history, so grossly distorted, in our colonial, revolutionary, 1861-65 periods. With a little coöperation, a little money, a helping hand by organizations representing our revolutionary and colonial periods, this work can be done and good accomplished. What do you think of it? Will you D. A. R., S. A. R., C. D., and U. D. C., people help? Is anyone interested?

DON'T MISS THIS!—Please note carefully below this first "general order" from the new commander and new headquarters:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
RICHMOND, VA., June 20, 1924.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

To be read before all Camps of the Confederation.

1. By virtue of my election as Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Sons' Organization, held in Memphis, June 3 to 6, 1924, I have assumed command of the Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and Camps comprising the Confederation.

2. I hereby officially announce the reelection by the Executive Council of Walter L. Hopkins, Law Building, Richmond, Va., as Adjutant in Chief. At the request of the Adjutant, he has been bonded in the Fidelity and Casualty Company in the sum of five thousand dollars. Camps will make all checks payable to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans. I also wish to announce the election by the convention of Dr. W. C. Galloway, Wilmington, N. C., Commander Army of North Virginia Department; Lucius

L. Moss, Lake Charles, La., Commander of Army of Tennessee Department; L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla., Commander Army Trans-Mississippi Department; Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va., Historian in Chief; and Judge Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex., member of the Executive Council.

3. Camps are urgently requested to send to Adjutant Hopkins all dues collected as soon as the members pay, in order that the member may be issued membership card, signed by the Adjutant in Chief and countersigned by the Adjutant of his Camp. The Adjutant in Chief's office will be open at all times, and you can be assured that all business pertaining to the Sons' organization will receive prompt attention.

4. I desire to call the attention of the members of the Confederation to the wonderful progress made under the administration of the retiring Commander in Chief, Col. W. McDonald Lee. Under his leadership the increased membership of our organization over the past four years was 71 per cent, and the increase in the number of Camps for the corresponding period was 68 per cent. This is a most remarkable record and could have been accomplished only by the hearty coöperation of every member of the organization. It is the hope of your Commander in Chief that each member of the Confederation will give the present officers the same loyal support and coöperation which was rendered by him to the officers for the past year.

5. I wish to call your attention to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official organ. Every member of the Confederation should subscribe to this worthy publication. It is the desire of the Commander in Chief that the Camp and Division officers will send, monthly, news items concerning his Camp or Division to Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va., for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. By doing this you will greatly lighten the burden of your Historian in Chief and you will give also a knowledge of what our organization means to its members and to our New South.

6. It is the earnest hope that the Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp officers will use their best efforts to increase the membership of the Sons' organization. Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders should proceed at once to organize Camps in their respective localities, and Camp officers should begin immediately to increase the membership of their respective Camps so that our organization may be a service to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to the Southland, to the community in which we live, and a power for good in the nation.

7. The Commander in Chief avails himself of this opportunity to thank his comrades throughout the entire organization for the confidence in him as expressed by practically unanimously electing him as your Commander in Chief. He earnestly hopes that the members and officers of the Confederation will carry the message of the high principles and ideals for which our organization stands to the people throughout the country that all may hear it and understand the position the Sons of Confederate Veterans have taken in the affairs of the nation and the work it is accomplishing for the good of the South and our reunited country.

By order of

D. S. ETHERIDGE,
Commander in Chief S. C. V.

Official:

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

SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

Some interesting correspondence comes from James Hiscocks, of Cleveland, Ohio, in regard to having many of the old songs of the South recorded by the best musicians of the country for reproduction on the victrola or graphophone. He feels that we should be able to get in this way the music that is so pleasing to the people of the South as well as that which appeals to the country generally, and his suggestions to that effect to the leading music companies have been well received. He mentions such songs as "The Sword of Robert Lee," "Carolina," "The Cross of the South," "God Save the South," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "We are Old Time Confederates," "Stonewall Jackson's Way," and others which appear in the collection called "Echoes from Dixie" (now out of print), and one of the managers of the Columbia Graphophone Company writes: "You understand we have to gauge the popularity of each selection we introduce and endeavor to estimate in advance the sale in the endeavor to make each record a profitable investment. The process of recording, advertising, and listing records is expensive, but we will endeavor to arrange for these particular records which you suggest."

Mr. Hiscocks writes: "You see it is a question of 'demand.' If there is a demand, there will be a supply. Why, then, is there no demand? I think there is, but has not yet been voiced. The people of the South think these records are not to be had, so they do not ask for them, but I believe if enough people would request records of these songs, the producers would be glad to make them, and there would be a ready response from every loyal Southerner who owns a phonograph."

While some of these old Southern songs, sung by famous singers, such as Stephen Foster's melodies, are already procurable for the victrola or graphophone, a demand will have to be created for those not so well known. Mr. Hiscocks' efforts should be rewarded by our coöperation.

COMRADES OF THE 31ST GEORGIA.

Comrade I. G. Bradwell, of Brantley, Ala., writes that he was much pleased to hear from an old comrade of Jim Ivey, of whom he wrote in the VETERAN for April, and the following is taken from the letter by L. J. Miller, of DeWitt, Ark., giving some notes on Ivey's later life:

"Jim Ivey dropped into this country about 1870, from Georgia, and settled here. In a year or two he married a daughter of Senator A. H. Ferguson, and made one of our best citizens, the very kind of man we needed in those stirring times, when it took men of nerve to hold this State against the ravages of Powell Clayton and his negro soldiers, which was only done by the good work of the Ku-Klux Klan. He used to talk with me about his experience in the Southern army. He had been in the battles in Virginia, and surrendered at Appomattox. When he first came here he was as handsome a man as I have ever seen, about six feet tall, black curly hair, and a very ruddy complexion, a man of unusual strength and endurance. He died a few years ago in Stuttgart, Ark., leaving several children."

Comrade Bradwell adds the following: "There was no braver soldier in the regiment (31st Georgia) than Jim Ivey. By the same article in the VETERAN I located Clayton, another color bearer of our regiment, now living in Oklahoma. He had an eye shot out at Second Manassas. It affords me great pleasure to receive these letters from my old comrades and to know that they are still living and true to the cause for which we suffered so much."

"THE BOOK OF MEMORY."

Through the Children's Founders' Roll of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial, the name of every Confederate soldier can be memorialized in the great "Book of Memory," and, at the same time, the names of the children themselves may be perpetuated as builders of the world's greatest memorial. The "Book of Memory" will be the greatest volume that the world has ever known, not only because it will inclose the sentiment of a people's heart carried down to generation after generation, but because in actual size it will be the largest volume that the world has ever known. It will be the beautiful symbol of the love of little children for the men who wore the gray, the link that binds the heroes of the past to the children of to-day, to the hero-worshiping children of all ages and all nations. Those enrolled in that great book will have achieved the miracle of eternal youth, at least within its pages. Always it will be the children's book, and those whose names appear therein will be dowered with Peter Pan's immortal gift of childhood. Later, when age has grayed their hair and dimmed their eyes, they will come back across life's bitter years to find themselves children again in the "Book of Memory."

The linking of the children's names with those of the Confederacy carries a meaning deeper even than love's memory. The men of the sixties fought for the generations of the future. They surrendered and went back to the burned fields and the sorrowful cities that they might rebuild the South for the children that would follow them. For this reason the idea of the Children's Founders' Roll is particularly beautiful and significant. The plan was inaugurated that every child might have a share in the most wonderful memorial that history has ever known. It provides for the enrollment of children through the eighteenth year, together with the names of those who rendered service to the Confederacy. For each one dollar contributed a child can enroll the name of one Confederate soldier, or any man or woman who rendered actual service to the Confederacy. One child may enroll many Confederate names provided one dollar is sent in for each name memorialized. If he desires to memorialize six persons, the contribution will be six dollars, and his own name will be repeated six times on six different lines.

When there are two or more children in a family, each child can memorialize the same Confederate soldier, or, as many children are doing, the Confederate kin in both branches of the family may be memorialized by dividing the names between the children, thus preserving the record of both paternal and maternal ancestors and kin. Two children may memorialize the same Confederate ancestor. Each child's name will be enrolled in the order in which it is received at the office of the Association.

Application blanks will be furnished to all persons who desire to enroll their children; and organizations, also, may secure as many of the blanks as they need to enroll the children, though names may be sent in through the mails without the application blank.

The U. D. C. Chapters are asked to assist in the memorialization of these Confederates by appointing a Children's Founders' Roll chairman to enroll as many children as possible and to enlist the cooperation of every community in seeing that no Confederate is left out.

Send in names continuously, but make particular effort to signalize the Confederate anniversaries, such as the birthdays of Lee, Jackson, Davis, and other great men of the Confederacy by a demonstration enrollment of names for the "Book of Memory."

Every child who becomes a member of the Children's

Founders' Roll will receive a small bronze medal designed by Gutzon Borglum, the world-famous sculptor, who is carving Stone Mountain, as token of the child's participation in the creation of history's greatest memorial. Later, when the child's name is actually inscribed in the "Book of Memory," each child will receive a certificate giving the number of the page and the line on which his name is enrolled. On one side of the medal will be the figures of Lee, Jackson, and Davis, and on the other side the words: "In Memory of the Heroism of the Confederacy." This small medal will be a priceless possession in the later years.

Send application for membership to The Children's Founders' Roll, Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, 504 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

"A STUPENDOUS ABSURDITY."

Under this heading, T. A. Cooper writes from Cathedral Oaks, Alma, Calif.: "In the April VETERAN, page 138, there is an article on 'What Sherman Did to Fayetteville, N. C.,' which I desire to correct. This article is by Mrs. John H. Anderson, and appeared first in the Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer. She says:

"In turning back the pages of Fayetteville's history, the arrival of Sherman's army here on Saturday, March 11, 1865, stands out as an event memorable for its destructiveness and terror to the inhabitants of this ancient town. Many stories have been handed down concerning Sherman's stay here, and a few leaves from history may be of interest to the younger generation. Sherman was moving north from Columbia, S. C., with 755,000 men, entering North Carolina on March 6, moving in three columns to cross the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville."

"I will not discuss the destructiveness nor cussedness of Sherman's campaign through the South. What I seek is historical facts, and a few figures of historical facts will be of interest to coming generations. No general, North or South, ever at one time commanded an army of more than 150,000 men. I want facts, and before writing them, I procured them from official records at Washington, D. C., and quote the following

"WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 14, 1924.

"T. A. Cooper, Alma, Calif. Sir: You are quite right in your assertion that no general ever commanded as many as 150,000 in one army. April 10, 1865, General Sherman had an army of 88,948. Of this there were 80,968 infantry, 5,537 cavalry, and 2,443 artillery."

"Please give us facts for the benefit of coming generations."

[The VETERAN noticed this seeming error, and meant to correct it before publication, but neglected to do so. It was evidently a typographical error, the copy being a newspaper clipping.]

The following comes from Ben F. Arthur, of Rockdale, Tex. (R. R. No. 6, Box 12): "I am an old Confederate, eighty-three years old. I served in the Confederate infantry until disabled, and then joined Company B, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, John Morgan's command, and was captured with him in Ohio; was seventeen months in Camp Douglas, and got down to Richmond on March 2, 1865, and started home April 10. I was born and reared in Rutherford County, Tenn., and came to Rockdale, Tex., in February, 1883. My best wishes for the VETERAN and all its readers."

**TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS
NAVY DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.
Murphy's Hotel
RICHMOND, VA.**

We need more men and women to aid in our research work in rescuing the records of enlistment, service, and discharge of the sailors of the Confederate Navy.

Satisfactory pay for efficient work.

A. O. WRIGHT
Admiral Commanding

FEAST.

I drank at every vine.
The last was like the first.
I came upon no wine
So wonderful as thirst.
I gnawed at every root.
I ate of every plant.
I came upon no fruit
So wonderful as want.
Feed the grape and bean
To the vintner and monger:
I will lie down lean
With my thirst and my hunger.
—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

A LONG TIME MARRIED.—The *National Tribune* records the longest married life so far reported in that of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Lay, who were married seventy-five years ago, April 20, 1848, and since that day have continuously lived in West Newburyport, Mass., and for the past forty-five years in the house they now occupy. While his hearing and sight are not what they used to be, Mr. Lay still keeps up with current affairs, especially those of local interest, and Mrs. Lay still directs the affairs of the household, though he is ninety-nine and she ninety-seven. On their anniversary they attended the dedication of an oak tree planted to commemorate their long married life.

OLD STAMPS WANTED

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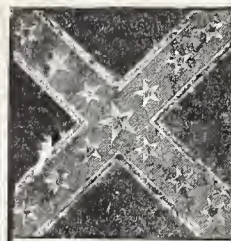
(Member New York Chapter U. D. C.)

241-242 CENTRAL PARK WEST, NEW YORK CITY

RACHEL'S TOMB.—A sacred shrine of the Jews is the tomb of Rachel, for whom her lover, Jacob of old, served so many years, and which has so many ancient memories connected with it. Since the Holy Land has become in part the Mecca of the scattered race, more of them now journey to the tomb from time to time for prayer. It is about a mile from Bethlehem and is the only spot of Old Testament interest to which the Jews have exclusive rights. The chief rabbi of Jerusalem keeps the key to its sacred precincts. At Hebron also, where the patriarchs are buried, the Jews assemble frequently for prayer.—*National Tribune.*

SLOWER IS SAFER.—They had one of their usual tiffs because hubby was home late for dinner. "You're always late," she said, indignantly. "You were late at the church the day we were married." "Yes," he answered, bitterly, "but I wasn't late enough."

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How SHE PUT IT.—A census taker made his rounds in an isolated village. He gave one of his official papers to a woman that she might fill in the required answers. One of the questions, instead of reading, "Married or single," had it "Condition as to marriage." The woman filled in the answer thus: "Awful hard up before. Wuss after."—*The Canadian American.*

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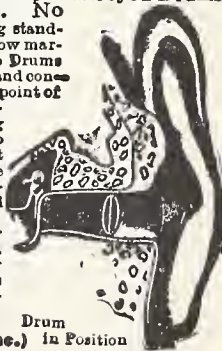


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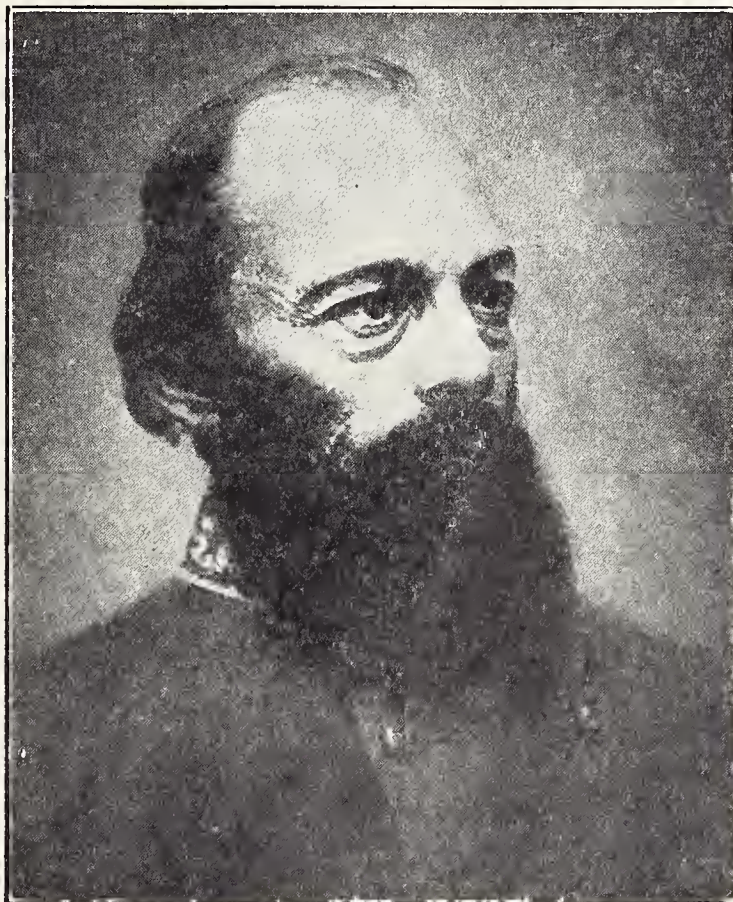
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VOL. XXXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1924

NO. 9



GEN. EDMUND KIRBY SMITH
One of the Eight Full Generals of the Confederacy
(See page 340)



TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

- 1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
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All four sent for \$1, postpaid.
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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STATE CAPITOLS OF THE SOUTH.

The special offer of this premium booklet has proved so popular that it will be continued through September, as follows:

To those remitting two dollars on subscription account, a handsome booklet on the "Capitols of the South" will be sent, in addition to being given full credit of a year and four months on subscription.

This booklet, 9x12 inches, has handsome page illustrations of the Capitol building of each Southera State, and on opposite page is given a short history of the State and the establishment of its capital. The great seals of each State are given, also the State flags in colors. Altogether it is something that each family will appreciate for its beauty and historic information, and the perusal of State history in this concise form will lead the reader to further study of his State's history and the part it has taken in the development of this great country.

Order should be sent promptly in order to get in while the supply of booklets lasts.
Address the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

James O. Andrews, of Gainesville, Fla., is interested in getting a pension for Mrs. W. M. Studstill, the widow of Ziba Studstill, who enlisted in a company of cavalry at Thomasville, Ga., under a Captain Paine. Anyone who can give information on the service of this comrade will kindly write to Mr. Andrews, or to J. M. Shaw, at Alachua, Fla. A messmate of Comrade Studstill was Judge Robert C. Mitchell, who may still be living; and Mr. Andrews refers to an old servant of the Studstill family, one Tobe Humphreys.

W. H. Murphrey, of Vienna, Lincoln Parish, La., makes inquiry in behalf of his sister, who seeks information of the war record of her husband, G. W. Burford, who served with the 12th Texas Infantry. She wants to get a pension, and any surviving comrades or friends will kindly respond with any information possible to give.

Walter H. Wilcox, of 323 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., wishes to locate any relatives of General Wilcox, C. S. A. Write to him direct.

GROWTH OF THE SOUTH.

The annual report by the president of the Southern Railway carries figures showing increasing prosperity in the South. Based on investigation of conditions prevailing in that section, it sets forth the agricultural situation as steadily improving. It describes the industrial situation as most promising. In this connection, it is significant, as noted in the report, that in the past year, when the cotton industry in other sections decreased output and silenced 92,510 spindles, Southern mills added 782,665 spindles.

The increase in the earnings of the Southern Railway over those of the preceding year is in itself convincing evidence of the prosperity of the South. That railroad hauled more products to and from the South than ever before. This means that the South is rapidly developing its resources and increasing its population.—*Washington Post*.

Mrs. J. O. Wallis, 173 North Second Street, Clarksdale, Miss., seeks information of her father's record as a soldier. Tipton Likens, of the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, was born in Fredericksburg, Va.; was with the troops brought up at First Mansassas; was in a Northern prison for thirteen months before the end of the war; was only fifteen years old when he joined the army.

A. W. Meredith, of Wills Point, Tex., wishes information on the life of Capt. J. I. Waddell, who commanded the Shenandoah and fired the last shot of the war. The VETERAN would also appreciate an article on his life during and since the war and especially a good account of his connection with the Shenandoah.

Mrs. M. F. Neal, of Albany, Okla., wants to hear from any surviving comrades of William H. Neal (nicknamed "Bill Nail"), who enlisted May 7, 1862, at Harrison Springs, Ala., and was attached to Company I, of the 4th Mississippi Cavalry, under Capt. Jim Hamilton.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written between 1845 and 1880. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Highest prices paid. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

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Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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

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

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VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1924.

No. 9.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS ON STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

"THE FALL CAMPAIGN."

The central group of the Stone Mountain Memorial is to contain seven figures, of which only three have been definitely decided upon—Jefferson Davis, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. A special commission is to decide upon the other figures of the group. The front page of this number of the VETERAN carries the picture of one of the leading generals of the Confederacy, whose ability and accomplishment entitle him to commemoration in this central group, as may be realized by a perusal of the article on page 340. His life was devoted to his country both during and after the war, absolutely above personal consideration.

As one of the eight full generals of the Confederacy, it would seem eminently fitting that his figure should be one of the central group of Stone Mountain. In a late letter, Hon. John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, refers to his right to be "commemorated as a Confederate general of great service and excellent capacity."

There were eight full generals of the Confederate army, their names and appointments as follows:

Samuel Cooper, Virginia, May, 1861. (Adjutant and Inspector General.)

Albert Sidney Johnston, Texas, May, 1861.

Robert E. Lee, Virginia, June, 1861.

Joseph E. Johnston, Virginia, July, 1861.

P. G. T. Beauregard, Louisiana, July, 1861.

Braxton Bragg, Louisiana, April, 1862.

E. Kirby Smith, Florida, February, 1864 (Provisional Army, C. S. A.).

John Bell Hood, Texas, July, 1864 (general with temporary rank).

In all undertakings of life there come periods of inactivity when consideration is given to the best method of building up the business or to plan a special campaign into new fields. Such a period is now before the VETERAN. The thin gray line has grown thinner "from the fatal fire of years," and the gaps must be filled in order to carry on the work whose importance grows greater with the years—years which have a tendency to throw the veil of oblivion over the history made in the sixties. Even some of our own people feel that "it is over and past" and should be forgotten, but that is the sentiment of only a few, and those who are still loyal to the principles for which they fought are not willing that the courage and sacrifice of those four years should go unrecorded. For the purpose of making such record the VETERAN was established, and as long as there is a deed of courage, of valor, of sacrifice to be told there will ever be a mission for the VETERAN; and as the official organ of all Confederate associations, there is all the greater need of such a publication.

So the VETERAN plans a "fall campaign" for subscription recruits, and every good friend is called upon to join in this campaign and help to build up its fighting strength. If each friend would secure even one new subscriber, the result would be gratifying. Many will do this, some will do more, but all are depended upon to do something to extend the influence of this historical journal through many more years of usefulness.

On page 366 of this number there is an editorial tribute to the VETERAN by one of the leading newspapers of the country which shows the estimation in which it stands as a patriotic publication and that its mission is above monetary consideration; and the many letters which come with expressions of appreciation from all over the country are evidence that it holds a high place in the hearts of our people. Many have paid subscription well in advance that they may contribute that much to its continuance, some sending as much as ten dollars for that purpose, many others smaller sums. Such is the sentiment generally for this publication, and this campaign in its interest will extend this circle of friends and give it ever-widening influence. Send for special rates on clubs.

"No worthy fight is won

Without the rank and file to see it done.

Great tasks demand that back of those who lead

Stand many helpers, eager with their deed,

Pledged to service in a work well planned,

Alert to follow those who give command."

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JUDGE GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

DIED.—At Richmond, Va., on July 26, 1924, Judge George Llewellyn Christian, aged eighty-three years.

At the outset of his brief biography of Judge Christian, printed some ten years ago, Dr. Lyon G. Tyler wrote:

"Many men attain eminence in their chosen fields of labor, some in more than one field; but it is rarely that any man is able so to impress himself upon the life of a community as has George Llewellyn Christian, soldier, lawyer, jurist, banker, litterateur, and business man."

As surely as that is true, just so surely is it true that the death of Judge Christian would leave a blank place in the life of this community if it were not for the impression his long, useful, and honored life has made indelible. We are accustomed to hearing and saying that there is no man whose place in the world cannot be filled. That is not true; there are no men, there will be no men, to fill the places left by those gallant old men of whom Judge Christian was representative of the finest type. He stood, with a few others, almost at the end of an era.

When the War between the States ended and the ragged soldiers of the South went to their desolated homes, they found a system of civilization well-nigh destroyed. Undaunted by the wreckage before their eyes, as they had been undaunted by overwhelming numbers and unlimited resources, they set themselves to the building of a new system, a new South. In the forefront of this brave army of peace was the twenty-year-old youth who, at the age of eighty-three years, now has made his last march.

With one foot shot away and the other badly wounded, he prepared himself for and entered into the battle of life in a section which had been almost crushed. For sixty years, to the day of his quiet death, he had never a waking moment free from pain. He was lame and halt and moved with difficulty, because he had been maimed in battle. But his spirit and his heart and his mind never faltered throughout the long, long years of his life. In the honorable practice of his profession, in the calm administration of justice, in the unselfish service of his city, in the faithful forwarding of his Church, in all good works and in all his countless efforts to help others, he limped not at all; his courage needed no crutch; his spirit needed no staff.

Richmond of to-day, Virginia of to-day, and all the South of to-day are the handiwork of those unconquered and unconquerable men whose faith and fearlessness and indomitable will supported them throughout the weariness and discouragement that marked the era which they made memorable. In the van of that little, victorious army limped this soldier's injured body; but also in the van strode the unbowed spirit of the uplifted man.

But, although Judge Christian was one of the captains of those who looked into the future and patiently rebuilt their ravaged land, he would not suffer to go unchallenged and disproved untruths of so-called history. From the midst of a busy life and an exacting profession, he took the time to set down for all time the truth concerning many phases of the War between the States, so that the truth might never be lost again. Therefore, his reports and papers, published with those of the late Dr. Hunter McGuire in the volume entitled "The Confederate Cause and Conduct in the War between the States," are of incalculable value. For these reports, the entire South and history itself are forever in his debt.

He had the vision of the New South, and he labored faithfully and well for more than sixty years to make his vision a reality; but he knew the truth of the older South, and he taught it.

His life and his achievements are a finer monument than any that ever can be built. To those who loved and revered him should come the consolation that he, like David of old, "after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep and was laid unto his fathers."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN CHICAGO.

Miss Ida F. Powell, Treasurer of Camp No. 8, U. C. V., of Chicago, sends the following:

"Recently a report was circulated at the U. C. V. reunion in Virginia that there were several hundred Confederate graves in Chicago absolutely uncared for.

"The truth is, there are over six thousand Confederates buried in Chicago, those heroic souls who perished in Camp Douglas from 1861 to 1865, but these soldiers all sleep in beautiful Oakwoods Cemetery. Here on the Confederate Mound towers a tall granite shaft, bearing on its top a heroic figure of a Confederate soldier supposed to be looking over the devastated fields of his beloved Southland. The base of the monument is surrounded by bronze tablets over six feet high, on which is carved in bas-relief the names of approximately 4,300 of these brave souls, with their company, regiment, and State. As many records were unfortunately destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871, the service of all the six thousand could not be ascertained.

"It was in 1891 that the Confederate Association of Chicago and Camp No. 8, U. C. V., undertook to raise funds to erect this monument. It was unveiled with impressive ceremonies in 1893, and years afterwards the United States Congress, largely through the efforts of Congressman James R. Mann, made an appropriation to improve the grounds, raise the monument six feet, and to place around the base bronze tablets bearing the name and service of the Confederate soldiers there interred. The United States government continues to care for this plot, and on Memorial Day each year Camp No. 8, U. C. V., and Illinois Division, U. D. C., hold impressive services there in honor of our beloved dead.

"Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

WAR POETRY OF THE SOUTH.

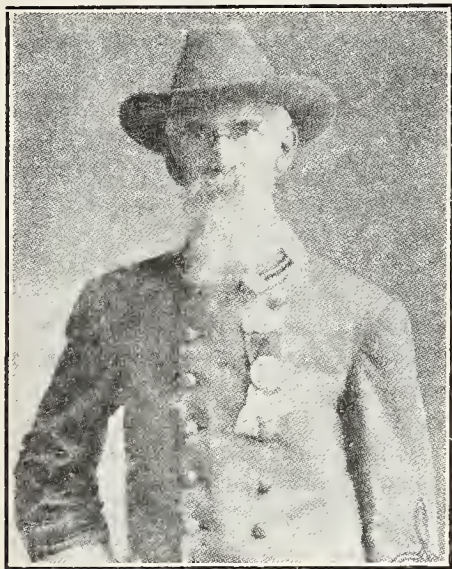
The collection of war poems compiled by William Gilmore Simms is thus dedicated:

"To the Women of the South
I inscribe this Volume.

"They have lost a cause, but they have made a triumph. They have shown themselves worthy of any manhood and will leave a record which shall survive all caprices of time. They have proved themselves worthy of the best womanhood and, in their posterity, will leave no race which shall be unworthy of the cause which is lost, or of the mothers, sisters, and wives who have taught such noble lessons of virtuous effort and womanly endurance.—W. G. S."

FIRST MEETING SINCE THE WAR.

Reunions of Confederate veterans have brought together many comrades of war days long separated, some not having met since the parting just after the close of war. Especially have such meetings taken place at the general reunions. At Memphis, last June, Capt. P. P. Pullen, of Paris, Tenn., and J. W. Minnich, of Gretna, La., had their first meeting since they were in Rock Island Prison, fifty-nine years ago. With the changes time has wrought in their personal appearance, it seems remarkable that they should recognize each other; but that feeling of comradeship which held them in war days evidently enabled them to sense the presence of a never-to-be-forgotten friend.



CAPT. P. P. PULLEN.

Captain Pullen writes of his record: "I was with Company B, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Col. G. T. Woodward's Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, of Forrest's Division; was in all the battles of my command, and wounded three times; served two winters in prison. I had two brothers in the 2nd Kentucky Infantry, under Gen. John C. Breckinridge. This command was known ever after the battle of Chickamauga as the 'Orphan Brigade,' having lost their brigade commander, General Ben Hardin Helm, and on down to their captain. When the war closed my eldest brother was in Mississippi, the other brother in North Carolina, and I in Rock Island Prison, Ill., but on Friday, the 2nd of June, 1865, at one o'clock the oldest brother reached home; at three o'clock the other brother came in; and at five o'clock, I walked in. So we all reached home the same afternoon, coming from different directions and neither knowing whether the others were alive. The oldest brother, A. T. Pullen, is still living, at Mayfield, Ky.; the other, A. B. Pullen, died April 12, 1924, at Farmington. I am seventy-nine years old and in splendid health."

J. W. Minnich has been a contributor to the *VETERAN* through many years of its existence, and his story of "Inside and Outside of Rock Island" is a vivid account of the hardships and trials of prison life. He enlisted in the 5th Company of the Orleans Artillery, January 9, 1861, aged sixteen years and eleven months. His command took possession of Fort Jackson. Enlisted March 27, in 5th (DeGournay's) Company, 1st Louisiana Zouaves, Copen's Battalion; left New Orleans April 8, 1861, going to Pensacola, to Richmond, Va., to York and Big Bethel, then to Yorktown. His company was transferred to heavy artillery; evacuated Yorktown May 4, 1862; went to Richmond in Battery No. 6; transferred to cavalry in Southwest Virginia, and was sworn into Rowan's Kentucky Rangers, by Gen. Humphrey Marshall at Abingdon, August 18, 1862; went through Bragg's Kentucky campaign, out via Pound Gap to Bristol, to Knoxville, Tenn., to Cumberland Gap; transferred to Company G, 6th Georgia Cavalry, served in Kentucky, East Tennessee, Georgia, Chickamauga campaign, back to East Tennessee;

was captured January 27, 1864; entered Rock Island Prison, February 18, and was released June 18, 1865.

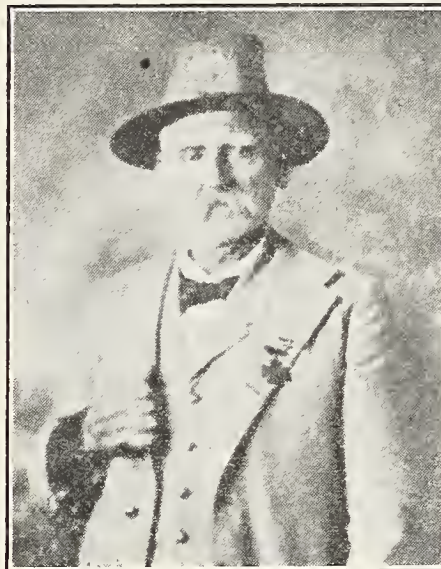
Says he was never scratched—ran too fast for the bullets—and here he is at seventy-nine years and four months.

CADETS IN THE PROVISIONAL ARMY, C. S. A.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Being asked sometime ago if there was such a grade as cadet among the officers of our Confederate army, and thinking it might be of interest I send this list of those who were nominated by the President and commissioned, or warranted, by the Senate. All ranked from the same date:

E. W. Anderson, Florida; Rene T. Beauregard, Louisiana; Richard H. Christian, Virginia; George W. Clayton, North Carolina; R. F. Dancy, Florida; P. P. Dandridge, Virginia; Edward Dargan, Alabama; Edward T. Ford, Virginia; Lewis N. Gamble, Florida; William E. Gibson, Virginia; George Gillespie, Tennessee; Thomas Harrison, Mississippi; Henry Jackson, Georgia; Joseph Johnston, Alabama; Joseph F. Johnston, Alabama; William R. Jones, Virginia; Minor Kenner, Louisiana; R. S. Kinney, Virginia; J. L. S. Kirby, Virginia; G. D. Lamar, Georgia; William Lewis, Mississippi; John M. McNab, Alabama; Allan B. Magruder, Virginia; Richard W. Nelson, North Carolina; William A. Obenchain, Virginia; Leonce N. Olivier, Louisiana; H. L. Perkins, Louisiana; Thomas Rowland,



J. W. MINNICH.

Virginia; E. A. Semple, Alabama; Frederick Stafford, Alabama; E. O. Sykes, Mississippi; John Taliaferro, Virginia; Burdett A. Terrett, Virginia; William G. Waller, Virginia; Anderson Watkins, Arkansas; Collin McR. Weatherly, North Carolina.

We know how low they started, and would be glad if at least one survivor of this band of heroes would let us know how high he finished.

WEST POINT CADETS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The Journal of the Confederate States Congress gives the names of the following officers as directly from the United States Military Academy at West Point, and they were all commissioned as second lieutenants of infantry in our army, to rank from the same date. One, at least, rose to be a brigadier general, and from a second lieutenant to a brigadier in four years in truly going some!

Harold Borland, Arkansas; W. H. Browne, Virginia; James Dearing, Virginia; Frank Huger, South Carolina; John W. Lea, Mississippi; George S. Lovejoy, North Carolina; Stephen A. Moreno, Florida; Olin F. Rice, Kentucky; En B. D. Riley, Indian Territory; W. G. Robinson, North Carolina; E. Mc. E. Ross, Tennessee; George A. Thorntod, Virginia; Horace D. Twyman (brigadier general, 1864), Virginia; John A. West, Georgia.

THE BOYS IN GRAY.

(DEDICATED TO MR. W. T. LENOIR, OF SWEETWATER, TENN.)

BY W. MERVIN SEYMOUR.

The dull gray line is thinning
 From the fatal fire of years;
 The last great charge you're forming,
 But brave hearts can have no fears.
 Broken ranks are grimly closed,
 As, through mem'ry's misty haze,
 Looms that fallen line of comrades—
 Brothers of those better days.

As the silent host moves onward
 To a haven without care;
 Where there are no horrid conflicts,
 And true love pervades the air,
 Emotions deep within our soul
 Call to us of bygone fray,
 When you followed, undivided,
 Gallant leaders of the gray.

Now there is no North, there is no South—
 Now we're faithful to Old Glory—
 But her red is all the redder,
 And her white is all the whiter,
 And her blue is all the bluer
 Just because of *you*—the boys in gray.

REMARKABLE SHOWING IN AGE.

The following report from W. C. Hart, of Elkins, W. Va., son of a Confederate soldier, is a remarkable showing for veterans in one county. He says:

"I was interested in the sketch and pictures of the three Wise brothers of North Carolina in the VETERAN for March, and, replying to the query as to any other brother veterans as closely associated through life, I will mention that we have in Randolph County, living near Adolph, three brothers—James, Michael, and Martin Shannon—aged, respectively, eighty-five, eighty-three, and eighty-one years. These brothers married three sisters, and all are living with the exception of Mrs. James Shannon, who died last year. These brothers served through the war as Confederate soldiers and have lived near each other all the years since.

"Randolph County is also noted for a number of other veterans of considerable age, who are as follows:

"G. W. Louk, eighty-six; G. W. Hogan, eighty-five; Enoch Wamsley, eighty-seven; John Stewart, eighty-one; W. T. Ware, eighty-four; George Ware, eighty-three; Dave Simmons, eighty-two; Chesley Simmons, eighty-one; Addison Snyder, eighty-four; Charles Kelly, eighty-three; John Heron, eighty-six; Johnson Currence, eighty; Dick Hammons, eighty-five; Eugenius Isner, ninety; Maj. Randolph Stalnaker, eighty-two; Andrew Chenoweth, eighty-three; Calvin Caplinger, eighty; Adam Caplinger, eighty-four; James Anthony, eighty-two; Jacob Fink, eighty-two; J. W. Hartman, seventy-nine; Maj. Solomon Armentrout, eighty; Benton Talbot, eighty-one; Dr. J. H. Weymouth, eighty-three; James Webb, eighty-four; John W. Detter, seventy-eight; Isaac Vandevender, eighty-three; George Elbon, seventy-five; Rev. S. D. Lewis, seventy-six; Rev. L. G. Potts, eighty-four; S. S. Bonner, seventy-nine; S. K. Nelson, eighty-six; Cortland Phillips, eighty-four; James Shannon, eighty-five; Michael Shannon, eighty-three; Martin Shannon, eighty-one.

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH WILL RISE AGAIN."

BY COL. JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In July, 1864, President Lincoln wrote Horace Greeley to produce a man, or men, who had a proposition from Jefferson Davis (in writing) for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery, and *no matter what else it embraced*, that he, or they, might come to him with it, and from this extremely elastic letter there has been promulgated a myth which, like the proverbial ghost, is hard to down.

Even quite recently it has been publicly stated that during the famous peace conference at Hampton Roads, in February, 1865, Mr. Lincoln told our commissioners to let him write *Union* at the top of the page, and they could write anything they wished below. There is nothing in the "Official Records" to substantiate any such assertion.

Mr. Lincoln certainly told the United States Congress of no such plan, for in his annual message of 1864, he says that the only terms of peace possible to our people was to lay down their arms, and closes by saying that the war would cease when it would be stopped by those who started it.

Mr. Davis told our Congress that the enemy would give us no terms other than a complete submission to their rule, and as our commissioners reported that they were not informed of *any modification or alteration whatever* of the terms as stated in Mr. Lincoln's message it is proper for the spreaders of this seeming hallucination to either give proof of their assertion or acknowledge their error.

[Those who have helped to spread such a report—and the late Henry Watterson was prominent among them—evidently did not realize its absurdity or gave Lincoln credit for less common sense than is rightfully his due. Many things could have been written under the heading of "Union" that would have nullified it, as he well knew. Even ministers are given to quoting the absurd statement. Sensible people should realize its absurdity.—ED.]

JIM SNELL AT THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.—During the battle of Chickamauga, Jim Snell, of Company I, 1st Tennessee Regiment, Volunteers, while on a skirmish line, advanced alone on a squad of Federal soldiers and captured one captain, one lieutenant, one sergeant, and seventeen privates (twenty in all). The captain handed over his sword, the privates their guns, etc. Snell ordered them stacked, and, after sitting awhile on a log, he ordered them to the rear and landed them safely, meeting with Colonel Buford, of the 6th Tennessee, to whom he handed the sword. No red tape about this. Snell is yet living and making one of Rutherford County's best citizens.—*C. H. King, January 25, 1896—Murfreesboro, Tenn.* (Copied by A. M. King for the VETERAN, July, 1924.)

NOBLE CHARACTER.—The following comes from C. H. Gill, Bartlesville, Okla.: "After reading in the July VETERAN the interesting article on 'Missouri's Trials at the Beginning of War, by George D. Ewing, I wish to make an addition to his account of the disposition of General Lyon's body. Instead of burying the body, General Price had it placed in an ambulance and sent to St. Louis under military escort and delivered to the Federal authorities there. My brother-in-law, Wesley M. Smith, of General Raines's staff, was in command of the escort, and he has shown me the receipt from the commanding general in St. Louis for the body. I think this is due to the memory of General Price as an added proof of his noble character."

THE BIVOUAC OF PEACE.

(To the Old Guard in Gray, Memphis, June, 1924.)

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON, POET LAUREATE FORREST
CAVALRY CORPS.

The Southland. A day it was of promise and delight,
When thrill of joy sped through the eastern
skies
And faintly tinted fringe of Morning's gown,
Trailed low with amethyst and glistening
pearl
Upon the somber mountain's crest, and then,
All ruby-jeweled, lent its roseate flush
Where had been Night's dark panoply of
shade.
The silent fields felt stir of humbler things
That dwelt beneath soft grasses as they
crawled
To meet the light, to welcome in the morn.

To meet a joyous day in joyous land
Where sweetest woman smiled on happy
homes,
Attuned to music and to purpose fine,
To inspiration for heroic deeds
In knightly souls that did her reverence.

* * *

War. Then came a summons to those knightly
souls,
A call, as thunderbolt from smiling heavens,
And, pausing not for question nor dispute,
They gathered from the Manor House and cot,
An army, 'twixt the dawning and the dark.

Whence came the impulse which through
mightiest souls
Had worked for high achievement in the new
America? Ah, patriot blood she spilled,
From those through centuries tutored well
was drawn
The impulse, strong, heroic, unsubdued,
Had wrought and at the Forge of Ages grew.
And now, it was the scions of those sires
Who heard, and sprang in answer to the call.
Far-sounding, when the South, in sorrow, led
Her gallant sons to sacrifice and death.

* * *

Reconstruction. There is a deathless Thing! It cannot die!
A Thing that rises to the heights sublime
Above defeat and bloodshed, agony,
Above the curse of War and Misery;
Across the South, in desolation, tears,
This deathless Thing passed swiftly as a
breath
From some strange Presence, masterful and
strong,
It was the Spirit of the South untamed,
A Spirit, from annihilating blow,
Rising to everlasting dominance.

* * *

1924. The Spirit of the old-time South yet lives
Embalmed in sacred symbols of defeat,
It calls the New South to these palace walls,
These walls which, as by wondrous magic
reared,

Make meeting place for deathless Old and
New,
Where remnant of the old time Guard in
Gray
Bequeaths its spirit of undying chivalry.

* * *

The Auditorium, Memphis Reunion. And to our glorious past we dedicate,
To legends and traditions of the years
Made sacred by baptism of priceless blood,
This gathering place, this place where ever-
more
The South may come for Bivouac of Peace.
Here will it listen to the swelling chimes
That sing and chant a welcome to the day
Of high resolve, of more abundant life.
Here will it foster noblest enterprise,
For brick and mortar in their heavenward
reach
Of walls where brawn and throbbing sinew
strive,
Where psychic aspirations, through the voice
Of Melody, of Poesy, of Faith,
Call to generations: "Haste and come
To join the festal gatherings of Old,
Of New in Memphis fair, which is the heart
And pulsing center of our universe!"

WORK WITH TEXTBOOK COMMITTEES.

BY MISS ELIZABETH H. HANNA, GENERAL CHAIRMAN OF U. D. C.
COMMITTEE ON SOUTHERN LITERATURE AND
INDORSEMENT OF BOOKS.

During the months of June and July a sharp controversy arose between the Textbook Committee of the Board of Education of the Atlanta Public Schools and the General Chairman of the U. D. C. Committee on Southern Literature and Indorsement of Textbooks, assisted by Mr. John Ashley Jones, Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans for the State of Georgia, the occasion being the apparent determination of the School Board to place "Gordy's History of the United States" as a textbook in the public schools. As this attempt is likely to be made in other directions, it will be of interest to the readers of the VETERAN to know something about this book.

As a history written from an unsympathetic, not to say an unfriendly, standpoint, it would be impossible, in a short article, to point out all the instances of unfair, incorrect, and half-true statements which the book contains, not to speak of omissions which, to say the least, are extraordinary. Fancy a textbook in a Southern, and especially a Georgia, school which limits the history of Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina to a few brief lines and a footnote, and gives but twelve pages to the history of Virginia and Maryland, while it gives seventeen pages to the colonial history of the New England States, and especially the history of Massachusetts. What can explain the curious omission of all mention of the second administration of President U. S. Grant, an administration often referred to to-day as the only one comparable to the present for graft and general corruption?

In the colonial history of Virginia, we are told that as the planters needed laborers for their plantations, the slave traders found there a market for their slaves, but we are left in the dark as to who these slave traders were. Tobacco, and not the New England States, is held responsible for the in-

roduction of slaves into Virginia. In colonial Massachusetts the slave trade was one of the principal industries; but nothing of this is to be found in the seventeen pages before mentioned, only, on page 103, we find that the New England States traded with the West Indies and that cargoes of dried fish were exchanged for sugar, rum, and slaves. The slave trade in Massachusetts began at the close of the Pequod war with the selling into bondage of the Indian captives taken in that war; and George H. Moore, librarian of the New York Historical Society in 1862, and author of the "History of Slavery in Massachusetts," tells his readers that African slavery was in full force in Massachusetts from 1636 to 1788. Indeed, he might have gone further, for it was carried on by the Northern States illegally to the breaking out of the War between the States. It, therefore, rouses one's indignation to find on page 181 the statement that "Georgia and South Carolina so strongly desired to *bring more slaves from Africa* that they would not accept the Constitution if the foreign slave trade should be discontinued." While "The Northern States, especially Massachusetts, opposed this trade, they urged another measure which the South as firmly opposed. This had reference to the control of commerce by Congress." Since each desired a measure, which the other opposed, a compromise was effected and the slave trade was continued, until 1808.

Contrast this statement with that made by Hall, Smither & Ousley: "South Carolina and Georgia objected to its (the slave trade) immediate cessation, because they had lost many of their slaves during the war and they were in need of laborers for their plantations. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut also objected, because they had been engaged in the traffic for many years, and many of their merchants wished time in which to find other employment for their ships." Being much impressed with the discrepancy in these two statements, I asked the publishers of Hall, Smither & Ousley for their authorities, and am glad to include them as follows:

Debates on the adoption of the Federal Constitution in the convention held at Philadelphia in 1787, as reported by James Madison.

Elliot, Volume III (Supplement to Elliot's Debates, Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1861). Pages 456-461 and 477-478.

It is now in order for Mr. Gordy, and those historians who make the same statement that he makes, of whom I am sorry to say, many may be found among Southern writers, to produce their authorities. Both these statements cannot be true. Authority for other statements by Mr. Gordy is also asked, such as that the power of an anæsthetic to relieve pain was the discovery of a dentist named Horace Wells, of Hartford, Conn. In view of the wide publicity of the discussion as to who deserved this honor, and the final decision which gave it to Dr. Crawford Long, such a statement in a recent publication is a flagrant violation of truth and justice for which there is no excuse. Mr. Gordy also informs us that "John Brown had a rugged, intense nature and was deeply religious," and that "before Lincoln's inauguration the South was prepared for war."

Many other misstatements of this kind might be mentioned. Gordy's history is a dangerous book because it is well written, plausible, and altogether unfair to the South. It is handsomely illustrated, well bound, and would be an ideal textbook if it told the truth. School boards at the present day are largely made up of men who know nothing about history, and the members are attracted by the appearance of a book without much thought as to its contents. This may perhaps

explain why such books sometimes find their way into our schools. Perpetual vigilance is the price of correct history in our schools. If we cannot see to it that the coming generation in the South, at least, is taught the truth in regard to the South and Southern people, let us build no more monuments to Southern heroes, for they will be a useless expenditure of time and money.

E PLURIBUS UNUM!

(Dedicated to the Children of the Confederacy.)

BY DR. A. W. LITTLEFIELD, MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

"Son, the salute to the flag!"

A father and son standing together before the flag of the United States of America, their hands at salute: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands! One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!"

"But, dad, why not that flag also over there, wound around the pictures of Lee and Jackson and Johnston, the St. Andrew's Cross, you have told me, on the red field, the flag you love so much?"

"That, my son, is an ideal banner, created to show what we of the Confederacy *thought*—as our fathers, too, supposed the flag you have just saluted really was."

"But you never salute that banner, father, as you have just saluted the national flag?"

"Son, that symbol, as you know, is the Stars and Bars. We never salute it now, but we do more; we bow our heads in reverence when we stand beneath it. It is the 'Southern Cross,' the symbol of what this Union was in the beginning, and what it ought to be now. It symbolizes to us the *religion of patriotism*. We pray our God before it that this land of ours may become what that banner stood and always should stand for, sovereign statehood in federal union."

"Father, isn't the United States a federal union of 'free, sovereign, and independent States'? Those are the very words that our history teacher has shown us in some of the State constitutions; we read it even in that of Massachusetts."

"It is only so in name, dear lad. America is in danger of becoming a vast empire, ruled from the great Capital by a few power-loving men who seek to govern as they choose, just like the big, cruel empires of Europe."

"Then, pa, ours is *not* a 'land of the free and home of the brave,' as we recite at school?"

"We thought it was in the old days, my boy; and many a brave man thought so too. You are a young son of the Southland; and you have been taught about Washington and Patrick Henry and Calhoun and Lee and Jackson and many another great Southerner. These men believed that 'free, sovereign, and independent' States created a union for their mutual benefit and general welfare. They believed that the Union was formed of thirteen States, which King George's government, in 1783, admitted, by the Treaty of Paris, were no longer his, but had become, by winning the Revolutionary War, *free, sovereign, and independent*. Nevertheless, as the years went on, tricky politicians perverted that idea and tried to destroy the Union and make America an empire, wipe out the States, and turn *citizens* into *subjects*. Then I and your uncles and the other men of the South rose up and waged war to restore the Constitution and the Union of our fathers; the Stars and Bars was the flag that led us forth! And, though we lost the war, still we revere the 'Crucial Banner,' as many lovingly and reverently call it, and we hope for the day to come when that ideal of union which we fought for shall prevail again and we shall once more

be the *citizens* of free, sovereign, and independent States gathered in loyal and loving federal union, living under the true Constitution created and established by our fathers and by Washington inspired."

"Yes, father; but the Constitution; what is it? And is what we call the Constitution now so different from the old Constitution?"

"Ah, son! The Constitution as we have it to-day is far different from the old Constitution. That Constitution was the great charter which patriotic men, your grandfathers and mine, set up as a guard and defense between the citizens and the government to keep the men in office from trampling upon and trying to destroy the liberties of the individual citizens. But the Constitution now is fast becoming wrecked because of unpatriotic amendments to it; and, in consequence, personal liberty is more in danger than in King George's time. Selfish usurpers are basely making every effort to exalt the power of government over the principles of the Constitution! Dear lad, your fathers of the Confederacy took up arms to defend that Constitution and bring it back to full authority among Americans; now, what we failed to do with bayonets, you and the other boys and girls, when you grow up, must restore and reestablish with ballots and real patriotism."

"Father, was it wrong for you and my uncles and the Southern men and women to fight for State Rights?"

"Son, it was not wrong. Nothing is so patriotic in all the world as to hold fast to State sovereignty. Let nobody delude you about that."

"And this dear banner, the Stars and Bars, and this other flag, which we have just saluted, the Stars and Stripes, do they really stand for the same ideas, what you call Anglo-American Liberty, State sovereignty in federal union?"

"Yes, absolutely, a thousand times yes. When the States shall be free again, as they will, when you and the others have restored true union and the real Constitution, then the Confederate flag may well be called the Stars and Stripes, and the federal flag, the Stars and Bars. Both *should* mean the same thing—*E Pluribus Unum*."

"*E Pluribus Unum*! Why, in the Latin lesson, the teacher told us that it meant, 'From many, one'! From many States, one union, is that the idea?"

"Yes; that is the idea and the ideal! Be Americans; but, also, love your native States, Virginia for you and South Carolina and Alabama and all the rest for your cousins farther South. And learn by heart what a patriotic Southerner wrote soon after the War between the States: 'A man whose patriotism has no local roots is a man whose patriotism is but a poor abstraction;' abstraction meaning something that is all ghost and has no body. Nothing truer, son. Love your home and your State; and, out of that home love and State loyalty make a great and noble Union, whose Constitution shall defend your home and State from every usurpation of central government."

"Father, to-morrow may I ask the history teacher about this you have told me?"

"To be sure you may, my little patriot! And when you come home, please tell me what he says?"

"And, pa; may I take your Stars and Bars over to school some day?"

"Yes, you may. But I believe I shall come along, too, and see what happens."

So the father and son sat talking about the flags and the war and the New Day until the drowsy young head showed the man that the boy was far off in dreamland, dreaming perhaps of those terrible battles in which his father and his

kin made triumphant charge under the Stars and Bars. Perchance, too, for dreams, though neither logical nor consistent, yet sometimes reveal more of truth than solid, fleshly fact, mayhap he saw the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes commingle, indistinguishably, as almost they did at the first Manassas; and brother reach out forgiving hand to brother, on the battle field over which the Bright Angel had, somehow, brought peace and fraternal understanding.

To the father also came a vision! He beheld the face of that Confederate mother whose war-burdened life was given that the son might have birth, and whispering in his heart again their vows of consecration, dedicating the coming child to the homeland and the sheltering cause. Memories so intimate and tender! Indeed, "Love makes memory eternal." The vision faded; but the vows renewed themselves. The father, beholding their son and rejoicing in the kinship not only of the flesh, but deeper of the ideal, gazed far into the years to a time when the youth, grown to manhood, should stand in the place of the elder men of the nations, swaying with wonder words, by the genius of his oratory, the patriotic multitude before him and giving them at the close of the thrilling peroration this lofty and unifying sentiment: "The Stars and Bars, the symbol of sovereign statehood; the Stars and Stripes, the symbol of State sovereignty in federal union: long, together may they wave, the guide of the free, the pride of the brave, *now and forevermore, inseparably one*."

THE C. S. A. SIGNAL CORPS.

BY W. S. GREGORY, LYNCHBURG, VA.

The July VETERAN has an article by John C. Stiles, Brunswick, Ga., in which he requests that any who may know of the Signal Corps shall favor the readers of your valuable paper with some of its history.

In October, 1859, E. P. Alexander, second lieutenant Engineer Corps, and A. J. Miles, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., were assigned to special duty to perfect a system of military signals which had been devised and offered to the War Department. After three months, experimenting with stations at Fort Hamilton and Sandy Hook, they reported that with flags or torches waved in a certain way and with varied motions, distance between posts being overcome by strong field glasses, messages could be conveyed with telegraphic precision. The War Department caused a bill to be introduced in Congress, which was adopted in 1860.

After Captain Alexander's resignation from the United States army had been accepted and various experiences endured, at Richmond, Va., on June 3, 1861, he received his commission as captain of Engineers, C. S. A., but was immediately assigned by President Davis to making equipment—flags, torches, poles, etc.—and when these were ready, some time in June, he was ordered to report to General Beauregard to establish this Signal Service, and July came before the selection of men for the purpose and before their details were made and the posts for practice selected. It was found useful before the month ended.

The following is a list of members of the Corps with whom I was thrown and knew personally:

GEN. A. P. HILL'S CORPS.—Capt. R. H. T. Adams, Lynchburg, Va.; Sergt. P. H. Vermillion, Lynchburg, Va.; R. A. Vermillion, Burton's Creek, Va.

GEN. D. H. HILL'S CORPS.—Capt. Max W. Davidson, Mississippi; Sergt. Edward S. Gregory, Lynchburg, Va.; —Asbury, Louisiana; Carlo Patti, New Orleans, La.

I never met Patti, but heard so much of his pleasant man-

ners and his sweet voice from these others that I feel as if I knew him. He was brother to Carlotta and Adelina Patti, those premieres of music.

GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET'S CORPS.—Capt. Jacob H. Manim-ing, Fairfax, or Loudoun, County, Va.; Sergt. — Buchanan, Mississippi; Jourdan M. Burke, Alexandria, Va.; John Barnes, Southwestern Virginia; Jack Downing, Fairfax, or Loudoun County, Va.; W. S. Gregory, Lynchburg, Va.; Ludwell Hutcheson, Alexandria, Va.; Elisha Kincheloe, Fairfax, or Loudoun, County, Va.; Thomas Kincheloe, Fairfax, or Loudoun, County, Va.; — Wells, Petersburg, Va.

OTHER ASSIGNMENTS.—Capt. W. N. Barker, — Va.; Sergt. Charles W. Cosby, Lynchburg, Va.; Maj. William Norris, Virginia; and others whose names I can't recall.

At a certain period, I think it was just previous to our trip to Chickamauga, Ga., Jourdan Burke and I were detached and ordered to Richmond for instruction in field telegraphy. There we found P. H. Vermillion and others, and we stayed some months. Major Norris had charge of the office on Bank Street, and Captain Barker was in charge of the one on Cary Street. I remember two Richmond boys, Burroughs and Doggett. What we learned was lost, as our equipment expected from England never came.

In Newport News I remember being well acquainted with Joe and Willie Eggleston, brothers from Mississippi, who somehow lodge in my memory as Signal men, but I am not positive.

Many more whose names I cannot recall—but how I would rejoice to hear from any who may be alive of those splendid fellows of the "Auld Lang Syne."

FROM THE "EASTERN SHORE" OF VIRGINIA.

BY J. W. BROUGHTON, HALLWOOD, VA.

The greater part of my time now is passed in reading, and when not thus employed my mind invariably turns to old army comrades and the times we had together during the army life of the sixties. And it may be of some interest to readers of the VETERAN to hear something of this small part of Virginia and its part in the unpleasantness of that period.

Consult the map of Virginia, and you will find where was located the original "Garden of Eden" (so said an old French professor of one of our schools of that day). On the Atlantic coast line are Cape Charles and Cape Henry, between which points is the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, which is an ocean of itself, over two hundred miles long and from twenty-five to forty miles wide. North of Cape Charles to the Maryland and Virginia State line is a long, narrow strip of land, seventy-five miles in length, which is a part of the eastern portion of Virginia and is generally referred to as the "Eastern Shore" of Virginia and comprises two counties, Accomac and Northampton. We are separated from the major portion by Chesapeake Bay. (I heard a speaker tell an audience about the wonders of this section, and he said: "It is that part of Virginia which was lost from its mother.") The New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroads double track the entire distance, and these companies have twenty or more of the most powerful tugs, each towing large barges carrying thirty-odd heavily laden freight cars. Also two large passenger and freight steamers ply between Norfolk, via Old Point Comfort, to Cape Charles City, near the lower or southern part of this peninsula. This is the most direct line for passenger or freight from New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, and other points north to the South. These steamers and tugs towing the huge barges are on the go day

and night, no weather too rough for them, a distance of over fifty miles.

This entire country prior to the sixties was intensely Southern in sentiment. When the State of Virginia seceded, a regiment was organized in short order, consisting of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The Yanks, 7,000 strong, armed to the teeth, as it were, with the best and most improved armament, their gunboats blockading both the Atlantic and the bay sides of the peninsula, were under General Lockwood on the north, near the State line. It looked as if we were bottled up. To meet this mighty host of 7,000, we moved up the country to near said line with 1,200 men, many with no guns at all, not more than 300 had muskets, and they were of the old flint-and-steel variety. Most of the men had old shotguns. The artillery had one 6-pounder brass cannon, which had been a present from one of Lafayette's generals to Accomac County. The cavalry had home-made spears, with a few old flint-and-steel horse pistols and sabers. With all this disparity in number of men and equipment, we were eager to meet the foe, but wiser heads, mindful of the fact that there was no way out of the trap, counseled against it, and finally, with the consent of the military leaders, the men were disbanded, and it was every man for himself. Never was anyone found prior to this who would cross the Chesapeake Bay in a small open sailboat, but we were so eager to get into the fray that we were willing to take that chance of reaching Dixieland. Then began a system of running the Yankee blockade, which continued throughout the war: In the first year about four hundred had crossed the bay. With the blockade runner, owner of the boat, realizing the big profits to be made in securing all manner of merchandise, principal of which was whisky, they risked life, capture, and heavy penalties, everything for the mighty dollar; and so it is to-day.

When our friends the Yankees invaded our shore, they found a few so-called Union men, and these were ever ready to take the office of the "rebel." This class multiplied rapidly, and in a short time the scalawags held the civil offices. Many of our best citizens were arrested on the flimsiest charges made by negroes and scalawags, and at time our jails were full of our best people. This state of affairs continued to the end.

Of the gallant four hundred young men and boys who succeeded in crossing the bay, only about eighteen or twenty are now living. I was only seventeen, one of the youngest. Many never returned, their lives went out at Seven Pines, Cold Harbor—yea, from Gettysburg south in the many contests to the ending at Appomattox.

R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., who kindly furnished the list of names from the old autograph album published in the VETERAN for April and May, writes that he has received a letter from Mrs. Crenshaw, of Salisbury, N. C., a daughter of Capt. J. J. Davis, whose name was in the list, and she gives some data on her father's service. Captian Davis organized his own company, was captured after the battle of Gettysburg, and spent twenty-one months at Johnson's Island. Being a lawyer by profession, he had a class in law while in prison. From 1874 to 1884 he was a representative in the United States Congress, and was on the Supreme Court bench until his death, August 7, 1892.

Mr. Mitchell also had a letter from George H. McEntire, of Sterling, City, Tex., whose father, Col. W. R. McEntire (named in the list) had a similar album, containing 688 names, his copy containing members of the Masonic fraternity and marked as "Block 6, Masonic Ward."

MY HERO OF THE WAR.

[The following paper was written by Miss Neoma Dickenson, aged thirteen years, of North Tazewell, Va., in competition for a prize offered by the U. D. C. Chapter. While it did not win the prize, it deserves recognition for its originality and the bit of heretofore unwritten history.]

In order to give a true conception of this wartime hero, I'll have to go back to his tender years, when imagination swells and buds, and after long years his dreams become a reality.

As a boy in his Massachusetts home, my hero had heard wonderful stories of the Southland told by an older sister who had frequently visited a historical old Virginia home. He could picture the great Southern plantations in all their marvelous beauty, the picturesque old colonial mansions, with the many negro slaves about. This became the most interesting topic that ever came into his young life, and he, like all normal boys that find a very gratifying subject, often propounded questions even beyond comprehension and where they sometimes became a source of irritation. This happened in his case, and as none of the family would busy themselves to answer further questions, his mind ran quickly to his father's great library, thinking that among so many books there must be something about Virginia that he would like to read. To his delight, he found many things that widened his imagination until he had a little fairyland encased in his brain worth more than gold to him, and no little time did he spend in this fairyland of his.

As he comes on up through the years, just where fairies cease to exist, he sees new visions far out in the future. There are rumors of war against this land of enchantment that he had lived in so long with his fairies and learned to love. This brought unrest into his once carefree life, and as time speeds onward rumors become more and more numerous, and a tenseness now filled the air; even a sense of hatred for the South began to mold itself in almost every Northerner's heart. Speakers appeared here and there over the North arousing the young manhood, inciting them to rise against their foe when the warning signal sounded.

The boy heard all the speeches possible from the Northern side, and tried to soothe his troubled conscience, for he felt the South was being unduly treated; yet he did not want to fight against kith and kin and his own homeland, but there was no question as to where his sympathy rested. He guarded his secret with the utmost care, for by this time feeling was running high, and the family, except for himself, were extremely embittered against the cause of the South and would have been in flaming wrath had they known he daily longed to help instead of fight us.

He could bear the strain no longer; so he made up his mind to quietly walk out from home, say no good-by words, and take the long road leading out into the unknown. . . . But with eyes firmly turned toward the Southland, his ears were tuned to hear the cry for help south of the Mason-Dixon Line. When he had crossed over, he knew he had forever turned his back on his people and childhood home, all for the love of justice to his once beautiful fairyland. He left his old world behind and put on, whole-hearted, the Southern armor. He had not gone far beyond the border when he was spotted and arrested for a Northern spy and roughly handled, but before long made his escape, only to be rearrested for the same offense. Then he again escaped, only to be arrested the third time and ordered court-martialed. A skirmish released him upon this occasion. By this time he was getting farther into the South, where his identity as a Northerner became more and more acute, and for the first year he did nothing

but scout around and try to make the boys in gray understand he was one of them. He found this a tedious task, for he was constantly being arrested as a spy, but again and again Providence intervened. Finally, the time came when he was accepted into the ranks of our army and allowed the privilege of helping to defend the cause he believed to be right.

* * *

Not long ago, I rode to Maple Shade Cemetery behind a hearse bearing the remains of an aged warrior. A goodly number of old veterans were in the funeral cortège and were talking about happenings of the War between the States, as is their custom when together, and from them I heard this expression of courage about my hero, which ran like this: "There were many plucky soldiers among our boys. One fellow in our regiment was badly shot while bearing the flag, but he held on calling for help: 'Don't let the flag fall! Don't let it fall, boys! It swayed to and fro, but did not fall. He held on with death-like grip until a soldier released it, then he himself went down.'"

He was wounded twice after this and carried two of these bullets to the end of the war. His comrades have told me they knew no braver man in battle, and if the North had produced more of his type, there would have been no failure for the South.

* * *

For a long period of time after the cannon ceased to roar and quiet reigned over the land, my hero dared not write back home. He knew the bitterness and sorrow there. A brother had been killed in battle near Richmond, and he learned later that they fought this same battle in opposing armies. He never quite recovered from this and deeply regretted having knowledge of it.

For twenty long years he remained away from his boyhood home, waiting for the scars to heal, but the love he bore for the South after the war ended was even greater than back in his fairyland days, and no thought had ever come into his mind to desert the tattered and torn land and flag for which he had fought and bled. A half dozen years now he has been sleeping the sleep of the just. We found inclosed with his will a little paper, neatly folded, that bore these lines: "To my children: No land in all the world is half so dear to me as where I found your mother, wooed and won her, and there builded our nest."

This little poverty-stricken love nest was builded upon Virginia's soil, where he chose to live out his life rather than return to his homeland, where a fortune awaited him, willed, however, only to be used in the North.

Lee and Jackson are a monument of love in every Southerner's heart. We bow at their shrine, but this private who felt the call of duty in a land not his own accepted the challenge which forever barred the door that creaked with pain and boldly took the road strewn with thorns and brambles and fought for the privilege to fight for the principles of an honest soul, and who rejected the blue to wear the gray—he's my hero, . . . and my mother's father.

[Luther Hart Clapp, known in his latter years as Dr. L. H. Clapp, was born in East Hampton, Mass., and was reared in East and North Hampton, which are adjoining towns. He came South at the outbreak of war, and in the closing year married a Virginia girl whom he met at Lebanon, the county seat of Russell, and lived there for many years, then moved to Pennington Gap, Va., at which place he died and was buried by the side of his wartime bride.]

GENERAL EDMUND KIRBY SMITH.

(Compiled by Mrs. Eleanor G. Kirby, Sewanee, Tenn., as her first work as Historian Tennessee Division U. D. C.)

The name of Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith has been presented by many people as one who should have his rightful place in history by being placed in the central group of generals of the Confederacy on the Stone Mountain Memorial. While General Kirby Smith was born in Florida, he belongs to the whole Southland and the world. He served throughout the War between the States with great distinction, never losing a battle, and his service was the most continuous of any general officer. He was the Confederate Blucher at the battle of First Manassas, his timely arrival and the fury of his attack turning a Confederate riot into a brilliant victory. As one of the seven full generals of the Confederacy, his service was of supreme importance. It called for a man of the highest integrity and ability, and that Gen. Kirby Smith acquitted himself brilliantly in its performance is a fact fully recognized by President Davis and others high in authority at the time, though this has never been fully emphasized in Southern history.

Of his invasion of Kentucky, when the Confederate troops under Gen. Kirby Smith numbered 49,776, and those under the Federal commander, General Buell, numbered 176,030, Gen Joseph Wheeler said:

"Two months of marches and battles of Gen. Kirby Smith had cost the Federals a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners of 26,550. He had captured fifty-five cannon, 16,000 stands of arms, millions of rounds of ammunition, 1,700 mules, 300 wagons loaded with stores, and 2,000 horses. He had recovered Cumberland Gap and redeemed Middle Tennessee and North Alabama: yet expectations had been excited that were not realized and hopes had been cherished that were disappointed, and, therefore, this campaign and repeated triumphs without a single reverse have never received, save from the thoughtful, intelligent, and impartial minority, any proper recognition."

As commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A., Gen. Kirby Smith had the power of an absolute dictator. He organized his own treasury department, postoffice department, and cotton bureau. He bought cotton for three and four cents a pound and sold it abroad for fifty cents a pound to an amount estimated at \$125,000,000 in gold, every penny of which went to buy arms, medicine, etc., for the Confederacy. In addition to this, he furnished great quantities of grain, beef, etc., to the starving Confederacy. In the midst of these labors, he found time to defeat Banks and Steele and the combined forces of the United States navy in the Red River campaign. His forces numbered something like 35,000 men against those of Banks and Steele of some 70,000 and the strongest river armada ever assembled up to that time.

Gen. Kirby Smith was not only a great military genius, but he was that sterling, incorruptible kind of Christian leader who has left the imprint of a noble life on our Southern manhood. After the war he gave himself whole-heartedly to the instruction of youth and to healing the wounds of the South, with no thought of self. His ancestry was one of an unbroken line of distinguished service to America from colonial times. His nature was of the most lovable. He had the nobility of Lee, the intense religious fervor of Jackson, the dash of Stuart. He refused an offer of \$50,000 a year as President of the Louisiana State Lottery and other flattering offers in this country and supported a large family of eleven children on the small salary of a professor at Sewanee, Tenn.

The end of his distinguished career came in March, 1893. His last connected utterance was a verse from the Twenty-

Third Psalm: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." He was buried in the cemetery at Sewanee, where a simple monument, bearing, with its appropriate inscription on one side, the symbol of the Confederate army, and surmounted by the symbol of the Church militant, marks the last resting place of the distinguished Christian soldier, rightly named the "Chevalier Bayard of the Southern Confederacy."

The following from his diary gives an insight into his noble character:

"May He who in his infinite wisdom ruleth and directeth all things so govern my actions, so chasten and purify my thoughts, that I may never be called upon to blush for the record of my most secret thoughts and actions."

"From nature must we seek our most durable pleasures. Not in the beauty of form or colors alone, not in the varied woods, shining streams, or blue mountains; not in the towering cliff or sloping hill or winding river, but in the mysterious sense of God in all is the deep sublimity of nature's loveliness. How beautiful is the rising sun! Ever, ever speaking good in a sweet tongue, it has counseled cheerfulness or peace or hope or resignation."

Gen. Kirby Smith was Chancellor of the University of Nashville from 1870 to 1875, and the following is taken from a sketch of him given in an address by the late Judge F. S. Wilson at the time his portrait was added to the collection of portraits of the Chancellors of the University:

"Edmund Kirby Smith was born at St. Augustine, Fla., May 16, 1824, the son of Joseph Lee Smith and Frances Marvin Kirby. His ancestors on both sides were originally from Connecticut, and some of them acquired distinction in every war in which the colonies and the United States engaged, as well as in important civic positions. His father was a commissioned officer in the war of 1812 and a prominent lawyer in Connecticut. After resigning as colonel of the 3rd U. S. Infantry in 1821, he was appointed judge of the Superior Court of Florida by President Monroe. His decisions as judge of the Court, concerning many vexing questions arising out of Spanish land claims, stand to-day in the legal profession as monuments to his judicial fairness, impartiality, and wisdom. From 1838 to 1845 he was a delegate in Congress from the Territory of Florida.

"Ephraim Kirby, General Kirby Smith's grandfather, joined the army of the colonies, or Confederate States of America, at the age of eighteen, as an aid on the staff of Gen. Lord Stirling. He took part in seventeen battles and rose to the rank of colonel. For many years he was a member of the Connecticut legislature, and in 1803 was appointed Land Commissioner of the Louisiana Territory and United States judge of this territory in 1804. He died on the banks of the Tombigbee River, near Montgomery, Ala., near Montgomery, Ala., while on his way to Louisiana.

"Ephraim Kirby Smith, the older brother of Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, a graduate of West Point, was twice brevetted for gallantry in battle and was killed while leading a battalion at Molino del Rey, Mexico, September 8, 1847. The son of this chivalrous soldier and gentleman, Joseph Lee Kirby Smith, was an honor graduate of West Point, a lieutenant of engineers in the United States army, a colonel of the 43rd Ohio Volunteers, brevet brigadier general, and commander of Fuller's Brigade in the Union army in the War between the States. He was killed at the battle of Corinth, October, 1862.

"Following ancestral footsteps, Edmund Kirby Smith entered the West Point Military Academy and graduated therefrom in 1845 with the rank of second lieutenant of infantry. His first service was in the Mexican War, in which

he was twice brevetted for gallantry, first at Cerro Gordo and then as brevet captain at Contreras. After the war he was assistant professor of mathematics at West Point Military Academy from 1849 to 1852. In 1855 he attained the rank of captain and was assigned to the 2nd U. S. Cavalry, with which he served on the frontier at Fort Atchison, Tex., and was wounded in an engagement with the Comanche Indians. In this battle he acted with such conspicuous bravery, guided by sound military judgment, that the legislature of Texas gave him a unanimous vote of thanks for his services. He was promoted to the rank of major early in 1861, but when his native State of Florida withdrew from the Federal Union, he resigned his commission, April 6, 1861, and was appointed by President Davis as lieutenant colonel of cavalry in the Confederate army. His conduct all through the war was such as to win repeated recognition from the Confederate authorities for his bravery and military genius. In 1861 he was made a lieutenant general, and a full general in 1864, the highest rank in the Confederate army. Having been wounded at the first battle of Manassas, he was placed in command of the Department of East Tennessee, in 1862, a position rightfully regarded as of vital importance in the defense of the Southern Confederacy. When General Bragg, commanding the Western Army, marched into Kentucky in the late summer and early fall of 1862, General Kirby Smith led in advance its eastern wing as an independent command and with his force gained two most signal victories over a much larger force of the enemy at Richmond and at Perryville, Ky. On February 17, 1863, the Congress of the Confederate States unanimously passed a resolution thanking Gen. Kirby Smith for his matchless display of bravery and skill in conducting his part of that campaign.

"Later in 1863 he was sent to command the Trans-Mississippi Department, which covered Texas, a large part of Louisiana, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory. Being in supreme command, he had to act on his own initiative and judgment in almost every detail and emergency, having communication with the government at Richmond only through blockade runners and personal messengers, who were able to slip through the lines of the Federal army and cross the Mississippi River. He rapidly organized a fighting force of considerable strength, provided and enforced a regular system of government over the country, disciplined his army, established factories, machine shops, salt works, and supplied his forces with clothing, rations, and the essential munitions of war. In short, he organized an army, supported it, and governed this immense territory practically without assistance from the Confederate government. By joint resolution of the legislature of Texas in 1864, he received the thanks of the State for victories gained by his army in Louisiana and Arkansas, May 24 of that year. His army was the last Confederate force that surrendered.

"After the fall of the Confederate government and the disbandment of its heroic armies, General Kirby Smith devoted himself, as did the heroic Lee, to the noble purpose of peace and to reuniting in bonds of amity the discordant sentiments of the people of the Union, by educating the youth of our land so that this republic might become the grandest, the richest, and the happiest in all the annals of the ages. To this end he accepted the Chancellorship of the University of Nashville in 1870 and there remained until 1875. As an executive officer, as an impressive power in guiding the minds and shaping the morals of the students under his charge, as an exemplar of high ideals and noble aims of life, he was neither excelled nor equaled by any of its Chancellors. His life and services, in the character they displayed, in the high

ideals they illustrated, in the determination exhibited, should become an inspiration to the young generation of to-day."

JAMESTOWN—PLYMOUTH ROCK.

(May 13, 1607. November 20, 1620.)

CHAPTER I.

Two Colonial Dames arrived at the Pearly Gate.
Jamestown the home of one,
Plymouth Rock that of the other.
St. Peter met them.
To the Dame from the first permanent
English settlement, in America, he said;
"Welcome.
I salute you.
You are not like other girls.
But—
When you enter your new Celestial Home,
We will have to confine you in the
Stocks,
To prevent you from escaping and returning to
Virginia."

CHAPTER II.

Turning to the New England Dame, he said:
"Welcome, too,
You look thirteen years younger than your sister.
(That's right, you are permitted to smile here.)
But—
You cannot go within the Gate—as yet.
Your heaven will be in the
Mayflower,
Where you with your Puritan friends may
Sail up and down our coast until our
History Committee reports on what the
'Pilgrim Fathers' are the fathers of.
There seems to be something about the
Fatherhood
That gives to it something, somewhat of the
Odor of the Cod."

CHAPTER III.

The two Dames now glanced at each other in
Sympathy.
They were now historically agreed for the
First time
That—
It were better had they both been of the
Lost Colony in the
Croatan
Woods of North Carolina,
Then—
There would have been no
Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.
Nor—
First at Bethel,
Farthest at Gettysburg, and
Last at Appomattox.
—*Sterling Boisseau in Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., will appreciate any information as to the names and organizations to which attached of any chaplain or surgeon of the armies of the Confederate States.

WHEN FORREST CAPTURED FRANKLIN.

BY CHARLES MARSHALL, BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS.

General Forrest attacked the Federals at Franklin on June 4, 1863, driving them through the town and across the river, Forrest occupying the place.

The excitement and joy of the population over the retreat of the Northern troops was very great. People ran out of their houses into the yards and even upon the sidewalks to see and hear better. The Federal provost guards, patrolling the streets in the rear of the fighting line, remonstrated with them, saying: "Have you no sense at all? Don't you know that you may be killed or maimed by the fire of your friends? Get into the house, and in the cellar, if you have a cellar!"

After awhile the town was in full possession of the Confederates. The siege guns of Fort Grainger boomed, and the rifle pieces of the Confederates, in position south of the town, crashed in a duel of artillery, the shells whistling over the town.

At our house some one raised the cry: "General Forrest is coming up the street!" Every one rushed to the front fence.

Sure enough, the general was near at hand at the head of a body of horsemen, consisting of staff officers, orderlies, and the escort troop, approaching at a walk from the direction of the public square. At the sight of our father, General Forrest turned his horse toward the sidewalk and was met just outside the sidewalk, where a low-spoken conversation was held.

Officers and men attending the general reined their horses to the other side of the street and took position in loose column formation, leaving the roadway clear.

At the conclusion of the conversation, and when shaking hands, I heard father say: "General, Major Johnson waits to pay his respects to you at his house across the street." The General, whose back was to the street, turned his horse, saying, "Yes, yes, certainly," and rode across the street toward Major Johnson's gate. I can recall how the old man tore the gate open and rushed bareheaded to meet General Forrest, both hands extended, the family standing at the fence gazing in awe at the great Forrest.

We remained at the fence looking at the general, his staff and escort, and passing soldiers in gray. Suddenly a horseman came from the direction of the river at utmost speed. The rider, an orderly, recognized General Forrest as he passed him and pulled his horse to a stop, and, wheeling, rode to the general, saluted and said: "Generals (I did not catch the name) compliments. Armstrong is being driven back on the Murfreesboro road." General Forrest listened calmly with his eyes fastened on the man's face and said something in reply in a tone so low I could not hear what he said. I watched this episode with breathless interest. I was a student of the history of Napoleon and his marshals, and I knew the military etiquette, the prestige of rank and greatness, and the atmosphere that surrounds those in high position. And here I was witnessing the making of a report on the field of battle by a soldier to the victorious commander in chief. What would be General Forrest's attitude toward the orderly! Would he say: "Ha, sirrah; what hast thou to say?"

Well, the general fulfilled my ideal of a truly great and dignified man. He regarded the man calmly, listening carefully to what he had to say, quietly and impersonally giving the man a return message to bear, and the orderly comported himself in a manner that won my boyish admiration. There was no trace of servility or embarrassment. With an impassive expression, he looked the great captain in the face and spoke in a clear, steady voice.

When the General concluded his return message, the orderly saluted punctiliously, wheeled his horse, and was gone the way he had come, his horse at full speed, *ventre a terre*. I knew that he was bound for the place somewhere between the Murfreesboro Road and the river, near Hughes's Mill, from which had been coming the roll of musketry, heavy, steady, without intermission, for more than an hour, so long that the ear was fatigued by the sound. This orderly a private soldier, whose jacket of gray bore no stars or bars upon the collar nor braid upon the sleeves, was, as Burns would say, "a man for a' that."

It may not be amiss to relate a little incident illustrating the opinion of the prowess of Forrest as a military commander entertained by the people of Franklin and surrounding country based upon personal observation of the various campaigns conducted in that vicinity by the General during which there were engagements at Franklin and near by.

When Hood's army, defeated in the battle of Nashville, retreated through Franklin, its rear was covered by the cavalry of Gen. Abram Buford, who contested the passage of the Harpeth River, on the northern outskirts of the town, by the pursuing Federals in a hot engagement, withdrawing late in the evening when the retreating infantry had gotten a sufficient distance away.

The river not being fordable on account of high water, a pontoon bridge was thrown across the stream and the Federals began the occupation of the town upon the retirement of Buford.

When the fighting began, the people had sought refuge in the cellars, as usual.

As it became dark, I, a lad of sixteen, climbed the fence between my home place and that of a neighbor, passing through the garden to his house for the purpose of ascertaining how the numerous persons I knew to be gathered in the large cellar had fared. In the cellar, lighted by a single lamp, I found the company seated with backs to the wall, and in a corner was a young woman crying hard. "What is Sally crying about?" I asked, but no one replied.

Thinking she had heard of some kinsman having fallen in the fighting, I went to the weeping woman and asked: "Sally, why are you crying?"

"O, Charley!" she replied, "the bridge has been swept away; only a thousand or so troops have crossed to this side. Forrest is coming from Murfreesboro to join Hood's army; Forrest will learn the situation here and will be sure to attack to-night. We shall have fighting in the town and have to go through those terrifying experiences again, and my nerves will not stand it! If it were anyone else but Forrest, I should not be so frightened, but that terrible man! Boo hoo!"

The gloomy expression of the faces of the assembly indicated that all concurred in poor Sally's view, and the worst was to be apprehended. As for myself, I reflected that home was the better place for me, especially as there was a deeper cellar there! All knew Forrest and Forrest's "way"!

However, owing to the distance, bad roads, wretched weather, and unbridged streams, General Forrest did not reach the route of the retreating army until many miles south of Franklin intervened.

In his memoirs, General Grant states that he thought (and it was so thought at Washington) that Hood's army would not be able, in view of the vigorous pursuit, to reach the distant Tennessee River and cross that wide stream to safety. "But," adds General Grant, "the rear guard was undaunted and firm and did its duty to the very end."

Forrest was in command of the rear guard!

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN BATTLE.

BY CAPT. W. F. FULTON, GOODWATER, ALA.

In the fall of 1860 I was a student at Oglethorpe University, Ga., in the senior class, and after the presidential election, when Mr. Lincoln was declared the successful candidate for that high office, there was so much excitement and so much war talk that our college work was completely paralyzed. We had already organized a company among the student body, with a full quota of officers, had obtained guns from Governor Brown, and were very well drilled in the manual of arms and in the infantry movement according to Hardee; and we were discussing whether to volunteer in the Confederate service in our then organization or go home and join some company there, knowing they were being rapidly formed in almost every community. I decided to go home, which I reached in due time, and after a week or more of sweet communion with loved ones, I joined a company being formed, composed largely of my boy friends and acquaintances.

The company was organized with over one hundred names on the roll, and was called the "North Sumter Rifles," afterwards known as Company A of the 5th Alabama Battalion, Archer's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps. A. S. Vandegraaf was captain; J. M. Winston, D. W. Husted, and Wade Ritter were lieutenants. When the 5th Battalion was organized, Captain Vandegraaf was made major and commanded it through the war. Lieutenant Winston resigned, went home, and organized a cavalry company; Lieutenant Husted was killed at Gaines's Mill (Cold Harbor); and Lieutenant Ritter was promoted to captain and served as such to the close of the war.

Company A was a model company, composed of the pick of the young men of the county, all young and physically the equal of the best, as good material as any in the army. I could mention many acts of personal bravery unexcelled by any in that grand army. But the saddest of all is the fact that of all that gallant band I am the last, all gone across the great divide but me.

That was early in 1861. We enlisted for "three years or the war," and this brought about a little misunderstanding later on, but was finally decided somewhat contrary to our view, and was made to mean we had "joined" for the war. However, this was entirely satisfactory to the majority of us, and we considered ourselves as regulars from then on to the close. Our company, being fully organized with its full outfit of officers, went into camp in an old field west of Gainesville, Sumter County, Ala., and there, after some weeks of drilling, we were ordered to Richmond, Va.

We boarded a Mobile and Ohio train at Scooba, Miss., and were soon on our way to the seat of war. All along the route the girls were out in force to greet us at every station, with their pretty dresses, gay ribbons, rosy cheeks, and bewitching smiles. Of course, we raised the rebel yell, as we were all in our teens and were susceptible to their charms. On, on to Manassas, which we finally reached without any mishap and stretched our tents beside the railroad track in the old field near the Junction. Measles soon made its appearance, and woe to the poor fellow who had never had it. It took a heavy toll.

General Beauregard's headquarters were in sight of our camp, and every morning as he mounted his horse and, accompanied by his aids and couriers, started on his rounds of inspection along the lines, he was always an object of interest to me, being the first real general I had ever seen. He was small of stature, with a prominent moustache, dark eyes, and resembled a Frenchman.

Two companies from Calhoun County, Ala., and one from Mobile, Ala., making four, with ours, were organized into a battalion known as the 5th Alabama Battalion of Infantry, armed with old flint-and-steel muskets used in the Revolutionary War. These guns had been changed into percussion guns by removing the flints, filling up the powder holes, and putting in tubes and hammers. We witnessed many novel sights here.

An order came from headquarters for our battalion to lay aside our muskets and take charge of the heavy guns in the earthen forts erected at Manassas Junction. These forts were made of earth thrown up pretty high, with openings at intervals for the thirty-two pounder guns. These openings were protected by bags filled with sand and stacked up on each side of the embrasure. For days and weeks we were drilled in handling these big guns, expecting General McDowell to move forward at any moment. Every day there were exciting rumors throughout our camp. Grapevine dispatches from the front—we were kept constantly on the lookout for something to happen. We heard that General McDowell, in command of opposing forces, intended to cross Bull Run at one of the lower fords and attack our right. This would no doubt have brought our batteries into the contest, and on that account the rumor was of special interest to us. Then we heard next day that he was crossing above; then that he really attempted to cross near the center of our line and was repulsed with heavy loss and was falling back toward Washington. All such rumors proved to be false, yet we were ready to believe the very next one that came along. On the 18th of July, we heard the cannon booming away at one of the fords, and from the roar we were convinced something was to pay this time, so we took our places beside our big guns in the fort and awaited orders. Rumors flew thick and fast, and we heard all sorts of things. Late in the afternoon we learned that a heavy force attempted to cross in front of General Longstreet's command, but was beaten back. This, we know now, was only a feint, but at the time we thought it the real thing. A few days after this, on the 21st of July, the real battle opened away up on our left, McDowell attempting to turn our left by a rapid move in this direction. The battle was soon joined, and the Confederates, being greatly outnumbered, were forced to fall back, and had it not been for General Jackson's command, which held "like a stone wall," the disaster might have been complete. It was here Jackson acquired the sobriquet of "Stonewall." From our position we heard the roar of the battle as the two armies clashed in the deadly struggle. We stood by our guns, not knowing when our time would come. Our commanding officer came around and inspected us to ascertain, I suppose, how it all affected us. He gave a few commands, seemed satisfied with our demeanor, and passed on to other points.

Ah, this 21st of July, 1861! What a day it was to me! My first real experience of war. A day full of awe and suspense. Stragglers from the front coming in with their woeful tales, speaking of slaughter and carnage, whole regiments are wiped out, and our side is losing ground, etc. I learned afterwards to put little reliance in these rumors, but at the time they had a very depressing effect on my spirits. As the day wore on we were sure, from the sound of the guns, that our line had fallen back. In the afternoon we were ordered to take our places at the guns and prepare for action, as a large force of the enemy was reported to have crossed at the lower ford and was rapidly advancing to the attack from that side—and that means us. It was sad news too, for we knew General Beauregard had his hands full already. We

were quick in our movements and soon were prepared for any emergency. Every man was at his post, and seemed ready to do his part. We afterwards learned that the officer in command of our part of the line gave this false alarm to test our mettle, and was heard to say after it was all over that we fully came up to the requirement and that our action showed we intended giving a good account of ourselves had the occasion demanded it, and I am sure we would.

The day after it was all over, in company with a comrade, I walked over the battle field, the first my feet had ever trod. A gruesome sight—dead artillery horses, dead men, broken artillery wheels, scattered guns, scattered haversacks and canteens—all gave evidence of the utter rout. Along the road leading to Centerville, in the direction of Washington, there was every indication of a stampede—hats, coats, broken sabers, abandoned guns, thousands of letters fluttering in the breeze, all bearing witness to a wild flight. Passing a cabin on the battle field, a new grave had been dug in front of the door, and on the inside was a Yankee with both legs off. The grave had been made for him, but he was sitting up smoking his pipe, and said he had no idea of dying. McDowell's army was completely demoralized and had run from Bull Run back to Washington, having thrown away their accouterments and arms to enable them to run faster. We could have captured Washington, no doubt, but it was evidently the best policy not to do so, so the world might understand that the South was engaged in a defensive warfare, not an aggressive one. Our entering Washington would have stirred the Northern people so that, as a beehive, the entire nation would have been stirred up against us, as this act would have been pointed to as invasion on our part, and the whole North would have been appealed to to resent it, thus furnishing them a stick to smite us.

The U. D. C. of our town (Goodwater) have a custom which is observed annually on the 21st of July. They give a dining on that day to the old Confederate veterans, which is preceded by music, both vocal and instrumental, recitals, readings, etc., by young people under the auspices of the U. D. C., all for the benefit of the old veterans, with an address by some chosen speaker, this year by Rev. Mr. Thompson, our Baptist minister, giving a most excellent address on Gen. R. E. Lee, which was greatly appreciated by all.

WITH THE VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

BY N. J. AGNEW, FLOYD, VA.

In the summer of 1863, Capt. A. O. Dobyns and Larkin V. Edwards, who had been discharged from the infantry service as not physically able to stand the hard marches, organized in Floyd County, Va., a cavalry company of more than one hundred men, of which A. O. Dobyns was captain; L. V. Edwards, first lieutenant; Aaron Kitterman, second lieutenant (the latter had lost an eye when a child and had not been in the army); Tazewell Helms (who had just reached military age), third lieutenant. A majority of the company were in their teens. Most of the men were from Floyd County, others from Franklin, Patrick, and Henry Counties. The company went into camp for training at Locust Grove, in Floyd County, on the tenth day of September, 1863, and in November following reported to the commander of the regiment (I think it was Lieut. Col. David Edmondson, Col. W. E. Peters being absent), near Abingdon, Va., and was mustered into the Confederate service as Company G, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. Maj. Stephen P. Halsey was the other field officer.

Gen. William E. Jones commanded the brigade, which saw much service during the fall, winter, and spring of 1863-64. It was at Knoxville, Tenn., when General Longstreet invested that town. General Jones was a very enterprising officer, often surprising and capturing large numbers of Yankee prisoners and stores. At Rogersville, Tenn., he captured more Yankees than he had men in his command.

About the 1st of June, 1864, General Jones was ordered to the Valley of Virginia. On the 4th of June he reported and took command at Piedmont, and was killed the next day in the battle of Piedmont.

When General Jones went to the Valley, Col. William E. Peters, of the 21st Virginia Cavalry, assumed command of the brigade, under General McCausland, who commanded two brigades, and was ordered by General Breckinridge to take position in front of Hunter on his raid to Lynchburg. Thus delaying him several days until Breckinridge could get to Lynchburg. Then Gen. Jubal A. Early arrived and assumed command of all forces, and we saw very active service in the Valley during the summer under Gen. Bradley T. Johnson as brigade commander, going into Maryland and investing Washington City. Later on we returned to the Valley of Virginia, and on the 22nd of September, 1864, I was captured at Fisher's Hill and taken to the Yankee prison at Point Lookout, Md., where I remained until sometime in February, 1865, when I was exchanged with other sick and disabled Confederate soldiers at Richmond, was given a forty-day furlough, and went home. Before the end of my furlough, General Lee surrendered, and the mighty drama was ended.

However, just before the surrender, the Yankee General Stoneman made a raid through this section, and I was again taken prisoner and carried along with his army on its way to North Carolina. But during the first night in Patrick County, I side stepped in the darkness, and after the Yankees passed on, I went back home, taking my horse with me.

When we first went into camp, messes of eight were formed, and in ours were Floyd Dickerson, Esaias Harman, George D. Owen, Francis L. Slusher, William S. Sutphin, James T. Weaver, Samuel P. Weddle, and myself. We elected George Owen as cook. George could make good biscuits, but was not an expert in making cornbread, so I generally baked that when we had corn meal. This mess stuck together to the last. George Owen was a pretty good forager as well as cook, and Jim Weaver was not only a good soldier, but an expert forager. If there was anything for man or beast along our line of march or near our camp, Jim would get his share, and he always divided fairly with the rest of us. Of these eight men, only three are now left—S. P. Weddle and I, living in Floyd County, and George Owen, living in the State of Missouri. We were all young when we entered the service. We had good and brave officers in the company and regiment and brigade. Captain Dobyns was as true as steel; at Crockett's Cove, Wythe County, Va., on May 10, 1864, he saved the day by rushing his company ahead of the rest of the regiment and occupying a gap in the mountains and holding it until Major Halsey brought the regiment up, when the enemy was beaten back. A feat like that would have won a medal of honor in the late World War, no doubt.

Colonel Peters was as brave as the bravest. Major Halsey never failed us in a fight and did not seem to know what fear was. William E. Jones was a fine general, and no doubt would have attained higher rank than a brigadier had he lived. Major Halsey still lives at his home in Lynchburg, Va., and the last time I met him he seemed serene in his old age, though I judged from his talk that he did not love the Yankees any better than during the war or in reconstruction times.

last, but not least esteemed and loved by his men, was Bradley T. Johnson, the brave and dashing Marylander, who fought gallantly for freedom on Virginia fields, who survived the war, and lived for many years in his adopted State, Virginia. On the 19th of September, 1864, at Winchester, General Johnson had two horses killed under him and was wounded slightly three times, but never left the field and was on his third horse when the battle ended.

CAVALRY ACTION NEAR FAIRFIELD, PA., JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

In addition to the cavalry battles which took place on the 3d of July, 1863, in the vicinity of Gettysburg, previously described, a warm and bloody skirmish took place on the same date between a part of Brig. Gen. W. E. Jones's Brigade of Confederate cavalry, and the 6th U. S. Cavalry of Brig. Gen. Wesley Merritt's Federal brigade. During the activity of Merritt's Brigade, followed by Brig. Gen. Elon J. Farnsworth's charge and death near the Confederate right flank on the 3d of July, Merritt detached the 6th U. S. Cavalry, commanded by Maj. Samuel H. Starr, with orders to move toward Fairfield in an effort to capture a Confederate train.

The command of Brig. Gen. Beverly H. Robertson, comprising his own and Brig. Gen. W. E. Jones's brigades, reached Cashtown on the morning of the 3d of July. General Lee sent an order to Robertson's command to send a force of cavalry at once to the vicinity of Fairfield, and to form a line to the right and rear of the Confederate line of battle (referring of course to the Confederate line near Gettysburg). In the temporary absence of Robertson, ranking officer and in command of the cavalry, Jones determined to obey the order of General Lee by moving his command into the required position, which action met with the approbation of Robertson, who returned to camp before Jones put his force in motion.

Jones had with him the 6th, 7th, and 11th Virginia Regiments, the 12th, Virginia, of his command, having been left on picket duty in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, Va. Jones's force encountered the 6th U. S. Cavalry within two miles of Fairfield. The train would have fallen on easy prey but for the arrival of Jones's force. Many other wagons in quest of forage were within a few hundred yards of the advancing Federals.

The two forces met in a lane, both sides of which were fenced with those horrible Pennsylvania post-and-rail fences of which mention has been made, too strong to be broken without axes. On both sides of the lane the country was open, the fields small, and all the fences of the same character as along the lane. Jones had no means of estimating the Federal force confronting him, but knew that a vigorous assault would put even a small force on a perfect equality with a larger one until a wider field could be prepared, and he at once ordered the 7th Virginia Cavalry, his leading regiment, to charge. Before the Federal force could be reached, its commander succeeded in filing his carbineers through gates in the lane to the Confederate right and left, and these poured a galling fire into both Confederate flanks. The leading men of the regiment hesitated, halted, and the regiment retreated, probably losing more men than would have been lost had their onset been made with vigor and boldness.

The 6th Virginia Cavalry, Maj. C. E. Flournoy commanding, was then ordered to charge, and did its work nobly. Though Adjutant General Allen and others fell at its head, it passed the skirmishers, and assailed and completely routed

one of the best U. S. regiments of cavalry, just flushed with victory. Upon receiving the order to charge, the men went forward with a wild yell, led by Capt. D. T. Richards and his gallant squadron. A party of the enemy having rallied on Flournoy's right, he charged them with Capt. R. H. Owen's squadron, and soon started them in flight. A part of the 7th Virginia joined in this charge near its head, down the lane toward Fairfield, and drove the enemy on either flank.

Lieut. Nicholas Nolen, the only officer left in the regiment, finding the Confederates in force, gradually fell back in the direction of Mechanicstown, where he found his regiment and ascertained that Major Starr was seriously wounded, losing an arm, and was in the hands of the Confederates. Lieut. Christian Balder was killed; Capt. G. C. Cram, Lieutenants Paulding, Wood, Chaffe and Bould, and Drs. Forwood and Notson missing, and supposed to be in the hands of the Confederates; also 290 enlisted men and 292 horses were killed, wounded, and missing. The record does not show any fighting by the 11th Virginia Cavalry in this action.

Colonel Flournoy reported the loss of the 6th Virginia at three men killed, seventeen wounded, and two missing.

The loss of the 7th Virginia is reported at eight killed, twenty-one wounded, and one missing; thirteen horses killed and eight wounded.

Total Confederate losses, 11 killed, thirty-eight wounded, and six missing. Thirteen horses killed and eight wounded. The successful action by the Confederate forces prevented the capture of the train.

General Lee is reputed to have possessed the intuitive faculty of anticipating the movements of his military antagonists, and was thereby enabled to provide against such movements. When he ordered the newly arrived cavalry command to send a force at once to the vicinity of Fairfield and form a line to the right and rear of the Confederate line of battle, we are prone to inquire if it was the activity of his intuitive faculty that caused his order to be sent, or was he informed of the detaching of the 6th U. S. Cavalry with orders to move to that point? The record seems to be silent on the question.

From the point where Stuart's battle took place to that where Jones's battle was fought is perhaps fifteen miles.

In my article on "Stuart's Cavalry Battle at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863," in the July VETERAN, Major Newhall, Adjutant General on the Federal General McIntosh's staff, is shown to have been sent by his superior to the left, with orders to Treichel and Rogers to mount and charge. When Newhall reached Treichel and Rogers, he joined them in their charge, which struck the right flank of the Confederate column near the color guard. The standard bearer, seeing that Newhall was about to seize the colors, lowered his spear (the point of his flagstaff), which caught his antagonist on the chin, tearing and shattering his lower jaw, and sending him senseless to the ground.

I have just received a letter giving additional important facts connected with the fierce encounter described. Usually the flag bearer is considered helpless without his color guard. Here is a well-authenticated case in which the brave color bearer, with no other weapon than his flagstaff, unhorsed two determined assailants, rendering them *hors de combat*, and thereby saved the colors of his regiment. I do not remember ever hearing of a similar feat.

The following is the letter:

"PETERSBURG, VA., July 17, 1924.

"Mr. John Purifoy, Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Comrade: I have read with very much interest your account of Stuart's Cavalry at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3,

1863. In this account of W. F. F. Lee's command, you refer to the charge in which Major Newhall made direct attack on the colors.

"The 13th Virginia Cavalry made this charge and Major Newhall led a squadron, attempting to attack us on our right, and made for the colors. I was color bearer of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, and defended the colors with my lance, and struck Newhall in the mouth, dismounting him. On releasing my lance blade, I made a thrust at his orderly and caught him in the stomach, dismounting him.

"Major Newhall was sent to Atlantic City and recovered. Later he rejoined his command, and in 1864 was drowned in the Rappahannock River, above Fredericksburg.

"This is one of the few occurrences where both parties in a personal conflict were later identified. I am now living in Petersburg, Va., and will be eighty-two years old next December, am in good health, and at my office nearly every day in the year.

"I have been a regular subscriber to the VETERAN since its first publication, and read all your contributions to this magazine with a great deal of pleasure.

"Yours very truly,
WILLIAM B. HARRISON,
Color Bearer 13th Virginia Cavalry, W. H. F. Lee's Division."

THE VIRGINIA AND THE MONITOR.

BY MRS. ANNA SEMMES BRYAN, MEMPHIS, TENN.

(Most of the data here given was furnished by Capt. J. R. Eggleston, one of the officers of the Virginia (Merrimac), and part was written by him. I knew him well for many years. Some facts were given me by Capt. Catesby Ap Jones, one of the ranking officers of the Virginia.)

It was Patrick Henry who said: "The voice of tradition, I trust, will inform posterity of our struggles for freedom." The wish of these patriotic men has been gratified. The record of their noble deeds and all but inspired eloquence has come down to posterity, and those worthy of the name of Americans will accord to them the foremost rank in the long list of patriots and sages who adorned our early annals.

But posterity, too, has a history to record and hand down. We, too, have struggled to preserve our liberties and the history of that struggle must not perish. War is a terrible crucible through which to pass character. It must be admitted that it required immense nerve on the part of an officer to elect to go with his State. His profession was his fortune. If he remained where he was, a competency, promotion, and probably honor awaited him. If he chose the South, a dark and uncertain future was before him; and if the South failed he would have thrown away the labor of a lifetime. Men of the same profession naturally cling together, and this is particularly applicable to the army and the navy. Friendship were formed which it was difficult to sever. Naval officers who had been rocked in the same storm and had perhaps escaped from the same shipwreck found it very difficult to draw their swords against each other.

The officers of the vessels whose history is here given were all of the old navy. When the Federals evacuated the Norfolk Navy Yard, immediately after the secession of Virginia, they set fire to all of the public property there. This included the Pennsylvania, carrying twenty guns, the largest battleship in the world at that time, and the old frigate, United States, which, under the command of Decatur had captured the British frigate *Guerre*, and then the modern steam frigate *Merrimac*. For some reason, the Federals did not burn the old frigate *United States*. Perhaps, it was

sentiment, and when afterwards the Confederates tried to sink her as an obstruction in the harbor, it was found impossible to cut through her hard live oak timbers.

The *Merrimac* represented the highest type of naval architecture reached at that time. She was a full-rigged sailing vessel and steamer combined. Before she had been completely destroyed by fire, the Confederates succeeded in sinking her. Subsequently, the hull was raised, and converted into the formidable ironclad, destined to revolutionize naval architecture and tactics. The vessel was reconstructed and covered with two-inch iron plates. The battery consisted of ten guns, four single-barrelled Brooke rifles, and six nine-inch Dahlgren shell guns. The crew, numbering 320 men, had been difficult to obtain. They were made up mostly of volunteers from various regiments then in Norfolk. There was a sprinkling of old tars among them whose value at the time could not be overestimated. Leaving these out of the count, there was a crew that had never before trod the deck of a ship, and had never even seen a great gun like those they were soon to handle in a contest against the greatest odds ever before successfully encountered.

This crew was drilled at the guns of the old frigate *United States* for two weeks, while the *Merrimac* was being remodeled. The first and only practice these men had behind the guns was when the *Merrimac* was in actual battle. The commanding officer, Capt. F. Buchanan, of Maryland, stood second to none among the officers of the old navy, as indomitably courageous as Nelson, and as arbitrary. I do not think the junior officer or sailor ever lived with nerve sufficient to disobey an order given by the old man in person. I heard my father tell the story that on the Japanese expedition under Commander Perry, Buchanan commanded the frigate *Mississippi*. While going up the Canton River, in charge of a Chinese pilot, the vessel struck the ground. Buchanan, who was standing by the pilot, turned upon him so savagely and fiercely that the scared Chinaman jumped overboard and made his way to the shore.

When the *Merrimac* was put in commission, she was rechristened the *Virginia*, and shortly afterwards, Captain Buchanan assumed command. At 11 o'clock on Saturday, March 8, 1861, the *Virginia* started out on her trial trip down the Elizabeth River, which lies between Norfolk and Portsmouth. The population of both cities seemed to have massed along the wharves on both sides, bidding her Godspeed with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Yet not all of the people were there. The churches were thronged with weeping women and children, many belonging to those who were going into battle. They were interceding for their loved ones and praying for their preservation and success.

Leaving the *Virginia* for a moment, let us glance at the force the enemy had at his disposal. Off Newport News, blocking the mouth of the James River, were the Congress, 400 men and 50 guns; the Cumberland, 360 men and 24 guns, of much heavier caliber, the frigate *St. Lawrence*, 12 guns, and formidable land batteries within range of the vessels the *Virginia* was about to attack. A few miles distant, and in full view of Old Point Comfort, lay the steam frigates *Minnesota* and *Roanoke*, each with 550 men and 50 guns. In the aggregate, there were 3,000 men and 230 guns.

Accompanying the *Virginia*, as leaders, were two tugboats, each mounting one gun. Blockaded up the James River were two small Confederate vessels, the *Patrick Henry*, six guns; the *Jamestown*, two guns; and the tug *Ranger*, one gun; making in all 21 guns.

Let us return to the *Virginia* as she is threading her way through the channel leading into Hampton Roads.

Straight ahead is Fortress Monroe. Two miles away, two Federal vessels, the Congress and the Cumberland, are quietly laying out their anchors. Saturday is the day on which all the sailors of a man-of-war wash their clothes, and they were now triced up between the main and mizzen rigging, the white on one side, the blue on the other, according to naval custom. Many a poor fellow who had spread out his morning's wash was to have no more use for it after this day's work was done. It is only the commander and executive officer of a ship who know the point of attack decided upon. All at once the ship was headed for the two vessels. The drum and fife sounded to quarters, and over the waters came the echo of the drums on the enemy's vessel, calling their men to mortal combat.

Suddenly, it seemed as if by magic, the Congress loomed up only a few hundred yards away and instantly there leaped from her side the flash of twenty-two guns, and as many shot and shell were hurled against the armor of the Virginia, only to fall harmlessly into the water. The Virginia returned with four guns, the broadside of the Congress, and scarcely had the smoke cleared away, when Lieut. Bob Minor shouted: "We have sunk the Cumberland!" After disposing of the Cumberland, the Virginia ascended the river some distance in order to find a place wide enough in which to turn round.

It was afterwards told by prisoners that when the crew of the Congress saw the Virginia go up the river, they gave three cheers, thinking she was running away, but when the Virginia made directly for her, she tried to escape under sail. She ran aground, and a few raking broadsides from the Virginia brought down her colors and made her hoist the white flag. The killed and wounded were 121.

To show what acts of treachery could be committed by civilized people, the Congress was lying under the guns of the Virginia, protected by the white flag flying from her masts. Captain Buchanan had mounted to the upper deck. Lieutenant Parker had by order gone alongside the prize, to take off the prisoners, when sharpshooters from the shore opened fire, killing several of their own men. Lieutenant Minor then volunteered to board the Congress, and had gone about one hundred yards from the Virginia, his boat also carrying the white flag. Suddenly Captain Buchanan called out in a thundering voice: "Destroy that infernal ship! She is firing on our white flag!" It was even so, as incredible as it may seem. Lieutenant Minor was shot in the stomach and one of his men lost an eye. Soon after Captain Buchanan was shot in the thigh.

Dearly did they pay for their treachery. The Virginia raked the Congress fore and aft with shot and shell until the gunners stopped from sheer pity. After the fight was over, Catesby Jones passed my station, and I said: "A pretty good day's work." "Yes," was the reply, "but it is not over."

The Minnesota, the Roanoke, and the St. Lawrence were on the way to engage us, but when they reached the scene of action and saw what had happened, they only pressed us at long range and did no damage. The St. Lawrence fired seventy-two shots. The Virginia withdrew to Sewell's Point, where her prisoners and the dead and wounded were sent ashore.

That night all of the officers met on the Virginia for discussion of the day's fight. Lieutenant Parker said that when he stepped on the deck of the Congress, he saw, lying with face upturned, the dead body of Commander Joseph Smith. The two had been classmates at Annapolis and messmates for more than one long cruise at sea.

When we gathered about the stateroom where our wounded Captain was lying, he said, in a voice filled with emotion:

"My brother, Paymaster Buchanan, was one of the killed on the Congress." O, the horror of it all! The officers and men retired with grateful hearts after a day of such labor and anxiety.

With the first light of morning, Sunday, March 9, the officers looked out eagerly across the bay. There was the Minnesota lying aground, and, near her, a most remarkable looking craft. "A cheese on a raft," as she was designated by James Barron Hope. It was the Monitor.

After an early breakfast, the men were called to quarters and the Virginia steamed out toward the Minnesota. The Monitor came boldly out, and then began the first fight ever waged between ironclad vessels. In the narrow channel the Monitor had every advantage, for she drew only ten feet of water and the Virginia twenty-two. Her guns were thoroughly protected and were never seen, except when about to fire, then the turret slowly turned, presenting a solid front, thus enabling the gunners to load without exposure. The first shots fired were at long range, but the vessels were at times as near as fifty yards. After circling around and fighting for three hours, it was decided to ram the Monitor. Our first attempt failed, but the Monitor gave up the fight and retreated into shoal water, where she was safe from pursuit.

The Virginia, in *undisputed* possession of the situation after the *flight* of the Monitor, renewed her attack on the Minnesota for an hour, but, as the tide was fast ebbing, and the Virginia was leaking, it was decided to return to Norfolk.

Here I would like to pay a tribute to Capt. John Taylor Wood, a grandson of Zachary Taylor. During the fight with the Monitor, he had called for volunteers to board her and wedge her turret, so that it could not revolve. The withdrawal of the Monitor into shallow water prevented this willing sacrifice of life. He afterwards died a heroic death.

The world owes to the Confederate States the use of the torpedo in war, and the Confederate States owe it to Capt. Hunter Davidson. He received the thanks of Congress for attacking the Minnesota with a torpedo carried at the end of a pole in an open boat. The career of the famous Virginia was soon to end. When Norfolk was evacuated by the Confederate land forces, it was found that she could not ascend the James River without first being lightened, and, with the exposure of her wooden hull, she would no longer be an ironclad, so it was decided to destroy her.

The object of this article is to fix in the minds of the younger generation the fact that the Virginia (Merrimac) defeated the Monitor in her encounter with that vessel, instead of being defeated by the Monitor, as is falsely stated by Northern writers. I here give the proofs:

The two opposing armies on each side of the bay saw the Monitor run away. Captain Eggleston thus states: "I have before me the written statement of three eyewitnesses of her flight—Jones, Simms, and Davidson. I myself saw her run twice. But in case such testimony be impeached as being from interested parties, here is a statement from the other side: Capt. G. J. Van Brunt, in command of the Minnesota, bore a reputation in the United States navy second to none. Here are his words: "For some time after the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot house of the Monitor, and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe. We thought it probable that she had exhausted her ammunition or sustained some injury. Soon after the Virginia (Merrimac) headed for my ship."

"FOR DISTINGUISHED VALOR AND SKILL."

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

(Continued from August number.)

In April, 1862, the Confederate States Congress passed an act authorizing the President to nominate line officers for promotion on account of gallant or distinguished service, and this list includes about two hundred names of both army and navy officers, running from admiral to assistant engineer in the navy and from colonel to second lieutenant in the army. Only two were promoted twice for this cause, and they were both in the navy. The naval promotions show the cause for such, as Captain Semmes was raised to a rear admiral for "gallant and meritorious conduct in command of the Alabama," but, unfortunately, there is nothing specified for the army, except that in each instance it says, "Promoted for distinguished valor and skill;" and I am of the opinion that each raise was well merited. I trust that if any survivors of this band of heroes see this list they will give, through the columns of the VETERAN, their experience in gaining such distinction.

Loyall, Benjamin P., Virginia; commander, navy; February 8, 1865.

Lyell, James G., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company D, 47th Virginia; December 19, 1862.

McBride, A. J., Georgia; colonel, 10th Georgia; February 20, 1865.

McCarty, James W., Virginia; captain, Company B, 7th Virginia Cavalry; February 15, 1865.

McClammy, C. W., North Carolina; major, 41st North Carolina (3rd Cavalry); December 9, 1864.

McClellan, R. A., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company C 7th Alabama; June 11, 1863.

McCrary, H. H., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company D, 4th Virginia; May 22, 1863.

McElderry, John S., ?; captain, Company H, 8th Confederate; August 1, 1863.

Maffitt, John N., North Carolina; commander, navy; April 21, 1862.

Merritt, John R., Georgia; second lieutenant, Company A, 14th Georgia; October 1, 1862.

Mickler, W. A., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company B, 2nd South Carolina Cavalry; October 15, 1863.

Middleton, H. B., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company I, 1st South Carolina Regulars; December 31, 1864.

Morgan, S. E., Virginia; captain, Company K, 20th Virginia; February 18, 1865.

Morrison, H. R., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company H, 58th Virginia; January 29, 1863.

Murphy, A. S., Louisiana; second lieutenant, Company C, 1st Louisiana; May 2, 1863.

Myeris, Franklin M., Virginia; major, 35th Virginia Battalion of Cavalry; February 17, 1865.

Nicholson, B. E., South Carolina; major, Hampton's South Carolina Legion; September 3, 1864.

Noland, G. S., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company B, 18th South Carolina Cavalry; January 26, 1865.

Norwood, J. W., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company A, 3rd Alabama Cavalry; May 2, 1863.

Nunnelee, L. T., ?; second lieutenant, Stuart's Horse Artillery; May 26, 1864.

Obenchain, F. G., Virginia; second lieutenant, Botetourt Virginia Artillery; May 18, 1863.

Oglesby, D. P., Georgia; second lieutenant, Company D; 17th Georgia Battalion; May 13, 1863.

Oliver, S. L., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company F, 1st South Carolina, May 6, 1864.

O'Neal, B. F., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company K, 12th Alabama; May 2, 1863.

Orear, George W., Missouri; second lieutenant, Barrett's Missouri Artillery; September 2, 1863.

Patten, J. O., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company I, 12th Alabama; May 2, 1863.

Peed, P. M., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company I, 9th Virginia Cavalry; October 5, 1863.

Peyton, L. S., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company C, 60th Virginia; July 23, 1863.

Plaster, G. E., Virginia; captain, Company H, 6th Virginia Cavalry; October 27, 1864.

Poe, Ed M., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company H, 15th South Carolina; February 19, 1864.

Powell, E. H., Alabama; first lieutenant, Company K, 12th Alabama; May 2, 1863.

Prater, J. H., Louisiana; second lieutenant, Company C, 25th Louisiana; April 5, 1863.

Price, Joseph; North Carolina; commander, navy; November 8, 1864.

Proctor, James T., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company C, 1st South Carolina; January 13, 1863.

Raiford, J. C., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company A, 13th South Carolina; February 15, 1865.

Read, J. D., Mississippi; second lieutenant, Company K, 45th Mississippi; November 13, 1863.

Reid, E. H., Missouri; second lieutenant, Company H, 4th Missouri; January 18, 1864.

Richards, A. E., Virginia; captain, Company B, 43rd Virginia Battalion of Partisan Rangers; April 6, 1864.

Roach, Erwin A., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company B, 14th South Carolina; January 18, 1864.

Robinson, John M., North Carolina; captain, Company B, 38th North Carolina; April 13, 1864.

Robison, W. D., Tennessee; colonel, 2nd Tennessee; May 2, 1863.

Roby, Francis M., Mississippi; second lieutenant, navy; August 23, 1863.

Ryan, William A., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company E, 8th Alabama; May 2, 1863.

Schipman, B. M., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company D, 6th South Carolina; February 17, 1865.

Semmes, Raphael, Alabama; captain, navy; August 19, 1862; rear admiral, navy; February 8, 1865.

Semple, J. S., Alabama; first lieutenant, Company I, 51st Alabama; July 13, 1863.

Shaw, R. G., Florida; second lieutenant, Company E, 4th Florida; November 9, 1863.

Shelley, James E., Alabama; lieutenant colonel, 10th Alabama; July 9, 1863.

Shelton, William, Virginia; second lieutenant, Company H, 5th Virginia; February 10, 1863.

Shotwell, R. A., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company I, 8th Virginia; April 6, 1864.

Singleton, John C., Kentucky; second lieutenant, Company G, 6th Kentucky Cavalry; March 20, 1863.

Smith, C. R., Alabama; second lieutenant, Company E, 15th Alabama; November 19, 1863.

Smith, J. T., Mississippi; second lieutenant, Company B, 29th Mississippi; January 29, 1863.

Snead, Claiborne, Georgia; lieutenant colonel, 3rd Georgia; July 13, 1864.

Spencer, J. M., Mississippi; second lieutenant, Company F, 29th Mississippi; January 29, 1863.

Squyres, J. W., Texas; captain, Company D, 5th Texas Cavalry; February 23, 1865.

Stitt, W. E., North Carolina; captain, Company B, 43rd North Carolina; February 19, 1864.

Stoney, J. D., South Carolina; second lieutenant, Company D, 27th South Carolina; December 9, 1864.

Stringfellow, M. S., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company A, 13th Virginia; May 20, 1863.

Sutton, Stark A., North Carolina; captain, Company F, 45th North Carolina; February 19, 1864.

Talbert, John D., Mississippi; second lieutenant, Company E, 29th Mississippi; January 29, 1863.

Tayloe, E. T., Mississippi; second lieutenant, Company E, Jeff Davis Legion of Cavalry; December 17, 1863.

Taylor, K., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company I, 8th Virginia; April 6, 1864.

Terrell, W. G., South Carolina; captain, Company F, 1st South Carolina Rifles; November 2, 1864.

Thompson, H. D., Missouri; second lieutenant, Company G, 1st Missouri; March 3, 1864.

Thompson, J. D. F., Kentucky; second lieutenant, Company K, 2nd Kentucky; January 11, 1863.

Tomb, James H., Florida; chief engineer, navy; December 7, 1863.

Tompkins, T. B., Georgia; second lieutenant, Company A, 45th Georgia; January 13, 1863.

Toms, M. C., North Carolina; second lieutenant, Company A, 60th North Carolina; July 1, 1863.

Toney, C. P., Georgia; second lieutenant, Company B, 45th Georgia; January 2, 1863.

Traylor, T. P., Virginia; captain, Company A, 23rd Virginia; January 26, 1865.

Trout, E. S., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company H, 52nd Virginia; December 6, 1862.

Turner, Joe, Texas; second lieutenant, Company K, 5th Texas; June 8, 1863.

Turner, William B. ?, captain, Smith's Battery of Artillery; May 2, 1863.

Walker, J. A., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company K, 45th Virginia; June 1, 1863.

Waller, C. A. C., Georgia; captain, Company C, 46th Georgia; December 21, 1864.

Walters, A. E., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company A, 18th Virginia; January 17, 1865.

Ware, E. M., Virginia; captain, Company G, 5th Virginia Cavalry; August 21, 1864.

Washington, B. C., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry; December 5, 1863.

Weaver, James T., North Carolina; major, 60th North Carolina; October 27, 1863.

Weaver, Virgil, Virginia; captain, Company H, 6th Virginia Cavalry; February 19, 1864.

Webre, Adolph P., Louisiana; first lieutenant, Company G, 20th Louisiana; February 19, 1864.

White, W. T., North Carolina; second lieutenant, Company K, 60th North Carolina; July 1, 1863.

Wilkerson, Thomas S., Virginia; second lieutenant, Company B, 47th Virginia; December 19, 1862.

Williamson, J. N., North Carolina; second lieutenant, Company A, 13th North Carolina; May 21, 1863.

Williamson, W. S., North Carolina; second lieutenant, Company A, 13th North Carolina; May 20, 1863.

Wofford, Benjamin F., Georgia; second lieutenant, Company B, Phillips's Georgia Legion; November 18, 1864.

Wood, John Taylor, Louisiana; commander, navy; August 23, 1863; captain, navy; February 8, 1865.

Woolridge, E. S., Virginia; second lieutenant, Parker's Virginia Battery of Artillery; September 10, 1864.

Wright, Henry X., Virginia; chief engineer, navy; April 9, 1864.

Youmans, O. I., South Carolina; second lieutenant, 2nd South Carolina; May 2, 1863.

Recapitulation.

Navy.....	20
Army.....	189
Total.....	209

States.

Alabama.....	28
England.....	1
Florida.....	4
Georgia.....	19
Kentucky.....	2
Louisiana.....	13
Maryland.....	4
Mississippi.....	9
Missouri.....	6
North Carolina.....	17
South Carolina.....	31
Tennessee.....	6
Texas.....	4
Virginia.....	60
Unknown.....	5
Total.....	209

Rank..

Admiral.....	1
Rear Admiral.....	1
Navy Captains.....	3
Navy Commanders.....	10
Navy Lieutenants.....	2
Navy Engineers.....	3
Colonels.....	5
Lieutenant Colonels.....	7
Majors.....	11
Captains.....	27
First Lieutenants.....	10
Second Lieutenants.....	129
Total.....	209

BODY AND BRAINS.

A good friend of the VETERAN, Miss Nora F. Davidson, of Petersburg, Va., sends the following from her compilation of many years:

"As a squad of Confederate prisoners was being marched from the steamboat wharf to the Old Capitol Prison, near the close of the war, they met a menagerie procession, at which they gazed with great interest. Finally, the gigantic elephant, Hannibal, came along, directed by his keeper, a young man mounted on horseback. 'Hi!' exclaimed one of the boys in gray, 'that elephant makes me think of Richmond last winter, when old Humphrey Marshall and Alexander Stephens used to go about together like that elephant and its keeper.' As Marshall weighed over three hundred pounds and Mr. Stephens less than a hundred pounds, the comparison was good.

"It is related, and I am inclined to think truthfully, that John P. Hale once said to Mr. Stephens: 'Why, Stephens, if you don't look out, I'll swallow you.' 'If you do,' replied the Georgian, 'you will have more brains in your body than you ever had in your head!'"



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

Sweet as music's richest measures,
Words like these rise from the ground:
"God is reigning, tho' you weep;
Angel guards their vigils keep
Over those who calmly sleep."

COL. J. R. MCPHERSON.

Col. James R. McPherson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., entered into eternal rest at his home near Gap Mills, W. Va., on July 17, 1924. He had reached the age of eighty-one years on January 19, his birthday being the same as that of the great commander, General Lee. He was born in Craig County, Va., in 1843 and was a son of Adam and Susan Ross McPherson. At the breaking out of the War between the States, he enlisted in the Confederate army and served as a soldier of the 28th Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and was in all the heavy engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was twice wounded, at the battle of Gaines's Mill in 1862 and again on the heights of Gettysburg while participating in the heroic charge of Pickett's Division. He was captured a few days before the surrender at Appomattox and was a prisoner at Point Lookout until July 1, 1865.

Returning to his native county, Comrade McPherson resumed his interrupted education and was one of the three men who first taught on a public school certificate in Craig County. He was county surveyor for fourteen years and filled the same office for six years in Monroe County after removing there, being one of the most competent and dependable men in his profession. For forty-five years he was a resident of Monroe County and one of its best assets.

Comrade McPherson married Miss Eliza A. Price, of Giles County, Va., and after many happy years together, death separated them in 1917. He is survived by two daughters and a sister, who is the sole survivor of the family of eight children.

In his youth he united with the Christian Church, and in sincerity and humility walked in the Christian way to the end of life, ever keeping the law of love. At Gap Mills he was an affiliate and supporter of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and from that sanctuary the funeral was held, and his body was then laid in the earth of Mount Carmel Cemetery.

On July 14, his brother, Benton McPherson, died at his home in Joshua, Tex., after a long illness of paralysis. He was the last of the three brothers who located in Texas after the war, and is survived by a number of children. He, too, was a Confederate soldier, and a man possessing the sterling qualities which marked the members of this valuable family.

ALEXANDER CALVIN MARTIN.

Alexander Calvin Martin, pioneer resident of Sanford, Fla., passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles

D. Leffler, in Miami, Fla., on January 26, 1924. His body was taken to his old home town, Sanford, and on his eighty-seventh birthday, January 28, he was tenderly laid to rest in Lake View Cemetery, the funeral being conducted by the Masons.

He was born in Cumberland County, N. C., January 28, 1837, and went to Florida when a boy, his parents having died when he was quite young. He was of Scotch ancestry, his four grandparents having come from Scotland and settled in North Carolina. Soon after going to Florida, he volunteered as a member of a troop of United States cavalry which was suppressing outbreaks among the Seminole Indians.

On July 13, 1861, A. C. Martin was mustered into the Confederate service in Company B, 2nd Florida Regiment, which afterwards went on to Richmond and became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia under Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was a gallant soldier, and bravely endured the hardships of war in fighting for the cause of his beloved Southland. He was captured on the third day at Gettysburg and held a prisoner at Fort Delaware until the close of the war.

Returning to Florida, he engaged extensively in the lumber business. He moved to Sanford, or Mellonville, as it was then, and shortly after was made superintendent for General Sanford in his lumber business and was closely identified with the early growth of Sanford, having built and furnished lumber for the first houses. In December, 1867, he was married to Miss Mary Hughey, whose family were also pioneers, and there they made their home and reared their family. He was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge in Sanford and attained to the Thirty-Second Degree in that order and was a life member of Morocco Temple in Jacksonville.

He was very active in the affairs of his town and county and held positions of trust and honor. He was a member of the board of county commissioners of Orange County when the courthouse at Orlando was built, and the corner stone bears his name. He had been a member of the Methodist Church since his early manhood.

CAPT. GEORGE W. POLK.

Capt. George W. Polk, son of Gen. Lucius J. Polk, of Ashwood, Maury County, Tenn., died at his home in San Antonio, Tex., on the morning of May 18. His body was taken back to the old home community in Tennessee and laid to rest in the cemetery of St. John's Church at Ashwood, near Columbia.

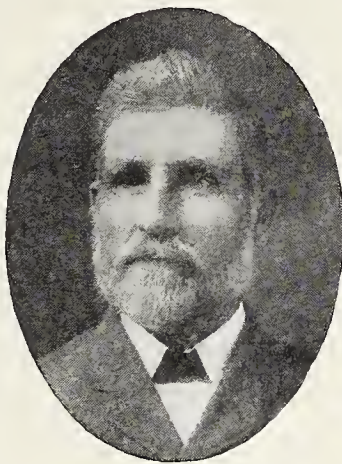
Captain Polk was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and a civil engineer by profession, doing a large amount of railroad construction and location work in Texas for the Southern Pacific Railway, and he was afterwards general land agent for the road, with headquarters at San Antonio. He retired several years ago from active service.

Surviving Captain Polk is one son, Lieut. George W. Polk, Jr., an officer of the U. S. Air Service, and other children. His twin sister, Mrs. Campbell Brown, of the famous Ewell Farm, near Spring Hill, in Maury County, died several years ago. The sisters surviving are Mrs. H. C. Yeatman, of Ashwood; Mrs. J. M. Williams, of Nashville; and Mrs. Edward Dillon, of Virginia.

Captain Polk was too young to be a soldier of the Confederacy, being only sixteen at the close of war, but he was ever interested in the history of the sixties. His title came from service with the Texas Rangers.

LUNDIE BIRD GUNN.

Lundie Bird Gunn died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. L. Wetherbee, at Shubuta, Miss., on April 21, and his body was taken back to the old home, Waynesboro, Miss., and laid beside that of his wife, who died many years ago. He was born in Tuscaloosa County, Ala., November 17, 1841, and thus had passed into his eighty-third year. He was a faithful member of the Primitive Baptist Church.



LUNDIE BIRD GUNN.

At the beginning of the war Comrade Gunn enlisted as a member of the Buena Vista Rifles, which company was mustered into service at Corinth, becoming Company A, of the 17th Mississippi Infantry. The command was at once sent to Virginia and took part in the first battle of Manassas, and was also in the engagement at Leesburg and the seven days fighting around Richmond, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Cold Harbor, Spotsylvania, and in the Gettysburg campaign. He was later transferred to the command of General Forrest, under whom he continued to serve to the close of the war. He received many slight wounds in different battles, but no serious injury. He rose to the rank of lieutenant, and was found ready to perform every duty devolving upon him, while his fidelity and valor are indicated by many commendatory letters of leading men of the day. Col. W. D. Holder said of him: "He has no superior in the Confederate or any other army."

In October, 1865, Comrade Gunn was married to Miss Bettie Brandon. Thirteen children were born to them, eight of whom, with twenty-five grandchildren and six great-grandchildren, survive him.

CAPT. J. S. MCNEILY.

The following is from an editorial tribute to one of the leading citizens of Greenville, Miss., a type of the Confederate soldier in days of peace:

"In the death of Capt. J. S. McNeily, the Delta has lost one of its pioneer builders and unfaltering friends, the State of Mississippi one of its ablest and most constant advocates, and the South one of its most courageous defenders in war or peace, with sword or pen. With a masterly intellect and undaunted courage, he was yet modest, almost to timidity; without ego he reasoned clearly and fairly. He was mentally honest.

"In the reconstruction period of the early seventies, his force of character and manly courage made him a vital personal force in redeeming Mississippi from the rule of the ignorant and the vicious.

"In the early struggles of Greenville against floods and pestilence, he was always a pillar of strength; he had implicit faith in Delta people and proved his faith by active and intelligent work.

"He was a man of force and exercised his God-given powers to build up the community in which he lived. As a friend he was as true as steel. In the home he was the ideal husband and father.

"Captain McNeily lived a long and useful life. He was a builder. He served well. He will be missed. He was a brave, honest man—the noblest work of God."

Comrade W. A. Everman, of Greenville, writes that Captain McNeily was a private of Company E, 21st Mississippi Infantry, Barksdale's Brigade, and served from the beginning of the war to its close in the Army of Northern Virginia.

COL. WILLIAM S. SHEPHERD.

Col. William S. Shepherd, one of the South's most prominent Confederate veterans, died in Columbus, Ga., on June 24, after an illness of several weeks. He was a native of Stewart County, but had lived in Columbus practically all of his life and had reached the advanced age of ninety-four years.

Colonel Shepherd was the first and only commander of Camp Benning, Camp of Confederate Veterans, which was organized shortly after the war, and he was one of the most ardent members of the U. C. V. organization, beloved by his comrades, whose interests he was ever ready to safeguard.

Before the War between the States, Colonel Shepherd was captain of the Georgia Grays, a military company in Columbus composed of young men from eighteen to twenty-one years. At the outbreak of war, believing that the Grays would be considered too young to be enlisted into the Confederate army, he resigned his commission and enlisted as a private in the Columbus Guards. He was sent to Tybee Island, while Gen. Paul G. Semmes, then colonel, organized a regiment. After the regiment of which he was a member went into service, Colonel Shepherd formed the Semmes Guards and became its captain, going with it to Virginia and taking part in all the major campaigns. He was made lieutenant colonel and placed in command of the 2nd Georgia Regiment. Among the battles in which he participated as commanding officer of the 2nd Georgia were Gettysburg and Chickamauga. In the latter he was seriously wounded, and it was thought his arm would have to be amputated. He was with the Virginia army to the end.

Colonel Shepherd was one of the most prominent citizens of Muscogee County, was widely known throughout Georgia, and was a leader in U. C. V. affairs. He attended many of the reunions and took part in the deliberations. He now rests in beautiful Linwood, with hundreds of his comrades who had preceded him to the grave.

Colonel Shepherd lived to see Columbus grow from a village to a great industrial city, and while he retired many years ago from the activities of life, he played a noteworthy part in the early history and development of the city and had always taken great pride in its progress and advancement. He was a Christian gentleman of the old Southern type and a fine-spirited citizen.

CAPT. W. A. FEELY.

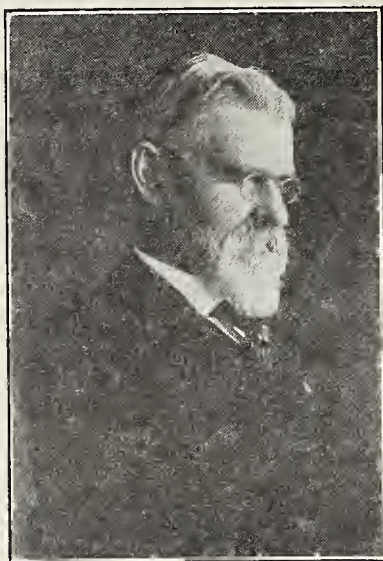
Capt. W. A. Feely died at Davis, W. Va., on July 4, after a lingering illness, aged about eighty-four years. He was born at Lebanon Church, Va., and, at the outbreak of the War between the States, he enlisted with the Confederate army and by successive promotions reached the rank of captain. After the war he married a Miss Wilson and located in Thomas, W. Va., where he entered the mercantile business and was most successful. Later he moved to Parsons, where he was in the drug business for several years, from which he had retired, but always made his headquarters at the old business stand. Captain Feely was well known for his clean life and made friends everywhere.

His body was taken to the old home cemetery in Virginia and laid away beside the loved ones gone before.

ZEDEKIAH WESLEY SMITH.

Zedekiah Wesley Smith was born in Hampshire County, Va., May 19, 1838, and died in Richmond, Va., June 7, 1924. He was a son of Zedekiah and Emily Iden Smith, and is survived by one brother, E. B. Smith, of Hot Springs, Va., and two sisters.

On October 25, 1866, he married Miss Olivia Victoria Chewning, of Mount Pleasant, Va., who died February 28, 1898. Of this union were born six daughters and two sons—Mrs. Mary E. Johns and Mrs. S. G. Athey, of New York; Z. S. Smith, of Marlinton, W. Va.; Mrs. William E. Beazley, of Beaver Dam, Va.; Mrs. H. W. Anderson, Mrs. C. B. Cushing, and Mrs. Olin J. Payne, of Covington, Va.; and E. M. Smith, of Spartansburg, S. C.



ZEDEKIAH WESLEY SMITH.

Descending from good and sturdy English, Scotch-Irish, and Dutch ancestry, born of Christian parents, and reared in the strict atmosphere of a devout and religious home, Mr. Smith naturally developed into a lover of the Church and a worker for God's kingdom. Many are the Sunday schools and prayer meetings which have been organized by him and flourished under his management. In early boyhood he united with the Methodist Church, remaining a member thereof until his death.

He was always patriotic and before the War between the States he was a member of the Berkeley County Militia, which was one of the companies ordered out by the governor of Virginia to Harper's Ferry at the time of John Brown's raid. He was one of the soldiers left to guard the prison and was present at the hanging of John Brown at Charlestown, Va. (now W. Va.).

At the outbreak of the War between the States, he volunteered and enlisted at Darkesville, Va., becoming a member of the famous 1st Virginia Cavalry. He was a good soldier, brave and daring, fighting valiantly for the cause in which he so honestly believed. He was a courier for and warm friend of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and one of the last men to carry a message sent out by that well-beloved leader. He was several times captured, but never wounded. Mr. Smith never tired of relating his interesting experiences during the war, and will be remembered by many friends as always glad of an opportunity to talk about those dark days.

Interment was in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., his body being laid to rest with military honors by Confederate veterans.

WILLIAM E. ROBERTS.

On the 17th of February, 1924, at his home near Holston, Va., William E. Roberts died in his eighty-eighth year and was laid to rest in the Dickenson Cemetery near his home.

Comrade Roberts served with Company B, 37th Virginia Infantry, during the War between the States. He had been a minister of the Christian Church since his youth.

His wife, who was Miss Martha Dickenson, and his two daughters preceded him to the spirit land several years ago.

JAMES P. MONTGOMERY.

James Patterson Montgomery, son of William P. and Jane Ferrill Montgomery, was born in Graham, Alamance County, N. C., September 7, 1846. His parents removed to Independence County, Ark., in 1858, where he grew to manhood and on November 19, 1868, was married to Miss Julia Ellen Albright. He died on June 3, 1924, survived by the wife of his young manhood, four daughters, and two sons, one of the latter surviving his father only a few days. Early in life he accepted Christ Jesus as his personal Saviour and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which he was a consistent member until called to higher service, a period of more than sixty years.

Comrade Montgomery enlisted in the Confederate service in Company A, 28th Arkansas Cavalry, in the summer or early fall of 1864, when less than eighteen years of age, and served faithfully until the end, his father being a member of the same company. He was with his regiment on Price's raid into Missouri in the fall of 1864, participating in the battles of Pilot Knob, Booneville, and Independence, all in Missouri, and returned to Arkansas late in October. He was paroled at Jacksonport Ark., after the surrender of the army under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, serving west of the Mississippi River.

Our comrade was a high-minded citizen, a faithful friend, a quiet Christian gentleman. What further encomium could be pronounced upon anyone?

[Read and approved at the regular quarterly meeting of Sidney Johnson Camp, No. 863 U. C., V. of Batesville, Ark., on the 8th of July, 1924.—*John T. Warner, Adjutant.*]

D. J. HATTER.

Died, at his home near Monroeville, Ala., on January 18, 1924, Daniel Jacob Hatter, in the ninety-third year of his age. He was born in Baldwin County, Ala., January 21, 1831, removing to Monroe in 1881, where he was engaged in the lumber business until a few years ago, when failing health necessitated his retirement to private life. He was a brave Confederate soldier, serving with Company I, 3rd Alabama Infantry; a faithful and consecrated Christian, and a loyal member of the Masonic fraternity. He was one of the incorporators of the Monroe County Bank and vice president of that institution at the time of his death, as well as active throughout his business career in other public enterprises.

He was twice married and is survived by one son of the first marriage and four grandchildren.

Comrade Hatter was not only a Christian, but an honorable gentleman in the highest sense of the term. He commanded the respect and confidence of all. He was honored and esteemed while he yet lived, and his memory will be revered by all who were privileged to know him.

Funeral services were held in the Methodist Church, and his body was laid to rest in the Methodist cemetery with Masonic honors.

JAMES H. TUCKER.

James H. Tucker died at his home near Monroeville, Ala., on January 21, 1924, after a short illness, aged about eighty years. He was unmarried and is survived by three brothers and three sisters. Interment was at the Baptist cemetery.

Comrade Tucker was a brave Confederate soldier, volunteering in the service of the South before attaining his majority and serving throughout the war with the 3rd Alabama Cavalry. He cherished the memory of his illustrious commander and the comrades with whom he shared the fortunes of war.

WILLIAM H. H. RALEIGH.

Entered into rest at his home, West Forest Park, Baltimore, Md., on August 8, 1924, William H. H. Raleigh, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Unflinching and to the last of a long career he remained the same, a devoted son and adherent of the South, her principles, training, and environment. When the clarion call to arms stirred the hearts of Maryland men, and the war clouds loomed near and nearer, his one overmastering desire was to fight for the State of his birth against Federal interference of her rights.

William Raleigh had just completed his collegiate education and was then in the Middle West. He immediately took steps to overcome the difficulties that would interfere with his paramount purposes. He successfully performed the feat of getting through the lines, repeatedly escaping capture by narrow margins, his affiliation with the Southern cause being well known. He enlisted April, 1861, and was assigned to Carter's Battalion of the Engineering Division, C. S. A., as sergeant major; was promoted to adjutant, and badly wounded in the seven day battles around Richmond; paroled at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April 9, 1865. His record as a soldier of the Southern cause was bravely and thoroughly attested on many a hard-fought field. Through the Maryland Division U. D. C., Baltimore Chapter No. 8, he was presented his Cross of Honor on June 3, 1923.

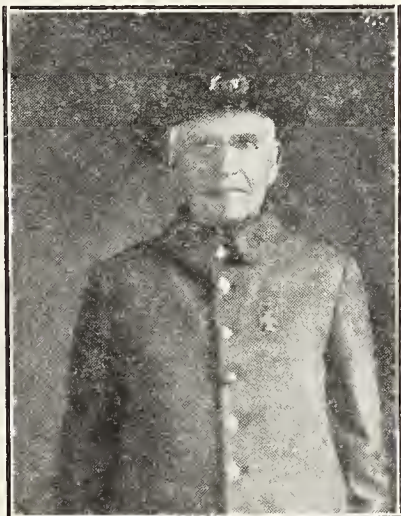
Thus a member of one of the grandest aggregations of fighting men ever enlisted under the flag of any country has passed on to "Fame's eternal camping ground." Hail and farewell!

[Sally Washington Maupin, Recorder of Crosses, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

JUDGE SAMUEL R. COBB.

Judge Samuel R. Cobb was born in Floyd County, Ga., November 3, 1844, the son of Warren D. and Martha Henslee Cobb, natives of South Carolina, who had moved to Georgia in their young days and accumulated large plantations. About 1856 or 1857, they went to Arkansas, settling in Sevier County, where he died and his estimable wife survived him only a few months, leaving young Samuel, then about fourteen years of age, the eldest of six children. He was reared and educated by an uncle in Saline County, remaining with him until the breaking out of the War between the States, when his young blood was fired with ambition to fight for his country, so he laid down the implements of peace and took up those of war.

He enlisted in the 11th Arkansas Infantry, July 1, 1861, and remained in the Confederate service until the close of hostilities. He was captured at Island No. 10 with his command and held at Chicago as a prisoner until September, 1862, when he was exchanged at Vicksburg. He reenlisted at Jackson, Miss., and, after the reorganization of his regiment, he was promoted as orderly to Colonel Griffith's regiment, in which capacity he served until the final surrender in April,



JUDGE S. R. COBB

1865. Not only did he witness, but participated in, twenty-seven regular engagements, besides numerous skirmishes, a few of which are New Madrid, Mo., Clinton, La., Keller's Lane, Pritchard's Crossroads, and the twenty-seven days fight of Sherman's raid, during which time he did not have his shoes off nor an opportunity to indulge in one square meal. Notwithstanding these facts, he was not once seriously wounded. After the final surrender, Judge Cobb returned to Saline County, where he attended school for some months, and reached his twenty-first milepost in November after the surrender. The year 1867 witnessed his marriage to Miss Paralee Poe, a native of Alabama and daughter of Judge W. T. Poe, who moved to Arkansas when his daughter was quite young. Of this union were six children, four of whom survive him—J. A. Cobb, of Little Rock; Mrs. J. P. Harper, of Minacca, Chihuahua, Mexico; Mrs. C. W. Henry, Little Rock; and Mrs. W. J. Cox, of Benton, Ark. He was a faithful member of the Baptist Church, a Mason, both a Master and Royal Arch, also the Order of the Eastern Star. Judge Cobb died on May 23, 1924, at the home of his daughter, in Benton, where he was visiting. He was the Commander of George W. Murphy Camp, U. C. V., of Sheridan, Ark.

[Committee: Col. A. J. Snodgrass, Maj. H. E. H. Fowlkes.]

P. J. RAST.

P. J. Rast was born in Collirene, Ala., June 13, 1843, and died, at the age of eighty-one years, at Baileyville, Tex., June 27, 1924.

At the age of seventeen he left Howard College, Marion, Ala., and enlisted in the army of Jackson in Virginia, as a private in Company H, of the 3rd Alabama Regiment, where he served throughout the war, participating in many gallant charges under the brave Ramseur.

In 1866 he was married to Miss Mary Greenville Dunklin, who preceded him to the land beyond in December, 1922, leaving him only waiting for the reunion over there.

COMRADES OF MARIETTA, GA.

The following members of Marietta Camp, No. 763 U. C. V., of Marietta, Ga., have died during the past twelve months:

J. T. Pace, Phillips Legion; J. A. Manget, DePass Battery Light Artillery; A. D. Kemp, 23rd Georgia Regiment; Asbury Bryan, Company E, 2nd Georgia Regiment; George S. Owen, Company A, 18th Georgia Regiment; J. A. Booth, Company H, 38th Georgia Regiment; T. J. Hardage, captain, Company D, 7th Georgia Regiment; N. M. Scroggs, 24th Georgia Regiment.

[J. G. Morris, Commander; R. de T. Lawrence, Adjutant.]

ORLANDO CHANNEL.

At the age of eighty-two years, Orlando Channell departed this life on July 10. "Uncle Lander," as he was affectionately called, was a consistent Christian gentleman. He leaves a devoted wife, six children, and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He was a Confederate artilleryman under General Imboden and was the first chief of police of Elkins City, W. Va.

[Cam Hart.]

DR. T. A. CATCHINGS.

Dr. T. A. Catchings, Company I, 39th Mississippi Infantry, and a member of R. A. Smith Camp No. 24, U. C. V., died July 25, 1924. A gallant soldier and a true Southern gentleman.

[W. J. Brown, Adjutant.]

MAJ. W. W. BENTLEY.

Maj. William Weldon Bentley, survivor of Pickett's charge and long a prominent citizen of Pulaski County, Va., died at his home in Richmond, July 23, 1924, and was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery. He is survived by his wife and one daughter.

William Weldon Bentley was born June 27, 1839, in Montgomery County, Va., the son of Dr. Henry Bentley, of Powhatan County. His mother, Cynthia Kent, was owner of Weldon, a magnificent estate near Pulaski, which in antebellum days supported over a thousand slaves. His grandfather, William Bentley, of Powhatan County, was a charter member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

William W. Bentley entered the Virginia Military Institute in 1856 and was graduated from that institution in 1860. While a student he received instruction from Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, then a member of the faculty. It was also while a cadet there that he was called to Harper's Ferry to help maintain order at the execution of John Brown.

At the outset of the War between the States, he entered the service of the Confederacy, rapidly gaining distinction as an officer of great merit. He was a battalion commander at Gettysburg and led his battalion as a member of the immortal Pickett's Division.

Major Bentley was brevetted colonel during the closing days of the war but his commission was never received; so he modestly retained only his title of major.

In 1876, while attending the Centennial at Philadelphia he met Miss Park Poindexter Perkins, of Buckingham County, Va., who was crowned queen of the Centennial as the prettiest woman. They were married in 1877 and lived most of their married life at "Weldon." It is interesting to know that several of the old Bentley slaves are still living in the county, notably "Aunt" Frankie Buford, who was the Major's nurse, said to be one hundred and five years old now. Weldon had a reputation for never selling its slaves, and a number of the slaves never could be persuaded to leave the estate after freedom came.

Major Bentley was a man of sterling integrity and was held in great esteem for his high standards. He remained "unreconstructed" to the last, an unyielding adherent to the Southern cause.

FITZGERALD-KENDALL CAMP, PARIS, TENN.

The Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., has lost two more good members, as reported by Capt. P. P. Pullen, who writes:

"Henry A. Humphreys, aged eighty-seven years, died June 2, 1924. He was first sergeant of Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, and served through the war, and was one of thirty of his command to surrender at the close. He had been a member of the Henry County court for thirty years. A son and daughter survive him. Comrade Humphreys was a true, loyal soldier and citizen, filling all requirements of noble manhood. He had been a member of the Primitive Baptist Church for fifty years.

"Paul A. Sullivan, aged eighty-eight, died on July 24, 1924. He was born in Wilson County, Tenn., near Lebanon, March 26, 1836, and at an early age came to Henry County. At the outbreak of war, he enlisted with the 46th Tennessee Infantry, which was composed mostly of Henry County men. As an ensign in this regiment, his responsibilities were heavy, and he was always found in the thickest of the fight. He was wounded at Perryville, Ky., Atlanta, and again at Franklin, Tenn., where he was captured, but later escaped and served through the remainder of the war. His comrades have told of

him how he was bearing the battle flag in a charge during the Atlanta campaign, when he fell wounded, but held the flag aloft until a comrade caught it up, and he then fell unconscious. He was a consistent member of the First Baptist Church of Paris for many years and was widely known and loved throughout this section. Surviving him are four daughters and a number of grandchildren. Interment was in the Poplar Grove Cemetery.

"By request of both these comrades, I conducted their funeral services."

COL. R. A. D. DUNLAP.

Col. R. A. D. Dunlap, of Gadsden, Ala., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Cowan, at Cleveland, Tenn., on August 5. He led an active life to the day before his death.

Colonel Dunlap was a native Tennessean, the son of Samuel C. and Angeline C. Dunlap, and was born in Henry County, October, 18, 1843. His parents came from the Carolinas. At the age of twenty he entered the Confederate army, though he had seen active service at Shiloh previous to this time. He enlisted with Forrest's Cavalry Corps and took part in many of Forrest's engagements in Mississippi and Tennessee. He was wounded at Guntown, Miss., later surrendering at Gainesville, Ala. After the war he taught school, then studied law, being admitted to the bar in DeKalb County, Ala., where he took up his residence soon after the war. Later he moved to Chattanooga, Tenn., then to Gadsden, where the greater part of his life was spent. He served as register in chancery many years after giving up his practice. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, also a member of Emma Sansom Camp, U. C. V., and always took an active part in reunions of the Camp.

He was married in July, 1868, to Miss Susan G. Jacoway, of DeKalb County, who survives him with three daughters and three sons.

The following is taken from an editorial tribute:

"In the death of Col. R. A. D. Dunlap Gadsden and the country have sustained an irreparable loss. He was a pioneer of this city. Coming here as a young lawyer in 1875, he immediately identified himself with all that was worthy and, although tried in many difficult situations, he always stood firm for the right. There was never any doubt as to his position where decent citizenship was concerned. Of irreproachable integrity and stainless character in all relations of life, tolerant of opposition, yet tenacious of his own convictions; of an open nature, pleasing address, and a great kindness of heart, he long enjoyed, in full measure, the confidence and good will of his fellow men."

WILLIAM R. ALEXANDER.

From this life to life eternal, William Robert Alexander passed on March 7, 1924, after a life of eighty-three useful years. He was born October 10, 1840, and at the call of his country, in April, 1861, he enlisted in a company made up in McDowell, which was sent to Norfolk, Va., to train, and this company took part in the first battle at Bethel Church. At the expiration of his first enlistment of six months, he returned home for a few days, then again enlisted, early in 1862, in the 60th North Carolina, Army of the West, where he was a participant of all the fights of his regiment from Chickamauga to Resaca, Ga. Early in 1862 he was promoted to a captaincy, and his name appears as such on a monument on the county courthouse lawn at Asheville, N. C.

Comrade Alexander was paroled at Jamestown, N. C., in April, 1865, and returned home to help build up his desolated section. He was of a lively, kindly disposition, ready at all

times to respond to the needs of his fellow man, and his well-spent life was an example of all the virtues which adorn and exalt the Christian character. Charity, benevolence, courage, patriotism, and fidelity all shone conspicuously in him. And we can truly say:

"Though oft depressed and lonely, all our fears are laid aside,
If we but remember only such as these have lived and died."

[From resolutions by Zeb Vance Camp, U. C. V. Committee: J. M. Edwards, George Pickens.]

ALEXANDER ROSS.

Alexander Ross was one of a large family, his father having twice married. His parents, of Scotch-English descent, went to Jackson, Tenn., among the early settlers, and there this son was born, September 17, 1843.

He became a Christian very early and was a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church until his death. A good citizen, neighbor, and friend; devoted to the Confederacy and Southern ideals; and when war was inevitable, went a-soldiering as ardently as he afterwards went to the task of reconstructing home, business, and all that had been laid waste by war, doing his part quietly, simply, as became a modest man.

His record as a private soldier was full of thrilling adventures. He was nearly nineteen when he joined Company G, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, on August 10, 1862; was captured with a part of Gen. John H. Morgan's command in the Ohio raid, July 26, 1863, and taken to Camp Chase; was later transferred to Camp Douglas and exchanged February 28, 1865. He immediately rejoined his command at Lynchburg, Va., and was discharged April 20, 1865.

When war was over, he returned to the affairs of civil life with as firm a faith in the South's cause and her rights as he had when he went out to fight for them with pistol and saber.

In September, 1865, he married Miss Susan Trent, and his union was blessed with ten children, four daughters and one son of whom survive him. This dear partner of his youth was called higher more than twenty-six years ago, and in June, 1900, he married Miss Hattie J. Mazey, who died in April, 1923. On June 16, 1924, he joined his dear ones in the spirit land. Besides the five children, he is survived by twenty-five grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren.

His membership in the W. B. Tate Camp, U. C. V., was one of the chief interests of his last years.

MARTIN ELDER.

Martin Elder, born in Ray County, Mo., July 3, 1838, died at Fresno City, Calif., April 21, 1924, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

In the beginning of the War between the States, he enlisted in Captain McDowell's Company C, B. A. Reeve's 3rd Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., at Springfield, Mo., and at the close of the war surrendered with his regiment at Shreveport, La. After the surrender, he returned to Ray County, Mo., and engaged in farming until 1875, when he moved to Fresno County, Calif., where he conducted a general farming and fruit growing business until a few years ago, when he sold out his agricultural interests and moved in to Fresno City.

Comrade Elder was a brave and faithful soldier, a respected, loyal, and patriotic citizen, a kind and affectionate husband, a fond and indulgent parent, a consistent Christian, member of the M. E. Church, South, and a working comrade in Sterling Price Camp, No. 1030 U. C. V.

A few weeks before his death he lost his faithful spouse, Elizabeth Brown Elder. They leave a large and interesting

family of sons and daughters with a host of friends to mourn their loss.

He was devoted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and read every line of it.

[E. D. Edwards, Fresno, Calif.]

WILEY WRIGHT.

Death has claimed another member of Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316 U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., and a great loss is sustained in the passing of Comrade Wiley Wright, who served under Gen E. Kirby Smith as a member of Company B, 5th Arkansas Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department, and took part in the battle of Helena, Ark. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-three years and had lived in the same community since his childhood. His faithful daughter nursed him through an illness of many months, giving him every care and attention.

[W. P. Brown, Commander.]

MISSISSIPPIANS BURIED AT LEESBURG, VA.

From Mrs. Lizzie Worsley, of Leesburg, Va., comes the following inquiry:

"During the summer of 1861, and until March 7, 1862, three regiments of Mississippi soldiers were stationed at Leesburg—the 13th Mississippi, commanded by Colonel Barksdale; the 17th Mississippi, by Colonel Featherstone; the 18th Mississippi, by Colonel Burt. These regiments were all in the battle of Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861, and that winter quite a number died. These soldiers were buried in Union Cemetery, at Leesburg, where twelve lots were donated by the cemetery company for the purpose; there are one hundred and fifty Mississippians among them. At one time their names were all known, but the list was destroyed with other papers considered valueless after the death of the lady who had kept the list. Buried in the lot named was a son of the governor of Mississippi (if I remember correctly), and at one time there was a willow tree marking the grave; but that is now gone and the name has been forgotten.

"On this lot is a large monument in memory of all soldiers buried in Union Cemetery, and every year when the flowers are in bloom, the graves are decorated and a flag placed on each. Now we are marking them with iron crosses, on which is the Confederate battle flag surrounded by a laurel wreath. We want to get the names of the Mississippians who died here and to place list, framed, in the chapel of the cemetery, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who was with these regiments at Leesburg, or any friend who can tell of a comrade being there.

"There are two other lots with soldiers from Mississippi, twenty-four in one, a half dozen in the other. We feel that we cannot better honor these soldiers, who protected our homes and drove the enemy into the river than by keeping their graves in order."

We borrow,
In our sorrow,
From the sun of some to-morrow
Half the light that gilds to-day;
And the splendor
Flashes tender
O'er hope's footsteps to defend her |
From the fears that haunt the way.

—Father Ryan.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street
MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
2440 Third Street
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Avenue
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North J Street
MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue
MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: After spending the greater part of the past month occupied with routine office work, your President General feels impelled to send to you a message of appreciation for your cordial coöperation in the great work of the organization and for your kind and loving words of encouragement.

She has recently received from many Division Presidents accounts of service splendidly rendered. It is these achievements that will cause the United Daughters of the Confederacy to look back upon a record of successful effort and progress.

The organization is building, not for to-day only, but, more important still, for to-morrow, and unless we do things really worth while to increase the measure and quality of service to mankind, the organization will become but a useless burden upon society.

But by faithful service we shall breathe a living power into all our efforts and prove by our work that such service is the true test of appreciation.

The President General must again draw your attention to two of our most important duties: The relief of Confederate women and veterans and the memorial book, "Women of the South in War Times."

In regard to the sale of the book, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, of Fairmont, W. Va., General Chairman, says: "Many of the Divisions having large quotas are showing signs of real work and activity. May I suggest that the Division Directors have conferences with the Division Presidents and secure pledges at the annual Division conventions?" There can be no more important duty before us than the placing of this book, our memorial to the women of the sixties, in the homes, schools, and libraries all over the United States.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to remind Daughters of the importance of the relief work for needy Confederate women. If you only maintain the high zeal which has characterized this branch of our activities in the past, there will be no need for any other plans. It is one of our most sacred duties. Mrs. Amos Norris, of Tampa, Fla., General Chairman of the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women, has written an interesting letter in regard to the importance of contributing freely to this fund. Each Chapter is obligated to pay \$1 a year to this fund. So far, no worthy appeal for addition to our list of pensioners has been denied, and it depends solely upon the payment of these Chapter pledges whether or not we can keep up this splendid record.

Mrs. Norris's letter is as follows:

"*Dear President General:* Thank you for your letter of recent date and for the expression: 'I have signed the ap-

plication you forwarded me for Mrs., for monthly payment of \$12, from the Relief Fund, and have forwarded it to Mrs. Higgins. The signing of the monthly checks for these pensioners gives me more genuine satisfaction than any of my official duties.'

"The never-failing interest of our President General in this fund has been one of the most potent factors in helping to build up this fund in recent years. Like you, I hope we will have funds for all.

"A few days ago, a letter was received from Mrs. Newman, President of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of Evansville, Ind., as follows:

"I wonder if there is the slightest chance to get a pension for Mrs. U., one of our oldest members. She is a widow and really very needy. We have kept up her dues for her for several years, as it was impossible for her to pay them. Her only support is an only daughter, about fifty years of age. She has very bad health, her salary is very small, and they simply can't get along without help.

"We will deeply appreciate any assistance you may give us in this affair. We are few in number, but trying to carry on in all U. D. C. work."

"An application was sent her to fill in, and we must find the means to help them.

"The love and loyalty of our organization to these aged charges of ours must never be found wanting, and we have such an abiding faith in the interest of the U. D. C. in this fund that we are satisfied they will provide the means for the committee to take care of every application. During the summer, when most of the Chapters disband for at least three months, is a good time for the State Directors for this fund to get their letters written to every Chapter, urging them to send in their individual and Chapter donations at the first meeting of the fall, if they have not already done so. Only five Divisions failed to pay their quota last year. May we make this a banner year, and may every Division be a hundred per cent Division in 1924.

"Four pensioners have been added to the list this year, and as this family of ours increases, the individual and Chapter donations must be multiplied to meet them."

Convention.—As the time approaches for the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Savannah, Ga., your attention is called to the importance of paying your delinquent per capita tax and of having your Chapter fully registered. See that your delegates are elected and their names recorded on the credential blanks. The list of hotels, with prices, will be published in the *VETERAN*. The Hotel De Soto, Savannah, Ga., will be headquarters.

Secure your rooms early and do your part to make the 1924 convention the largest in the history of the organization.

Credential Blanks.—In order that the Chapter Presidents may understand fully the instructions in connection with the credential blanks, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chairman of Committee on Credentials, Chatham, Va., suggests that the following be copied from the By-Laws, Article XVI: "For representation in general convention, three credential blanks for each Chapter shall be issued by the Recording Secretary General to the Division Presidents for use of the Chapters in her Division. These blanks shall be filled out by the Chapters in triplicate. One copy shall be sent to the Chairman of Committee on Credentials, a second to the Division President, a third to be taken to the convention by the delegates of each Chapter for the purpose of identification."

Article 6. Section II.—"The Committee on Credentials shall not recognize any delegate except one duly authorized in writing. This committee shall require the chairman of each State delegation to hand to it, by the third day of the convention, a correct list of the names of delegates present and voting in the convention, with the names of their respective Chapters. This list shall be used by the Committee on Credentials to correct the list of names of the credentials report before printing."

Memorial.—Mrs. A. B. White, Paris, Tenn., Chairman of the Memorial Committee, will have charge of Memorial Hour during the convention. Names of all members who have passed on during the year should be sent to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass., Corresponding Secretary General. Neglect of this duty will result in the omission of the names of beloved deceased members from the memorial page in the minutes of the Savannah convention.

In response to the request that each former President General send a message to the United Daughters, through this monthly letter to the VETERAN, a letter has come, this month from Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, who is spending the summer in Europe. Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General, is also a member of the same party with Mrs. Schuyler. The letter will appear next month.

Faithfully yours, ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Surely there is no cause in our organization with a stronger appeal than that of the beneficiaries of our Relief Fund, women who knew the privations of the sixties and who now, in their extreme age, are left, in many cases, without any means of support; very often in far distant States, away from friends of former days, and often leaving no living relative. This month we are giving precedence to the urgent appeal from the chairman of that committee. Read what Mrs. Norris says:

"The Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund is running perilously low, according to a statement received from Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Treasurer General, on July 9, we have just enough to make the August payments to these pensioners of ours, with a few dollars left over.

"Are you going to force us to disappoint them in September?

"We stand between them and want. We must not fail them.

"Take your minutes of the last convention, turn to page 191, and you will find the pledges made to the Relief Fund at Washington. Have you paid *your* pledge? Has your Division paid its quota of \$1.00 per Chapter? If not, will you not send it at once to your Division Treasurer, with the request that she forward it as promptly as possible to the Treasurer General, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, that we may be able to make our September payments?

"Below are the receipts to this fund up to July 8. You will see some Divisions have more than paid their quota, others nothing at all, but we are sure you will send in your pledges as soon as you read this appeal.

"Thanking you for your faithful coöperation in the past, I am, faithfully yours,

JULIA HARRISON NORRIS,

Chairman Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund."

THE STATEMENT FROM THE TREASURER GENERAL SHOWS THE FOLLOWING PAYMENTS:

Alabama, nothing; Arizona, nothing; Arkansas, nothing; California, \$49; Colorado, \$10; District of Columbia, \$5; Florida, \$201; Georgia, \$50.50; Illinois, \$17; Indiana, \$5; Kentucky, nothing; Louisiana, \$16.50; Maryland, \$25; Massachusetts, \$50; Minnesota, nothing; Mississippi \$2.50; Missouri, \$55; New Jersey, nothing; New Mexico, nothing; New York, \$28; North Carolina, \$230; Ohio, \$5; Oklahoma, \$39; Oregon, \$1; Pittsburgh, \$30; Philadelphia, \$76; Rhode Island, nothing; South Carolina, \$50; Tennessee, \$95; Texas, nothing; Utah, nothing; Virginia, nothing; Washington, nothing; West Virginia, \$68.50.

* * *

Any news from the Chapter in Paris is always of interest. In a personal letter from the President, the Marquise de Courtivron, she writes of their first bestowal of the Cross of Honor. On President Davis's birthday, they presented to the Countess St. Roman her father's Cross, he having been no less distinguished a person than the Hon. John Slidell, Commissioner from the Confederate government to France. One of his granddaughters is also a member of the Major General de Polignac Chapter. In her letter, the Marquise evidences the keenest interest in the monument to her distinguished father, General de Polignac, at Mansfield, La., the unveiling of which will take place on April 8, 1925.

* * *

Those of us who saw the *New York Times* of July 13, were delighted to see the picture of Emmet Kirkpatrick, of Alabama, our former U. D. C. scholarship boy at the University of Pennsylvania, and that he is now studying for his Doctor's degree at the Sorbonne. We have not forgotten his overseas service nor his long detention in a Russian prison.

* * *

Mrs. L. S. Givens, of Cynthiana, Ky., writes of a red-letter day in the calendar of the Joe Desha Chapter, when the members had for their guest of honor the President of the Kentucky Division, Mrs. Harry McCarty, who, in her address to the Chapter, gave not only a résumé of the reunion in Memphis, from which she had just returned, but told also of the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis Monument, closing her address with a review of the various features of the work of the U. D. C.

* * *

Mrs. F. C. Kolman has consented to serve as Publicity Chairman for the present, and this month she is delighted to tell of the successful culmination of an effort in which she has been deeply interested.

"All Daughters of the Confederacy will rejoice with the U. D. C. of Louisiana in the recent action of the legislature in passing a bill whereby the Confederate veterans and their widows will receive \$30 per month for those who are worth \$1,000 or less, and \$20 per month for those who are worth more than that amount and not to exceed \$2,000. The Louisiana Daughters have been most active for many years

in trying to increase the pensions of veterans and their widows in Louisiana, and one of the first duties of the new President, Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, was to go to Baton Rouge and, with active members of the U. D. C. in that city, she accomplished much toward the passing of this bill in the interest of Louisiana veterans.

"The Stonewall Jackson Chapter entertained recently at an elegant luncheon in honor of the outgoing President, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, and the incoming President, Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, of the Louisiana Division. Mrs. Lelita Lever Younge, poet laureate of the Chapter was toast mistress and introduced each speaker with an original poem. Among the speakers were Mrs. Florence Tompkins, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Mrs. A. Prudhomme, representing Mrs. Charles Granger, President of the New Orleans Chapter, Mrs. J. R. McGivney, President of Francis T. Nicholls Chapter, Mrs. W. A. Knolle, Mrs. F. Rice, Mrs. L. S. Cohen, Mrs. H. Friedrichs, Mrs. H. H. Ward, President Stonewall Jackson Chapter. Flowers were presented to Mrs. Tompkins and Mrs. Kolman by Mrs. H. Friedrichs.

"Stonewall Jackson Chapter entertained the veterans of Camp Nicholls on Friday, August 1, with a program on the lawn and ice cream and cake.

"Louisiana Division has secured, through Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, three new scholarships, as follows: The Jennie K. Wright Memorial Scholarship, value, \$120. The Mrs. Louise E. Toomey Scholarship in vocal or Instrumental Music, value, \$120. The Henry Carleton Miller Scholarship, high school course, value, \$108."

* * *

Those who read the account last month of the unique garden party given at Ferry Hill Farm, the home of Gen. Henry Kyd Douglas, near Hagerstown, will be interested to learn through Mrs. Preston Power, that the H. K. Douglas Chapter realized \$253 from the entertainment. Miss Anne Bruin has been unanimously reelected President of this Chapter

* * *

Mrs. Jesse T. McMahan, Blackwater, Mo., in spite of summer heat, finds items of interest in her Division:

"The members of the William Sweeney Chapter, of Chilhowee, was given a reception recently by Hon William Sweeney, for whom the Chapter is named. at his palatial home. He is affectionately called 'Uncle Bill' by the Daughters. He is eighty-two years young, and has the gift of making everybody about him happy. He drives his own car, goes with the Daughters to visit the Confederate Home at Higginsville, and always has a word of love, cheer, and encouragement for veterans there, 'Uncle Bill' is an inspiration for young and old.

"That the link of love is very strong between the members of the Chilhowee Chapter and all the veterans of Johnson County is proved by the coöperation of Daughters and Veterans. Some are ninety-one years of age, yet they make speeches and take part in all undertakings of the Chapter. Among these was an 'Old Settlers' Reunion' in July.

"Last year Missouri bestowed the largest number of Crosses of Honor, 170. The efficient Recorder, Mrs. T. E. Hook, is working to do even better this year. Hannibal Chapter has given forty Crosses since the last annual report.

"Every Chapter in the Missouri Division remembers in some special way the anniversary of the battle of Wilson's Creek, in many cases with a picnic at which the veterans are guests of honor."

Torrid heat in South Carolina has not prevented the Chapters from "carrying on," or Mrs. H. S. Farley, of Saluda, from finding out their activities.

"The Davis-Lee Chapter, of Blackville, has recently voted \$100 toward the education of some worthy girl of Confederate ancestry. They have also organized a C. of C. Chapter. Taking care of the young folks is a worthy work, and Blackville is to be congratulated.

"The Hampton-Lee Chapter, of Greer, has received twenty-one new members since January, and has twelve applicants additional.

"The Thomas Murphy Chapter, of Lake City, is holding a biweekly story hour for children. Opportunity is thus made for instilling into their young minds stories of true Confederate history, and perpetuating the wonderful stories of our heroes. Camp Hampton, U. C. V. had for their guests for dinner recently, at the Confederate Home in Columbia, the local U. D. C. Chapter and girls of the sixties.

"Mrs. O. D. Black, Division President, was guest of honor. barbacue was served, and all the good things that go with it, ending up with ice cream. In the afternoon luscious water-melons were served on the great piazzas of the Home. It was a day of much enjoyment to all who were present."

South Carolina Chapters rejoice with the Olin M. Dantzler Chapter, of St. Matthews, in the consummation of their dream for several years, the unveiling of their beautiful drinking fountain, a memorial to Confederate and to World War soldiers. The cost was \$2,300. From cuts in the newspapers, the memorial is very handsome.

The Legislature of South Carolina, at its recent session, appropriated \$1,000 to the rehabilitation of the Confederate Relic Room in the State Capitol. The work has been completed and the room has been formally reopened by the Wade Hampton Chapter. Many visitors register daily at the desk, and all are impressed with the arrangement, the historical value, and the number of relics contained therein.

* * *

Mrs. J. B. Powell, Historian of the Mary West Chapter, of Waco, Tex. (of which our own Decca Lamar West is president), writes the editor a personal letter, most of which we shall let you enjoy too. Depend upon Texas in things historical. Mrs. Powell writes:

"I am inclosing a kodak picture of a log cabin, over one hundred years old, secured by the Mary West Chapter through the Historian. This is the first log cabin preserved from the ravages of destruction by any U. D. C. Chapter. The Historian, who also won the 'Kline' medal last year for the best historical work, was introduced at the Division convention as the 'Log Cabin Woman.' We were fortunate in getting permission to put the cabin in Cotton Palace Park. It served as a rest room, a small museum for Confederate relics, an opportunity to teach history in truth. More than two thousand visitors registered in this little place last year. . . . It is the plan to preserve even the inclosure around the cabin, the old rail fence, the wash pot, the woodpile, the ash hopper, 'the old oaken bucket,' etc.

"The dear old CONFEDERATE VETERAN is next to my Bible in my reading matter."

* * *

Miss Maria Vass, of Keyser, reports in detail the observance of West Virginia's Memorial Day. Unusually interesting were the exercises by the Alderson, Bluefield, Lawson Batts, William Stanley Haymond, McNeill, Berkeley County, Parkersburg, Leetown, and Shepherdstown Chapters.

Berkeley County Chapter, of Martinsburg, has the dis-

inction of being the first Chapter in the Division to bestow Crosses of Service. Five veterans of the World War received these, the bestowal taking place on the steps of the First Presbyterian Church, with appropriate exercises and an address by Senator Charles J. Faulkner. On the birthday of Admiral Semmes the Chapter will again bestow Crosses.

On June 6, General Ashby's birthday, the Winnie Davis Chapter, of Moorefield, observed Memorial Day. The large crowd, grandsons of Confederate soldiers acting as marshals, marched to the cemetery, where they wreathed the Confederate monument with a rope of cedar and decorated the graves of the Confederate and the World War veterans. A picnic dinner was served.

The Bluefield Chapter recently gave as an entertainment "The Country Store," from which they realized \$350.

St. Albans Chapter, of St. Albans, has requested that the following names be published so their comrades may know they are still living: J. S. Thaxton, Company I, 23rd Virginia Infantry; W. R. Fields, Company G, Mountain Rangers, 8th Virginia Cavalry; S. H. Ashworth, Company C, 36th Virginia Battalion; Preston Martin, Veto Farrar, J. T. Barker, Daniel Angel, James Stinson. The Chapter has put markers on the graves of the fifty soldiers buried at St. Albans and decorated them with flags and flowers on Memorial Day.

From the St. Albans Chapter, of St. Albans, W. Va., comes report of the death of Mrs. Cora C. Dowman, on May 16, one of the most devoted and faithful Daughters of the Confederacy. In fitting resolutions the Chapter expressed the sense of loss occasioned by her untimely death to the Chapter and community life, and appreciation of her example and activities.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR U. D. C. STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

U. D. C. Outline for October.

Gens. Braxton Bragg, Longstreet, Rosecrans, and George H. Thomas.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

October.

The James River fleet; its destruction upon the evacuation of Richmond.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

During the hot summer months the outstanding feature in the distribution of our book is the good work of North Carolina under the leadership of Mrs. R. P. Holt, President of that Division and Vice Chairman of the Committee on Publicity. Through reiterating the pledge still to be fulfilled in her Division, she has recently brought the Old North State to leadership, with South Carolina second and Virginia third. Good work has also been done by Mrs. Eugene Monday, of

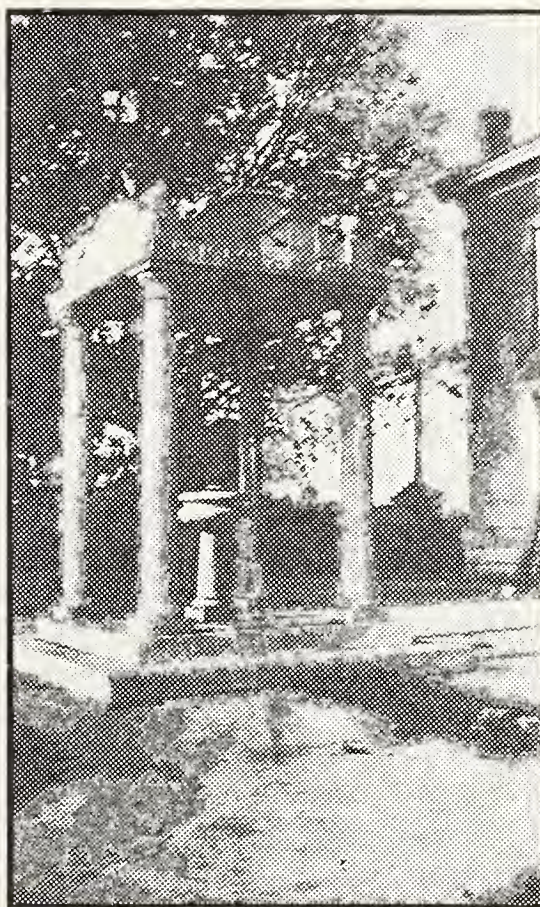
Tennessee, and the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, of Newport, Ky., has just accepted its quota and gone beyond it. It should be added also that North Carolina is leader in the contributions to the Publicity Fund, which fund is considerably in arrears.

It will interest all Daughters to know that the publishers are preparing to bring out in the fall a special pamphlet showing clearly that the critics, reviewers, and discriminating public regard "The Women of the South in War Times" as one of the most notable contributions to American history and literature in several generations. The most directly interesting thing to us is that the pamphlet will show clearly under whose auspices this well-acclaimed book is issued—viz., the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.

On July 9, the Olin M. Dantzler Chapter, of St. Matthews, S. C., unveiled a Memorial Drinking Fountain, which stands



not only as a splendid achievement of the Chapter but is a useful and beautiful memorial to the Confederate and World War heroes. It was completed at a cost of \$2,300. Four granddaughters of Col. Dantzler unveiled the fountain, which was accepted by Major Geiger for the city in a spirit of appreciation.

For fifteen years the original committee worked to raise a memorial fund and many

plans were considered, but a drawing made by Mrs. J. A. Merrett, Chairman of the Committee, was finally selected, and the details worked out with the assistance of the representative of the marble and granite works at Columbia. In her address of presentation of the memorial to the town of St. Matthews, Mrs. Merrett stressed the fact that it was due to the untiring efforts and enthusiasm of Mrs. T. W. Dantzler, wife of the oldest son of Col. O. M. Dantzler, that the Chapter could claim the completion of the work. The illustration here given but poorly portrays the beautiful lines and symmetry of the memorial.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

AFTERTHOUGHTS OF THE CONVENTION.

My Dear Coworkers: Realizing that many of you were unable to attend the Memphis convention, the desire to have you share its pleasures in some small degree leads me to attempt a pen picture of the high points that would possibly interest you.

Foremost was our Welcome Meeting on Tuesday at one o'clock, the hour having been advanced that the Memphis Ladies's Memorial Association should be able to hold their Memorial exercises on June 3, the birthday of our immortal Jefferson Davis, first and only President of the Confederacy.

Although the meeting was called at the usual dinner or lunch hour, the Memphis Ladies' Memorial Association had secured the privilege of having the use of the wonderful new Auditorium, just barely finished, thus dedicating by its use the pride of the city of Memphis; and an audience of more than six thousand people packed the building to listen to the brilliant program which had been prepared for our first meeting. Greetings and welcome addresses from the governor of the State, the mayor of the city, our honored and beloved Commander in Chief U. C. V., General Haldeman; Col. McDonald Lee, Commander in Chief S. C. V.; Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, Vice President for Life of the D. A. R.; Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General U. D. C.; each introduced by our own First President General, Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, the loved daughter of Admiral Semmes of the Confederate navy.

Addresses were responded to by your President General, who, as she walked to the front of the stage, led forward and presented two of our most distinguished officers, whom we were proud to present as representing devotion to duty and service unparalleled: Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, our Recording Secretary General, who has the enviable distinction of having served our conventions for twenty-five consecutive years and has never missed a reunion. The other, our distinguished and most ardently loyal Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, our Historian for Life. Could any organization claim greater honor?

Through the courteous consideration of Gen. C. A. de Saussure, General Chairman, a musical program of stirring Southern airs, prepared and led by the vested choirs of the city, completed a program that will ever linger in the minds of those present as a beacon light in patriotic devotion to every phase of effort to perpetuate through time immemorial the honor and veneration of Southern womanhood for her immortal heroes.

To the local Program Committee, led by the tireless efforts

of Mrs. Mary H. Miller as chairman, too much praise cannot be given, and our Memphis convention will live in history for its inspirational influence. The cordial coöperation of our sister patriotic organizations, the D. A. R. and U. D. C., has at ever reunion and convention been a source of notable pleasure. The delightful luncheons served by these organizations gave fresh inspiration, and their cordial welcome warmed the hearts of our C. S. M. A. and brought closer the broadening lines which should encircle all efforts and permeate every local and national body whose aim is loyalty to country and to its advancement.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

Permanent address of the President General: 38 Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga. Address until September 15, Craig Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

The President General has the pleasure of making the following appointments:

Mrs. J. F. Weinman, 2214 Battery Street, Little Rock, as Vice President for the State of Arkansas.

Mrs. Oswald Eve, Green Street, Augusta, Ga., Chairman Allan Seegar Library of Paris, France.

Mrs. James R. Armstrong, Oklahoma City, Okla. Chairman of Textbooks.

Mrs. William A. Wright, East Fifteenth Street, Atlanta, Ga., Chairman Stone Mountain Monumental Association Fund.

Other appointments will be announced later.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Our President General, while visiting in Little Rock, extending, as usual, the interests of our C. S. M. A., appointed as State Vice President for Arkansas Mrs. J. F. Weinman. Arkansas never does anything by halves, and we are looking forward to still greater accomplishment through the appointment of Mrs. Weiman.

Take Time to Be True.—Never before in this country has the historical sense been so keenly alert. The need of revision and comparison for a broader conception is being realized.

The close contact with nations whose institutions have become revered through a vista of centuries has undoubtedly influenced the spirit of comparison among our people, especially the men who were overseas.

We are turning intimate and critical eyes upon past as well as future, nor can the verdict stand, until every misrepresentation and contortion of truth be brought forth and silenced.

Those who have fought for State Rights and the consent of the governed will be upheld, and not a minim of their glory shall be dimmed.

Grandmothers, mothers, tell the children the wonderful story of their birthright; tell it over and over. *Tell it now!*

The First Ironclad.—The following clipping from a newspaper of recent date, will arouse every one interested in the history of the Confederacy. We are especially fortunate that unimpeachable evidence is brought forward to refute this gross statement.

"Washington, July 22.—The mighty prow of the Confederate ironclad Merrimac, which wrought great destruction upon ships of the Union navy during the Civil War until destroyed by the *Monitor*, has been discovered in an iron foundry in Baltimore.

"An appeal was made to-day to the Smithsonian Institution by W. H. Logue, Jr., of that city, to obtain possession of the prow, which is of cast iron, and preserve it as a relic of the great naval battle. Authenticity of the relic as the original ram of the Merrimac is said to be vouchsafed for by H. A. Ramsay, who was chief engineer of the Confederate destroyer."

[An article on the great battle between the first ironclads, prepared by Mrs. Anna Semmes Bryan, of Memphis, daughter of Admiral Semmes, appears in this number, and shows where in the above claim is utterly false.]

We are glad to see that the S. C. V. propose supplementing the work of the C. S. M. A. in their plan to present Crosses of Honor to the wives of Confederate veterans. For a number of years, the C. S. M. A. have been presenting a gold bar of honor to the *mothers* of Confederate veterans.

This work was the inspiration of our beloved President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson and was first made possible by her personal generosity. There have been many happy presentations of the bar to these mothers, some of whom were well over ninety years of age, and their tender appreciation of being remembered is one of the most precious memories of the C. S. M. A.

TO THE VETERANS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY.

A TRIBUTE BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, EX-PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C., AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE.

At this memorial hour, standing in the Holy of Holies, in vain attempt "to paint the lily" or to "gild refined gold," realizing the impotency of words in which to pay tribute to the veterans who achieved the impossible in the days from 1861 to 1865, I feel that in approaching this sacred shrine of heroic memories some mightier mind and hand should have drawn this picture.

Looking down through the kaleidoscopic vista of the years, when I saw many of the bright faces of that valiant army as they departed for the front, youthful but inspired with that determined American spirit that ever rises to the defense of right and justice and the protection of home and all that it holds dear, I recall the matchless courage of those boys in gray through four long years of self-sacrifice, fortitude, and devotion, oftentimes a-hungred, poorly clad, and cold, wading the snowy marches with bleeding feet for lack of

shoes, yet brave and undaunted, and laying down their lives a willing sacrifice for State Rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, which gave to each of the federated States the right to regulate its internal affairs, a right so carefully guarded by the founders of this republic.

The men who followed Gen. Robert E. Lee, the incomparable commander in chief, and his subordinate leaders, a galaxy of commanders that rivals the great Napoleonic marshals of France, made a record which has placed their achievements high on the scroll of undying fame, leaving little need of engraving on so-called "Memorial Amphitheater," though justice to-day hides her face in shame that the names of Lee and Jackson are not there in the home of Lee, historic Arlington, for they were the best product of America, and so attested by great leaders of foreign nations. These dear veterans of the South gave to all future ages the sublimest example of courage, valor, self-sacrifice, and fortitude, with the nearer approach to a civilized warfare that any army of which the world has record. They were commanded by men of rare mind and character, who scorned to make war on women and children and respected the rights of private property; and the rank and file followed the standards of their leaders.

Peerless on the field of battle, performing miracles of victory against great numerical strength and equipment, when finally outnumbered and overpowered, all resources exhausted, in that dramatic scene at Appomattox, they wept that the struggle was over; yet, obedient to the decisions of their great commander, turned their faces toward ruined and devastated homes, with honor untarnished, and where their loved ones awaited them with hope and cheer, for these men had accomplished the superhuman in effort.

Great in war, but greater in peace, they took up the broken threads of life and, in strict regard for the compact of surrender, they lived through the terrors of mis-called "Reconstruction," preserving self-respect and gaining the respect of the world in which they moved.

That the women of the South loved these heroes who had stood so valiantly at the front in the defense of right was not strange, for heroic action appeals to the heart of womanhood, and hence, these women, tenderly nurtured, accepted the changed conditions and further determined that they would organize themselves to give every possible recognition to the bravery of the Confederate soldier and garner the rich treasury of the truths of Confederate history. The numberless monuments and memorials to their honor and service all over the South attest the efforts of the daughters of Dixie-land, as well as the State Homes for veterans and women of the Confederacy.

Our loving care will continue through the sunset years, and then the half will not be done that lives in our hearts for the Confederate soldier and the cause he defended.

We are sure that his descendants who fought on the "poppy fields" of France for the inalienable rights of mankind felt the inspiration and influence of the blood coursing in their veins from Confederate fathers and mothers, feeling that they had inherited a reputation to maintain, and thereby assisted in the great victory across the sea.

There is no death for the veterans of "the sixties," for their names and deeds are emblazoned on Fame's eternal scroll.

"Friend after friend departs—
Who has not lost a friend?
There is a union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE.....Commander in Chief
Chattanooga, Tenn.
WALTER L. HOPKINS.....Adjutant in Chief
Richmond, Va.
ARTHUR H. JENNINGS.....Historian in Chief
Lynchburg, Va.
GEORGE A. MACON.....Quartermaster in Chief
Memphis, Tenn.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

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N. B. FORREST.....Atlanta, Ga.
DR. W. C. GALLOWAY.....Wilmington, N. C.
LUCIUS L. MOSS.....Lake Charles, La.
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY.....Wichita Falls, Tex.
JESSE ANTHONY.....Washington, D. C.
L. A. MORTON.....Duncan, Okla.



DIVISION COMMANDERS

ALABAMA—Fort Payne.....Dr. W. E. Guinn
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....E. R. Wiles
D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington.....Frank F. Conway
EASTERN DIVISION—New York.....Silas W. Fry
FLORIDA—Tampa.....S. L. Lowry
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....John Ashley Jones
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Malcolm H. Crump
LOUISIANA—Baton Rouge.....J. St. Clair Favrot
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Charles A. Moreno
MISSISSIPPI—Oxford.....Judge T. C. Kimbrough
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....C. M. Brown
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....J. E. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Newberry.....John M. Kinard
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....J. L. Highsaw
TEXAS—Austin.....Lon A. Smith
VIRGINIA—Montvale.....R. A. Gilliam
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

NEWS AND COMMENT.

MOBILIZATION DAY—WHY NOT?—There is a peculiar and instinctive drawing away from a lot of this criticism about the propriety of Mobilization Day. We live in a world of alarms and have to be prepared for eventualities. The ostrich attitude is comfortable, quieting, but it is not sensible. No one wants trouble, but there is no sense in abolishing a police department hoping to prevent hold-ups and murders. No matter how good our own intentions are, nobody can predict when some mad act may precipitate war. As one drives along the road in a certain Southern State, his eye meets the sign: "Proceed carefully. You may meet a fool after the next turn." Doubtless there are many good and well-meaning people who are adversely criticizing this Inspection or Mobilization Day from sincere conviction; but they are in bad company. The socialists and the anarchists, red labor, and all types of anti-Americans are decrying it. Some people, for political effect doubtless, announce views which they secretly cannot approve. Juggling the safety of their country for hoped-for political advantage; a sorry performance, but politics will do anything.

Really, there is little to be alarmed about in trying to see where we stand in a military way. The per capita cost of our army—the best paid army in the world—is the smallest in the world; our budget for military purposes is only 7.75% of the whole as against Japan's 16%, England's 9½%, and France's 18%. In proportion to population, Japan's army is four times as large as ours, England's is five times, and France's is nineteen times as large. Don't cry militarism at our government; we have few means at hand even for self-defense. This move will not throw us under the rule of a man on horseback nor the domination of an officer class. It is reported that the United Daughters of the Confederacy support this move as well as the Daughters of the Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution and any number of other patriotic societies. The S. C. V. are doubtless with them.

BLACKHORSE CAMP S. C. V., WARRENTON, VA.—This is a pleasingly named Camp and is one of the few that obeys the commands of the Commander in Chief and the pleas of the Historian in Chief and sends news of what they do. This is because of the faithfulness of Comrade J. Edward Beale, who is Commandant (long may he wave!). He very strikingly points out how necessary it is in keeping up a "country camp" to have a "rally day" at least once a year. Blackhorse Camp does this and always has a good program and a good attendance. At a recent meeting this Camp presented to the county a portrait of Judge Edward Spilman Turner, a charter

member of Blackhorse Camp S. C. V. and a noted man of the county.

THE CRY IS "STILL THEY COME!"—The writing of distorted and untrue history seems to be a great indoor American sport. The latest contenders at the game seem to be two American army officers, Colonel Bond and a Major Garey, who have written a "history" called "Wars of the American Nation." This weird volume out-Herods Herod, for while most Northern-inspired histories are satisfied with traducing the South, this book shakes up all of our heroes and leaves us not a military luminary of even the second rank. The *Baltimore Sun* says of this effusion: "It casts slurs on the heroism of Revolutionary soldiers—they were all too ready to cut and run, with or without orders; to play hookey by running home, even to desert outright. It says the War of 1812 was a disgrace to the republic, and tells how during the Mexican War upward of 4,000 brave American boys left General Scott flat in the middle of a campaign in hostile territory, their terms being up. Washington shines forth in the book as a fifth-rate military man, and Lee, supposedly the greatest soldier we have ever produced, appears hardly more than a second-rater." Lee is criticized for sending his troops in successive waves and never learning the value of the massive thrust at the crucial moment. It sounds odd to us to hear these two unknown military men criticize Lee and Washington. On this point, Matthew Page Andrews, writing to the *Sun*, says: "It is really amusing to think of two worthy present-day tacticians undertaking to set forth that Gen. Robert E. Lee was a 'second rater.' These critics should go abroad to the great military schools of the Old World to learn better. Some of the greatest of the military critics have said that the first campaign in which Lee was in command entitles him to rank with Napoleon." Yet such books as these flow from the presses in a steady stream and we have little or nothing to bring to the mighty effort of turning and stemming this mendacious tide.

HE AT LEAST KNEW ONE WHEN HE SAW HIM.—In sharp contrast to the sentiments expressed by the pair of officers above, I quote an old extract published in a Georgia paper June 16, 1864, while the matter was quite fresh, you might say. The Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun* publishes frequently extracts from its old files under the head, "News of the Sixties" and "Looking Backward Over the Files," and this extract of the date mentioned above is as follows:

SIGEL ON LEE.

On Tuesday night (a week before Breckinridge whipped him) General Sigel, according to the *New York Times*, made a very remarkable speech in

Harrisburg. He said: "The war has gone on three years and it is a disgrace to the North that with all its superiority in men and money the rebels have not been conquered. I am now here where I was two years ago. Only to think of our march to-morrow to fight the greatest general of the age, the rebel, Robert E. Lee." At this remark the general was greeted with hisses from some of the more ardent loyalists. He replied: "You may hiss, but he is a great general, although a rebel."

HONOR CAMPS.—Below is a list of leading Camps as recorded at the Memphis reunion in June and announced in our "Bulletin No. 1:

BULLETIN NO. I.

Camps which had a paid-up membership of fifty or over

Camp.	City and State.	Commander.	Adjutant.	Members
5 N. B. Forrest.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	J. L. Highsaw.....	T. L. Campbell.....	600
1 Stonewall Jackson.....	Richmond, Va.....	Dr. L. T. Price.....	H. T. Ezekiel.....	315
9 J. W. Bachman.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.....	J. B. Irvine.....	J. S. Jones.....	259
9 Thomas D. Johnston.....	Asheville, N. C.....	Fred Rutledge.....	Charles G. Lee.....	193
1 R. E. Lee.....	Richmond, Va.....	C. D. Hagen.....	H. C. Taylor.....	182
7 Leon County.....	Tallahassee, Fla.....	Dexter M. Lowry.....	J. Z. Reardon.....	152
5 E. Kirby Smith.....	Shreveport, La.....	P. C. Willis.....	Cecil Morgan.....	141
3 R. T. W. Duke.....	Charlottesville, Va.....	Albert Bolling.....	S. F. Hamm.....	130
7 Dallas.....	Dallas, Tex.....	Dr. William E. Hubbert.....	J. M. Lowery.....	120
6 John B. Gordon.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	H. F. West.....	C. E. DuPree.....	108
5 Sterling Price.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	C. A. Moreno.....	R. L. Hughes.....	104
0 Beauregard.....	New Orleans, La.....	B. H. Richardson.....	C. A. Latham.....	102
5 New York.....	New York, N. Y.....	Silas W. Fry.....	C. E. Farris.....	100
1 Jefferson Davis.....	Oklahoma City, Okla.....	J. E. Jones.....	J. H. Robertson.....	97
6 McEnery.....	Monroe, La.....	J. W. McWilliams.....	J. H. Watkins.....	91
3 Robert C. Newton.....	Little Rock, Ark.....	E. R. Wiles.....	Robert D. Lee.....	89
5 Harrisburg.....	Tupelo, Miss.....	J. M. Witt.....	W. F. Riley.....	83
5 Washington.....	Washington, D. C.....	J. A. Chumbley.....	F. F. Conway.....	78
0 Col. D. H. Lee Martz.....	Harrisonburg, Va.....	E. C. Martz.....	M. H. Harrison, Jr.....	75
5 Richard Griffith.....	Vicksburg, Miss.....	B. W. Griffith.....	J. J. Bradfield.....	66
9 Pickett-Buchanan.....	Norfolk, Va.....	W. W. Old, Jr.....	W. H. Edwards.....	60
2 N. B. Forrest.....	Duncan, Okla.....	R. H. Brown.....	L. A. Morton.....	53
8 Niemeyer Shaw.....	Norfolk, Va.....	J. R. Williams.....	W. H. Pritchard.....	50
3 R. H. M. Davidson.....	Quincy, Fla.....	J. L. Davidson.....	S. W. Carman.....	50
13 Watt-Graves.....	Bedford City, Va.....	William R. Phelps.....	M. T. Harrison.....	50

GIVE THE SOUTH FAIR PLAY.—This magazine and this department has naught to do with politics, but the child labor agitation now before the country has a historical slant to it which may excuse mention of it here with no plea for or against—only the recital of a few facts.

The agitation against child labor began in New England, just as the agitation against holding slaves there began, only as soon as it became an economic question and not a moral one. With a tremendous foreign slave trade filling her shores, slaves were excluded from her soil very largely because white labor refused to allow employers to use this free labor to their disadvantage. Likewise, agitation against the employment of children in the New England mills and other industries started with the labor unions refusing to allow this cheap competitive labor to some extent, and as soon as imperiled by this, then New England took the matter to other sections as a "moral" question.

The idea of a little child having to work appeals to our sympathy if our hearts are not atrophied. So does the idea of a little child in rags, hungry, or without a home. It would seem that the basis of child labor is poverty, and to abolish child labor without exposing the poor child

at the twenty-ninth annual convention in Memphis, June 3 to 6, 1924.

To be read before every camp of the Confederation:

There is not a Camp in the Confederation which could not have a paid-up membership of *at least* fifty members, if the Camp officers would only give *ten minutes* a week to the work of securing them. Try it and see the results. Look at Harrisburg Camp No. 645, Tupelo, Miss., which was organized April 24, 1923, and how has eighty-three members. Why? Because Commander John M. Witt and the officers of the Camp are "Go getters." Every Camp of the Confederation can do the same thing by giving *ten minutes* a week to the work.

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

to beggary and want, we must abolish poverty. This task our regulators have not yet assumed. Of children who labor, as per census of 1920, those between the ages of 10 and 15, inclusive, number one million and sixty thousand (1,060,000), but of this number over 54%, or some six hundred and fifty thousand, labor in "agriculture, forestry, and animal industry," as the census puts it. "Down on the farm," we have always been told, is where industry, good health, virtue, and the prerequisites for becoming President of the United States are almost exclusively acquired. Yet more than half of the working children we are so agitated about live and work in these favored spots! And as far as the South is concerned, if proportions keep true to all sections, less than half of these farm workers are native-born whites, for one-third of this total of one million and sixty thousand children who labor are negroes, and mostly live in the South, while about forty thousand are foreign-born white and some one hundred and seventy-five thousand are of foreign or mixed parentage. There are some three thousand children under fifteen in "professional" work in the Jackie Coogan class, some of them, where the familiar picture of the tyrannical mill owner brandishing a whip over a cowering, starving child hardly applies. There are twenty thousand newsboys

to be driven from the streets and two thousand bootbacks all under fifteen years of age. Almost six thousand children work as stenographers and typists, and fifty thousand come under the heads of messengers and office boys. The government reports that the proportion of those who work "down on the farm" in New England and the Middle Atlantic States is quite small and is quite large in the South. The reverse is true in manufacturing and mechanical industries. For example, Virginia, out of a population of 312,000 children between ten and fifteen, inclusive, has twenty-five thousand at work, and of this 25,000 fifteen thousand and five hundred are working "down on the farm," and a large part of them, perhaps over a third in this State, are negroes; and there are some foreigners, though this class is negligible in the South. Massachusetts has 33,000 children of this age at work and only eight hundred and thirty of them work in "agricultural" pursuits; South Carolina has 63,000 children at work, and 57,000 of these work "down on the farm," and it is practically sure that more than half of these in this State are negroes. In other words, outside of the farm work, which we have always been taught is a blessing to a child, South Carolina has only 6,000 children at work and Virginia only 10,000, both together employing in pursuits other than agriculture only some 16,000 children, while Massachusetts alone has some 32,800 thus "enslaved." North Carolina is reported to have 62,000 children between 10 and 15, inclusive, at work, but of this number over 50,000 work on farms, with perhaps half of them negroes, while Georgia, with its reported 89,000 working children, has 77,000 working on farms, and, of course, over half of these are negroes. So bear in mind that while there is apparently a large "child labor" cloud showing against the South, over 75% of this labor is of the "down-on-the-farm" variety," celebrated in song and story, and also that over half of these laborers are negroes. Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia have only 39,000 children altogether at work outside of farm work, while Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut have over 52,000. Child labor, which is so frequently and so hypocritically made out to be an accursed thing of the South, changes its aspect when we leave vituperation and theorizing alone and come down to facts and figures. Child labor is no more a thing of the South exclusively or in large part than slave trading was, and the section quite largely responsible, as in the matter of slave trading, is the most vociferous in its pious and sentimental lamentations.

THIS CROWD IS CONSISTENT ANYWAY.—The August meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic at Boston showed some considerable frothing at the mouth. The head of this organization, a man named Salsbarger, or something like that, protested violently against Congressional aid of Stone Mountain. "Treason," he cried, "treason!" "Is it not time now to draw the line when the United States government is asked to help build monuments to the men who sought to destroy it? Should we not inform the patriotic people of this country of this crime against loyalty?" This G. A. R. aggregation has drafted from the public treasury vast sums, a total which would mount into many hundreds of millions of dollars. Nobody of a fair and candid mind will deny that the great bulk of this was filched from the treasury unworthily. It has been given to skulkers, bounty jumpers, perfectly well men, and men who never fired a shot. Nobody objects to helping a maimed soldier, even if he has been your enemy, but the G. A. R. pension system has been a reproach and a crime against a complaisant people and subservient govern-

ment. Yet they are consistent, they run true to form, and an expression like Salzburger's, their Commander in Chief, is not so senseless as the mushy sentiments of the weak-minded people whom we so often hear loudly proclaiming the total departure of all ill feeling and rancor which existed between the sections. Their Sons of Veterans, an organization paralleling our S. C. V., announce their purpose to incorporate into their name the words: "Grand Army of the Republic."

THE NAVAL DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

In his report before the U. C. V. convention of the Memphis reunion, Admiral A. O. Wright, commanding the Naval Department U. C. V., stated that three duties had been put upon him by his shipmates, as follows:

First, to get Congress to remove the stigma of dishonorable discharge as it stands of record in the Navy Department at Washington.

Second, to secure a naval monument to those sailors who lost their lives in the siege of Vicksburg.

Third, to rescue from oblivion some record of the enlistment, service, and discharge of the sailors who served in that branch of the Confederacy.

As to the first, he says: "Eight years ago this duty was put upon me, and I immediately went to work upon it. In August, 1921, the Senate passed the bill accepting the resignations of one hundred and thirty-six officers who resigned from the United States Navy to serve in the Confederate navy. Over three hundred of them resigned at that time, and the resignations of all but one hundred and thirty-six were accepted, and the record states that they were dismissed from the service; yet their offense, if it was an offense, was shared by all. As an example, both the Lee brothers resigned at the same time, one from the army, the other from the navy. Robert E. Lee's resignation was accepted, and his memory to-day is precious all over the world. Sidney Smith Lee's name bears the record of 'Dismissed' for doing the same thing, no more, no less, than his brother. The matter was brought before Congress in 1917, and in 1921 the Senate passed the bill, but it was defeated in the House. Later I appeared before the legislatures of several Southern States and appealed to them to request their Congressmen to get behind me when the fight was renewed, which they did. It was renewed in March, 1924, the bill being introduced again as an amendment to the Senate Naval Appropriation Bill, and it was passed by both Houses; but they could not agree on other amendments, and in the rush at the close of the session, this amendment was dropped. It is my purpose to renew this fight and continue it until belated justice is done those brave old heroes.

"As to the second duty, progress is being made, and I hope ere long that a navy monument will stand overlooking the Mississippi River and proclaiming to the world that the South appreciated the splendid service rendered by the Confederate navy during the siege of Vicksburg.

"The third duty is occupying my entire time, that of rescuing from oblivion some record of the enlistment, service, and discharge of the sailors of the Confederate navy. I have visited the legislatures of most of the Southern States and secured official recognition and approval of my efforts and called upon the people to render all aid possible. Ten thousand questionnaires, with the law approving it, have been sent out over each Southern State, through the Churches, the fraternities, the schools, etc. While the work is slow, quite a number of replies have been received from people who

new of Confederate sailors. Every means possible will be resorted to to secure those records before it is too late."

Admiral Wright has established headquarters in Richmond, Va., at Murphy's Hotel, where this work is being continued. He will appreciate hearing from anyone who knows of any Confederate sailors whose services have not been put on record.

PRISON BOUND.

Musings on Morris Island, S. C. September 12, 1864, by Lamar Fontaine. Dedicated to the immortal six hundred Confederate officers who were confined there under fire of our own batteries.)

On Morris Island's Pisgah Mound
I stand like one of old.
I see the grapevines twining round
The pines and trees of green. Beyond
The grain-clad fields of gold.
I feel the storm waves lash the shore
Whereon we prisoners lie;
I hear the ceaseless cannon roar,
The hissing bombshells bursting o'er,
Sounding their death knells high.
And death damps come, and pallors rest
On the cheek of the moon.
A cloudy winding sheet is pressed
By the grieving wind to her breast;
It moans a hoilow tune.
Across the waves there sounds a bell,
Now far off, and now near,
It comes with weirdest of swell
As though the sexton Night would tell
The dead days age in fear.
Afar the sea is wailing low
Its sad complaining song,
And ocean ghosts glide to and fro
In dripping cerements of woe,
Trailing white locks along.
Naught is out on venturesome wing
Save churchyard bat and owl.
The shores with elfin laughter ring,
With fayman wild, and eldritch thing,
With goblin, gnome, and ghoul.
And now the waves of troubled thought
Are rising in their might,
To sweep the gauzy barriers wrought
By pale philosophy to naught,
As winds sweep films of night.
And memory wakened from her sleep,
The dead calm sleep of old,
Now bubbles up the stagnant deep,
'Till it with widening circles sweep
The distant strand of gold.
Beat on, vexed waters, in my breast,
And lash the prison shore.
You bear to me in your unrest
Some olden wrong to be redressed,
To grieve me nevermore.
O, it was not a sky of light
That showed the promised land.
A pillared cloud by day and night,
O'er wilderness in waves of might,
Led to that golden strand.

Where every wrong shall be made right,
And every tear a gem.
O, wondrous gift of second sight,
You come to me this storm-swept night,
That I your force may stem.
Then be thou brave and strong, my heart.
There is the waiting shore;
Turn not to right or left, but start,
And e'en the wildest waves will part
And bear thee safely o'er.

BUGLE CALLS.

Few people who have heard many times the familiar strains of army bugle calls are aware that army bugle music is perhaps the oldest music in the world.

Some of the calls used to-day in our army and in European camps have their origin in Biblical days, when cows' horns and rams' horns were the instruments, and later when metal horns were used by the Greeks and still later by the Romans. Some army bugle calls have their origin in the Crusades and others in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Few of them are of more recent origin than that.

The origin of some of the American army bugle calls is lost, but most of them were taken by us from European armies and adapted. "Tattoo" is the most elaborate of our calls. It consists of twenty-eight measures, the first eight of which are from the French "Lights Out" and were formerly played in our army for "Taps"; the rest of the measures were made up from the British infantry "Tattoo."

"Tattoo," as a call, can be traced back to the Thirty Years' War (1615-1643), when it was established by Wallenstein. "Zapfenstreich" was the name given it by the soldiers and exactly describes the purposes of the call. It was the signal for the end of the night's beer drinking bouts and other revels of the troopers. To insure this the provost marshal would proceed to every sutler's booth—the equivalent of the American army canteens, which, however, have had the beer extracted—to see to it that the bung (zapfen) was in every barrel. To make sure that they were not disturbed until his morning call of inspection, he would draw a chalk line (streich) over them. The sutler next morning was subjected to heavy penalties if on scrutiny it was found that the line had been disturbed. Our term "Tattoo" is a corruption of "Tapto," or tap closed, and is obviously derived from circumstances similar to "Zapfenstreich."

The American army retains the French infantry "Reveille," or "awakening," and "First Sergeant's Call" is taken from German army signals.

"Retreat" is of very ancient origin and is one of the few calls known to have been used by the Crusaders. In a composition published in Antwerp in 1545, "La Bataille," by Jannequin, describing the battle of Marignano, in 1515, many of the bugle calls are identical with, or at least reminiscent of, our calls of to-day.

The bugle and the trumpet are two separate and distinct instruments, the former smaller and so shaped that it tapers from the bell to the mouthpiece, while the latter is of the same diameter for its whole length until it reaches the flare at its extremity. The trumpet is more music producing, but the bugle is much shriller and more penetrating in its tone, a quality which makes its strident notes distinguishable even above the din of battle.

The World War, in which concealment from the enemy was a primary consideration, marked to a great degree the waning of the bugle as a battle signal and relegated those his-

toric instruments, as it did our national regimental flags, far to the rear. In the set billets and hospitals in France the bugle notes were heard daily, and with the return of the American army to its native land the bugle call has come into its own in every camp and fort in the country.

In a hospital not far from Boulogne, in France, during the war, a British hospital, but with an American personnel and not far from a French training school, American inmates could hear, night after night, the "Last Calls" of the three armies. The French "Last Call" was first; then, at 10:30, came the British "Last Post," a beautiful call, haunting and melancholy; but seldom would the wounded Yanks close their eyes until 11 o'clock brought the well-loved strains of "Taps."

In spite of its close association with military funerals, the "Last Call" of the American army is not sadness producing; there is in its strains some association of home, of youngsters, tired out with the day's play, rolling luxuriously into bed; or of the peace and comfort that come with well-earned rest after a day of duty done to the utmost.—*International News Service of Nashville Banner*.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.—A. W. Bracey, Sr., of LaCrosse, Va., now seventy-eight, renews for the VETERAN and writes: "I was in the 14th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, and have been Adjutant of L. A. Armistead Camp, No. 26, U. C. V., for many years. I was the only veteran from my county (Mecklenburg) at the Memphis reunion; there are sixty now living in the county. I am the youngest of our Camp members and the last survivor of Company E. Our captain, J. C. Hutchinson, died in Chattanooga some months ago; had been living in Houston, Tex. He was a brave man and as smart as brave. I have been married five times and reared eleven children; have thirty-seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. I married last when I was fifty and my wife was twenty. Have never spent a cent for tobacco, never was drunk, never made but one bet (as a boy on marbles). I was converted and joined the Church in 1863, and have led more songs in Church and seen more souls converted than any man of my age. Have seen the day when I could whistle against anyone, and can sing yet the notes to any tune, even 'Goo-Goo Eyes.'"

GOOD REASON TO LIKE IT.—Governor Zebulon Vance, of North Carolina, was sitting at his breakfast table one morning when a citizen from the wilds of the mountain came in to speak to "Zeb." Mrs. Vance later complained of the familiarity, saying: "Governor, I do wish you would not let every one in North Carolina call you 'Zeb.'" "My dear," it is said the Governor responded with a twinkling eye, "if they did not all call me 'Zeb' perhaps you wouldn't have the chance to call me 'Governor.'"—*The Lookout, Chattanooga*.

ERROR.—On page 323 of the VETERAN for August, in the account of Memorial Day in Missouri, a typographical error gave the number of soldier graves in the cemetery of Jefferson Barracks as 1,339, when it should have been 13,339 graves of soldiers of all wars in which this country has engaged, of which over ten thousand are graves of Federal soldiers. This cemetery was established about a hundred years ago.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

It is interesting to note that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the organ of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, entering its thirty-first year, is stronger than ever and is enjoying an increased patronage among the loyal and interested people of the South. The publication has become one of the most important agencies in existence for preserving the intimate history of the Southern people during the storm and stress of the conflict between the States, and for that reason it should be in every home in the section. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN files, during its thirty-one years of publication, will become in after years a fruitful field for the historian who shall undertake the writing of the "Annals" of the Civil War. It contains the details of scenes and incidents of the war period written by eyewitnesses and participants while fresh in the minds, and a perusal and study of its pages will long be the pleasure and the edification of the descendants of the men who fought that war. The present management of the magazine is devoting time and money in a labor of love to the perpetuation of the patriotic loyalty of the Southern people to their forbears and to preserve the history of the events of 1861-65 in fairness and truth so that no injustice may be done the men who were engaged in the struggle and no misrepresentation of the causes and motives that animated them shall be allowed to go unchallenged.

Perhaps the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the only magazine now being published that has sentiment and the service of a great "memory" alone as its incentive, and not the making of money the moving purposes of its activities.—*Chattanooga Times* (1923).

Rev. Gordon Hurlburt, of Hot Springs, Ark., sends these good words with his subscription renewal: "I am very gladly inclosing my renewal for another year. God willing, I shall be a subscriber as long as I live, or as long as the VETERAN is published, which I hope will be many decades. I would not be without it, and my regret is that I did not know till last year that there was such a publication as the VETERAN, as I should have become a subscriber ten years ago. I shall endeavor to secure other subscribers. . . . The blessings of the God of truth upon your noble work in behalf of historical justice!"

Capt. Fred Beall, Life Commander of Camp No. 171 U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., is now eighty-seven years of age, and, though not at his office for some months past, he is still actively interested in all matters Confederate. The Camp has now about seventy-five members, "the best men in the world," says Captain Beall. And he adds: "I'm still a reader of the VETERAN and will be as long as I live."

Comrade M. D. Patterson, of Memphis, Tenn., renews for another year and says: "It is surprising to me that there should be any 'Johnny Reb' who is not a subscriber. Best wishes for the success of your patriotic work for our Southland."

In renewing subscription, Capt. W. C. Kinsolving, of Abilene, Tex., writes: "I am glad to be reminded. Can't get along without the VETERAN, which has gotten to be almost a household necessity to an old veteran."

T. R. White, of Hagerstown, Md., will be ninety-three years old on September 20. His wife writes that he still enjoys the VETERAN and his subscription has been renewed for another year.

**TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS
NAVY DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.
Murphy's Hotel
RICHMOND, VA.**

We need more men and women to aid in our research work in rescuing the records of enlistment, service, and discharge of the sailors of the Confederate Navy.

Satisfactory pay for efficient work.

A. O. WRIGHT
Admiral Commanding

J. T. Webster, 3301 Avenue G, Polytechnic, Fort Worth, Tex., writes: "I am now in my eighty-third year, and think I am the only survivor of my old command of four years' service as couriers for generals of the Tennessee Army, surrendering with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. I enjoy the VETERAN, and expect to read it till the close of life, and trust that it may be continued long years after the old veterans have passed away."

Mrs. A. D. Sandefur, of Tidewater, Fla., wants to correspond with anyone who knew her late husband, Archibald Dixon Sandefur, who joined the Confederate army at Henderson, Ky., in 1862, under Capt. Nat Taylor and Col. Adam Johnson, as well as she remembers. She also wants to locate William M. Locke, of the same company, who was near St. Petersburg, Fla., when last heard of.

A personal sketch of Gen. Frank C. Armstrong is wanted by the VETERAN, a sketch that will give his ancestry and the names of his parents and grandparents, also of his wife and children. Anyone who can furnish such sketch is asked to please do so as promptly as possible.

OLD STAMPS WANTED

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241-242 CENTRAL PARK WEST, NEW YORK CITY

A. H. Duncan, of St. Louis, Mo. (No. 4311 West Pine Street), now eighty-one years of age, thinks he is the only surviving member of Company H, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, but if there are other survivors, he would like to hear from them.

Author. "Have you read my new book?"

Friend. "Yes."

Author. "What do you think of it?"

Friend. "Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart."—*Exchange.*

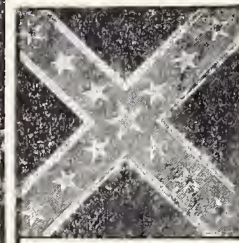
NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPY.—A report that Chief Justice Taft was dead started newspaper telephones ringing and sent reporters scurrying out to the Taft residence. "So far as I know," said the Chief Justice sleepily from a window, "the report is without foundation." Then he went back to bed.

HOW IT WAS DONE.—The following story illustrates the advantage of compression in speech. A little girl had been asked to tell the story of Elisha, and she gave it thus: "Elisha had a bear and the children mocked him, and he said: 'If you mock me, I will set my bear on you, and it will eat you up.' And they did, and he did, and it did."

EIGHT HUSBANDS.—"If the Lord keeps on taking 'em, so will I," was the sentiment of Mrs. Mary Sanders, seventy-four years old, seven times a widow, who was married to her eighth husband at the Beauvoir Confederate Home. The bridegroom, A. B. Fuller, is ninety-six years old. Six of her former husbands were Confederate soldiers. "Uncle" Pat McLoughlin, a bachelor, one hundred and four years old, and also a Confederate veteran, was best man at the wedding.

DISILLUSIONED.—At the end of three weeks of married life, a Southern ducky returned to the minister who had performed the ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not grant divorces, the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention of getting one, saying: "You must remember, Sam that you promised to take Liza for better or for worse." "Yassir, I knows dat, boss," rejoined the ducky, "but—she's wuss dan I took her for."—*Canadian American.*

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Roy B. Cook, Charleston, W. Va., wishes to hear from anyone who knew, or knew of, one Joel Martin, a member of the cavalry brigade of Gen. Earl Van Dorn. Martin was said to have been from Arkansas. Mr. Cook also wants to secure one or more copies of "The Immortal Six Hundred," by Maj. J. Ogden Murray. Write to him in advance as to condition of copy and price asked.

Deafness

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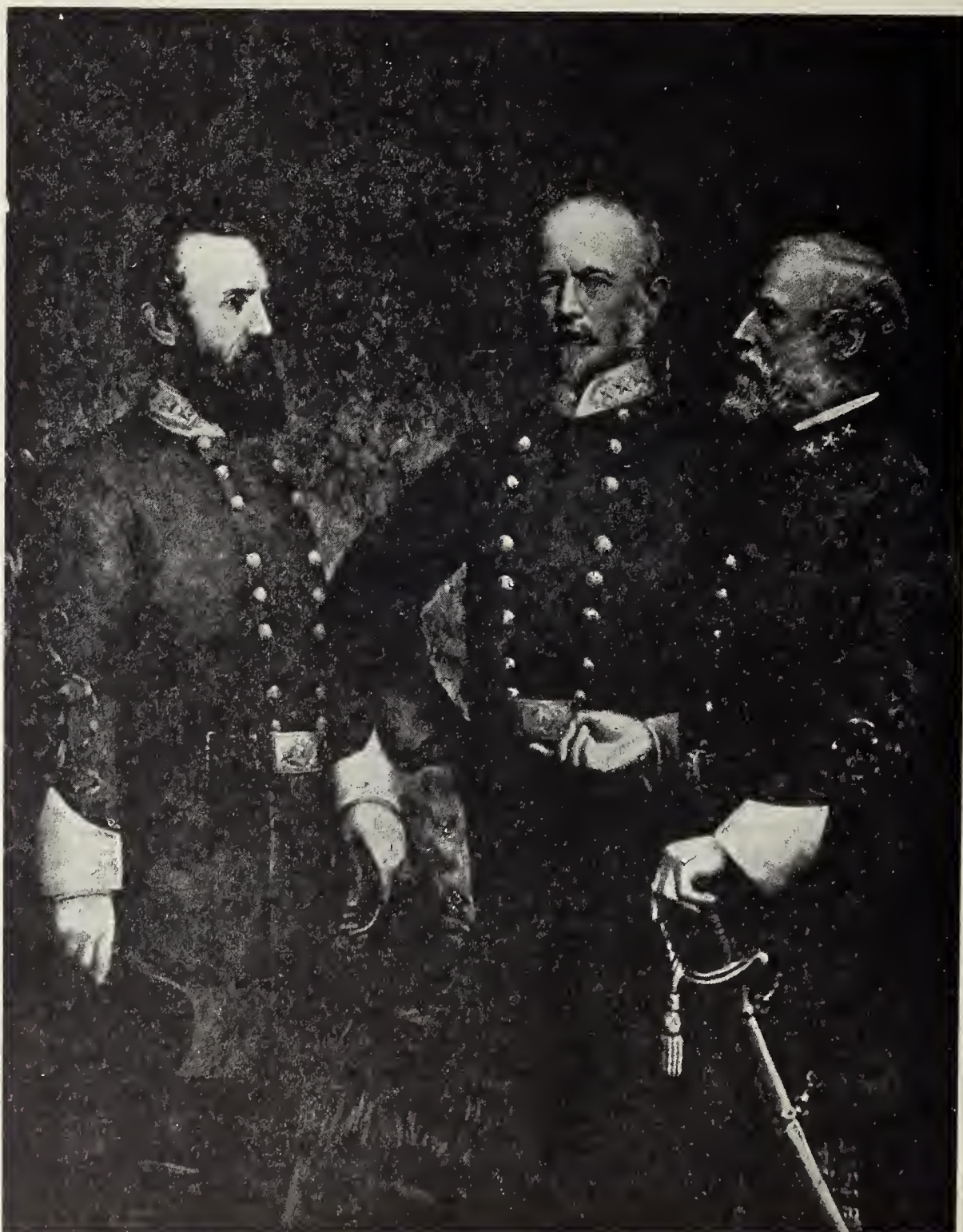
Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

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Confederate Veteran.

FILE
Aug 25
C T Willoughby
507 N Iowa Av
Lakeeland

VOL. XXXII.

OCTOBER, 1924

NO. 10



A MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERACY

Mrs. Olivia Pooser, of South Carolina, with her Daughter, Granddaughter, Great-Granddaughter, and Great-Great-Granddaughter—Five Generations

773.705
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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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HAND-PAINTED VANITY CASES.—E. Boyd Martin, 441 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md., is offering a Colgate's Watch Case Compact, a double compact that is really thin, the case finished in lustrous black enamel and decorated in two styles: Single banner Stars and Bars, at \$2.00; fine banner group, \$2.50, painted in colors. These compacts, or vanity cases, should appeal to every user of a compact south of the Mason and Dixon line. They make handsome prizes or gifts for Christmas. Send order early.

Judge Jeff T. Kemp, Cameron, Tex., wishes to hear from anyone who can make affidavit to the service of J. Hi White, of Rockdale, Tex., as a Confederate soldier. He was a member of Company H, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, Capt. John B. Tucker.

Anyone who knows the Arkansas regiment, or company, with which William Matthew Kuykendall, supposedly from the vicinity of Camden, Ark., served is asked to write to Rhea Kuykendall, Akard Street, Weatherford, Tex.

Mrs. J. T. Noell, 303 Madison Street, Lynchburg, Va., inquires for any living comrade or friend of her father, Ludwell Watts, who served for the first two years of war as captain of a government boat (War Teaux and Terrier) operating on the James River. In 1863 he was transferred to Company I, 17th Virginia Infantry, known as the O'Connell Guards, S. W. Preston, captain. He volunteered and enlisted at Amherst Courthouse, Va., August 1, 1861, in Capt. Jacob D. Pierce's company.

A CORRECTION—W. M. Ives, of Lake City, Fla., writes that in the list given on page 348, September VETERAN, R. G. Shaw is given as a member of Company E, 4th Florida Regiment, second lieutenant, when it should have been Company A, 4th Florida.

Mrs. Susan J. Washington, Haralson, Ga., Route 1, wants some information on the war record of her husband, John J. Washington, of Company B, 1st Florida Regiment, which will enable her to secure a pension. Write to her.

WHAT GOOD IS SYMPATHY?

Sympathy is one of the holiest of human sentiments—sometimes. At others it is nothing but an emotional spree, a maudlin exhibition of wasted tears and ineffectual words. It all depends upon what you do with your sympathy.

There are people who will tell you that they lie awake nights worrying over such colossal and unpreventable catastrophes as the Japanese earthquake, the July tornado that devastated Northern Ohio, the floods that despoiled the Southern farmers, and the famines overseas that doom thousands to slow starvation. But they take it out in insomnia. You seldom hear of them "saying it with cash."

Then there are those blessed mortals who respond to the call of suffering humanity by rolling up their sleeves and asking heartily: "Now where shall I begin in helping the poor fellows to get on their feet?"

To the latter type belong those of us who join the American Red Cross. For the Red Cross is the nationally recognized agency for every sort of disaster relief. It mobilizes the most highly trained and efficient groups of people in the country for instant response to S. O. S. calls the world over.

War service, for many months, has headed the list of its humanitarian undertakings. Every veteran knows that long after the world at large has forgotten the *casus belli* and gone on its successful way, those who stood on the firing line and bore the brunt of the awful costs of war must carry with them to the grave the tragic reminders of their heroic sacrifices.

Active and effective sympathy may be expressed for these young veterans of the World War by the simple process of answering the Eighth Annual Roll Call of the American Red Cross, November 11 to 27, with a crisp dollar bill.

Mrs. Robert Hancock, Brooksville, Fla., wants information on the war service of Monroe M. Carpenter, who enlisted from Union County, S. C. It is known that he made a good record, but he died soon after the war and it is not known with what command he served. It is hoped that some surviving comrade will see this.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written between 1845 and 1880. Do not remove the stamps from envelope. Highest prices paid. GEORGE L. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

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

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

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SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1924.

No. 10.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL, U. C. V.

The heart of the Southland is saddened by the death of Rev. Jonathan Waverly Bachman, Chaplain General of the U. C. V. at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn., on September 26. His noble life has ended at the age of eighty-seven years, but the influence of such a life is everlasting. His last thoughts were of his comrades of the gray, whom he loved in deathless devotion. A sketch of him will be given in the November VETERAN.

CAPITOLS OF THE SOUTH.

From Stanley E. Lathrop, of Madison, Wis., comes this interesting letter:

"I have just received the September number of the VETERAN, and am greatly interested in it, as I am in every number as I fought on the 'other side' for four years, and my wife's only brother was a Confederate soldier and was killed at Manassas, or Second Bull Run.

"I inclose my check for \$2.00 on subscription, also to secure copy of the 'Capitols of the South.' I am especially interested in this because I was for nine years a guide for visitors in our beautiful Wisconsin Capitol, which cost over \$7,000,000, and met there many people from every State and many foreign countries. I finally had to resign because of the infirmities of advancing age. In 1871-72, I lived just across the street from the splendid Texas Capitol at Austin. In 1862, I was for a short time a prisoner of war at Little Rock, Ark., on the very round where now stands the new Capitol of that State. In April, 1865, it was the flag of my regiment which took the place of the Confederate flag on the Alabama Capitol, at Montgomery, when that city surrendered. In May, 1865, I occupied an office in the Florida Capitol, at Tallahassee, to give individual paroles to the Confederate soldiers surrendering there under Gen. Sam Jones. Since those historic days, I have traveled much through the South, and have seen the Capitol buildings of Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland—in fact, all except Missouri and Louisiana.

"For these personal reasons, I shall be glad to renew acquaintance with the Southern Capitols which I have seen, and to make the acquaintance of those I have not seen. Your

booklet is certainly very timely, and ought to interest a great many people, North and South."

VALUE NOT TO BE MEASURED.—In writing of his appreciation of the VETERAN and the value it has been to him in his work, Arthur Lewis Peticolas, of Chicago, says: "The value of the VETERAN is not, however, to be measured merely by the needs of one who is endeavoring to do a special work for the South; as a medium—a medium absolutely unique, I believe—for the interchange of ideas and information among the organizations in whose interests it is published; as a medium through which the truth of history may find permanent form; as a medium for keeping alive the true ideals of the South, than which were never any more lofty and noble; as a bond of solidarity among the rank and file of the organizations which it represents, its value is incalculable. In all earnestness I say that its disappearance from publication would be for the South a calamity. Let those who truly love and revere the South and its history bear in mind that while material prosperity is a good thing, an excellent thing in its place, yet noble ideals nobly lived up to are far more important; and that upon adherence to those ideals, which are not for a day or a period, but for all time, depends the future prosperity, moral and material, of the South."

LAW CLASS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.—Referring to the notice on page 338 of the September VETERAN as to responses received since publication of the list of names from the old autograph album, Dr. Henry E. Shepherd writes from Baltimore: "I was a member of Captain Davis's law class at Johnson's Island, 1864, and studied Blackstone intently, although slowly dying of starvation. No manlier or purer spirit ever drew breath. His home was at Louisburg, N. C. His daughter, Katie Davis Crenshaw, lives at Salisbury, N. C. I will be eighty-one on January 17, 1925. My sight is gradually failing, but, like Sir Richard Grenville, I only say: 'Fight on!'"

A MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MARION SALLEY, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

In South Carolina, during the past summer, unusual interest was manifested in county and State politics, and many who had never cast a ballot before placed their names on the Democratic club rolls. On the roll of the East Orange Club, in Orangeburg County, there was written, in the quaint handwriting of a very old lady, "Olivia Pooser, 96, retired, Orangeburg." And then the newspaper reporters learned of this, and challenged any other county to produce a voter as old, but so far as can be learned, Mrs. Pooser holds the honor of being the oldest, among the women at least.

On August 26, when the primary elections were held, the writer had the privilege of taking this bright-eyed, brown-haired old lady in her automobile six miles to the voting precinct. And she, who was born years before man ever dreamed of a "horseless carriage," raised no objection to the speed we drove, and eagerly looked forward to voting for several candidates she knew to be worthy of the offices they sought.

She had to have a little help in scratching her tickets, for even now her "second sight" is beginning to fail a little, and she wonders why the optician cannot fit her to glasses that help. For perhaps twenty years she has made yards and yards of tatting, helped with mending, and read newspapers and magazines without glasses, thereby keeping well posted on current news. She can talk politics, tell of "old times," or, like any other grandmother, she will have something fine to tell her callers about the latest great-great-grandchild. This remarkable old lady is Mrs. Olivia Pooser, the only living mother in Orangeburg County (perhaps in South Carolina) who had two sons in the Confederate army.

On October 28, 1828, in an unpretentious house in Orangeburg County, on the old "Stage Road" (now Highway No. 2), Olivia Larr, daughter of the Rev. John Larr, a Methodist preacher, was born. As a child she attended school near where the little town of Jamison is now, and often, with the other pupils, she would slip away to watch the building of the wonderful old South Carolina railroad, which was, in 1838, the longest in the world. She says she remembers that they would speculate on how "that thing" would look when finished, but does not recall any special comments which were made when the first train came through.

In 1844 when but sixteen, Olivia Larr married William E. Pooser, and at seventeen was the mother of a son who was later to serve through the greater part of the War between the States. Two other sons and four daughters were born into her home, and now all but one has passed on "to the other shore," some having lived beyond the allotted three-score and ten. Grandchildren, about forty in number, have gathered around her knees, and these have grown up and married, and there are sixty great-grandchildren and five great-great-grandchildren.

When Frank Pooser, the eldest son, was himself a mere boy, the call came for the young manhood of the South to defend their country, and Frank volunteered with the company which was raised by Capt. Paul A. McMichael and became so attached to his captain, afterwards lieutenant colonel of the regiment, that he named a son for Paul McMichael.

During the same summer that men were volunteering and going off to war, a cyclone struck the neighborhood in which Mrs. Pooser lived, and though her own home was unharmed, that of a friend, Dr. Jenkins, was swept away. She has a vivid recollection of her visit to the scene of destruction next day, and tells of the freaks of the cyclone, which, she says, was just as bad as that which struck Richland County in the spring

of 1924, though she had to rely on her granddaughter's description of the latter cyclone for knowledge of that.

When asked if her husband went to war in the beginning, she answered; "No, he was too old, but afterwards, when they called out the old men and boys, he and Lang both went." Langdon Pooser, the second son, and his father, in 1864, joined a company of "old men and boys." Husband and sons came home after the surrender, but many years ago Mrs. Pooser was left a widow. Frank has long since gone to his reward, and, last June, Langdon was laid away, his mother being with him in his last illness and attending his funeral with his wife.

When Sherman's army came through Orangeburg County, Mrs. Pooser's home was not directly in the destroyers' path, but she says enough of them came around to fill her yard anyhow, though they did not destroy her possessions as they did those of her Orangeburg friends. There was only one old mule and buggy left on her place, and the Yankees were determined to have that. They found harness enough to hitch the mule to the buggy, but, not finding any reins, they spliced their neckties for reins and drove away with a great deal of merriment.

For many years Mrs. Pooser has been an honorary member of Paul McMichael Chapter, U. D. C., of Orangeburg, and when the writer learned, some years ago, of the gold bar of honor being presented to "Mothers of the Confederacy, with living sons, by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association" she sent in Mrs. Pooser's claims and secured for her the gold pin. The Chapter members arranged for a presentation ceremony and called on the honoree with gifts of flowers, having a beloved old ex-Confederate soldier (and Methodist minister) to offer prayer, and Colonel McMichael's daughter to pin the bar on this mother of a member of his company. The ceremony was in the nature of a surprise for Mrs. Pooser, and she afterwards humorously told a relative that when she saw all those ladies come, bringing flowers and the preacher with them, she wondered if they were going to have her funeral before she was dead!

It was shortly after this, when she was about ninety-three, that her daughter-in-law was called away from home, and one of the neighbors went in to help Mrs. Pooser prepare dinner. After chatting awhile, the neighbor suggested that she would start the meal for "Aunt Olivia," and the old lady answered: "Law, child, there's nothing for you to do. I cooked dinner when I cooked breakfast. I got fried chicken and stewed chicken, too."

Mrs. Pooser attended the State reunion of Confederate Veterans in Darlington two years ago and says she never had her hand shaken so much in all her life. Last spring, when preparations were being made for the entertainment of the reunion in her own home town, the city of Orangeburg sent Mrs. Pooser a special invitation to be present, and Gen. W. A. Clark led her up to the highest seat of honor. It was the greatest occasion in all her long life—until she walked up to the managers of the election in August, nodded her head in response to the oath which was read to her, and deposited her ballots in the boxes prepared to receive them.

A BROTHER IN THE LIST.—Referring to the list of officers promoted "for distinguished valor and skill," as given in the *VETERAN* for August, J. T. Barton, of Itasca, Tex., writes: "In that list I find the name of my oldest brother, J. C. Barton, and I want to give some facts that are not generally known. He was promoted to captain of Company A, 26th Mississippi Regiment, and his commission was sent to him,

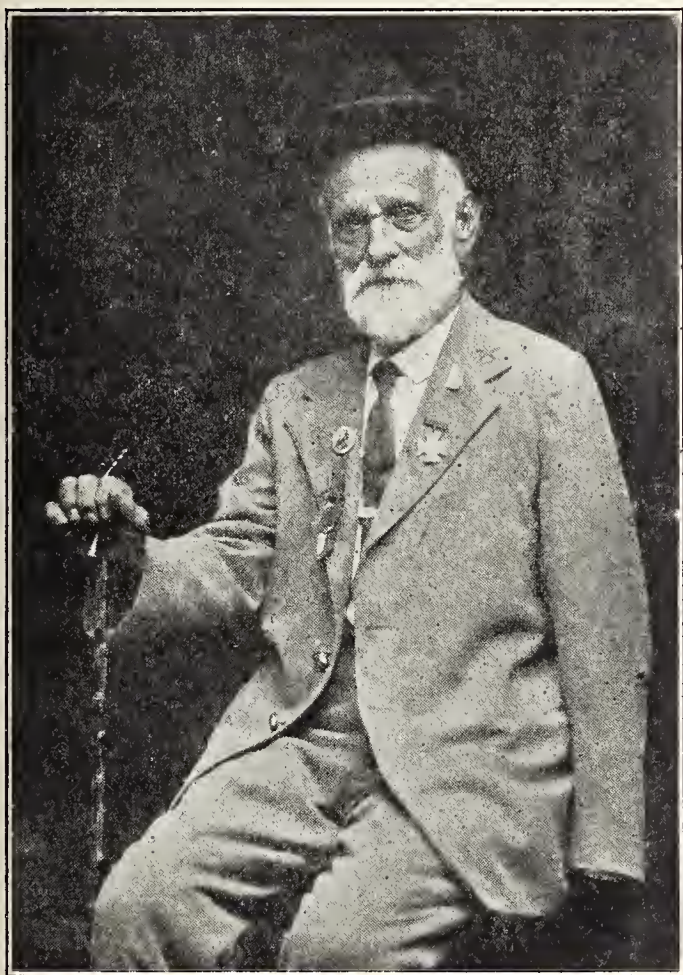
but before it arrived he was killed in front of Petersburg, Va. The commission was sent home to his mother with his last message: 'Tell my mother that I died at my post.' We still have the commission in the family, and prize it very highly. I am a reader of the VETERAN, and have been for a long time, and expect to continue as long as I live. I think it a wonderful magazine and doing a wonderful work for the history of the South."

THOSE WHO BUILT UP THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. ALICE CLAPP BARRINGTON, SELMA, ALA.

One of the most unique and outstanding figures that now represent that great army of gray in the sixties is Lysander Perry Bamberg, of Perry County, Ala., a Confederate veteran now eighty-five years of age, still alert, in good health, and wonderfully preserved; and his rich store of memories of the old South and experiences in the War between the States makes him interesting and entertaining in any gathering.

Mr. Bamberg served with Company A, 8th Alabama Regiment, under Capt. Y. L. Royston, of Marion, Ala. Soon after entering service with the Confederate army he had the mis-



LYSANDER P. BAMBERG.

fortune to lose his left arm in an accident, a gun being discharged unintentionally by a comrade and the full load entered his arm, splintering the bone, so that it had to be amputated. But he recovered from the injury, and after being discharged from the hospital he continued to follow the fortunes and misfortunes of his beloved comrades, going into the thick of the fight, ministering to the wounded and sick, and making himself invaluable to the command in many ways.

Returning to Perry County after the war, he found his home and all possessions gone, only the barren fields left,

with no one to work them, all the negroes having left the farms. He had a sweetheart when he left Perry County, and they were engaged when he volunteered his services for his country, but on his return from the war he offered to release the young lady, as he had but one arm and no worldly goods to offer her. But like all the brave women of the Southland, Miss Lydia Amanda Merrill stood loyal to her promise, saying to him: "I'll live in a rail pen, if you have to split the rails with your one arm, and I'll help you to regain your fortune." So they were married in 1867, and, with her splendid management, in a few years they had a comfortable home and a profitable farm. Ten children came to bless the home, a son and nine daughters. Of these the son and seven daughters are still living, and there are 139 grandchildren and great-grandchildren now. Forty-two years ago the beloved wife died, and when asked why he had never married again, Mr. Bamberg said he thought any woman who would marry a one-armed man and bear him ten children deserved that her memory should be kept sacred to him who had been blessed by her loyalty and companionship. The children were young, and he reared them "single-handed and alone" to be respected and self-respecting citizens. He divides his time among the children, and at present is making his home with a daughter in Selma. He is a member of Camp Jones, U. C. V., of Selma, and on the staff of Gen. John K. Kennedy, of Tuscaloosa, commanding the 2nd Alabama Brigade, U. C. V., and he attends all the State and general reunions.

After his discharge from service in the Confederate army Mr. Bamberg was at Yorktown with General Magruder's forces, going from there to Meridian, Miss., where he was in the hospital for nine months while his arm healed. He then went to Corinth, and was in the thick of battle there; later he was at Tupelo. His arm was buried near Bethel Church, Cornwallis's headquarters when he surrendered to Washington.

To finance his first crop after the war, he borrowed \$296 in small amounts from several friends in Perry County, and that year made twenty-one bales of cotton and 1,800 bushels of corn. As soon as he had ginned and sold seven bales, he got on his horse and rode to the house of the first man who had helped to finance him, paid him his money, and continued until he had paid every dollar he had borrowed. From that time on he successfully operated and managed his farm, happy in the love and happiness of his devoted wife and the children that had come to bless their lives. For twelve years he has been assistant doorkeeper of the legislative halls at the Capitol in Montgomery, and expects to be at his post of duty when the legislature of Alabama assembles again this fall.

AN OLDER CHAPLAIN, C. S. A.—Through Mrs. R. W. Walker, of Danville, Ky., who is Historian of the Kate Morrison Breckinridge Chapter, U. D. C., the following letter has come from Dr. E. M. Green, pastor emeritus of the First Presbyterian Church of that community: "I have read with interest the article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of August on the 'Oldest Surviving Chaplain, C. S. A.' Dr. Petrie and I were college classmates in 1857-59, and have been lifelong friends. I am older than he by a year and five months. My services as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Danville began April, 1877; his at Charlotte began about the same time. We were both chaplains in the Confederate army, he under General Lee and I under Generals Bragg and Joseph E. Johnston. My commission as chaplain is dated December 15, 1863; his (as article states) 'not later than early in 1864.' He is a most lovable man and one of the dearest friends of my long life."

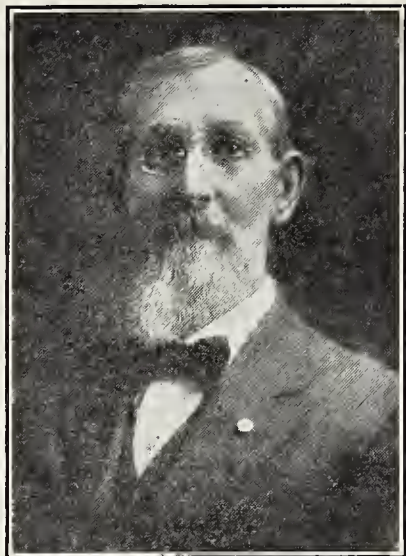
CHAPTER NAMED FOR A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE.

Mrs. Ida Howard, of the William Sweeney Chapter U. D. C., of Chilhowee, Mo., asks to put that Chapter on record, of which she writes:

"The William Sweeney Chapter, U. D. C., of Chilhowee, Mo., was organized in 1917 with sixteen charter members, and now has an enrollment of thirty-four. We feel especially proud of being named for such a loyal Confederate veteran as Mr. Sweeney, whose picture deserves to be put 'alongside' others who so nobly fought to preserve our Southern rights, and something of his service is appropriate to record here.

"William Sweeney, born November 12, 1842, in Henry County, Mo., enlisted in the Confederate army in March, 1861, as a private in Company D, Elliott's Regiment, Rains's Brigade, under Gen. Sterling Price, Missouri State Guards. After his discharge in December, 1861, he visited his mother in Lafayette County until February, 1862, when he attempted to join the Confederate forces at Bentonville, Ark., but was surprised by the Federals at Clinton, Mo., losing his horse and 'outfit,' but in July he joined a company being organized in southwest Johnson County, Mo., which was later Company D, 16th Missouri Regiment, M. M. Parsons's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was captured in the retreat from the battle of Lone Jack, and imprisoned at Fort Scott, then at Fort Lincoln, Kans.; was paroled later in October, and finally exchanged in 1863. His division was surrendered at Shreveport, La., May 25, 1865. He took part in several battles and skirmishes, but was never wounded or sick enough to be sent to the hospital.

"After the war Mr. Sweeney settled on a farm in Johnson County, married Miss Nancy Stone in 1868, and of their six children five are living; his wife died two years ago. After farming for forty-four years, he moved into Chilhowee, where he still lives. He is a member of the M. M. Parsons Camp U. C. V., at Warrensburg, and a very enthusiastic honorary member of the William Sweeney Chapter U. D. C., whose members he recently entertained in his lovely home."



WILLIAM SWEENEY.

GEN. KIRBY SMITH IN KENTUCKY.—After reading through the September VETERAN, Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradentown, Fla., writes of "the interesting sketch of Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith," who, he thinks, was one of the most meritorious commanders of our army, and says: "He and Gen. Alex Stewart, of Tennessee, were two generals who went up on merit and performance without political influence that advanced so many officers of less merit. Too much cannot be said of General Kirby Smith, but there is an error in the article in stating that he was connected with the battle at Perryville, Ky. Gen. Kirby Smith won the battle of Richmond, Ky., but his command was not at Perryville. The error is in the quotation from Judge Wilson's address. After his decided victory at Richmond, his part of Bragg's army was held in

that part of the State while the commander of our forces in Kentucky was at the State capital, and the order to unite the two commands was not given in time for General Smith's force to effect a junction with the main army and to help us at Perryville."

MORE ABOUT THE SIGNAL CORPS, A. N. V.

The following comes from Joseph W. Eggleston, of Richmond, Va., who was a sergeant of Lamkin's Battery, Haskell's Battalion, 1st Corps, A. N. V., and first lieutenant in Lamkin's Battery of Mortars. "W. S. Gregory, of Lynchburg, Va., gives an account of the Signal Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, but omits Jackson's 2nd Corps entirely. Jackson's Signal Corps was commanded by a cousin of mine, Capt. Richard Eggleston Wilbourne, of Mississippi, whose son, of the same name, is a lawyer and bank president at Meridian, Miss., to-day. I knew him intimately before and during the war. He gathered stragglers and held Thoroughfare Gap while Jackson was fighting the second battle of Manassas till Longstreet could come up, though already wounded severely in the shoulder. At Chancellorsville, he and his Signal Corps were with their commander when he was wounded in advance of the infantry, and Captain Wilbourne dashed after Jackson, whose bridle hand was broken and whose horse was rushing through the thicket with him, seized the bridle, and lifted Jackson from his horse. Captain Wilbourne's cousin (and mine), Sergt. Will Cunliff, was killed by the volley from his own men which wounded Jackson. After Jackson's death, Wilbourne served on Lee's staff till the close of the war. Lee sent him around Grant's army in Spotsylvania County in 1864, and on his return I met him, and he told me that Grant had more men he had not used than our whole army.

I also note many omissions from the list of those promoted for exceptional valor. I was in the battle of Pocotaligo, S. C., October 22, 1862, for which battle our colonel, R. S. Walker, of Florida, and Capt. Stephen Elliott, of South Carolina, were both promoted. Elliott afterwards became a brigadier general and was shot through the body at the battle of the Crater at Petersburg. He died soon after the war, perhaps from that wound. In the Battle of the Crater my captain, James N. Lamkin, of Lynchburg, so impressed General Lee, who was in the battery (mortars) all day, he directed that all conscripts choosing artillery service be sent to Lamkin, thus building up the battery to a battalion and promoting him to major for gallant and distinguished service. The battery had been a field battery till we reached Petersburg, when we took mortars, besides two field guns, immediately opposite what later became the Crater. Of the original battery, which was formed in Nelson County, and which I joined in 1861, I am the sole survivor. There are some five others living of those who joined later in the war.

"I read and enjoy every word of the VETERAN."

DOUBTFUL TASTE.—At a convention of Woman's Clubs, a very prominent candidate of Northern nativity and Sherman by name had as one of her campaign songs "Marching through Georgia," with variations. A Southern delegate went to the committee and demurred, saying that all the Southerners, and particularly the Georgians, would be alienated. The committee blandly inquired why. The lady said that the song certainly was not a favorite in the South and explained why rather patiently. "But," said the committee chairman, "I thought the war was over long ago." "It was," replied the witty Southerner, "but if you start 'Marching through Georgia,' it may begin again."—*The Lookout, Chattanooga.*

GENERAL LEE'S MILITARY RANK.

BY W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

The article on "A Priceless Old Paper," August VETERAN, gives the official order of General Lee's appointment as General, and she adds: "Such is the notice of General Lee's elevation to the highest military rank."

In the interest of authentic history, it may be well to refresh the minds of survivors of the war against secession—the war waged by the Federal government against the asserted right of a State to secede from the Union—as to the real military status of General Lee at the various stages of his Confederate war career.

The Virginia convention of April 25, 1861, confirmed his appointment by the governor as commander of State troops, but on May 6, the State of Virginia became a member of the Confederate States and its forces were transferred to the new government. After the assembling of the Provincial Congress at Richmond in July, he was made a general in the army of the Confederacy, ranking third in the list—to wit: Gen. Samuel Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General; A. S. Johnston, and R. E. Lee.

In the spring of 1862, Congress passed an act creating the office of commanding general, which was vetoed by President Davis as unconstitutional, but in recognition of General Lee's ability and fitness for the position, he appointed him to the chief command of the army, subject, however, to the direction of the President. He entered upon the new duty on March 13, but on June 3, he was placed at the head of the Army of Northern Virginia, where he remained until February 5, 1865, when, in conformity to an act of Congress approved by the President, he became commander in chief. However, he remained in command of that Department and personally surrendered it April 9, which was followed by Gen. E. Johnston, of the Army of Tennessee, on the 26th; Gen. Richard Taylor, of the Army of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, May 4; Gen. E. Kirby Smith, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, on the 26th; and Gen. Stand Watie's Indian Brigade, June 3, 1865.

After the Pennsylvania campaign of 1863, General Lee tendered his resignation, which was declined by President Davis for the reason that one better qualified for the position was not available.

PRESENTIMENTS.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

"I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air;
I have a rendezvous with Death
When spring brings back blue days and fair."

Reading this little poem by Alan Seegar, who was killed in action during the World War shortly after the poem was written, I was led to ask myself if there really is such a thing as presentiment of some future event of good or evil, or is it only a superstition which seems to be common to all mankind? Perhaps some people worry over their surroundings until they come to believe these things will happen, and tell them to their friends beforehand for facts, and when by chance the thing results as predicted, they call it "premonition." Perhaps so; but I have seen cases that led me to believe there must be such a thing, yet how or by whom is such information communicated to the mind? I will mention some cases that have fallen under my own observation.

In my company there were several young comrades who seemed to have this remarkable impression. Among them was a youth about my own age, a schoolmate of mine and a good boy. His father was a local Methodist preacher who taught him to avoid evil and to be faithful and true. Through him I was induced to volunteer for service in the Confederate army, as we were always good friends at school. After we had been in the service about seven months, he seemed to lose his usual buoyancy of mind and spirit and often said that he would never again return home. No word from any of his comrades could induce him to change his mind or modify this gloomy prediction. We experienced many bloody engagements and he maintained his place in the ranks and did his duty nobly, but at Sharpsburg, where our thin line early in the day was holding in check the grand advance of the Federals, a ball penetrated his heart. As he fell over on his face, he spoke to Dr. Butts, our lieutenant and afterwards our surgeon, who was in command at the time of the remnant of the company, and asked him to send his belongings home to his father. His mouth then filled so fast with blood that he was not able to say anything more.

Another instance: A little comrade, often at my back or by my side when formed for battle, and always a true soldier, when on the march would often say the same thing. He stuck to it until he, too, lost his life. And then there was another little fellow, a cousin of the last mentioned, who would join in with him in the same prediction. And he lost his life, but I do not remember whether he was killed or died.

I never felt that I would be killed or would die in the army, though I had very many close calls by death in battle and by disease, but I had a dream the night after the first day's battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, that frightened me very much, and I must confess I went into battle the next morning very reluctantly. And from what happened to me a few minutes after we advanced, I have always interpreted it as a premonition. On a slight elevation out in the open field, about three hundred yards in our front, there was a Yankee battery that we (Gordon's Brigade) had captured the day before, but were unable to hold for lack of support on our right and left flanks. In retiring from it we had left fifty odd large iron gray artillery horses belonging to the battery and many of the enemy and our own men stretched out dead, including that of our own brave and much-beloved Adjutant General Lawton. The enemy were sure we would renew the engagement at daybreak, and all night were standing at their guns, ready to fire at the first sign of our advance. My position in the line of the regiment was about six feet to the right of the color bearer. Straining their eyes toward the woody heights, the enemy saw in the mist of the early morning the top of our colors coming toward them. Suddenly, like a clap of thunder, I heard the report of the cannon and almost at the same time a flash and explosion in our ranks, and found myself and the comrade behind me lying prostrate ten feet in the rear, obscured from the advancing line by a cloud of smoke. Neither of us was hurt. The shell had passed between me and the colors, killing all the men and cutting a wide gap in the regiment. I snatched up my gun, lying on the ground near me and resumed my place in the ranks, feeling that that was the interpretation of the dream which had worried me so much.

And now sixty years after those strenuous days of danger and hardship, my mind often carries me back over the scenes of battle and I am constrained to attribute my preservation to Divine protection. Surely Providence had other duties for me to perform for my country, my fellow men, and myself, or I should have met the fate which befell so many of my

comrades. But I hope I have been as faithful in the discharge of my duties as a citizen and Christian as I was as a soldier in defense of my country.

FORCE OR CONSENT AS THE BASIS OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

[This article is a lecture given by Dr. Mary Scrugham before the Daughters of the Confederacy, and is based on a thesis by which she won her Ph. D. degree at Columbia University in 1915. She is the author of "The Peaceable Americans of 1860-1861," published as one of the Columbia University studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.]

The glory bestowed upon Abraham Lincoln for saving the American Union is a strange paradox, for he did not save the union. The fact is, he came very near to destroying it.

The principle on which free government is based is the consent of the governed. In a speech which Lincoln made in New York before he was nominated for the presidency, he denied this right to the Southern States in so far as their consent to the choice of a President—the chief executive officer—of the United States was concerned. He frankly admitted that a nominee of the so-called Black Republican party could not receive a single vote in most of the Southern States. But he maintained that government based on consent was not being denied them, because they were offered the privilege of voting for a Black Republican, and could vote for him or not if they wanted to. It would be just as reasonable to maintain that the Belgians were granted the same kind of privilege by the Germans in 1914, because they had a right to say "yes" to the German proposals. Consent means saying "yes." It does not mean saying "no." If a man asks a woman to marry him, and she says "no," it cannot be said that her consent has been given. If, regardless of "no," he drags her to the altar and at the point of a bayonet forces her to say "yes," the marriage cannot be said to be based on consent. Obviously, it is based on force. A union based on force and a union based on consent are as different as day and night, whether in government or in matrimony. Force is force; and the mailed fist is the mailed fist, whether it is raised on the field of Flanders, by the streams of Ireland, or on a "march through Georgia."

The difference between the workings of government based on force and government based on consent is well brought out in the difference in the relations which have existed through centuries between Wales and England, on the one hand, and between Ireland and England on the other. The Welsh swore that they would never be governed by a prince who was not born in Wales. And Edward I, of England, promised them a Welsh prince, and presented them with his own son born at the Castle Carnarvon in Wales. To this day the king of Great Britain is first Prince of Wales before he becomes king of Britain. As a result, the relations between England and Wales have been peaceful and friendly. But how different have been the relations between Ireland and England. Government in Ireland has been based on conquest and force for centuries, and the only part of Ireland which shows loyalty to England is Ulster, a county inhabited by the descendants of Englishmen. That Ireland is a free state to-day is due directly to the original method of uniting and maintaining government there by force on the part of the English.

The American Union before 1861 was based on consent, and the American Union after 1876 has been based on consent; but the American Union between 1865 and 1877 was based on force. From the summons for 75,000 troops issued by

Lincoln in 1861 to the surrender of the last Confederate general in 1865, the American Union did not exist. Lincoln was President of the dis-United States up to the time of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, and President of the United States only from the time of the surrender to the time of his assassination shortly after. Certainly Lincoln was not President of the Confederate States at the same time Jefferson Davis occupied this office. From the surrender of Lee to 1877, when President Grant issued the recall for the last of the Northern troops from the Southern States, after Samuel Tilden had acceded the election of Rutherford B. Hayes, the American Union was based on force. Lincoln was never President of the American Union based on consent.

Lincoln did not receive a single vote in ten States of the Union, and very few in four others; three-fifths of the American voters in 1860 voted against him. In a free government, it is held that a majority should rule and that such government should be based on consent. How many people does it take to say that the consent of a State is given? This is still a mooted question, but there must be at least one person to say "yes," and there was no consent given to Lincoln's occupying the presidency of the South.

During the presidential campaign of 1860, which preceded the election, the Republicans had argued that John C. Breckinridge, the candidate most acceptable to the Southern States, was of the same variety as Lincoln, and would receive no votes in the Northern States; that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. But the election proved this argument untrue, for Breckinridge received 6,000 votes in Maine, and nearly that many in Massachusetts, the home of the Abolitionists, and over 14,000 in another typical New England State. Breckinridge received votes in every State in the Union. When the results of the election became known, and it was revealed that Lincoln, who had received only two-fifths of the popular vote, was the technically chosen President of the whole United States, in ten of which he had not received a single vote, an unprecedented commotion followed. Somebody was bound to have protested, for, though chosen in accordance with the form of the law, his election was manifestly a violation of the principle on which the American government was formed. It was a violation not only of the right of one or two States to say "yes," but of the right of a whole group of States, and also a violation of the right of the majority to rule. Under this triple violation it should be no matter of surprise that the most emphatic protest should have been registered. South Carolina promptly seceded from the Union based on consent. Just one single State alone seceded at first by way of protest. Others followed later, when they became convinced that the single State's protest produced no result.

Manifestly, the people of the seceding States, in which Lincoln had not received a single vote, were wedded to a government of, by, and for the people, and they did not propose to permit the representative of two-fifths of the people, living exclusively in one section of the country, to take control of the enforcement of law in their States. And why did they not want such a man as Lincoln? The answer is obvious, and if any person of the present or future generations wishes to know exactly why the Southern people lacked confidence—*so universally lacked confidence*—in Abraham Lincoln, he or she should read the speech he made at Fort Leavenworth in which he spoke favorably of John Brown. The Republican platform of 1860 repudiated John Brown and all of his ways, but the candidate who stood on that platform had spoken favorably of John Brown. Was it not as clear as the sun in the cloudless sky to the Southern people just what action the

Southern people could expect in case other John Browns disturbed the domestic tranquillity of the South during the administration of an executive who had spoken favorably of John Brown? In view of this fact, it cannot be truthfully maintained that the Southern people fought to maintain or to perpetuate slavery. The majority of the Southerners did not own any slaves and fought against what they believed to be a system of management which would encourage the development of a state of affairs in their midst similar to that which Bolshevism has brought to Russia. To a man, slaveholder and nonslaveholder, *they were against John Brown raids*. Certainly, they fought, and they fought well, for there would have been but one worse way to settle the slavery question than the way in which it was settled, and that would have been to submit to the John Brown raids without a murmur. One of the chief reasons for the formation of the American Union was a preservation of the domestic tranquillity of the people. "Where there is no protection, no allegiance is due" is a basic principle of all organization.

When the technically legal election of Lincoln became an ascertained fact, the editor of the *Louisville Journal* wrote Lincoln and requested that he make some explanation of his exact position on the slavery question which was agitating the South. Lincoln replied and calmly referred the editor to his already published speeches and well-known views and refused to add one dot to an "i" or a cross to a "t." To this day it has not yet been decided just where Lincoln stood on the slavery question at this time, in view of the fact that he was elected on the platform of his party. By some historians he is hailed as a thoroughgoing abolitionist from start to finish, by others he is regarded as casting aside all considerations in order to save the Union from disruption. But, be the fact as it may, he refused to give the Southern people satisfaction as to where he stood in 1861, and State after State solemnly separated themselves from the Union based on consent.

On account of their geographical position, the Kentuckians of 1860 knew that the Northern people had not intended to abrogate the principle on which the Union was founded in voting for Lincoln as President. Up to 1860, no man had been elected President who had not received votes in all of the States and in all sections of the country. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, had been chiefly responsible for this unbroken custom. Clay is known as the Great Commoner, not because he was a common man, not because he had any special admiration for the common man, not because he believed that the same law should be common to rich and poor alike, nor yet because he championed the Common Law of England—but because he insisted eloquently, forcefully, and continually throughout his long career in public life that the Federal and State governments alike should concern themselves with the common interests of *all* the States and all the people in those States, and not with the *special interests* of a *few* States or a few people. Essentially this is a fundamental principle. The federal government must concern itself with the interests which are common to all the States, and all of the States must decide what those interests are, and the people of no State be entirely ignored. It was for this principle that Henry Clay stood like Gibraltar. When Clay said, "I would rather be right than President," it was this principle that he had in mind. Clay could readily have secured an election to the presidency if he had consented to abrogate it as Lincoln did. He chose to lose the presidency *three* times rather than abrogate, or take any chances on abrogating, the principle on which our government rests, and on which the American Union was formed. The States themselves, and the people within those States who are qualified voters, are held to be

the best judges of what their own interests are inherently. Such is the nature of government of, by, and for the people.

Naturally, the State of Kentucky, which had followed the lead of Henry Clay for half a century, would be the State which would make the most heroic effort to see the principles of the Great Commoner sustained. As has been said, the Kentuckians knew that the average Northerner who had voted for Lincoln had voted for him for reasons other than his supposed friendliness to John Brown, and they had no intention when voting for Lincoln of abrogating government of, by, and for the people of all of the States. An investigating committee had been at work in Congress, such as the one which unearthed the Teapot Dome scandal, and had revealed some corruption in the Democratic administration of President Buchanan, "Turn the rascals out and put in an honest man," such as "Honest Abe," was the greatest issue of the day. The Republicans had also advocated a higher tariff than then existed, and Kentucky knew that this was sufficient alone to have thrown several States into the Lincoln electoral column, regardless of some remarks he may have made about John Brown. Kentucky knew that a majority of the Northern people did not approve of John Brownism in the South, but they also knew that the Southern people did not realize this fact. The Kentuckians understood the situation, and they knew how it had arisen. They fully realized the seriousness of the misunderstanding arising from the entrance of a man to the executive power with John Brown sympathies in whom the Southern people lacked confidence and in whom the Northern people had no such reason to lack confidence.

However, the Kentuckians felt that a disruption of the Union was uncalled for and that a war to settle the misunderstanding was unnecessary. The State of Kentucky laid proud claim to Henry Clay, and it was but natural that Kentuckians should also propose a statesmanlike settlement of the difficult situation arising from the abrogation of the principle of a man's becoming chief executive officer of the nation without the common consent of all the States forming the nation. The Kentuckians, therefore, requested the calling of a national constitutional convention to settle the matter, just such a solemn convention as had drawn up the Constitution in 1787. They were certain that if the Northerners and Southerners could calmly talk the matter over, no fighting would be necessary to save the Union. Under the circumstances, the Republican leaders could not hope for a majority in such a convention, for they had received only two-fifths of the vote of the people as it was, and that on the assurance by the Republican newspapers (which were the only papers that a number of them took) that the election of Lincoln would lead to no attempt to dissolve the Union, that there would be no war, nothing but "peace and prosperity" resulting from his election, nothing but honest government by "Honest Abe" and the elimination of the negro question from politics forever. Such were the campaign promises of the Republicans in 1860. A national convention similar to that of 1787 might well have reconsidered the election of Lincoln. The only certain hope for the Republicans to occupy the offices to which they vociferously claimed they had been properly and justly elected was for the leaders of the party to maintain the propriety of such an election and to avoid the full and free discussion of the matter in a national constitutional convention. Instead of taking steps to call such a convention, and effecting a delay of the opening of hostilities until it could assemble and settle the abrogation of the American principle of basing the election of a President on the common consent of all of the States, Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 troops to put down the "insurrection of the South."

These being the facts in the case, it can readily be understood how incorrect it is to jump to the conclusion that Lincoln saved the Union. *What Lincoln saved in 1861 was the Republican party.* Very clearly the road to power is the road which Lincoln took in calling for troops. To this day, the Republicans are still in power, still in Federal office, *as a result of Lincoln's course.*

As to the slavery question, there were several ways in which it could have been settled, but John Brownism was obviously not the right way. They could have been bought by ardent abolitionists and freed, or they could have been freed by their masters, who were coming to realize that the slave labor system was unprofitable, on account of the invention of machinery. By 1861 the industrial revolution was in full swing, and it was but a matter of a few years before slavery would have died a peaceful and natural death because of its unprofitableness to the owners. Verily, war was as unnecessary either to save the Union or to abolish slavery as the battle of New Orleans after the signing of the Treaty of Ghent.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have rendered a signal service to the perpetuation of government based on consent of the governed by keeping alive the memory of the bravery of those who died that such a government might not perish from the Southern States. Their work will not be completed until they have convinced the world, after the manner of the Athenian Greeks, that the Greek memorial to Lincoln in Washington is dedicated to the wrong man. The great Unionist, who three times laid his election to the presidency on the altar of his country by insisting that a full, free, and fair discussion could settle all problems arising between the States without an appeal to arms, is Henry Clay. His procedure was identical with that advocated by the Greeks who undertook the execution of no policy undiscussed, but thoroughly talked matters over before acting. Lincoln's failure to summon a national constitutional convention in order to enable the American people to understand each other before the firing began puts him entirely out of the Greek class, in which Clay is entirely at home. *Clay, not Lincoln, deserves that Greek Memorial on the Potomac.*

THE SHELLING OF LEXINGTON, VA.

The shelling of Lexington, Va., in June, 1864, by the Union forces under Gen. David Hunter, is graphically recalled by the following letter, written at the time by a young lady of Lexington to her father, recently reproduced in the *Rock-bridge County News*, of Lexington:

"On last Thursday we were enjoying undisturbed quiet, having heard that the Yankees had suffered a severe defeat from General Breckinridge.

"Imagine our surprise and fright on Friday evening when a courier came in, stating that McCausland, with his small force, was at Cedar Grove and the Yankees at Brownsburg. A few minutes later another one brought news that the Yankees had reached Cedar Grove, and McCausland had encamped on Colonel Cameron's farm, about three miles from town, where they intended remaining for the night. Great excitement prevailed in town; many persons sent off their servants with wagons loaded with provisions, and nearly all the gentlemen of town went out into the mountains, hoping to escape capture by the enemy; among them the cadets and professors of both Institute and college, with many of the citizens. On Saturday morning, McCausland crossed the river and burned the bridge. He deployed his men on the cliffs of the river above and below the mill, where a stubborn resistance was made by our men, who at last retreated.

"Meanwhile the Yankees had reached an elevated field just opposite the town and, planting their artillery in full range of the main street, commenced shelling it, afterwards assigning as a reason that they wanted to clear the streets of the 'rebels' who were passing up at the time; in which opinion they were much mistaken, for McCausland, being aware of their intention, retreated up the back street.

"The first shell that struck our part of the town passed through Mrs. Johnston's house, the next one above ours, tearing a circular hole just the size of the ball. We were standing in the front door when the ball passed over our heads, and, fearing danger, we went to the cellar, thinking that was the safest place. We were standing on the steps when we heard the whizzing near us; and found that another one had passed through our garret wall and struck the rafter, exploding with a thundering noise. It knocked nearly all the plastering off and all the sash out of the windows, and made a great many large holes in the wall and floor. One piece passed through the ceiling of the passage, two small pieces perforated the ceiling of grandpa's room just above the head of his bed in which he was lying at the time in a doze and was aroused by the fall of the plaster. I seemed to have spent a lifetime in one day. I never before had an idea of the terror caused by the shelling of a town, never seemed to realize what it meant.

"In a few moments the alarm of fire was given; shells were flying thick and fast. Uncle was the first to run up to the garret and burst the door open, when he was almost suffocated by the smoke which was discovered to proceed from the explosion of the shell and not from fire as was supposed. Not long after several white flags were hoisted by some of the citizens, when the enemy in turn raised one and the firing ceased.

"The Yankees, foiled in the expectations of crossing the bridge, soon made a good ford and, in about half an hour after the shelling ceased, the wretches galloped into the town yelling and whooping like so many savages. We kept the doors locked and the windows closed all the time they were here. Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, the Yankees set fire to the Institute, blew the walls down, and destroyed the mess hall and professors' houses, and if General Smith's daughter, Mrs. Morrison, had not been very ill, they fully intended destroying his elegant mansion. All the Point property, except the miller's and toll houses, was burned. Governor Letcher's house was burned with but five minutes' notice. The Yankees took Mr. Mathew White, Jr., prisoner, and he was seen Sunday afternoon marching out of town with a squad of soldiers, who shot him for bushwhacking, all the time deceiving his parents by telling them he was at home. His body was found unburied in the woods near Mrs. Cameron's house on the evening the Yankees left.

"Last Wednesday there was scarcely a Yankee to be seen anywhere in town, and our scouts captured the few stragglers that remained. On Tuesday morning I was aroused early by the rumbling of the artillery racing out of town with all speed; before breakfast, the whole front street as far as the eye could see up and down was jammed with their wagon trains, which seemed to be in the greatest possible hurry, and before twelve o'clock all were gone except a few horsemen who seemed to be left as scouts. We were in high spirits, you may know and there never was so much rejoicing in town. I have heard of a great deal of destruction by the Yankees and a great many shells have struck houses in town. We heard that Uncle Thomas Wilson was in the woods with his servants and stock when some Yankees fell upon them, wounding him in the head and capturing his wagons, etc. Two of his servants came here night before last bringing us news about him. We hope he will recover.

"We have it reported here this morning (20th) that the Yankees have gotten a good whipping at Lynchburg and are retreating. I hope they will not come this way.

"P. S.—We heard from Uncle Thomas last night. He is wounded right badly. His eye was shot out and the pistol was placed so near to his face that his hair was burned. There are several deep saber cuts on his head."

GRANDDAD'S ROMANCE.

(A True Story of Capt. P. Manly Tello, C. S. A.)

BY MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Old Glory waved tranquilly from the rose-covered veranda where Granddad sat smoking his favorite Havana cigar. He looked very comfortable lounging in his easy chair in the shade of the rose vine, which kept out the too-prying rays of old Sol, just peeping around the corner. Lady Nicotine held him in her sway, and he was quite lost in dreams of "long ago" on this beautiful June morning of the year 1918.

Presently a girlish figure stole behind him, and, placing her fingers over his eyes, refused to remove them until Granddad guessed whose they might be. After two or three ineffectual attempts Granddad allowed himself to finally guess right, and Dortha, in all her grace of sixteen years, came around to the front and seated herself on the arm of his chair, demanding what he had been dreaming about.

Granddad smiled at his little inquisitor, as he answered that with a son a captain in the Aviation, and an eighteen year old grandson begging to enlist, his thoughts went back to the days of sixty-one, when in his youth he had fought under Stonewall Jackson and Beauregard for the Southern cause. Dortha was immediately on the *qui vive*, and wanted to hear more about it.

Nothing loath, he told her of his enlistment in the 2nd Battalion, Maryland Cavalry, before he was yet eighteen. He had been at a Maryland college when war broke out, and naturally sympathized with the Southerners, saw some fighting, became captain, and commanded scouting expeditions.

"But, Grandad, you were finally captured and made a prisoner of war. Do tell me how it happened."

So Granddad proceeded: "It was at Berryville, Va." My lieutenant and I were out scouting one day, and had stopped at a Southern home toward evening. We were partaking of the hospitalities of our host with a guest and his charming daughter, myself in the dining room, the lieutenant on the lookout in the kitchen, when suddenly he burst into the room, shouting: "The house is surrounded by Federals!"

"I immediately removed what valuables I had on my person, my watch, and gold cross and some money, and handed them to the young lady, then the lieutenant and I made for the windows. There seemed to be an opening flanked by a thick woods. Losing no time, we made across this space, running for dear life for cover. Shots whistled all around us, and no sooner had we reached the woods than we found to our dismay that the Federals were lined up behind the trees also to receive us. Of course we threw up our hands, and it took less time than for me to tell it before we were stripped of every available article in our possession. One fellow got my silver spurs, another my pocketknife, another my boots, and so on. When they were through dismantling us we were two sorry-looking chaps."

"Then what did they do with you, Granddad?"

"Well, I was moved about from one prison to another, finally reaching Johnson's Island, Ohio, where I spent two very wretched years. The Southern army did not have

enough food for their soldiers, much less their prisoners, and an attempt at retaliation on the part of the Northerners may have been the reason for our insufficient food. At all events, we were half starved, and many a fellow sat up at night in hopes of catching a rat to add to his edibles. I assure you a rat was considered a luxury by many. The prison was exceedingly unsanitary, and I, among others, succumbed to one disease after another, ranging from scurvy to varioloid. The pesthouse was full of fellows down with smallpox. They were ranged in bunks one above another, the place was frightful, and the smell of smallpox is sickeningly repugnant. When attacked by the varioloid, I had such a pain in my back that I couldn't drag my ball and chain farther and fell in my tracks, but I pulled myself somehow to roll call, in horror of being sent to the pesthouse.

"I asked permission to speak to a fine Federal chap in command, who had always shown me gentlemanly consideration. I told him of my illness, begging him to save me from the pesthouse, and he did.

"Among other things which added to the gall and wormwood of this Northern prison were the negro sentries and guards, formerly the menials, now the masters of their Southern prisoners. These fellows were naturally overbearing in their new-found mastery, and many heartbreaking occurrences were the outcome of this and their great ignorance.

"One case that comes to mind was that of a particularly handsome and charming young fellow who, with his father, was among the prisoners. This young man, when asked by a negro sentry where he was going, answered properly three times, each time using a different word to get understood, all three words meaning the same thing. The answer should have been satisfactory. However, the ignorant sentry, calling out, 'You done tole me a lie,' shot the poor fellow dead.

"That night his poor old father lit a candle after 'lights out' to look once more on the face of his dead boy. Another shot rang out, and the father had joined the son in the land where there is no more parting."

"O Granddad, that was a terrible place! How did you ever get away?"

"Well, my dear, it was this way: Some Southern sympathizers were working on the outside to help us to escape. My health was completely broken, and a few more months of prison life would have finished me off, when one day I came into possession of a Federal uniform. I don't know how it was maneuvered. Anyway, donning the uniform and bolstering up my courage, assuming an erect and fearless air, I started across the bridge that led to freedom. My heart 'jumped into my mouth' as I perceived a Federal officer walking toward me on the other side of the bridge. Holding my breath, I held my head high, saluting as I passed him. To this day I do not know whether I fooled the officer or not. He did not stop me, and I reached the refuge of Southern sympathizers which had been indicated to me.

"That evening a ball was to be given in honor of several of us who had escaped, but I determined not to stop for it, but to make my way north across the border to Canada. I was lucky to have so decided. That evening the Southern house was raided and several prisoners who had escaped were retaken."

"Where did you go then, Granddad?"

"I made my way to Southern headquarters at Toronto, and, just before the close of the war, worked my way back through the lines to the South, having been commissioned to Secret Service work by President Davis and Secretary Benjamin.

"My, if you had been caught, you might have been shot as a spy, Granddad."

"Quite true, Dorthea dear, but Lee surrendered at Appomattox about that time, and the war was over."

"But how did you meet grandmother?"

"It was this way, Puss. I attended a costume ball in Toronto wearing my captain's fatigue uniform of Confederate gray. As I entered the ballroom, I caught sight of a young girl about your age. She was a radiant picture. Her gown, fashioned artistically of the Stars and Bars, immediately attracted me, and unconsciously I brought my hand to salute. The upper part of her gown and little puffed sleeves were made of the gauzy blue, spangled with 'stars,' above which rose her proud little head with its aureole of auburn curls, crowning a vivacious face of exquisite freshness and delicate beauty of coloring.

"Her gray eyes were sparkling with mischief as she beheld me transfixed, my hand still raised in salute. I immediately recognized Miss Anna Scales, the young lady to whom I had consigned my valuables when taken prisoner. Her father, Joab Scales, had his Kentucky estate confiscated for his activities for the Confederacy, and, exiled, had taken his large family to Toronto.

"My dear, I need not tell you she had 'taken the fort by storm.' We were married and returned to the Sunny South at the close of the war. This, Dorthea, was your Granddad's romance, and to-day the Stars and Stripes wave proudly over the United States whose sons, both North and South, vie with each other for her defense."

CAPTURE OF THE INDIANOLA.

(The following account of a great "naval exploit" by some Tennessee infantry was written by the late Lieut. John M. Carson, 31st Tennessee Infantry, some years ago, and at the time the only survivor of those choice spirits who demonstrated their ability to give good service on water as well as land. Reference to this is made in President Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and also in Colonel Bradford's sketch of the 31st Tennessee as published in Linsley's "Military Annals of Tennessee." This article was contributed to the VETERAN through Mr. G. E. Bradford, of Knoxville, Tenn., a nephew of Colonel Bradford.)

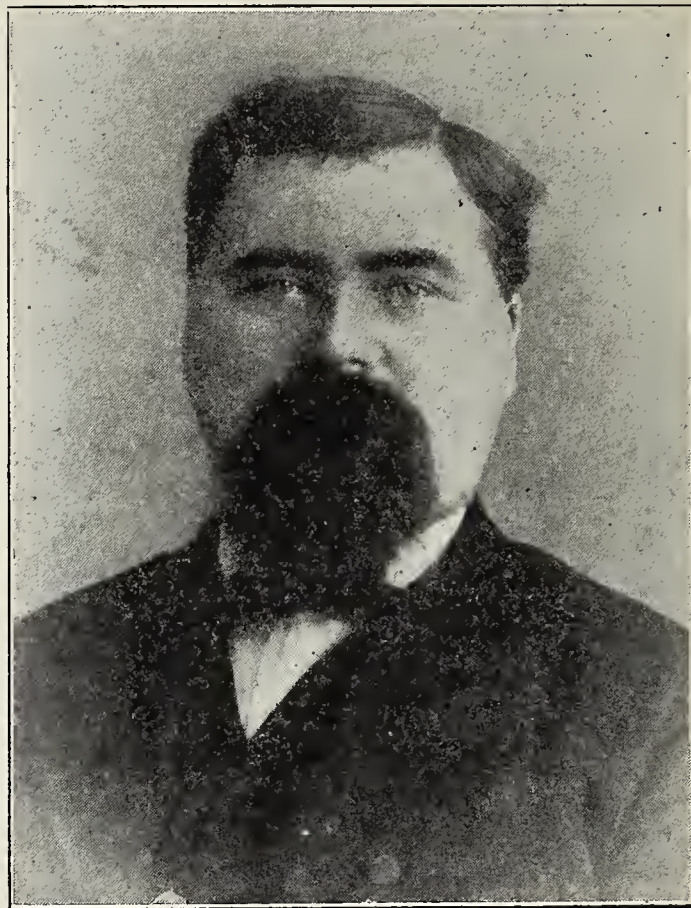
The 31st Tennessee regiment was organized at Knoxville, Tenn., in the early days of 1862, under E. Kirby Smith, then in command of the Department of East Tennessee, the late Judge William M. Bradford as colonel in command, James W. Humes, lieutenant colonel, and the late Chief Justice Robert MacFarland, major—three noble, gifted men.

In September, 1862, Stephenson's Division, to which this regiment was attached, confronted General Morgan at Cumberland Gap, while Gen. E. Kirby Smith's command marched through Big Creek Gap below, thereby getting in the rear of Morgan's forces, compelling him to evacuate, after burning all incumbrances, by a hasty flight in the night. From the top of Cumberland Mountain, Bragg's whole force moved rapidly from their various positions in pursuit. In a few days all the army was brought in conflict with General Buell's forces at Perryville, Ky., the result of which is known.

Bragg's whole army returned to Tennessee, our division returning through Cumberland Gap, after a long march, day and night, through dust almost knee deep in many places. A long drouth prevailed, and many streams in Kentucky dried up. Many men fainted on the way for want of water, impossible to get except occasionally from green ponds by the wayside.

On the evening of October 5, our famished and worn-out army reached the woodlands in Tennessee, near Rutledge,

where we camped for the night. The weather turned suddenly cold—strange, indeed. On that evening we had a snow-storm, covering the ground several inches and bending limbs and small trees upon our tents, where we quietly slept till daylight. Next day we took our line of march to Loudon,



LIEUT. JOHN M. CARSON.

Tenn., as we supposed, to go into winter quarters. There we remained till about the 21st of December, when we were ordered to Vicksburg, Miss., reaching there by rail on the night of December 26, 1862. Here our division remained until the 4th of July, 1863, going through the siege, and surrendered with General Pemberton's entire army. One cold night in January, 1863, while our 31st Tennessee was quietly sleeping in very comfortable quarters at "Camp Magnolia," near the city, Colonel Bradford ordered three companies of our regiment to move at once to Warrenton, seven miles below, to strengthen our pickets and watch the movements of General Grant's forces, then cutting a canal across the bend of the Mississippi River with a view to landing his army at Warrenton, by passing through it, out of range of all our guns at Vicksburg. It fell to my lot to go in command of Company H, Captain Carnes with Company K, and Captain Thomas with Company C.

After spending a very hard night in mud and rain, light dawned upon us at Capt. Robert Patterson's fort on the Mississippi.

At early dawn a small steamer landed to take our detachment of three companies to Carthage to await orders.

Landing at Carthage, General Harrison's cavalry greeted us and brought new orders to proceed to Red River, thence to Harrisburg on the Ouchatan River, where we found the little towboat Webb, which our story will make famous. Here we received new orders to proceed to Monroe, near the Texas border, where we found the Louisville, a very large transport,

previously used at New Orleans, as also the Webb. Both had been run up to this point for safety when the Federals captured New Orleans.

We then realized we had been suddenly taken out of the infantry and transferred to the Navy Department. With all of our steamers fired, ready to obey expected orders, we found we had a fully developed case of smallpox on board, one of our best men, Joshua Boren, from Hawkins County, Tenn., who was removed and cared for on a little island near Harrisburg, where he died and was buried.

Here we waited impatiently, entirely ignorant of the developments making necessary this transformation and new order of things. In a few hours orders reached us to return to the mouth of Red River, and from thence up the meandering stream, many miles, to Fort DeRussy, on the south side, where we found that brave soldier and elegant gentleman, Captain Kelso, in command of the fort, with a few men and some small thirty-two field pieces. We landed and found comfortable quarters about the fort. The next day we had eight or ten cases of smallpox. Added to this, the rain fell in torrents for two days and nights. The river was so swollen that the whole flat country around us was flooded. With every officer prostrated, except myself, we had to vacate in yawls and fly to the higher grounds for safety. The movement cost many precious lives, and most of them from my own county. Many days were spent in caring for the sick and burying the dead. For a time it seemed that not a man would be left to tell the story of the ill-fated crew of Tennesseans sent out to capture gunboats. The tide went down, and most of our sick were improved, so we were ready for duty again. We had no doctor, no change of clothing, no food except scant rations occasionally provided by Captain Kelso at the fort.

On or about the 15th of February, we saw the Queen of the West within range of our guns at the fort. The river at this point made a curve forming a horseshoe. Captain Kelso opened fire, which was returned by the Queen; all of these shots were without results. In the darkness neither could be seen. Soon one of our men ran down below, just at the bend, and set on fire a large frame building our sick men had occupied until driven out by high water. This fire lighted up a very brilliant and exciting scene. The Queen was in full view across the bend in range of our guns at the fort. One well-directed shot from Captain Kelso's battery took effect, cutting through the steam pipe of the Queen and scalding to death the engineer, resulting in a prompt surrender of the Queen of the West and her crew.

The strong, unwieldy, slow Queen was ours in a crippled condition. Soon, however, all damages were repaired, and we thus added to our improvised Confederate navy another steamer, which evaded our guns at Vicksburg and pursued us in full hope of making our little detachment prisoners and destroying our new navy.

Under orders from General Taylor, all our men were busily engaged in making preparations for a move toward Vicksburg. On the morning of February 22, all our able-bodied men were ordered aboard the steamer, then ready to move. About noon Major Brent came up from New Orleans with his two hundred "Desperadoes" (as they called themselves), aboard the Dr. Batey, a transport of ordinary dimensions. Major Brent made a stirring speech to the newly organized navy and outlined his order of march and plan of battle. He reminded us that on February 22, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, we must move out to meet and fight the strongest gunboat from Admiral Porter's fleet at Vicksburg, which was well manned and thoroughly equipped, having evaded all our bat-

teries at Vicksburg and passed down to spy out the land and water below. With a full-rounded salute from all the guns aboard our boats and at the fort, we moved out in the following order: The Queen of the West with remnants of Companies C and K, of the 31st Tennessee detachment under command of Captain Carnes. The Dr. Batey, with Major Brent and his 200 desperadoes, all crying out to the "copperas breeches" Tennesseans, and boasting that we could do no good in the conflict. They would board the ironclad, as did Magruder's men, and "You copperas breeches Tennesseans had as well stay away," etc.

The little Webb, with small crew, not exceeding fifty men all told, followed, as per orders, in the rear, commanded by Lieuts. H. A. Rice and J. M. Carson. On we steamed down Red River to its mouth, thence up the "Father of Waters" to Natchez, without incidents worthy of mention. Our little Webb, small but mighty, could run so much faster than our other steamers that we often, by permission, passed on and made long stops, gathering information and all the good things we could get from planters along the way.

Our little boat reached Natchez two hours ahead on the evening of February 24, about three o'clock, when our men took on coal, under the direction of our boat captain, Pierce, and his brother, who was our pilot, two more "copperas breeches" Tennesseans, of which they claimed to be proud, Captain Pierce said that before the conflict was over he would make these desperadoes think before many hours there was more than a derisive name in "copperas breeches."

Lieutenant Rice and I, as was our custom, left our boat and went to "Natchez on the Hill" to call on the young ladies, as they were always glad to see us. Within a short time all the city's population, consisting of lovely women and old men, lined the hill for many a mile to greet our new navy on arrival. Soon it seemed the entire population, mostly ladies, crowded the hill overlooking the river for many miles, north, south, east, and west.

In the distance, on the south, in full view, was the Queen of the West and Dr. Batey, steaming slowly toward us. The little Webb was down at the wharf below. In the west rested a dark, thick cloud, obscuring the sunlight for the time. On the east was the beautiful little city, almost deserted by her inhabitants, who had come out to look upon a scene so "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." In the march, in the distance, slowly moved the Indianola, making for the western shore opposite Vicksburg, but then unseen by the multitudes looking on the grand picture before them. Suddenly the sun sank below the clouds, shedding golden rays all about the scene before us, at the same time exposing to view the curling smoke and shining metal of the great ironclad Indianola in the distance. Then we realized that we must soon engage in a combat where all chances seemed to be against us.

The Queen, as per orders, moved out in front, the Dr. Batey following, the Webb in the rear. Every one realizing that he must fully obey orders and do his duty, we moved forward to victory or death.

At precisely ten o'clock, "boom!" went our guns and the 13-inch mortars from the Indianola. The Queen struck the ironclad and was repulsed with the loss of two or three brave soldiers, mangled and torn beyond recognition. In the thick darkness, not a ray of light could be seen, not a sound or voice be heard. Without further orders, with gunners and riflemen all ready to fire every shot till all might go down to a watery grave, our brave Captain Pierce and his brother, as pilot, moved rapidly, till our boat struck a barge in tow by the Indianola, sinking it instantly, with all its living freight of

pigs, ducks, chickens, and turkeys. The squealing and squalling soon ceased, as they went down with the barge.

"Boom!" went a 13-inch mortar in our very faces, lighting up the scene all about us, and at the same time tearing away the front guards on both sides of our little barque.

All this time our riflemen, who were so instructed, never ceased their volleys into the portholes, keeping back the gunners within so that they only got one shot at us. Now all was still as death for a time, the Indianola making for the shore at the house of Mr. Joseph Davis. Steaming up about a mile, our boat was "rounded to" and all the steam turned on our two low-pressure engines.

With mighty power we came back down stream, followed around a small tow-head, with volley after volley from our little 32-pounder and riflemen. Not a shot was fired at us. With a crash, our little Webb struck the great ironclad in the wheelhouse, tearing wood into splinters and rolling great bars of iron as if lead. We plowed our way several feet into the Indianola, sinking her within twenty feet of shore in twelve feet of water. Captain Brown, of the Indianola, came up out of the hull where all had taken refuge, and cried: "Men, for God's sake cease firing, I surrender unconditionally."

With a boat in a sinking condition, no such deliberate, cool judgment was exercised by any man as that displayed by Captain Pierce and his brother, our pilot, under the circumstances. But for them the Indianola would never have been captured. They were not soldiers, but they were experts and knights of the steamers of the Mississippi of many years of experience, and were both "copperas breeches Tennesseans." We at once, in the darkness, proceeded to take the prisoners off of the Indianola and gave them comfortable quarters aboard the Webb. Where were the Dr. Batey and the Queen of the West?

The Queen was knocked out the first round and the Dr. Batey was not in gunshot of us. The Webb captured the Indianola from the beginning to the finish. We cast no reflections on any officer or crew, but the truth must be told and history record the facts long unknown to the world. In proof of these facts, long after the Indianola had gone down and her crew, save one, safely aboard the Webb, the Queen came up alongside the Webb. Major Brent in an effort to get aboard the Webb from the Queen, stepped on a cotton bale, which turned quickly overboard, carrying him down between the boats.

I threw out to him our bucket with ropes and pulled him in, saving him from drowning. He was pretty badly hurt, perhaps having some ribs broken, having fallen over the gunwale of our boat as he went down. He called Lieutenants Rice and Carson, and said, "Gentlemen, to you and to your men I accord the honors of this victory, and to you belong the spoils," giving us full charge of prisoners and side arms.

I had already received as a gift for "courteous treatment" the sword of the officer of the Indianola. The Indianola was regarded as one of the strongest and most effective ironclads in the United States navy and was commanded by Captain Brown, of New York.

He had in his crew, all told, 148 officers and men, and surrendered all save one, who lost his life, being pierced through the body with a Minie ball. His last dying words were of his mother. We did all that was possible for him in his last hours, and gave him burial the next day.

Lieutenants Rice and Carson and Handy were left in charge of the sunken Indianola, together with our own men, Company I, of the 31st Tennessee Regiment, with orders from Major Brent to raise the Indianola, if possible. Major Brent, with all our vessels—the Queen of the West, Webb, and Dr. Batey—left with prisoners in the direction of New Orleans.

We remained all the next day, finding it useless to make any effort to raise the ironclad, having with us no Elisha who could make iron swim. We spent the day at Mr. Joe Davis's place, where we found some good things to eat. Many of the boys, with improvised grab hooks, fished out of the sutler's store of the Indianola many useful articles which were badly needed. At nightfall we found ourselves entirely surrounded by water. The great bayou across the bend of the "Father of Waters" was so swollen that the lowlands for miles were covered with water, leaving us no way of escape. After consultation, we decided to spike the guns and make our way to the Louisiana shore in yawls. Lieutenant Handy was left with one yawl and two or three men to strike the match and make sure of the explosion. Lieutenants Rice and Carson, with their men, started across the channel from the Mississippi shore. Before we reached the island, a terrific explosion took place, throwing all around us what seemed to be hundreds of pieces of iron, with great sheets of fire, which lighted up the scene for miles around. We never returned to know the result, but after a long night of "pulling for the shore," at the dawn of another day we landed, emptied yawls, and continued our march via Lake to St. Joseph to Port Gibson, thence to "Camp Magnolia" at Vicksburg, hungry, ragged, and weary, glad to meet our beloved Colonel Bradford and Major McFarland and all comrades from whom we had so long been separated, without a change of clothing or ration issued in the usual manner. The grand ovation given us for the moment repaid us for the hard service and many privations during our service in the Confederate navy, but we were glad to quit the navy and rejoin our command on solid earth again. There we remained till after the siege and surrender of Vicksburg to Grant on July 4, 1863. After finding that our mule meat was exhausted, we thought it best to let him supply us with better rations. Well, we were all tired of shooting at each other and just quit.

Now, a flood of memories crowd upon me to make me sad. My dear colonel, the late Chancellor Bradford, my true friend from boyhood, as true and brave as any man who ever went into battle; the peerless lawyer and Chief Justice, McFarland; that noble and polished gentleman, and my bosom friend Hampton A. Rice, and a host of others, have crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees. Not one left to tell this story but myself. I now hold as a gift and relic a sword with "U. S. A." on the shield and many navy emblems, which I value highly.

First, it was surrendered to me after we had kindly received on board our little boat (the Webb) Captain Brown and all his officers and men, save one. They were our prisoners, but brave and true Americans, who deserved and received at our hands every kindness and courtesy that all true gentlemen and soldiers should ever be glad to bestow under similar circumstances. The officer who gave it to me requested that I should always keep it as a reminder of kindly treatment to them as prisoners of war. I carried it through Virginia and Tennessee on many memorable occasions.

"Last but not least," just one year from the date of those terrific scenes on the Mississippi River that dark and stormy night of February, 1863, I chanced to meet a lovely young lady in the prettiest town, nestled among the mountains of East Tennessee, to whom I made a formal surrender, sheathed this sword, and gave it to her to keep "till this cruel war is over." Then thither I returned to claim them both as mine "till death do us part."

HEADQUARTERS 31ST TENNESSEE REGIMENT,
VICKSBURG, MISS., February 28, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER NO.—

The colonel commanding has received, with emotions of no ordinary gratification, the intelligence of the recent gallantry and bravery of Companies I and B in the attack upon the Federal gunboat Indianola.

It would be an act of injustice to the officers and privates, as well as violence to my own feelings, to withhold from you the just tribute of praise which your chivalry in that engagement so richly merits. The capture and surrender of the boat, after the desperate defense of a well-drilled and disciplined foe, entitle you to the highest honors of veterans.

I therefore trust that the country will justly appreciate the honors which you have so nobly won and can give you the highest assurance of the warmest gratitude and pride of your officers in thus giving tone and character to the 31st Tennessee Regiment.

May the God of battles thus favor your stout arms and nerve your generous hearts for all future emergencies of a similar character.

Very truly and devotedly, W. M. BRADFORD,
Colonel 31st Tennessee Regiment.

Official:

W. HAWKINS, *Adjutant.*

POINTS OF SIMILARITY IN TWO GREAT WARS.

(Paper read before the Daughters of the American Revolution by Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, Historian General, U. D. C.)

Those members of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who read and study the history of these two periods will note many points running along parallel lines and much similarity of incident.

Note first the cause of the two wars—namely, local self-government. There are essential similarities between the principles of self-government held and upheld by Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, George Washington, and compatriots in 1765-81, and those of John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis, 1828-65.

Taxation without representation as a long-used explanation of the American Revolution was a popular slogan since 1781, and slavery as the fundamental cause of sectional strife was a popular fallacy since 1861. Both of these fictions have a plausible basis and both are equally misleading.

The Revolutionary fathers did not really desire "representation" in the British Parliament. Washington, Hancock, Henry, and their compatriots objected to taxation imposed upon them against their will. They contended for the original principle of self-government, whose beginnings were established at Jamestown, 1607-19.

Similarly, statesmen and leaders of the Southern Confederacy were not primarily concerned with the maintenance of slavery. As in the case of their Revolutionary forbears, they objected to oppressive and unfair forms of Federal taxation and sectional legislation. They, too, contended for the sacred American doctrine of local self-government, called "State Rights." These economic oppressions and differences were the real cause of splits between the sections, which produced a feeling absolutely foreordaining war.

The great Commander in Chief of the Continental Army, George Washington, and the great chieftain of the Confederate States Army, Robert E. Lee, these foremost Ameri-

cans, were both born in Westmoreland County, Va., "Wakefield," in Westmoreland, the birthplace of George Washington, "Stratford," in Westmoreland, a few miles distant, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee.

The handsome old estates of Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington after his marriage to Martha Dandridge Custis, widow of Daniel Parke Custis, and the majestic Arlington, the home of Robert E. Lee after his marriage to Mary Parke Randolph Custis, great-granddaughter to Martha, are within a stone's throw of each other on the Potomac River.

Washington lies buried in an unpretentious tomb at Mount Vernon, and the quiet little village of Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia, claims all that is earthly of the immortal Lee.

Forever down the ages, side by side, ride the spirits of these two great Americans, Washington and Lee.

On April 19 in each great conflict the first blood was shed. On April 19, 1775, at Lexington, Mass., occurred the first conflict between American militia and British regulars. On April 19, 1861, the first blood was shed in the War between the States when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment passed through Baltimore on its way to Washington. Rocks were thrown at the soldiers, who replied with shots, resulting in the death of four soldiers and twelve citizens.

In 1775, Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, offered general emancipation to the negro slaves if they would rise in insurrection. He was not successful.

In 1859, John Brown, of Kansas, the active leader of the movement to organize a general insurrection among the slaves of the Southern States, selected Harper's Ferry, Va., as his point of invasion. There was no disposition whatever on the part of the slaves to rise in insurrection. Lord Dunmore defeated, left for England, but John Brown went to the place of departed spirits.

The analogy between Lincoln's emancipation proclamation and Dunmore's is *well known*.

IN CHARLESTON HARBOR HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

On June 28, 1776, when the British fleet attacked Charleston Harbor, so brilliant was the defense of Fort Sullivan under the command of Col. William Moultrie (and since then known by his name) that the fleet suffered the greatest defeat ever inflicted upon a British armament.

Again in the sixties, when Charleston was attacked by sea, so steady was the aim of the guns of these forts that the attacking fleet was demoralized and "became as bewildered monsters." The harbor, well protected against an enemy, defied the attacks of both land and naval forces for four years. In the annals of the Federal army and navy there is no exploit comparable to the defense of Charleston Harbor. It would not be easy to match it in the annals of European warfare.

In the British attack, the ship *Actæon* of the British navy ran aground on the present site of Fort Sumter and was burned, but not before the guns of the ship were turned by the Americans upon the enemy.

In the attack of Charleston Harbor in the days of the sixties, the ship *Keokuk* of the United States navy was sunk near Morris Island. Great was the heroism of dauntless Southern men who, through the long dark watches of the night, worked silently under the nose of the enemy to raise the guns of the ship from their watery grave. This great feat being accomplished, the guns were used in behalf of those whom they had been brought to attack. The recovery of these guns is one of the most daring and successful of the adventures of the Confederates during the war.

In 1776, immediately subsequent to the battle of Long Island (August 27, 1776), was the capture by the British of Nathan Hale, who, disguised as a schoolmaster, had been engaged in gaining information in the British camp. He was hanged as a spy, but just before his execution he exclaimed: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Hale was born in Connecticut and graduated at Yale.

Sam Davis, of Tennessee, in 1863, a young boy in the Confederate service, was captured in the enemy's lines with valuable information he had gotten from one on the Northern side. "Tell me his name," the general said, "and you shall go free." The boy replied, "Had I a thousand lives to lose, I'd offer them all before I'd betray a trust," and he was hanged as a spy.

"He gave all he had—his life,
He gained all he lacked—immortality."

Note the similarity in the depreciation of currency of the two wars—the Continental note and the Confederate note.

The Confederate note decreased in value until during 1863 and 1864 a Christmas turkey was worth \$100, a pound of coffee was worth \$4, and a pound of tea \$20.

"Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it,
As a pledge of the Nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or bills that were overdue,
We knew if it bought us bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do."

Some of the Continental notes so depreciated in value toward the end of the Revolution that it is said Samuel Adams paid \$2,000 for a suit of clothes and a hat. From this depreciation originated the expression that we still use, "Not worth a Continental."

Virginia, at that period, borrowed money from France in her capacity as a sovereign commonwealth and loaned it to the general government. Her credit was better!

On September 23, 1779, John Paul Jones, in a French merchant vessel (the *Bonhomme Richard*), off the coast of England, won the greatest naval victory of the war when he encountered the British fleet and engaged as his antagonist the *Serapis*. The British, after a most desperate engagement, were forced to surrender, and John Paul Jones sailed away on the *Serapis*, his own ship having sunk.

In the sixties, Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes of the Confederate States navy, in the *Alabama*, built in England, terrorized the merchant marine of the United States in every water route known to trade—and almost destroyed the Atlantic commerce of the United States. After a most brilliant career, The *Alabama* was sunk off the coast of France.

During the Revolution, John Laurens, of Charleston, S. C., was sent to France, at the age of twenty-eight, on a most important diplomatic service, and secured additional French aid when all other American commissioners had failed. General Washington said: "Without this foreign loan, our present force cannot keep up."

In 1861, James M. Mason, of Virginia, and John Slidell, of Louisiana, were appointed Commissioners to Great Britain and France, respectively, in order to bring about foreign intervention and recognition of the Confederacy. In the steamer *Trent* they were overhauled on the high seas by a United

States warship and were taken as prisoners. As this act was a reversion to the British policy of search and seizure, which had brought on the War of 1812, Great Britain demanded redress, and Lincoln admitted the mistake and the Commissioners were released.

In the dark days of the Revolution, South Carolina was left for a time to work out her own salvation. This she did by the gallantry and daring of her partisan generals, Sumter, Pickens, and Marion. In the dark days of Reconstruction she was again left to work out her own salvation, and this she did to her everlasting glory, through the the immortal Red Shirts and the intrepid Wade Hampton.

The closing scenes of the Revolution and the War between the States were similar. "Richmond was burned and much of the region along the James was plundered by the British."

"Charleston was pillaged by Hessians and British alike, and South Carolina suffered under a brutal warfare more than any other State."

By changing the names to United States army instead of British, the same descriptions may be used in portraying the closing scenes of the sixties.

At Yorktown, Va., October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington. The sword of Cornwallis was delivered by General O'Hara to the general appointed by Washington to receive it. It was returned later in token of Washington's magnanimity.

A few miles distant in Virginia, at Appomattox, on April 9, 1865, Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to Gen. U. S. Grant—but a point of dissimilarity should be carefully noted, for General Lee in the terms of the surrender which he drew up with General Grant had carefully agreed that all men and officers should retain their side arms, therefore no question of General Lee's sword was ever raised. It was never presented to General Grant, and therefore could never have been returned.

After the war Washington impressed upon his people the importance of education. After Appomattox General Lee spent the remainder of his life instructing the youth of his country.

In the two great organizations growing out of these two wars, the Daughters of the Revolution and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the matter of history and education demand first attention. England and America to-day are allied, as are the North and the South of this country, but it behooves all members of these two organizations, with due affection for England and for the other section of this country, to see to it that the truth, and nothing but the truth, is told concerning these two great conflicts.

DARING ESCAPE FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

(As a contribution to the record of remarkable escapes from Federal prisons during the War between the States, H. R. Scott, of Reidsville, N. C., sends the following account by the late Col. John R. Winston, of North Carolina, of his thrilling escape from Johnson's Island. Colonel Winston was born in Leaksville, Rockingham County, N. C., and was a graduate of Trinity College. He volunteered for the Confederacy, and was made captain of Company F, 45th North

Carolina Regiment, and later became its major, then colonel. He was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, July, 1863, and taken to Johnson's Island. Escaping from that prison, he rejoined his regiment and with it was engaged in many battles to the surrender at Appomattox. He is named as one of "The Men of Mark" in North Carolina.)

In the southern part of Lake Erie, three miles north of Sandusky City, Ohio, is Johnson's Island, about three-fourths of a mile long by one-fourth wide. On the northeast side an old field was occupied by the Confederate prison, which was enclosed by a wall fifteen feet high, embracing a plot two hundred yards by two hundred and sixty. There were thirteen frame buildings or "blocks;" some were ceiled, but most were weatherboarded only. During the winter of 1863-64 some 3,300 Rebels—2,000 officers, the others private soldiers—and some citizens were domiciled in this delectable retreat for Southern fire-eaters. The prisoners whiled away the weary days, weeks, and months with chess and cards, in debating societies, and Christian meetings; but the one idea running under all was to get back to "Dixie." Various efforts to bribe or persuade the sentinels were made, and sometimes promised success; but up to the time this narrative relates not a prisoner had ever made his escape in this way. On one occasion, indeed, a gallant brigadier with four or five other officers did bribe a sentinel to let them over the wall; but after they had handed over the gold watch and stipulated sum of money, a line of armed soldiers rose up around them and marched them back to prison, too poor to attempt bribing again. A great many plans to escape were attempted, but probably the one most assiduously followed was that of tunneling, or "gophering," in prison parlance. Five or six men would form a party to escape; after selecting a "block" as near to the wall as may be, they went to work under the floor, digging with case and pocketknives and any other instrument that came to hand. As but one man could work at a time, this took many days. Several parties escaped from the prison, but were invariably captured on the island, as they had no means of crossing the water. Such was the vigilance of the garrison and the nature of the difficulties to be overcome that every attempt at escape had failed up to January 1, 1864, except in the case of one young officer from Baltimore (I think he was), who, with others, was sent into the hold of the island steamer for straw for bunks, and, instead of returning, went to the bottom of the straw, and that night when the boat was lying at the wharf at Sandusky City, he cautiously crept forth and, unperceived, went away.

New Year's day, 1864, was extremely cold; that night the mercury fell to thirty degrees below zero. As the cold north winds beat with cruel violence against the thin weatherboarding, the shivering prisoners, whose blood was unused to such rigorous climates, felt peculiarly sad. "If we could only get out of prison, we could leave the island on the ice; but it is too cold to live through the night in the open air." So thought most of the prisoners; but Major Stokes and Captains Stokes, Robinson, and Davis, of Virginia; Captain McConnell, of Kentucky, and Major Winston, of North Carolina (afterwards colonel of the 45th North Carolina Regiment), determined to risk a desperate attempt that night; for as soon as the authorities at Washington should hear of the ice connecting the island with the mainland they would strengthen the garrison so that there would be no hope of getting away. They came to the conclusion that the boldest was the best way to get out of the prison—viz., by scaling the wall. So a rude ladder was extemporized by tying with clothes lines the legs of a bench across it at intervals of about three feet to answer for steps. Of course this was all done after

dark to prevent any surprise. Our means of escape ready, we made such preparations as we could to protect ourselves against the weather; our chums were exceedingly kind in furnishing all the citizens' clothing they had. The next thing was who should go over first. The lot fell to Major Winston. Hush! ten o'clock. Hear, "Post No. 1. Ten o'clock and all's well!" "Post No. 2! Ten o'clock, and all is good!" (Dutch sentinel), and thus the usual cry goes the rounds in the various brogues of the English, German, Irish, and other European tongues. "Lights out!" is shouted from the walls, and all is hushed in darkness and stillness. "The time has come; an affectionate good-by, friends," said Captain Davis and Major Winston, and promptly left the room, each placing himself flat on the frozen ground at his end of the ladder. Thus they drag the ladder up the sewer to the corner of the building, thence across toward the "dead line." This was a line of stakes twelve feet from the wall, so called because the sentinels had orders to kill any prisoners who passed it. "Hold, Davis!" Lie low. Don't breathe; the new relief is coming." They double-quick on the wall and relieve the sentinel first above us, and double-quick on, the new sentinel walking slowly to and fro on his beat. With great caution we crawled on over the "dead line," and, reaching the wall, stand our ladder against it. Davis holds while Winston mounts. Davis screams in whispers and jerks at the feet of Winston, who, fearing they were discovered, stooped down and asked; "What's the matter?" "Get off my thumb!" After complying with his friends earnest wish, Major Winston addressed himself to his critical situation. The ladder proved to be about four feet too short. It was no place to make noise climbing over, for the sentinel would be sure to detect it; however, Major Winston succeeded in pulling himself over on the parapet as silently as possible, and, after looking to see if he was seen by either sentinel on his right or his left, he let himself down, first on a brace that supported the wall, and then on a large stump to the ground. Evading this line of sentinels (for there was one on the wall and one on the ground on the outside) he sat behind a large oak some fifteen steps from the wall. Captain Davis soon joined him; then came Captain Robinson; next Captain McConnell, who very nearly lighted on the head of the man on the ground, but fortunately was not discovered. Finally, this sentinel on the ground saw Captain Stokes, but not until he had reached the ground, and took him to be a Federal soldier returning from a hen-roost expedition, and so failed to fire on him when he refused to halt. (Major Stokes, failing to get a sufficiency of clothing, had decided not to leave.) So our party was all out, and, to prevent discovery, Captain White very kindly took the ladder back to the dining room. Captain Stokes never got with us, but ran across the island, and, after great exposure and suffering, crossed the ice to the Ohio shore and remained for several days in the neighborhood, when he was betrayed and taken back to prison and committed to a dungeon for refusing to tell who had escaped with him. His feet and hands were badly frosted and he lost several of his fingers.

When the sentinel ordered Stokes to halt, the other four behind the tree ran across the island and, finding the ice firm, ventured on it. It was about one mile over to Ottawa County, Ohio. About half-way across we found a large air-hole, and in our heedless hurry came near being engulfed; but fortunately that night a thin snow whitened the ice, while the water appeared black. After an exciting run, slipping, sliding, and tumbling, we reached the shore almost breathless. It was half-past ten o'clock, and we could hear the soldiers on the distant walls calling out the numbers of their posts and "All's well!" The officer of the day examined the wall with

a lamp to see whether any rebel had dared to saw or cut out, doubtless deeming it impossible to elude the vigilance of the sentinels on the walls.

A short rest and we started on our long journey over fences and through fields toward the west. We observed lights in all the houses we passed, which gave us some uneasiness, as it might be a system of signals to show that our escape had been discovered. We soon concluded that in this cold climate it might be necessary to have fires all night. We had mapped out our course, and when we got to the Port Clinton road, took it. We found it much warmer in the woods. Two hours before day, footsore, chilled, and weary, we sought shelter in a straw stack; but it had been wet and was frozen. We went to a farmer's stable and, groping in the dark, found bridles and two large fat horses. This last condition was quite a consideration to men who expected to ride rapidly and bareback. While the honest man slept and slumbered, each of his spirited animals bore away two Rebels. On we sped over the level country, passing farmhouses and woods. When many miles had fled behind us, just as streaks in the east ushered in another gray, cold morning, Captain McConnell stopped his horse and complained that he was freezing. Major Winston, who rode behind him, said: "I hope not." After going a little farther McConnell repeated, "I am freezing," and fell from his horse, groaning like a dying man. Winston tried by chafing to revive him, but to no effect, as he had on too much clothing. We tied the bridles over the horses' necks and turned their heads homewards; from their eyes to the head was white with frozen breath. They were in a trot the last we saw of them. Poor McConnell was straightened up and pushed along till his frozen hinges got in good working order again. Awhile before sun-up we knocked at a door to warm and, if possible, to get breakfast. Mine host asked us in, and soon had the sheet-iron stove roaring. We passed ourselves off as land speculators walking over the country prospecting, but our jaded looks, and especially the dilapidated condition of our apparel, excited his curiosity. He "guessed how" we were going to this, that, and the other place, and a thousand other things about which we were disposed not to be communicative. After such fatigue and exposure to cold, we would go to sleep in spite of ourselves; we gratified our friend's curiosity "by reliefs," as soldiers say. Bread, strong coffee, and fat bacon were soon prepared and dispatched. We left the little man standing in the door wondering why land speculators should be too mean to pay for breakfast. Don't, kind reader, indulge the same reflection, for understand, three little gold dollars were to defray the expenses of four men three thousand miles.

For fear of being overtaken we shunned the highways. Painful feelings stole over our minds when we reflected on balls and chains and dungeons, and possibly death, in case those irate guards should ever lay eyes on us again. Moreover, though horse-stealing may be punished by a long term in the Ohio penitentiary, yet the order of Judge Lynch is much more summary. Especially would this be the case with prowling Rebels; nor, we may presume, would our jurors be very inquisitive as to whether we had stolen the horses or a ride. The frost told badly on our ears, fingers, and feet and noses, though the skin did not peel off until we reached Canada. We heard large oaks bursting about in the woods, I suppose from the moisture in the trees crystallizing.

In the evening of January 2, we stopped at an Irishman's for rest. His person constituted his family, and he was not disturbed at our tumbling and snoring around his hearth and on the bed. Awhile before sundown, we wound our way to a troubled-looking Dutchman's. We exhausted ourselves in

endeavoring to talk his countenance smooth so we might venture to ask for supper, but apparently to no effect. Finally we asked, "Well, sir, can we get supper?" He replied, "I ask my woman," and addressed a question in his knot idiom to her who was ironing at the other side of the room. We had observed that her face seemed to be the counterpart of her lord's—his was troubled, hers the troubler. The parody on the gentler sex growled in the tones of distant thunder: "Nix." The poor husband cowered back to the fire and informed us that it was not possible to get supper that night. We often afterwards thought of the poor Dutchman in the woods. We left him to the tender companionship of his frau, and pursued our footpath through the woods over a pond and marsh country. At ten o'clock we stopped warm in a village. The people were stirring about, dropping and going out; we spurred our drooping spirits to appear lively too. We were not "land speculators" this time, but "woodchoppers going to the pineries in Michigan," our appearance bore out our calling. After sitting and talking awhile, a soldier came in and joined the conversation. We thought our time had come, but tried to betray no uneasiness as we expected every moment to see a squad of soldiers file in. To our great relief the soldier proved to be on furlough. The cold weather was the general topic. We carelessly observed that "those old Rebs on Johnson's Island must be enjoying the cool lake breezes." From their comments we concluded that they had heard nothing of our escape. We journeyed on, and a little after midnight Captain McConnell stopped at a house to get some soda for the heartburn. Several hours he continued to grow worse; before sunrise he gave out and begged to be left at the next house. We placed him on the doorstep and gave him one-fourth of our money, and with much sorrow parted, requesting him not to knock at the door till we were out of sight. Since the war, we learned that he recovered in a day or so and went to the next depot and traded off his watch for a ticket to Detroit. While on the cars he saw a man eyeing him suspiciously, and determined to leave the train when it stopped again. As he did so, the detective patted him on the shoulder and said: "Let's go back to Johnson's Island." Of course, he had to comply.

Our party, now reduced to three, stopped for breakfast at a house half a mile beyond the next village. We had traveled twenty-four hours on one breakfast and would not be hard to satisfy, but the prospect did look a little discouraging when we saw that landlord and lady and nine children all slept and ate in one room, "with no visible means of support." However, the brisk woman raised the lid of a box in the corner and was not long in setting before us cornbread, fat bacon, and gravy. We divided our mites with him, I forget in what proportion, but he seemed satisfied. We followed the railroad all that day, January 3. Near night we called at a hut where lived an old Irishman and little grandson. The old man said he could not accommodate us that night either with bread or bed, and a view of his surroundings had almost brought us to the same conclusion, but we were so tired and hungry and moreover it appeared to be a safe retreat, so we asked almost against hope for entertainment. At every settlement shelter was sought. The houses were generally occupied by Germans, who, from their bad English, we thought had been but a short time in this country. They seemed easily frightened. We knocked at a door where light and human voices gave some hope that rest might at least be found. They became silent. After listening awhile at the pounding on the door, an inmate ventured to inquire: "Vocht dat?" To our importunity for lodging, they sternly replied: "Nix." Some were

rather on we sat on the side of the road to rest in the deep rest. The old oaks, whose giant arms must have defied the storms of centuries, groaned in the cold night winds. We sat and shivered and talked of the loved ones far away in the Sunny South." Extreme exhaustion and feverishness caused shapeless images to flit over our minds. The glands in our joints had swollen nearly to the size of a hen's egg. We had been in motion continually forty-eight hours, and, except an hour the first evening, our eyes had not closed in sleep for forty hours. Toward midnight one of our party asked admittance to a house larger than common on the road. To our great relief the door was opened, and we were invited to the fire. A few questions convinced us that we were in the hands of a shrewd Down-Easter. He seemed to suspect something, and asked where we were from. "New Bedford, Mass.," replied Captain Robinson. "O! that's my old home," and he began by naming different residents of that place, to try to convince Captain Robinson. But the Captain, who had been many years in the whaling service and had at least visited New Bedford, was posted. He soon lighted us upstairs to bed, all three huddled together. We retired quite uneasy; for might not this man have heard by telegraph of our escape and early next morning cause our arrest? After a few hours' sleep, we slipped into our clothing, and, passing down through his room, gave him to understand that it would be quite agreeable to spare his hospitality longer, but we must reach Toledo in time for the up train. We knew he was not then prepared to follow us and would make arrangements to overhaul us at the depot if he attempted anything. We crossed the river into Toledo about day and were in time to join the early workmen going to their places of labor.

After leaving the city we abandoned the railroad and bore away to the Lake Shore road. Some long-legged boys were wading down the old canal; the ease, grace, and rapidity of their movements appeared to be caused by the wind. We remarked to each other that if we could only adopt that mode of travel as skilfully as those boys, we would not fear pursuit. At noon our treasurer, Captain D., purchased some cheese and crackers at a country store, the first food we had eaten, I think, for thirty hours.

That night, January 4, we passed through Monroe during a snowstorm, and met people coming from church. We had walked a long day's journey, but it was about ten o'clock before we could find a hospitable roof. This was with a French Canadian, who had moved to Michigan a short time previously. We tumbled all three together on a pallet and were very soon asleep; had no supper, and left early next morning before breakfast. After going about half a mile, Captain Robinson discovered that he had left his pocketbook, probably on the pallet; it contained papers which showed that Captain Robinson was an officer in the Confederate army. Major Winston went back to the house, and the good woman handed him the pocketbook apparently unopened. Davis and Winston had left all their papers in prison and were provoked that Robinson had not done the same. We led people to believe that Detroit was our destination. We met an officer going to a depot just passed; we continued the Detroit road till out of his view, then turned to the right fifteen miles from that city and made for Trenton, a village on the Detroit River near the entrance to Lake Erie. About noon we stopped at a house for something to eat; the only person we saw was a woman, who invited us in to seats. I must stop to remark what we observed to each other, that she wore the sweetest expression we had almost ever seen. She was not pretty, nearly middle-aged, and rather pale; but she had evidently gone through enough of this world's trials in some form to mellow

her soul. Her conversation evinced the same. She gave us a piece of light bread half as large as a man's hand and a good proportion of butter. We sat on a log on the roadside and enjoyed our lunch very much, as we had not eaten anything since the cheese and crackers twenty-four hours before.

Two miles from Trenton we stepped into an old man's house, ostensibly to warm, but really to make inquiries concerning the crossing of the river. The old gentleman said eighty winters had passed over his head, but he had never seen such a cold snap before. We changed our brogue to the nasal twang of New England; but not effectually, as he nearly threw us off our guard by asking: "Are you not from the South?" Captain Davis quickly gave some Eastern town as our home. He replied: "You talk like Southerners." After eliciting what information we could without raising suspicion, we resumed our weary journey. We were delighted to find on the snow half a biscuit, dropped, as we supposed by children from the Trenton school. This was divided, as our appetites were quite keen, and we soon picked up in this way quite a little snack. Just at dark we entered Trenton, passed rapidly down a street, and jumped on the ice. A man watering his horse through the ice seemed astonished at our haste, but said nothing. The ice at first was as smooth as glass. Captain Robinson was so stunned by a fall that he scarcely recovered that night. We took it to be one mile across to Fighting Island, the island a mile wide, and two across the main channel of the river. Briars and marshes made our progress on the island slow. We passed one or two dwellings, but were not disposed to stop, as we felt that our troubles were almost ended.

On the ice again, and now for Canada. After going about a mile, the ice became exceedingly troublesome. A storm a day or two before had broken and blown it about in waves. We clambered over the great blocks slipping and sliding at every pull. Major Winston felt the ice giving way, and remarked that we were approaching an air hole, and as he turned back one foot broke through. Captain Robinson endeavored to get back, but both legs fell through, and he barely saved himself by leaning over on firm ice. Davis and Winston kneeled over and pulled him out, and almost instantly his trousers were frozen stiff. This treacherous hole had well-nigh cut short our earthly pilgrimage. Had we gone under, the current (this was the ship channel) would have washed us under the firm ice. The dark water in these places had before marked such contrast with the snow on the ice that we had little difficulty in avoiding them, but over this spray had been blown, and, freezing, became white as snow. Our situation was critical in the extreme. We would not return to the United States side and be captured, a step farther was fate, to remain in the sweeping northern wind equally fatal. Our only chance was to feel our way cautiously around this dangerous place. To avoid turning back in our confusion, Davis placed himself about ten feet in advance of the others, and under their direction made toward the north star. Poor Robinson was so worn out and stunned by his fall, he threw his arm over Winston's shoulder, who bore him on. When we felt that we could not dispense with our beacon, clouds suddenly shut out every star. Just then a light immediately before us in Canada rekindled our hopes. Davis said: "If we ever get there I'll kiss the ground." Near the shore another air hole obstructed our way. We concluded, after going up and down the beach trying for firm ice till we grew desperate, to run across one at a time, and if one broke in the others could save him. The ice did not let us in, but cracked. We were safe!

A few steps drew us to the door of a peasant woman, a Mrs.

Warrior, half French and half Indian. They were glad to see us, gave us some pies, all they had cooked, and our extreme fatigue forbade more cooking then. They laid a pallet for us before a large fire and near a large stove, both of which they kept roaring all night. Our feeling of relief can be appreciated when it is remembered that this was ten o'clock at night of the 5th of January, four days and four nights to an hour since we left prison. We had been in almost continual motion, taking out six hours for sleep on each the third and fourth nights of the trip, for ninety-six hours, had traveled as nearly as we could ascertain about one hundred and twenty-five miles in the ninety-six hours, and this, too, when our limbs had been rusting since the battle of Gettysburg, six months before. In these four days and nights we had eaten two regular meals and three snacks, counting the biscuit in the snow. Above all, we were safe under the protection of the British flag.

We arose next morning stiff, but much refreshed. Young Warrior and our party walked out on the beach before breakfast Captain Davis, pointing in the direction of our previous night's path over the broken ice, remarked: "That was a bad-looking place for people to cross." Warrior replied: "People never cross there." When we beheld the broken, tangled ice and contemplated the ship channel slightly covered with treacherous spray, we involuntarily shuddered. I suppose any soldier who spent four years in active service can refer to scenes of thrilling interest, but I am ready to declare that this night's trials on the ice were the severest of my experience.

At breakfast we were informed that some refugee Kentuckians resided near Maiden, one mile down the river. Captains Robinson's and Davis's feet being sore from frost, Major Winston visited these people to get some information from them. They occupied a large brick building, three or four in number, strong hale-looking young men, and apparently men of wealth, but the meanest Union and Confederate soldiers that met on the fields of Chickamauga or Gettysburg were too good to speak to the craven spirits who were forward in proclaiming their love of a country whose liberties they were too cowardly to defend. They were gloomy birds croaking over the prospects for Confederate people in Canada, and remarked that they would have remained on Johnson's Island. Major Winston indignantly returned to his companions. The good widow had two horses hitched to a sleigh to carry us to Windsor, thirteen miles up the river, without charge, and well so, for we had nothing with which to remunerate her. The trip was delightful to wearied pedestrians, gliding over the snow, and a good portion of the way on the river itself. We found Mr. Hiron, to whose hotel we had been recommended, a fat, chuffy Englishman, his appearance bearing marks of good living and his the countenance of an honest man. We honestly told him our situation: The Federal armies between us and our homes, we had no money, and the prospect of getting any soon quite gloomy, but we assured him that if he felt under the circumstances he could take us for some days, we would work—laborers there earning good wages—and repay him if we failed in getting means otherwise. He seemed to be touched with our story, and made us welcome to his house during our pleasure. We were much pleased to find the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, then in exile, stopping at the same house. He invited us to his room several times, and on one occasion some toasts were proposed over wine—ours, "the happiness of the distressed South." He was happy, he said, to respond. He hoped the war might soon end, and peace make us all happy again, etc. One of our party went a little further and proposed: "General Lee, and the success of the Southern arms." He shook his head and set down his glass, saying,

"No, no! in that event the Union is gone forever," and in strains of the most touching eloquence gave his trials in struggling for the Union as our fathers left it to us. He wanted fraternal feelings restored, but war was not calculated to do it. He was afraid of the means, the same sword that conquers the South might subjugate the North as well. "For this cause," he exclaimed, "I am here to-day an exile from home, family, country." That man a traitor!

Major Winston wrote to a merchant in New York, requesting a check for two hundred dollars. He promptly replied that he did not know, and did not care to know, how he got to Canada, he was only glad to serve a kinsman of his old friend in North Carolina with whom in former days he had large dealings. Major Winston received the check in a few days, and went five hundred miles down to Montreal to solicit means among our many friends, refugees, and Canadian sympathizers in that city to bring the rest of our party that far on their way to the South. He arrived at the Donegana House in Montreal a little before day, and, registering from North Carolina, retired to rest, but before breakfast received several visitors, and preparations for sending for his comrades were soon made, and they, together with some of General Morgan's scattered command, arrived next morning. We remained in the city about ten days and probably in all that time did not dine nor take tea at our hotel more than twice, being invited out. People were exceedingly kind. When the time for our departure came, ladies and gentlemen went with us to the depot, and gave us a purse of \$1,350 in gold. On our way down the St. Lawrence we stopped over a day at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, to visit the fortifications of Quebec. They appeared indeed to be the Gibraltar of America. We went one hundred and ninety miles farther down the river to Riviere du Loup, all the way from Montreal by rail, as the river was frozen. At the Riviere du Loup we started on a long journey around Maine, through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to Halifax—five hundred miles. This part of our trip we traveled on sleighs. We went by Little Grand Falls down St. John's River many miles on the ice to St. John's City. In our eagerness to get home we remained in Halifax only long enough to witness the opening of Parliament and to be honored with a dinner at the rooms of the — Club (name forgotten). We took passage on Her Majesty's mail steamer the Alpha to St. George's, Bermuda. As we sailed out of port the face of the earth was white with a thick covering of snow; a few days and nights and we were wending our way among the hills and cliffs into the harbor of St. George's. Here early spring greeted us in all her loveliness, children were picnicking on the green sward, and lambs and calves nibbling about on the grassy hills.

In a day or so the North Carolina blockade runner, the Advance, was signalled. She came bounding over the billows, bearing aloft the beautiful banner of the South. The steamer made a very short stay, and we were on our journey again. Many ships and steamers were seen, but we were quite shy of them until we could see that they were not armed. Indeed, there was but one feeling that detracted from the pleasure of this part of our trip: we felt as if we had stolen something. Fortunately, we did not fall in with the sea monsters, the ironclads, till we got in the network of the blockaders, and it was dark then, just before day. Our good and faithful steamer glided slowly among them, tacking this way and that. At one time she stopped and backed out of an encounter with a grim old warship, apparently asleep, not many waves ahead. Just as day began to dawn, the captain said: "Let her slide." She moved on the bay at the rate of ten knots; we were safe. Not yet! We struck on a sand bar within easy range of the

blockading squadron, and every effort to get off was unavailing. We signalled distress to Fort Fisher. News was flashed to Wilmington that the Advance must be captured or sunk when it grew a little lighter. The lifeboats began to drop into the water to carry the escaped prisoners to shore, just then the steamer floated off, and, going around the sand bar, made for Fort Fisher. Then we were safe!

THE BURNING OF HAMPTON, VA.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

The burning of Hampton, Va., the oldest English town in North America, by its friends and inhabitants was a patriotic act unequaled in the history of the War between the States.

This historic old town, located in Elizabeth City County, on the lower end of the Virginia peninsula, between the deep waters of the York, the James, and Chesapeake Bay, within three miles of Fortress Monroe, has been at the head of the column in every war since the country was settled.

The English found here in 1607 a small tribe of friendly Indians, called the Kecoughtan, who gave them hospitable welcome to their small village of eighteen houses and some twenty men. These Indians had large cornfields and lived sumptuously on fish, oysters, and game, with cornbread, which the English, under Capt. John Smith, enjoyed frequently at their hands.

In 1610, to avenge a murder committed by an Indian tribe some distance from them, the British sacked the village, killed twelve or fourteen of the inhabitants, and chased the remainder away. The next spring, 1611, the place was occupied by the British, fortified, and later laid out as a town, and has been in existence ever since. The town was fortunate in escaping the massacre of March, 1622. A fort was built at Old Point as early as 1609. In 1620, at the request of the citizens, the Indian name Kecoughtan was changed to Elizabeth City, after the daughter of King James I. In 1705 the town of Hampton was chartered by act of legislature in honor of the Earl of Southhampton, so we have now Elizabeth City County, and the town of Hampton.

At the beginning of the French and Indian Wars, General Braddock arrived in Hampton Roads, paid a visit to the governor of the State, then sailed around to Alexandria, and continued his march to his disastrous defeat. A large old-style cannon marks the beginning of the Braddock Road, placed by the D. A. R.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, when Lord Dunmore, the last English governor of Virginia, after burning Norfolk, attempted to land in Hampton with his motley crew of Tories and negroes, the citizens drove him off with "their trusty rifles," and captured several of his small ships. There were several other encounters with the British in which the citizens of the county and town acquitted themselves with great gallantry and bravery.

In the War of 1812, Hampton suffered severely. On the 25th of June, 1813, the British, under Admiral Cockburn, after having been repulsed near Norfolk, "turned to glut their vengeance on the little town of Hampton." Sending a force of 2,500 men, he then sailed to the mouth of Hampton Creek and shelled the town. The place was defended by 450 Virginia militia under Colonel Crutchfield, with seven small cannon. Taken in the flank by the British land force, they were compelled to abandon the town and retreat up the Peninsula, leaving it in full possession of the enemy, who held it for two days and then left it, after committing many outrages on the people. In the language of Governor Barbour,

of Virginia, "private houses were plundered; gray hairs were exposed to wanton insult; a sick man was murdered in his bed; females were publicly borne off to suffer the last degree of unutterable violence, and the house of God given over to sacrilegious outrage." The church communion plate was carried off, the church used as barracks, and the churchyard or cemetery as a slaughter pen.

By the census of 1860, Elizabeth City County had a white population of 3,180, but the next year she sent to the defense of the State one cavalry company, the Old Dominion Dragoons, Company, D, 3rd Regiment, Virginia Cavalry; one artillery company the Washington Artillery; and two companies of infantry of the 32nd Virginia Regiment, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division; besides many officers and privates to other commands, making in all more than three hundred and fifty volunteers.

The first battle of the war, Big Bethel, was fought just ten miles from Hampton, and Virginia troops took an active part in the battle. The Richmond Howitzers furnished the artillery. The only man killed in this battle, Henry Wyatt, of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, was a native of Virginia. Hampton remained in the hands of the enemy the whole war. It was converted into a negro camp, and thousands of negro men, women, and children were crowded into shacks and tents, many of whom sickened and died. "Beast" Butler commanded Fort Monroe a good part of the war, and kept up secret communication with Richmond through Miss Betty Van Lew, who was afterwards rewarded with the postmastership of Richmond by General Grant, when President, for her disloyalty to her State.

Both Grant and McClellan made Fort Monroe and vicinity their base of supplies; and large fleets of the navy were assembled in Hampton Roads to go forth to reduce Southern seacoast towns.

In the Spanish War, Hampton sent to Cuba, under General Fitz Lee, one company of infantry, Company D, 4th Virginia Regiment, which served two years, until honorably discharged, in the army of occupation.

In the World War, Hampton and vicinity sent to the front beside her men of the selective draft, a fine company of field artillery, Battery D. This battery, which had served on the Mexican Border, was used to drill other companies until late in the war, when it was sent to France. Forty-four commissioned officers were promoted from the ranks of this company to other commands. This battery has been reorganized and is now at Camp Bragg, N. C., for training, and will be ready for any emergency that may arise in the future.

Col. Jefferson C. Philips had charge of the troops that burned Hampton, and this account of the burning is in his own words:

"At that time the forces of General Magruder had moved up toward Hampton till they reached the north bank of Newbridge Creek, where they halted, and from the actions of General Magruder it was evident that he not only invited an attack from the enemy, but was anxious for them to attack. He moved his men about on that line, keeping them in touch so as to be ready to support any point. There was no demonstration on the part of the enemy. This was kept up the entire day, but no attack was made, and, with the exception of an occasional horseman at a distance, speeding away as if to carry information to Old Point or Newport News, none of them were seen.

"Late in the afternoon an order came to me to report to Magruder. I found him at the residence of Maj. George Wray, on the Back River Road—with his staff. He handed me a Northern paper and, pointing to an item which said that

the Federal forces contemplated occupying Hampton as winter quarters, said he had concluded to burn Hampton. He ordered me to take four companies, two cavalry and two infantry, and to proceed to Hampton that night and burn it.

"The companies designated were the Old Dominion Dragoons, of which I was captain, and the Mecklenburg Cavalry, Captain Goode; the Warwick Beauregards, Captain Curtis; and the York Rangers, Captain Sinclair.

"General Magruder also stated that Colonel Hodges, who would accompany us with his force, would furnish me with men to hold the cavalry horses, while my men burned the town, and also furnish a guard for the foot of the bridge.

"Accordingly, shortly after dark, we took up the line of march for the town, crossing Newmarket Bridge, which had been destroyed but partially repaired for this occasion, moved straight down the county road, stopping on the outside of the west wall of Old St. John's churchyard. Here we dismounted, the horses being taken in charge by some of Colonel Hodge's men. I then sent Lieut. G. B. Jones to inform Col. W. W. Jones and the old citizens of the town that we were in Hampton with orders to burn it.

"Colonel Hodges had furnished me with a lieutenant and twenty men, whom I placed at the foot of Hampton Bridge, telling them that if they were fired upon they would be supported. I then returned to the cross streets and made arrangements to carry out my orders, giving directions that each company should fire one quarter of the town as divided at the cross streets. They went immediately to work. About this time firing was heard at the bridge, and I sent to Colonel Hodges for reinforcements. He sent a company down at a double quick, which, on arriving at the bridge, immediately commenced firing and continued it till the fire of the enemy ceased.

"While this was going on, the soldiers had been busy and flames were seen bursting from the buildings on all sides, till it appeared that the whole town was a mass of flames.

"Having finished our work, we returned to the church wall. On my way there I remember meeting Lieut. John Wray, who had under his protection Mrs. Latimer, an old resident, and her bundle. She was very much alarmed, and I advised that she be taken to the house of Mr. Richardson, on what was known as the Beanpress lot, on county road, near Hampton, but now inside the town limits.

"As soon as arrangements were made, we started back, retracing our steps as on entering, marching up the Sawyer's Swamp road to the farm of Col. C. K. Mallory. There I found General Magruder, and reported to him that the town had been burned. We spent the remainder of the night on the grass in Colonel Mallory's yard.

"Very few houses escaped destruction, but on visiting the ruins sometime after that, I found one house—Joseph Philips's—in the part of the town I traveled through which had escaped, although somewhat burned."

Colonel Philips was promoted to colonel, and at the close of the war commanded a brigade. His home was in Elizabeth City County, and many of his men lived in Hampton.

THE CAPTURED DISPATCHES.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

While General Lee was at Berryville, Va., on his advance into Pennsylvania, in a letter, dated the 20th of June, giving President Davis a summary of existing conditions with the army and its achievements since the beginning of the campaign, he concludes thus: "If any of the brigades which I

left behind for the protection of Richmond can, in your opinion, be spared, I would like them sent to me."

On the 23d of June, while still encamped at Berryville, knowing the consternation produced with the Washington authorities by a threatening demonstration against that city, he suggested to President Davis the assembling of an army at Culpeper Courthouse, to be placed under the command of General Beauregard, the latter to be drawn from the Georgia and Carolina coast. He enumerated many reasons why there would be no movements or active operations by the Federal forces in that section before the return of frost.

He cited many occurrences in the recent past to support his conclusions and emphasized the fact that such an army could be organized, placed under the command of General Beauregard, pushed forward to Culpeper Courthouse, and threaten Washington, and it would have the effect of producing a favorable diversion from his army and would relieve any apprehension of an attack upon Richmond during the absence of his army. He considered it most important that whatever troops were used for the purpose, General Beauregard should be placed in command of them. Beauregard's presence would give magnitude to even a small demonstration and tend to perplex and confound the enemy.

He also wrote Adjutant General Cooper on the same date that the 44th North Carolina, a regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade, had been sent to relieve Corse's Brigade at Hanover Junction, to enable the latter to join its division, Pickett's, then with the army. He requested that Cooke's Brigade be sent forward also, and gave instructions as to the route they should travel.

These letters were followed by two others, dated June 25, both to President Davis, and written while encamped in the vicinity of Williamsport, Md. The first of the two letters was in reply to one from President Davis on the 19th of June. General Lee expressed the opinion that everything which would tend to repress the war feeling in the Federal States would inure to Confederate benefit, and suggested that the Confederate course ought to be so shaped as not to discourage that condition. He expressed regret that any controversy had arisen in relation to the exchange of prisoners, and also made it plain that he was not in favor of retaliation except in extreme cases; that he thought it would be better for the Confederates to suffer and be right in their own eyes and the eyes of the world, as they would gain more by such a policy in the end.

He again called attention to the fact that apprehension for the safety of Washington and their own territory had aroused the Federal government and people to great exertions. President Lincoln had called for 100,000 troops to defend the Pennsylvania frontier, and General Lee again called attention to the organization of an army in effigy to threaten Washington.

On the same date, he wrote a second letter to Davis, in which he stated that so strong was his conviction of the necessity of Confederate activity in military affairs President Davis would excuse his adverting to the subject again, notwithstanding what he had said in his previous letter of the same date. He expressed the opinion that the Confederate authorities could not afford to keep their troops awaiting possible movements of the Federals, but their true policy should be, as far as they could, to so employ their own forces as to give occupation to the Federal forces at points of Confederate selection.

In this connection it should not be forgotten that Vicksburg, Miss., located on the Mississippi River, the fall of which would open that great waterway from its source to the Gulf of Mexico and thereby sever the Confederacy into two parts,

was sorely pressed. Such a dire calamity would be followed by the loss of a great and rich territory, from which immense supplies were being received for the support of the Confederate armies. It was manifest that General Lee had great hopes of relieving the pressure on Vicksburg, as well as numerous other points, when he advanced his army into Pennsylvania. His letters distinctly demonstrated his great anxiety in behalf of the well-being of the Confederate States and the imperative necessity of military activity on the part of the Confederate armies. General Lee's letters were forwarded by special messengers, and in due season replies were written and returned by the same channel.

On the 28th of June President Davis made reply as follows:

General: Yours of the 23d received this evening, and I hasten to reply to the point presented in relation to the forces on the coast of South Carolina and Georgia. The hopes indulged as to our operations at the time which would intervene between the discharge of the enemy's trained troops and the substitution of them by others have been disappointed by the very error against which it was sought by warning to guard.

"Grant reached the river, got reënforcements, made entrenchments, and General Johnston continues to call for reënforcements, though his first requisition was more than filled by withdrawing troops from Generals Beauregard and Bragg. General Bragg is threatened with attack, has fallen back to his entrenched position at Tullahoma, and called on Buckner for aid. General Beauregard says that no troops have been withdrawn by the enemy from his front since those returned to New Bern, and that his whole force is necessary to cover his line, this being in answer to a proposition to him to follow the movement of the enemy, said to be west, with all his disposable force, pointing him at the same time to the vital importance of holding the Mississippi and communicating the fear that Vicksburg would fall unless Johnston was strongly and promptly reënforced. D. H. Hill has a small force, part of which has been brought here. Clingman's Brigade is near Wilmington; Colquitt's, Kinston; Martin's, nominally on the railroad (Weldon, etc.). Cooke's, Ransom's, and Jenkins's have been brought here, the last two for the defense of Petersburg and country thereabouts; Wise's Brigade is as you left it, engaged in the defense of Richmond, and serving in the country east of that city. The enemy have been reported in large force at White House, with indications of advance on Richmond. We are organizing companies for home defense, and the spirit of resistance is increasing. Corse's Brigade, in accordance with your orders, left Hanover Junction. All the artillery, I am informed, was taken away, and the single regiment of infantry which constituted the guard for the bridges, proved unequal to the duty, as you have no doubt learned. Reënforcements were ordered to go up, but some delay occurred, and they arrived too late to save the bridge or the brave guard which had unsuccessfully defended it. The Yankees, reported to be three regiments of cavalry, returned from the Central road in the direction of Hanover (Old Town), and nothing has been heard of them since.

"It was stated that Gen. W. H. F. Lee was captured at the house of Mr. Wickham, but I trust it will prove to be one of the startling rumors which the newsmongers invent. The advance of your army increases our want of cavalry on the north and east of the city, but, excepting one regiment from North Carolina, I do not know of any which we can expect soon to be available to us.

"In yours of the 20th you say, 'If any of the brigades that I have left behind for the protection of Richmond can, in your opinion, be spared, I should like them to be sent to me.' It has been an effort with me to answer the clamor to have

troops stopped or recalled to protect the city and the railroads communicating with your army. Corse's Brigade has gone, and Wise's is the only other left by you. Cooke's was in North Carolina, and Davis's Brigade was sent to complete Heth's Division in place of Cooke's. Ransom's and Jenkin's constitute the defense of the south side as far as Weldon, and are relied on for service elsewhere, from Wilmington to Richmond. General Elzy is positive that the enemy intend to attack here, and his scouts bring intelligence which, if I believed it, would render me more anxious for the city than at any former time. I do not believe that the Yankees have such a force as is stated, but they have enough to render it necessary to keep some troops within reach, and some at Petersburg, at least, until Suffolk is truly evacuated.

"Do not understand me as balancing accounts in the matter of brigades; I only repeat that I have not many to send you, and not enough to form an army to threaten, if not capture, Washington as soon as it is uncovered by Hooker's army. My purpose was to show you that the force here and in North Carolina is very small, and I may add that the brigades are claimed as properly of their command. Our information as to the enemy may be more full and reliable hereafter. It is now materially greater than when you were here."

General Cooper's letter is dated June 29, 1863:

General: While with the President last night, I received your letter of the 23d instant. After reading it, the President was embarrassed to understand that part of it which refers to the plan of assembling an army at Culpeper Courthouse under General Beauregard. This is the first intimation he had had that such a plan was ever in contemplation, and, taking all things into consideration, he cannot see how it can by any possibility be carried into effect. You will doubtless learn before this reaches you that the enemy has again assembled in force on the Peninsula, estimated between 20,000 and 30,000 men, from 6,000 to 10,000 of whom are reported to be in vicinity of White House and the remainder at Yorktown. It is impossible to say whether the estimated number is correct, as the several accounts vary and are not deemed altogether reliable; but the estimate, making due allowance for the errors, is quite near enough to satisfy the most incredulous that the enemy is in this vicinity in sufficient force in cavalry, artillery, and infantry to do harm, whether his purpose be to make a demonstration on Richmond or to confine himself to raids in breaking your communications and devastating the country. His efforts in the last case may prove more successful than in his first, if we may judge by what took place at Hanover only two days ago, when about 1,000 or 1,200 of his cavalry suddenly appeared there, and did some execution in breaking the railroad and burning a bridge, some buildings, public stores, etc. It was unfortunate that this raid took place only about two days after General Corse's Brigade left there for Gordonsville. Had it remained at Hanover Junction, it is reasonable to suppose that most of the enemy's cavalry would have either been destroyed or captured and the property saved from injury. Every effort is being made here to be prepared for the enemy at all points, but we must look chiefly to the protection of the capital. In doing this, we may be obliged to hazard something at other points. You can easily estimate your strength here, and I would suggest for your consideration whether, in this state of things, you might not be able to spare a portion of your force to protect your line of communication against attempted raids by the enemy."

The replies of President Davis and Adjutant General Cooper are given in full that the reader may see how much important information was secured by the capture of the

letters. When they were completed, they were delivered to the messenger to be conveyed to General Lee. The messenger proceeded on his dangerous mission, dangerous because communication, in part, with Lee's army was not guarded. He was without mishap, however, until he reached Hagerstown, Md., where he was captured on the 2nd of July, and the letters were taken from him. The importance of the letters being recognized, they were hurried to General Meade, who was in command of the Federal army at Gettysburg, and who received them on the 3rd of July, and thence their contents were wired to Halleck, Commander in Chief of the Federal Armies, at Washington, and received by that officer at 4.10 A.M. on the 4th of July. At the time these letters were received by General Meade, there was considerable uncertainty in the council of his several officers as to what was the best policy to be pursued by the Federal army, then confronting the Army of Northern Virginia at Gettysburg. The facts related in the two letters of Lee and Cooper plainly showed that there were no available reinforcements to send to Lee, and no troops to be spared for the formation of the desired army in effigy to be used as a threat against Washington. All troops, except Corse's Brigade, were retained for the defense of Richmond, which appeared to be in great danger of assault by a superior Federal force.

The Federal authorities were in possession of all the facts which were burdening the Confederate authorities in their strenuous efforts to meet adverse and threatening conditions from numerous points. Capt. Ulric Dahlgren, of Hooker's staff, realizing the importance of the dispatches, hurried with them to General Meade, was complimented for his promptness, and was subsequently promoted to the rank of colonel.

In the early spring of 1864, Colonel Ulric Dahlgren was attached to a cavalry expedition, numbering approximately 4,000 troopers, with a battery of artillery. The expedition was in command of Brig. Gen. Judson Kilpatrick and crossed the Rapidan River at Ely's Ford, and, passing the right flank of the Confederate army, made a dash toward Richmond for the purpose of liberating the Federal prisoners of war confined on Belle Isle and in Libby Prison. With about 500 troopers, Col. Dahlgren withdrew from the main body, passed near Frederick's Hall, and reached the James River at a point above Richmond, crossed, and moved down on the south side of that river. Kilpatrick, who approached Richmond on its north side, was met by a sufficient force to prevent his entrance within the defenses of that city, hence he failed to execute his part of the scheme, and the failure of Dahlgren's part followed as a result. As their plans went awry, both parties were forced to seek return to the Federal lines under adverse conditions, and Dahlgren was ambushed and lost his life, while many of his men were captured and killed.

An address, alleged to have been found on Colonel Dahlgren's dead body, is shown to have contained the following paragraph; "We hope to release the Federal prisoners from Belle Isle first, and, having seen them fairly started, we will cross the river into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, and not allow the rebel leader, Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape." This paragraph called forth heated articles from the Confederate newspapers, and an extended correspondence between the civil and military authorities of both sections. The official authority of the paragraph was wholly denied by Kilpatrick, followed by Meade's denial also.

The matter was submitted to General Lee by Secretary of War James A. Seddon, who said that he was inclined to encourage the execution of at least a portion of those who were

captured with Colonel Dahlgren at the time he was killed, and the publication of the papers as its justification.

General Lee concurred with Mr. Seddon in encouraging a formal publication of the papers under official authority, that our people and the world might know the character of the war our enemies waged against us and the unchristian and atrocious acts they plotted and perpetrated. But he could not recommend the execution of the prisoners that had fallen into Confederate hands. Assuming that the address and special orders of Colonel Dahlgren correctly stated his designs and intentions, they were not executed, and he believed, even in a legal point of view, acts, in addition to intentions, were necessary to constitute crime. The papers could not be considered evidence of Colonel Dahlgren's intentions. He said much more which reflects a similar sentiment. Here again is seen a display of the exalted character of General Lee. While others in high position were disposed to clamor for the blood of those who were captured with Colonel Dahlgren, General Lee retained his great poise and counseled moderation. Thus the matter ended.

HAPPY ON THE WAY.

The following letter from W. W. Hunt, of Mansfield, La., formerly of Shreveport, a long-time friend and worker for the VETERAN, has a message of cheer which will be appreciated generally. In his long and active life he has ever been ready to do for others as well as himself, which has helped him to keep optimistic and cheerful. He writes on September 2:

"Dear Veteran: I am to-day eighty-six years young, and in splendid health, with unusual strength and activity of body for one of my years. I attend all Confederate reunions and at the ball they always give us I dance every set without fatigue. I have a boy's appetite and can eat anything I choose with impunity. I can retire any hour after dark and go to sleep nearly as quick as a boy or baby, and I seldom awake more than one time before day. My eyesight is good; I read and write without glasses and can thread a fine sewing needle without using them. My hearing is somewhat imperfect, though it is getting better every day—in fact, I consider myself good along all lines, and I am getting better and better every day. Yes, I have put my veto on 'this old age business.' As Sanford Bennett says, it is nothing but a disease (but a very contagious one), and I have found the remedy. I am under an agreement, or contract, to become a centenarian, and I mean to be loyal to that contract; but it will take right living and right thinking to bring about that consummation.

"As a Confederate soldier, I have nine scars on my body as proof of my loyalty to our Confederate cause. Yes, I passed through that struggle from start to finish, and I am proud of it. I consider it a distinguished honor to have been a Confederate soldier. I enlisted as a twelve-month volunteer in the Macon Volunteers, Company B, 2nd Georgia Battalion, early in 1861, and served in that command till the fall of 1864, when I got a transfer to Company E, 3rd Georgia Regiment, Wright's Georgia Brigade. The 2nd Georgia Battalion at that time belonged to the same brigade. I was offered a first lieutenantcy in that regiment. While stationed at Norfolk the first year of the war, I saw the engagement between the Virginia (Merrimac) and the Monitor. I witnessed the wreck of the two Federal vessels, the Cumberland and Congress, and it was a signal victory for the Virginia. The Monitor drew only six feet of water, while the Virginia drew eighteen, hence the Virginia could not follow the Monitor into shallow water.

"When our twelve months' time was up, we went home,

stayed ten days, organized, and went back to the Army of Northern Virginia, where we remained till the close of the war. I got a wound in the right hip and right thigh at Gettysburg, the 2nd day of July, and was taken prisoner, lay out on the battle field all night, remained at the General Gettysburg Hospital two months, was transferred to Baltimore Hospital, remained there a month, was paroled, and in four months was exchanged. In the meantime I got a discharge, yet I went back to my command. I was wounded in the side on the 23rd of June, 1864, in front of Petersburg, and on February 7, 1865, I was wounded in the right arm and right shoulder, at Hatcher's Run, seven miles south of Petersburg. I remained in Stewart's Hospital, Richmond, several weeks, till I was able to travel. The latter part of March I got a furlough and was at home when General Lee surrendered, though it was quite a while before my wounds were healed.

"I had a most delightful time at the Memphis reunion, and I must say that if Dallas measures up to Memphis in point of hospitality, or in every respect that goes to make a Confederate reunion a complete success, she will have to get a hump on herself, for the Confederate soldier was never treated better at any general reunion than he was at Memphis—at least that is my opinion.

"After the reunion I went to Georgia on a visit to relatives and friends in Atlanta, Macon, and surrounding country. I met a most hearty welcome, which made my stay in Georgia quite enjoyable. On my return trip, I went to Stone Mountain, where I had the pleasure of looking into the face of that grand patriot, Gen. Robert E. Lee, who in every respect is one of the truly great men of the world; and that memorial, when finished, will stand for all time without a parallel in its conception and completion and in the magnitude of its dimensions and durability.

"The VETERAN is always a welcome visitor. It is a magazine that should find a place in every Southern home where the heartbeats of its inmates are in sympathy with our Confederate cause. I consider it a patriotic duty to subscribe for it, and as long as I can raise a dollar and a half, I shall do so."

A SLAVE'S DEVOTION.

The story of Levy Carnine, one of the South's foremost negro heroes during the War between the States and who was buried in the cemetery at Mansfield, La., is unusual in the annals of the great war, and his valorous deeds are perhaps unparalleled in the history of negro activities during the four years of harrowing warfare.

The following is taken from the *Mansfield Enterprise*:

"About twenty feet west of the monument marking the resting place of eighty-six unknown Confederate soldiers in the cemetery here, and in the very midst of the hundreds of small headstones marking the graves of Confederate soldiers, will be seen a modest marble slab with the inscription, 'Levy Carnine.'

"Levy Carnine was a negro, and it is passing strange to see his grave in a white people's cemetery, and particularly in the midst of a band of Confederate soldiers. The story of this colored dandy is as follows:

"At the beginning of the War between the States Levy was a slave belonging to Dr. Hogan, of Mansfield. When Capt. Jesse Williams was organizing the Pelican Rifles, the first company to leave DeSoto Parish for the Confederate army, young Dr. Hogan, who was studying medicine, joined the Pelican Rifles, and when the company left for Virginia as a part of the 2nd Louisiana Infantry, Levy, a bright mulatto boy, went with his young master as cook and body servant.

He served as cook and washwoman for Dr. Hogan's mess: until his young master fell mortally wounded in one of the great battles around Richmond. Levy was near at hand, and he bore the body of his young master to a hospital, where he nursed him until his death, when he buried the body, marked the grave, and returned to the regiment and reported to Capt. Jesse Williams, who had become colonel of the regiment. He told Levy to stay with him, and that he would send him home as quickly as possible, and from that moment Levy was the faithful bodyguard and servant of the colonel, who was soon made a brigadier general. However, General Williams was killed on the field of battle, and Levy again buried a master in a soldier's grave and returned to the regiment, where he said, he "took up with the boys" and served them faithfully, going into a number of battles with them. Finally all communication was cut between Richmond and the west side of the Mississippi River, and the boys had not been heard from in many months. They all wrote letters to their families and friends, gave them to Levy, with enough greenbacks to pay his expenses, and told him to desert to the Yankees and make his way through the North and back to Mansfield with the letters. This difficult task he accomplished successfully and delivered the letters safely, which was the first news the recipients had received from their soldier boys in many months. Levy was kept in town for some weeks at the drug store of Dr. Gibbs, where he was kept busy telling people about their boys that went off with the Pelican Rifles, most of whom had been killed in battle, and Levy Carnine was then recognized as a hero.

"There were one hundred and fifty-one enlistments in the Pelican Rifles and only thirty-two returned alive, and all but one had been wounded. The maimed veterans kept up their organization after the war, and the name of Levy Carnine was carried on their roll as an honorary member. After he returned from Virginia, he again went to the war with Mr. Ben Rush Hogan, who had become old enough to enter the service, and served him faithfully to the end.

"He lived in Mansfield, honored and respected, for a number of years after the war, and when he died, the few survivors of the Pelican Rifles bore all the expenses of his funeral and marched in a body to the graveyard, where they laid his body at rest and marked his grave with the modest slab, amidst the graves of the Confederate soldiers whom he had loved and served so faithfully. As long as a survivor of the Pelican Rifles lived in Mansfield his grave was decorated with the graves of the Confederate soldiers.

"Levy Carnine's skin was not white, but there was not a stain on his record as a true and honored man."

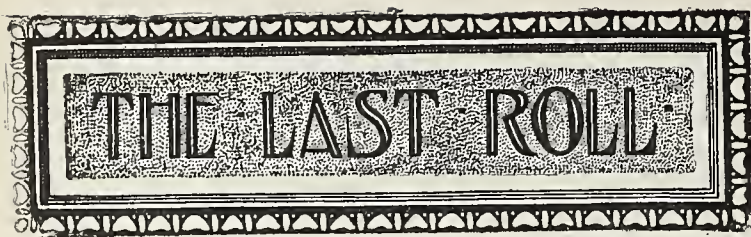
THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

Nothing of his tale is known,
Only that he fought the fight.
Now he comes into his own,
Sleeping in the halls of night.

Other soldiers lost to fame
Have their silent battles fought,
And we call them each by name,
Of the struggle knowing naught.

Vanished name and hidden deed—
Glorious your high repute;
'Tis of you the world has need—
Unknown soldiers, we salute!

—New York Herald.



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

THE SOLDIER SLEEPS.

(In memory of Comrade Hudson, who died at the Confederate Home, Columbia, S. C., March, 1922.)

The flag is furled, the muffled drum
Within his tent is lying;
His messmates, when the roll call's done,
In monotone replying,
Are still to him on dress parade,
With rifles bright and true,
While distant cannon tell the tale
Of dense ranks clad in blue.

"Attention, men!" the major calls;
"Can I depend on you
To uphold the honor of our cause
And take this banner through?
Shall the cause of Southern rights prevail
Or go down in defeat
Before the storm of jealous foes,
Or will Lee's men retreat?"

"Step twenty paces to the front,
The men who'll follow me,
To take that battery in yon wood,
And present it to our Lee."
Five hundred gray-clad soldiers moved
As one man bold and free.
Two hundred gave their precious blood,
But gave the guns to Lee.

The soldier sleeps, the victory's won;
The sentry's task is o'er;
The moss is running on the gun,
The rifle speaks no more.
His Chief now sleeps beneath the sod,
All orders have been given;
Our soldier now reports to God
For future work in heaven.

—S. L. Osborne, Augusta, Ga.

E. COTTINGHAM.

E. Cottingham, a prominent citizen of Waycross, Ga., and a member of Waycross Camp, No. 819 U. C. V., died on August 31, 1924. He was also a member of the Methodist Church and of the Knights of Pythias. Enlisting in the early part of the War between the States, Comrade Cottingham served to the end in Company H, 1st South Carolina Infantry, A. N. V. He was connected with the police force of Waycross for over twenty years. It won't be long before all of us old veterans will join Brother Cottingham on the other side of the river, where there will be no more shot and shell, and God will be in command.

[T. E. Etheridge, Adjutant.]

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

From Mrs. B. K. Sessums, newly elected correspondent for the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., of Columbus, the following deaths are reported of veterans of that community:

George Boyd, born February 19, 1847; died November 22, 1923. He enlisted for the Confederacy in the fall of 1862, at Aberdeen, Miss., under Col. William Lowry and Capt. James Moore. He married early in life, his wife living but a few months. Later on he married Miss Lily Halbert, of Lowndes County, and a son and daughter were born to them and survive him. His third wife was Miss Ida Craddock, of one of the aristocratic families of Mississippi, who also survives with a son.

Joseph M. Street, born June 18, 1840, in Alabama; died June 11, 1924, at Columbus, Miss. He went with the first troops from Columbus to Pensacola, Fla., his company being called the Columbus Riflemen; and surrendered in North Carolina under Joseph E. Johnston.

Lemuel Donelson, born August 6, 1846; died December 11, 1923, at the home of his daughter in Columbus; enlisted in Aberdeen, Miss., January, 1863, as a member of Sanders's Independent Battalion, Company C, Capt. J. C. Brock, and served until the surrender; was never transferred nor discharged, and was in actual service when the regiment surrendered at Washington, Ga. He was married to Miss Annie Bowen, of Aberdeen, and reared an interesting family, two daughters surviving him. Mr. Donelson was a gentleman of the old school, whose culture and intellect made for him friends in the highest walks of life, and his kind and sympathetic nature made all classes love him.

J. T. McShan, born October 4, 1844, in Union District, S. C.; died April 13, 1924, at McShan, Ala. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church forty-three years, and was a fine Christian character. There being no Camp of Veterans near his home in Alabama, he was always invited to the entertainments of veterans and Daughters of Lowndes County, Miss., just across the State line, and made many friends by his genial manner. He was a member of Company C, 24th Alabama Regiment, served three years, and was wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn. He was a subscriber to the VETERAN for many years.

Lemuel Lary, born in North Carolina, May, 1845; died at Columbus, Miss., December 28, 1923. He married Miss Virginia Locke, of North Carolina, and their years together were more than a half century, and she survives him. He enlisted at the beginning of the war in a North Carolina regiment, and was a valiant soldier until its close. He was a member of Isham Harrison Camp, U. C. V., of Columbus.

THOMAS W. KENNERLY.

Thomas Washington Kennerly, who died at Rockdale, Tex., on September 8, aged eighty-four years, was born in Mississippi, but reared in Point Coupee Parish, La., where he enlisted in the War between the States, in 1861, and served under Colonel Williams in Company E, 2nd Louisiana Regiment. He was wounded in the chest by a Minie ball at the battle of Morgan's Ferry, now the town of Melville, on the Atchafalaya River, the ball passing entirely through his body barely missing the heart. After lying in the field hospital six weeks, he recovered and was able to join his company going to Richmond, Va., where he fought in the seven day battles around Richmond, in the Valley campaign, and at the battle of Malvern Hill, and was at the battle of Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson was wounded. Comrade Kennerly possesses the unique distinction of having had a personal acquaintance with the three greatest figures of the South.

Confederacy—Gens. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and the first and only President of the Confederate States, Jefferson Davis.

In his early life Kennerly was married to Miss Mary Graham, of Alabama. Their two children died in infancy, and his wife followed later, leaving him without family ties in his old age; but he was tenderly cared for in the family of Branch Lewis, at Rockdale, and his last hours were peaceful and happy. He was a faithful member of the Baptist Church. Following the funeral rites at the grave, the Daughters of the Confederacy read the burial ritual of their order and placed Confederate flag over his grave.

He was a member of Camp Sam Davis, U. C. V., of Rockdale, and was the third member of this Camp to pass over the river during the year 1924.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF SAVANNAH, GA.

On August 28 the spirit of our comrade and friend, John R. Mason, passed over the river to join many loved companions of the long ago. His war service for the Confederacy was with the old and famous Washington Artillery, of Charleston, S. C., and with it he served long and faithfully, surrendering with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., April 9, 1865. After the war, he made Savannah his home, where he married Miss Theodore Purse, who survives him with three daughters and one son, all of Savannah. Comrade Mason had been building inspector for the city of Savannah, and previously was a contractor and builder, having erected some of the most prominent buildings of the city. He was a quiet, retiring nature, devoted to his family and home, true to his friends, a worthy citizen.

On March 11, Comrade Charles R. Herron died at his home in Savannah, after several weeks' confinement from a serious injury. His wife and only sister died some years ago, and he leaves but a single relative, so far as known. At the beginning of the War between the States he was living with his mother near Pensacola, Fla. The home was burned by the enemy, and they refuged to Alabama, and at Pollard he was put in charge of supplies in the Quartermaster's Department. Desiring more active service, in the summer of 1862, at or near Greenville, Ala., he joined a company known as the Pittville Dragoons, of an Alabama cavalry regiment; later on he joined General Bragg's army in Kentucky, and was present at the battle of Murfreesboro in the fall of 1863; was transferred to the 3rd Alabama Cavalry, Wheeler's Corps; was with Longstreet in Virginia, again with the Army of Tennessee, surrendering with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. He went to Savannah at the close of war and entered the cotton brokerage business, in which he was successful, retiring some years ago. His wife was Mrs. Anna Rey. He was a devoted member of the Catholic Church and of the Confederate Camp of Savannah.

D. B. Morgan, Secretary.]

COBB-DELONEY CAMP, ATHENS, GA.

Report is made of the death of Thomas Elder Middlebrooks, of Cobb-Deloney Camp, U. C. V., Athens, Ga., at the age of eighty-five years. He enlisted in Clarke County Ga., in Captain Vincent's Company A, 3rd Georgia Regiment, Wright's Brigade. He was sent home on furlough in 1864, and the soldiers who were at home on furlough were called upon to keep Sherman from going through Georgia. Comrade Middlebrooks lost a leg at Griswoldville, Ga., on Sherman's march through the State.

He had been a member of the Baptist Church since childhood.

JOSEPH I. HILLER.

The death of J. I. Hiller at his home in Plains, Ga., removed from his home and the association of his companions one of the most beloved members of Camp Sumter, No. 642 U. C. V.

Comrade Joe Hiller was born March 24, 1843, and died July 30, 1924, in his eighty-second year. He enlisted at the age of eighteen, and was actively in the service during the four years of war in company C, 13th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, under Capt. William Lester, McGowan's Brigade. He was twice wounded, at Manassas and at Gettysburg, and was with Lee at the surrender at Appomattox.

Soon after the surrender, Comrade Hiller was married to Miss Catherine Gaughman, of Newberry, S. C., and she survives him with one son and four daughters. Three years after his marriage he moved from South Carolina to Southwest Georgia, where he had since been closely affiliated with matters pertaining to social, business, political, educational, and religious life. It is worthy of note that he was most intimately identified with the Lutheran Church, as a member of its board of officials, and for many years was superintendent of the Sunday school of that Church. For a number of years he served as chairman of the Sumter County Board of Education.

In memorial resolutions in honor of this comrade, it is stated that "in the death of Comrade J. I. Hiller Camp Sumter has lost one of her most loyal, beloved, and devoted members."

[W. T. Moore, J. B. Nicholson, M. P. Persons, Committee.]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HAWKINS.

On August 15, 1924, a gallant soldier laid down his arms and went to rest on the other shore. The call came suddenly, but there was no need for Benjamin Franklin Hawkins to make a last peace with God, he so lived his life—gentle, sweet, kindly, God-fearing—that at whatever hour the summons came he was ready to answer: "Here."

Benjamin Franklin Hawkins was born September 5, 1845, at Raleigh, Shelby County, Tenn. When but a lad of sixteen years he enlisted in the Confederate army at Cuba, Tenn. He was taken to Memphis and sworn in for Confederate service June 11, 1861. From 1861 to 1862 he was a member of Company A, 21st Tennessee Infantry, Pillow's Brigade, Polk's Division, Army of the West. In 1862, being under age, and having completed the one year of service for which he enlisted, he was honorably discharged at Tupelo, Miss. He immediately entered the service again, and served on the Confederate government transport, The Cotton Plant, from 1862 to 1863. In the winter of 1863, he joined Forrest's Cavalry, Company C, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Rucker's Brigade, Chalmer's Division, and served with Forrest until the surrender, receiving his parole at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865.

A letter from Comrade J. T. George, Mayfield, Ky., reads: "There was no better soldier in our company than Ben Hawkins; there was no better companion in camp and on the march than Ben Hawkins. He was a great gentleman under all conditions and circumstances."

In 1870 Comrade Hawkins married Miss Nancy Ward. She died some twelve years ago, but he cherished her memory fondly, and each day found him doing some act of kindness because "It would please Nannie." Three sons and two daughters are left to sorrow, and their grief will be the deeper for the memory of his ever-loving indulgence.

A devoted father, a kindly neighbor, a loyal citizen; he will be sadly missed.

JAMES T. ROARK.

The hearts of many old neighbors and friends were saddened by the death of James T. Roark, which occurred on June 30, 1924. He was born near Hermann, Mo., and had lived his life near and in New Haven, Mo.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, he enlisted in the Confederate army and served in General Price's cavalry, making the record of a loyal and valiant soldier. He was never given his discharge from the army, being in a hospital at Vicksburg, Miss., at the time of Lee's surrender—so he died in the service.

He was a man of marked intellectual gifts, a gentleman of quiet courtesy, kind as a neighbor, and affectionate in his domestic relations.

Mr. Roark was married to Miss Nellie Jane Chiles on May 13, 1863, and reared their three sons. His wife died four years ago, also one son, two sons surviving him. He made his home with the younger son, Gordon Roark, of New Haven, and in his comfortable room in this home were furnishings and pictures of his old home and loved ones, among which he spent many happy hours and with the dear ones left. He enjoyed reading, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was one of his delights. His life was one of spotless integrity, and to his children is left the heritage of a good name, untarnished by any unworthy act or deed.

Mr. Roark was a member of the Presbyterian Church and came often to the M. E. Church, South, here, his own Church not being represented in the community.

So after eighty-two years of life and love, joys and sorrow, his body was given back to mother earth amid flowers and tears of loving friends, in the beautiful New Haven Cemetery.

JOHN PITTMAN HUMPHREYS.

The death of John Pittman Humphreys, on August 20, 1924, in Collierville, Tenn., removed from our community one of the few remaining Confederate veterans.

He was born in Marshall County, Miss., August 23, 1847, being the eldest son of John W. and Ann Turner Humphreys. His education was received in Chalmers Institute, of Holly Springs, Miss., and, finishing his academic course, he was preparing for the study of law when he entered the Confederate army. In May, 1863, not being quite sixteen, he enlisted in Company C, 18th Mississippi Cavalry, and served under General Forrest throughout the remainder of the war.

During Forrest's campaign in Middle Tennessee, he acted as courier to General Rucker, a position of trust.

On January 23, 1872, he was married to Miss Margaret Emily Canon, of Holly Springs, Miss. Five children blessed this happy union, all of whom survive, with four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Mrs. Humphreys died in 1910, and during the latter years of his life he had the devoted care of his daughter, Ann Turner Humphreys, who was his companion in the home.

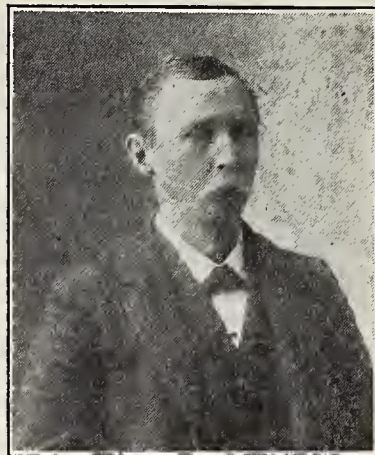
Mr. Humphreys was a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church and a Mason. He came to Collierville in 1876, and to the time of his death remained actively interested in the upbuilding of his town and community. He served many terms as mayor and vice mayor, was a member of the Shelby County Court for fifteen years, and chairman for one term.

The Louisa Bedford Chapter, U. D. C., loses a loyal friend. He was a devoted husband and father, a brave soldier, a good citizen, a Christian. "God's finger touched him and he slept."

[Mrs. B. M. Cowan, President, Louisa Bedford Chapter, U. D. C.]

MAJ. OWEN BROWN.

Maj. Owen Brown, one of the most prominent men of his county, died at his home in Yazoo City, Miss., on July 26, 1924, after a short illness.



MAJ. OWEN BROWN.

Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Catholic Church, and the honorary pallbearers were comrades of Camp No. 126 U. C. V., of which he was Commander.

Major Brown was born in Octibbeha County, Miss., in October, 1844. He was but a boy when the War between the States came on, but he soon offered his services and gave valiant account of himself in Company M, of Col. Wirt Adams's Mississippi Cavalry.

When the war was over and attempts at reconstruction of lost fortunes were being made, he went to Yazoo City and became one of the prominent business men of the community. He was married in 1879 to Miss Loretta O'Keefe, who survives him with their five daughters.

Major Brown was one of the most prominent men in all lines of activities which the county had ever produced. He was eminently successful in a business way and won the respect and esteem of all with whom he had business dealings or with whom he came in contact. He was a planter, a merchant, cotton factor, besides being vice president of the bank of Yazoo City and president of the People's Warehouse Company, two of the most extensive businesses in Yazoo City, in all of which he displayed keen business judgment. He was also prominent in the Confederate veteran organization of the State, having served as Commander of a Mississippi Brigade, U. C. V., and at the time of his death was major on the staff of Gen. W. M. Wroten, commanding the Mississippi Division. He was also Commander of Camp No. 176 U. C. V., and had been its Adjutant.

From resolutions passed by the Camp, the following taken:

"Resolved: By the Yazoo County Camp, No. 176 U. C. V. that in the death of Maj. Owen Brown, the galaxy of Confederate veterans has lost one of its brightest stars, this Camp has lost one of its most able, loyal, and lovable members, and the State of Mississippi one of its most devoted and estimable citizens.

"Resolved further, That we take great pride in the fact that a man of such character, ability, and attainments as Major Brown possessed is numbered as one of our most loyal comrades in war and peace."

[J. B. Mattingly, Adjutant; S. S. Griffin, R. M. Ever, J. W. Thompson, J. W. Castles, C. M. Winstead.]

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The following comrades of Lowndes County, Miss., have passed to the other side during 1923 and to date:

G. W. Boyd, J. B. Brooks, L. Donelson, J. D. Faulkner, L. Lary, J. T. McShan, N. P. O'Neill, J. M. Street, F. Tarleton, H. M. Teasdale.

[W. A. Love, President Confederate Pension Board, Columbus, Miss.]

CAPT. JOHN S. REID.

Capt. John S. Reid, Commander of R. T. Davis Camp, No. 759 U. C. V. at Eatonton, Ga., for the past fourteen years, passed over July 16, 1924. He was born December 21, 1839. On the first call for troops in 1861, he volunteered with the Brown Rifles, a company composed of the finest young men of Putnam County, Ga., who left Eatonton April 26, 1861, and were mustered in at Portsmouth, Va., with nine other companies of Georgia, as the 3rd Georgia Infantry, Col. A. R. Wright.

The Putnam company was made Company B, and was commanded by Capt. R. B. Nisbet. The members of these ten companies were the best young men of Georgia.

The 3rd Georgia Regiment was in Wright's Brigade, which, in the battle of Malvern Hill, was farthest forward and later was in Longstreet's Corp. A. N. V., to the end.

At Sharpsburg, in the bloody lane, Lieutenant Reid was wounded in the thigh and carried out by his brave companion, W. I. Holoman. Later, Captain Reid was with his command in the advance of Longstreet at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, when the attacking troops gained a farther point than did Pickett on the 3rd. At this highest point, Captain Reid was wounded in the foot, disabled, and left in the hands of the enemy, and was held a prisoner to the close of the war.

Captain Reid was one of the bravest of brave soldiers, one of the gentlest of gentlemen. Elected third lieutenant, he was promoted until he was captain at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and due to be major.

Captain Reid was born in Putnam County, and lived here nearly eighty-five years, some of that time in town, and some on his farm.

After the war he took an active part in preserving Southern civilization. He was a member of the Camp from its organization, a Christian gentleman, a good citizen, a most lovable man. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Eatonton.

[Robert Young, Adjutant.]

MAJ. J. A. H. GRANBERRY.

Maj. J. A. H. Granberry was born in Talbot County, Ga., on the 10th of January, 1838, and died at his home in Waverly Hall, Harris County, Ga., on the 18th of July, 1924, in his eighty-seventh year. "Uncle Jim," as he was affectionately called, is survived by his wife and one son, Silas, of Washington, D. C.

Major Granberry enlisted in Company B, of the 20th Georgia Regiment, in the early part of 1862, and soon after he was appointed sergeant major of the regiment, which position he held until the surrender at Appomattox. He was a member of the Baptist Church, a Christian gentleman, a brave soldier, a good citizen, a kind husband and father. After the War between the States, he went to Texas and located at Douglasville, in Cass County, where he taught school for a number of years. I knew J. A. H. Granberry for sixty-two years, and in his death I have lost one of my best friends, an old army comrade and messmate.

[J. W. Lokey, Byars, Okla.]

R. J. PADEN.

Report is made by E. D. Edwards, of Fresno, Calif., of the death, at Los Angeles, of R. J. Paden, on June 18, a member of Sterling Price Camp No. 1030 U. C. V., and who served with Company D, Ford's Battalion of Cavalry. He was a pioneer of that section and had reached the age of seventy-one years.

J. MCC. MARTIN.

In the death of Jonathan McCaleb Martin, of Port Gibson, Miss., one of the prominent men of Claiborne County and Mississippi, and a historical character has passed away. Born on the Talbot Plantation, his father a Marylander, his mother of Mississippi, he early imbibed the cardinal virtues of patriotism and religion. He was educated in private schools and at the University of Virginia, and early in the War between the States he enlisted under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and his distinguished gallantry on the battle field of Harrisburg, as elsewhere, is a part of historic record.

When the South stacked its arms, he turned to complete his academic education and study law in New Orleans, during which time he joined with Capt. Frank McCloin, as a private in that memorable battle of the 14th of September on the levee front of New Orleans to overthrow the hordes of radicalism, and from this experience he helped to establish law and order in the revolution of 1875 in his State.

Mr. Martin was preëminently a lawyer and gave the best of his legal talent in many important cases that came before the Mississippi bar. He was a practical Christian, and his charity of good deeds and words to high and low, rich and poor, cannot be measured. The summary of his life is well expressed in this: Born a Southern gentleman, serving as a gallant soldier of the Southern cause, a leader in reconstruction days, a constructive legislator, an advocate of agricultural supremacy, faithful Christian, devoted husband, a staunch friend.

The work of his life was well and amply done, and his services had the appreciation of his fellow men while he was with them, as attested in resolutions by civic committees and clubs from the days of reconstruction. His life was an inspiration and an example to those who follow on.

BEN HOUSTON.

Ben Houston, age eighty-two years, one of the best known and highest regarded citizens of Marshall County, Ky., died on August 21, 1924, at his home in Gilbertsville, after some months of failing health.

Born in McClain County, Ky., he served in the Confederate army as a member of Company E, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, under General Morgan. He gave four years to the cause of the South, eighteen months of which were spent as a prisoner in Chicago. For the past thirty-six years he had been a merchant at and near Gilbertsville and was one of the strongest leaders in the community.

He was a member of the Baptist Church, and belonged to the order of Odd Fellows. Several years ago he served as magistrate for his district.

Besides his wife, he is survived by five daughters and three sons. Funeral services were held at Province Chapel Baptist Church, and he was laid to rest in the Chapel Cemetery.

O. B. WILLSON.

Octavius Brooke Willson, who served as one of "Morgan's Men" in the Confederate army, died at his country home in Shelby County, Ky., August 12, 1924, at the age of eighty years. He had been in failing health for about two years, but was critically ill only nine days.

In faith he was an ardent Old School Baptist.

Fifty-seven years ago he was united in marriage to Miss Anna Elizabeth Demaree, who survives him with four sons and two daughters.

After returning from war, he devoted himself to farming, having lived on the farm where he died fifty-two years.

[His daughter, Miss Annie Willson, Pleasureville, Ky.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
2440 Third Street

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Avenue

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North J Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
5233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: We are looking forward to the annual convention with peculiar pleasure. As you know, Savannah, the Georgia city of historic fame, has been chosen for the 1924 meeting place of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the dates selected are from November 18 to 22.

We feel that these great annual gatherings are the most important events in the year, for they bring forcibly before us for consideration the many plans for the work of the year to come, as well as the record of accomplishment of the year past.

You have responded so promptly, so willingly and graciously to every request that your President General feels no hesitancy in once again pointing out some of the things which remain to be done. I feel that your generosity is so unbounded that it requires only the proper presentation of the needs for the tasks to be accomplished.

Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General, has sent the convention call and the credential blanks to the Division Presidents, and they should be in the hands of the Chapter Presidents when this letter reaches you. It is of first importance to see that these papers have the proper attention.

When you receive the credential blanks, remember the instructions to send one to your Division President, after being properly filled out; one to Mrs. W. N. C. Merchant, Chatham, Va., Chairman of the Committee on Credentials; and to keep the third for the delegate to present in person to the committee upon arrival in Savannah. Should your Chapter not have received these papers by the time you read this, communicate with your Division President at once. Your representation at Savannah depends upon this matter, hence the importance of correct handling of these papers.

Railroad Certificate—When purchasing one-way tickets to Savannah, be sure to request certificate receipts from the ticket agents. All ticket agents are supplied with these standard form certificate receipts, but, in the event the supply at any office may be exhausted, ticket agents will issue improvised receipts on request, and such receipts will be honored in Savannah. If all delegates request receipts when purchasing tickets, I feel sure that no difficulty will be experienced. Certificates will not be sent to small towns except upon request, and I would suggest that the delegates ask the railroad agents now to secure the certificates.

The attention of the President General has been called to the fact that South Carolina is not the only State where there is a flourishing Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in a college for women.

At Baylor College for Women, Belton, Tex., a splendid Chapter exists. The twenty-seventh annual convention of

the Texas Division was held in this historic institution of learning, October, 1923, and, as the President of the Texas Division says, "no pen picture can portray the genuine hospitality that the delegates and visitors of the convention enjoyed as guests of this college for three days."

The President General is glad to record the work of this Chapter, for our women students of to-day will be better citizens of to-morrow for having lived as part of an organization which stands for the noblest traditions and highest ideals of the spirit of our fathers.

Your President General has asked each former President General to send a message to the United Daughters of the Confederacy through her monthly letter to the VETERAN. This month, a letter has come from Miss Poppemheim, who was on board the Steamship America en route to Europe when the letter was written. The letter follows:

"AT SEA, STEAMSHIP AMERICA, August 20, 1924.

"My Dear Mrs. Harrold: As you asked me to write you a few words for your letter for the VETERAN. I am sending you this with my best wishes for your plans for the Savannah convention.

"I noticed with satisfaction, in one of your letters, Mrs. Smythe's words of appreciation of the value of our work in the bestowal of the Crosses of Service as a means of holding the interest of the youth of our country in our special epoch of American history. I am glad to know that you also feel the importance of this special work of ours for descendants of Confederate veterans.

"You and Mrs. Smythe represent two generations of Presidents General of the U. D. C. I would have made my plea for this work had she not done it, for I am convinced that the future life of the United Daughters of the Confederacy depends on our capacity to hold the interest, enthusiasm, and love of our young people for the cause which it would memorialize.

"It is the personal that appeals to youth, something they can take part in, and so, our educational work is doing this. These Crosses of Service are doing this, and there is another place where I feel that the U. D. C. may touch a nerve center of American youth. I have long wanted to see the general society establish at the United States Military Academy, West Point, an annual prize for the graduating class of, perhaps, a dress sword, to memorialize Mr. Davis and General Lee on exactly the lines we are memorializing Commodore Maury at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

"Mr. Davis and General Lee were both graduates from the academy, and General Lee had so prominent a place at West Point that we would do well to impress his matchless qualities on the young officers who come out yearly to be a governing part of the United States army of the future.

"This endeavor might be considered as historical or educational work, and so might be placed in either of these departments.

"I hope this suggestion may bear fruit in winning for our society the interest and sympathy of many a manly young American who would exemplify the true 'Spirit of West Point.' Our American army and navy draws from all parts of our country, and as our navy men will learn of Maury through our prize at Annapolis, so would our army men take the thought of Mr. Davis and General Lee through our prizes at West Point.

"With every good wish for all our U. D. C. work under your enthusiastic painstaking and eager guidance,
"Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM,"

In writing of her interesting trip abroad this summer, Mrs. L. R. Schuyler inclosed newspaper clippings giving in detail the ceremonies in connection with the presentation of the bust of General Lee and the portrait of Admiral Semmes. The following from the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, dated August 8, will be of interest to all Daughters.

"A distinguished assemblage of French and Americans attended yesterday the unveiling of the bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the French military school of Saint Cyr. The American Ambassador, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, was one of the speakers at yesterday's presentation.

"The handsome bronze bust, designed by Mr. Frederick Volk, of Baltimore, was presented to the Saint Cyr school by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Past President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in a short and beautiful ceremony in the famous chapel of Saint Cyr.

"Miss Belle Perkins, of Virginia, a relative of General Lee, and Mrs. Lewis Bennett, of Wheeling, W. Va., unveiled the bust, after which Mrs. Schuyler delivered a short and interesting address on the life and character of the famous Confederate general.

"After the War between the States was over," said Mrs. Schuyler, "General Lee was offered vast sums of money for the mere use of his name, and an estate in England with finances to maintain it, all of which he declined to become the president of Washington College in order to train the youth of the South for citizenship in our reunited country."

"Lieutenant Colonel Morris, one of the directors of Saint Cyr, and representing General Tanant, who was absent, welcomed the American delegation, and, in accepting the bust of General Lee, declared it would forever remain one of the most prized and cherished of the American souvenirs possessed by the French school. 'The genius and strategy of the Confederate General,' he said, 'are celebrated throughout the world, and his life and work studied in all of the great European military schools.'

Ambassador Herrick delivered the final address. The Ambassador's speech was very informal and human as he described how, when a little boy during the War between the States, he used to admire the Confederate general against whom his family was fighting. Mr. Herrick paid a glowing tribute to General Lee, ending with the words: 'Those were the days when there was such a thing as chivalry.'

Among the prominent Americans present at Saint Cyr were: Dr. Edwin Alderman, president of the University of Virginia; Mr. Andrew Jackson Montague, ex-governor of Virginia; Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse, charge d'affaires of the American Embassy; Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. Walter Lamar, Past President of the Georgia Division, U. D.

C. and chairman of the program committee for the next general convention; Mrs. Clarence G. Anderson, Jr., President of the Georgia Society of the Colonial Dames; Mr. Clarence G. Anderson, Jr., deputy secretary of the general society of Colonial Wars; Miss Mary Temple, State Regent of the D. A. R. of Tennessee; Dr. Latine, of Johns Hopkins University, and Mrs. Latine; Miss Nina Anderson Pape, Mrs. Frank Buchanan Screven, and Mrs. Charles D. Ward, national president of the Patriots and Founders of America.

"After the presentation of the bust of General Lee, a tea was served the American guests by the officers of this school."

The article on the presentation of the portrait of Admiral Semmes at Geneva in Hall of Alabama, is a special to the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald* from Geneva, Switzerland, and, dated August 12, 1924, and is as follows:

"The historic 'Hall of the Alabama,' the old Hotel de Ville of Geneva, was to-day the scene of an unusual ceremony, when Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, former President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, presented, on behalf of this organization to the Council of State of the Canton of Geneva, a portrait of Admiral Raphael Semmes, the famous commander of the Confederate cruiser Alabama.

"The portrait itself is the gift of Mrs. T. Darrington Semple, of New York, and is said to be a speaking likeness of the great seaman. It represents Admiral Semmes in the undress uniform of an Admiral of the Confederate navy, and the artist has portrayed admirably those qualities of courage and daring which were personified by Admiral Semmes.

"The ceremony of the morning was very simple and informal. The little group invited to be present assembled in the 'Hall of the Alabama,' where they were received by Counsellor of State Rutty, Chancellor Bret, and other members of the Council. The introductions were made by Mr. Lewis W. Haskell, American consul at Geneva.

"After a short speech in French by the consul, Mrs. Schuyler formally presented the portrait, pausing to give time for Mrs. Haskell, the wife of the American consul, and Mrs. Louis Bennett, of West Virginia, to unveil the portrait.

"The President of the Council of State responded on behalf of the City and of the Republic and Canton of Geneva.

"Among those present, in addition to those already mentioned, were: Dr. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York; Mr. Alexander W. Waddell, American Consul General at Calcutta, on leave; Gen. William H. Cocke, superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute; Mrs. and Miss Bauer, Mrs. Charles C. Currier, of Memphis, Tenn.; and Miss Mastin, of Huntsville, Ala.

"Time brings many changes and reveals surprising contrasts. In this hall, where more than fifty years ago a great question of international law was forever settled and a point of difference of the first importance between the two greatest powers of the world was amicably adjusted, to-day a protagonist in the great conflict from which this difference arose is honored by having his portrait placed on the walls where the Alabama conference took place."

The presentation of bust of General Lee to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England, was delayed to September 4, and an account of that will be given next month.

Again your President General expresses sincerest thanks to the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for their confidence in her and pledges to them services according to opportunity, strength and wisdom given her.

Cordially yours,

ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES

Miss Lillian Cane, a former President of the Arizona Division, sends the following concerning the Division convention held recently:

"The Arizona Division met in annual convention at Tempe as guests of Dixie Chapter, with Mrs. Lee J. Holzwarth, President, presiding. Six veterans were present, and General Acuff, Commander of the Department of New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, made a brief talk. Mrs. J. C. Robbins delivered an address of welcome, which was responded to by Mrs. Sam. H. Kyle, of Phoenix. Excellent music was furnished by Miss Lucille Hanna and Mrs. Clyde Gilliland. Election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Adeline D. Quinn, Tempe; First Vice President, Mrs. Sam H. Kyle, Phoenix; Second Vice President, Mrs. Mattie Longan, Tempe; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. E. Crawford, Phoenix; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. C. Robbins, Tempe; Treasurer, Mrs. Harmon, Phoenix; Historian, Mrs. W. E. Patterson, Tempe; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Emma Foreman, Tempe; Registrar, Mrs. C. H. Bugbee, Phoenix; Auditor, Mrs. Julia Thomas, Phoenix.

"After a luncheon hour, during which addresses were made by several present, the officers were impressively installed by Mrs. Nell Hyatt Woods, past President of the Division. Beautiful memorial services were held with tributes to Veterans and Daughters, and the placing of flowers for these departed members. An excellent historical and patriotic program was presented through the courtesy of Profs. John R. Murdock and James L. Felton, of the Tempe State Normal. The boys of the history department, under the direction of Mr. Murdock, gave three scenes from the first Constitutional Convention, clad in colonial costumes designed by the girls of the history department. These young men gave a very realistic performance of this stirring and momentous period of our national history. A fitting close to the program came when Prof. Felton feelingly delivered Franklin K. Lane's eloquent tribute to the American flag. The "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, and Rev. Seaborn Crutchfield, one of Morgan's men, pronounced the benediction.

* * *

The Alabama Division held its twenty-eighth convention in May, in Ozark, known to all U. D. C.'s as Miss Allie Garner's home town. The business and social features must have been too much for the Publicity Chairman. At any rate, the President of the Division, Mrs. McDowell, had all the newspapers containing details of the convention sent to the editor, with the request that we get notes from them. To condense these to a readable condition would occupy all the space assigned to this department. Organizations and citizens vied with one another in the beauty and originality of luncheons and receptions. These social affairs served as delightful interludes between business sessions filled with important matters. Among these we learn that:

More than \$4,000 has been realized from the sale of the cookbook by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, all of which goes to the U. D. C. scholarship fund of Alabama.

Seventy-five Crosses of Honor were bestowed during the year.

Three hundred and eighty-one new members were added during the year.

Seven Chapters of the Children of the Confederacy were organized and many others reawakened.

Pensions for veterans in Alabama have been raised to \$25 by action of the last legislature.

Thirty-six scrapbooks were brought to the convention as

a result of the efforts of the Division Historian, Mrs. J. E. Aderhold.

Two thousand dollars is the minimum amount to be expended by the Division for a memorial window to be placed in the new library building of the University of Alabama.

The convention was invited to one of the schools to witness a one-act play, "How Alabama Became a State." This was presented on a beautifully decorated stage by boys and girls of the seventh grade in most attractive costumes.

On Historical Evening the last number of an intensely interesting program was a pageant lasting for half an hour. Miss Annie Laurie Cullens, the author, was enthusiastically praised for the success achieved in the production.

The officers elected are: President, Mrs. C. S. McDowell, Eufaula; First Vice President, Mrs. Jessie McLendon, Dadeville; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. Q. Adams, Ozark; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Hugh Merrill, Anniston; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. T. M. Brannon, Eufaula; Treasurer, Mrs. C. W. Dangette, Jacksonville; Historian, Mrs. E. L. Huey, Bessemer; Registrar, Mrs. H. L. Halsey, Tuscumbia; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. A. B. Broyles, Birmingham; Director C. of C., Mrs. E. Louis Crew, Goadwater; Chaplain, Mrs. John A. Lusk, Guntersville.

* * *

Mrs. Kolman, of New Orleans, tells this month of a very laudable undertaking in which prominent members of the Louisiana Division are taking an active interest.

"On Thursday, August 28, at a beautiful luncheon in the De Soto Hotel in New Orleans, the Benjamin Memorial Association was organized, having for its object the preservation of the historic plantation home of Judah P. Benjamin, world-famed, once United States Senator, Secretary of State under Jefferson Davis, for a short time Attorney General, and who, after the War between the States, practiced law most successfully in London.

"The opportunity to honor Benjamin was given when 'Belle Chasse' plantation, the home of Benjamin, and more intimately connected with his history than any other place on earth, was offered for sale at a very nominal price. Situated as it is on the mighty Mississippi River and on a picturesque highway, and but a twenty-minute drive from New Orleans, the project to make this home into a Memorial was soon a popular one and was launched by Mrs. Roydan Douglas, lawyer and popular club woman at this luncheon, to which a number of prominent men and women had been invited.

"Mrs. Douglas explained the project and introduced Mrs. Florence Tompkins, President of Louisiana Division, U. D. C., who acted as toast mistress for the occasion, calling upon former mayor, Martin Behrman, Brigadier General Allison Owen, Hon. W. O. Hart, Mrs. Charles Granger, Mrs. Goldberg, Miss Kate Gordon, Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Miss Doriska Gautreaux, and others for addresses.

"The first payment has been made and the memorial is assured.

"Officers elected are: Brigadier General Allison Owen, President; Mrs. Roydan Douglas, First Vice President; Mrs. Roy Fiske Lovejoy, Second Vice President; Mrs. Florence Tompkins, Third Vice President; Mrs. Fred. C. Kolman, Recording Secretary; Miss Kate Gordon, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Treasurer. Mrs. Charles Granger, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, Mrs. John R. McGiveney, and Mrs. H. H. Ward were also made Vice Presidents."

* * *

On June 3, the Baltimore Chapter delivered five Crosses of Honor in addition to ten Crosses of Service. Also through

Mrs. Preston Power, of that city, we learn that recently a veteran, ninety-three years old (W. H. Ingram, Company B., 18th Mississippi Cavalry) applied for a Cross. Owing to illness, the bestowal took place at his home, where relatives and friends had gathered to do him honor. Confederate flags and red and white flowers decorated the room where the presentation was made.

* * *

Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater, writes of the interest with which Missouri U. D. C. are looking forward to their convention in Jefferson City, the third week in October, the culmination of a most successful year.

Hannibal Chapter recently celebrated its ninth birthday with a well-attended meeting at the country home of one of its members, the program including a history of the Chapter's work during the nine years; music, and talks by some of the members, after which a bountiful luncheon was served on a long table on the lawn.

Emmett McDonald Chapter added a nice sum to its treasury recently from the proceeds from a lunch table at the State fair.

* * *

Mrs. Sessums, of Columbus, writes that many of the Chapters of the Mississippi Division are planning to bestow upon the veterans of the World War the Cross of Service. Stephen D. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, has issued a number of applications, and much enthusiasm is shown by the boys. The presentation will be made on Armistice Day, when the Legion Post will join the Daughters in a formal celebration.

West Point is also making plans for the bestowal of Crosses to the boys of Clay County. The John M. Stone Chapter is always wide awake and sponsors every movement for the good of the order. Mrs. H. L. Quin is director of this work for Mississippi, and her efforts are untiring in this line.

Mrs. H. F. Simrall, President of the Division, will put on a campaign in the early fall to raise the amount needed for the statue of Jefferson Davis in the Hall of Fame at Washington, as the sum appropriated by the Mississippi legislature is totally inadequate for a statue in honor of the President of the Confederate States. The school children of the State will be asked to contribute ten cents each in an effort to add \$5,000 to the fund.

This is a movement which should interest every section of the South, for, though Mississippi claims Jefferson Davis as her very own, he was the only President of the Confederacy, and all have a right to a share in any memorial erected to him.

The Children of the Confederacy are making advances in the Division, and the leaders are working hard for an increase of membership.

Hattiesburg is making great preparations for the comfort and pleasure of the surviving members of the army that wore the gray when they meet soon in that city in their annual reunion.

* * *

Especially interesting is the item in Mrs. Farley's notes this month concerning the bowlder to be erected soon on the South Carolina-North Carolina State line:

"The Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, will award about seventy-five Service Crosses on Armistice Day. Among them, one goes to a naval lieutenant in Hankow, China; one to an army captain in Honolulu; one to a naval officer who carried 90,000 men to European battle fields; and one to a major who already has a congressional medal.

North and South Carolina will coöperate in placing a

bowlder, costing about two hundred dollars on the boundary line between the two States, where it is crossed by the Jefferson Davis Highway.

South Carolina has almost completed the marking of the highway within the borders of the State.

The Charleston Chapter has placed in the main vestibule of historic old St. Michael's Church a tablet in memory of Brig. Gen. James Connor. At the beginning of the war, General Connor was Confederate States District Attorney. He entered the service in May, 1861, as captain, rising rapidly through the successive ranks to brigadier general. The Charleston Chapter has honored itself in thus honoring a native of that city, a gallant soldier, a citizen without reproach. The tablet is of white Vermont marble, the wall plate of blue marble, with molding and carving of exquisite workmanship.

Columbia, the capital, witnessed a most unusual scene recently—a funeral attended by 3,000 people, white and black, the speakers on the platform being leaders among their respective races (one of them Gen. W. A. Clark, Commander in Chief U. C. V. of South Carolina), all business suspended for thirty minutes by proclamation of the mayor—and for whom? "Uncle" Jaggars, as he was known to everybody, an ex-slave, ninety-three years old, who had devoted every day of his life since "freedom" as a missionary among the negroes of Columbia. Among his many efforts, one of the most important was the founding and maintenance of a home for the old worn-out members of his race. So well was he known and so great was the confidence reposed in him, that, hat in hand, he had always an entree to the busiest man, and never went away empty handed. Columbia dailies carried long editorials concerning his life and character. Since his death, arrangements have been perfected for maintaining the "Home" on a firm financial basis.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR U. D. C. STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

November.

Battle of Lookout Mountain, November 24, 1863.

Grant attacks Bragg.

Federal success.

Battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863.

Thomas and Sherman assault Confederate right under Bragg and Longstreet.

Federal success.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY"

November.

Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes.

CONVENTION HOTEL RATES.

The official headquarters are at the Hotel DeSoto. Business sessions will be held in the Municipal Auditorium.

The following are the hotels and rates, per day, European plan only:

Hotel DeSoto.—Convention headquarters—Room without bath, for one person, \$2.50 to 3.00 per day; for two persons, \$4.00 to 5.00 per day. Room with bath, for one person, \$4.00 to 5.00 per day; for two persons, \$7.00 to 8.00 per day. Rooms with connecting bath, for four persons, twin beds in each room, \$3.00 to 3.50 per day. Extra large rooms, with private bath, accommodating four to six persons, \$2.50 per day.

Hotel Savannah.—Room without bath, for one person, \$2.50 per day; for two persons, \$4.00 to \$5.00 per day; room with bath, for one person, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per day; for two persons \$6.00 to \$7.00 per day.

Hicks Hotel.—Single rooms, without bath, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day; double rooms, \$3.50 and \$4.00 per day. Single rooms, connecting bath, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day; Double rooms, \$4.00 and \$5.00 per day. Single rooms, with bath, \$3.00 and \$3.50 per day; double rooms, \$5.00 and \$6.00 per day.

John Wesley Hotel.—Without bath: single, \$1.50; double, \$2.50; with connecting bath: single, \$2.00; double, \$3.00; with private bath: single, \$2.50; double, \$3.50.

CONVENTION RAILROAD RATES.

A letter has been received by Mrs. W. M. Goodman, Chairman of Transportation, U. D. C., Knoxville, Tenn., from the Chairman of the Southeastern Passenger Association, Atlanta, Ga., advising as follows:

Members of the U. D. C. organization and dependent members of their families attending the convention in Savannah will be sold return tickets via route traveled to the meeting on the basis of one-half the normal one-way fare in effect, provided there have been in attendance not less than two hundred and fifty persons holding certificates of the standard form.

This reduced rate will be allowed only to those holding certificates of the standard form signed in ink by Mrs. Goodman and validated by H. M. Meadors, C. T. A., Southern Railway, Savannah, Ga.

Selling dates, November 14-20; validation dates, November 20-22; last honoring date, November 26.

Reduced fare for return journey not allowed unless holder of certificate is properly identified.

Reduced fare ticket not good on any limited train on which such reduced fare transportation is not honored.

Return ticket will be subject to same transit limits and stop-over regulations as apply on regular one-way tickets.

The word "Convention" will be stamped or written across the face of contracts and each coupon of all return tickets for which the reduced fare is authorized.

Applications must be filed and arrangements completed by applicant not later than twenty-one days prior to opening of the meeting.

From Walter H. Wilcox, 323 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., comes request for the address of any relatives of Gen. C. M. Wilcox, C. S. A. Any information will be appreciated.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

In the minutes of the Washington convention, U. D. C., the President General, Mrs. Schuyler, gives in her report the following:

"Much confusion exists in the minds of many of our members concerning the publication of our book, 'Women of the South in War Times.' This book was published at the suggestion of the then Historian General, Mrs. Charles B. Hyde, with the approval of the President General at that time, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, and therefore became an obligation upon our organization. For three years we have allowed the managing editor, Mr. Andrews, to carry a large note of several hundred dollars and which, until we have discharged it, places us under an obligation to him. *It is not Mr. Andrews's book, it is our book*, and we owe it to ourselves to see that the Divisions meet their quota. Several Divisions have already done this," etc.

What an easy matter to vote to dispose of 10,000 copies—but to do it is another thing—and yet, like all continued stories, there is an ending—but when? I am glad to say, however, that I think the Divisions are taking the work seriously. It has been my privilege to be in a position where I have had close connection with the Directors, and the majority are working diligently. If each Chapter of the Divisions will consider itself an important "Unit of the Whole," and take its own quota, this story will have a most abrupt ending. We all had to play a little during vacation time, but *now* we are on our last lap, and there is much to be accomplished before November. Maryland is an "Over-the-Top" Division, and yet the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, has disposed of nineteen copies, and the Ridgely Brown Chapter, of Rockville, has two copies to her credit, one going to a foreign library. This is complimentary work, but very acceptable.

Beginning this new year in November, 1923, we had 7,335 copies to dispose of, and to September, 1924, 1,355 copies have been absorbed by the entire organization. Thus you see 5,980 copies of our book are yet to be distributed. May we not live up to that wonderful expression that came to us during the war from our English neighbors, and—"Let's Go!"

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON,
Chairman, Committee on Publicity.

ANNIVERSARY EVENT.—July 13 being the anniversary of the birth of Gen. N. B. Forrest of the Confederacy, members of the Rosalie Brown Chapter, U. D. C., and the President, Mrs. R. W. Brown, made a pilgrimage to the Tilson burying ground at Clearbranch Saturday afternoon, July 12, for the purpose of placing a marker on the grave of Capt. William E. Tilson, member of Company I, 64th Regiment, North Carolina and Tennessee Volunteers. This was done with appropriate ceremonies and the reading of the U. D. C. ritual by the President and members present. The granddaughter of Captain Tilson, Mrs. Palmer, accompanied the delegates and was present at the ceremonies. Capt. William E. Tilson was the father of Dr. L. S. Tilson and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Brown, of Erwin; J. C. and J. F. Tilson, of North Carolina; Mrs. Eliza Erwin, of Clearbranch; Attorney Joe Tilson, of Atlanta; and Congressman John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
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MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

The President General has appointed Mrs. Ernest Walworth, of Memphis Tenn., as General Chairman of the committee for the presentation of the Gold Bar of Honor to be given to the mothers having living Confederate veteran sons. Since the idea of bestowing this Bar of Honor upon those dear mothers was conceived, within the last three years more than fifty have been honored and the sunset of life made glorious or them through the beautiful tribute of appreciation. When told by friends that she was to be the recipient of this little token of honor and affection, one dear old lady remarked that she was so happy she could hardly wait for the time to come when the coveted treasure should be pinned upon her breast with the beautiful ceremonial attendant. She thought that nobody cared for or remembered her outside her family circle.

Mrs. Walworth's appointment is a most happy illustration of the meeting in one human heart of the desire to serve because of her devotion to the cause and her ability as a charming writer. We need just this type of energetic, refined, delightful personality, to which is added a facile pen and the ability to search out the few real mothers of our Southland. A thorough search into the country districts should be made in the vicinity of any Memorial Association. If each member would but carry the thought in mind and make it a special duty to put out searchers for these dear women, the few remaining ones could be brightened and cheered and the sunset made glorious for them. Mrs. Walworth's address is 1918 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., and she will be pleased to hear from any possible recipient.

Another appointment of Chairman of the Stone Mountain Memorial Fund will be made later, Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, having declined the appointment in the following: While greatly appreciating the honor of this appointment, must, with regret, decline to serve. My interest in the great work at Stone Mountain is keen, and I hope to work for it in the future as in the past; but, having just served as treasurer for the C. S. M. A. of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, I feel that the chairmanship of the Stone Mountain Memorial Fund should be placed in other hands. My best wishes for the success of the work."

Your President General has been ill in Atlantic City for the last six weeks, but is improving and hopes soon to send a personal greeting.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

In assisting our President General to care for our department in the VETERAN, let us:

Keep in close touch, the one Association with the other.

Send the word on when the mother of a living Confederate veteran is presented with the Gold Bar of Honor.

Write of our meetings and plans.

Forward the programs for Historical Evenings.

Give information of documents and relics preserved.

Most important of all, send accounts of Memorial Day observed, memorials erected, and markers placed, and the organization of new Associations, including Junior Memorials.

Our work is of a cherishing kind, one of infinite care, and what may have seemed small at first has often loomed large in the after light of a clearer vision.

MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—J. F. Hodges, of Macon, Ga., thinks more should be said and done to perpetuate the memories of those mothers and wives who were a force for the Confederacy in the homes of the South. He says: "When the soldier boys were carried to the hospitals on account of sickness or wounds, those good women visited them and did all they could to alleviate their suffering; when their husbands and sons were at the front they were managing the farms to raise provisions to sustain the army, and at night they were burning the midnight oil in knitting socks and making clothing for us. Therefore, as the Daughters of the Confederacy hold a memorial service each year for the Confederate soldiers, why can't we also hold a memorial service some Sunday afternoon in each year for the mothers, wives, sisters, and other good women of the South who sacrificed and suffered for us. The veterans left can assist the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy in this worthy cause. A short oration by a Confederate son and a few songs of the South sung by all will fill an afternoon well spent."

From Thomas B. Gatch, of Raspeburg, Md.: "I am renewing my subscription for two years with the hope of enjoying that much longer the pleasure I derive from it. I'm still physically and mentally fit to enjoy every moment of life, and the only regret that I have for having served in the C. S. A. is that nine months and twenty-one days out of four years were lost to the cause by my imprisonment at Fort Delaware; the longer I live, the greater is my pride for such service."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

S. C. V. MATTERS AND OTHER THINGS.

FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

The following pledge is being sent out generally now from the S. C. V. Richmond headquarters. It is good Americanism to try to get out a full vote. Our organization is not in party politics, but it is permissible that we should join in this effort to get a widespread expression of opinion and polling of ballots in this coming election. The pledge follows:

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
 GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,
 RICHMOND, VA.

Will you take this pledge? "I pledge myself to vote in the coming election. But I can't vote if I don't register. Therefore I pledge myself to register and to make that registration good with my vote."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
 RICHMOND, VA.

GENERAL ORDERS 2.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of the following members on my official staff. Appointment of committees and additional members of my staff will be announced at a later date:

George A. Macon, Quartermaster in Chief, 1950 Madison Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.; James S. Davenport, Judge Advocate in Chief, Vinita, Okla.; John M. Witt, Inspector in Chief, Tupelo, Miss.; John Z. Reardon, Commissary in Chief, Tallahassee, Fla.; Dr. William Hubbard, Surgeon in Chief, Dallas County State Bank Building, Dallas, Tex.; and Rev. B. A. Owens, Chaplain in Chief, Lathrop, Mo.

2. I also announce the appointment of the following Division Commanders, who will serve during my term of office or until the election of a Division Commander by their respective conventions: Dr. W. E. Quinn, Fort Payne, Ala.; E. R. Wiles, Little Rock, Ark.; Frank F. Conway, 1510 R Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.; Silas W. Fry, 771 West End Avenue, New York City; John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga.; Malcolm H. Crump, Bowling Green, Ky.; J. St. Clair Favrot, Baton Rouge, La.; Charles A. Moreno, Syndicate Trust Building, St. Louis, Mo.; Judge T. C. Kimbrough, care of University of Mississippi, Oxford, Miss.; C. M. Brown, Asheville, N. C.; and J. L. Highsaw, care of Technical High School, Memphis, Tenn.

3. The need for consistent and organized publicity in the Confederation has long been apparent. I therefore wish to announce the appointment of William S. Hammond, 725 Ouel-

lette Avenue, Windsor, Ontario, as National Publicity Director for the organization. Comrade Hammond is a Life Member of the S. C. V. and has taken great interest in the organization. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., and is the son of Sir William Hammond, who fought through the war in the Fourth Texas Regiment. Comrade Hammond is the owner and editor of the *Southern Rover*, which is devoted to the S. C. V. and to the upbuilding of the South. Comrade Hammond has agreed to accept this position and devote his time to this work without cost to the organization. All camp and Division officers are requested to cooperate with the newly appointed Publicity Director and by so doing it is believed that great good will be rendered the organization.

By order of: D. S. ETHERIDGE, *Commander in Chief*.
 Official

WALTER L. HOPKINS,
Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE—THEN ON THAT.

In Columbia, S. C., very recently, "Uncle Jagers," a highly respected and useful negro, died, and the city paid tribute to his memory by a general cessation of business on the day of his funeral, which was largely attended by white people. Numerous articles in the papers of the State attested the high esteem of the white people for this old negro. In Richmond, Va., a negro lawyer named Giles Jackson also recently died. Respect to his memory was shown in a very general manner, and the unusual spectacle was afforded of the Chamber of Commerce formally passing resolutions of respect to his memory and reciting therein the opinion that his passing "is a heavy blow to this city in which he has spent his entire life."

On Staten Island, N. Y., recently, a negro mail carrier, whose wife is a school-teacher, had his home surrounded by a mob, not masked, who battered in the doors and windows with stones. His presence was resented there by the white community. This happened in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. There is in the City of New York a mongrel organization called "The Association for the Advancement of Colored People" whose members range in color scheme from a more or less pure white down through all shades of "high yellow" and light brown to a dark black. We would be glad if these happenings fall under the notice of this society, which largely spends its time shrieking over the barbarity of the South to the negro.

KENTUCKY AND ARKANSAS DIVISIONS, S. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS KENTUCKY DIVISION, S. C. V.
BOWLING GREEN, KY.

Division Staff and Brigade Appointments:

Malcomb H. Crump, Division Commander, Bowling Green.
Malcomb Hart Crump, Jr., Adjutant and Chief of Staff,
Bowling Green.

Arthur Middleton Rutledge, Division Judge Advocate,
Louisville.

William L. Sibert, Division Inspector, Bowling Green.
Robert W. Bingham, Division Quartermaster, Louisville.
Gordon Nelson, Division Commissary, Hopkinsville.
Shaler Berry, Division Surgeon, Newport.

Rev. John L. Caldwell, Division Chaplain, Bowling Green.
George B. Martin, Division Historian, Catlettsburg.

Laurence B. Finn, Assistant Division Historian, Franklin.
Gordon Sulzer, Division Color Sergeant, Maysville.

Mrs. Roy McKinney, Division Sponsor in Chief, Paducah.

Brigade Commanders:

First District.—John B. Wickliff, Wickliff, Ky.

Second District.—Walker D. Wood, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Third District.—Harry Tucker Carmichael, Kyrock, Ky.

Fourth District.—Harry D. Sommers, Elizabethtown, Ky.

Fifth District.—Joseph Pelham, Louisville, Ky.

Sixth District.—Shaler Berry, Newport, Ky.

Seventh District.—Robert J. Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.

Eighth District.—Elmer Dethridge, Richmond, Ky.

Ninth District.—J. H. Price, Catlettsburg, Ky.

Tenth District.—William Fitzhugh Ficklin, Hazard, Ky.

Eleventh District.—Henry J. Gibson, Pineville, Ky.

By command of MALCOLM HART CRUMP,
Commander, Kentucky Division, S. C. V.

Official

MALCOLM H. CRUMP, JR.,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

In a letter accompanying the appointments above enumerated Commander Crump has the following to say:

"Trust you will notice the action of the G. A. R. now in Boston denouncing the act of Congress for a head of Lee on a coin for the use of Stone Mountain. Also the following extract from the *Brooklyn Eagle*, June 9, which is headed 'Treason Sixty Years Later.'

"Robert E. Lee, a soldier and Churchman was a 'traitor' sixty years ago. He did his best to prove destructible the indestructible union of indestructible States. That his dignified and picturesque face may appear on the Stone Mountain half dollars authorized by a joint act of Congress is a subject of curious interest in minds familiar with the transiency of 'treason' as a crime in human history. We anticipate no general protest from the veterans of the Union army. Not that they doubt for an instant that they were everlastingly right and the rebels were everlastingly wrong in the late unpleasantness.

"These are the same Yanks that I knew as a boy sixty years ago."

HEADQUARTERS ARKANSAS DIVISION S. C. V.,
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. By virtue of my appointment as Division Commander for Arkansas of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, by the Commander in Chief, D. S. Ethridge, of Chattanooga, Tenn. I have assumed command of all Brigades and Camps comprising the confederation in this State.

2. I hereby announce the appointment of my official staff. Brigade Commanders, etc., as follows;

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Robert D. Lee, Little Rock Ark.
Division Quartermaster, Gordon N. Peay, Sr., Little Rock, Ark.

Division Inspector, A. D. Pope, Magnolia, Ark.

Division Surgeon, Dr. Morgan Smith, Little Rock, Ark.

Division Commissary, S. E. Gillam, El Dorado, Ark.

Division Chaplain, Rev. P. Q. Rorie, El Dorado, Ark.

Division Historian, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.

Division Judge Advocate, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Division Color Sergeant, Dr. W. T. Fike, Warren, Ark.

Division Executive Council

Robert D. Lee, Little Rock, Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

W. C. Hudson, Pine Bluff, First Brigade Commander.

A. B. Priddy, Russellville, Second Brigade Commander.

C. W. Culberhouse, Jonesboro, Third Brigade Commander.

J. H. Hamilton, Mena, Fourth Brigade Commander.

R. W. Rogers, Texarkana, Fifth Brigade Commander.

Farrar Newberry, Little Rock, Past Commander.

R. S. McDaniel, Little Rock, Past Commander.

A. W. Parke, Little Rock, Past Commander.

A. D. Pope, Magnolia, Past Commander.

Brigade Commanders

W. C. Hudson, Pine Bluff, First Brigade.

A. B. Priddy, Russellville, Second Brigade.

C. W. Culberhouse, Jonesboro, Third Brigade.

J. H. Hamilton, Mena, Fourth Brigade.

R. W. Rogers, Texarkana, Fifth Brigade.

By order of

EDMOND R. WILES,

Division Commander for Arkansas.

SULZGABBER AND ARSENBURG.

These are mighty names, my children. You may have imagined they represented some knock-about comedy team of the ten, twent', and thirt' vaudeville circuits; but no, you are wrong. Far wrong. For these two cognomens euphonesously designate no less than the past and the present Commanders in Chief of that highly expensive organization, the Grand Army of the Republic! Commander in Chief Sulzgabber and Commander in Chief Arsenburg are mighty warriors; for they fought in 1861, or at least they are supposed and presumed to have fought then, and they are fighting now. It is not exactly clear what they are fighting about, but they are still fighting; saving the nation is a serious matter with them; it is chronic; and they are still vigorously saving it. Sulzgabber, at Boston, vigorously attacks the traitor, Robert E. Lee, and his compatriots whose mighty effigies will stand out upon the everlasting sides of Stone Mountain; and Arsenburg, a little lower in the scale, at Washington, attacks the women; he denounces the U. D. C. as an unworthy and unpatriotic organization. We repeat, these be mighty warriors, and we must remember that with mighty warriors there must be fighting done always and ever, though it be a woman one fights and in peace times at that. So, perched safely in some convenient tree, we can watch with interest and awe the swirling dust clouds where these two men of war stamp and wheel. Long after the names of Washington and Lee have passed from human ken and the gleaming sides of Stone Mountain have disappeared from mortal gaze these mighty names of Sulzgabber and Arsenburg will be resounding down the corridors of fame—perhaps!

POTPOURRI

Commander Jones, of Oklahoma Division, writes Adjutant in Chief Hopkins that he has organized a number of new Camps in that State, and that he has inaugurated a scheme of

giving a beautiful banner to the Camp which secures the largest number of new members by the first of the year.

R. E. Lee Camp S. C. V., of Richmond, holds novel and interesting meetings. In June the meeting was entertained by an instructive stereopticon lecture. Frequently this Camp has "smokers" to amuse the members.

Adjutant in Chief Hopkins states he has sent out one thousand circular statements to U. D. C. Chapters soliciting their aid in the drive for new members now being so actively prosecuted.

We hereby congratulate the S. C. V. on its new office and its new officer. A publicity department is added and Comrade W. S. Hammond is our Publicity Director. His efforts will be directed toward the increase of our membership. Notice of this can be seen elsewhere in this department.

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT.

While politics has no place in the VETERAN, the menace of the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution calls for such general condemnation that this space is willingly devoted to the following warning that has been sent out by Josephine Morton, of New York City:

"Attention should be called to the present status of the latest request of our Federal agents in Congress for more power over our family life of the most radical and far-reaching character, called the 'Child Labor Amendment.'

"Six States have so far considered it. Three—Louisiana, North Carolina, and Georgia—rejected it by nearly unanimous votes; the latter State in a resolution denouncing it as dangerous and destructive to our form of government and as tending straight to Socialism. Iowa postponed consideration. *Arkansas ratified* (what is the matter with Arkansas?) by the close vote of 45 to 40 in the House and 15 to 13 in the State Senate. In Massachusetts the legislature, instead of ratifying, provided for a popular vote on it by the people of Massachusetts, at an advisory referendum upon the ballot at the approaching November election.

"By this measure Congress asks for unlimited power, not subject to judicial restraint, 'to limit, regulate, or prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age.'

"No government in America has ever possessed power to prohibit the labor of youths sixteen and seventeen years of age. The State governments do not possess such power. It also necessarily carries with it, under the doctrine of implied powers, congressional control over the 'education' of such persons. Do we want Federal control of education?

"It affects youths and maidens, as well as children. Amendments to reduce the age limit to fourteen, to exclude children in the homes, and on the farms were defeated in Congress.

"Administration through a new Federal Bureau will be very costly and enormously increase the burden of Federal taxation, already onerous.

"This drastic power once granted to Congress can never be recalled. It will be well for everybody to have a clear unstanding of the radical change in the Constitution which is contemplated by this proposed amendment. It certainly should receive the most careful consideration by the American people before being ratified.

"The candidates for the State legislatures, now being elected in most of the States, who in January next will pass upon it (and the people of Massachusetts who vote on it in November) will doubtless appreciate their grave responsibility in this matter and insist upon a full and complete understanding of what it means before supporting it. It was opposed in Congress by a number of distinguished Senators, including Wads-

worth of New York, Smoot of Utah, Moses of New Hampshire, Reed of Missouri, King of Utah, Bayard of Delaware, Bruce of Maryland, Edwards of New Jersey, Fletcher of Florida, and Borah of Idaho, many of whom gave strong reasons in support of their opposition. Their speeches against it are well worth reading by anyone who wishes to inform himself of the consequences which will ensue from the ratification of such a revolutionary change in our Federal compact."

THE CONFEDERATE GRAY AT REUNIONS.—The following comes from Posey Hamilton, of Pleasant Hill, Ala.: "In attending the reunions at New Orleans and Memphis, I noticed many Confederate veterans in citizen clothes, many having nothing to show that they were veterans of the Confederacy; some wore the Cross of Honor or a badge. Now, I think every Confederate veteran should have a suit of Confederate gray for all our reunions; it would add much to the appearance of our veterans as a body, besides he would be known at a glance and would receive more attention. Where veterans are not able to pay for these suits, they should be furnished—and who more competent and willing to raise the money for these uniforms than the Daughters and Sons? There is no uniform so attractive as the Confederate gray, and no veteran of the Southern cause should be without it. If the 5,000 veterans at Memphis had all been dressed in the gray, would it not have made a grand sight—and a body of men that any Southern city would have been glad to welcome?"

TRAGIC INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.—The following was contributed to the *Atlanta Constitution* by R. DeT. Lawrence on the commemoration of the battle of Atlanta, of which he gives this incident: "The commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the battle of Atlanta reminds me of an incident of that battle. Joe Clay Habersham, of Savannah, a classmate of the writer, was killed in the fight, and a younger brother, to avenge his death, went into the thickest of the fight and was also killed. A photograph of the two brothers was hung on a pillar in the lobby of the Markham House and remained there for many years, as long as the Markham House lasted. It was reported that Joe Clay was engaged to the daughter and only child of Dr. John LeConte, the brother of Dr. Joseph LeConte, both eminent scientists and so was a first cousin of Mrs. Emma LeC. Furman, of Macon. Miss LeConte died soon after the war, and it was said the tragic death of her fiancé contributed largely to her early demise."

DESERVES A MEDAL.—From J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 555 U. C. V., Jacksonville, Tex., comes the following—and it will be interesting to hear of anyone who can beat this record: "As our Confederate veterans are so rapidly passing out, it is well that we place before the comrades the achievements in the past of those yet living. We have here in Texas a veteran now about ninety-two years of age who is leaving more posterity than any other comrade known. He is the Rev. Perry Holleyman, a minister of the Baptist Church for the past fifty years, now living at Teague, Tex., who has nine children *eighty-eight grandchildren* and *one hundred and twenty-one great-grandchildren*. If any comrade can make a better showing, we would like to hear from him. Comrade Holleyman is still able to get about and preach an occasional sermon. He was a member of the 7th Texas Cavalry which joined the ill-fated expedition under General Sibley into New Mexico and Arizona in the winter of 1861-62."

**TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS
NAVY DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.
Murphy's Hotel
RICHMOND, VA.**

We need more men and women to aid in our research work in rescuing the records of enlistment, service, and discharge of the sailors of the Confederate Navy.

Satisfactory pay for efficient work.

A. O. WRIGHT
Admiral Commanding

OLD RESIDENTERS.—A farmer in the United States whose children's children, even, remained on the farm to the second generation, would be considered queer sort of citizens, but read this: "The government announcement that France would decorate with the Order of Agricultural Merit, disrespectfully referred to as 'the leek,' the heads of all families which could produce documentary evidence of having farmed the same land continuously for at least three centuries, has brought to the fore no less than seven hundred and fifty families with the necessary qualifications. The decorations will be posted in an early issue of the *Journal Officiel*. The record is held by the La Fargues, of Coutie, near Molières. This family has lived on its present estate since the year 772, in the time of Charlemagne."—*National Tribune*.

AUSTRALIA.—The estimated population of Australia is 5,688,092, representing an increase of 252,358 since the last official census of 1921. The male sex predominates in the commonwealth, there being 2,897,047 of the latter, as against 2,791,045 females. New South Wales, with a population of 2,189,379, is the most populous state, Victoria with 1,607,586 being second, while the Federal Territory, with 3,255 inhabitants, is the least populous area.—*Canadian American*.

OLD STAMPS WANTED

Highest prices paid for Confederate and old U. S. A. Postage and Revenue Stamps. Write to

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(Member New York Chapter U. C. V.)

241-242 CENTRAL PARK WEST, NEW YORK CITY

Mrs. Isabella Walker Putney, 1490 Peterson Avenue, Long Beach, Calif., is very anxious to get the war record of her grandfather, William Walker, who was reared in Florida, enlisted with the Texans, and served through the Mexican War. He then went to Georgia to live, there married, and later served through the War between the States with the Georgia troops; thinks he enlisted at Savannah. Any information as to his company and regiment will be appreciated.

In renewing subscription, W. H. Fray, of Culpeper, Va., writes: "When my eyesight will permit, I read every line of the *VETERAN* and enjoy it more than any other literature. It has certainly been a Godsend to the South, and I hope it may be continued for many years to come. The last issue is especially interesting to me."

A HUMAN PHENOMENON.—First Englishman: "Charlie, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra, one as a girl and one as a woman?" Second Ditto: "No; let's hear it."

Davis Biggs, of Jefferson, Tex., wants to hear from any comrade who remembers Lieut. B. J. Benefield, of Company I, 1st Arkansas Mounted Rifles, McNair's Brigade, Cowan's Division, Army of Tennessee.

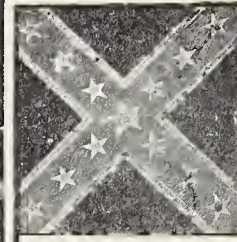
Miss Alicc P. New, DeSoto Station, Memphis, Tenn., is anxious for any information on the war record of one John New, who lived in or near Lebanon, Tenn., and was wounded during the war.

Mrs. Marie Tello Phillips, of Pittsburgh, Pa. (6427 Darlington Road), wishes to hear from any comrade of her father, Manly Tello, a captain of the 2nd Maryland Battalion.

Who knows of an old book of the sixties or early seventies called "Gray Jackets," a book of jokes and reminiscences, and where it may be procured. Address the *VETERAN*.

N. A. Gregg, of Burlington, N. C., wants a copy of "Gregg's History of the Old Cherokees," and it is hoped that some reader of the *VETERAN* can supply it.

PETTIBONE



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Mail orders filled promptly, You deal direct with the Factory, Ask for Catalogue 359,

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CONFEDERATE STATES STAMPS BOUGHT.

Highest prices paid. Write me what you have. Also U. S. used before 1870. Do not remove them from the envelopes, as I pay more for them on the envelopes. Write me to-day. **GEORGE H. HAKES,** 290 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. J. O. Wallis, 173 North Second Street, Clarksdale, Miss., is anxious to get some information on the service of Tifton Likens, 5th Tennessee Cavalry. Thinks he was born in Fredericksburg, Va., and that he was with troops that fought at First Manassas; was in prison thirteen months before the close of the war. He was fifteen years old when he joined the army.

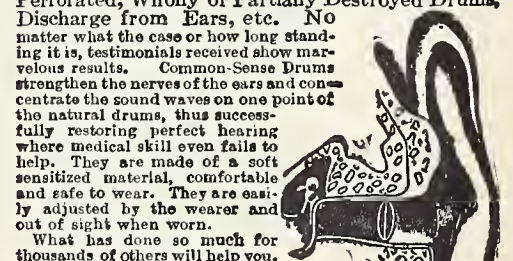
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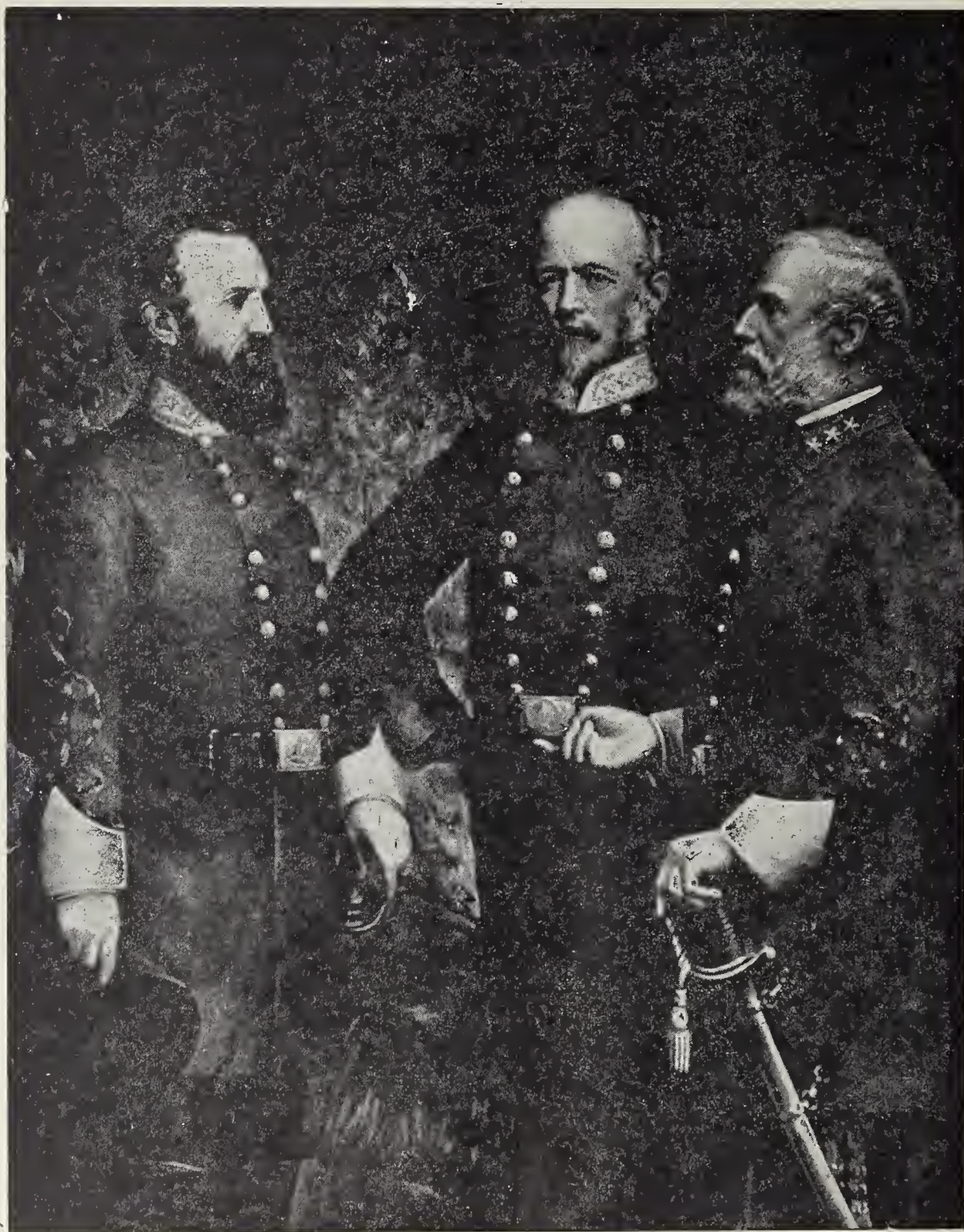
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THE THREE GENERALS



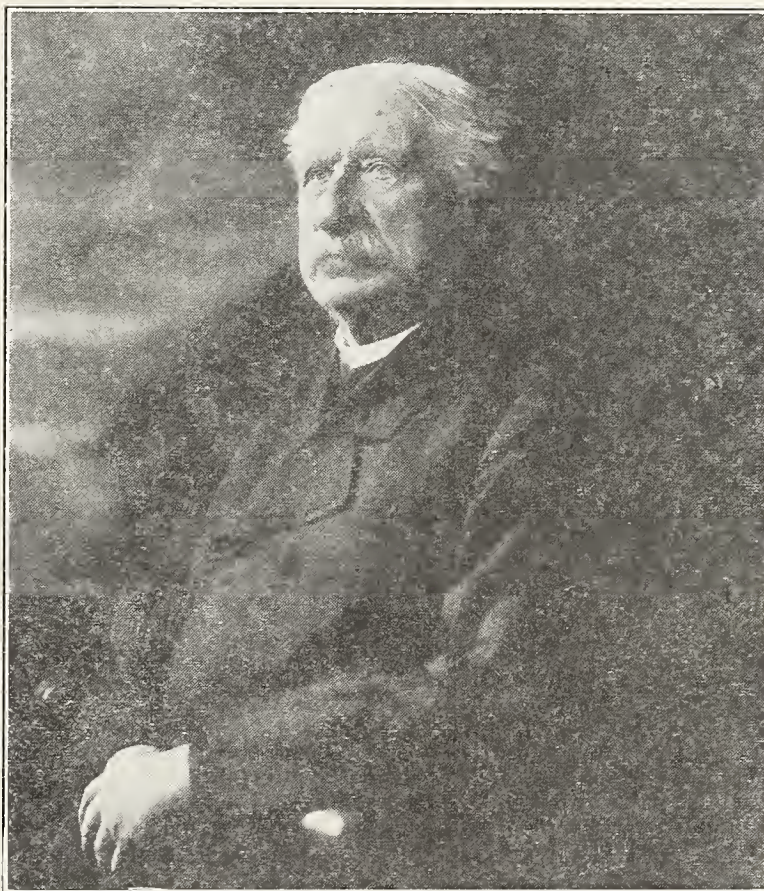
This splendid group picture of the three greatest generals this country has produced is offered as a handsome steel engraving 18x23½ inches. It is admirable in every way, and the VETERAN commends it above all others as most suitable for presentation to schools, libraries, Camps, etc.; it should also be in every home. The price is \$7.50, postpaid. A special premium offer is this picture for twenty new subscriptions. Write for particulars and sample copies of the VETERAN.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1924

NO. 11



REV. JONATHAN WAVERLEY BACHMAN, D.D.

Chaplain General United Confederate Veterans

1837-1924

(See page 413.)

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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Mrs. R. L. Bennett, of Fort Mill, S. C., Box 261, would like to correspond with any survivor of the 18th or 19th Mississippi Regiments who knew William T. Darnall and can testify to his service. He went from North Carolina to Mississippi just before the war came on. It is thought he was with Company B or Company F.

OLD BOOKS.—Cash paid for old books and pamphlets on Texas, Louisiana, California, Utah, and other Southern and Western States; also for autograph letters, books, scrapbooks, or pamphlets by or about Lee, Davis, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, and other famous historic Americans. M. H. Briggs, 5113 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. John Jarvis, of Lovett, Fla., is interested in securing a pension for Mrs. J. N. Matthews, whose husband worked in the State gun shops at Columbus, Ga., and later on was with Company B, 1st Battalion, Georgia Infantry, State Guards, for the defense of that city. His name appears on the muster roll of that company August 4, 1863, but there is no further record of the command. Any surviving comrade or friend who can testify to his service is asked to write to Mrs. Jarvis about it.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The second edition of the "Authentic History of the Ku-Klux Klan," by Susan Lawrence Davis, is now on sale. Address all orders to Miss Susan L. Davis, Publisher, 488 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Price, \$3.75 per copy, postpaid. Books of all kinds solicited for publication by Miss Davis.

Mrs. Mary Luttmann, of Boswell, Okla., is trying to get a pension, and any friends or comrades of her husband, George Franklin Luttmann, who served with the Confederate navy for four years, are asked to write her in regard to his service. She does not remember what boat he served on. It is thought that he was from South Carolina, and that he was at Charleston when Fort Sumter was fired upon.

Mrs. Lizzie R. Galoway, 930 Johnson Street, Alexandria, La., wants some data on the service of her uncle, Daniel M. Rook, who served with Company F, 17th Mississippi Infantry. His name appears on the membership list of some organization dated March 15, 1865, Richmond, Va., which is the last record of him, and she would like to know what organization that was. He returned home after the surrender.

YOUR PRIVILEGE.

Did you ever stop to think that it is a privilege to belong to the American Red Cross?

You don't call upon a perfect stranger in time of tribulation, if a good neighbor or an old friend can be summoned.

When you are planning a "get-together" talk over plans for Memorial Day, the old home week celebration, or the relief of some comrade in disaster you don't depend upon the irresponsible and the "hard-boiled." You find at the massmeeting held to inaugurate the affair the stand-bys and backbone of the town, those who are accustomed to thinking in terms of mutual helpfulness, coöperation, and service to others. They are the men and women who carry on, the world over, and who, in spite of their busy days and the many demands upon their time and energies, always find that they can take on just one thing more if that thing is necessary and worth while.

It is the same way with the Annual Roll Calls of the American Red Cross. The dollar memberships subscribed in the period, now beginning to be recognized as that set aside for the mustering of the children of the "Greatest Mother in the World" from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, provide the means for her service to humanity.

The activities of the American National Red Cross to-day, for which this support will be asked, include work for the disabled ex-service men and their families, service to the regular army and navy, disaster relief, first aid, life saving, enrollment of nurses, public health nursing, home hygiene and care of the sick, nutrition service, and the Junion Red Cross.

Of course you will want to be among those who enlist for this national and international relief, which is so all-embracing that even the "far off isles of the sea" receive its benefits and so personal in its application that perhaps the man just around the corner or your own family are among its beneficiaries.

The American Red Cross is for you. Are you for it?

CONFEDERATE STATES
STAMPS BOUGHT

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Confederate Veteran.

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

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

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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1924.

No. 11.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., October 14, 1924.

To My Comrades: My illness has prevented an earlier message through the VETERAN to my comrades of the United Confederate Veteran Federation. I hope in December to be able to be up to a more lengthy message of greeting and good will to my comrades.

I know of no two individuals more worthy and who have done more for the Confederate soldier than Mr. S. A. Cunningham, founder of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and the splendid lady who has had charge since his death of a monthly magazine which should be in the home of every Confederate veteran and of his descendants. I have proffered, and it has been accepted by Miss E. D. Pope, one of the two places which I have reserved for my individual appointment, that of Chaperon for the South at the Dallas reunion of Confederate Veterans. The other position that I will fill will be that of Sponsor for the South, and I hope to make that announcement in the December or January number of the VETERAN.

By act of convention, the President General of the Daughters of the Confederacy is named as Matron of Honor for the South, and I have delegated to our three great auxiliary organizations, the women of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Sons of Veterans, the naming by each of a Maid of Honor for the South for the Dallas reunion. This completes the list of offices to be filled by me, with the exception of the General Headquarters Official Reception Committee, which will be named by me in ample time for the Dallas reunion in May next.

I presume that my comrades and the readers of the VETERAN will be interested in what your Commander in Chief had to say at the annual reunion of the American Legion at St. Paul, Minn., on September 14, 1924, in presenting the greetings of my comrades to the great gathering assembled in convention at St. Paul:

"It is to me a great privilege and a greater pleasure to be with you at this annual reunion. Through me, the Confederate soldiers of the sixties present their greetings to the American soldiers of the World War. Their good wishes to

and for you are earnest, sincere, and true. You did well your part, as did the comrades whom I represent, in the respective wars in which you were engaged.

"My comrades followed you with heart and mind when you were upon foreign shores, for the descendants of the soldiers who wore the gray kept step with the descendants of the soldiers who wore the blue, to the music of the Union and to the glory of the flag. In two wars and a Mexican fandango, the descendants of Confederate soldiers have borne well their part as United States soldiers since the War between the States.

"I cannot address you upon the subject of pensions, for, with my comrades, I must confess entire ignorance on that subject. The Confederate soldier, for a very valid reason, has no knowledge of what a government pension is.

"For four years of a very unequal struggle, the Confederate soldier fought for his convictions of duty. Six hundred thousand men, poorly equipped with the sinews of war—arms, medicines, food, and clothing—gained many successes in battle against two million two hundred thousand soldiers of the Union. No greater tribute to the valor of the Confederate soldier can be paid than the mere mention of this fact, as in the American-born soldier of the Union he fought 'a foeman worthy of his steel.' The Stars and Bars was carried valiantly through success and defeat, and the Confederate soldier cherishes for that flag a tender sentiment that you must respect and admire. To-day they know but one flag—the Star Spangled Banner, which is their flag, as it is the flag of our common country. The Confederate soldier has no excuse or apology to make for proving the courage of his convictions, even against our brothers of to-day. He fought long, and he fought well. The question of dissolution of the Union was decided by the arbitrament of arms, and the end came at Appomattox. The armies of the South were disbanded, and the soldiers of the South paroled; and to their credit be it said that to this day no Confederate soldier has ever violated the terms of his parole. The valor of the Confederate soldier is a heritage to every American citizen. Our common country has just reason to take pride in its military chieftains, South or North, for they were Americans."

W. B. HALDEMAN, *Commander in Chief U. C. V.*

COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

Sorrow has fallen heavily upon the ranks of gray in the passing of the beloved Commander in Chief, Gen. William B. Haldeman, to whom death came suddenly at Louisville, Ky., on October 27. He was among the youngest of those who gave their all for the South, and his devotion to that cause had never wavered. His last message to the comrades of the United Confederate Veterans in this number will be treasured for that sentiment which he ever expressed in their behalf, and his memory will live in their hearts.

U. D. C. GIFT TO ENGLAND.

The following account of the presentation of the bust of Gen. R. E. Lee to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England, was contributed by Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, who represented the United Daughters of the Confederacy on the occasion, and to whom great credit is due for the successful performance of this special undertaking. Mrs. Schuyler writes:

"On September 3, a day in England rivaling in beauty even the glories of California (after weeks of rain and fog), we journeyed to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst to present the bust of General Lee, which had been given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to that college.

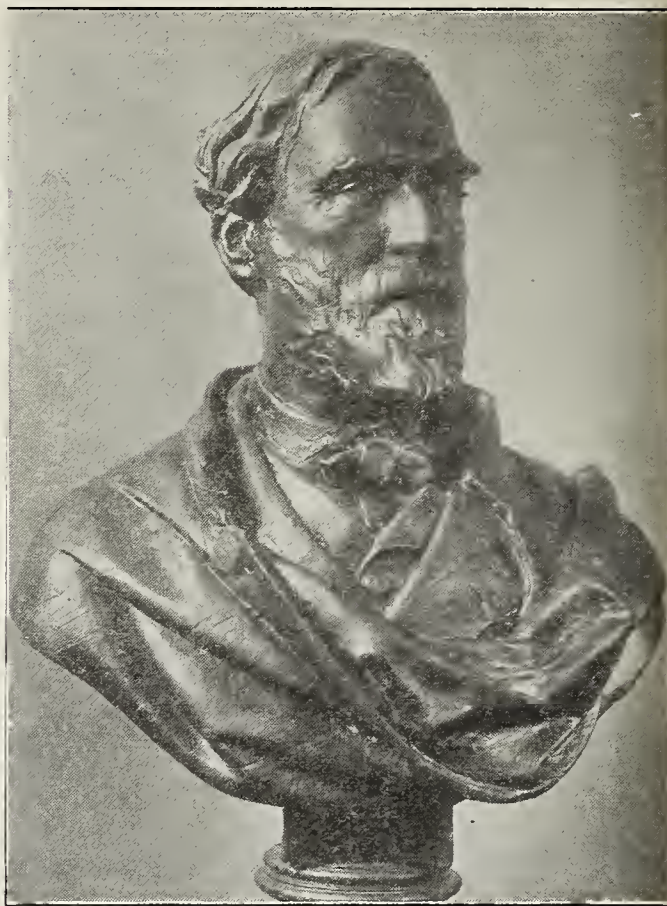
"There were many distinguished and interesting persons in the party, but I am sure you will agree that none was more so than Mr. Ralph Smythe, who, in a letter received prior to the ceremony, signed himself as 'Honorary Member Confederate Veteran Camp of Richmond, Va.' When I met him, I greeted him as a veteran, to which he replied, 'I fear I am sailing under false colors. I am an Englishman, born and bred, but an unreconstructed Confederate,' and thereupon he showed me his cuff buttons, a design of four Confederate flags. I told him of being in London in 1910 at the Lamberth Conference, and at that time Bishop Randolph, of Virginia, said: 'You will be interested in meeting an Englishman I know who raises the Confederate flag every morning and lowers it every evening.' Mr. Smythe replied: 'I am that Englishman, and I know the Bishop well.'

"The English-speaking Union (through whose courtesy the gift was negotiated) was represented by Mrs. de Castro. Dr. John Latine, of Johns Hopkins University, and Mrs. Latine were present, as were also the mother and sister of Professor Crawford, of that institution, and many others.

"We were met at the station by Lieutenant Colonel Lickman, acting as an escort from the College. At Sandhurst we were received by Major General Corkran, Commandant, and Mrs. Corkran; Col. J. E. Turner, Assistant Commandant, and Mrs. Turner; and the other officers and their wives, who had assembled in front of the New Library, in which the ceremony was to take place, and in which was gathered a distinguished audience, the cadet senior underofficers and representatives from each company of Gentlemen Cadets.

"It is often easier to describe than to convey to the mind of another the sensations one experiences on an occasion of this kind, but I am sure that those who were present will never forget the thrill which each must have felt when I drew aside the Confederate flag which veiled the bust of General Lee (this flag the gift of Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, daughter of the designer). Instantly the officers stood at attention, saluted, and stood at attention, as did the entire audience, during the presentation of the bust. So intense was the stillness that suddenly I seemed to have been left alone with the 'spirit of Lee,' and, when the applause broke forth, it was a rude awakening which brought me back from a communion with that great soul.

"General Corkran said that on behalf of the college he gratefully accepted that memorial of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and he did so for the same reasons which he believed had prompted its donors to offer it. It was to preserve the name and keep before them the example of a brave, skillful, hard-fighting soldier and gentleman.



BUST OF GENERAL LEE PRESENTED TO THE MILITARY SCHOOL OF ENGLAND.

"Mr. Sterling, Councillor of the American Embassy, representing Ambassador Kellogg (whose absence in Scotland prevented his attendance), made a short address, after which, escorted by General Corkran, I placed red, white, and red flowers on the altar steps of the memorial chapel in the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"General Corkran was deeply interested to learn that the colors of our organization were the same as those of Sandhurst, and for our benefit, he had his orderlies (two young cadets, who stood six feet four inches, and of whom he was justly proud) to bring out the Sandhurst colors.

"From the chapel we were taken for a tour of inspection, which refreshments were served in the great dining hall brilliant with silver and flowers. As at the presentation of the bust of General Lee to Saint Cyr Military School, in France (which was the gift of our Chapter), it was my privilege to toast to our respective rulers and the College.

"Thus ended an event which will linger in my memory while memory lasts."

The following inscription appears on the base:

Robert Edward Lee

1807-1870

General Commanding the Armies of the Confederate States of America

1861-1865

Presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1914

REV. JONATHAN WAVERLEY BACHMAN, D.D.

With a message of love for all his people as his last benediction, the great and gentle spirit of Dr. Jonathan Waverley Bachman, eminent divine of the Southern Presbyterian Church and Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, passed from this earthly life to the heavenly, and his going left sorrow in many hearts. Death came to him at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn., on September 26, 1924, after some weeks of illness. Loving and beloved, he was known as the "Pastor of Chattanooga," where over fifty of his eighty-seven years had been spent in his Master's service, his broad and catholic spirit reaching out to all the people of whatever race or creed, and the city claimed him as its own. His passing was like to that of an old patriarch being gathered to his fathers and leaving a blessing to all the world.

From Saturday morning until Sunday noon, his body lay in state in the First Presbyterian Church, which he had served so long, and thousands came to look their last upon the beloved face. After a short service there just before noon on Sunday, the body was removed to Memorial Hall, that all who wished could attend the last sad rites, and in the presence of some five thousand people, the funeral services were held. Among them were members of numerous organizations attending in a body—the Chattanooga Pastors' Association, N. B. Forrest Camp of Confederate Veterans (of both of which Dr. Bachman was a member), the Frances M. Walker and A. P. Stewart Chapters, United Daughters of the Confederacy (of which he was chaplain), Lookout Commandery Knights Templar, students of Baylor College, city officials led by Mayor Richard Hardy, deacons and elders of the Church, and representatives of his "colored people," who were included in his last message of love.

The wealth of floral tributes made beautiful the stage, and covered the bier. At the back was hung a Confederate flag, symbol of those principles of right and justice to which he was ever devoted.

The services were opened by Dr. Joseph G. Venable, his successor as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in prayer, and by the singing of Dr. Bachman's favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation." Following the tributes by his close personal friends, Drs. T. S. McCallie and E. A. Elmore, pastors of other Presbyterian Churches of the city, the Confederate ritual was given by comrades of Forrest Camp, and the services were concluded with song and prayer. At the grave in Forrest Hill Cemetery impressive services were held by the Knights Templar, in full regalia; and with a touching prayer by Dr. McCallie, the beloved pastor, citizen, friend was left to his last rest among the loved ones who had gone before.

Dr. Bachman was the last of a large family of six sons and four daughters born to Jonathan and Frances Rhea Bachman, of Sullivan County, Tenn. The Bachmans came from Switzerland to America in the days of William Penn, settling in Pennsylvania, the family coming to what is now Tennessee about 1779 or 1780. Jonathan Waverley Bachman was born and reared at the home place, Roseland, October 9, 1837, and his early education was in one of the old-time log school-houses. He later attended Fall Branch Academy, Blountville Academy, and had a course at Emory and Henry College in Virginia. Then, after teaching for a year, he entered Union Theological Seminary, of New York, in 1860, his older brother, Nathan, being a fellow student, and the two brothers did much charitable and religious work among the rabble of Five Points, a place of evil eminence in those bygone days. When the country was divided in 1861, Jonathan Bachman aligned himself with the South, enlisting as a private in the

19th Tennessee Regiment. He was soon promoted to be chief clerk and aide to Col. D. F. Cooke, of the 1st Tennessee, later being detailed to Virginia and attached to the brigade of Gen. S. R. Anderson. He was with General Lee in the West Virginia campaign, receiving personal orders from him, and was standing near his chief when the body of General Lee's aide de camp, Col. John A. Washington, the last of the name to own Mount Vernon, was brought in, he having been killed while reconnoitering on Cheat Mountain. Anderson's Brigade, as a part of Loring's Division, was sent to Gen. T. J. Jackson, and Captain Bachman was with him in the Romney expedition, and endured the horrors of that mid-winter campaign. After Romney was evacuated, Anderson's Brigade was sent South, and in the summer of 1862 Captain Bachman helped to raise a new regiment in East Tennessee, the 60th Tennessee Volunteers, under Col. John H. Crawford, in which he commanded Company C. The late autumn found them operating in Mississippi, in Vaughan's Brigade, of Gen. Martin Luther Smith's Division. The regiment was in the fight at Chickasaw Bayou and at Big Black River, and later had hard work in the siege of Vicksburg, during which, on account of the disabilities of ranking officers, Captain Bachman, as senior captain, commanded the regiment. After the disaster of that surrender, he went back to Tennessee as a paroled prisoner until exchanged, when he resumed command of his regiment and saw service in Tennessee and Southwest Virginia under Gen. John C. Breckinridge. He and Col. John Brownlow, who had been college classmates, commanded opposing regiments and chased each other through East Tennessee, becoming friends again after the war was over. Captain Bachman was picketed on the right the night that Gen. John H. Morgan was killed at Greeneville, and had command of the rearguard in the retreat. In October, 1864, by his own request, he was appointed chaplain of his regiment and served thus to the end.

While on parole in 1863, Captain Bachman was married to Miss Evalina Dulaney, daughter of Dr. William R. Dulaney, of Medical Grove, near Blountville, in Sullivan County a pioneer of that section, from Virginia, and recognized as a physician of wide learning. Mrs. Bachman died in 1898, and of the ten children of this union, there are four surviving: Mrs. Frances Magill, Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, Mrs. C. E. Buck, and Judge Nathan Bachman, former justice of the Tennessee Supreme Court.

After the war, Dr. Bachman began his active service as a Presbyterian minister by serving Churches at New Providence and Rogersville, Tenn., and he was made President of Rogersville College. It was in October, 1873, that he became pastor of the first Presbyterian Church of Chattanooga, which he served through a period of fifty years, building it up from a small congregation to one of the largest and most prominent Churches of the denomination, and he held high place in the Assemblies, serving as moderator and in other important positions. On October 9, 1923, his eighty-sixth birthday, he resigned and was made pastor emeritus.

For at least ten years, Dr. Bachman had served as Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, being first appointed by the late Gen. B. H. Young, and reappointed by his successors as Commander in Chief. His love for the Confederate cause was deep and abiding, and his old comrades ever held a tender place in his heart. Of the six Bachman brothers, four served in the Confederate army. The elder, Nathan, was Union in sympathy, but did not fight in either army; Samuel Bachman was at Cumberland Gap and contracted typhoid fever, dying after he was taken home; Capt. Jonathan W. Bachman was with Company C, 60th Tennessee; Sergeant

John Lynn Bachman was in Stonewall Jackson's Brigade; Robert L. Bachman served as a lad of seventeen with his brother in the 60th Tennessee at Vicksburg. The four of these who survived the war entered the Presbyterian ministry and became noted as ministers and workers.

When Dr. Bachman located in Chattanooga, it was but a small town and hardly recovered from the occupation of the enemy forces of the war and reconstruction times. There was every kind of work to do, and he entered into it with heart and soul, and throughout the years of his residence there he had been one of its leading citizens, taking prominent part in every movement for the betterment of conditions for its people and the advancement of the city. In the yellow fever epidemic of 1878, he sent his young family away for safety, but remained to give his personal service wherever there was need of it. He was vice chairman of the relief committee, and did not spare himself in aiding the stricken people. Throughout the years since his life had been just as devoted in every way, as pastor, as public spirited citizen, as friend and counsellor. That this service was recognized and appreciated by his fellow men was evidenced by the tribute paid him early in 1923 by the clubs of the city in naming him as the man who had done more than any other in the preceding year to uplift the city, and he was presented the silver basket awarded by the Kiwanis Club as a testimonial of appreciation; and the tribute also paid him in being officially named as "Pastor of Chattanooga" expressed the estimation in which he was held by the city officials. In the minute book of the city has been recorded the resolutions passed at a meeting of the mayor and city commissioners, from which this is taken:

"Be it resolved, That in the death of the Rev. Jonathan Waverley Bachman a great public loss has come to Chattanooga. His more than one-half century of residence and service here has been a benediction to thousands. He has served with loving devotion all classes of our citizens. He has helped mold public opinion for righteousness, and, like the Master whom he preached, 'went about doing good.' In war, in pestilence, in sorrow, in adversity as well as in prosperity, he labored unceasingly, not sparing himself, and multitudes were blessed through his ministry. The poor shared his substance, the perplexed found guidance in his wise counsel, the grief stricken knew his comfort, and all claimed him as a friend."

From far and near have come messages of sympathy to the sorrowing family—from the Commander in Chief U. C. V. and other comrades, from high State officials and many others—and among these tender tributes was the following letter from one who served on the "other side" in the days of the sixties, but whose warm and generous heart holds now no feeling except that of friendship. Col. Ell Torrance, former Commander in Chief G. A. R., wrote from his home in Minneapolis, Minn., to Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, daughter of Dr. Bachman:

"I have just learned through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of the death of your revered father. Personally, I feel the lonesomeness of his departure, for he so grandly represented all that was best in human life that the world seemed safer and better while he remained in it.

"How grateful your heart must be that you were the beloved daughter of a father so constant, true, and brave; so gentle, good, and kind. Surely you are favored among women, and while my sympathy for you and your family is sincere and deep, I cannot refrain from sounding a note of joy that your father is now numbered with the immortals of both earth and heaven."

A PROMOTION INCIDENT.

The publication in the VETERAN for September, page 348, of a list of those who were "promoted for distinguished valor and skill," has brought response from one whose name seems appropriate for a place in that list, though it does not appear. But the incompleteness of Confederate records is doubtless the reason that this list is not larger. In a late letter, D. S. Switzer, now of Dallas, Tex., who served with Company C, 27th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, gives a brief account of his promotion from orderly sergeant to first lieutenant.

The two grandfathers of Comrade Switzer, who were Henry Switzer and Christian Gates, received pay for services rendered in the Revolutionary War, as shown by stubs in the Historical Commission of South Carolina at Columbia, so his martial spirit was an inheritance. His mother died before he was five years old, and he and his father became bosom companions, and in that close association the father measured so high that the son honored him above all else. In 1861, when the boy was ready to go into the army, the father said, "If you will go at sixteen, remember that war means hardship, wounds, imprisonment, even death, but show yourself a man and do your duty;" and the sister said to them, in presenting the flag to his company: "Never let this flag trail in the dust."

Then came the first hard-fought battle at Perryville, Ky. His regiment was among the reserves and was ordered to rush to the help of comrades threatened with defeat. During the terrible struggle, young Switzer fell behind a pile of rails for safety, but as he went down the thought of father and sister went with him and aroused this expression in his heart: "I can afford to disgrace myself, but not my father and sister." So nevermore did he allow his conduct to be based on fear, but always gave the best that was expected of him. In the closing struggle, he fell wounded, was captured the next day, and remained a prisoner for six months; but a year and a month later he was again ready for duty and joined his command on Lookout Mountain, November, 1863, and took part in the "battle above the clouds" and at Missionary Ridge, two of the severest of the war to the brigade; and he was among the last to leave the field in retreat. At Resaca, where both his captain and colonel were killed, in a night and two days' defense, without sleep, he kept the men at their post. At New Hope Church they were exposed to the severest dangers by the side of and supporting Granbury's Brigade, which did the greatest execution of that campaign, if not of the war, against a six-mile phalanx of the enemy. At Atlanta, July 22 and 28, his brigade took part in desperate charges against the enemy's lines, and in both of these Sergeant Switzer was close to the front and had to retreat under a galling fire.

Walthall's Brigade was stationed on the line of defense near Peachtree Creek to await the enemy in his encroachments around Atlanta by advancing his picket lines. At last the enemy came in heavy body and broke and took the lines of Walthall. Then the 24th and 27th Regiments were chosen to take back those lines at all hazards. The orderly sergeant was excused from all picket duty, as his office required, but after a plea from a number of his men, he asked permission to go with them, as the company had only one second lieutenant. The request was granted, and at the head of the company, as usual, they charged and drove the enemy from the works. Comrade Switzer was knocked senseless by a fragment of shell bursting within three feet of him, which bent his gun nearly double, but resulted in no material damage to him. In a few hours the forces were strengthened and then came

(Continued on page 443.)

MOSBY THE PARTISAN.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS.

I. THE RENDEZVOUS.

"Well, here we are, Comrade, and there's your man.
Yes, that's him, Mosby the Partisan.
Don't look like much? Well, looks don't tell
What a man can do. As for Mosby—Hell!
He wears out horses and men as well.
If you're looking for danger—hard riding, hard fighting—
If it's adventure your heart's delighting—
He'll give you plenty.

"Look he's turned this way!

Just size him up now, and, Comrade, say,
Just look at that face, and look at those eyes,
And the set of that jaw. Eh? You're surprised?
Face like a hawk? Well, I reckon that's it.
If ever was shrewdness and daring writ
On the face of a man, then it's written there!

"Go talk to him bold now! Don't you care
How sharp he questions! You're loyal and true,
And he'll know it the minute he looks at you,
And besides, he'll try you, and 'twon't be fooling!
In this here command you gits hard schooling!

"You've got to be one hundred parts a man
To ride with Mosby the Partisan!"

II. THE RAID.

"Dark as Egypt? Yes, 'nd lucky too,
Otherwise we'd've never got through
The picket lines tonight. . . . Is 't snowing?
No! Reckon it's only the night wind blowing
The wet pine needles. . . . Where're we going?
The Lord and Mosby knows! Don't worry!
Don't seem to me like he's in much of a hurry.

"By George! 't 'pears like I know this ground!
Why, certain sure! We're swinging 'round
Fairfax Courthouse to gain the 'Pike'
Near Annandale. 'Pears to me like
We're riding th' daredevil'dest raid
That even Jack Mosby ever made!
All roundabout us camps where lie
Yanks thick as blackberries in July.
How many thousand? 'Bout fifteen.
Desp'rate daring? Never was seen
The like of it! But he'll pull us through!
Yes, and with pris'ners and booty too.

"Here's the 'Pike,' and a vidette yonder.
Pris'ner without a yelp, by thunder!
We can ride right into the town! The wires
Are cut—just as dead as Yuletide fires!
And th' Yanks don't know we've but twenty-nine men!
O, Lord! if we ever ride out again
They'll multiply us each by ten!
Through all the country th' news'll hum,
And scores of daredevils to Mosby'll come.

"What's that we're to tell 'em?"

"Quit your laughing!

This is serious business, no time for chaffing!

Hooker's defeated, 'Stonewall's' advancing,
'Beauty' Stuart's war horse's prancing
Right here in Fairfax Courthouse Square!"

"O, Lord! that's rich! I do declare
I think they'd believe it if we all
Was to tell 'em 'Marse Robert' was paying a call
On his *dear friend* Stoughton. . . . O, yes, we know
They've courage a-plenty, but judgment—slow,
Else they'd grasp th' little discrepancies
In our fairy tale."

"Where's th' Captain?"

"He's

Gone to gather the General in."

"Honest now, boys, I think it's a sin
An' shame to yank him right out of his bed!
'Twould be different, you know, if he'd 'fit and bled,'
But taken this way"—

"Aw, quit your chinning!

I think our troubles are just beginning!"

"Say, get those pris'ners into line!"

"Look at them horses! Ain't they fine?
Headquarters stud, and Wyndham's too"—
"Too bad he ain't here to see the review!"

"Fours right! Trot! March!"

"Cert'nly, Cap'n.

Glad to be going!"

"What's going to happen

When we try to ride out with this caravan?"

"Just you ask Mosby the Partisan!"

"Why, we're heading straight for Fairfax Station!
Great Jehosaphat and tarnation!
Ain't Mosby willing to call it a night?
Or is he jest spoiling for a fight
With about five hundred to one ag'in' him?"

"Don't you worry, he'll show what's in him!
See! it's 'Column right,' now, across that field!
That way, by the fog and the night concealed,
We'll reach the 'Pike' and the picket line.
Thank the good Lord, the weather's fine—
For us!"

"Look! Yonder's a picket fire!"

"Well, for one, I'll say that I don't desire
A scrimmage, just now, with the Union forces.
The pris'ners could go, but to lose those horses
Would be right tough luck. . . . What? Pickets withdrawn?
Ain't those Yanks obliging!"

"And yonder's the dawn!"

"Look at those sentries, and look at those guns
In that redoubt! Good thing the sun's
Not quite risen and the mist is thick,
Or our chances wouldn't be worth a flick
O' your finger!"

"We're past 'em, and there's the sun,
And right ahead of us old Cub Run,
Down from the hills like a mill race tearing,
Out of its banks and just fairly r'aring!
Once we've over, then we can laugh
At the Yanks. . . . A ford? O, quit your chaff!
We'll swim!"

"O, Lord, but the water's cold!"

"Never mind the water, just you hold
Your horse's head up stream! . . . We're over!
Just as safe and happy as 'pigs in clover.'

"Well, how d'you feel? Ain't you proud, old man,
To be riding with Mosby the Partisan!"

III. THE SKIRMISH.

"Say, boys, isn't this just a lovely morning?
Think of God Almighty his world adorning
For men to fight in! Just look at that view!
And th' grass a-glist'ning with morning dew!
And the morning-glories"—

"Who wouldn't fight
For home and country?"

"'Course, Tom, you're right,
But I wish, just the same, that we didn't have to."

"Dick says he's hungry!"

"I'm moved to laughter!
Aren't we *always* hungry! I wouldn't be scorning
Some 'pone' and bacon this lovely morning."

"Say, Tom, can we smoke? I'm tired of chewing.
Thank you kindly."

"Say, what're we doing
Here anyway? What? Waiting for
Major Mosby and fifty more?
That means fight!"

"What part'll we play
In the Major's scheme of things to-day?
Waiting for orders? Well, that suits me,
This here's a right pleasant place to be."

"Y' say that the Yankee cavalry
Is out to catch Mosby? No harm in trying!
Just a patrol, or one of them flying
Columns o' theirs? O, a squadron! Well,
I've a lovely feeling that they'll catch hell
Instead of Mosby."

"Here comes Johnny. . . ."
"Well, what're the Major's orders, sonny?"

"He says for you fellows to mount and ride
Through the woods, till you come to the other side
Of Frying Pan Church! Leave two men here
To warn you as soon as the Yanks are near!
Then ride right up to 'em! Act surprised,
Just like you hadn't realized
They was so close, then fire and run
Like the devil was after you every one!
But he says not to ride too doggoned fast!
Just tease 'em along till their vanguard's past
The pine wood this side of Frying Pan.
The Major'll be there. D'you see the plan?
He'll give 'em a volley and charge 'em in flank,
Just at the moment when Johnny Yank
Thinks he's chasing him! . . . D'you keep on running?
No! What'n'ell! D'you think I'm funning?
You turn and charge 'em like hell was in you!
Break their vanguard and then continue
Right into their main body! On their rear
Broadwater's following. Soon as he'll hear

The carbines cracking he'll charge, and then
We'll send those Yanks loping back again
To the place they came from—many as can
Get away from Mosby the Partisan!"

"Say, wasn't that one red-hot scrimmage?
Saw a boy fall was the spitting image
Of a cousin of mine from Maryland—
Yes, a Yank. D'you reckon the good Lord planned
For men to fight? But it couldn't be
Him, for he's fighting in Tennessee,
Thank God!"

"What? How many dead?"
"Fifteen."

And thirty-one wounded. I've never seen
The Yanks fight better. Pris'ners? Forty."
"Pick your guard to take 'em to Culpepper, Shorty."
"Eighty-one horses."

"Fine! What's our loss?"
"Nine men wounded."

"Cared for, of course?
Good! Sound th' Assembly! We're going to cross
Through Thoroughfare Gap, and I reckon before
To-morrow we'll ride in the Shenandoah."

"Say, you've got to be sort of an iron man
To ride with Mosby the Partisan!"

IV. REPRISALS.

"What's that you're saying? Six of our men
Hung at Front Royal by Custer? When?"
"Yesterday."

"An hour ago."
"Has the Colonel heard?"

"Custer'll find he's stirred
More trouble up than he'll care to digest,
Like poking a stick in a hornet's nest!
We've fought like soldiers, fair and square.
But if that's his game, we'll take up his dare!
We take more pris'ners, fifty to one,
Than they do of ours, and 'twon't be fun
For Mister Custer to find 'em kicking,
Like poor snared rabbits, after every licking
We give his patrols."

"What's that smoke yonder?"
"They're burning Morgan's! Don't stop to ponder!
Just look at those children in the yard!
And the women too! Let your hearts be hard
As nether millstones! The word is, 'Slaughter'!
Ride 'em down, the house burners! Give no quarter!
They're Custer's men! Let them lie on the bed
Of their leader's making! . . .

"The fields run red
With the fruit of his handiwork at Front Royal,
And of burning men's homes that he calls disloyal!
He'll find that cruelty does no good,
Save to steel the hearts and fire the blood
Of the men he fights against!"

"Close your ranks!
Forward! Trot! March!"

"You poor, dead Yanks,
We're sorry for you, but Custer's way
Was rather unlucky for you to-day!"

"Were you there, Tom? Well, I'm glad I wasn't!
I don't mind fighting, but hanging doesn't
Appeal to me much. . . . O, of course, I know
The Colonel's plumb right, and it had to be so,
But it goes 'gainst the human grain of a man.
What? The Colonel sent a letter to Sheridan?"
"Sure as shooting"—

"Just tell us who
The devil carried that 'billey doo'?"

"Why, Johnny Russell! The Colonel says: 'John,
Deliver this letter!' And, thereupon,
That daredevil mounted and rode away
Without even stopping so much as to say,
'Good-by, God bless you!' . . .

"Sure, he came back—
Next morning—rode into our bivouac,
Made his report to the Colonel, and then
Went to sleep, as if chances of one to ten,
Or telling a general that six of his men
Have just been hung, was all in the day,
Just a part of the work that came his way."

"How did he do it and get away?"
"Ask him, or the Colonel! He's sure a man
Fit to ride with Mosby the Partisan!"

V. BREAK RANKS.

"Break ranks!"

"O, God! it is over then,
And we'll ride no more as Mosby's Men!"

"Furl up the guidons! Hide them away!
For our Cause is a thing of yesterday!
The last raid ridden! The last charge made!
And sheathed forever each flashing blade!"

"In all the squadrons no cheek is dry!
Boys, I feel just like I could prophesy
Of days to come, black days of sorrow,
Dead hopes for which there is no to-morrow!"

"Comrade, your cheeks are wet with tears!
Ay, you think, old friend, of the glorious years
When we rode and fought, slept side by side,
'Neath wintry skies, 'mid summer's pride!
Of the parting that may be, perhaps, for aye!
Of the hope that lies dead in our hearts this day!
For that dead hope weep! Aye, Comrade, weep
For our dear loved Cause! And I will keep
You company in weeping!"

"Yet
Think not that these hills can e'er forget
Our fame or our glory!"

"When loud and shrill
The tempest shall howl over vale and hill,
Then the highways shall echo the rhythmic beat,
Forevermore, of our chargers' feet!
And the flick'ring lightnings that ride the blast
Show our ghostly squadrons go galloping past
With a ghostly horseman in the van—
The wraith of Mosby the Partisan!"

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[From an address delivered by Rev. Thomas L. Shackleford
on Memorial Day, at Newnan, Ga.]

Some three hundred years ago our forefathers came to this
country, and for more than one hundred years they lived and
prospered as colonies of Great Britain.

About 1775, George III, then king of England, violated one
of the chartered rights of Massachusetts, one of the American
colonies, by taxing her without giving her representation in
Parliament. All the American colonies were then aroused
to that concert of action which led to the Revolutionary War,
in which the American colonies gained their independence
and became free and independent States. Thirteen of these
colonies then united in a rather loose Confederacy, with a
national congress, which performed all the functions of
government. In ten years the territory, population, and
business of these States grew so much that the loose Con-
federacy proved to be inadequate, and each State called a
convention and elected representatives to a national con-
vention, and instructed them to revise the articles of con-
federation and provide for the exigencies of the union, es-
pecially in case of war and in the matter of taxes. Under the
loose Confederacy, taxes could not be collected, and, therefore,
the loose Confederacy could not command the financial
strength of the country in times of war.

The result of this national convention was the Constitution
of 1787, which has been pronounced to be the greatest docu-
ment ever produced by the mind of man.

The quarrel between the North and the South for fifty
years, which culminated in the War between the States, was
partly the result of a difference of opinion as to the real nature
of the Constitution of 1787. For forty years after that
Constitution was ratified, everybody admitted that it was a
Federal compact between sovereign, independent States,
voluntarily entered into, from which any one State, or all of
them, might withdraw whenever they saw fit. This right was
expressly declared in the ratifications of Virginia, New York,
and Rhode Island, and was accepted by all the other States.
Every member of the constitutional convention of 1787 heard
that question debated for weeks, until every one of them
agreed that it was to be a voluntary Federal compact, held
together by no other tie but the advantages of belonging to
it. That was admitted by every President, every Supreme
Court judge, and everybody, everywhere, admits even to-day
that it was never questioned for forty years; and everybody
admits even to-day that it could never have been adopted
upon any other conditions. But in the course of time there
arose another theory—that this government under the Con-
stitution was not at all a Federal compact between sovereign,
independent States, voluntarily entered into from which they
might withdraw at will, but that it was a national, con-
solidated government that fused all the people into one mass
like molten metal. This theory was first championed by
Daniel Webster, who ridiculed the idea of the Constitution
being a Federal compact between independent States bound
together by a rope of sand.

The Constitution of 1787 delegated certain express powers
to the national government. For instance, it gave the right
to levy and collect taxes for the support of the government
and to declare and make war; but it was admitted by every-
body for forty years that any State might withdraw those
delegated powers whenever it saw fit. After about forty
years, Mr. Webster began to contend that the States had
surrendered the right of self-government and could not
withdraw the powers they had delegated to the national
government.

Everybody admitted also for forty years that the tenth Amendment to the Constitution reserved and guaranteed to the States all powers not expressly delegated to the national government. Some of those rights were:

1. The right to stay out of the Union. Rhode Island and North Carolina stayed out of the Union for two years, and every one admitted they might have stayed out forever.

2. Sovereignty and independence were not expressly delegated. Therefore they were reserved and resided in the people of the States constituting the Union. That was the question General Lee had to decide when the war broke out. He was in the United States army and had been offered the command of that army; but Virginia had seceded. He was opposed to secession, but when he came to decide to whom his allegiance was due, he paced the floor and prayed all night. He knew, perhaps better than anybody else, how long and bitter the struggle would be and what the outcome would be; but he decided that his allegiance was due to Virginia, *because not one particle of Virginia's sovereignty had been delegated to the United States*, and for him to take up arms against his native State would have been nothing less than treason.

3. Another power reserved and guaranteed to the States was that their institutions should be free. The South had two thousand million dollars invested in slaves, which the Constitution recognized as property and an institution, and the South was relying on the Constitution to protect this property.

4. Another right reserved to the States was the right to judge of infractions of the Constitution. The champions of liberty in the constitutional convention, like Patrick Henry, were afraid the national government would usurp and abuse the power of the States, and they would really be deprived of their freedom; and not until they were assured that there was no umpire over the States, and they would be allowed to judge of infractions and abuses for themselves, did they consent to the ratification of the Constitution.

5. Another reservation was the right to recall their delegated power whenever they saw fit. They were afraid they would make a mistake. Their forefathers had paid a dear price to purchase their freedom, and these lovers of liberty never consented to the ratification of the Constitution until they were assured that if they made a mistake they might correct it, and if their delegated powers were ever abused or used to their injury, they could recall them at once.

6. Another power the States reserved was the veto power. These guardians of liberty demanded the right not only to judge, but the power to act, to nullify any action taken by the national government which any State might deem a violation of the compact. South Carolina, in nullifying the unjust, discriminating tariff law passed by Congress in 1816, not for revenue but for the benefit of Northern manufactures, considered she was entirely within her rights. In 1845, Massachusetts asserted the same right when she declared that the admission of Texas into the Union would have no binding force on the people of Massachusetts.

7. Another right reserved by the States was equal rights with the other States. Every State was to have equal representation in the Senate. What was required of one, was to be required of all; what was done for one, was to be done for all. There was to be no partiality or discrimination between the States. The same rights and privileges were guaranteed to each and all.

8. Another right reserved was the right to secede. Whenever for any reason any State wished to withdraw from the Union, everybody admitted for forty years she had a perfect right to do so, and the national government had not one iota of authority to compel any State to stay in the Union.

Massachusetts threatened secession in 1803, 1811, 1814, 1844.

In 1814, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont also threatened to secede.

In 1779, eleven States seceded from the loose Confederacy, and the two remaining States did not try to force them to return.

In 1844 several northeastern States threatened to secede.

In 1844 Massachusetts threatened to dissolve the Union if Texas was admitted.

In 1850 William H. Seward, then in the Senate, voted for the reception of a petition for the dissolution of the Union.

In 1850 Mr. Webster presented a petition for the dissolution of the Union.

If Democracy had won in the election of 1860 the North would have seceded instead of the South. Between 1820 and 1860, every last one of the rights I have enumerated had been violated by the North over and over again.

Of four compromises the South made with the North on the question of slavery, the North had not kept a single one.

Nearly every Northern State had adopted personal liberty laws for the purpose of opposing the Fugitive Slave Act passed by Congress in 1850.

They resisted Congress in permitting a Territory to decide whether it would be slave or free.

They resisted the Supreme Court in permitting slave owners to reside in a Territory.

They renounced at Chicago all political and social connection with the South.

When John Brown made his foolish and criminal raid, in which a peaceable village was alarmed and several unoffending inhabitants murdered, they pronounced him a hero and a saint. They held Fort Sumter for four months after we seceded.

They called the Constitution a covenant with hell and a



MISS NORA DAVIDSON, OF VIRGINIA.

Miss Davidson was one of those devoted women of the South who gave themselves to hospital work in the sixties. In the *VETERAN* for September, 1921, is an article contributed by Miss Davidson on the Confederate hospitals of Petersburg, Va., with which she was connected. She is still living in Petersburg, at an advanced age, still interested in our Confederate history, and now and then sends something from her compilations on the subject.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

league with the devil. They made the Constitution a scrap of paper, and a sectional party had usurped the powers of government until we could stand it no longer. We had fought for our rights in Congress for forty years, and the situation got worse all the time. If ever people were tried, the Southern people were. If anybody every loved the Constitution of 1787, the Southern people did. Finally, we were forced to conclude that the North was not for the Union according to the Constitution of 1787. When we seceded, all we asked was to be let alone. But the North made war upon us, and we continued the fight for principle in a different arena and with different weapons. The manhood of the South on the Northern border of Dixie fought with guns for four long, bloody years for life, liberty, property, free institutions, State sovereignty, State rights, equal rights, the Constitution of 1787, yea, the Union itself, according to the Constitution of 1787. We looked upon the Constitution as the sole charter of our political liberties and our only barrier against usurpation. To violate the Constitution is to cut the cable and to send the ship of state adrift. It was dearer to us than the Union or life itself.

Never in the history of the world did any nation have abler representatives in the councils of the nation than did the South have for fifty years preceding the war. Never did gallant patriots have greater leaders on the field of battle than did the soldiery of the South. Never in the annals of warfare have men commanded greater soldiers than the men who followed Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Gordon and Wheeler and all the rest. Never has there been such fighting for principle with arms by the manhood of a nation in all the history of the world. But, if possible, the heroism of the South's gallant manhood was surpassed by the South's matchless womanhood. Never have I read anywhere an account of such devotion, such sacrifice, such heroism as Southern women demonstrated. They denied themselves all the comforts and many of the necessities of life to support the army. They went to the fields and did the work of men by day, they wove and spun and knit and sewed much of the night. They gave themselves and their all unreservedly to the cause. Many homes were turned into hospitals, and many mothers and daughters turned to nursing the sick and wounded back to life. Jackson called them female soldiers. One Confederate general said: "God bless the women, for many of them are worth a whole regiment of soldiers."

I must say also a word of appreciation and even admiration of the devotion and loyalty of most of the Southern slaves. For four long and terrible years most of them were quiet and peaceable and worked faithfully on the farms and in the homes in producing the crops and assisting with the weaving and spinning of the garments that fed and clothed their masters at the front and their mistresses at home. In most instances their loyalty was remarkable, and in many instances their devotion was beautiful. Many a time a faithful slave guarded the door of his mistress by night, or defended the home and family of his master by day. God bless the good old darkies who were faithful to their trust.

But we lost the war. We wore ourselves out whipping them, but not until they found out we would never wear out until they destroyed our homes and property; and so they did. . . . But the cause for which we fought was not lost. We fought for the principles of the Constitution of 1787, and history will yet say we were fighting for the Union. And on the part of us, their sons and daughters, God being our helper, we pledge that the principles for which they fought in the sixties shall never die.

In the various companies and regiments organized for service in the Confederate army were some mighty men who prided themselves on their physical strength and looked with contempt on those younger and weaker. Some of these even said that this class of embryo soldiers ought to be sent home and given time to grow before they were allowed to stand in ranks with them. They were ashamed to be seen in company with such a sorry looking lot; and if the Confederacy couldn't do any better in raising an army, it had better quit and not attempt to fight.

It is quite true there were many who were young and inexperienced in war, but it was a school in which the young could learn as well as those who were older, more experienced and much stronger. Then, the younger set had more vitality to endure hardships than the middle-aged men, and we had not been in active service more than a year before we had lost a great majority of the older and more powerful comrades. They dropped out on the long, hard marches, and few of them ever returned to the ranks, and some of these did little or no execution in battle.

I have in mind now men of this class, in my own company, and one especially I will mention. He was a very brave man and an excellent shot with a rifle. I have seen him come into camps with a string of squirrels, every one of them with his head shot off. But in battle, the first and only one in which he took part, he stood in a shower of balls and shells, holding his gun, and waiting for the enemy to come out of the bushes and smoke that he might see clearly what to shoot at, and all the time abusing his younger comrades for shooting at an unseen enemy only a few feet away. There he stood until a solid shot cut his leg off and ended his career forever.

When in camps I often enjoyed the contests when these fellows ran together in a tussle, though I never saw a decision; but sometimes, when certain ones whom we were afraid to tackle, became too "bigity," and things in camp were becoming monotonous, a dozen or more of the younger set would set upon him, bring him down, and pile on him. This was always rough play, and some came out of it crippled. But all of these stout fellows were not failures. Some were splendid soldiers, and among these I must mention Sergeant Rix, of my company. I have seen him perform feats of strength almost incredible. When we were engaged in tearing up the railroads, he could handle those heavy iron rails with the greatest ease. I have seen him, to show his strength, shoulder one of the iron rails that must have weighed five or six hundred pounds. He was fearless in battle and one of the best soldiers in Lee's army. Poor fellow! we lost him at Spotsylvania. He was the sergeant of our sharpshooters, and, walking calmly on the line to visit and encourage our little heroes in that dreadful fire, a ball went through his arm shivered the bone, and disabled him for any further service.

But what I intended to write was this:

A noble young man, the son of a noble father, was in college about to finish his education when the war came on. As soon as he had finished, he hastened home and immediately set to work to raise a military company—young, handsome, and popular, he succeeded in this in a very short time and was elected captain. Two younger brothers enlisted under him. But his youngest brother, then only fourteen years old, was persuaded to remain at home until he should be older. The boy did not like this and, after a few months, struck out, contrary to his father's advice and that of friends, and enlisted

in his brother's company, then forming part of the Confederate force holding Cumberland Gap.

Now, Dud, for that was his name, was an expert wrestler. From his earliest boyhood he had practiced this sport with the little negro boys on his father's plantation, and at school wherever he met a boy of his size he was sure to tackle him, so that by this time he had become very skillful in the art. As soon as he had become acquainted with the men and boys in the company, he began this exercise with them. He never seemed to tire at his favorite sport when off duty. Naturally very muscular, he soon developed, with so much practice, an expert knowledge of the game, and no man in the regiment could down him.

Encamped on a hill opposite was another regiment of the brigade in which there was a big fellow who was the champion of his regiment, and thought to be of the whole brigade. His command bantered the entire brigade to furnish a man to match him, but no one could be found to accept the challenge. This boasting was so insistent that it became offensive, and some of the men suggested that little Dud be offered as their David to meet the proud Goliath. The offer was accepted and the terms settled. These were that a large circle should be drawn where it was convenient for all the men and officers of the brigade to see the contest from higher ground all around. Dud told me after the war that when they brought him through that mass of men assembled to see the fun and set him in the ring, and he saw that big man with a heavy beard all over his face, he could not help having some misgivings; but when the man cursed Dud and asked if his regiment couldn't put a better looking thing in the ring, and told him to go back home and eat more dirt, Dud ran into him, and they clinched immediately. He told me that as soon as he threw his arms around that man he became aware that he had a man to contend with and would have to do his best to win. Around the ring they maneuvered, each trying to take advantage of the other, while each side looked on and cheered its man. Suddenly they made a mighty effort; but it resulted only in a "dog fall"—that is, neither won. No sooner had they hit the ground than both sprang up like an India rubber ball and clinched again for a decisive fall. Dud now understood his opponent's methods and determined to give him a good one for his boasting.

Again they started around the ring, each trying to get the other into the right position, for this time Dud intended not only to throw his contestant, but to throw him over his head and fall on him. At last the opportunity came, and so suddenly that the fellow hardly knew it he went over Dud's head amid the shouts of his friends. But to Dud's surprise, the man began to cry out most piteously, and when his friends ran into the ring to pull Dud off of him, they found that his leg was broken. But Dud's friends surrounded him, placed him on their shoulders, and marched around over the encampment, shouting over their victory and champion.

The poor fellow had to be sent to the hospital, where he remained several months before he recovered sufficiently to return to his command. When he did so, he hunted up Dud and told him that he never was so much surprised in his life; for when he saw the boy placed in the ring to wrestle with him, he was sure he would have little or no trouble, not only to throw him, but to throw him out of the ring.

This story I have written as I had it from the hero himself and his friends who witnessed it.

Dud made a good soldier, and, though young, his regimental commander often called on him when there was desperate fighting to do to lead the charge. In some of this fighting he was wounded, but survived to return home, where he was a

prominent and highly respected citizen. He served his country honorably in war and peace and his God as a faithful member of the Church, and he reared a family of noble children to emulate his life. A few years ago he was called to report to our Great Commander. This article is written as a tribute to his memory by one of his friends who loved him.

But I must not close without a tribute to one of my old comrades who sleeps in a soldier's grave in Old Blandford Church cemetery at Petersburg, Va., where I helped to perform the last sad rites above him. "Uncle" Calvin Gurley was one of our old men. His desire to return home to his loved ones was so great that he was confined in the hospital by homesickness most of the time until we returned from Gettysburg in the summer of 1863. We were then encamped on Clark's Mountain, when he and other "hospital rats" returned to our ranks. When he came, our younger set determined to break his melancholy, make him forget his grief, and make a soldier of him.

No sooner had he settled down among us than they piled up on the old man and never let him have any peace of mind or time to grieve. A dozen or more were constantly nagging at him or annoying him in every way possible. After awhile, he learned to enjoy the fun and would even at times start the "offensive," and it took ever so many of them to handle him, for he was big and strong. In all the rough play he never lost his temper more than sometimes to say, "Damn you" when he was hurt. From that time until he lost his life at the battle of Fort Steadman, March 17, 1865, he did his duty nobly. We had by this time learned to love him. The writer of this was detailed with others to bury him. The grave was on the hillside in rear of the church, in full view and under the guns of the enemy in the fort. But to their credit be it said they did not fire a shot at us while we were engaged in that painful duty.

Our brass band played a solemn dirge while we were at work, and when we had finished it we fired a salute over his grave and left him there to rest in peace until the resurrection day.

THE EDISTO RIFLES.

BY MISS MARION SALLEY, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

About the year 1851 a military company was formed in the town of Orangeburg, S. C., known as the Edisto Rifles. The first captain of this company was John J. Salley, and upon his resignation John Vinyard Glover succeeded him, Captain Glover later being elected major of the 14th Regiment of South Carolina Militia, to which the Edisto Rifles was attached. William L. Ehney was his successor as captain of the company and held this position until the State seceded from the Union.

At the breaking out of War between the States, this was one of the first companies in the State to volunteer its services to Governor Pickens. The company was accepted by the Governor and remained in State services until the 22nd day of August following. On the reorganization for active duty on January 22, 1861, the following officers were elected: Thomas J. Glover, captain; John V. Glover, first lieutenant; John H. Felder, second lieutenant; James F. Izlar, third lieutenant.

The uniform adopted was gray coat and trousers trimmed with black, and a gray cap. Each man paid for his own uniform. The company made a very handsome appearance when fully equipped and formed in line.

A short time after the company was organized, the 1st

Regiment of South Carolina Volunteer Infantry was formed, and Captain Thomas J. Glover was elected its lieutenant colonel, First Lieutenant John V. Glover was promoted to captain of the Edisto Rifles, and other officers promoted in line, Samuel N. Kennerly being elected to fill the vacancy in the office of third lieutenant. To give some idea of the material of which the Edisto Rifles was composed at the beginning of the War between the States the historian says that the captain was a second honor graduate of the South Carolina College; the first lieutenant, a South Carolina College graduate; the second lieutenant, a graduate of Yale; the third lieutenant, an honor graduate of Emory College; the orderly sergeant, a first honor man of Wofford; and many of the other noncommissioned officers and privates were college men.

Four companies of this 1st Regiment were from Orangeburg County, and these four, under the command of Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Glover, left there on the 11th day of April, 1861. There was a large crowd at the Orangeburg station to see the troops off, and amidst prolonged cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and firing of cannon the train pulled out. Some of the enthusiastic citizens had taken one of the old Revolutionary cannon, which had lain rusting on the street for many years, propped it up with a block of wood, loaded it, and fired the parting salute. As the Edisto Rifles were preparing for departure, Miss Adella Felder, sister of Lieut. John H. Felder, presented the company with a beautiful silk flag, the presentation taking place in front of the courthouse. The material of this flag was blue bunting, and it was trimmed with silver cord and tassels and silver fringe. On one side was a white silk palmetto tree and white silk crescent. On the reverse was "Edisto Rifles" in white silk letters. Beneath the palmetto tree was a white scroll on which was the Latin motto *In hoc signo vinces* in black letters. The staff was ornamented with a silver star at the top. The flag was delivered to William W. Legare, who was then color bearer of the company. B. W. Izlar, John C. Pike, and L. Hayne Culler were the color guard. This flag was used on all occasions by the company until it was found that so many flags caused confusion in time of battle and only the regimental battle flag was allowed; consequently the company flag was placed in a warehouse in Charleston for safe keeping and was never recovered.

The regiment, after reaching Charleston, marched, embarked, landed, and marched again, until finally it encamped on Morris Island near where Battery Wagner subsequently was located. From here was witnessed the bloodless bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter. Being ordered back to Orangeburg, the regiment reached there May 23, 1861, and went into camp about a mile east of the old Orangeburg Female College. On the 31st of May the regiment was formed and marched to the college campus and there presented with a regimental flag donated by the ladies of Barnwell.

A short time before the First Battle of Manassas, and while still encamped at Orangeburg, the regiment was temporarily relieved from duty, subject to orders. Colonel Hagood, Lieut. John H. Felder, Sergt. Samuel Dibble, Donald J. Rowe, Theodore Kohn, Edmund J. Felder, William C. Meredith, and Paul Jaudon, the seven last being members of the Edisto Rifles, at once went to Virginia and joined companies stationed at Fairfax Courthouse, Colonel Hagood and Lieutenant Felder shouldering muskets and fighting in the ranks. On the 15th of July, six members of the Edisto Rifles—John P. Frederick, Ben C. Izlar, A. Govan Rowe, William V. Izlar, Jude Robinson, and Murray Robinson—left

Orangeburg for Virginia with the intention of attaching themselves to one company there and taking part in the impending battle. The young men were disappointed in their plans, however, and so shouldered their rifles and returned home. They joined their company on August 20, and on August 22, 1862, the regiment was mustered into Confederate service. The regiment was ordered to the coast again and remained on Cole's Island until April 12, 1862, at which time, the year's term having expired, it was disbanded. The Edisto Rifles immediately reenlisted for three years, or the war, under the same officers, and joined the Eutaw Battalion, commanded by Major Charles H. Simonton. Capt. John V. Glover having been promoted to the rank of major and Lieutenant Felder having died of typhoid, Lieut. James F. Izlar then became captain of the company. The Edisto Rifles was then attached to the 25th South Carolina Regiment, which was mustered into Confederate service July 22, 1862. The regiment was stationed at different points on James Island, and was at Secessionville, but the Edisto Rifles escaped without casualty.

The 25th Regiment did duty on the coast until May, 1864, and much effective work done by the Edisto Rifles while there. Sergt. William V. Izlar, from whose history these facts are gleaned, says of the duty of the Edisto Rifles at Fort Wagner September, 1863, that this "was the most fearful experience of the four years of war; especially the last three days and nights. No water, no sleep, very little to eat, and all the while fifteen inch shells were being hurled in broadsides against the fort and the silent and suffering but faithful little garrison by the powerful armament of the enemy's fleet. The mangled dead lay thick on every side, and their fast decaying remains under a hot September sun impregnated the atmosphere with a sickening, noisome odor. All of this, added to the groans of the dying and shrieks of the wounded, was enough to cause the stoutest heart to shudder and blanch the cheeks of the bravest of the brave.

In May, 1864, the regiment was ordered to Virginia, and as to the part taken by the Edisto Rifles at Petersburg the company was reported for having acted with conspicuous gallantry; at Drewry's Bluff, and other places, the records of the men themselves will tell their story. The engagement which seemed to appeal most strongly to Lieutenant Izlar was the bloody battle of Weldon Railroad. He held that "this charge of Hagood's Brigade does not suffer by comparison with the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava." He says the Light Brigade engaged 607 and lost 406, while Hagood's Brigade engaged 740 and lost 448. The records will show the remnant who came back when hostilities were over.

Some years afterwards, the Edisto Rifles was reorganized and armed and equipped, playing important parts in the days of Reconstruction. Samuel Dibble was made captain, William V. Izlar, 1st lieutenant; and George Vose, 2nd lieutenant. Then, as the years passed by, there were various changes, and when the Spanish War came on the Edisto Rifles volunteered as a company and went to Cuba under command of Capt. D. O. Herbert. For some years thereafter the Edisto Rifles was a part of the State National Guard, but finally disbanded. Probably the last event participated in by the company was the march to Felders, five miles below Orangeburg, and the firing of the salute there over the last resting place of William V. Izlar.

Following is the record of every member who served the Confederate cause, as far as can be learned:

Captain John V. Glover; promoted to major, 25th Regiment, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 16, 1864; died June 19, 1864, in a hospital in Richmond.

Capt. James F. Izlar, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C., January 15, 1865.

First Lieut. Samuel N. Kennerly, killed at Weldon Railroad, Va., August 21, 1864.

First Lieut. Samuel Dibble, captured while scouting Long Island, S. C., July, 1863; released on parole October, 1863; afterwards exchanged; reported for duty, December 1864; captured at Town Creek, N. C., February 10, 1865.

Second Lieut. George H. Elliott, killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

Second Lieut. Joseph Graves, wounded at Weldon Railroad, August 21, 1864. Captured at Fort Fisher, N. C., January 15, 1865.

First Sergt. Ben P. Izlar, wounded May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; wounded August 21, 1864, at Weldon Railroad; captured January 15, 1865, at Fort Fisher, N. C.

Second Sergt. J. H. Hook, wounded May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Third Sergt. Jacob E. Rast, killed May 7, 1864, at Walthall Junction, Va.

Fourth Sergt. William V. Izlar, captured February 10, 1865, at Town Creek, N. C.

Fifth Sergt. L. Hayne Culler, captured February 10, 1865, at Town Creek, N. C.

Sergt. Ira T. Shoemaker, captured January 15, 1865, at Fort Fisher, N. C.

First Corp. William Paulling, wounded August 21, 1864, at Weldon Railroad.

Corp. Theodore Kohn, wounded May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Corp. Judge Robinson, wounded May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va. At surrender of Johnston's Army April 26, 1865.

Corp. J. Robert Kennerly, killed at Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864.

Corp. Jacob C. Bozzard, captured February 10, 1865, at Town Creek, N. C.

PRIVATES.

A. M. Adjer at surrender of Johnston's Army, April 26, 1865.

Morgan L. Austin, killed at Drewry's Bluff.

James H. Arant, wounded at Drewry's Bluff; captured at Town Creek.

Furman M. Antley, captured at Fort Fisher.

John Ashe, wounded at Drewry's Bluff.

D. A. Ayers.

Henry Bailey, captured at Fort Fisher.

Charles Bailey, captured at Fort Fisher; died at Elmira, N. Y., April 19, 1865.

J. W. Benton.

John D. Bozzard.

David T. Bozzard, captured at Fort Fisher.

Stephen E. Bozzard, wounded at Petersburg; at surrender of Johnston's Army. (The last survivor and whose name has been changed to Stephen E. Early, Orangeburg, S. C.)

Lawrence F. Brabham, died.

Rufus W. Bonnett, died.

Marion D. Bronson, captured at Town Creek, N. C.

Henry Brown, captured at Town Creek, N. C.; wounded at Drewry's Bluff.

David Brown, captured at Town Creek.

James P. Bruce, wounded at Weldon Railroad.

Aiken W. Bull, wounded at Secessionville, 1862.

A. Collins.

William E. Crawford, captured at Fort Fisher; died at Elmira, N. Y., March 8, 1865.

George B. Crider, killed at Weldon Railroad.

David W. Dantzler, captured at Fort Fisher; died at Elmira, N. Y., April 1, 1865.

John M. Dantzler, died at home on furlough.

M. J. D. Dantzler, promoted to assistant surgeon and assigned to duty with a Florida regiment.

Evan Darnold.

S. C. Darnold, died in a hospital in Charleston, 1863.

Fred S. Dibble, detailed as clerk in 1863 and returned to company by request in 1864.

Patrick Doyle, detailed for duty in Charleston.

G. W. B. Fairey, killed at Drewry's Bluff.

Franz J. Frieze, killed at Weldon Railroad.

H. Froberg.

Sylvanus Hall, wounded at Legare's Place, James Island, S. C., in July 1863, and killed near Petersburg, Va., in June, 1864.

Samuel R. Hall, wounded at Walthall Junction, Va.

J. M. O. Holman wounded at Walthall Junction, Va.; captured at Town Creek, N. C.

John Hook.

Joseph A. Holstein, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.; died in Elmira, N. Y., March 7, 1865.

Samuel P. Hook, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.; died March 8, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.

Lawrence L. Hook, died at home of disease.

A. J. Inabinet, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.

Frank S. Inabinet, mortally wounded and died at Drewry's Bluff.

Charles G. Inabinet, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.

E. E. Inabinet, wounded at Walthall Junction, Va.

Laban A. Irick, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.

E. D. Irick, captured at Town Creek, N. C.

Elliott H. Irick, wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Laurie T. Izlar, captured at Town Creek, N. C.

Adolphus M. Izlar, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.

Lewis W. Jenkins, killed at Walthall Junction, Va.

William C. Meredith, detached as a sergeant in the Ambulance Corps.

W. A. Moody.

Emmanuel Murphy, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.

Evan Myers, wounded at Battery Wagner, September, 1863.

Luther Myers, wounded at Legare's Place, James Island, S. C.

Fred Myers, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.

John M. O'Caïn, died at home on furlough, November, 1864.

Elinor Ott, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.; died at Elmira, N. Y.

Elias Ott, died in a hospital near Petersburg, Va.

J. D. Ott, wounded at Weldon Railroad, captured at Fort Fisher; died on way home from Elmira, N. Y.

Fred M. Rast, wounded at Battery Wagner, captured at Town Creek, N. C.

Lewis Rast.

Moses A. Rawlenson, killed at Battery Wagner.

Abram S. Rawlenson, died in North Carolina, on the way home in 1865.

William J. Rawlenson, captured at Town Creek, N. C.

William C. Rives, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.

Murray Robinson, captured at Town Creek, N. C.

Lewis F. Rush, killed at Cold Harbor, N. C., June, 1864.

Zermerus L. Scott, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.

B. H. Sanders, wounded at Drewry's Bluff; captured at Fort Fisher.

Andrew J. Smoak, wounded at Drewry's Bluff.

Jefferson Stokes, wounded at Darbytown Road, Va., December, 1864. At surrender of Johnston's Army.

Obedia J. Syphrett, wounded at Drewry's Bluff; captured at Fort Fisher.

Jesse Sanford, captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.; died at Elmira, N. Y.

John C. Tatum, surrendered with Johnston's army.

William W. Taylor, killed at Weldon Railroad.

E. M. Wolfe.

Peter Wolfe, killed at Fort Fisher, N. C.

John L. Perry and D. J. Culclease enlisted under age.

Killed or died of wounds.....	17
Wounded.....	24
Died of disease.....	5
Captured and died in prison.....	30
Captured and returned home.....	30
Living in 1924.....	2

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE BRINGING HOME OF THE BODIES OF COL. THOMAS J. GLOVER AND HIS BROTHER, LIEUT. LESLIE GLOVER.

Sleep, brothers, sleep—from different battle fields,
Borne sadly back upon your spotless shields,
At home to rest.

Close by the grave of her that gave you birth,
We lay you in the soil that on the earth
You loved the best.

'Twere fitting we should place you side by side
Who for the same loved cause so nobly died,
So manfully!

Lovely and pleasant in your lives were ye,
And now in death shall not divided be.
Sleep peacefully!

The thought of those that cheerfully have died
For her is now our country's only pride,
Their graves she'll prize.
For them sad Liberty shows tear-stained cheeks,
As, spurning this unworthy earth, she seeks
Her native skies.

They found her there who upward from the strife
Have passed into a higher, nobler life.
They now are free.

We bear our heavy lot as best we may.
In God's good time, with them we hope one day
At rest to be.

ORANGEBURG, S. C. October 19, 1866.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

BY MRS. NANCY NORTH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. W. R. Bringham, a veteran hotel proprietor of Clarksville, Tenn., relates an amusing incident of the War between the States which, at the time of its occurrence, was so unimportant as to have been overlooked by historians. It concerns the recapture of Clarksville by a band of Confederates on a lark on the evening of August 19, 1862, a clever trick causing a body of three hundred Federals to surrender to two hundred "Rebels" without fight.

The story is told by Mr. Bringham as follows:

"At the age of sixteen, I left Stewart College (now Southwestern Presbyterian University) and entered the hardware store of F. S. Beaumont, of this city, who had raised a company and left with the 14th Tennessee Infantry for Virginia,

where he soon contracted fever and died. There were three other clerks in the store beside myself, but they too also soon joined the army, leaving me, a seventeen-year-old inexperienced lad, in charge of the business. A few days after taking charge, I was pondering over the seriousness of the business, when I was startled by the 'Rebel yell' which always struck terror to the enemy. I rushed to the door and found about two hundred Confederate cavalymen, under command of Col. Tom Woodward (a Connecticut Yankee who had resided in the South fifteen or twenty years), charging through the main street of the town, armed with shotguns, squirrel rifles, flint-lock guns, butcher knives, etc. They were not armed to fight, but were simply out on a lark. The camouflage was a success, however, and after capturing and patrolling a few strolling Federal soldiers, they proceeded to surround the college, where a Colonel Mason and the 71st Ohio Regiment of Infantry were entrenched, with one piece of artillery, behind the picket fence on the campus. This detachment had been sent here as an occupation garrison following the fall of Fort Donelson. Ten or fifteen men dressed in red to represent the artillery, which we did not have, were placed on a hill opposite the college on the site now occupied by the Howell Elementary School.

"Colonel Woodward had sent in a flag of truce and demanded a surrender, which was under consideration by Colonel Mason. At first he would not agree to surrender, but Colonel Woodward explained to him that he had him surrounded, and it would be folly to resist and cause unnecessary bloodshed. Seeing that he was surrounded, Colonel Mason became alarmed, as Colonel Woodward's words, 'immediate and unconditional,' rang out.

"In the meantime I had locked the store, rushed home, saddled the old family plug horse, seized my brother's shotgun loaded with squirrel shot, and joined the command near the college. I am not sure that Colonel Mason saw me coming at a rapid pace, with two loads of squirrel shot, but just as I fell in line, the white flag went up. The men were ordered to stack arms, and we marched in and took possession without firing a gun. When we rode in the campus and the men saw what they had surrendered to, they were furious. We had no idea of provoking a battle, and if surrender had been refused we would have withdrawn as rapidly as possible.

"Colonel Mason and his command were paroled and went the same day on a boat for their respective homes in Ohio. Clarksville was soon reoccupied by Federal troops and continued so to the close of the war. Colonel Woodward's men continued to operate in this section of Tennessee and Kentucky for several months, when they went out with Forrest and joined the regular Army of Tennessee."

The force of two hundred men who "captured" Clarksville was composed of portions of Woodward's and Adam Johnson's commands, commanded, respectively, by Colonel Woodward and Lieutenant Colonel Martin. Following the episode here, Mr. Bringham became a member of Company A, Woodward's 2nd Kentucky Cavalry.

In conclusion, Mr. Bringham adds: "I am glad that the narrow prejudices which for a long time existed between those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray are fast disappearing, as we have one country, one flag, and our motto should be 'America First!'"

SELF-DETERMINATION.—In case of direct and insoluble issue between sovereign state and sovereign nation, every man was not only free to decide, but had to decide, the question of ultimate allegiance for himself: and whichever way he decided he was right.—Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts.

THE ARTILLERY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

As Archer's Brigade of Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, moved along the Chambersburg and Cashtown pike toward Gettysburg early on the morning of July 1, 1863, and approached the west end of the bridge across Willoughby Run, it encountered the advanced picket post of Buford's Federal Cavalry Division. The picket post consisted of Corporal Alphonse Hodges, of Company F, 9th New York Cavalry, with three men located east of the Run. At daylight Corporal Hodges saw men approaching along the road nearly a mile away. He advanced across the Run till near enough to see that those approaching were Confederate troops, when he turned back, and, as he did so, the approaching Confederates fired at him. He then retreated across the Run, and, from behind the abutments of the bridge, fired at the advancing Confederates. These are supposed to be the first shots fired by both sides in the great battle of Gettysburg.

The Federal picket force consisted of detachments from different regiments of Devin's Brigade of Buford's Cavalry Division. Though Hill has been charged with precipitating the battle of Gettysburg against the instructions of General Lee, evidently he was attempting to comply with his instructions, that if he found the enemy in force, not to bring on an engagement until the army was assembled, for this cavalry skirmish line was the only obstruction to Hill's forces until Gamble's Brigade of cavalry, of the same division, and Tidball's Battery A, 2nd U. S. Horse Artillery, Lieut. John H. Calef commanding, formed in line about a mile west of the Seminary after 8 A.M.

Calef's six 3-inch rifles were posted with one section north of the Cashtown road, a second section south of and near the road, and the third section on the right of the left regiment of Gamble's Brigade. Calef reported that "no sooner was the latter placed in position than I heard the enemy's skirmishers open upon our pickets, who were retiring. Lieut. John W. Roder, serving with the battery, now fired the first gun (artillery) which opened the sanguinary battle of Gettysburg."

Marye's Battery, of Maj. W. J. Pegram's Battalion of Confederate Artillery, replied to Calef's fire, and "scattered the cavalry videttes." The remaining guns of Pegram's Battalion were posted along the high ground west of Willoughby Run. When Maj. D. G. McIntosh's Battalion of Artillery, accompanying Bender's Division, Hill's Corps, reached the scene, Rice's Napoleons, Hurt's Whitworth's, and Wallace's Battery, of that battalion, were posted to the right of Pegram's guns, and all did their share in the work of the day. Johnson's Battery and Hurt's remaining section, of the same battalion, were posted "on a commanding hill some distance to the right, near the Fairfield road, at or near which point they remained during the first day's action, without any occasion for active participation, though frequently under fire." Maurin's Battery, of Garnett's Battalion, relieved one of Pegram's batteries which had expended its ammunition. The whole number of Pegram's and McIntosh's guns engaged numbered twenty-seven, to which add Maurin's four, making a total of thirty-one Confederate guns engaged by Hill's Corps.

When Wadsworth's Division, of the First Federal Corps, led by Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds, commanding the left wing of the Federal army, reached the scene of action, about 10:30 A.M., Hill soon found that he had an active and willing aggressor in the person of General Reynolds, who, on reaching the front, immediately became active in posting and directing

the maneuvers of the newly arrived infantry troops, though it is alleged that he, too, had been cautioned not to precipitate an engagement until the Federal army was assembled. Reynolds, however, was permitted to continue his activities for a brief period only, for fate had decreed that his brilliant career should be quickly terminated by a marksman of Archer's Brigade. Not, however, before he had directed Hall's 2nd Maine Light Battery to the position previously occupied by Calef's Horse battery on the Federal right of the Cashtown road. Maj. Gen. Abner Doubleday, the ranking officer present, assumed command of the corps. Hall's Battery was soon charged by Davis's Brigade, of Heth's Division, and part of it captured, the whole of it becoming nearly the captive of that gallant brigade. By an unusual stroke of good fortune for the cannoneers of the battery, the abandoned section of the battery was recovered.

As the remaining divisions of the First Corps, Robinson's and Rowley's reached the field, the remaining batteries of the corps, four in number, accompanied by Col. Charles S. Wainwright, Chief of Artillery, for that corps, reached the scene of activity. In addition to Hall's Maine Battery, the following batteries accompanied the First Federal Corps: Capt. Greenleaf T. Stevens's 5th Maine Light Battery, Capt. Gilbert H. Reynolds's 1st New York Battery L, Capt. James H. Cooper's 1st Pennsylvania Light Battery B, Lieut. James Stewart's 4th United States Battery B. The official record shows that the guns of these five batteries numbered twenty-eight, to which, if Calef's six 3-inch rifles be added, it will show thirty-four Federal guns engaged on that part of the field on July 1, 1863.

It was the desultory firing of these sixty-five guns that caused Major General Rodes, accompanied by Lieutenant General Ewell, to quicken the pace of his troops for about four miles on that hot July day in their march from Carlisle and Heidlersburg, along the Middletown and Mummasburg road. When Rodes came near the field of action, reaching the summit of Oak Ridge, the Federal force engaged with Hills' troops was plainly seen. He ordered Col. Thomas H. Carter, whose battalion of artillery accompanied his division, to post batteries on Oak Hill to enfilade the Federal lines of infantry and artillery, which stretched along Seminary Ridge to the railroad cut. W. P. Carter's and Fry's batteries, which were in the front of the marching column, were assigned to the position. "These batteries fired with decided effect, compelling the infantry to take shelter in the railroad cut and causing them to change front on their right. The Federal guns replied slowly." •

When Rodes reached the point that furnished him a view of the Federal troops, they were still over a half mile from his line, and "it was necessary to move his entire command by the right flank, and to change direction to the right." Before his dispositions were made, he discovered the two divisions of the Eleventh Corps, commanded by Maj. Gen. Carl Schurz, moving north in battle array, most of which were directed upon the position held by him, and at the same time, a part of the force opposing Hill changed position so as to occupy the woods on Oak Ridge which Rodes occupied. Being threatened from two directions, Rodes determined to attack with his center and right, holding at bay Schurz's two divisions emerging from the town (apparently with the intention of turning his left) with Doles's Brigade, which was moved to the left for that purpose. Rodes sent for two batteries to coöperate with Doles's and Page's and Reese's (Jeff Davis) Batteries were sent to him and posted on his left. Page opened from a point at the foot of the ridge, on the infantry advancing on O'Neal, with canister. By this time

Dilger's and Wheeler's Batteries, accompanying the Eleventh Federal Corps, had reached the position in the valley north of the town, and delivered a very destructive oblique fire on Page's Battery, forcing it to retire to another position.

Leaving Fry at the first position on Oak Hill, Colonel Carter posted W. P. Carter's, Page's, and Reese's Batteries in position at the foot of the ridge, and in rear of Doles's Brigade, to prevent the enemy from turning Doles's extreme left. "Here these batteries rendered excellent service, driving back both infantry and artillery." "The Long Arm of Lee," by Wise, says: "These batteries, by a tremendous effort, succeeded, almost single handed, in checking the Federal advance and driving back both infantry and artillery of the enemy from the threatened point."

After this successful resistance against great odds by the three batteries and Doles's Brigade, about 3:30 P.M., Early's Division, accompanied by Col. H. P. Jones's Battalion of Artillery, reached the field, and Jones's Battalion was posted on the right and rear of Barlow's right flank, whose troops confronted Doles's Brigade, and Early's infantry joined its right with Doles's left. No troops could endure the fire of this murderous aggregation for any length of time, hence, after a gallant resistance by Barlow's infantry and Wilkerson's artillery, the line began to crumble from that point, and soon the two divisions of Schurz's Corps became a seething mass of unorganized troops. The troops on Seminary Ridge seemed loth to retire, but, finding their support their on right swept away, nothing was left them but to retreat. There was some effort to claim that some or all of them retired in an orderly manner, but if such an attempt had been made the entire command would perhaps have become prisoners of war.

The three batteries of Dilger, Wheeler, and Wilkerson made a gallant fight. Wilkerson was mortally wounded, and Brig. Gen. Francis Barlow was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the Confederates. The cross fire from Carter's Batteries and Doles's Brigade on one side and the guns of Jones's and Early's infantry on the other side was more than the bravest troops could stand for any length of time. Until the final break, Dilger's and Wheeler's Batteries successfully defended a gap in the Federal line, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, between Schurz's left flank and Doubleday's right. In an effort to stay the Federal rout, Coster's Brigade and Heckman's Battery, both of which had been held in position with Steinwehr's Division on Cemetery Hill, were moved forward and posted "on the right of the junction of the roads near the railroad depot." Though Heckman worked his battery gallantly and actively, "he was compelled to leave one gun in the hands of the enemy," and his battery was so severely disabled otherwise that it was sent to the rear.

Carter's Battalion of Artillery, accompanying Rodes's Division, Ewell's Corps, had sixteen guns engaged, and Jones's Battalion, accompanying Early's Division, Ewell's Corps, had twelve guns engaged. Total guns engaged in Ewell's Corps, twenty-eight.

The Eleventh Federal Corps had twenty-six guns engaged.

The First Federal Corps, thirty-four guns. The Eleventh Federal Corps, twenty-eight guns. Total, sixty-two.

Hill's Corps, thirty-one guns. Ewell's Corps, twenty-eight guns. Total, fifty-nine.

These are the guns that were engaged on the 1st of July. Not a great disparity, but the slight advantage rests with the Federal numbers. It is not denied that other guns had reached the vicinity of the field late in the day, under the command of Col. R. L. Walker, Chief of Artillery for Hill's Corps, but only Maurin's Battery of the late arrivals was engaged on that date.

Brevet Maj. Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery for the Army of the Potomac, in his official report of the operations of the Federal artillery at Gettysburg, states that the artillery attached to the infantry consisted of 320 guns. Of that number 142 were 12-pounders, 106, 3-inch rifles, 6, 20-pounder Parrotts, 60, 10-pounder Parrotts, and four James rifles, and two 12-pounder howitzers. The last six constituted a battery which joined the army on its march to Gettysburg. And there were 44 3-inch rifles serving with the cavalry corps, making a total of 364 guns, constituting the artillery of that army.

The official record shows on June 30, 1863, there were 362 guns accompanying Federal infantry and artillery, fifty of which accompanied the cavalry. The official record shows that on June 10, 410 guns accompanied the army, and on June 20, 369 guns were present. The varying numbers may be accounted for in part, first, by a statement from General Hooker, dated June 25, that he had more batteries than he had men to guard them, that he had artillery for 200,000 men, and had but 75,000 men at all reliable, and that he had, on that day, ordered fourteen batteries into Washington. Second, Brig. Gen. R. O. Tyler, commanding the Artillery Reserve, said, in his official report, that much to his regret, the two batteries of 4½-inch guns (First Connecticut Artillery) were ordered to Westminster to remain with the supply train.

To meet this powerful artillery aggregation of the Federal army, the Confederate army had 241 guns with the infantry corps, of which number there were 12 20-pounder Parrotts, 39 10-pounder Parrotts, 64 3-inch rifles, 98 12-pounder Napoleons, 5 24-pound howitzers, 21 12-pounder howitzers, and 2 Whitworths. It should be noted that the howitzers, 26 in number, were an antiquated type of guns even at that date, being too short range to compete with the Parrotts, Napoleons, and 3-inch rifles of the Federal army. These deducted from the 241 guns, leaves but 215 Confederate guns of improved types, as compared with 320 Federal guns of the same type and caliber, a difference of 105.

In his official report on the operations of the Confederate artillery during the Pennsylvania campaign, Brig. Gen. William Nelson Pendleton, Chief of Artillery for the army of Northern Virginia, said: "What has been the general reserve was distributed, and the three corps into which the army is divided had each assigned to it five artillery battalions, averaging four 4-gun batteries."

A tabulated statement, which the compilers of the official record state is "in General Pendleton's handwriting, but undated," and headed 'Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia, after Gettysburg,' shows the number of guns and their caliber and class in possession of each battalion of artillery prior to the battle, and also shows the number of guns and material lost by each. The lost guns and material are not being considered in this discussion. By that statement, Longstreet's Corps had 83 guns, Ewell's, 81 guns, Hills', 77 guns, total, 241 guns with the infantry, which is one more than an average of four 4-gun batteries in five battalions each. To the 241 guns with the infantry, there should be added 30 3-inch rifles operating with the cavalry division, increasing the total to 271 guns, including the antiquated howitzers. Some of the battalions had but three batteries and some of them had less than four guns, and some had more than four guns.

General Hunt dated his official report of the battle of Gettysburg on the 27th of September, 1863, less than three months after the battle was fought, and when everything connected with it was fresh in his memory and the reports of

his subordinates, then, but recently prepared, were before him. More than twenty years later he prepared an extended article for the *Century Magazine*, which is published in the *Century* publication, "Battles and Leaders." The article is intended to cover, in a general way, the work of both armies during that battle and campaign. This discussion is limited to the artillery and its work. Hunt's last article places the Federal artillery at 65 batteries, numbering 370 guns, 320 of which were with the several infantry corps and 50 with the cavalry. This gives 12 more guns than he accounted for in his official report. It was his privilege to correct any errors in his own official report. But the official record of the Federal army for June 30, 1863, shows but 362 guns with the Federal army, including both infantry and cavalry.

In the same article General Hunt places the Confederate artillery at 69 batteries, numbering 287 guns, of which 30 were with the Confederate cavalry division. This places the number of guns with the Confederate army at 16 more than is shown by General Pendleton's statement, which is authoritative. Hunt does not say by what authority he has changed the number of guns shown by the record. Under such conditions, he must expect the friends of the Confederate army to enter an emphatic and solemn protest against such an unauthorized addition and to insist that the official record govern.

Hunt reported the expenditure by the Federal guns with the infantry of 32,781 rounds of ammunition in the three days' battle, averaging more than 100 rounds each. He also states that many of the rounds were lost in the caissons and limbers that were exploded and otherwise. That the supply carried with the army was 270 rounds per gun, and thus when the firing ceased on the 3rd of July, there was enough ammunition left to refill the chests. What an immense amount of metal in the projectiles expended. The aggregate was approximately 400,000 pounds, or 200 tons of 2,000 pounds each.

The total Federal casualties in the artillery attached to the infantry corps numbered 7 officers and 98 men killed, 33 officers and 532 men wounded, and 67 missing, total, 737. Horses killed, 881.

Ewell's Confederate Corps is reported to have expended 5,851 rounds of artillery ammunition, Hill's corps, 7,112. No report of ammunition expended by Longstreet's artillery is available, but General Alexander, who was in command of Longstreet's artillery, expressed the opinion that, as all of Longstreet's 83 guns were engaged, they doubtless averaged as much as Hill's artillery, which would make an expenditure of 9,000 rounds for Longstreet's guns. This gives an aggregate of 22,000 rounds expended by the Confederate artillery attached to the infantry, 10,000 rounds less than the Federal artillery. The Confederate army carried 150 rounds per gun, 120 rounds per gun less than was carried by the Federal army. If the weight of Confederate missiles shot averaged 12 pounds, the total weight of the expenditure will approximate 264,000 pounds. The combined weight shot by both armies was approximately 675,000 pounds of metal, or, reduced to tons of 2,000 pounds each, would approximate 338 tons. The list of Confederate casualties, reported and published, in the artillery attached to the infantry troops is so imperfect that it is impossible to give the figures correctly. There are two statements of what purports to be the same casualties, but they differ. The greatest number shown gives the casualties at 81 killed, 395 wounded, and 76 missing or captured.

General Alexander, in his "Memoirs of a Confederate," said: "The killed and wounded (not including the missing) in the Federal Reserve Artillery, 108 guns, all engaged, numbered 230, an average of 2.1 per gun. In Longstreet's Corps the total was 271 for 84 guns, an average of 2.6 men for each

gun. In Ewell's Corps the total casualties was 132, an average of 2 per gun. In Hill's Corps 128, an average of 2 per gun. The destruction of artillery horses was very great, but figures are given only for Hill's Corps. This reported 190 killed in action, 80 captured, 187 abandoned on the road, 200 condemned as broken down, a total of 627 lost in the campaign, with 77 guns. Serving with the 26 guns of Alexander's Battalion, 138 men and 116 horses, or 5 men and 4 horses per gun were killed and wounded. A greater part of this loss was from artillery fire, and its severity shows that the ground occupied was unfavorable and afforded little shelter."

General Hunt said of the bombardment on the 3rd of July: "Finally a powerful artillery force, about 150 guns, was ordered to prepare the way for the assault by cannonade." Again after enumerating the guns in position on the Federal Second Corps line on the 3d of July, Hunt said: "In addition, some of the guns on Cemetery Hill, and Rittenhouse's on Little Round Top, could be brought to bear, but these were offset by batteries similarly posted on the flanks of the enemy, so that on the Second Corps line, within the space of a mile, were 77 guns to oppose nearly 150 guns." This statement is calculated to leave an erroneous idea on the mind of casual readers that these 77 guns were practically all that were used by the Federal forces to combat the action of 150 Confederate guns, approximately the entire number of Confederate guns engaged in that notable cannonade. When the artillery armament of the two armies, as exhibited in this article, is carefully weighed and compared, and the marked superiority in number and class of the Federal guns over the Confederate guns is noted, it is almost sure to cause a smile of incredulity to spread over the face of the impartial reader and cause the inquiry to present itself: Why should such a condition exist? And it did not exist, in the sense that the language conveys, as will be shown by the facts.

General Alexander, in command of Longstreet's artillery, states that "of 83 guns, 8, Bachman's and Reiley's batteries, were posted on the extreme Confederate right to protect that flank, and the remaining 75 were posted in an irregular line, about 1,300 yards long, beginning with the Peach Orchard and ending near the northeast corner of Spangler Wood." These 75 guns occupied within a fraction of three-fourths of a mile. And the batteries of Bachman and Reiley were not entertained by Rittenhouse on Little Round Top, but by the batteries which accompanied Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division. A few hundred yards to the left and rear of the end of Alexander's line began the artillery of Hill's Corps, commanded by Colonel Walker. It comprised 60 guns, posted along Seminary Ridge to the Hagerstown road, and two Whitworth's located nearly a mile farther north. On Seminary Ridge, and in the interval, where the Chambersburg-Cashtown road and unfinished railroad crossed Seminary Ridge, were posted 20 rifle guns of Ewell's Corps. Here were 155 Confederate guns posted from the Peach Orchard, across the Emmettsburg road, and along Seminary Ridge for two and a half miles. These were confronted by 77 guns noted by Hunt, more than 60 guns commanded by Col. Thomas W. Osborn, Chief of Artillery of the Eleventh Corps, and 20, and as many more as he desired from the Artillery Reserve, commanded by Col. Charles R. Wainwright, commanding the artillery of the First Corps. Total, 157—and more doubtless.

The writer visited the great battle field of Gettysburg during the semicentennial in 1913 and again in 1917 and spent several days each visit in walking and riding over it and studying it. When he reached Cemetery Hill, he spent quite awhile studying its strong features. The position and character of the guns which were posted on that Gibraltar at the

time of this visit, fifty years after the battle was fought, were well represented at that time, and it is surprising what a range of fire those guns had. By a little maneuvering, they could be so manipulated that every gun on that elevation could readily be brought to bear on any single position, east, north, or west. It was this powerful aggregation that was concentrated on Andrews's Artillery Battalion, under the command of the gallant "Boy Major," Joseph W. Latimer, previously sketched, and wrecked his command on the 2nd of July.

In the *Philadelphia Weekly Times* of May 31, 1877, Colonel Osborn describes the cannonading on the 3rd of July, in which he commanded a little over 60 guns, and the following incident is related: "The fire from our west front had progressed fifteen or twenty minutes, when several guns opened on us from the ridge beyond East Cemetery Hill. The line of fire from these batteries and the line of fire in our front were such as to leave the town between the two lines of fire. These last guns opened directly on the right flank of my line of batteries. The gunners got our range at almost the first shot. Passing over Wainwright's guns, they caught us square in the flank and with the elevation perfect. It was admirable shooting. They raked the whole line of batteries, killed and wounded the men and horses, and blew up the caissons rapidly. I saw one shell go through six horses standing broadside. To meet this new fire I drew from the batteries facing west the 20-pound Parrott battery of Captain Taft, and, wheeling if half round to the right, brought it to bear on them. I also drew from the reserve one battery and placed it on Taft's right. Fortunately for us, these batteries in the new line at once secured the exact range of their immediate adversaries. In a few minutes the enemy's fire almost ceased, and when it was again opened, and while the fire was pregressing, it was irregular and wild."

General Howard, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1876, writing of this occasion, said: "One regiment of Steinwehr's was fearfully cut to pieces with a shell."

We are enabled from the official reports to identify the shots described by Colonel Osborn as being done at a range of 2,500 yards by two 10-pounder Parrotts and one 3-inch rifle, the battery of Capt. John Milledge, Jr., attached to Lieut. Col. William Nelson's battalion. From the report of Chief of Ordnance Gregory of guns engaged and ammunition expended, it is learned that 39 10-pounder Parrott shots and 9 3-inch rifle shots, total, 48. These were the only shots fired by Nelson's battalion during the battle and campaign, but it was Colonel Nelson's fault.

At the commencement of the Confederate cannonade on the 3rd of July, the Federal guns in position numbered 166, and during its progress 10 batteries were brought up from their reserves, raising the number to 220 against 172 used by the Confederates during the same time.

PICKETING ON THE POTOMAC.

BY CAPT. W. F. FULTON, GOODWATER, ALA.

In the September issue of the *VETERAN* appeared my article on the First Battle of Manassas and the part the 5th Alabama Battalion had in that notable affair. Being among the last survivors of that gallant band of Alabamians, and probably the only one left to recount the part they took in the great struggle for State Rights and self-determination, I wish to ask indulgence that I may follow them a little farther in their career.

We were ordered away from Manassas soon after the big battle on the 21st of July, and went direct to Cock Pitt Point,

on the Potomac River, and put in charge of some cannon planted behind some rude earthworks on a very high point overlooking the Potomac. Here we were expected to blockade the river, allowing no craft to move up or down. The river was said to be at least three miles wide at this point, and on dark nights vessels, with all lights extinguished, would occasionally attempt to steal by, hugging the Maryland shore and making as little noise as possible. The noise of the propelling machinery would attract the attention of our sentry and, the alarm being given, our guns would open fire. It was guesswork in the dark, as they always made the attempt at night. The explosion of a bomb would somewhat reveal things, and we might see the vessel sitting low in the water, moving along like a great big terrapin, and our aim would be bettered thereby. Our position had one advantage, when we opened fire it gave the alarm to Evansport, just below us, and they were always ready to give a warm reception. I never knew the effect of our firing, but we stopped all movements along the river.

Being from Alabama, where the winters are comparatively mild, we concluded that the winter of 1861 and 1862 was the coldest we ever experienced, and this high point on the Potomac the coldest in America, and we came near freezing and starving to death. We were off to ourselves, detached from our brigade and division, and the roads (what roads there were) were impossible from rain and freezes, and rations became an item the first time in our war life. The country around seemed uninhabited. There were a few old fields grown up in broomsedge and briars, but not a dwelling house to be seen anywhere. At night pickets were posted out on the sandbars to prevent the enemy landing on our side, and this picket duty was something awful. The cold wind along and across the river had full sweep, as cold as the north pole, and it would blow with a vim every night about time for the tide to rise. Our companies were divided into messes, with four to six in a mess, and our custom was for the messmate who went on guard to put on all the spare clothes in the mess, sometimes two or three pairs of pants, as many shirts and coats, all the socks in the mess, and it took all this to keep him from freezing. With all these clothes on, a sentry would have made an awkward attempt to prevent a landing on the enemy's part. The Yanks on the Maryland side, on an elevated hill, began to fire at our battery, and about the third shot they struck one of our cannons and came near dismounting it. They were shooting at long range (probably four miles) and every shot was exactly in range, but a little too high, and would pass on apparently a mile to the rear, slashing through the trees as they went. They soon ceased firing, and this was the only time they molested us. I am sure they never knew the accuracy of their aim or they would have kept up their fire.

While here, a vacancy occurring in the Adjutant's office, I was offered the position, and my friend, Lieut. J. M. Winston, insisted on my accepting, but, being young and timid, I refused. I have never mentioned it before, and as I am old now and in a few more days will reach the eighty-fifth milestone, I am sure it is pardonable for me to allude to it. My messmate, B. F. Smith, received the appointment and served to the end.

General McClellan, with a strongly recruited army, began to shift his position to the Peninsula at Yorktown, Va. This was early in 1862. We left our camp, resumed our muskets, were attached temporarily to Hood's Texas Brigade, and marched direct to Fredericksburg, Va., and it was on this march we heard the news of the battle between the ironclads Merrimac (Virginia) and Monitor. We learned that the

Merrimac had steamed out from Hampton Roads and had caused considerable destruction and great consternation among the wooden craft of the enemy. We cheered lustily at the good news, and the toils of the march were greatly lightened as we heard that the wooden vessels of the Yankees were easily sunk and run aground by our big sea monster. We reached Fredericksburg and were detached from our brigade and detailed as provost guard, and required to police the city. McClellan advanced and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston fell back to within seven or eight miles of Richmond. A severe battle between an advanced corps of General McClellan's army and a part of General Johnston's army occurred at Seven Pines, and during the engagement General Johnston was wounded and Gen. R. E. Lee was placed in command; and from this date the Army of Northern Virginia began its remarkable career.

On the 26th of June, 1862, Gen. A. P. Hill, to whose corps we belonged, (having been placed in General Archer's Tennessee Brigade), began his movement toward Mechanicsville, the extreme right of McClellan's army. In the afternoon of this day, we came in contact with the enemy entrenched at Mechanicsville. As we came in view in an open field, immediately in their front, they opened fire on us with their cannon, and the shells would pass over our heads with a peculiar whizzing sound, extremely uncomfortable, and it was amusing to see the long line of soldiers duck their heads at every discharge, until we began to guy each other at this foolish performance, as the shells were exploding a hundred yards in our rear by the time we heard the whizzing. Their firing had little effect, and we moved rapidly forward, making for a skirt of woods at the farther side of which the enemy was posted. A battery of our artillery, commanded by Captain Pegram and manned by a company of Marylanders, came in a gallop and passed to our left, the men cheering and singing "Maryland, My Maryland." We could see them unlimber their guns out in front of the enemy's battery and commence firing. We watched the duel as best we could, as we hurried on for the timber ahead. All very exciting to me, and I began to realize that we were entering our first sure-enough battle. My heart beat quick, my lips became dry, my legs appeared weak, and a prayer rose to my lips as we entered those woods. The artillery redoubled its firing, the muskets began to roar like a storm, and I knew I was in it then and, strange, the fear had passed away and I forgot the danger amid the excitement.

SURGEONS AND CHAPLAINS OF MISSISSIPPI TROOPS, C. S. A.

BY COL. W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

While much has been written and spoken of the gallantry, sacrifice, and patient endurance of the officers and soldiers of the Confederacy, little has been published concerning the surgeons and chaplains, the noncombattant heroes who rendered first aid to the sick and wounded and offered comfort and consolation to the dying.

So it is the purpose of this paper to place on record as far as possible their names and assignments as a matter of present interest and possible aid to some future historian.

Acknowledgment is made to Dr. Dunbar Rowland, author of "Mississippi Military History," and to Dr. J. William Jones, author of "Christ in the Camp," for incomplete lists, which are combined and added to by research in various directions.

Of course, these were promotions in this service as in line and general officers, and important positions were filled as

post surgeons and chaplains, special mention of which will be made as occasion offers.

The Mississippi commands are not considered in numerical order, but by military district, thus enabling the reader to locate any given regiment in the service.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Second Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: H. H. Hubbard. Assistant: Joseph Holt. Chaplains: W. A. Gray, T. D. Witherspoon, Wilson Frierson (died in hospital in 1864).

Eleventh Regiment Infantry.—Surgeon: B. F. Ward; promoted Senior Surgeon of Davis's Brigade; severely wounded at Gettysburg. Assistant: W. B. Shields. There were no commissioned chaplains, but ordained ministers and divinity students of the various companies conducted religious services, as were doctors detailed as hospital attendants.

Twelfth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: M. F. Craft. Assistant Surgeon:—Clark. Chaplain: C. H. Dodds.

Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: J. T. Gilmore; promoted brigade surgeon; L. M. Austin, died; John Clopton, transferred; S. Barush. Assistants: A. C. Anderson, A. N. Ballinger, S. C. Spinks, H. D. Greene. Chaplains: ——— Farrish, T. S. West.

Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: A. B. Snell, G. Alston Groves (died at Gettysburg). Assistant Surgeon: ——— Gwin.

Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: T. D. Isom, Edward Lea, F. W. Patterson. Assistants: J. M. Groves, (promoted in Western army), W. R. Gunn, R. L. Knox. Chaplain: W. B. Owen.

Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: J. M. Holloway, (transferred), P. H. Griffin. Assistants: B. B. Barnett, T. D. Merrit. Chaplain: J. A. Hackett.

Nineteenth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: J. W. Smith, W. F. Hyer, R. H. Peel, J. W. Sharp. Chaplain: T. L. Duke. "Chaplian Duke," says Dr. Rowland, "was at the front with his musket during the series of battles around Richmond and mainly directed the movements of the sharpshooters." Says Dr. Jones: "Chaplain Duke received appointment as captain of Scouts and went to Mississippi," Further information concerning this gallant double-barrel patriot is especially desirable.

Twenty-First Regiment of Infantry.—Chaplain: Rev. ——— McDonald.

Twenty-Sixth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: J. M. Taylor, A. Y. Venable, J. C. Merrill, W. M. Bryant. Assistants: W. J. Rogers, T. J. Colwell. Chaplains: A. H. Boothe, M. B. Chapman.

Forty-Second Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: M. J. Ropell (resigned), R. L. Taggart (promoted), L. J. Wilson, John Berry. Chaplain: T. D. Witherspoon.

Forty-Eighth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: A. A. Lyon, W. W. Scott. Assistant: T. M. Folkes. Chaplain A. E. Garrison.

There were three troops of cavalry in Virginia, composing a part of the Jeff Davis Legion, to wit: A from Adams County, B from Chickasaw, and C from Kemper; and one battery known as Ward's, from Madison County, attached to Poagues's Artillery. No information as to service of either surgeons or chaplains, though the rank and file was of as good material as the State afforded.

MISSISSIPPI COMMANDS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

First Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: A. S. Yarborough. Chaplain: J. T. Borah.

Third Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: J. M. Boyle.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry.—Chaplain: J. H. Richardson died at Camp Chase, O.).

Fifth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Sixth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: William Aills. Assistant: J. L. Riley. Chaplain: J. W. Ard.

Sixth Battalion of Infantry.—Surgeon: P. J. McCormick. Chaplain: W. W. Keep.

Seventh Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Ninth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: H. B. Williams. Assistant: ——— Griggsby. Chaplain: W. L. Weller (killed at Shiloh).

Tenth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: W. F. Camp, L. M. Wasson (died at Chattanooga, 1863). Assistants: V. L. Lipscomb, J. R. Barnett, B. R. Schaffer. Chaplain: R. G. Porter.

Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: ——— Bretany, Kelly Williams. Chaplain: Jasper N. Taylor.

Fifteenth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: E. R. Armstead, John Wright. Assistant: E. R. Roby. Chaplain: William Minter.

Twentieth Regiment of Infantry.—Chaplain: R. H. Whitehood.

Twenty-Second Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: William Mosely (died in 1862), ——— Meanes, G. C. Phillips. Assistant: B. F. Kittrell.

Twenty-Third Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Twenty-Fourth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: J. P. Montgomery (promoted brigade surgeon), O. C. Brothers. Assistant: B. G. Woodhouse. Chaplain: John Walker.

Twenty-Fifth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Twenty-Seventh Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: Isaac Shelby, K. C. Divine (promoted to brigade staff December 4, 1862). Assistant: J. S. Buckner.

Twenty-Ninth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: M. N. Phillips, J. D. Adams. Assistants: R. W. Harper, W. P. Hutchinson.

Thirtieth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: P. W. Peeples, G. R. Griffin, ——— Lauderdale. Chaplain: W. T. Hall.

Thirty-First Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: J. M. Blackwell, H. C. Orr. Assistant: J. R. Ford.

Thirty-Second Regiment of Infantry.—No information. However, Col. Mark P. Lowrey, being an ordained minister, held services while regimental and brigade commander.

Thirty-Third Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Thirty-Fourth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeons: Scruggs, Groves, Postelle, Frank Harrell, N. G. Compton.

Thirty-Fifth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: J. G. Carroll (transferred), Royal Canfield. Assistant Surgeon.

Thirty-Sixth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Thirty-Seventh Regiment of Infantry.—Assistant Surgeon: F. B. Freeman.

Thirty-Eighth Regiment of Infantry.—Chaplain: P. A. Johnston.

Thirty-Ninth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Fortieth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Forty-First Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: J. S. Cain. Assistant: J. W. Whitmore.

Forty-Third Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Forty-Fourth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Forty-Fifth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Forty-Sixth Regiment of Infantry.—Surgeon: P. J. McCormick. Assistant: R. L. Dunn.

Forty-Seventh Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

Forty-Ninth Regiment of Infantry.—No information.

MISSISSIPPI CAVALRY REGIMENTS.

First Regiment of Cavalry.—No information.

Second Regiment of Cavalry.—Assistant Surgeons: Thomas Gaddis (1862-63), J. M. Calhoun (1864-65).

Third Regiment of Cavalry.—Surgeons: R. P. Dandridge, J. F. Butler. Assistants: ——— Reed, A. F. Clayton.

Wirt Adams's Cavalry Regiment.—Surgeons: J. H. Wilson, Assistant: S. C. Martin.

Ashcraft's Regiment of Cavalry.—Surgeon: N. R. McGaughey.

Ballentine's Cavalry Regiment.—Assistant Surgeon: A. Brogden.

These were various commands of cavalry, but, as they were generally on the move, had neither surgeons nor chaplains, trusting perhaps to sharp spurs and good horse flesh and thus avoiding the necessity of either.

MISSISSIPPI ARTILLERY, C. S. A.

First Regiment of Light Artillery (known as Withers's Regiment).—Surgeon: M. W. Boyd. Assistant: E. G. Banks. Chaplain: Thomas R. Markhan.

There were numerous minor organizations, but the artillery, like the cavalry, had few surgeons and chaplains, and did their own medicine mixing and praying when necessary.

First Regiment of Minutemen.—Surgeons: W. C. Hicks, C. B. Galloway, W. D. Dunlap. Chaplain: Corydon Chamberlain.

Second Regiment of Minutemen.—Surgeon: J. K. Parker.

Third Regiment of Minutemen.—No information.

Fourth Regiment of Minutemen.—Surgeon: J. L. Wooten.

Fifth Regiment of Minutemen.—Surgeon: S. H. Smith. Assistant: R. M. White. Chaplain: J. B. Stone.

Third Battalion of Minutemen.—Surgeon: A. K. Brantly.

Ham Battalion of Cavalry.—Surgeon: M. W. Bynum, Chaplain: E. C. McElzea.

Harris's Battalion of State Troops.—Surgeon: J. E. Turner.

STATE TROOPS AND RESERVES.

First Regiment of Infantry.—Assistant Surgeon: J. G. Carroll. Chaplain: P. P. Neely.

Second Regiment of Infantry.—Chaplain: R. J. Jones.

Stubbs's Battalion of Cavalry.—Assistant Surgeon: W. D. Bragg.

It may not be amiss to here record the fact that the chaplains of the Army of Northern Virginia, almost without exception, accompanied their commands to Gettysburg, and, after the great battles were over, voluntarily remained to render relief to the wounded and dying comrades. Contrary to the rules governing civilized warfare, they were arrested and imprisoned, as were also the surgeons detailed to care for the badly wounded left behind. This arbitrary action on the part of the Federal authorities will ever remain a dark blot on the page of American history.

We never

Here can sever

Any now from the forever

Interclasping near and far!

For each minute

Holds within it

All the hours of the infinite,

As one sky holds every star.

—Father Ryan.

FORREST'S ATTACK ON MURFREESBORO,
JULY 13, 1862.

BY WILLIAM H. KING, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

At this date, July 7, 1924, I am lying in a hospital, not allowed to sit up, and in this enforced quietude I recall many incidents, scenes, and trials of the past, of which the happenings of this day sixty-two years ago was initiatory to one of the most daring and brilliant campaigns ever known in military achievements and operations. Doubtless there are still some living who remember some of these incidents, but all who are sixty-seven years of age or under that know little of it except by hearsay, hence it will be necessary to make some preliminary statements for a correct understanding.

Fort Donelson fell, and General Buckner surrendered it about February 16, 1862. Gen. A. S. Johnston made a hasty retreat from Bowling Green, Ky., through Tennessee to the border line of Mississippi and Tennessee, where he concentrated his forces for battle.

Rutherford County and Murfreesboro, Tenn., were in possession of the Federals in March, 1862, by General Mitchell's Ohio Brigade. He soon made a rapid march to Huntsville, Ala., surprising many Confederates, and came near to capturing J. M. and M. S. King, convalescing at the home of their relative, Mrs. Carrie Robinson.

The 9th Michigan Regiment came into Murfreesboro and camped where the Evergreen Cemetery now is, and the 3rd Minnesota camped two miles north of Stone's River, with a battery of artillery and about two hundred cavalry, until July 13, 1862.

Murfreesboro was under martial law, with Capt. Oliver Cromwell Rounds as provost marshal—the tyrant, the usurper, the threatener, the cruel avenger, the arrogant insulter of ladies—under whose iron mandates innocent citizens were sent to Northern prisons.

Part of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry constituted what might be termed patrols, as they daily patrolled every road leading from Murfreesboro six to eight miles, and the branch roads. They did things their own way and had a good time—riding on premises and shooting turkeys and chickens and taking them off, sometimes making threats and using unpardonable language, never failing to order their dinner and their horses fed, having little or no regard for manners and politeness. To our Southern ladies this was very harsh and uncouth, yet they were helpless and had to endure it, though sometimes retaliating with a tongue lashing, which made no impress on petrified hearts. These were common occurrences, and this state of affairs existed for two months.

The battle of Shiloh was fought April 6 and 7, 1862, and soon after that came the reorganization of the Confederate army. Colonel Forrest was made brigadier general and his command enlarged by the addition of the 8th Texas, 4th Tennessee, and the 2nd and 8th Georgia Cavalry. The two armies were confronting each other at Corinth, Miss., the Federals having posts of two to three thousand troops at various towns in Middle Tennessee to forage and live off the people, Murfreesboro being under command of General Milroy, with headquarters at Mrs. Lewis Maney's. In the vicinity of Old Jefferson and the cross pikes on the Lebanon road and toward Lascassas and Pierce's Mill vicinity, seven miles north of Murfreesboro, the citizens were much annoyed by the patrols and marauders. This was probably in the months of May and June, 1862.

While the Confederates were at Corinth, possibly during the month of May, Governor Harris, of Tennessee, commissioned Captain Bond, of Wilson County, who lived some

fifteen miles north of Murfreesboro, to go within the lines of the Federal army and raise a company for the Confederate service. He was thoroughly familiar with the country, and the dense undergrowth of cedars gave him good hiding places from undesirable parties. Up to this date, July 7, he had about twenty men ready to go out of the Federal lines. He had previously heard of the depredations committed upon the citizens of these communities and learned about the time of day the patrol came out and of their usual number, about seven. It was his intention to capture them without bloodshed, hoping it would be a warning against future atrocities. He laid his plans well to entrap them, but did not make his plans known. On Monday morning, July 7, he went to the cross pikes in ample time and placed a sufficient number of his men there with instructions to order a surrender when the Yankees came up, then with the rest of his men he went down through a cornfield near the bridge across Stone's River and remained in the cornfield until the Yankees passed.

It is about a half mile from the bridge over Stone's River to the cross pikes, and they were not in wait long before they heard the tramp of horses crossing the bridge, then they saw the Yankees passing on. Captain Bond and his men were soon on the pike between the Yankees and the bridge. At the cross pikes the Yankees fired at the command to surrender, showing fight, and Captain Bond's men then returned the fire. The Yankees whirled to return to Murfreesboro and heeded not the order to halt. Of the seven, five were killed the other two being wounded. One became so faint and exhausted he was taken to a house after crossing the bridge, the other proceeded to Murfreesboro and reported the shooting. By noon a thousand men, fully armed, were on the warpath for revenge on innocent citizens of that community, the Federals not knowing it was Captain Bond's men who had done the shooting. Their rage and fury were at fever height, and little or no restriction was held over the soldiery. Some of the good citizens were ruthlessly carried off to Murfreesboro and placed in confinement under heavy guard and with threats of hasty execution, which reached the ears of loved ones, helpless and desolate, with no hope of relief. Gloom and despair overshadowed them while they awaited the inevitable, and the suspense almost crazed them.

I regret that I cannot call to mind the names of all the twelve citizens thus held, but of them were Dr. Lunsford Black, Jim Manor, Charley Ridley (a youth of fifteen or sixteen), Elder W. R. Owen (a Primitive Baptist preacher), J. C. Carnahan, Newton Carnahan, Albert McGill, Bart Ring, Simp Harris. The entire country was bowed in deep sympathy and sorrow over the decree of the cruel despots, the consummation of which would initiate a rule of terror over the whole county that would keep every man and woman in constant jeopardy.

These citizens were incarcerated in an upper room of the courthouse, closely guarded by about two hundred soldiers, with no communication allowed between them and anxious relatives. On Friday there were over four hundred citizens held as captives in the courthouse. General Crittenden, who had suffered a recent defeat, arrived the latter part of the week and called for the citizens of Murfreesboro to assemble at the courthouse, that he would address them on the situation. A good many met Saturday afternoon, and after recounting the tragedy of Monday, he said that the people of the town and county had complained they had a hard time, but he would tell them now they had had a good time; that on Monday he would inaugurate an iron rule, and when he got through with them they would be convinced they had had a good time in the previous few months; that he was de-

terminated to let the people know that this shooting and killing of Union soldiers must be stopped; that for every soldier hereafter shot and killed he would execute one hundred citizens in the community where it occurred; that he now gave them timely warning, and to be prepared to submit to his orders to the letter.

The clouds were dark and gloomy, and the pall of death seemed to hang over many; gloom was everywhere.

General Crittenden returned to his quarters at the old Spence Hotel, where he serenely retired, but impatiently awaited the arrival of Monday morning to put his mandates into effect. This was July 12. On this same evening Hon. Wash Burton, of Louisville, Ky., a Union man and nationally prominent, went before the authorities in behalf of Charley Ridley, and, on account of his youth, succeeded in getting him released for that night, to be spent at his mother's home with Mr. Burton, who pledged himself personally responsible for return of the boy the next morning; but a guard was sent with him as further surety of his return.

On Wednesday afternoon John Kimbro, a Confederate scout, had come in from Williamson and Davidson Counties on his way toward Sparta to report to General Forrest. He had not heard of the previous Monday's tragedy until he stopped at the home of W. B. Owen, whose wife was his cousin. He found Mrs. Owen almost crazed by her distress and learned that Elder Owen and others had been taken into Murfreesboro and were to be executed the next Monday. He tried to quiet her and told her under secrecy that General Forrest was on a ride to Kentucky and he would get him to turn to Murfreesboro and rescue those citizens from prison.

John Kimbro then went on to Lascassas and was having his horse shod when a Mr. Dill, a Union man, came out from Murfreesboro and was telling about the twelve men the Yankees were going to have shot the next Monday, charging them with killing the Yankees at the cross pikes. Kimbro got all the information he could—where the men were held and the number of men guarding them—and he remarked that they were going to execute the wrong men, as those citizens did not know who had done the killing. Dill said, "You seem to know something about it," to which Kimbro replied, "I do. I killed them." Dill asked: "Who are you?" "Captain Slick," said Kimbro. He knew Dill would report him, so he took a different direction from that he had intended to go, but, making a detour, he got on the way to Sparta, which he reached early Friday morning and found Forrest there. Kimbro reported to him the situation, and, after resting his command that day, on Saturday and Saturday night Forrest was in the vicinity of Murfreesboro. Just before daybreak on Sunday morning Capt. Ed Arnold made a detour through cornfields, being thoroughly acquainted with the country, intersecting the Woodbury Pike with his company of men between town and the Double Springs, two miles east of town, where the outpost pickets were, and coming up behind them from the town. Thinking the troops were Federal soldiers, and not suspecting anything, the pickets were surprised and captured without firing a gun. Then he proceeded toward town to the inner line of pickets, the prisoners in uniform in advance, and when halted by the pickets they answered that they were friends, a scouting party coming in, and without the firing of a gun those pickets were taken.

Thus the road was clear, and General Forrest and his command at once proceeded to make an attack upon the 9th Michigan Infantry at Maney's Spring, in the suburbs of the town, at daylight, before they had arisen, and, with but slight casualties, captured them. Colonel Duffield, who had headquarters at Major Maney's residence, was wounded, and

Dr. James Wendel, of Murfreesboro, was called in by Major Maney, the Federal surgeon being a man of no experience. The object of this maneuver of General Forrest was the rescue of the prisoners in the courthouse, and they rushed there. The two hundred Federals on guard were aroused by the firing and barricaded the doors of the courthouse, and from the windows upstairs they fired on the Confederates as they approached and surrounded the courthouse on the public square. Twenty-five Confederates were killed without any casualties to the Federals, as they were protected by the walls. Though commanded to surrender, they stubbornly resisted. Some of the Confederates dismounted and reached the courthouse, but found the doors barricaded and had nothing with which to batter them in. Some of them then retired to the back streets for protection, as they were exposed to the fire without any chance to shoot the enemy. Three men attempted to bring an ax to batter down the doors and were shot down at the gate of the courthouse yard. A young Texan, about twenty, under protection of the wall, made a dash for the ax at the gate, and though fired on while going and coming, succeeded in getting the ax to the courthouse, when the doors were battered in and a fire was started on the brick floor at the foot of the stairway in the hall. The smoke wended its way upstairs, and the Federals ran a white flag out of the window. To capture them and liberate the prisoners was the paramount object of Forrest's coming to Murfreesboro, but it was achieved by a reckless and unnecessary sacrifice of life and casualties. The Federals in the courthouse, well protected by the walls, could shoot from the windows with deadly aim at the Confederates, who recklessly exposed themselves to their fire without being able to reach the Federals, and some twenty-five were killed, the only place they lost a man. This loss could have been avoided by dismounting the men and making some preparation for breaking in the doors before making the assault. The major of the 2nd Georgia Cavalry had eleven bullet wounds and fell off his horse near the Methodist church; and a lieutenant of the 2nd Georgia Cavalry, standing near the first window on the east side of the courthouse, north of the balcony, was shot in the head, the blood spattering on the brick wall by the window; and the blood stain is on the wall to this day. He was shot by Federals concealed in a house on the northeast side of the square. The eagerness to rescue the prisoners in the courthouse was the cause of such a mad and rash rush, which cost so many lives. The major of the 2nd Georgia eventually recovered from his eleven wounds and returned to his place in the regiment.

The next thing that especially interested the people of Murfreesboro was the capture of Capt. O. C. Rounds, the oppressive provost marshal, who spared no occasion to exercise his tyranny. The ladies of Murfreesboro urged the Confederates to get Captain Rounds and pointed out the house in which he had quarters, but they were told he was not there. Frantic and furious over the failure to get him, some of the ladies ran into the streets in their night attire, calling upon the soldiers to go back and search the house. Again they went to the house, and not finding him in the downstairs rooms, they proceeded upstairs and demanded entrance to a room whose door they found closed and bolted. They were appealed to not to come in there, as only ladies were in the room, and they were in their night attire. The Confederates insisted they must get in, that the ladies would not be disturbed, and so they were reluctantly admitted and searched every place where he could be, finding no man. They were about to leave when they noticed an unusually

(Continued on page 437.)



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

"In the silent hour of a velvet night,
The Angel of Death in the Book did write,
And added a name to the roll.
Then marked the place with a tear of grief,
And wrote again on the self-same leaf,
'A man with a knightly soul.'"

JAMES M. ELLIOTT.

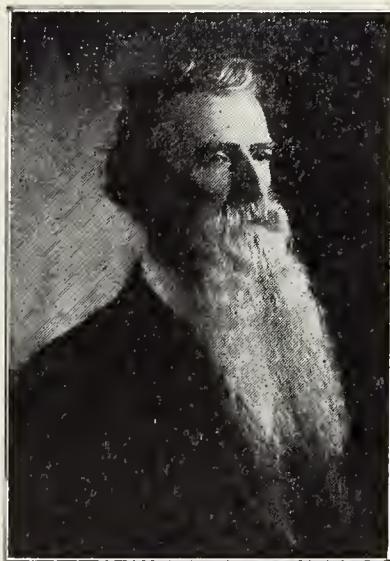
At the age of eighty-three, James M. Elliott died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Lydia Lyle, in Bedford City, Va., on August 21, 1924. For many years he made his home in Oregon, returning a few months ago to spend his last days amid the scenes of his youth and young manhood.

James M. Elliott was born in Bedford, March 5, 1841, and lived there until 1868, when he removed to Missouri. In 1871 he returned to Bedford for several years, then went West again and settled at Mosier, Oregon. Some four years ago he sold out the larger part of his land there and made his home in Portland, from which place he returned to Bedford, his nephews, Drs. W. L. and G. W. Lyle, having gone to Oregon to accompany him home. He was never married, and his nearest surviving relatives are two sisters.

At the beginning of the War between the States Comrade Elliott enlisted in the Bedford Artillery, commanded by Maj. Tyler Jordan, with which command he served until the surrender at Appomattox. Loyal and devoted to the principles for which he had fought, his favorite periodical was the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and from it he had clipped the following verse, which reflected his own desire:

"He waited for the last sweet summons home,
And he, in waiting, calm and patient grew.
He would be ready when the call should come;
His faith secure, it would be well he knew."

Death came as he would have wished, in a calm, untroubled sleep, and in Longwood Cemetery he was laid to rest among the loved ones gone before.



JAMES M. ELLIOTT.

CAPT. C. W. TANDY.

Taps was sounded for Capt. C. W. Tandy, of Plainview, Tex., on the night of September 14, 1924, at the age of eighty-four years. He and his wife were ready to go to their winter home at Palacios, when he was stricken and passed away in a few hours. He had been a citizen of Plainview for nearly eighteen years. He was born at Clarksville, Tenn., February 20, 1840, both parents dying when he was a small child, and he and a brother and sister were reared by grandparents at Hopkinsville, Ky., where he grew to manhood.

When the war came on, Captain Tandy enlisted in a company formed by the afterwards General Forrest, and which became Company G, 7th Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. He took part in nearly all the campaigns of that cavalry (except when in hospital from wounds), and was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Brice's Crossroads, Franklin, Chickamauga, Fort Pillow, Harrisburg, etc. He helped to cover Hood's disastrous retreat from Nashville, was in the closing campaign of North Alabama, the capture of Selma, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 6, 1865. Captain Tandy had many narrow escapes, but was fortunate until he received a severe wound at Brice's Crossroads, where he was shot through both thighs.

After the war he went to Shreveport, La., and engaged in business, later operating a steamboat line from Shreveport to New Orleans. He then went to ranching in Texas, residing in San Antonio over twenty-five years. Retiring from active business, he removed to Charlottesville, Va., to place his son and daughter in college there. His wife died there, and after some years, he returned to Texas and was associated in business at Plainview with his stepson, E. T. Coleman. He later married Mrs. Katherine S. Jones, of Richmond, Va., who had been principal of Rawlings Institute at Charlottesville, and a dear friend of his wife and daughter during their residence there. She survives him, with his son and daughter, his stepson, a brother at Hopkinsville, and seven grandchildren.

In his Confederate uniform, with the Cross of Honor on his breast, the flag of the Stars and Bars, for which he offered every drop of blood of his body, draped on his casket, and escorted by a guard of his Confederate comrades and a host of friends, he was laid to rest in the Plainview cemetery just as the day was closing.

CAPT. T. W. SCOTT.

On the night of July 10, 1924, Capt. T. W. Scott passed into the realm of rest after an invalidism since 1914, when he was badly injured. He was a son of the Rev. William C. and Martha Martin Scott, and was born April 11, 1844. On November 16, 1865, he was married to Miss Ruth Josephine Watkins, who preceded him to the grave by several years.

At the age of sixteen, Comrade Scott joined the Charlotte Defenders, a company made up at Wyliesbury, with T. D. Jeffress as captain. The company was mustered into service as Company G, 56th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A. He was wounded in service and carried the scar through life. Captain Scott came to Drake's Branch, Charlotte County, Va., about fifty-two years ago, as a merchant, and built the first warehouse at Drake's Branch. He was a progressive citizen; was United States marshal under both of Grover Cleveland's administrations. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, Commander of H. A. Carrington Camp, U. C. V., from its organization till his death. After he became an invalid, he was voted Commander emeritus for life. The funeral services were held at the grave, conducted by the pastors of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, and interment was

made in the Presbyterian cemetery, attended by a large concourse of friends and relatives.

[J. P. Purcell, Drake's Branch, Va.]

HIRAM PRESTON HAWKINS.

As morning dawned on June 6, 1924, Hiram Preston Hawkins, soldier and honored citizen, passed from among us. So reticent and retiring was he in his daily life that many did not know that he was as brave a soldier as ever charged a foe, a follower of the fearless Forrest.

Born near Jordan, Fulton County, Ky., on September 22, 1844, he grew to young manhood in that vicinity and in early life located at Buckskull, Ark. There, in August, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, White's Battalion, Jeff Thompson's Brigade, and served with this command until he was given a furlough to recuperate from a wounded shoulder. During this leave

of absence he was with his brother at the old home near Jordan, Ky., and was soon cut off from his Trans-Mississippi command. Eager to return to the front, he availed himself of a horse which a Federal soldier had "hitched to the rack" in front of a store in Jordan, a saddle was proffered by a friend, and he rode away to join Company B, 12th Kentucky Cavalry. Assigned to scout duty, for which his splendid horsemanship admirably fitted him, he served with Forrest's Cavalry until he received his parole at Paducah, Ky., May 6, 1865.

After the war Mr. Hawkins located in Union City, Tenn., where he resided until he removed to Paducah, Ky., in 1893.

On December 8, 1875, he married Miss Lucy E. Jenkins, of Obion County, Tenn., who survives him. One daughter, Mrs. Weightman Smith, of Berkeley, Calif.; two sons, H. P. Hawkins and Edward Carr Hawkins, and one grandson, H. P. Hawkins, III., all of Paducah, Ky., are heirs to his record of valor.

JAMES L. SINGLETON.

James L. Singleton, born in Humphreys County, Tenn., May 23, 1846, died in Calloway County, Ky., September 21, 1924, his age being a little over seventy-eight years. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1863, at the age of fifteen, and served in the 7th Tennessee Cavalry until the war closed. After the war his parents removed to Calloway County, Ky., where he married Miss Naomi Galloway in December, 1867. Of the four sons and three daughters of this union, two sons and a daughter survive him; his wife died several years ago. Comrade Singleton was a loyal soldier of the Confederacy, a devoted husband and father, and he is greatly missed in his community life. His comrade and lifelong friend, Capt. P. P. Pullen, of Paris, Tenn., was called to conduct the funeral services at his old home Church, Harmony, in Graves County, Ky., where a large concourse of friends gathered to pay him a last tribute.

[P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

JAMES TILFORD CARSON.

James Telford Carson, born in Clark County, Ky., near Lexington, November 26, 1838, died in Verona, Miss., April 2, 1924. He moved to Gallatin, Tenn., when a boy, with his parents, and he enlisted with Company H, 2nd Regiment (Bate's) Tennessee Volunteers. This company left Hartsville May 3, 1861; and organized in Nashville, electing William B. Bate colonel, D. L. Goodall lieutenant colonel, William Doak major. It was sworn into the Confederate service at Lynchburg, Va., took part in the battle of First Manassas, and fought the battle of Shiloh with furloughs in the pockets of its members; in the battles of Farmington, Richmond, and Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, in the one hundred days battles between Dalton and Atlanta, Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Ga., Bloody Franklin, Nashville, Bentonville, N. C., where what was left of it surrendered after Lee's surrender. It was the first regiment to enlist for the war when it was transferred from the Army of Northern Virginia to the Army of Tennessee, and comrade Carson was made lieutenant. He was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, was discharged May 11, 1865, and returned to his home in Middle Tennessee where he helped to rebuild a war-torn country, performing his task as well as he did that of being a soldier.

On December 22, 1865, he was married to Miss Laura Carson, and to them were born five sons and four daughters. His wife survives him, also one son and the four daughters.

Comrade Carson removed to Mississippi in 1883, and settled near Verona, where he has made his home since. He engaged in farming and business, and had been a most honored citizen. He was a faithful husband, a loving father, and a kind friend. Interment was in the beautiful Verona cemetery, and he was laid to rest beneath a mound of lovely flowers, the tender tribute of family and friends.

COL. C. L. MORGAN.

The death of Col. C. L. Morgan, at Ballinger, Tex., on March 11, 1924, removed from the walks of life a distinguished citizen and one of the youngest colonels who served in the Confederate army.

Colonel Morgan was born in Bastrop County, Tex., August 24, 1840, and was in his eighty-fourth year. At the beginning of the War between the States, he entered the service of Terry's Texas Rangers, and in later months of the service he was one of the hundred men who became the bodyguard of General Hindman. At the age of twenty-one years, as a member of the 8th Texas Regiment, he was given the commission of colonel of Morgan's Regiment, and he was presented to General Hindman as the youngest colonel in the Confederate service.

Funeral services were conducted by the pastors of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, and he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Coleman.

SAMUEL K. NELSON.

Samuel K. Nelson, aged eighty-nine years, of Whitmer, Randolph County, W. Va., died at his home there on September 24, 1924. He was a pioneer of that section and was known by every one near his home. Long before any development there, he was a resident and could tell the history of that section for many years.

Comrade Nelson was a valiant Confederate soldier and took part in the battle of Gettysburg. His wife, two years younger than himself, died about three months before him, and he was laid to rest by her in the old family cemetery.

[W. C. Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]



HIRAM P. HAWKINS.

PETER VIVIAN DANIEL CONWAY.

On the 3rd of April, 1924, Peter Vivian Daniel Conway died in San Diego, Calif., in the eighty-first year of his age. His mortal remains were laid to rest in Fredericksburg, Va., where most of his long and useful life had been spent.

Mr. Conway was born in Falmouth, Va., November 18, 1842. When the War between the States broke out, he was in Baltimore, but he ran the blockade, went back to Virginia, and enlisted in the Fredericksburg Artillery, A. N. V., with which command he served until the surrender at Appomattox. He fought under Stonewall Jackson, taking part in all that brilliant leader's campaigns, and was seriously wounded at Gettysburg. His diary, kept throughout the war, records twenty-two major engagements in which his command took part, and he adds: "Of the twenty-two engagements enumerated, I took part in eighteen."

For nine years after the war he lived in Baltimore, but in 1874 he returned to Virginia and spent the rest of his life in Fredericksburg, where he was a prominent figure in the religious, social, and business life of the city.

Mr. Conway was president of the Conway, Gordon-Garnett National Bank, and as a banker had the confidence and esteem of the community. In March, 1864, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and remained a loyal, devoted, and influential member of that Church until his death. He was also deeply interested in the temperance cause, and held the office of vice president of the Anti-Saloon League of Virginia.

He was married twice, first to Miss Mary Porter, of Easton, Pa., and his second wife was Miss Laetitia Yeamans Stansbury, of Fredericksburg, Va.

A devout Christian, an honorable man of business, a charming and interesting companion, a typical Virginia gentleman, he was a worthy representative of the heroic band which fought with Lee and Jackson.

JOSEPH FRANKLIN WATT.

Joseph Franklin Watt was born near Spring Creek, Tenn., November 15, 1845. When war broke out between the States, he joined the Confederate army, though only sixteen years old; and served with the 52nd Tennessee Infantry, Company K. Later, while home on a furlough, he secured a horse and joined the 1st Cavalry, Kyser's Regiment. No braver soldier ever followed the daring Capt. Bill Forrest. He was in the thickest of the battle of Shiloh, and saw Albert Sidney Johnston fall. He served in the cavalry until the close of the war and took part in many battles too numerous to mention, having some narrow escapes. A button was shot off of his clothing during the fight at Memphis, and his mule was shot from under him in this fight, but, with blood spurting from his side, he managed to avoid being captured by the enemy. It was in this charge that Capt. Bill Forrest rode into the Gayoso Hotel in pursuit of the commanding officer of the Northern army, who, at this early morning hour, escaped through the back way, scantily clad.

His service to the cause he loved injured his health, and he felt the effect of it to the day of his death. As with many others, he sacrificed all—health, education, home—for his beloved Southland. He enjoyed nothing so well as attending reunions of Confederate soldiers and reading the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

At the close of the war he moved into Gibson County, near Trenton, Tenn., and lived there until his death, July 28, 1924. He married Miss Ann Casway Foster, granddaughter of Capt. Ebenezer Donaldson, and to this union were born

seven children, five of whom survive. His wife preceded him to the Great Beyond about a year.

Mr. Watt was a gentleman of the days before the war, a true Southerner, an excellent citizen, and a man of many fine traits of character. He never sought the limelight in public affairs, but contented himself in remaining on his own farm and giving his family his best attention and service. All who knew him loved and respected him.

[Mary S. Dial.]

JAMES A. PARRILL.

Fourscore and eight years was the allotted span of life for James A. Parrill, whose death occurred a short while ago. He was born in Hampshire County, Va., February 25, 1836. Having an eager desire to fight for Southern rights and independence, he volunteered for service and became a member of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, which operated with the Army of Northern Virginia. He will be remembered by his comrades as "Shellbark" Parrill. In September, 1863, he was captured at Culpeper Courthouse by the enemy and was held prisoner at Point Lookout and Elmyra, N. Y., for eighteen months. He was released from prison in March, 1865, just before the war closed in the following April.

D. W. FULTON.

D. W. Fulton died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Z. D. Emerson, at Van Alstyne, Tex., on September 3, 1824,

He was born in Arkansas in 1835, and had lived in Texas for seventy-five years, moving into that State in 1849.

In 1857 he was married to Miss Margaret E. McKinney, whose grandfather, Collin McKinney, was one of the founders of the Texas Republic. He enlisted in the 6th Texas Cavalry in 1861, serving until early in 1865, when he returned to his home on furlough, being absent from his command at the time of its surrender. He participated in eighty-five major and minor engagements, and was twice wounded, at Lovejoy Station, Ga., and at Union Station, Ga., in the fighting around Atlanta.

He was a brave soldier and a splendid gentleman. One of his comrades, Jim Creager, of Vernon, Tex., said of him: "No better soldier ever wore a uniform than D. W. Fulton."

He was active as a member of the United Confederate Veterans;



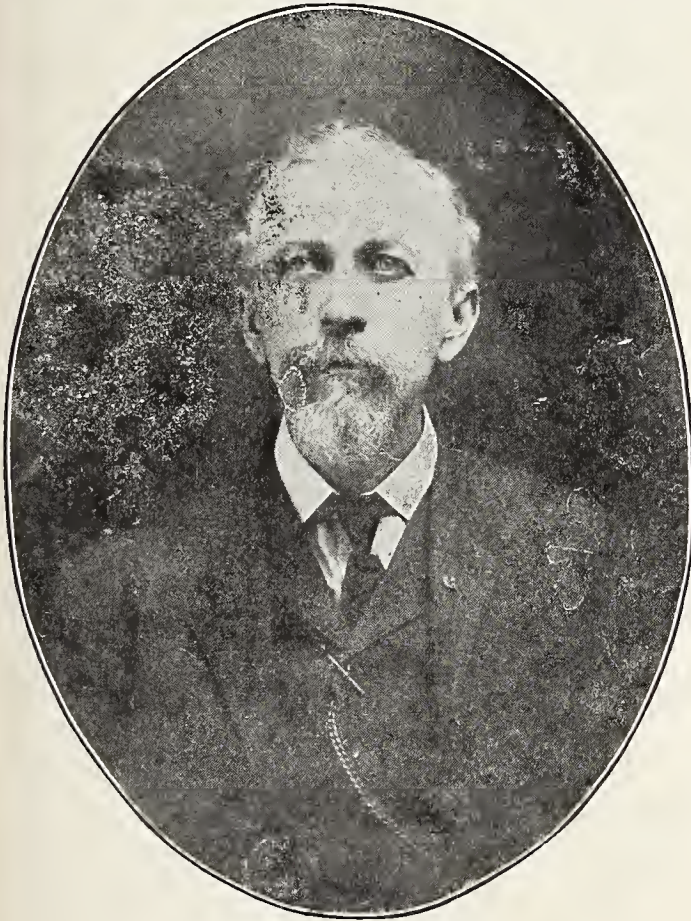
D. W. FULTON.

and was the Commander of Winnie Davis Camp No 625, of Van Alstyne. As long as his health permitted, he attended all of the reunions.

Interment was had on September 4 at the Van Alstyne cemetery, conducted by Mantua Lodge of Masons, of which, in length of membership, he was the oldest member, and in years the second oldest.

COL. WILLIAM H. CACKLEY.

After lingering many days, W. H. Cackley succumbed to the effect of injuries received when struck by an automobile



WILLIAM H. CACKLEY,

on August 16, 1924, passing away at Ronceverte, W. Va., on September 2.

He was born at Millpoint, Pocahontas County, Va. (now West Virginia), on June 25, 1845. His parents, Valentine and Caroline Yancey Moore Cackley, were Virginians. Both died when he was quite young, and he was reared by his uncle, Levi Cackley.

When the War between the States broke out, he wanted to join a company made up in the neighborhood, but he was only sixteen and had to wait. However, in August, 1863, he volunteered in Capt. William L. McNeil's Company F, 19th Virginia Cavalry, and served to the close of the war. He was ever loyal to the Confederacy, attending all reunions when possible. He enjoyed reading the VETERAN, and was interested in its success, having built up its patronage in his community.

In the fall of 1869 he went to Missouri, and taught school near Jamesport, but the next year he returned to West Virginia, and in September, 1871, was married to Miss Indiana M. Jackson, daughter of Benjamin F. Jackson, of Dunmore, W. Va. To this union were born four children, two daughters and two sons, all surviving him. After his marriage, he went

to Iowa, but within two years he returned to Pocahontas County, W. Va., and a few years later he served his county as sheriff. About thirty years ago he removed to Ronceverte and engaged in the mercantile business.

His funeral took place from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which he was a loyal and devoted member, with interment in Riverview Cemetery. He was laid away in his suit of gray, which he was always so proud to wear. Greenbrier Post, No. 26, of the American Legion, formed an escort of honor in the funeral procession, and at the grave gave the bugle call and fired a volley in honor of the dead soldier. Even more beautiful than the many floral tributes, tokens of the love of old and young, were the high tributes to his noble Christian character. His influence will live on and on in this community.

He served his Church as steward, trustee, and treasurer, never missing Sunday school or any of the services when possible for him to attend. He has left to his family that most priceless heritage, a good name. He was a devoted father, a tender husband, a good neighbor, and a friend to all who needed his friendship.

[A. W. Kirkpatrick, Commander Camp Dick Johnson, S. C. V.]

GEORGE P. SANDERS.

Many friends were grieved by the death of George P. Sanders, who passed away on May 7, 1924, at his home in Coleman, Tex. He had just shortly before observed his eightieth birthday, when many life-long friends and neighbors called to pay their respects, and he was made happy by their visit.

George P. Sanders was born April 14, 1844, in Lawrence County, Ala. He served the Southern Confederacy valiantly during the war of the sixties, enlisting with the 10th Texas Infantry, Lauderdale's Company, in Washington County. After his capture at Arkansas Post, he was later released and assigned to the Army of Tennessee, figuring in the battles of Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, and Chickamauga. He was wounded at Ringgold, Ga., in 1863.

Comrade Sanders was survived by his wife, his companion for thirty-six years. Eight children by his first marriage also survive him, and three brothers and a sister. Interment was in the Coleman cemetery.

W. B. HOWELL.

W. B. Howell died at his old home near Austin, Ark., on September 29, after an illness of a few days. He was born and reared in Darlington County, S. C., and was in his eighty-second year.

Comrade Howell served in the Confederate army as a member of Company A, 14th South Carolina Regiment, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V., leaving home for the war on August 17, 1861; was orderly sergeant at the close of war. He was wounded four times, was taken prisoner at the fall of Petersburg, and sent to prison at Hart's Island near New York City. He was released from prison on June 17, 1865, and reached his home on the 4th of July.

He was indeed a Christian gentleman, helping any and all in time of need or sorrow, and will be missed for long by those who knew him. He is survived by three daughters, his wife and three children having preceded him to the better land.

"How sweet is the sleep unbroken
Of death and the martyr's grave
Where hover the shadows and silence
In the ranks of the lost and the brave."

JOSHUA BROWN

Joshua Brown, a native of Tennessee and resident of Nashville, whose death occurred suddenly in Florida in February, 1924, was the son of Joshua and Evalina Bailey Brown, born at Clarksville on December 25, 1843. His paternal ancestors came from the north of Ireland, settling in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and they were represented in the Revolutionary War. Later the family removed to Kentucky, at the present site of Louisville, afterwards going to Bardstown, where Joshua Brown's father was born in 1800. He located in Clarksville in 1825, and as farmer and merchant remained there for sixty years.

Joshua Brown was a student at the Southwestern University at Clarksville when Fort Donelson fell, and Clarksville was the first place afterwards captured by General Grant. The next fall young Brown joined the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, under Colonel Woodward. At the battle of Stone's River he was captured and taken to Nashville, being confined in the old penitentiary with some two thousand other Confederate prisoners. He escaped by climbing the wall, got a pass out of the city, and joined Forrest's command at Columbia. Some weeks later he was put on detached service and ordered to report to the chief of the secret service in the Army of Tennessee, and after the battle of Chickamauga he was ordered into Tennessee for scout duty under Captain Coleman, also known as Dr. Shaw, chief of the secret service inside the Federal lines at Pulaski; and in that service young Brown was associated with Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero and martyr. He was captured at the same time as Davis, but no papers were found on him, and he was in jail at Pulaski when Sam Davis was executed. He was sent to prison in Nashville, then to Louisville, to Chicago, and then to Rock Island. Later on, when being transferred to Elmira, N. Y. he escaped by jumping from the train, made his way to Canada, and remained there until July, 1865. Returning to Tennessee, he was in business in Nashville for some years, going to New York in 1870 and entering business there. He returned to Nashville in 1911, and that city had since been his home. One brother only of the large family survives him.

The following comes from an old friend, W. J. Bohon, of Kentucky: "The sudden summons of my old friend, comrade, and one-time fellow prisoner in Rock Island, Joshua Brown, who was very dear to me, speaks in no uncertain terms that they are 'gathering' home one by one,' and that soon the last leaf of the roses will have fallen and only their memory remain. I loved him as a brother, and shall cherish his memory as something sacred. His record as a soldier speaks for itself. He was one of the scouts captured with Sam Davis, and one of the last to grasp his hand as he started to make that heroic sacrifice which stamped him as *the hero of the War between the States*."

REV. WILLIAM MEADE DAME, D.D.

Rev. William Meade Dame, D.D., the subject of this tribute, is contemplated altogether from the viewpoint of the Confederate soldier and patriot. The story of his clerical and religious life, admirable, excellent, ideal as it was, must be reserved for the ecclesiastical chroniclers and find its proper recognition at their hands.

William Meade Dame was born in Danville, Va., December 17, 1844. His early scholastic training was received in the Danville Military Academy. It will be noted that he was only sixteen when Virginia seceded, April 17, 1861, yet, at the earliest moment, he enlisted in a section of the Richmond Howitzers, a command representing in the amplest sense the perfect flower of Southern manhood and chivalric aspiration,

as well as the peerless grace and charm that crowned its social and domestic life. In the capacity of a private soldier, seeking neither preferment nor advancement, he was ever in the forefront of the fray, until the end came on that bodeful Sabbath, April 9, 1865.

I was a student at the University of Virginia (1860-61), and as soon as the State had cast in her lot with the South, I returned to my home in North Carolina and ere many weeks had passed over was in the field on the plains of Yorktown, actively engaged in training recruits for the service that lay before them. My encampment was on the line occupied by Rochambeau and LaFayette in October, 1781. The Nelson House was hard by, so, too, the grave of Spottswood, and the massive redoubts reared by Cornwallis, on which the cattle were quietly browsing, stood as firm and erect as on October 19, 1781, when they passed into the hands of George Washington. The very atmosphere was redolent with inspiring memories and rich in historic associations. The Howitzers were posted within sight of my quarters; some of them I had known during my University days—Harry M. Estill and my Fluvanna kinsman, Alvin Shepherd. Time and again I saw William M. Dame in his soldier blouse, but did not recognize or identify him. As the autumn drew near, I was transferred to another scene of action and did not come into contact with him until the campaign in front of Richmond, June, 1862. For several months I was engaged in Eastern North Carolina, rejoining him near Fredericksburg not long preceding our advance into Pennsylvania, June, 1863. On July 3, I was seriously wounded at Gettysburg and disabled for a prolonged period. His battery was in vigorous action near my own command during that memorable and sanguinary engagement. The fortunes of war separated us until he made his home in Baltimore in his capacity as rector of Memorial Church, 1878. Our first meeting was on Memorial Day, June 3, 1878. In October, 1882, I was called to the presidency of the College of Charleston, S. C., and saw no more of my former comrade until my return, September, 1897. We soon restored the continuity of our ancient friendship, which continued with increasing vigor as well as a more discerning appreciation of the rare and varied excellencies blending into harmony in his character, and habitually revealed in his personal and official labors. He entered into rest January 27, 1923. In the sphere of literature, his "From the Rapidan to Appomattox" concretely illustrates the purity of his taste, the discernment and justice that marked his judgments, and the unborrowed grace which is reflected in his language. In the intensest sense which our supreme English clergy is capable of portraying,

"He bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."

There rises spontaneously the stanza in which sorrow and pathos mingled with hope and joyous remembrances:

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And we alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is dear and bright,
And our sad hearts doth cheer."

Of the Richmond Howitzers it may be declared with no touch of conscious exaggeration,

"Whatever record leap to light,
They never shall be shamed."

[Henry E. Shepherd, Baltimore, Md.]

FORREST'S ATTACK ON MURFREESBORO, JULY 13, 1862.

(Continued from page 431.)

at feather bed in the room, which they proceeded to investigate, turning it up and back, when lo and behold! there was a man in thin summer underwear—Captain Rounds, thus attired in a room with his wife and three young women in their night dresses. This was not customary in Murfreesboro, so he was taken down in this garb and placed on a mule behind a brawny Texan and sent out of town. The rejoicing of the people of Murfreesboro was at high pitch.

After this achievement the next thing was to capture the 3rd Minnesota Infantry, some cavalry, and a battery about two miles north of town on Stone's River, at Murfree Springs. About 2 P.M., General Forrest proceeded with his command and sent in a flag of truce, demanding a surrender, saying he had captured the other commands and did not wish to have further bloodshed. The commanding officer, Colonel Lester, asked for two hours to consider. General Forrest replied: "I will give you five minutes, and at the end of that time, I will ask no quarter and will give no quarter." This emphatic and decisive enunciation struck them with terror, and without the firing of a gun they surrendered and were marched into town. The public square was blue with bluecoats, and here and there was a Confederate stationed, not much more than a corporal's guard. Colonel Lester was afterwards court-martialed and cashiered for cowardice. This 3rd Minnesota Regiment was about nine hundred strong, of stalwart Westerners, and they were greatly chagrined over their fate.

I should have told of the capture of General Crittenden, who was quartered at the Spence Hotel. About sunup, before he had arisen from his bed, there was a knock at his door and a demand for him to open it. He thought it rather discourteous and wanted to know why he was so rudely disturbed, receiving the answer that this was no time to parley or indulge in formalities, and instant opening of the door was demanded. Upon opening it, he was astounded to be confronted by a dozen or more gray jackets, who told him to dress and come with them. You can imagine how disappointed he felt that he could not have the satisfaction of commencing his "iron rule" on Monday morning, as he had so arrogantly boasted on the previous Saturday evening.

We will revert to another incident of the day. Charley Bradley, who was a prisoner in the courthouse, having been returned under pledge of the Hon. Wash Burton, was awakened by the firing of guns and, looking out and seeing the Confederates dashing down the streets, donned his clothes, got himself a horse, saddle, and gun, and joined in the fray. Rejoicing at being free, he was ready to fight to liberate those yet in prison and dashed here and there, trying to do all he could, as on the morrow he was to be hanged or shot.

The prisoners were soon on their march to McMinnville, twenty-five miles east of Murfreesboro, where they were paroled and the commissioned officers were sent South to prison. Notwithstanding it was sad for so many brave and gallant soldiers to sacrifice their lives to liberate the twelve men upon whom the death sentence had been passed, the rejoicing in Murfreesboro was never at such high pitch before. Forrest captured about 1,200 men with his 800.

Lord Wolsey, commander in chief of the British army, pronounced this feat the most brilliant in military annals.

MISSISSIPPIANS BURIED AT LEESBURG.—Capt. W. F. Fulton writes from Goodwater, Ala.: "In the VETERAN for September, page 355, Mrs. Lizzie Woosley refers to the Mississippians buried at Leesburg, Va., and mentions a grave originally

marked by a willow tree, which she thought must have been that of the son of a Mississippi governor. I am sure that was the son of Governor Pettus, as he was killed in the battle of Ball's Bluff. . . . We have with us a veteran, Mr. Collins, born in 1828, making him over ninety years of age. Another, Comrade Calloway, over ninety; Comrade McKamey, near ninety; and several others near that age. Comrade Collins is wonderfully preserved, and visits among his children in different States, going on the train by himself. Uncle John McPhail died here recently in his eighty-sixth year. He lived here seventy-five years, and enlisted from here. A fine old man and held in high regard by every one."

CAPT. STARK A. SUTTON.—The following comes from Dr. J. S. Downs, of Chickasha, Okla.: "I noticed in the September VETERAN (page 349) my captain's name, Stark A. Sutton, Company F, 45th North Carolina Regiment. He joined Company F some time in June, 1863, as well as I remember, but I do not know what command he came from to us. He proved himself not only a man of talent, but a fearless and well-trained soldier. At Gettysburg I was wounded on the evening of the third day and was sent to Richmond Hospital. I left him and six others in the company, and when I returned in September, he was in command of the company, but was only appointed; on February 13 he was unanimously elected captain. I was first corporal and served under him until May 13, 1864. He was wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse within three feet of me; I pulled him behind a tree for protection, and late in the evening we carried him off the field to a deserted farmhouse, where his negro cook, Tom, and I put him on a bed, and I stayed all night with him. He was wounded in the left hip, the bone being badly shattered, and I saw no hope of his ever getting well. As our troops were starting east toward Hanover Junction, I told him I would have to go, but he held to me and wanted me to stay with him; and if I could have done him any good, I would have stayed, for I never hated worse to leave anyone. This is the first time I have seen his name or heard of him since the 14th day of May, 1864, over sixty years. If any of his family sees this, please write to me. He was a man I will never forget, a Christian gentleman and a fearless soldier, and a captain everybody loved. When Longstreet came to us on the 6th of May, in the battle of the Wilderness, and we were ordered to charge bayonets, Captain Sutton went in front of his company until we broke the enemy's line. He was a small man in stature, but a big and fearless man on the battle field. I am satisfied he died from his wound, and my prayer is, 'God bless his bones wherever they may lie.'"

CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Sleeping in their dusty niches,
Dreaming, heedless of the years;
Blood stained, faded, how we love them—
Proud old flags that led our cheers!

Dreaming, safe in well-earned glory,
'Till the sands of time are run;
Stars and Bars, they tell the story—
Blood and tears and vict'ry won!

Tattered, blackened, guard their sleeping,
That our unborn sons may see—
In those days of war and weeping—
Dixie followed Tennessee!

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
2440 Third Street

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Avenue

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North J Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: This is the final message your President General shall be privileged to send through the columns of the VETERAN before we meet at Savannah, November 18. It is with pride in past accomplishment and humble faith in help for future tasks that we look forward to that happy occasion.

It is with joy that we, Daughters of the Confederacy, come together on these annual gatherings, meeting our sisters from many States, renewing for each other the ideals of the Southland, which form the foundation of our life as an organization, and reading in each other's smile and hand clasp the constancy which sustains through all our efforts.

It may not be possible for the President General to convey personal greetings to each one of the delegates at Savannah, but, nevertheless, she wants you to know that it is only through the support of each individual that the work can go on, that the officers can perform the tasks assigned them, and that we can continue to make our Association felt as a mighty force for truth, for better life, and firmer faith in our great nation.

On October 21, your President General attended the annual convention of the North Carolina Division, at Rocky Mount, N. C. There she was the guest of Mrs. James Craig Braswell. Every detail of the convention at Rocky Mount bore evidence of careful planning and forethought. Mingled with business meetings, remarkable for the reports of splendid work accomplished, there was a continuous round of delightful social gatherings. Mrs. P. L. Holt, President of the North Carolina Division, evidenced marked ability in leadership.

The presence of two prominent daughters, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., and Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, of Charleston, S. C., Historian General, U. D. C., added much to the success of the North Carolina convention.

October 28 found your President General in Quitman, Ga., attending the annual convention of the Georgia Division. Here it was her privilege to hear the results of a remarkable year's work under the splendid leadership of Mrs. Walter Grace, President.

Your President General will attend the annual conventions of the South Carolina and Texas conventions in December.

Mrs. Roy W. McKinney has sent the following interesting letter in response to my request to former Presidents General for a message to be given the Daughters through the monthly letter in the VETERAN. Mrs. McKinney's letter reads as follows:

"My Dear Madam President General: It is the answer to the oft-repeated inquiry, 'How will the Jefferson Davis Park and Monument be maintained in the future?' that I wish you to broadcast as my message to the Daughters.

"On the dedicatory occasion, June 7, this great memorial was presented to the State of Kentucky and accepted, in the name of the Commonwealth, by Gov. W. J. Fields. The legislature of Kentucky has created a commission known as the Jefferson Davis Memorial of Kentucky, and the governor immediately appointed the seven members of the commission required under the law. The commissioners appointed are Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Judge Shackleford Miller, Col. Robert McBryde, Mr. L. E. Williams, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Mrs. Harry McCarty, and Mrs. Roy W. McKinney. The commission is now in charge with General Haldeman as chairman; Judge Miller, Vice Chairman; Mrs. Woodbury, Secretary; Mrs. McKinney, chairman of the Committee on Monument and Park, with Mrs. McCarty as her associate on the committee.

"The answer is this: When all obligations are paid, including the pledges made by the delegates in convention at Washington, the debt on the monument will be liquidated, and the future maintenance will be by Kentucky legislative appropriation. Kentucky will care for the shrine through the years to come.

"It will interest the members of the U. D. C. to know that more than three thousand tourists, from all over the United States and Canada, have registered at the monument since the dedication on the 7th of June.

"With loving greetings and abiding interest in all the undertakings of the U. D. C.

"Cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY."

In connection with the presentation of the bust of General Lee to the Royal Military College, at Sandhurst, England, the following clipping from the *London Daily Telegraph*, dated September 4, 1924, will be of interest to all Daughters:

"At the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, yesterday afternoon, in the presence of a large gathering of American visitors, a bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee (who commanded chief the armies of the Confederate States of America in the Civil War of 1861-65), which has been presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of America, was unveiled by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Past President General of the organization. Mrs. Schuyler was accompanied by several members of the United Daughters, and also by Mr. Stirling, Chancellor of the American Embassy, and by Colonel Joyce and Major Davidson, who represented the Embassy and the American army. On arrival, the American visitors were received by Maj. Gen. Charles E. Corkran, Commandant of the college, and Mrs. Corkran; Col. J. E. Turner, Assistant Commandant, and Mrs. Turner; the Rev. T. V. Heale, chaplain, and Mrs. Heale; Col. H. S. Lickman, Col. H. C. Stoks, Colonel Robinson, and other officers. The ceremony of the unveiling of the bust was also attended by the

cadet underofficers of the college and representatives of each of the five companies of cadets in the library.

"General Corkran extended a hearty welcome to the American visitors, and Mrs. Schuyler removed the Confederate flag which enshrouded the bust.

"General Corkran said that on behalf of the college he gratefully accepted that memorial of Gen. Robert Lee, and he did so for the same reasons which he believed had prompted the donors to offer it. It was to preserve the name and keep before them the example of a brave, skillful, hard-fighting soldier and gentleman. Lee's qualities (added General Corkran) were not confined within particular territorial boundaries, and were not the prerogative of this nation or that. They were individual human qualities, the best a man could offer to the world, and wherever they showed themselves, they affected the outlook and conduct of others. So that gift would be, for all those who passed through that college, a vivid reminder of those great powers of mind and heart without which technical preparation and knowledge must always be of limited value.' He took it also that the gift had been made, and, as far as they at Sandhurst were concerned, would ever remain, as a living token of the way in which the American and British nations had recently drawn closer together through fighting side by side in a common cause—the preservation in the world of justice and of liberty."

IN MEMORIAM.

The death, on September 26, of the Rev. Jonathan Bachman, D.D., Chaplain General, United Confederate Veterans, has brought widespread sorrow to the entire South, where he was honored and beloved of all who knew him. Dr. Bachman was captain of Company G, 60th Tennessee Volunteers, C. S. A. He took part in the Romney campaign under Jackson, was with General Lee in West Virginia, and also went through the siege of Vicksburg. At the time of his death he was in his eighty-seventh year, and was minister of the Presbyterian Church in Chattanooga for over fifty years. A friend wrote: "No man ever went to his reward with more good deeds to his credit 'across the border' than Jonathan W. Bachman, and no man ever more richly deserved the welcome he will receive as he steps manfully and unafraid to the great white throne of 'well done thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.'"

On the death of Mrs. Florence Murphy Cooley, former Corresponding Secretary General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a faithful friend of our cause has passed away. It was my sad privilege to send to her daughter, Mrs. Harry Van Courtland Fish, of Jacksonville, Fla., a message of sympathy on October 8, 1924.

Trusting that the convention at Savannah will see the largest attendance yet recorded, and that it will accomplish much good work, I am

Faithfully yours, ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

September 27, the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the birth of Admiral Raphael Semmes, was made doubly memorable by Pelham Chapter, U. D. C. of Birmingham, when with an elaborate program of addresses by distinguished speakers, interspersed with patriotic music, two of Alabama's distinguished sons were decorated with the Cross of Service, bestowed by Pelham Chapter through Mrs. J. A. Rountree, General U. D. C. Chairman of Insignia for World War Descendants of Confederate Veterans.

Gens. W. L. Sibert and Robert E. Noble, of the United States Army, whose fathers served throughout the War between the States, are the two sons of Alabama who traveled to Birmingham in order to receive in person this recognition from the U. D. C. Both of these generals received the distinguished service medal from the United States and were decorated Commanders of the Legion of Honor (France) in recognition of their heroic services during the World War.

The exercises were held in the ballroom of the Tutwiler, the walls of which were hung with the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars. The principal address was made by Governor Brandon to an audience that filled the large hall and found standing room in the corridors.

At noon on Saturday, the committee from the Chapter having in charge the exercises entertained Generals Sibert and Noble with an elaborate luncheon in the private dining room of the Tutwiler, covers being laid for twenty-five.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rountree entertained at dinner on Saturday evening at their home on Cliff Road in honor of Generals Sibert and Noble, fifty guests being present.

* * *

Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, Ark., the mother Chapter of the Division, has departed somewhat from the beaten path of scholarship awards, in that it has adopted a boy, eighteen years old, with a splendid Confederate record, but absolutely without any means with which to assist him toward an education. He is deserving, very ambitious, and talented in music. The Chapter has promised him four years at the university and arranged for him to have employment in his spare time and to receive instruction in music. Mrs. Stillwell, the publicity chairman, is enthusiastic over educational work among the Arkansas Chapters, loan scholarships, "Women of the South" in school libraries, pictures of Confederate leaders in the schools, etc.

* * *

For a small Chapter in a Northern city, the record of the Stonewall Chapter, of Chicago, in all U. D. C. activities, is an enviable one, but Mrs. Merle B. Williamson, Historian of the Illinois Division, says that none of its work has brought quite so much satisfaction as has the education of bright young women of Confederate lineage. The history of this line of activity is interesting: In 1911 the Chapter decided to establish a scholarship for such young women not financially able to meet the expenses of a college course. Various kinds of entertainments were given to raise the funds necessary to establish and maintain the scholarship. Alabama College for Women, at Montevallo, was the school selected. After the Chapter had maintained the scholarship for several years, one of the members, Mrs. J. B. Hall, volunteered to support the scholarship. This year the sixth young woman has been graduated through the effort of the Chapter, supplemented by Mrs. Hall's generosity. In recognition of this generosity, and as an expression of the high regard in which she is held, the Chapter is now raising a fund with which to endow the Lucy Harper Hall Scholarship. To this Mrs. Hall has contributed generously, so that very soon the Stonewall Chapter will have a fund, the interest from which will maintain its scholarship. This work has deeply interested other members who have volunteered to aid the Chapter in further efforts to educate young women of Confederate lineage who need financial help.

* * *

Louisiana Daughters were well represented in the National Defense Day parade in New Orleans, there being seven large

automobiles filled with Division and Chapter officers, led by the President, Mrs. Florence Tompkins. All automobiles were decorated with the U. D. C. colors, and, with the banners of the various Chapters, added much to the beauty of the parade.

The Liberty Monument, which stands at the head of Canal Street, New Orleans, was piled high with flowers on Sunday, September 14, this being the fiftieth anniversary of that great conflict on September 14, 1874, which lifted the banner of freedom from carpetbagger and negro rule and changed conditions in Louisiana from years of hardship and humiliation in the days of reconstruction. This day marked the beginning of real progress in the South. The program was most impressive, and was as follows: Music by band, invocation, address by Mayor Andrew McShane, "America," address, ex-Gov. John M. Parker; "Star-Spangled Banner"; salute of twenty-one guns, taps, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"; benediction.

The setting added much to the celebration. The speaker's stand, built in the street, was decorated with bunting and flags. On this the members who participated in the fight were given reserved seats, while hundreds of New Orleans citizens stood about them. Around all, the National Guard cavalry at attention, with sabers drawn, and the Mounted Police under command of the Superintendent of Police. As the names of the sixteen heroes who fell on that day were called, sixteen Boy Scouts answered to roll call for them, and each placed a beautiful wreath at the base of the monument as taps was sounded and the band played softly "Nearer, my God, to thee." Mr. S. A. Trufant, one of the members of the White League who participated in the battle, was chairman of arrangements. The United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Memorial Association both took a prominent part in this celebration. Mrs. Florence Tompkins, President, placed the wreath for Louisiana Division U. D. C., and Miss Daisy Hodgson, President of the Memorial Association, laid the wreath for that organization on the monument, which was already piled high with individual tributes. Each of the four local Chapters sent a beautiful wreath, and these occupied conspicuous places on the monument.

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter was hostess Chapter at the celebration of Admiral Semmes's birthday on Saturday, September 27, at the Confederate Home on Bayou St. John, with a program appropriate to the occasion. Mrs. Charles Granger, President of New Orleans Chapter, presented to the Home a picture of the late Mrs. Jerry Dickson, an active member of New Orleans Chapter and friend of the veterans. Following the exercises, delicious refreshments were served.

* * *

The circle of Publicity Chairmen will be especially interested in the honor that came recently to one of their number, Mrs. Jessee McMahan, of Blackwater, Mo. On the recent visit to that State of Hon. John W. Davis, Democratic nominee for President, Mrs. McMahan was a member of the committee that met him at the station and escorted him to the home of Hon. A. Nelson, Democratic candidate for governor of Missouri, where seventy-five thousand people greeted Mr. Davis. Mrs. McMahan was delegated by the Missouri Division to read a telegram of greeting from the U. D. C. of that State to Mr. Davis and to Mr. Nelson.

Mrs. McMahan reports the Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia, as one of the wonder Chapters of the Division. Among its recent accomplishments was the furnishing of a room in the historical Old Tavern in Arrow Rock, giving an electric United States flag to their new county courthouse, and presenting a \$100 picture to the Capital Museum.

A Bible and a pipe once belonging to President Davis are

on exhibition at the Capitol, lent by the U. D. C. of St. Louis. On the fly leaf of the Bible is written in the President's handwriting: "Faithfully, Jefferson Davis." The pipe is unique having been made by a Confederate soldier and presented President Davis to replace one he lost in a Confederate campaign.

Mrs. J. D. Wallace, of Independence Chapter, a woman in the sixties, invited the survivors of Quantrell's Band to hold their twenty-seventh reunion at her home. Only thirteen answered roll call, but nothing was left undone that might make the occasion a memorable one for these few.

A joint meeting of the entire membership of the five St. Louis Chapters, the U. C. V., and the S. C. V. was held September 14 at their hall in Memorial Building. Matters of business incident to Confederate organizations were transacted, followed by a program of entertainment. Such meetings must invariably result in great benefit to each organization participating.

Moberly Chapter recently sent a delegation of six members to the Confederate Home in Higginsville, who remained there two days and nights, cheering and entertaining the veterans.

* * *

Mrs. H. S. Farley, of Saluda, is particularly gratified this month to report on new Chapters in her Division:

"The South Carolina Chapters are enthusiastically entering into the U. D. C. work after the usual summer vacation. All Chapters are electing officers and planning great things for the ensuing year.

"The Sparta Chapter, of Spartanburg, will continue a scholarship given a young man at the Georgia School of Technology.

"Education is one of the causes dear to the South Carolina Division, and our young people are showing appreciation. South Carolina boys and girls have been awarded for the coming scholastic year seven general scholarships, four Division scholarships, five District scholarships, besides the loan scholarships given by the Division.

"The Division President, Mrs. O. D. Black, reports several new Chapters organized since February, the last one being the Oliver Thompson Chapter, at Fountain Inn, with forty-four charter members.

"Among the voters of South Carolina in the recent primaries was Mrs. Olivia Pooser, aged ninety-six. She is a 'Mother of the Confederacy,' having had two sons and a husband in Confederate service. She holds a C. S. M. A. Bar of Honor, of which she is very proud.

* * *

From far-away Seattle, Mrs. H. O. Calahan writes of the charming attentions to the veterans of John B. Gordon Camp. One was on June 3, when Mrs. May Avery Wilkins opened her attractive suburban home to the veterans, their friends, and the members of the Chapter. An enjoyable program had been arranged, the main feature of which was the eulogy to President Davis, delivered by Prof. Robert Jones, of the School of Journalism of the University of Washington. The cutting of the birthday cake, the special ceremony of these occasions, was presided over by the Division President, Mrs. Kurt Schluss, of Tacoma, who had come to Seattle for this day.

The other happy day for these veterans was August 12, the eighty-fourth birthday anniversary of Comrade I. L. Dodge, a native of Hickman, Ky., corporal in Company D, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Command, whose family entertained in his honor a large crowd of relatives, members of the U. D. C. with their families, and the members of John B. Gordon Camp, six of the nine members being present.

Volunteer Park was the scene of the happy occasion. Lunch was announced by the strains of "Dixie." Mrs. Calahan, president of the Seattle Chapter, acted as toastmistress, introducing the guests, who extended birthday congratulations to this brave soldier of the sixties. The last on the program was a toast to Mr. Dodge and his comrades by Miss Mary Dudley Rudd, in memory of her mother, who was the childhood friend of Mr. Dodge in Kentucky.

* * *

Miss Maria Vass Frye, of Keyser, sends the following account of the fine convention of the West Virginia Division:

"The twenty-sixth annual convention of the West Virginia Division was held in historic Charles Town on September 17 and 18. The attendance was very good, the delegates were enthusiastic over the work, and the Chapters sent good reports, showing interest and growth.

"It was a great disappointment and regret that the Division President, Mrs. W. H. Thomas, of Bluefield, could not be present, having been detained at home by the serious illness of her family. The First Vice President, Mrs. M. A. Snodgrass, of Martinsburg, was ill and could not be present, but the Second Vice President, Mrs. M. T. Hall, of Parkersburg, presided most ably, assisted by our beloved Mrs. W. E. R. Erne, of Charleston, former President of the Division.

The report of the Division Historian, Miss Orra F. Tomlinson, of Charles Town, was a classic and a gem. There is none in the State held in higher esteem than Miss Tomlinson, and her work as Historian cannot be surpassed.

"The Berkely County Chapter, of Martinsburg, carried off the honors by winning two prizes: one, a ten-dollar gold piece, offered by Mr. Olney, of Bluefield, to the Chapter bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Service, and the other, a beautiful silk Confederate flag, given by Mr. W. H. Thomas, of Bluefield, to the Chapter securing the largest number of new members. The Pickett Chapter, of Petersburg, the youngest Chapter in the Division, was awarded a silk flag given by Mr. Thomas to the Chapter securing the largest number of new members on a percentage basis.

Mr. Jackson, of West Virginia, a relative of Stonewall Jackson, offered to the West Virginia Division a deed for as much land as they want at Jackson's Mills, fourteen miles from Clarksburg, W. Va., upon which a memorial is to be built to General Jackson by the Daughters of the Confederacy. He will also give the stone and timber to build it. It was voted to accept the land. Plans will be formulated later.

On Historical Evening a splendid lecture, entitled 'Watchman, What of the Night,' was given by Dr. Matthew Pae Andrews, American historian. This was especially interesting, as Dr. Andrews was born and reared in Jefferson County, a few miles from Charles Town.

The social features were greatly enjoyed, and Charles Town fully sustained its reputation for old-time hospitality. Delicious luncheons were served each day by the ladies of the Episcopal Church. A delightful reception was given at the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Alexander, and a tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Potts at their beautiful home in Shepherdstown, where we were greeted with the cordiality and hospitality that linger long in the memory, was thoroughly enjoyed by every one. The entire convention was taken by automobile to visit the many historical places around and in Charles Town, the most interesting one of which was the room in which Dolly Payne Todd was married to James Madison. The home built by Col. Samuel Washington, a brother of George Washington.

The next convention will be held in Clarksburg in September, 1925.

"The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Bluefield; First Vice President, Mrs. M. A. Snodgrass, Martinsburg; Second Vice President, Mrs. M. T. Hall, Parkersburg; Recording Secretary, Miss Bertha E. White, Parkersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, Fairmont; Treasurer, Miss Mary C. Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Miss Orra F. Tomlinson, Charles Town; Registrar, Mrs. H. L. Mearn, Huntington; Director of Children's Auxiliaries, Mrs. Charles L. Reed, Huntington; Custodian Crosses of Honor, Mrs. S. H. Jordan, Keyser.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

In the exit of the "good old summer time," as viewed from the point of those interested in the work of our book, "The Women of the South in War Times," we almost feel compensated for its departure. The convention is near, and we will know the fate of this question in the various Divisions for 1923-24. Many have labored faithfully to help wipe out this U. D. C. obligation; others have only caught a glimpse of this responsibility, while there are those who have about decided to "lay it on the table" and placidly trust to other Divisions absorbing their quotas.

There is yet much to be accomplished. As the convention date is November 18-22, we think it would be feasible to close the books by the last mail of Monday, November 10, and all orders arriving before this date will be listed in 1923-24 report. I wish to express my appreciation to those who have coöperated in this work. It has not been altogether a work of labor; much of love has come out of it. May the next year bring a rich harvest—indeed a *completed work*.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON,
Chairman Committee on Publicity.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR U. D. C. STUDY, 1924.

"THE EVENTS OF 1863."

U. D. C. Outline for December.

The defense of Charleston Harbor:

Tell of four heroic deeds—

1. The attempt of Captain Carlin against the New Ironsides August 21, 1863.
2. The attack of Lieut. W. T. Glassell against the New Ironsides in the first of a class of little boats called Davids.
3. The destruction of the gunboat Housatonic by Lieut. George E. Dixon in the torpedo boat the Hundley.
4. The recovery of the guns of the Keokuk.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1924.

"THE CONFEDERATE NAVY."

December.

Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dent
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Wel
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fr
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simps
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wrig
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackbu
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dink
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrou
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warr
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Ya
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstro
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heywa
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Mil
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fie
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blem
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harv

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

PLANNING AND WORKING.

My Dear Coworkers: With the passing of the summer heat and the coming of the delightful Indian summer, when nature paints her most gorgeous colors in field and forest, bringing the fruits of the labors of anxious toil, the farmer garners his harvest and, after storing his grain, begins to plan anew for the coming year. So must we take stock of our past activities and face the future, realizing that only to those who serve comes the reward. Let us then gather our forces, take stock of our available activities, and push forward our work with an ambition to have our work stand in the forefront. As is our interest in our Association, so will be our progress. Plan now for your Memorial Day. Be the first to secure the very best possible speaker and make Memorial Day a memorable event, one to be proud of and one not soon forgotten.

Let each State President plan for greater activity than ever before, and let our enthusiasm be so great that it will awaken all who are touched by our lives.

In the passing of Chaplain General J. W. Bachman, the whole South bows in sorrow, for we shall not soon look upon his like again. Great-hearted, broad-minded Christian gentleman, truly a follower of the lowly Nazarene. One whose nature was so lofty that he knew naught but the sweetest side of life. To lift up, never to drag down, to speak only charitably, ever just to all, he made the world a better place in which to live. Our hearts' tenderest sympathies go out to his loved ones. They grieve not as those without hope, for "in the dawning of the morning" he waits to greet them. May his life lead us to higher, nobler patriotic service.

Again the sympathy of our Memorial women goes out to our beloved State President for Georgia, Mrs. William A. Wright, in the loss of her only son, Mr. James Sledge, whose recent passing has brought grief to a large circle of relatives and friends. A devoted son, with a nature and refinement as gentle as a woman's, his life was an example of the gentle man, and only those who came in close touch knew the rare traits that so endeared him. Our thoughts and prayers are for the family, that the Comforter may speak peace to their stricken hearts.

We are pleased to welcome into our membership at large Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis, of Little Rock, Ark., President National of the Daughters of 1812. Possessed of rare personality, of brilliant mentality, and great charm of manner, Mrs. Davis graces her high office and is commended to our Memorial Association in whatsoever place she may be. She

travels widely, and we bespeak for her your most cordial consideration should she visit your community.

Faithfully yours.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

ENTERTAINMENTS AND BUSINESS MEETINGS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

An interesting and enthusiastic letter comes from Mrs. Elizabeth C. Fred, President of the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Association, of Washington, D. C. After announcing the date of a reception, to be followed by a business meeting, Mrs. Fred writes:

"During the past year we had several historical events, and, on the occasion of our first birthday, had a large reception. We assisted the veterans in arranging for Confederate Memorial Day at Arlington, and contributed 75 to their Camp, a part of which was used for relief work, and other for helping to defray the expenses of veterans to the reunion. We have voted to give a contribution to the Shenandoah Mountain Memorial and to the Manassas Battle Field Park, also the Jefferson Davis Monument.

"Plans are already on foot for organizing a Junior Memorial Association, and will doubtless be perfected in the next two months. Our association sent a wreath to Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, for the celebration of his birthday.

"The veterans are always guests of honor at our entertainments, and, of course, our chief pleasure lies in making their declining years happier and brighter.

"I attended the reunion in Memphis and thought it most delightful; it was such a privilege to meet with the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, also feel highly honored at being elected State President. I hope to go to Dallas next year."

MEMORIAL TO MEN OF THE NAVY.

On December 10, 1922, the Ladies' Memorial Association of Charleston S. C., unveiled with appropriate exercises a granite monument to the memory of thirty-six men of the Confederate Navy who lie buried in the cemetery of the Charleston Port Society on the Ashley River, Charleston. These men have individual headstones, but this memorial more fittingly marks the resting place of those brave men who gave their lives for the Confederacy. The names of ten of them were

known, so could not be inscribed on the monument. The following names appear on the stone: J. Bell, William Brooks, Burgess, John Cabell, Lewis Carthegres, J. Caswell, Robert Culbert, John Dobson, T. F. Eagan, J. L. Carlton, T. Hatch, C. R. Horton, J. Howell, John Huston, J. L. Jacobs, Medearis, J. Medearis, H. P. Rainey, Surgeon Scott, J. C. Sa, H. W. Shields, I. P. Shultz, W. H. Flagg, J. Spear, G. Summers, William Yates.

COMPLIMENTED IN GENERAL ORDERS.

BY DAVIS BIGGS, JEFFERSON, TEX.

As I have never seen an account of the fight in which the 38th Tennessee Infantry, Wright's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, so distinguished itself as to call for complimentary mention in general orders by General Hardee, and as nearly those who participated in that fight have answered the last call, I shall try to give, from memory, a brief account of it. At the beginning of Sherman's advance on Dalton, Ga. in April, 1864, in the early morning, the 38th Tennessee Infantry was ordered into a trench protecting Mill Creek Gap, Rocky Face Ridge, a few miles north of Dalton, relieving the Alabama Regiment which had occupied this position. The trench was a short distance over the brow of the Gap, just long enough to take in the regiment of some three hundred men in double rank. About nine o'clock the Federals advanced in double column, and when they came into the open ground, about two hundred yards in front, our front line opened fire, which they returned and charged at double-quick. Our rear line loaded the guns as they were fired and moved back, and the fire was so steady that by the time the Yanks got within thirty or forty steps, their ranks were so thinned they became demoralized and fell back on their second line, which continued to advance until they, too, were so shattered by the deadly fire that they turned and ran to the cover of the woods. Three times during the day this was repeated. Once, during a lull in the fighting, the colonel called for volunteers to go over the ridge for ammunition, which was about exhausted. Several responded to the call and soon returned with enough cartridges in gunny sacks to fill up the cartridge boxes. The Yanks must have outnumbered us three or four to one. The next day they turned our left flank and crossed at Snake Creek Gap, and we had to fall back and fight them at Resaca.

There were two Alabama companies and one Georgia company in the 38th Tennessee, and we were all like brothers. I should like to hear from any of the old regiment.

PENSIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The following comes from J. N. Edwards, Commander of Vance Camp U. C. V., of Asheville, N. C., after reading in the November VETERAN what the Daughters of the Confederacy were doing in other States to secure an increase in pensions for the veterans now left. He says: "I want to tell what they are doing for the veterans of Vance Camp at Asheville. We have live wires in both Chapters U. D. C., the Fannie Patton in the Asheville Chapters, who have interested themselves specially in soliciting funds to provide for each veteran not able to buy it, a nice new uniform; and we owe our thanks to Mrs. Neely, a clothier here, for ordering them at cost. Through the influence of these good women there is a movement to increase the pensions to one dollar per day for the rest of their lives. Why not? North Carolina is rich and progres-

sive. She is spending millions on improvements, such as railroad construction and good roads. Why not help along the old soldiers of the State, who gave their best for her in time of war. I am hoping it will be done.

"MY MISS NANCY."*

A REVIEW BY HOWARD MERIWEATHER LOVETT.

An etcher of Philadelphia going to Albemarle, Va. (see "A Ramble in Virginia," by Clarence Rome, in *Scribner's* for October, 1924), writes in rhapsodical strain of a section where "very little imagination is needed to push back the hand of time and see it again as a county of romance and chivalry. The setting is there, the composition is done, and, with the mere detail of a change in costume, one is back to ante-bellum days." . . .

Of the landscape: "The negro cabins gleaming white in the sunshine, the pickaninnies, the lines of fluttering clothes, and the gentle, civilized, highly cultivated aspect of the county give one a feeling of peace and repose."

This is the setting and scene of the sketch entitled "My Miss Nancy," one so remembered and loved by her black mammy in Virginia and whom the world knows as Lady Astor, member of the British Parliament. Mammy Veenie tells of "My Miss Nancy" when she was "jes plain Nannie Langhorne." Of this true story, Lady Astor writes to the author from St. James Square, London: "It is charming! You know perfectly well that I am just like hundreds of women in Virginia."

This indorsement classes the sketch as one typical of the unique relationship yet existing in the South between the old-time mammy and her young mistress, a bond of tender affection unbroken by time and ending only when this generation shall have passed away. Mammy Veenie is typical of other mammies known to Southerners.

This little book holds a dear tradition and should be a treasured possession. The bright cover design shows an inset picture of Mammy Veenie herself. There are several attractive illustrations, one of "Mirador," the country home of Col. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, in Albemarle County. It is a charming little gift book for friends of Southern tastes.

A PROMOTION INCIDENT.

(Continued from page 414.)

the first hand-to-hand fighting he ever experienced, and the regiment had to retreat to avoid capture. On the sergeant's twentieth birthday, his colonel told him he had consulted with higher officers, and they proposed to apply to the War Department for his promotion to first lieutenant and commander of his company for meritorious conduct on the battle field; and in a few days he was told that he had been thus promoted. The second lieutenant was also notified, and became obedient to his command.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veteran, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

*By Ruby Vaughn Biggers. The J. W. Burke Company, Macon, Ga. Price, fifty cents.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 GEORGE A. MACON, Memphis, Tenn. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 JAMES S. DAVENPORT, Vinita, Okla. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, Miss. *Inspector in Chief*
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, Fla. *Commissary in Chief*
 DR. WILLIAM F. HUBBERT, Dallas, Tex. *Surgeon in Chief*
 REV. B. A. OWENS, Lathrop, Mo. *Chaplain in Chief*

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 DR. W. C. GALLOWAY. Wilmington, N. C.
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 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DIVISION COMMANDERS

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington. Frank F. Conway
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Atlanta. John Ashley Jones
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green. Malcolm H. Crump
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 MISSOURI—St. Louis. Charles A. Moreno
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 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Montvale. R. A. Gilliam
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

REPORTS AND COMMENTS.

THE WISTFUL LOOK BACK UPON OLD FIRES.

If this country is to live it must live by the truths of the past. "All legality," says Conrad, "degenerates into tyranny." A centralized legality, a central governing body, is already a dead thing, a degenerate thing. Ages have tried it and it has died in the trying of the ages. The fresh morning of our country, when our altar fires were first lighted, said that for legality not to degenerate, to not partake of the things already dead, it must be a legality, a rule, of the States. We are fast departing from that. The Confederate soldier died to save it. It still lives, but is very day attacked. Centralized government, satraps of bureaucracy are worn-out things, dead before our country was born. Let the States live and let their powers be undiminished. There is a force in this country trying to drag us back and tie us hand and foot to these dead things. Let us defeat, if we can, all attacks, however cloaked and disguised, upon the sovereignty of the States.

"THE RED RIDERS."

There is posthumous publication of Thomas Nelson Page's book, "The Red Riders." These riders were the followers of Hampton and Butler who, in spite of Federal bayonets, restored white home rule to South Carolina when that commonwealth was under the heel of Northern hate, native scalawags, imported carpetbaggers, and suddenly freed negroes. There is much interest in the historical sidelights the book throws. We get a new glimpse of Thad Stevens, that arch enemy of the South, under a slightly disguised name, and of his pernicious activities. The contempt for and hatred of Lincoln by this group, such as Stevens, Sumner, and the Republican majority in Congress, as well as their hypocritical canonization of him as soon as he was dead, all for political purpose, but whose effect has produced the Lincoln we now so generally know, is most interestingly set forth. It is a book well worth reading, it carries many reminders.

THE SONS ORGANIZATION AND HISTORY.

There was passed a resolution at the Memphis reunion directing the Historian in Chief to prepare a history of the confederation. Some data has already been secured, some perhaps that is vitally needed is forever lost or never recorded. Our genesis was set forth in an article which this editor prepared for the New York Camp some time ago. A copy,

in part, of this is presented below. Other details of our earlier days will be offered in this department from time to time.

"At Richmond, Va., on July 1, 1896, there came together from all over the South delegates from scattered and independent Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and in meeting there assembled adopted a constitution and permanently organized the 'United Sons of Confederate Veterans.' The preamble to the constitution read as follows:

"To encourage the preservation of history; perpetuate the hallowed memories of brave men; to assist in the observance of Memorial Day; to aid and support all Confederate veterans, widows, and orphans; and to perpetuate the records of the services of every Confederate soldier; these are our common aims. These objects, we believe, will promote a purer and better private life and enhance our desire to maintain our national honor, union, and independence of our common country."

The officers elected at this first convention of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans were:

J. E. B. Stuart, Richmond, Va., General Commanding.
 Robert A. Smythe, Charleston, S. C., Lieutenant General Commanding A. N. V. Department.
 John L. Hardeman, Macon, Ga., Lieutenant General Commanding Department of Tennessee.
 R. H. Pinckney, Charleston, S. C., Quartermaster General.
 George B. Williamson, Columbia, Tenn., Inspector General.
 Dr. Stuart McGuire, Richmond, Va., Surgeon General.
 E. P. McKissick, Asheville, N. C., Commissary General.
 Bishop T. F. Gailor, Tennessee, Grand Chaplain.
 T. R. R. Cobb, Atlanta, Ga., Judge Advocate General.

It may be noted that since this time all military titles have been abandoned by the organization, and the name has been changed to Sons of Confederate Veterans.

OUR BED-ROCK PRINCIPLE.

Gutzon Borglum said a good thing about his work on the great Stone Mount memorial when he emphasized that was struggling to "present a record so comprehending of struggle to maintain self-determination in each separate sovereign State that the world would not forget—not Confederacy—but the *principle*, and that principle was lost at Appomattox, nor surrendered. We will impress upon all America that the South rendered in that four years' fight an imperishable service in the cause of liberty that must be acknowledged if this Union is to stand."

And yet we have submitted to us now an attack upon this vital principle of liberty, submitted in part, alas! by the efforts of some Southern-born Senators and Congressmen, which will be very largely supported in the North because they think it is an attack upon the South! This is a statement based upon a wide investigation of the subject.

VIRGINIA AND TEXAS NEWS.

HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DIVISION. SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

The hereinafter named Comrades were elected Brigade Commanders at the reunion in Charlottesville, Va., May 20-22, 1924:

- First Brigade*, John R. Saunders, Richmond, Va.
- Second Brigade*, Horace E. Hayden, Richmond, Va.
- Third Brigade*, R. G. Lampkin, Roanoke, Va.
- Fourth Brigade*, Homer Richey, Charlottesville, Va.
- Fifth Brigade*, E. P. Francis, Marion, Va.

The Camps in their respective Brigades will be expected to keep in close touch and recognize their official position. It is most necessary and is hereby ordered that the Brigade Commanders visit as many of the Camps in their Brigades as possible. This will add immeasurably to the spirit and interest of our Confederation as a whole.

The Division Commander announces the appointment of the comrades as hereinafter set forth as members of his Official Staff and Assistant Inspectors. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly.

R. A. GILLIAM, *Commander Virginia Division.*

Official:

C. I. CARRINGTON, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*

Officers of the Virginia Division, S. C. V.

Commander, R. A. Gilliam, Montvale, Va.

OFFICIAL STAFF.

- Adjutant and Chief of Staff*, C. I. Carrington, Richmond, Va.
- Assistant Adjutant*, Charles E. Flemming, Staunton, Va.
- Inspector*, W. R. Phelps, Bedford, Va.
- Assistant Inspector*, E. S. Shields, Farmville, Va.
- Judge Advocate*, E. Lee Trinkle, Wytheville, Va.
- Assistant Judge Advocate*, P. H. Drewry, Petersburg, Va.
- Chaplain*, Dr. H. W. Battle, Charlottesville, Va.
- Assistant Chaplain*, Rev. S. W. Cole, Warrenton, Va.
- Quartermaster*, J. W. Williams, Richmond, Va.
- Assistant Quartermaster*, J. St. Clair Brown, Salem, Va.
- Commissary*, C. S. Roller, Fort Defiance, Va.
- Assistant Commissary*, E. H. Birchfield, Roanoke, Va.
- Surgeon*, Dr. L. T. Price, Richmond, Va.
- Assistant Surgeon*, Dr. A. T. Finch, Chase City, Va.
- Color Sergeant*, Peter Saunders, Rocky Mount, Va.
- Assistant Color Sergeant*, R. M. Colvin, Harrisonburg, Va.
- Historian*, Dr. J. P. McConnell, Radford, Va.
- Assistant Historian*, Don. P. Halsey, Lynchburg, Va.

Assistant Inspectors.

Albert Bolling, Charlottesville, Va.; J. L. Davidson, Bedford, Va.; W. S. Morrison, Danville, Va.; W. F. Wilkerson, Newport News, Va.; W. A. Nesbitt, Crewe, Va.; Rosewell Page, Ashland, Va.; Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.; J. H. Leslie, Leesburg, Va.; E. C. Martz, Harrisonburg, Va.; George King, Portsmouth, Va.; E. E. Goodwin, Emporia, Va.; H. L. Opie, Staunton, Va.; J. Edward Beale, Remington, Va.; W. S. Segar, Lawrenceville, Va.; J. F. Tatem, Norfolk, Va.

HEADQUARTERS TEXAS DIVISION, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, PORT ARTHUR, TEX.

Minutes of the twenty-ninth Annual State Reunion, Sons of Confederate Veterans, held in the City of Fort Worth, Tex., October 1, 1924.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Meeting called to order at 2:30 P.M., Lon A. Smith, State Commander, presiding.

Prayer by Rev. Jeff Davis, of Abilene, Chaplain of the Texas Division.

OFFICERS PRESENT.

Lon A. Smith, Commander; Elgin H. Blalock, Adjutant and Chief of Staff; Rev. Jeff Davis, Division Chaplain; T. A. Bledsoe, Commander Seventeenth Brigade; Hugh J. Small, Commander Twelfth Brigade; Ed S. McCarver, Adjutant, Second Brigade; Dr. William E. Hubbert, Commander Fifth Brigade; T. J. Anderson, Quartermaster, Eighth Brigade; E. W. Provine, Adjutant, Twelfth Brigade.

Report of Division Adjutant.—Attention was especially called to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and an appeal made to the members to subscribe. As a result, four new subscriptions were received from the floor. A new Division constitution was offered for adoption, and, after much discussion, was passed after a motion had been made to strike from Article V, Section 1, the words "and Eighteen Brigade Commanders." This article provided for the election instead of appointment of the Brigade Commanders.

A resolution was offered and, after motion and second, was adopted, urging upon the members of the Texas Division to write the Congressmen and Senators in their respective districts urging that they use their best efforts to secure the passage of a bill providing for the acquisition of Manassas Battle Field by the government and the establishment thereon of a National Park, to be named The Bee National Park, in honor of the gallant Texan, Gen. Bernard E. Bee, who received a mortal wound on this field and is buried thereon.

A resolution indorsing the proposed Memorial to the Women of the South, presented by the Confederate Veterans, was unanimously adopted and the Division Commander directed to appoint a committee of fourteen to coöperate with the Veterans' organization.

A resolution was adopted favoring the passage of an amendment to the State constitution authorizing an increase of two cents on the \$100 valuation in taxation for Confederate pensions.

Lon A. Smith was unanimously reelected as State Commander for the ensuing term.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

APPOINTMENT OF STAFF.

On the evening of October 3, 1924, State Commander Lon A. Smith issued General Order No. 1, appointing the following:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff.—Elgin H. Blalock, Port Arthur.

Brigade Commanders.—Second Brigade, Ed S. McCarver, Orange; Third Brigade, W. R. Hughes, Longview; Eighth Brigade, Jesse Mosely, Houston; Twelfth Brigade, Hugh L. Small, Fort Worth; Seventh Brigade, T. A. Bledsoe, Abilene; Fifth Brigade, Dr. William E. Hubbert, Dallas.

HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DIVISION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
RICHMOND, VA., October 1, 1924.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

To be read before every camp in the Virginia Division,
S. C. V.

1. Section I, Article 16 of the constitution provides that the Commander shall appoint a historical committee which shall have charge of all matters relating to the literary and historical purposes of the Division. Pursuant thereto, I hereby announce the appointment of the following members to serve on the said committee:

Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; Mr. Rosewell Page, Ashland, Va.; Dr. James H. Smith, Richmond, Va.; Maj. C. S. Roller, Jr. Fort Defiance, Va.; Dr. H. R. Mellwaine, State Library, Richmond, Va.; Prof. Horace E. Hayden, West Hampton, Va.; Col. Williman R. Phelps, Bedford City, Va.; Mr. William B. Southall, Richmond, Va.; Dr. J. P. McConnell, East Radford, Va.; Dr. J. Fulmer Bright, 408 West Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

2. It has been brought to my attention that Messrs. John Hart, Jr., and Jacques ReVile, of the National Theater, Richmond, Va., are planning to supervise the production of a historical motion picture revolving around the life of Robert E. Lee and the South of his time. It is particularly requested that the above committee coöperate with Messrs. Hart and ReVile in the collection of necessary historical data, in the verification of facts, and by assisting them in every way possible to make the production of a true picture of what it purports to represent.

3. The manuscript of the motion picture, tentatively called "The Soul of the South," has been completed, and it is proposed to submit the scenario to the committee named above and to arrange for some member or members of the committee to be present at every stage of the actual production.

By order of

R. A. GILLIAM,

Commander Virginia Division S. C. V.

Official:

C. I. CARRINGTON, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*

REUNION OF TEXAS DIVISION, U.C.V.

Comrades of the Texas State Division met in their thirty-second annual reunion in Fort Worth on October 1-3, with an attendance of some five hundred veterans in gray uniforms. Everything possible was done by the hostess city to make the occasion notable for hospitality and good cheer, and the veterans showed their appreciation by trying to take in everything. Gen. J. C. Foster was reelected Commander of the Division; R. D. Chapman, Houston, Commander First Brigade; William Dudley, Waco, Commander Second Brigade; R. A. Turner, Dallas, Commander Third Brigade; D. W. Short, Decatur, Commander Fourth Brigade; and J. O. French, San Angelo, Commander Fifth Brigade. Abilene was chosen as the place of meeting in 1925. An increase in pension was one of the important subjects discussed in the business meetings. This meeting was saddened by the death of Comrade J. L. Light, of Electra, who died from injuries received in being struck by a street car soon after he reached the city.

BURNING OF HAMPTON, VA.—In a recent letter, Mr. Joseph R. Haw, who contributed the article on the burning of Hampton, Va., mentions that he should have given the date of that occurrence, which was August, 1862.

YOUNGEST GEORGIA COLONEL.

Among the responses to the VETERAN's call for "recruits" to build up the subscription list is a report from Col. George H. Carmical, of Newnan, Ga., of nine new subscriptions, with his own renewal; and with this report he gives some little data of himself as a Confederate soldier, which will be of interest to old VETERAN readers. He says:

"I was born January 23, 1842, and when I joined a company, I stepped out from between the plow handles; had never heard of a military school. To my surprise, I was elected second lieutenant. We were mustered into service on May 31, 1861, and took part in the battle of First Manassas. In December, 1861, I was elected captain of the company. On July 1, 1862, our major was killed, and, being the oldest captain in commission, I was promoted to major. Our colonel was killed on August 31, 1862, and I was then promoted to lieutenant colonel. From that time on I was in command of the regiment (except when absent, wounded), as our then colonel had been wounded in the throat and could not speak above a whisper, he resigned in July, 1864, and I was promoted to full colonel of the 7th Georgia Infantry. I was wounded by seven different balls, and surrendered at Appomattox.

"I have every reason to believe that I was the youngest colonel furnished by the State of Georgia to the Confederate army; have heard of but one in General Lee's army who was younger than I, and he had attended a military school."

WANTS TO HEAR FROM OLD COMRADES.—J. T. Webster writes from Fort Worth, Tex., Box 74 Polytechnic: "I enlisted at Pleasant Hill, Ala., early in the fall of 1861, in R. W. Smith's company of cavalry, made up of volunteers from Wetumpka to Mobile, along the Alabama River. After the battle of Shiloh, E. M. Holloway became our captain and continued in command to the close of the war. We were taken by Gen. Braxton Bragg for his escort, or couriers, for battle of Shiloh, and continued as such during the time he commanded the Tennessee Army, then with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in his campaign from Dalton to Atlanta; then with Gen. John B. Hood in the battles around Atlanta and his ill-fated campaign into Tennessee; then again with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom we followed into North Carolina and surrendered with him at Greensboro, April 26, 1865. I was in all campaigns and battles of the Tennessee Army from Shiloh to the surrender. I should be glad to hear from anyone who served with me in this command."

"GRANDMOTHER STORIES."—Many inquiries have been received about the book published in 1913 under the title of "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-To-Be." The work received favorable notice from historical and patriotic organizations. Miss Elizabeth Hanna, now Chairman of Southern Literature and Indorsement for the U. D. C., commended the book highly in newspaper reviews, and was quoted in circulars. Anyone having information as to where the book can now be procured will please write to the author, Mrs. Howard Meriweather Lovett, whose address is now 1831 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Comrade B. Y. Fretwell, of Danville, Va. (Box 554) writes that he had the misfortune to lose his Cross of Honor during the reunion in Memphis, and he is hopeful that some veteran picked it up and will see this notice and can return it to him. His name was on it, and there was also a picture of General Lee attached. He greatly misses this precious emblem of his service for the Confederacy and trusts to get it again.

**TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS
NAVY DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.
Murphy's Hotel
RICHMOND, VA.**

We need more men and women to aid in our research work in rescuing the records of enlistment, service, and discharge of the sailors of the Confederate Navy.

Satisfactory pay for efficient work.

A. O. WRIGHT
Admiral Commanding

OLD STAMPS BOUGHT.

Will purchase for cash Confederate states and U. S. stamps prior to 1870. Send stamps and we will quote best prices. CONFEDERATE STATES STAMP CO., P. O. box 504, Vicksburg, Miss.

Mrs. Fannie Long, 501 Cedar Street, Wilene, Tex., wishes to secure the war record of her father, James Henry Boone, who enlisted at Jackson, Madison County, Tenn., in the 6th Tennessee Infantry. She will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades or friends.

Inquiry comes for a copy of two poems, thought to have been published in the VETERAN some years ago, but which have not been located. These are "The Little Bronze Cross" and "The Old Gray Coat," and the VETERAN will appreciate hearing from anyone who can furnish them.

J. R. Braselton, of Weatherford, Tex., attended the Confederate school at Athens, Ga., as a wounded Confederate soldier, in the years 1866, 1867, 1868, and he would like to get a list of all those who attended that school. He served with Company K, 11th Georgia Cavalry, and is a member of Tom Green Camp No. 169 U. C. V., of Weatherford.

OLD STAMPS WANTED

Highest prices paid for Confederate and old U. S. A. Postage and Revenue Stamps. Write to

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PRISONERS' LETTERS.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written by prisoners during the time of the Confederacy. Old stamps purchased. **GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.**

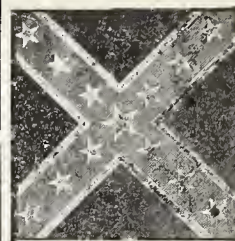
The old saying was that a housewife could take out with a teaspoon what a man would bring in with a shovel. The statement, however, that the women of the country have \$7,000,000,000 now in the savings banks seems to justify Miss Bacon's report that the women of the country are spending more cautiously and saving more carefully. The amount now on hand exceeds anything in the history of savings banks.

Mrs. L. M. Stelle, 272 South Chester Avenue, Pasadena, Calif., wishes information of the service of James or Will Barding for the Confederacy. James Barding died in Vicksburg, Miss., of the measles, and Will was on his way back to the army from Jonesboro, Washington County, Tenn., where he had been on furlough, when he was shot. It is understood that both brothers enlisted at Jonesboro, and information is wanted as to their company and regiment.

VETERAN SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.—In Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook for October, an error was made in giving the VETERAN subscription as \$1 when it should have been \$1.50. Miss Rutherford writes: "I regret this exceedingly, as the price of \$1.50 is far too little for such a valuable historical magazine, and we should all try to put it into every home." The VETERAN and Scrapbook will be sent one year to any address for \$2.50. Send in orders for this combination offer.

LAW ENFORCEMENT.—Kathleen Norris, in a recent issue of *McCall's Magazine*, has this to say regarding the observance by some people of the prohibition laws: "Are we patriots when we older persons, with our stored cellars and our constant deep interest in the pursuit of liquor, lend our tacit or actual encouragement to this state of affairs? Would we smile at draft evaders, at income tax defaulters? Would we encourage young men who broke equally inconvenient laws at will to come to our homes? How important is the action of one slacker, or petty thievery of one clerk, compared with the almost universal, open-eyed defiance with which this amendment is met."

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WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written during the Confederacy. Highest prices paid. **George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.**

WANTED.—The first number of the first volume of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN (January, 1893). State price. **Ambrose Lee, 687 East Two Hundred and Twenty-Third Street, New York City.**

Any surviving member of Company H, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command, will please communicate with the VETERAN, especially anyone who can furnish a list of the members of that company.

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Books on Confederate History

Some of these books are offered at lower prices than usual through having been able to purchase more advantageously, and patrons of the VETERAN are given first chance at them. Send your order with second and third choice, as these are mostly one-copy offerings. First on the list is the most comprehensive history of the Confederacy yet written:

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. Two volumes, cloth, original edition.....	\$8 00
The War Between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens. Two volumes.....	7 50
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. Craven. (Old copy, original edition, 1866).....	3 00
Life and Campaigns of Stonewall Jackson. By Dr. R. L. Dabney.....	3 50
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Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By his son, Col. William Preston Johnston.....	4 50
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History of the Confederate Navy. By J. T. Scharf.....	3 50
Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	3 50
Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieutenant Sinclair.....	4 00
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Memoirs of General Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long.....	4 50
Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.....	4 00

In planning for Christmas, remember that a subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will gladden the heart of one who served with the army in gray, and it will be a gift that lasts through the year. A card will be sent with compliments of the donor.

Another gift that will be appreciated is the picture of the "Three Generals," the handsome steel engraving sold at \$7.50. For the months of November and December, this picture and a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$8.00.

SEND ORDERS EARLY

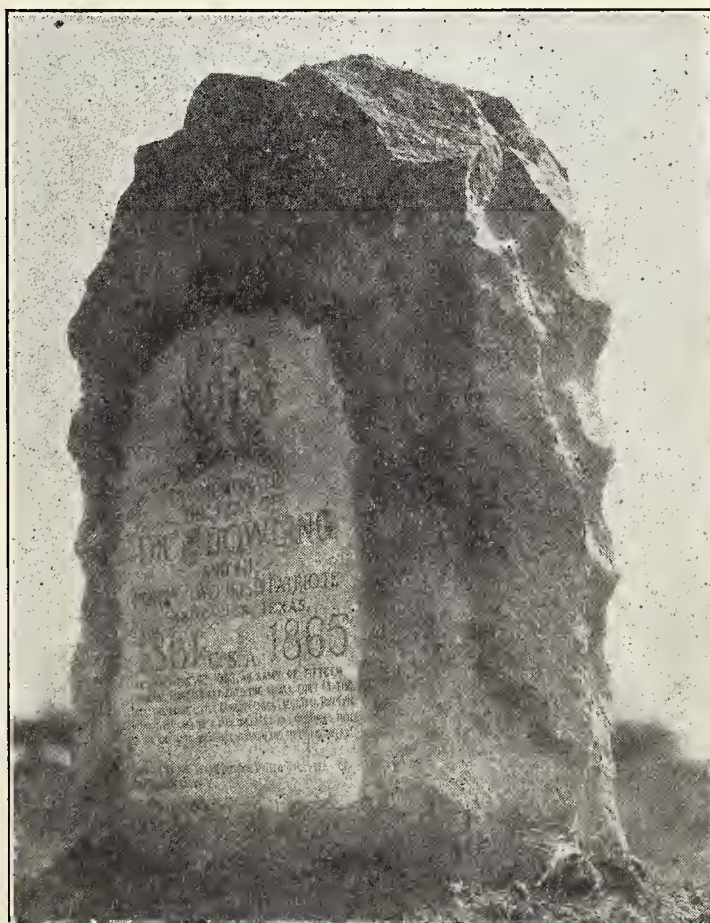
THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXII.

DECEMBER, 1924

NO. 12



COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF SABINE PASS

(See page 456)

973.705
5748

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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OLD BOOKS.—Cash paid for old books and pamphlets on Texas, Louisiana, California, Utah, and other Southern and Western States; also for autograph letters, books, scrapbooks, or pamphlets by or about Lee, Davis, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, and other famous historic Americans. M. H. Briggs, 5113 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Rev. T. C. Little, of Fayetteville, Tenn., asks that anyone who knew Thomas D. Hobbs, of Company A, 7th Texas Cavalry, who was detailed to drive a wagon in 1864, and who knows how he got out of the army, will please communicate with his wife, who is trying to get a pension. Her address is Fayetteville, Tenn.

WANTED.—Old envelopes from letters written during the Confederacy. Also old United States and Confederate stamps wanted. Slave quotations purchased. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The second edition of the "Authentic History of the Ku-Klux Klan" (1865-1877), by Susan Lawrence Davis, is now on sale. Address all orders to Miss Susan L. Davis, Publisher, 488 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Price, \$3.75 per copy, postpaid. Books of all kinds solicited for publication by Miss Davis.

FULL PAY, SIR!—General Pershing will continue to draw, for the rest of his life, the full pay and allowances he was paid before his retirement, according to a ruling of the Comptroller General made public. This sum amounts to \$21,500 a year. Although army officers in general are retired on half pay, the ruling in General Pershing's case was based on an act of Congress, passed in 1882, permitting Generals Sherman and Sheridan, the last officers to hold that rank before Pershing, to enjoy the compensation of active rank when they were retired.—*National Tribune.*

THE SOUTH'S IGNORANCE OF ITS OWN WEALTH.

Bronson Batchelor, President of the American Institute of Business, writing about the South in the *Manufactures Record*, particularly regarding its splendid undeveloped power resources, says "The South is more fortunately situated than is California in its power potentialities." Seventy per cent of the water power resources of the United States are known to be in the Western portion of the country, and the major part of this natural wealth is found in the States on the Pacific border. In the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama are found the fine streams within which practically all of the South's splendid water power resources, and these are yet only partially utilized in power development. Alabama is the richest State of them all in its hydro-electric possibilities.

There is now an interconnection of water power systems between the four States named, service for the vast territory which gives almost one power and by linking up their transmission lines, a shortage in one field may be immediately supplied from a surplus in another. Such an arrangement will in time prove of immense benefit to every section located on those interconnecting lines, for it assures continuous service throughout the year.

Mr. Batchelor was struck with the lack of information and interest among the Southern people of the power development that is going on in their own States. Talking with bankers, manufacturers, and other business men, he found "they knew little on the subject of super-power, or the benefits it will in time confer on the South."—*Exchange*

Mrs. T. W. Trout, Canton, Miss., Route No. 2, would appreciate any information in regard to the service of her late husband, T. W. Trout, who is listed in Jefferson County, Ga., in 1864 and was a sergeant in the 16th Georgia Cavalry. He was a member of Company W. H. T. Walker No. 925, U. C. V., Atlanta, Ga. She is trying to get a pension and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades or friends.

TO DADDY IN HEAVEN.—In a London, England, paper appeared this beautiful little incident: On a wreath brought by a little boy of six and laid at the foot of the Sutton War Memorial was written "Dear Daddy, I hope you are getting on in heaven."—*Canadian American*

Confederate Veteran.

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

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXII. NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1924. No. 12. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } FOUNDER.

Acting Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. J. A. Thomas, Dublin, Ga.
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Gen. Hampden, Iberville, Iberville, Columbus, Miss.

GEN. WILLIAM B. HALDEMAN.

In the midst of life, so active, joyous, helpful, our beloved Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. William B. Haldeman, was called to take his place in the silent halls of death, and his going has left our hearts in grief for one who had so endeared himself to his comrades of the Confederacy. Death came with no warning on the 27th of October, at Louisville, Ky., and he was laid to rest in Cave Hill Cemetery, that beautiful "city of the dead" where sleep so many other sons of Kentucky who laid their all upon the altar of Southern rights. As a boy of sixteen, William Birch Haldeman, then a pupil at Forest Academy, O'Bannon, Ky., ran away from school and made his way inside the Confederate lines. He was too young to enlist, but he had a large share of soldierly duties, and early in 1862 he was serving under Gen. John H. Morgan. In October of that year he won commendation by carrying battle patches from Gen. John C. Breckinridge, at Tullahoma, Tenn., to General Bragg, at Lexington, Ky. He was finally enlisted regularly as a private in Company G, 9th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade. He was wounded at Chickasaw, and upon his recovery joined the Confederate navy as a shipman. Later on, however, he rejoined his old company and was paroled with it at Washington, Ga., May 6, 1865. He was always proud of having answered his country's call at such an early age, and as a veteran of seventy-eight years he was numbered among the youngest of the survivors of the war in gray.

William B. Haldeman was the son of Walter Newton and Elizabeth Metcalfe Haldeman, and was born in Louisville, Ky., July 27, 1846. His father's service for the Confederacy was such that President Davis said it was worth that of a general. He was offered a commission as an officer, but was asked to act as news purveyor, and he arranged a news service which furnished President Davis all the news from Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, and other Western papers. On news of contemplated movements in Virginia reached

Richmond by way of Kentucky, all most valuable to the President. With Henry Watterson he founded the *Courier Journal* and *Louisville Times*, and just after the war young Haldeman had a year or so of newspaper work with his father. He then returned to school and completed his education at the Kentucky Military Institute, then at Frankfort, receiving his B.A. degree in 1869 and his M.A. in 1871. He again took up work with his father on the *Courier Journal*, and was editor of its weekly edition. He was a brilliant journalist, and the greater part of his life was spent in the newspaper business. After the establishment of the *Times*, he was general manager of both papers, later becoming editor of the *Times*, and much of that paper's notable prosperity was developed under his direction. He remained in that position until 1918, when he sold his newspaper interests.

While his interest in politics was ever keen, General Haldeman accepted political office only twice, serving as Adjutant General of Kentucky in 1911 and 1912, and as a member of the Kentucky Racing Commission from 1914 to 1919. He was a delegate from the Fifth Kentucky District to the Democratic national conventions of 1892, 1896, and 1912, and a delegate at large from Kentucky to the conventions of 1904 and 1908; and he had twice represented Kentucky as national committeeman. He commanded the 1st Kentucky National Guard for three years, and had served as president of the Kentucky Press Association.

Ever devoted to his comrades of the gray, his interest had centered in them of late years, and their welfare became his chief concern. From 1910 to 1915 he commanded the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., and he was given a lifetime commission as commander of the veterans of the Orphan Brigade, and his annual custom of taking all survivors of that command to the U. C. V. reunions as his guests enabled many to participate in those occasions. He was made Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans at New Orleans in 1923, and was unanimously reelected at Memphis, 1924.

In 1919, General Haldeman was made president of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and his interest in the completion of the great memorial at Fairview, Ky., and his indomitable efforts in raising funds for it contributed largely to its completion. It was a happy day for him when he presided over the dedicatory exercises on June 7, 1924, and

marked the realization of one of his fondest dreams. This huge shaft at the birthplace of the Confederacy's only President is the second highest monument in the world, the Washington monument only surpassing it.

Funeral services were conducted from the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville, of which General Haldeman was a member and a trustee, and in his uniform as Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans he was laid to rest with full military honors. His wife, who was Miss Lizzie Robards, of Shelbyville, Ky., survives him, with two daughters—Mrs. Clara Bruce Haldeman Bonnie, of Louisville, and Mrs. Anne Espenhain, of Akron, Ohio.

ANNUAL CONVENTIONS, U. C. V.

Col. James A. Pierce, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Louisians Division, U. C. V., writes of a most enjoyable meeting of that Division in the city of Shreveport, November 5, 6. Everything was free to the veterans, the uniform carried them everywhere; the care and attention given them by the ladies of the city could not have been better, and the entertainments for their pleasure were appropriate to the occasion. The mayor and city council and the Fair Association did everything possible to make their stay in the progressive city of Shreveport something to be remembered.

General H. C. Rogers was reelected Commander of the Division.

The Florida Division, U. C. V., held its annual reunion at Tampa on October 21-23, and Commander James McKay reports a good time generally. The people of Tampa opened their homes and hearts to the old heroes, the Daughters of the Confederacy were untiring in their attentions, and all departed for their homes singing praises of the hospitality extended to them, making the three days the happiest time of their lives.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commander, James McKay, Tampa; J. S. Frink, Commander First Brigade; L. W. Jackson, Commander Second Brigade; A. G. Baker, Commander Third Brigade; the First and Second Brigade Commanders were reelected. Henry L. Crane was appointed Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

From Horace Davenport, Adjutant of Raphael Semmes Camp, U. C. V., of Mobile, Ala., comes report that "the reunion of the Alabama Division, held in Mobile October 22, 23, was a success from every point of view. The weather was ideal, the welcome whole-hearted, and entertainment abundant; not a mishap of any kind to mar the pleasure of it. The veterans declared it the best reunion ever and departed singing the praises of Mobile and her hospitality. At headquarters four hundred and seventy veterans were registered, one hundred and eighty-nine of whom were entertained in private homes. A feast of oysters on the half shell and a boat ride up the river and down the bay, with dancing and refreshments, were features greatly enjoyed."

PICTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—Mrs. F. L. Ezell, President of the U. D. C. Chapter of Leesburg, Fla., recently ordered a picture of President Davis, and of which she writes: "The picture of our beloved President, C. S. A., Jefferson Davis, came this morning. It is just the picture of him that I have wanted for our public school, and I am stressing the placing of this picture in every public school in Florida." This picture, a large half-tone engraving, shows President Davis as he was at the beginning of the war, and is very pleasing.

LAST SURVIVING OFFICER.

The following comes from Rev. Henry D. Hogan, of Rose-dale, Kans., as a tribute to an old comrade and friend, Col. J. A. Wilson, only surviving officer of the 24th Tennessee Regiment, who is now living at Bowie, Tex., in his eighty-seventh year. Comrade Hogan says:

"As a member of the 24th Tennessee Regiment and chaplain of same for three years or more and one of the few members who remain to tell the story and one who was in camp and in battle often, I wish to pay a tribute of respect and to make honorable mention of my highly esteemed old friend, Col. John A. Wilson, who was captain of Company D, 24th Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. He was promoted major of the regiment in July, 1862. He was wounded at the battle of Stone's River, December 30, 1862. After his return from the hospital he was made colonel of the regiment, January, 1863.

"He succeeded the brave, intrepid Hugh L. W. Bratton, who fell mortally wounded at Stone's River, December 31, 1862. He was also severely wounded in that bloodiest battle of the war at Franklin, Tenn., between Hood and Thomas.

"Colonel Wilson not only led his command at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, but also that long-drawn and continuous fighting with Sherman's hordes from near Dalton, Ga., to the right of Atlanta, Ga., July, 1864. When this hard-fought battle was in full swing, Colonel Wilson was severely wounded within ten feet of me when he fell. He called to me and said: 'Henry, get me away from here, or I will be killed.' I pressed into service three men who were behind trees. I rolled him on a large blanket that I swiped from the Yanks at City Point, Va., April, 1863. (By the way, I was captured at Stone's River, and sent to Camp Morton, Ind.) Now with this hastily improvised stretcher, we bore him to a place of safety.

"I was appointed chaplain of the regiment by the Colonel; he forbade my bearing arms, which order I violated providentially in the fearful charge; when he fell I was at his side; the Colonel claims I saved his life.

"The most important factor in the Colonel's life was his Christlike demeanor, which was in evidence daily. He was loved by his men who confidently followed him in battle."

HISTORIAL DISCUSSIONS.

A good suggestion comes from James L. Rodgers, of Miami, Fla., as to a means of familiarizing ourselves with the lives and deeds of our great men. He says: "I studied some years in Scotland, and discovered that those folks—my father's folks—habitually, as they sat at their meals of 'oatmeal and predestination,' spoke much and often of many intimate incidents in the lives of their heroes—military, political, religious, and intellectual. I remember distinctly one long discussion, or at least animated conversation, on breakfast hour, on the parentage of Lord Clyde (Sir Col. Campbell). Eternal history, as well as eternal vigilance, is our great need."

Comrade Rodgers also suggests that the VETERAN publish more and more historical and biographical articles, mentioning the difficulty he and others have had in getting information on Stonewall Jackson and the two Johnstons. While the VETERAN has given much space to such articles, a file of the publication is not always accessible to such seekers of information; but in the volumes for the past thirty-two years may be found articles on all the leading men of the Confederacy and many not so well known. There should be a file of the VETERAN in every public library of the country.

THE OLD GRAY COAT.

It lies there all alone, it is rusty and faded,
With a patch on the elbow, a hole in the side;
But we think of the brave boy who wore it, and ever
Look on it with pleasure and touch it with pride.

A history clings to it; over and over,
We see a proud youth hurried on to the fray,
With his form like the oak and his eye like the eagle's,
How gallant he rode in the ranks of "The Gray."

It is rough, it is worn, it is tattered in places,
But I love it the more for the story it bears—
A story of courage in struggle with sorrow
And a heart that bore bravely its burden of cares.

It is ragged and rusty, but O! it was shining
In the silkiest sheen when he wore it away,
And his smile was as bright as the glad summer morning
When he sprang to his place in the ranks of "The Gray."

There's a rip in the shoulder, and the collar is tarnished,
The buttons all gone, with their glitter and gold;
'Tis a thing of the past, and we reverently lay it
Away with the treasures and relics of old.

As the gifts of a love, solemn, sweet and unspoken,
Are cherished as leaves from a long vanished day,
We will keep the old jacket for the sake of a loved one,
Who rode in the van in the ranks of "The Gray."

Shot through with a bullet right here in the shoulder,
And down there the pocket is splintered and soiled.
Ah! more, see, the lining is stained and discolored!
Yes, blood drops the texture has stiffened and spoiled.

It came when he rode at the head of the column
Charging down in the battle one deadliest day,
When squadrons of foemen were broken asunder
And victory rode with the ranks of "The Gray."

Its memory is sweetness and sorrow commingled;
To me it is precious, more precious than gold.
In the rent and shot holes a volume is written;
In the stains of the lining is agony told.

That was years ago when, in life's sunny morning,
He rode with his comrades down into the fray;
And the old coat he wore and the good sword he wielded
Were all that came back from the ranks of "The Gray."

And it lies there alone, I will reverence it ever,
The patch on the elbow, the hole in the side;
For a gallanter heart never breathed than the loved one
Who wore it in honor and soldierly pride.

Let me brush off the dust from the tatters and tarnish;
Let me fold it up slowly and lay it away;
It is all that is left of the loved and lost one
Who fought for the right in the ranks of "The Gray."

[Several patrons of the VETERAN sent copies of this old poem in response to a request in the VETERAN for October, but the author's name seems not to be known. Other poems have been written on the subject, but this is doubtless the one required for, as it seems to be more familiar.—EDITOR.]

SOUTHERN MANHOOD.

BY JOHN G. HERNDON, EAST FALLS CHURCH, VA.

Among the private soldiers composing the forces of the Army of Northern Virginia, I recall A. G. Willis, a young preacher, neat and courteous, of pleasing address, much beloved by his comrades of Colonel Mosby's command. Shortly after his escape from capture in father's house (known as the Cornwell Raid, and referred to in a former article), while on a trip to Rappahannock County, his horse lost a shoe, stopping at a blacksmith's shop on the road leading to Sperryville, in that county, and while waiting for the shoeing he was surprised by a squadron of cavalry of General Curtis's command, was taken to a place called Sandy Hook, not far off, and was told they were going to hang him. He asked to be allowed to pray. Kneeling, he prayed (as was witnessed by those living at the place), then arising, he said: "I am ready." They took off his uniform coat and a large gold ring and swung him up on a large poplar limb overhanging the road. (I had often ridden under it passing to and from the army.) The victim of their brutality was left hanging. Soon after a Mr. Deatherage was passing on the road, cut him down, his relatives were notified, and he was given a Christian burial.

Just about that time was being enacted in the town of Front Royal, by some of the same command, the most extreme savagery ever known in warfare—captured soldiers tied to horses and dragged through the streets to their death. Thomas Anderson was shot to death after he had surrendered, kneeling and begging for mercy. He was a popular young man in his neighborhood, known for his genial disposition and kindly feeling for everybody.

James Foly Kemper (a cousin of General Kemper) was a gallant and dutiful soldier of Colonel Mosby's command. After the war he moved to Missouri and became quite a distinguished preacher, holding the pastorate of several large Churches.

Moses Ezekiel was among the cadet corps of the Virginia Military Institute at the battle of New Market, when they distinguished themselves by charging and capturing a Federal battery which was playing havoc with their corps. He became, some years after the war, the world-renowned sculptor, the designer and builder of the Confederate monument at Arlington, which will always stand in all its grandeur as a wonderful work of art, a monument to himself as well, as his mortal body is buried at its base.

Charles B. Rouss was a member of my brigade (General Rosser's). Going to New York City shortly after the war, he engaged in the mercantile business, became a millionaire, and, by his liberality and love for the South, made possible the building of the Battle Abbey, which building is the pride of the city of Richmond, Va., and the South. The building contains scenes of the war and handsome portraits of our general officers and others, so that their deeds of heroism and valor shall not be forgotten by coming generations.

Herbert H. Harris, my orderly sergeant in Carrington's Battery, and an A.M. of the University of Virginia, became professor of Greek in Richmond College and was recognized as a very scholarly man and a preacher also in our Southland.

Franklin Williams, of Mosby's command, who escaped capture by the strategy of two young ladies, shortly thereafter was returning to his quarters in my old neighborhood, when he was passed by a squadron of Yankee cavalry. Two of their number having fast horses, overhauled him, and, in passing, one struck him on the head with his saber. After passing some distance before they could check up, they re-

turned to kill or capture him. As they approached, Williams fired, mortally wounding one of them; the other passed by, joining the squadron. They pursued him some distance, and Williams, by turning into a by-road leading to my father's house, reached there safely. I happened to be at home at the time, and seeing him coming at full speed, was sure something unusual was going on, and, as he approached the house, I ran out to meet him, being anxious to know the trouble (because my safety was in jeopardy), not knowing he was being pursued by the Yankees. I found he was badly wounded, and, helping him to dismount, I led him into the yard, where my sisters joined us. Getting a basin of water, I began bathing his face and head, placing the scalp back (which was a frightful cut) and bandaging his head. I then led him into the house and made him lie down and rest while I stood guard lest the Yankees should further pursue him. He soon rallied and rejoined his command, his services after that being daring and brilliant. He was noted for his bravery and a terror to the enemy.

After the war he united with the Baptist Church and became a very active member, highly honored and respected as a Christian man and good citizen. He died a few years ago, greatly missed by a host of friends and kindred.

I could name others, but these are a few of the types of Southern chivalry composing the army of Northern Virginia. Peace to their ashes and a glorious resurrection to their immortal spirits.'

"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST."

BY MRS. IDA EARLE FOWLER, PRESIDENT JOSEPH H. LEWIS
CHAPTER U. D. C., FRANKFORT, KY.

The veteran soldiers of the War between the States are passing so rapidly now that attention is constantly called to many incidents that illumine that phase of the making of America. While some of these illustrate the vivid drama of that time, others serve to show as well the character and characteristics of individual men.

Kindness and consideration and a humane feeling for the common soldier have been the cause of the immense popularity of many American officers. This is exemplified by an incident of "Fighting Joe Wheeler's" service, which is related in Col. E. Polk Johnson's "History of Kentucky and Kentuckians." The recent death of Colonel Johnson, in Louisville, brings it freshly to mind.

Just after the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862, when Bragg's Southern army was marching out of Kentucky through the mountains into Tennessee, General Wheeler was commanding the cavalry that covered the retreat of the great body of cavalry and infantry of Polk's and Hardee's divisions, and protecting the "forty miles of wagon train," fighting daily and almost hourly with the Federal army following in the rear. Great activity was necessary because the soldiers and supplies were also threatened by bushwhackers on their unprotected flanks. The precious wagons were pressed forward as rapidly as possible, and Wheeler's Cavalry was kept constantly busy and alert trying to delay the pursuers. There was no food along the line of march and no time in the constant fighting and marching to draw and prepare regular rations, so that all the men were not only tired but hungry and thirsty and hot.

General Wheeler, then about twenty-four years of age, but already high in the service, was a small man with piercing dark eyes and dark beard, and, like most small men, carried his chin high in air. As he rode along the column giving orders and seeing to every detail with his habitual energy and rest-

lessness, he turned to the aide at his side and remarked: "I am very hungry." Colonel Johnson, then a boy of seventeen, marching in the ranks just opposite, addressed him with the ejaculation: "Same here, General; same here." The little General turned to the impudent youth who had dared thus to address him and replied, with the greatest kindness in his tone and manner: "Never mind, my boy, we hope to find something to eat later on." The writer goes on to say that the embarrassment was all on his side, and recalls later meetings after the war when the incident was reviewed with amusement.

General Wheeler was a lieutenant general in the Confederate army, and afterwards a major general of volunteers in the war with Spain, and died a brigadier general on the retired list of the United States Army, having served "under two flags." Undoubtedly his quick rise and his continued success was due not only to his courage and energy and enthusiasm, but also to that innate kindness and consideration that made it easy for him to manifest a sympathetic understanding of the trials of the privates in the ranks.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

There were, of course, a great many officers in our service who came from foreign parts (including those from the States that stayed in the Union) that were commissioned as from some Southern State; but this list, taken from the Confederate States Congressional Journal, shows these gentlemen as directly from points outside of the Confederacy. With the exception of one, a major, who deserted, they seem to have given their adopted country, as far as I can learn, good and valiant service:

- W. B. Almon, Novia Scotia, Assistant Surgeon.
- R. L. Burgess, England, Second Lieutenant of Artillery.
- F. W. Dawson, England, Captain of Artillery.
- L. Du Bos, France, Captain, Instructor of Cavalry.
- Fredrick Emory, Kansas, Captain, Quartermaster.
- John Grant, England, Captain of Engineers.
- G. St. Leger Grenfell, England, Lieutenant Colonel, Assistant Adjutant General.
- William Henderson, England, Assistant Surgeon.
- D. S. Hersey, Delaware, First Lieutenant of Engineers.
- John Lane, Oregon, Major of Artillery.
- A. L. Mackey, Scotland, Surgeon.
- James Nocquet, France, Major of Engineers.
- Prince Camille De Polignac, France, Major General.
- John F. Ramsey, England, Lieutenant Confederate States Navy.
- Francis B. Renshaw, Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Confederate States Navy.
- Henry J. Rogers, Minnesota, Captain of Engineers.
- St. Jules Rondot, France, Captain, Assistant Adjutant General.
- Solomon Secord, Canada, Surgeon.
- Triplett J. Smith, California, First Lieutenant Niter and Mining Corps.
- A. Turnbull, Canada, Second Lieutenant of Engineers.
- J. T. Turner, Cherokee Nation, Surgeon.
- J. S. Vallandigham, Ohio, Assistant Surgeon.
- Heros Von Borcke, Prussia, Lieutenant Colonel, Assistant Adjutant General.
- S. Winthrop, England, Captain, Assistant Adjutant General.

OLDEST U. D. C. IN MISSOURI.

An interesting letter comes from Mrs. Marie Yerger Curd, Saverton, Mo., Past President of Hannibal Chapter, U. D. C., in regard to her mother, who is now in her ninety-third year and doubtless the oldest member of the U. D. C. of the State. Mrs. Curd writes:

"My mother is a great reader and thoroughly conversant with politics; has voted the straight Democratic ticket at every election since given the ballot. She plays the piano, and when ninety-two received a prize from the *Woman's Home Companion* for the best letter on 'How

Keep Young,' the check arriving on her birthday. She writes without glasses, and writes a most interesting letter, and is considered one of the most remarkable women in this part of the country. She is very active, often hoeing in the flowers and chopping weeds—if I am away from home. Her father, Mr. J. M. Bass, was one of the big cotton planters of Louisiana, but she was born in Kentucky—by accident. She married Col.



MRS. E. M. YERGER.

M. Yerger, of Jackson, Miss., at the Cathedral in New Orleans, Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, performing the ceremony. "During the War between the States, mother lived in Jackson, Miss., and her home was taken over by the Federal officers to save it from destruction and was afterwards sold to the State for the Deaf and Dumb Institute. All during the World War she knitted constantly for the soldiers. My mother was on General Van Dorn's staff and after the war editor of the *Mississippian* at Jackson. Her sons were too young to serve in the Confederate army. Everything was lost in the war, but the Federal colonel who made his headquarters at her home gave her a government position in the treasury at Washington, he being then a Congressman from Illinois. My sister and I, born after the war, were reared within a few blocks of the Capitol. Of seven children, two only are left, the oldest child, Mrs. A. A. Trescott, of Vicksburg, Miss., and myself."

The following came from Mrs. Yerger herself:

"My first experience with the Yankee soldiers was when my servant came upstairs one day to tell me there were a lot of Yankees on horseback that wanted the keys to the wine cellar, and, 'Miss, you will have to come down and see them. They don't believe me when I tell them there is no liquor in the cellar.' So I went down, my heart beating like a triphammer, and I said: 'Gentlemen, you can have the keys to my wine cellar, but you will not find any liquor there.' One of them replied: 'Madam, we never asked for the keys, but only wanted drink.' I said, 'I am sorry I can't furnish you one,' but William, the servant, disappeared and in a few minutes returned with a bottle of whisky belonging to him, with a pitcher of water and a glass, and offered them a drink, but they said: 'No, not on your life, unless you take a drink out of that bottle first.' So William drank first, then all of them took a drink, about seven of them, bowed politely to me, and went off. I could not see straight, I was so badly frightened.

"One day I went to my barn and saw about ten soldiers sitting on a log, and I thought, now is the time to give them a piece of my mind; so I walked up and down in front of them, giving the Yankees the mischief. Finally one of them said: 'Lady, we are gentlemen and don't propose to say anything rude to you, but you might meet with a rough crowd, and they would be very abusive.' Well, I was so astonished at their politeness that I calmed down and said no more. Looking out of my window one day, I saw my two little boys chasing the ducks and chickens and asked them what they were doing. They said: 'Ma, there are two soldiers waiting for them. They are going to give you coffee for them.' I said: 'No, I will continue to drink the burned sugar for my coffee.' Every time I looked from my window I could see fires everywhere, some poor groceryman being burned out, and it was the burned sugar we collected to make our coffee. One old Irishman knocked at my door one day and hailed me. I asked: 'What do you want?' He said: 'Are there any "airms" in the house?' I replied: 'I don't know what you mean. Speak plain English.' He repeated the same question again; so I said: 'Come in and look.' But he changed his mind and left. Finally, tired of being worried by soldiers, Colonel Calkins and his lieutenant came to the house every night and protected us from the annoyance.

"One day my husband said to me, 'There is going to be a raid; so you better not have my fine shirts washed.' But the laundress, unknown to me, did wash them and hung them out on the line. The first thing I knew, she rushed frantically upstairs to me and said: 'Miss, the soldiers are stealing all Master's fine shirts.' Off I dashed downstairs, and saw them putting on the shirts and riding away on horseback. I called to them to 'bring back my husband's shirts,' to which they responded: 'Yes, ma'am, when you have washed those we left.' I told Colonel Calkins about it, and he said he would try to trace them, but never could find out who stole them. During the war, General Sherman was in my aunt's house one day and said: 'Madam, until we burn the women and children out of house and home, we will never conquer the South.' He certainly carried fire and sword wherever he went, for whenever I looked from my window I could see fires everywhere."

THE STARS AND BARS.

BY WILL D. MUSE.

(Dedicated to Orren Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, as the designer of the first Confederate flag.)

Its rippling folds are as pure as the stars
That shine down the white milky way;
While the crimson and white of its shimmering bars
Flaunt their colors by night and by day—
And its stars ever gleam like the stars up above,
While its folds ever seem to be whispering of love.

When the iron hoof of war had ravaged the earth
And the ashes of ruin turned to gray;
When the hope of God's people again had its birth
In the dawn of a wonderful day—
Then this glorious flag spread its folds to the stars,
And the soft Southern winds kissed its stars and its bars.

May it spread its rich robes to the blue Southern skies,
Till the twilight of life tints the west;
And its thrill ever fill us with laughter and sighs
Bringing joy evermore to each breast—
May it ripple its folds to the winds of the earth,
O'er a people whose blood gave Freedom its birth.

COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF SABINE PASS.

An interesting ceremony took place on the 7th of November, when a monument was unveiled on the site of the historic battle of Sabine Pass, commemorating the wonderful bravery of Lieut. Dick Dowling and his company of forty-one Irish Confederate soldiers in driving off the Federal gunboats, which gallant achievement of a few men saved the Texas coast from a threatened invasion. It was sixty-one years ago on September 8, 1924, and that date had been set for unveiling the monument, but it was postponed on account of the illness of Mrs. Annie Dowling Robertson, daughter of Lieutenant Dowling.

In sending the picture of this handsome granite boulder erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, Mrs. Hal W. Greer, of Beaumont, sends an account of the battle which she wrote when serving as Historian of Dick Dowling Chapter some years ago:

"To give an accurate account of this battle, it is necessary to describe the general topography of the country and streams. The stream of Sabine Pass flows from Sabine Lake into the Gulf of Mexico. It is about seven miles long, slightly less than one mile wide, and ranges in depth from twenty to forty feet. At the time, a bar had formed at the Gulf end, and the channel over it was about ten feet deep, and very tortuous and difficult to navigate. The stream forms a dividing line between Texas and Louisiana, and was once the boundary between the United States and Mexico. Its banks are very low—at the highest place on the Texas side not extending over three feet above low water tide, while the Louisiana side is much lower, is an extensive marsh, and is inundated whenever the tide comes in above normal. All the surrounding country is a low marsh, except where the town is located, on a ridge about three feet above low tide.

"The town is situated on the west, or Texas, side about five miles from the Gulf end of the stream. On the Texas bank the Confederates had erected a mud fort about a mile from the Gulf. This was manned by forty-two men, all told, under the command of Lieut. Richard (commonly known as "Dick") W. Dowling. He was born in Galway, Ireland, and came to America when a child with his parents, who settled in New Orleans, La. He was at the time of this battle very young, but he was a brave soldier, and fully competent to do the work which fate had destined for him.

"On September 7, the night previous to the battle, the Federal fleet began arriving from New Orleans. When daylight came the Confederates viewed with consternation the formidable sight. They had not one charge of ammunition or even a hand bar with which to throw the guns around on their traverse bars, inside the fort. Captain Odlum sent immediately to the town of Sabine with great energy to prepare for the battle which they knew was imminent.

"General Magruder, who had been informed of the enemy's approach, sent word to Captain Odlum to spike the guns, blow up the fort, and retreat to Taylor's Bayou, and there to try to hold the enemy in check. When these orders were made known to Lieutenant Dowling (Captain Odlum being in command of the post in the town of Sabine, in place of Colonel Griffin, who had charge of the fort, but who had gone to Houston to attend a court-martial) asked his men if they wished to do this. They replied: 'No; we prefer to fight while there is a detachment to man the guns.' About this time the Federals began firing. The guns in the fort consisted of two 32-pounders, two 24-pounders, and two brass mountain howitzers. The 32-pounders, it will be remarked, were some old guns that the Federals had damaged by spiking and cutting of the trunnions. They were taken to Houston and

repaired by the Confederates. These guns proved the most effective in the battle of any which were fired, as they crippled the gunboats *Sachem*, *Clifton*, and *Arizona*. A part of the old gunboat *Clifton* was visible for many years at Sabine Pass, but later the walking beam of it was brought by Frank W. Godsey to Keith Park.

"The attack from the gunboats continued, the ground around the fort being torn up; still there was no return of fire from Dowling, he withholding and waiting until the vessels came within easy range to fire his first shot. Meanwhile he spoke with words of courage and good cheer to his men, urging upon them the necessity of making all fire from their guns damage the enemy, and to use their ammunition with the greatest economy. He did not allow his men to put their heads above the parapet, and the Federals had about come to the conclusion that there was no one in the fort and they had wasted their ammunition. They came nearer and nearer, and when at a point where Dowling, who had been keeping a close watch, knew the shots could take effect, he ordered his men to their places, and gave the command 'Fire!'

"Just here is where Dowling evidenced his fine judgment.

"The *Sachem* and *Clifton* were at the mercy of the Confederates, while the *Arizona* backed and turned seaward, where she sunk that night with all on board. It is estimated that at least 250 men were lost, and many bodies were found on the shores of Louisiana and Texas.

"After just thirty-eight minutes from the time Dowling ordered his men to fire the first shot, the white flag was seen to go up on the flagship, *Clifton*. Lieutenant Dowling went aboard, accompanied by Dr. George H. Bailey, as a signal for a surgeon had been given by the enemy. Commodore Croker met them and surrendered his sword to Dowling. Dr. Bailey administered to the wounded and dying. Later Commodore Croker came ashore and entered the fort. Imagine his surprise when he realized that there were only forty-two men in the fort. The Confederates took as prisoners 472 men, 7 of whom were badly wounded. The exact number of killed is not known, these as contradistinguished from those who were drowned by the sinking of the *Arizona*, but has been estimated at fifty, most of whom were scalded to death by the explosion of the boiler on the gunboat *Sachem* when the shots struck it. Not a man on the Confederate side received a scratch, and beyond slight injuries to the walls of the little mud fort and one gun carriage, no damage was done.

"The prisoners, who numbered about 490, were kept under guns until relief came by steamers from Orange and Beaumont.

"Commodore Leon Smith makes honorable mention of Captain Odlum, Lieutenant Dowling, Lieutenant Smith, and Captain Cook, who came down with 'Uncle Ben,' a Confederate transport. He also makes mention of another Lieutenant Smith, of Company B., Spaight's Battalion, and Lieutenant Harrison, of Captain Daly's company.

"President Davis, in his book on the 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' says: 'There is no parallel in ancient or modern warfare to that of Dowling and his men at Sabine Pass against the great odds with which they had to contend.'

"The Congress of the Confederate States also passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Congress are due and are hereby cordially given to Captain Odlum, Lieutenant Dowling, and his 42 men—comprising the Davis Guards—under their command, for their daring, gallant, and successful defense of Sabine Pass against the attack made by the enemy on September 8, 1863, with a fleet of five gunboats and twenty-one steam transports, carrying a land force of 1,500 men.

“*Resolved*, That the defense resulting under the providence of God in the defeat of the enemy, the capture of two gunboats, with 472 prisoners—including the commander of the *et*, Frederick Croker—crippling the gunboats, and the dispersion of the transports, and preventing the invasion of Texas, constitutes in the opinion of Congress, one of the most heroic and brilliant achievements of this war and entitles the Davis Guards to the gratitude and admiration of their country.

“*Resolved*, That the President be requested to communicate the foregoing resolutions to Captain Odium, Lieutenant Dowling, and the men under their command.

“Approved February 8, 1864.”

“All men composing the Davis Guards were from Ireland, excepting one, who was born in the United States, and another, a German. These Irishmen did a brave part by their country by adoption and well deserve the tribute paid them by the Confederate citizens in eulogizing their courageous patriotism.

“The rations of the Davis Guards consisted of what the good citizens of the community gave them. Mrs. Katie Norman, a most patriotic Southern woman and a native of Georgia, herself cooked beef and sent it to them along with the message ‘that they must not fight like men, but fight like devils.’ During the time of the battle, she watched its progress through a field glass, while her friend, Mrs. Sarah Harburg, a praying woman, stood beside her with uplifted hands, asking God to direct the shots.

“Sam Watson, of Beaumont, was placed as first engineer on the captured gunboat *Sachem*, which boat kept its name when in possession of the Confederates. Mrs. Margaret Watson made the first Confederate flag that was put upon her.

“The attacking Federals, under the command of Captain Frederick Croker, had nineteen well-equipped gunboats, three steamships, and three sloops of war. It is presumed that the steamships and sloops were transports, as they took no part in the engagement. What the Federals designed in their attack at Sabine Pass is mere conjecture, as the department at Washington has never revealed it, but there is reason to believe that their intention was to invade Texas, Arkansas, and North Louisiana. A plan had been laid by General Banks, somewhat to this effect, and judging from the number of troops, 1,500, it is supposed this was the time the scheme was to be accomplished.

“When we remember that only forty-two brave men foiled them, too much honor cannot be paid to their memory, and we, United Daughters of the Confederacy of Beaumont, have named our Chapter for their leader, Dick Dowling. There are only two survivors of this wonderful battle, but there are many citizens who remember all the incidents perfectly.”

HONOR ROLL.

Here are the names of those who actively participated in the battle of Sabine Pass: Lieut. Richard W. Dowling; Lieut. N. J. Smith, civil engineer and volunteer; Dr. G. H. Bailey, Patrick Abbott, Michael Carr, Abner R. Carter, Patrick Laire, James Cochran, Hugh Deagan, Michael Delaney, Thomas Dougherty, J. A. Drummond, Daniel Donovan, Michael Egan, David Fitzgerald, Patrick Fitzgerald, James Fleming, John Flood, William Gleason, John Hassett, James Higgins, Timothy Hurley, John Hennessy, Thomas Haggerty, William L. Jeet, Patrick Malone, Thomas McKernan, John McIver, Alec McCabe, T. McDonough, Patrick McGrath, John McNeillis, Daniel McMurphy, Michael Monaghan, Peter Hara, Edward Pritchard, Maurice Powers, Charles Rheins, Patrick Sullivan, Mathe Walsh, Jack W. White, John Wesley.

HEADED FOR DIXIE.

BY W. B. CRUMPTON, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

I have had in mind for a long time to make some inquiries through the *VETERAN* which our Missouri veterans may be able to answer.

On March 9, 1862, I tramped out of Chicago, headed for Dixie. I spent a night at Calumet and by a ruse boarded a train next morning for Anna Station, where there was a large camp of instruction for Federal troops. Next day, I crossed the Mississippi River into Missouri at Neely's Landing, spent a night on the banks of the river, and took dinner next day at Mr. John Oliver's, whose son was with Jeff Thompson's Confederate cavalry. I tramped through Jackson next day, and spent a night just beyond there with a kind family who were caring for the home and a few slaves of a young man who was with Jeff Thompson. I was heading for Greenville, and I am not certain about the names of the towns I passed through, but Federal garrisons were in each. About the night of the 11th, I was hospitably entertained in the home of Mrs. McCain, who lived near Castor River, which was then in an overflow. Her son and grandson had been with Jeff Thompson, had been captured and “galvanized,” as it was called when a Confed was made to take the oath of allegiance.

On a Saturday night I reached “Uncle McCulloch's,” as the people called a dear old man, a Methodist class leader, if I remember right. He was an uncle of General Ben McCulloch, of the Confederate army. Twelve miles away was Greenville, which I was advised to avoid, as the Federal troops were very watchful. On a gloriously bright Sunday, I was given directions through byways to Ira Abernathy's, a “good Methodist and galvanized,” as “Uncle Mc” explained. He lived on the edge of miles of overflow, which my old friend advised I could not cross. Next day I waded through it, coming out at Duck Creek and arriving just at night at Captain Miller's, at Bloomfield. The Captain commanded a steamer on the St. Francis River. At Bloomfield I saw the first Confederate scouts, the company of Captain Bowles. That night, twenty-five miles away, I was put under arrest by the pickets of Captain Hunter's company, which was up there, in Stoddard County (I am not sure of the name) recruiting. When I told my story to the Captain next morning, he released me on parole of honor not to leave the camp, and I was invited to become a member of the Captain's mess. Lieutenant Spicer is the only member of the company whose name I now recall. Captain Hunter was a veteran of the Mexican War, as I remember.

For a month I was with this company in their camp and on the march to Helena, Ark., at which place they went up the river to Memphis and I started down to Vicksburg. The battle of Shiloh had just occurred, and I saw many of the wounded on the boat.

Now, the object of this letter is to get in touch with people who knew those I have mentioned. Probably they are all dead, but doubtless the children or grandchildren heard them tell of the boy who was working his way back from Chicago to Dixie. For years I have been delivering a lecture, “How a Boy Got Through the Lines to the Confederacy,” in which the whole story is told.

I was born in Alabama, but when I reached friends in Mississippi I was persuaded to join the 37th Mississippi Infantry and gave three of the best years of my young life to the Confederacy, under Price, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood.

I am now an old man, nearing the eighty-third milepost, fifty-seven years a Baptist preacher. Now Secretary Emeritus of the Baptist Mission Board of Alabama. Before I go

hence I would be glad to hear from some of the children whose parents helped a boy when he needed friends.

Right in the Castor River bottom lived Ike Reeder, a Federal soldier, who came near scaring me to death, though I am sure he never saw me. A sight of him was enough to put wings on my feet. I suppose I was the occasion of his capture. When I enlisted and did my first guard duty in Columbus, Miss., who should be among the prisoners but old Ike, who recognized me. After his capture by the cavalry, in the march South, we frequently saw each other and knew each other's name. I would be glad to hear of Ike too.

THE TALLAHATCHIE RIFLES—"CAP" HOUSTON.

BY J. B. BOOTHE, LEXINGTON, KY.

The first company made up from Tallahatchie County, Miss., for service in the army of the Confederate States was organized at Charleston and was given the name of the Tallahatchie Rifles. In charge of the officers elected by its members, the company embarked for Virginia, the threatened seat of war, before it was accepted and mustered into the Confederate service. Reaching Memphis on the second day of July, 1861, on the morning of the next day passage was taken on what was then known as the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and about the 4th of July reached Lynchburg, Va., and went into camp to be mustered in. After two or three days they were sent forward to Richmond, and were there for a few days awaiting further transportation toward Washington. On the 18th of July, this company, with some other troops at Camp Reservoir, received orders to go at once to Manassas, but when the station was reached, the trains made up had been filled by other troops, so the Camp Reservoir boys trudged back to their quarters. This was the first day of the battle of Manassas, and the Tallahatchie Rifles were sadly disappointed by being left in camp. On the 21st of July, the last day of the battle, orders again came to embark for Manassas, and on to that historic place they went that night by freight train, getting there the next day in time to see the prisoners and artillery captured the day before and to join in the shouts of victory.

Shortly after this, the Tallahatchie Rifles became Company F, of the 21st Regiment of Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, and this regiment was the first from Mississippi to enlist for and during the period of the war, the regiments before that time having enlisted for only one year.

The first colonel, Benjamin G. Humphreys, from Sunflower County, afterwards became brigade commander. A brigade was formed, composed of the 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Regiments, with General Griffith as brigade commander. Later on, this brigade, Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade, and Cobb's Georgia Brigade, formed McLaws's Division of Longstreet's Corps, and so remained until its depleted ranks were surrendered at Appomattox with the remainder of what was left of General Lee's army. General Griffith was killed just a few hours before the battle of Savage Station, on the York River Railroad and on the same day, by a cannon shot fired by the retreating enemy along the line of the railroad just as he and his staff were riding across the track. He was succeeded as brigade commander by William Barksdale, colonel of the 13th Regiment, who was killed in the battle of Gettysburg on the second day of July, 1863, and was succeeded by B. G. Humphreys, colonel of the 21st Regiment, who was the last commander of the brigade.

Some of the members of the company did not get to Manassas until the 3d or 4th of August, and they were mustered into the service on the 6th of August, 1861. One of these was

Patrick Henry Houston, whose service deserves special mention in this connection. He participated in the struggle throughout, and at the close was a private of Company I, 21st Mississippi, Humphrey's Brigade, McLaws's Division Longstreet's Corps. I became very much attached to Houston who was familiarly known as "Cap" Houston. While at home after losing an arm at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, I received several interesting letters from "Cap," in one of which he gave a graphic account of General Early's overwhelming victory and disastrous defeat at Cedar Run, in the Valley of Virginia, both of which occurred on the same day, but, unfortunately for General Early and his command the latter came last.

Cap was quiet as a modest woman, and always spoke in a modulated tone of voice. He had a talent for obtaining information of what was going on in the army, what movements

were in progress or were expected, and when this or that would occur. He was a close observer and a good listener, and when a clue was presented, he had a happy faculty of eliciting all that could be known about it.

Sometimes inquiries would be made as to coming events and the reply generally was, "I don't know, ask Cap about it;" or "Let's ask Cap if he has any information on the subject." And it was rarely the case that Cap did not know and could not answer the inquiry. He



PATRICK HENRY HOUSTON.

was not a braggart or a boaster or a bully, nor did he indulge in anything akin to these characteristics, but he was brave and fearless and venturesome in the face of danger.

While all of the battles and skirmishes that he engaged in prior to the battle of the Wilderness cannot now be recalled from memory, some of them are here given. In the spring of 1862, the Confederate army had been withdrawn from the line of the Potomac, and Griffith's Brigade was under General Magruder in the campaign at Yorktown Peninsula. After a good many skirmishes in that region, the army commenced falling back in the direction of Richmond, and the battle of Williamsburg was fought during that retreat, and the enemy were driven back. The battle of Seven Pines in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, fought by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, was a partial victory for the Confederates, and might have been more pronounced but for the wounding of General Johnston. Soon after that battle, General Lee was given command of all the Confederate forces in Virginia.

In the battles fought by General Lee near Richmond Barksdale's Brigade was engaged in those of Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill, on the last day of the battle.

Then on the march to the Potomac, into Maryland, the command missed the second battle of Manassas in 1862, but was engaged in the battles that resulted in the capture of

Harper's Ferry, the brigade having captured Maryland Heights, the key to Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side. Thousands of prisoners and guns were taken; and then immediately began the forced march all night, and early the next morning the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, was fought. The enemy was repulsed, and General Lee held the field all day, returning at night leisurely back into Virginia, and by slow stages the army reached Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock River, some time in November, 1862. The battle of Fredericksburg was fought on the 11th and 12th of December, and the enemy was driven back across the river. The whole brigade, then under command of General Barksdale, took an active part. After the battle it went into winter quarters in Fredericksburg, and was there when another battle was fought on May 3, 1863, at Marye's Heights, in its southern suburb, when Barksdale's Brigade fought the whole of Sedgwick's Corps of 30,000 troops. This battle was fought about the close of the fighting at Chancellorsville.

In June, the brigade left its quarters to go with the army on the second Maryland campaign; and was engaged in the battle of Gettysburg on the 2nd and 3rd of July, 1863. The army of General Lee leisurely retired from Gettysburg on the 5th of July, and a little later, after the army had reached Virginia, two divisions of Longstreet's Corps were sent to the Western Army, then under command of General Bragg, just in time to move forward to the field of Chickamauga, the brigade taking a prominent part in that battle.

The enemy fell back to Chattanooga and were largely reinforced. The Confederate forces followed and occupied positions on Missionary Ridge and the immediate surroundings of the city, a large part of Longstreet's command occupying positions in front. For a week of more there was quiet all along the line during the day, but continuous battles and skirmishes were of nightly occurrence.

Longstreet's command was then ordered back to Virginia through East Tennessee, which was then occupied by large forces of the enemy, and went as far as Sweetwater by rail. Marching and fighting its way, conflicts of arms were of constant occurrence, but not of a serious nature, as the army moved forward toward Knoxville, where a large body of the enemy was entrenched in forts and earthworks. In a short time these were besieged and assaulted by the troops under command of General Longstreet, but not successfully; and, when repulsed, the Confederate forces made a short detour to the left of Knoxville and went into winter quarters a little later on near Greeneville, Tenn., thus marching leisurely into Virginia and reaching points within supporting distance of General Lee's forces during the latter part of April, 1864. After a few days' rest, the order came, on the evening of May 5, to proceed at once by the shortest route to the Wilderness, a large army of at least 150,000 troops under General Grant having moved forward and attacked the forces of General Lee at that point, then numbering not more than 35,000 men.

General Longstreet obeyed orders to the letter, and his troops marched without regard to roads, through woods and byways, in the most direct line to the Wilderness. About 11 o'clock at night there was a halt in the woods at the place then reached by the 21st Regiment of Humphrey's Brigade, and the men were ordered to lie down in their places. This was promptly obeyed and the whole army was soon asleep. After a rest of a little more than an hour, the bugle sounded and the command moved forward as the word was given and repeated all along the lines. Just before daylight a large highway leading directly to the battle field was reached, and there followed the order to move in double-quick time, which was kept up until the boom of the artillery and the rattle of

musketry was distinctly heard nearer and nearer. Just as the sun arose in the east, we reached the line of the men who had fought the day before and all night, taking their places. Then came the order, "Forward," the familiar yell of the Confederates, the rattle of musketry, and the army of General Grant wavered and fled. This battle of the Wilderness was fought with musketry. I saw only one small field piece, and that was on our side and soon ceased firing, because we moved directly in front of it when ordered forward.

Cap Houston was in all of this activity of the corps, division, brigade, regiment, and company, always acting well his part.

From Manassas to the Wilderness I was with him, and, under all circumstances and in all the vicissitudes of war, he proved to those around him that he was composed of those qualities and characteristics of which heroes are made. Losing an arm at the Wilderness, I was with him no more in the conflict of arms; but when the war was over, I was again with him in the pursuits of peace; and in these he showed "that peace has its victories no less renowned than war."

An incident occurred at Chickamauga that would add luster to the brave and heroic deeds of any war. The brigade was ordered forward into the conflict about to begin just after crossing Chickamauga Creek, and deployed into line. We attacked the enemy on the right flank, and so rapidly was that wing of our foes forced back, that three times in unusually quick succession the command was given and repeated by the field and company officers, all along the line, to "change front forward on the first battalion," and quickly was it responded to. About the middle of the afternoon we marched through a field to the foot of a large hill, which was covered with large trees and some undergrowth, immediately in front and to the left of a part of the brigade, and a dense copse of bushes or undergrowth, mostly oak bushes, in front of the 21st Regiment. Some artillery was firing on us from the hill, but very soon it ceased firing, and the whole line was halted to await further orders, as we were considerably in advance of the troops on our right. No enemy was in sight or hearing, but there was some desultory musketry farther to our right. Our brigade commander, General Humphreys, called for volunteers to go out in front of the line into this undergrowth, which was so dense that nothing could be seen in it ten paces away, and to ascertain, if possible, whether the enemy had gone, or was lying in ambush awaiting a further forward movement on our part.

Cap Houston, William Barnett, from Vicksburg, and — Conrad, from Wilkerson County, responded, and soon disappeared from our view in the bushes. According to their report made within an hour or two, when they had gone a few hundred yards they came suddenly upon what was evidently the remnant of a brigade, with guns loaded, bayonets fixed, and four stands of colors. Seeing that something had to be done at once or they would be killed or captured, Barnett said, low enough not to be heard by the enemy, who had not yet discovered them: "Cap, let's bluff 'em." Cap replied, "All right," and they sprang up from the bushes which had concealed them and peremptorily commanded them to halt, throw down their arms, and surrender at once, or they would order their men in line near by to fire on them. After some little hesitation, and another warning that they would be fired on if they longer hesitated, the men threw down their arms.

The prisoners were at once ordered to face to the left and move forward and follow Conrad, who was directed to precede them through the bushes, Cap and Barnett, with their guns loaded and bayonets fixed, bringing up the rear.

Before the captors and prisoners reached our line some of the officers said to their captors: "If we had known that your men were so far away, we would not have surrendered, but would have captured you. We thought, of course, that your line was only a few yards away in the bushes, or you would not have been so bold and daring, and, so thinking, your bluff worked all right." The prisoners were members of a Michigan brigade, and there were four color bearers, each bearing a regimental flag. There were a good many officers among them, whose swords were all sheathed when our line was reached. The officers appeared to be very much chagrined over their inglorious surrender, and officers and men were at once marched back to the rear of our lines under guard. I do not recall whether they were counted or not before going back to the rear, but I know that their number was afterwards reported to be about three hundred.

They were evidently the remnant of a brigade that became separated from their command during the progress of the battle, and were in confusion at the time of their capture, for they were marching west parallel to our line, when they should have been going nearly due north in the direction the main army had been driven.

The foregoing account was written from memory, and while I feel reasonably sure that I have made no errors, I do not say that I have made none.

THE BLOODY ANGLE. THRILLING EVENTS OF THE TWELFTH OF MAY, 1864.

BY HON. MARTIN V. CALVIN, SECOND GEORGIA SHARPSHOOTERS.

May 5 and 6, 1864, had witnessed the battle of the Wilderness. General Grant, extremely desirous to throw himself between General Lee and the city of Richmond, determined on a forced march to Spotsylvania Courthouse and was confident he could accomplish his purpose before General Lee had divined his plan. In this he erred; for Lee had intuitively anticipated Grant's plan of procedure. Indeed, Lee was so confident that Grant's next movement would be to Spotsylvania Courthouse that he had his engineers cut a road through the woods to the point last mentioned. When he announced his judgment of the situation and his purpose in view of Grant's probable change of base and rapid advance, Gen. R. H. Anderson suggested the difficulty in the way of a double-quick movement of troops, and General Lee informed him that the way had been already provided by his engineers.

At that time, Anderson was in command of Longstreet's Corps. The early morning of the 8th found Anderson in possession of the heights which commanded the fields and woodland round about the strategic center. That day Ewell and Hill moved at a rapid pace to join Anderson.

Great was Grant's astonishment when he discovered Lee in his front. Grant's forces were led by Warren, with whose cavalry Fitzhugh Lee had many a bout, the latter disputing every foot of ground; thus he hindered the progress of Warren's command.

Anderson, seeking to relieve Fitzhugh Lee, developed a surprise in Warren's force, which turned fiercely upon him. Anderson stood his ground, and, in half an hour, drove Warren a mile and a half back. One without battle field experience cannot form a conception, other than the vaguest, of the gallantry of the opposing forces, the heroism displayed in the struggle for victory, not individual life, in that half hour. My observations afield, when the battle raged fiercest, gave me this thought: that, at a time so trying, yet not confusing or demoralizing, combatants are transformed into the spiritual

almost. Otherwise, plain human nature could not stand shocks so terrific.

On the 10th, Warren, having recovered somewhat from his bitter experience with Anderson, literally threw his severely tried command against the Confederate line held by General Field. Warren was imbued with the idea which controlled General Grant's every thought—forward, without regard to the sacrifice of life on the part of the men of his command. Field's gallant troops, true and responsive to their heroic leader, withstood the first onslaught so firmly that the Federals swayed backward, then Field pressed them back. Warren ordered charge after charge, each bravely made, until, after the twelfth and most vigorous charge he was swept off the field by Field's incomparable troops. The word "almost" should have been used in connection with the word "incomparable," but the writer could not see, under the circumstances, just where to insert it.

On the same day, Warren, under orders, joined his thinned ranks to the full ranks of Hancock's corps, and at 5 P.M. the two generals made a terrific attack against the Confederate battle line, but were hurled back by the courageous men who composed the commands, respectively, of Generals Heth, Field, Wilcox, and Kershaw. Grant's one purpose was to break the Confederate center. The cost of life and limb was not given a moment's consideration. "War is war," thought Grant. "On to Richmond is my mission," he said to himself. In accordance with that line of thought, he issued a brief order that, at an early hour of the morning of the 12th of May, a united and vigorous attack on the Confederate line be made by Hancock, Burnside, and Warren.

At 4 A.M., Hancock was ready. Warren and Burnside were promptly apprized of the fact. Darkness and a dense fog favored the three corps as, in solid phalanx, they marched to the front, and, at the word of command by signal, impetuously threw themselves against the point held by Gen. Edward Johnson. Due to the hour of attack and the fog, almost equal to a rain, General Johnson was completely surprised, and his command, with twenty cannon, passed into the hands of Hancock.

Hancock had more successfully cut the Confederate line than he had planned. Closely following the capture of General Johnson's command, the Federals swarmed across the line and were making loud acclaim when Ramseur, Rodes, and John B. Gordon—at that time only a brigadier—assisted by Long's artillery, bore down upon them and drove them back to a point which has passed into history as "The Bloody Angle."

Knightly John B. Gordon and gallant General Clement A. Evans were at the forefront in that thrilling piece of soldierly work. On that great day, by his preëminent soldierly qualities, his foresight, and his superb gallantry, General Gordon won the sobriquet of "The Man of the Twelfth of May."

At the close of that hard-fought battle, the Confederate line, except the salient, "the bloody angle," was reëstablished.

The Federals stubbornly clung to the salient. It was the center of their impetuous, almost overpowering attack. At that historic point, the battle raged unceasingly from 4:30 A.M. till nightfall. That covered a period of fourteen consecutive hours as to the main battle. The bloody angle became the point of attack and defense. Through twenty consecutive hours, the rattle of musketry swept over the field strewn with the dead and the dying. At the angle, neither side yielded an inch. So intense was the conflict, not a blade of grass was left. A hickory tree, eighteen inches in diameter, which had stood between the contending hosts, was cut down by Minnie balls.

The pages of history, even as to the most notable incidents of the World War, record no such struggle on the field of battle; nor do they afford examples that surpass the courage and endurance exhibited at "The Bloody Angle."

A NOTABLE BOOK BY A NATIVE GEORGIAN.*

REVIEW BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, 1831 PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It was joyful news that a "Life of Judge Longstreet" had been written. A personage whose name enhances traditions of old-time Georgia, and whose appearance in scattered historical records is always alluring, had at last found a biographer worthy the theme. What a delightful task had been to the lot of this author may only be estimated by one who has pursued research into Georgia annals. When the handsome volume came to hand, with a sedate and ancestral portrait of the Judge as frontispiece, the anticipated mental feast was more than realized. What inexpressible satisfaction to find a work so admirable, so veracious, so informing, brilliant in execution, vivid, and vital, not the eulogistic, myth-building treatment that makes so many biographies ridiculous and worthless as historic portraiture. Here is the calm view of a Lytton Strachey, a clear mind working with sympathy, conscientiously detached, but not cynical, carefully restrained and, for the most part, unerring in taste and discrimination.

From out the dim past, so little known to a younger generation, arises the noble figure of Judge Longstreet, true to life, evoked by the talent and painstaking research of a native Georgian for the enlightenment of all times. Mr. John Donald Wade has our gratitude and congratulations for the achievement.

A figure of heroic mold is that of the Judge Longstreet who lives in these pages, great in sincerity and force of character, in probity and gifts of mind and heart, truly worthy to be venerated from generation to generation. It seems from the author's acknowledgments in the Preface that the young intelligentsia of Georgia have joined efforts in the delineation of old-time Georgia; the rare loyalty and keen jest brought to the task is commendable. Where so much is given, it is gracious to cavil. Yet, one may suggest that there might have been more description of Georgia landscape, more local color, so that a foreigner might know the environment of Georgia character as we know the moors and hills and Cornwall coast of Briton. The old city of Augusta has romance and atmosphere, and something of this would have added to the grace and finish of a study of the development of culture in the South. Certainly the work is condensed from a mass of rich and varied material; selection was requisite. There are touches that appeal, betraying the warm pulse in the steady hand of the chronicler, as when writing of Oxford today, once the intellectual center of Georgia: "To this day the place retains a degree of lovely unreality which the present writer has never met elsewhere, and now that the college had been moved away to a city, and the old buildings left to house only a preparatory school, the impression of frustration and of the continual presence of departed things hunts one everywhere. The citizens remember instantly men who were graduated fifty years ago. One is saddened here and made pensive, and charmed inexpressibly."

Much of the author's condensation and elimination is to be commended. One likes to hear Wesleyan College

mentioned without the claim that it is the first female college, etc. One enjoys the casual way of estimating Georgia's place in the world without undue pointing with pride. Some of the side remarks of our present-day intelligentsia on old-time Georgia are relished; again the bright and sly criticism is not so well taken.,,

We hope some day not far distant that a blue pencil will strike out the Judge Dooley anecdotes so repeatedly served from stale stock. There are other matters more worthy to engage attention.

Bishop Elliott's School, the Episcopal Institute, at Montpelier, less than twenty miles from Macon, was a finished product of Georgia civilization before the war. There are large and wealthy dioceses in Northern centers to-day having no Church school for girls, and the ruins at Montpelier Spring are eloquent of passing culture, beauty, and nobility, as are the environs of Oxford.

As a survey of political and literary development of the State, this work is invaluable and a most creditable supplement to such studies in economics as Ulrich B. Phillips's "American Negro Slavery," Sherer's "Cotton as a World Power," and other books by Southern scholars. The Longstreet biography should be as intensely interesting to strangers who would learn of Georgia, always unique in civilization since Colonial days, as it is to one who finds a thrilling rehearsal of glowing annals long known and cherished.

The Longstreets, father and son, were endowed with genius. They were pioneers in the fields of invention and literature, and their names are illustrious. They had original ideas which were worked out independent of aid or succor from contemporaries, William Longstreet, as inventor of the steamboat, and Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, as author of "Georgia Scenes," the first American dialect stories, and the "Source Book" for subsequent writers. A comparative study of the manners and customs of different States is illuminating. One example may be given of Georgians' virility in being different. Contemporary with the Longstreets was Dr. J. Marion Sims, of South Carolina, a physician who won international fame. In his rare and quaint autobiography is given a true picture of our compatriots across the Savannah River, and of the relentless rule of the code duello. The duels fought at Sand Bar Ferry are famous in the histories of both States. In opposition to this archaic method of filing exceptions and resenting insult, the Longstreets adopted the withdrawing with dignity protest—a manner of personal secession. This is noted on different occasions by the biographer. William Longstreet arose in righteous indignation and stalked out of an Augusta theater when a comic parody was sung in derision of his steamboat invention, "Can you row a boat, Billy Boy," etc. His son, the Judge, withdrew in like manner on various occasions, registering peaceful protest rather than militant vindication. In London, when American delegate to the International Statistical Congress, he withdrew at an insult to the civilization of the South and to himself as a native Georgian. The old Judge was profoundly right. Blessed be such loyalty! In this spirit of protest by withdrawal did he advocate the secession of the Southern States from the Union, a peaceful action as opposed to arbitrament by arms.

Should the spirits of the Longstreets be present at the reading of this admirable book under review, two passages would move them instantaneously to the point of protest by withdrawal. First, William Longstreet would arise and majestically stride out on hearing the statement on page 10, as follows: "When he (William Longstreet), in 1807, a few days after Fulton's successful test in New York, succeeded

Augustus Baldwin Longstreet: A Study of the Development of the Culture of the South." By John Donald Wade. The MacMillan Company, New York.

in moving his boat up current on the Savannah River at a speed of five miles an hour." Allow me to join my protest with that fancied from the stanch inventor himself against such misleading summary of the first steamboat adventure on the Savannah. Years ago I made original research into data covering the subject and gave the essential facts in a book published in 1913, entitled "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-Be." This book has been recognized as authentic history, is used as collateral reading in schools, and mentioned as reference work in a "Brief History of the United States," by Matthew Page Andrews, a textbook; also in the trade edition of the same work, "United States History for Young Americans" (Lippincott, Publishers). No reader nor authority has challenged the account of Longstreet's steamboat given in the story, "The Whistles and What They Meant," in "Grandmother Stories."

The second passage in the biography noted as one to elicit a Longstreet protest by withdrawal may be found on page 242. Writing of life in Middle Georgia in the forties and fifties (1840-50) the author says: "Unquestionably the Middle Georgia that Longstreet knew now was different from the one he had formerly known. The percentage of large, imposing houses now, for instance, if you would in orthodox Southern fashion not count negro houses, was certainly much greater than it had been in 1820. There were more fine houses and fewer shabby ones, the poor whites having moved off, forced back toward the mountains or down to the unfertile land of the Southeast. This section was now harboring a society that was rich and in some ways sumptuous and curiously oriental. In many families every child had his individual slave. Great gentlemen almost openly kept their concubines, great ladies half dozed through the long summer afternoons on their shaded piazzas, mollified by the slow fanning of their black attendants and by the laving of their feet in water periodically fetched anew from the spring house." It requires not great power of imagination to fancy the old Judge arising in wrathful indignation at such a libel on life in Middle Georgia. With all the force of his legal and polemic mind would he refute this strange picture of an oriental Georgia, which might have been borrowed from the pages of a Fanny Kemble, or from exotic ante-bellum fiction, luridly imaginative and representing nothing real under the sun.

One of a later generation, born and bred in the old community of Emory College, imbued from earliest years with poignant interest in all traditions, written and unwritten, of Georgia, may be allowed to present another view of the social life than that delineated by Longstreet's biographer. In juxtaposition to "great ladies" half dozing on shaded piazzas, with feet in tubs of water periodically fetched from the spring house (a most astonishing spectacle on a Georgia piazza!) I would faithfully reconstruct the home of the gentry and the manner and customs of society with an accounting of the daily routine of the mistress of the plantation or village residence. Old family records show the number of children to be reared, the number of black folk to be trained and taught every lesson of civilization. There are relics in attics—spinning wheels, bobbins, candle molds—that bespeak of industry for black attendants other than waving fans over a lolling mistress. There is, in fact, substantial evidence that may be used in reconstructing the life of a typical Georgia home of that period.

Sherman's march through Georgia was marked by the General's "sentinels"—chimneys left standing where homes were burned by the invading army. But in the Oxford community, where dwelt Judge Longstreet, the Andrews, Lamars, Meriwethers, Murrells, Parks, Groves, Floyds,

Paces, and many of the Judge's friends, the dwelling houses were left intact. Some are standing to-day, and prove the simple taste of the ruling class of that society. As for the "great gentlemen who almost openly kept their concubines," who were the "great gentlemen"? The Judge and his associates were the aristocrats. There is no tradition, no record, to sustain the implication that social sins were condoned by them. Mulattos on a plantation in Middle Georgia were so rare as to be noted as a scandal, and an amount of ostracism was given to violation of the code of race integrity. There was a social purity in Middle Georgia rarely exhibited in any country. The corruption of Georgia standards followed the war. Sherman's track through the State was marked in other ways than the desolate hearthstones and chimney sentinels. Old citizens have asseverated that a few years after the march, it might be defined by the crop of mulattoes that had sprung up in the wake of the invading army.

Native Georgians are scattered over the world to-day, and always should they hold dear the inheritance of traditions of their birthplace, traditions that grow dearer as old memories fade and the story of our land and people is crystallized into history. Now or never must the truth about Georgia be established.

Referring once more to the paragraph above quoted, the present writer takes issue with the author and challenges him to prove his statements.

Question: Did Middle Georgia ever harbor a society rich and in some way sumptuous and curiously oriental?

Readers of the Longstreet book are invited to debate this question, proving what was the typical life in Middle Georgia. Personally, I hope to prepare a paper covering the subject, and shall appreciate any evidence offered, pro or con, which shall be duly accredited.

SOME GOOD INDIANS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

There was a saying that "all good Indians are dead ones," but this list I give were very much alive, and they had to be to keep their men from reverting to barbarism in their manner of fighting. From the records, I gather that our Red Brother, as an auxiliary, was rather more of a liability than an asset, for they had, at least, to be fed, and there is much to be said against their disregard of discipline and their lack of backbone in a pinch. However, I hope it is possible for a survivor of this band of "chief's" to tell us the truth about it:

- John Barnwell, Captain Quartermaster, 1st Creek.
- J. M. Bell, Arkansas, Lieutenant Colonel, 2nd Cherokee.
- P. Hammock, Arkansas, Major, 2nd Cherokee.
- A. B. Hays, Arkansas, Major, 1st Chickasaw.
- J. N. Hays, Arkansas, First Lieutenant, Adjutant 1st Chickasaw and Choctaw.
- William L. Hunter, Arkansas, Colonel, 1st Chickasaw.
- S. H. Martin, Arkansas, Lieutenant Colonel, 1st Chickasaw.
- M. Myers, Texas, First Lieutenant, Adjutant, 2nd Creek.
- D. R. Patterson, North Carolina, First Lieutenant, Adjutant 1st Seminole.
- William L. Peters, Arkansas, First Lieutenant, Adjutant, 1st Chickasaw.
- E. Scanlan, Mississippi, Captain, Quartermaster, Choctaw Battalion.
- William Scott, Florida, First Lieutenant, Seminole Battalion.
- J. R. Tucker, Florida, Captain, Seminole Battalion.
- Joseph A. Young, Florida, Second Lieutenant, Seminole Battalion.

PREMIERE SHOWING OF "DIXIE."

FROM THE NEWS LEADER, RICHMOND, VA.

A distinguished audience was present at the premiere showing of the picture "Dixie," at the John Marshall High School on October 22, one of a series of thirty historical films dealing with the history of America made by the Yale University Press, which is endowed for this purpose and which is making every effort to have historical events presented correctly and in true perspective for educational purposes.

Gen. Jo Lane Stern presided and introduced the speakers, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, former President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Matthew George Andrews, of Baltimore. Mrs. Schuyler spoke in enthusiastic praise of the manner in which Yale University has gone about the making of these pictures, the thoroughness of the research, and the eminently fair spirit in which it has attempted to present the facts of history uncolored by bias of any kind. She believed that the proper presentation of the position of the South during the period of the War between the States would bring about a really united country, in spirit and in fact, a vital necessity to offset the influx of aliens.

Mr. Andrews spoke entertainingly of the technical perfection attempted in the making of these pictures, of which fifteen have been completed, and of the difficulties encountered

in obtaining experts who grasped the idea of presenting history accurately and without what may be termed the "studio complex." He told of the care taken to have every detail correct, even to the paneling on walls and the number of steps leading to the McLean House in Appomattox, and of how impossible it is to take the pictures upon the exact spots of the historical occurrences because of modern encroachments that would make ridiculous anachronisms.

Four pictures have been made of the war period, two from the Northern point of view and two from the Southern, of which "Dixie" is one. These pictures are three reels in length and designed to occupy forty minutes, or an average school period in duration, since their purpose is essentially educational and for use in the schools of the country.

"Dixie," which was warmly received by the splendid audience, tells of the actual war period, and not of the events leading up to the final tragic years. It is symbolized in the lives of a typical Southern family, living on a large plantation in South Carolina, and reveals the courage and unbroken spirit of the Southern people even at the very end.

It is beautifully and sympathetically presented. The settings are exquisite, and the entire production is dignified and charming. It is to be hoped that it will be shown in one of our theaters, where a clearer projection will give greater emphasis to its beauty.



P32-55

SCENE FROM "DIXIE." THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH CUT UP THEIR CURTAINS TO MAKE BLANKETS FOR THE SUFFERING MEN AT THE FRONT.

THE BURKE SHARPSHOOTERS,

FROM THE TRUE CITIZEN, WAYNESBORO, GA.

The tocsin of war had sounded, and old Burke County, with that chivalry which has ever distinguished her from her earliest days, was ready for the fray.

The Burke Sharpshooters, a company composed of the flower of manhood, had donned the Confederate gray and were fully equipped and awaiting their country's call. How little did they think when leaving Waynesboro, April 19, 1861, amid cheers and tears, of the long, weary months and disastrous end before them: for war by hearsay and war in reality are two very different things. Experience alone reveals what it is—the horror, the sorrow, the agony and heartache.

The Sharpshooters were commanded by the following commissioned officers: Captain, William R. Holmes. First Lieutenant, J. P. C. Whitehead; Second Lieutenant, R. H. Oakman; First Sergeant, H. H. Perry; Color Sergeant, W. D. Whitehead.

From Waynesboro they went to Savannah and were quartered in a warehouse for three days. Thence they were taken on the steamer Habersham to Tybee, and after camping six weeks on the island they were ordered to Brunswick.

At this time the 2nd Georgia Regiment was organized. The Sharpshooters was the color company and known in the regiment as Company D. The officers of the regiment were Col. Paul J. Sims, of Columbus; Lieut. Col. Skid Harris, of Cherokee County; Maj. E. M. Butts, of Marion County.

While at Brunswick, measles broke out among the soldiers, and Company D lost two men. Enoch Perkins was sent home and died. William Harold died in camp and was buried with military honors.

In August, 1861, they left Brunswick and went to Richmond, Va., then marched to Camp Winder, remaining ten days before going to Acquia Creek. From there they continued their march to Manassas, camping there ten days. We next find them at Centerville, where they were assailed by the maladies of war in the shape of typhoid and camp fever. Fortunately, Company D lost but one man, W. L. McElmurray.

They were occupied principally while here in squad and company drills. They went next to Pine Creek, two miles south of Fairfax Courthouse, and were engaged in picketing at Falls Church, known as Camp Advance. About this time they were ordered into winter quarters at Manassas and did picket duty at Sudley Church.

April, 1862, they were ordered to Richmond and went from there by steamer to Yorktown, where, for the first time, they were under fire. A North Carolina regiment was run out of the trenches at Dam No. 1, and the 2nd Georgia was ordered to reinforce them. They were entrenched for twenty days, being relieved every twenty-four hours. They fully realized that within the seclusion of the trenches depended their safety, for the rapid and continued firing of the Federal sharpshooters made it unsafe for a man to raise his head to view.

In this encounter, Burke County lost its first blood in the wounding of Stephen Blount. William Skinner also received a wound, from which he died at a Richmond hospital.

While at Yorktown, the regiment reorganized for three years of war, Capt. William R. Holmes being made lieutenant colonel; Walter A. Thompson, captain; W. H. Dickinson, first lieutenant; J. C. Sapp, second lieutenant; H. H. Perry, third lieutenant, and J. W. Reynolds, first sergeant. When Magruder evacuated Yorktown, this regiment left for Rich-

mond, and, on the way to that city, Crawford Lovett was suddenly seized with illness and had to be left with a family on the roadside. It was supposed that he died, as nothing was ever heard from him. W. M. Rhind was also taken sick and sent to Richmond, where he died.

The regiment remained in Richmond until June 26, 1862, engaged in picket duty. Then followed the Seven Days' fighting beginning about two hours before sunset on the 26th. In this engagement, the men wounded were H. H. Perry, S. W. Blount, R. H. Chandler, Dred Tarver, and Sol Parker.

The next fight occurred at Savage Station, and there were no casualties.

On July 1, the battle of Malvern Hill was fought. In this fight, Capt. Walter A. Thompson and W. D. Whitehead were killed. J. P. Sawtell, Thomas E. Blount, and John W. Reynolds were wounded.

The vacancy caused by the death of Captain Thompson was filled by Lieutenant Dickinson. J. P. Sapp was made first lieutenant, H. H. Perry, second, and D. W. Packard, third.

After the battle of Malvern Hill, they were marched to Richmond and recruited for eight or ten days. Then orders were received to go to Northern Virginia to reinforce Stonewall Jackson at Manassas. This march, like many others, was attended by many deprivations, but, weary and footsore they reached Thoroughfare Gap, a point for which a race was run between the Yankees and the 2nd and 6th Georgia Regiments, in which the Georgians came out victorious. Forcing their way through Thoroughfare Gap, they arrived at Manassas two days before the battle began on August 29, lasting through the 30th, and resulting in a victory for the Confederates. In this fight, Packard and James A. Wray were killed; H. Rawls lost a leg; J. W. Hughes, Tom Miller, and W. H. Tompkins were wounded. After the battle they crossed the Potomac and entered Maryland, the first halt being at Frederick City. While here an election was held to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lieutenant Packard, which resulted in the promotion of G. W. Hurst. Proceeding to Hagerstown, after resting here a few days, they marched on to Sharpsburg. On their arrival the 2nd Georgia Regiment was ordered immediately to take their position in line of battle on the extreme right with the 20th Georgia Regiment to hold Stone Bridge, known to the Federals as Burnside Bridge. At an early hour on the morning of September 17, the battle was opened by the Federals, the corps of Hooker and Mansfield advancing to the attack. A fierce conflict ensued, in which Company D, the old Burke Sharpshooters, was distinguished for their bravery. For nine weary hours they fought like demons until their ammunition gave out. Several attempts were made to replenish the supply, and failing, Col. W. R. Holmes set out to get it himself, but, as he started, he was shot by the enemy and instantly killed. Lieut. H. H. Perry, J. G. Burton, W. R. Cox, of Company D, and Lieut. Lewis, of Company B, made every effort to take the body from the battle field; but the brave group was fired at, and Lieut. Lewis and J. G. Burton were wounded, rendering it impossible to move it. So all that was mortal of their gallant comrade was left in the hands of the enemy. Having no ammunition, the 2nd Georgia Regiment was ordered to the rear. The command was obeyed, but in falling in line again it was discovered that Company D was missing. Owing to the deafening roar of the cannonading, and being on the extreme right, the order was not heard. Lieutenant Perry was sent back to bring the company, and in the rush to reach the regiment, for the firing was rapid and continuous, Lieutenant

Hurst was wounded. The wounded in this encounter were: Lieut. G. W. Hurst, J. G. Burton, J. E. Harper, and William Quinney.

After the battle, they crossed the Potomac to Martinsburg, where smallpox made its appearance in the 2nd Georgia Regiment and necessitated its being quarantined for ten days.

When the news came that Burnside had started for Richmond by way of Fredericksburg, the 2nd Georgia was sent there. After the battle of Fredericksburg, which occurred December 13, 1862, and in which the enemy met with a terrible repulse, this regiment went into winter quarters at Guinea Station. When the spring campaign opened, they were ordered to Petersburg, thence to Powhattan, to throw up breastworks on the Potomac. From Powhattan they were ordered to North Carolina. However, before going, two weeks were spent at Dutch Gap Canal, between Richmond and Petersburg, and from here they were marched to North Carolina, where they were engaged in foraging for two weeks.

At Petersburg, Lieutenant Perry was promoted to the rank of captain and placed with Colonel Benning as adjutant and inspector general of that brigade.

At this time, the latter part of April, 1863, orders came for them to return to Virginia. Then followed one of the hardest marches of the war; thirty miles were covered in eight hours. This march was made in order to reach trains at Petersburg. They joined the army near Culpepper Courthouse and there spent a few weeks in recruiting and preparing for the campaign in Maryland and Pennsylvania. At Chambersburg they were quartered for eight or ten days, awaiting developments. A forced march from Chambersburg to Gettysburg began on the night of July 1, reaching Gettysburg at sunrise the next morning. Quietness reigned throughout the march. Not a word was spoken, not a bayonet touched, and in silence they reached their destination.

Then followed the mortal combat of the Confederacy, of which graphic accounts have been given elsewhere. The wounded in this battle were: Lieutenant Sapp, W. R. Cox, James Frost, and N. H. Lovett. Hamilton Blount, after being wounded, was taken prisoner and sent to David's Island, where he died. A number of others were slightly wounded. Those killed were: Lieut. G. W. Hurst, Solomon Parker, Raymond Oakman, L. D. Godbee and Alexander Elliott.

Of the many pieces of artillery which were captured by the Confederates in the engagement, only three Parrott guns were held and taken from the field, and they were taken by the 2nd Georgia Regiment.

The 21st Georgia was with the only brigade that broke into the enemy's lines on Round Top. Their flag, pierced with eighty Minie balls, was very much in evidence of what they had experienced.

After the battle, they fell back, fording the Potomac river at Falling Water, and recruited near Richmond for three or four weeks. Longstreet's Corps was then ordered to Georgia to reinforce General Bragg at Chickamauga. They reached there on September 18, 1863, the day before the battle. General Bragg made an attack on General Thomas, who was in command of the left of General Rosecrans's army. The battle was hotly contested, and battery after battery was taken and retaken. The day closed without decisive advantage to either side. In this fight a man by the name of McMillen was killed. Capt. W. H. Dickinson was shot through the body with a ramrod, the ball passing through his hat, the Federal soldier who shot him being only ten paces from him. William A. Blount, who was beside Captain Dickinson at the time, immediately shot at the Yankee and

mortally wounded him. He fell at Captain Dickinson's feet and, with that God-given spirit which is born in the heart of every true man, the Captain ministered to him in his dying moments by giving him water from his own canteen. Bailey Carpenter was shot through the body with grapeshot and died a few days later. W. R. Cox was seriously wounded by a stray ball before the battle began. That night was spent upon the battle field, and the fight was resumed next morning.

By dint of hard fighting and the prompt action of General Longstreet in leading his men to a gap made in the Federal lines, the victory was won by the Confederates. In the second day's fight, W. A. Blount was wounded, and F. C. Bostwick was wounded and died the next day. Thomas E. Blount, color sergeant, was wounded and died. He was wrapped in his blanket and buried in a horse lot at Ringgold, Ga. His grave was dug by Jim Brown, a faithful negro servant of the company. After being wounded, he called to his colonel, saying: "For God's sake, Colonel, send some one to take the colors, or they will bite the dust." Charlie Jones rushed forward and took the flag.

Lieutenant Rogers, who had been assigned to command Company A, and S. C. Wallace and W. D. Tompkins were seriously wounded. George D. Roberts was shot through the foot, after the battery had been captured. Ben Lynch and B. G. Dye were also wounded. In this battle the 8th Indiana Battery was captured, and eight beautiful Napoleon guns were taken by Benning's Brigade.

After the battle, Companies D and H were consolidated and commanded by Captain Hancock, of Company H, the officers of Company D having all been killed or seriously wounded. Longstreet's Corps was detached from Bragg's army and sent to Tennessee to besiege Knoxville, that city being occupied by Burnside and the Army of Ohio. He would have held it, for the enemy were on the point of starvation, but for Sherman, who was sent with 2,500 men to reinforce Burnside. This forced Longstreet into East Tennessee, where many hardships were encountered. The winter was spent at Morristown and Strawberry Plains. The soldiers were taken to a butcher's pen and raw cowhide was sewed on their feet for shoes.

April, 1864, they were ordered to Virginia. They went by rail wherever the rails were not torn up. Reaching Gordonsville, a forced march was ordered—with all the hardships imaginable attending it—to the Wilderness. Here from the 5th to the 7th of May, one of the hardest contested battles of the war was fought, resulting in favor of the Confederates. In it R. A. Hankerson, Floyd Cox, and Robert Boyd were killed. Captain W. H. Dickinson lost an arm, H. H. Wallace and W. H. Lovett were wounded.

From three they went to Spotsylvania and engaged in another battle on the 9th of May. There were no casualties. Next was an encounter at Hanover Junction. Then followed one fight after another throughout the summer. In a skirmish at Deepbottom, B. F. Lynch was shot and killed by a Federal sharpshooter. In front of Petersburg Thomas Elliott was shot and killed by a sharpshooter. That winter was spent below Richmond on Darbytown Road.

They were withdrawn from Richmond to join General Lee at Petersburg. Then on March 31 they began the retreat to Appomattox, fighting and skirmishing every day.

On April 9, 1865, the curtain fell. General Lee surrendered to General Grant, and, weary and heartsore, the few left of that gallant command turned homeward.

All honor to the memory of the Burke Sharpshooters. They fought a good fight, they kept the faith.

The Burke Sharpshooters was the first volunteer company

sent from Burke County to the war. Its personnel was representative of the best citizenship of old Burke. In this company there were eight physicians, six lawyers, three printers, and one editor.

On the morning of their departure, the company was formed on the square of the village and escorted to the depot by a detachment of the Augusta Hussars and the Burke Guards. There, before a large concourse of citizens, a patriotic address was delivered by Mr. Robert Reynolds.

ROSTER.

The following is a complete roster of the Burke Sharpshooters at the time they left for Virginia, on the 19th of April, 1861:

Officers.

Captain, W. R. Holmes.
First Lieutenant, J. P. C. Whitehead.
Second Lieutenant, W. A. Thompson.
Ensign, R. H. Oakman.
First Sergeant, H. H. Perry.
Second Sergeant, J. G. Burton.
Third Sergeant, R. A. Walker.
Fourth Sergeant, Thomas A. Byne.
Fifth Sergeant, Judson C. Sapp.
First Corporal, —.
Second Corporal, D. W. Packard.
Third Corporal, W. D. Whitehead.
Fourth Corporal, S. E. A. Lewis.
Markers, Calhoun Carter, Charles Blount.

Privates.

D. Youngblood, Robert Boyd, C. E. Lovett, E. A. Carter, J. W. Hughes, Uriah Skinner, David Barton, D. B. Roberts, Robert Tabb, William R. Cox, T. D. Elliott, V. F. Cox, B. F. Rogers, C. T. Hughes, H. V. Mills, John R. Fryer, John Cole, J. E. Harper, H. Rawls, J. P. Jones, F. C. Bostick, J. C. Reese, C. Modisett, E. Perkins, W. H. H. Lovett, C. A. Green, D. Barton, W. O. Walton, A. P. Reese, G. H. Cox, H. V. Godbee, W. F. Walton, N. J. Hatcher, S. W. Wallace, J. D. Ashton, W. D. Dickinson, Byron A. Fryer, J. I. Green, G. W. Hurst, Jr., E. Palmer, J. H. Hudson, G. A. W. Bostick, F. Z. Hill, W. A. Blount, S. W. Blount, W. H. Lovett, Thomas E. Blount, J. W. Woodward, A. H. Blount, J. W. Reynolds, R. A. Hankinson, J. E. Frost, John B. Miller, John Bates, J. P. Lorenz, William Ashton, O. H. Arrington, George Sapp, K. P. McNorrill, William Skinner, H. S. Barton, W. W. Applewhite, D. Carpenter, Raymond Oakman, T. J. Dickinson, William L. McElmurray.

THE ARTILLERY AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND CORPS, July 3, 1863.

"Although I repulsed a tremendous attack, yet on seeing it from my left and advancing to the right, I, much to my sorrow, found that the twelve guns on my salient had been removed by some one, whom I call upon you to hold accountable, as without them, with worse troops. I should certainly have lost the day. I arrived just in time to put a small battalion of infantry in the place occupied by the two batteries.

"I have never seen a more formidable attack, and if the Sixth and Fifth Corps have pressed up, the enemy will be destroyed. The enemy must be short of ammunition, as I was shot with a tenpenny nail. I did not leave the field till the victory was entirely secured and the enemy no longer in sight. I am badly wounded, though I trust not seriously. I had

to break the line to attack the enemy in flank on my right, where the enemy was most persistent after the front attack was repulsed. Not a rebel was in sight upright when I left. The line should be restored and perfected. General Caldwell is in command of the corps, and I have directed him to restore the line."

This message was evidently dictated by Major General Hancock soon after the repulse of the Confederate assault on the 3rd of July, written by A. N. Daugherty, Surgeon and Medical Director of the Second Corps, and was directed to General Meade.

It is expected and, by common consent and universal usage, from time immemorial, conceded that the generals and other officers of high rank of two hostile armies shall be permitted to differ from each other, even to the extent of taking the life of each other, if necessary, to defeat an antagonist. There are many instances of sharp differences between officers of high rank serving in the same army, on both sides during the great war of 1861-65. A compilation of such instances, with the particulars connected with each, would form an interesting chapter.

During the great cannonade, July 3, 1863, a conflict of authority developed between Major General Hancock, commanding that part of the Federal line which sustained the shock of the noted Confederate assault made on that date, and Brevet Maj. Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, which subsequently led to a sharp debate between them and their friends. This discussion, however, is simply to call attention to facts relating to incidents on that occasion which had an influence on the Confederate assault.

During his morning inspection tour along his lines, when Hunt found everything favorable on Culp's Hill, between 10 and 11 A.M., and crossed over to Cemetery Ridge to see what might be in progress at other points on the field, a magnificent sight greeted his vision. The whole Federal front for two miles was covered with guns in position or going into position. This sight caused him to assume a speculative frame of mind. It might be possible to hold that line, while the Confederate infantry was sent to aid Ewell, whose command held the Confederate left and confronted the north side of Culp's Hill, or to guard against a Federal counter stroke, but it most probably meant an attack on the Federal center, to be preceded by a cannonade, in order to crush the Federal batteries and demoralize the Federal infantry; at least, to cause the exhaustion of the Federal ammunition, so that the attacking troops might have but little obstruction in advancing over the half mile of open ground which was beyond the effective Federal musketry fire. With such a purpose, the cannonade would cover a considerable period of time, and would be followed immediately by the assault, the whole Confederate army being held in readiness to follow up a success. From the extended space occupied by the Confederate batteries, Hunt decided it was evident that all the artillery on the Federal west front must concur as a unit, under the chief of artillery, in its operations in defense. He concluded it was of the first importance to subject the Confederate infantry, from the first moment of its advance, to such a cross fire of the Federal artillery as would destroy its formation, check their impulse, and drive them back, or, at least, to bring them to the Federal lines in such a condition that they would be easy prey.

He further concluded that there was neither time nor necessity for reporting his conclusions to General Meade, and, beginning on the Federal right, he instructed the chiefs of artillery and battery commanders to withhold their fire for fifteen or twenty minutes after the cannonade commenced, then to concentrate their fire with all possible accuracy on such Confederate batteries as were proving most destructive to the

Federal line. That the fire should begin and continue slowly, so that, when the Confederate ammunition was exhausted, the Federal batteries would have sufficient left to meet the assault. He had just given these orders to the last battery on Little Round Top when the Confederate signal gun was fired, and all the Confederate guns opened.

After visiting the position held by the Reserve Artillery, but which he found vacated because of the destruction caused by the explosion of ammunition chests, he soon reached the crest occupied by General Newton, behind McGilvery's batteries, from which they had a fine view, as all the Federal guns were in action. Hunt noted that the fire of the Federal batteries was deliberate; but on inspecting the ammunition chests he found that the ammunition was running low, and hastened to General Meade to advise the immediate cessation of the fire, and a preparation for the assault which would certainly follow. He found the building immediately behind the ridge had been abandoned, and many of the horses of the staff dead. Here he obtained information that Meade had gone to the cemetery, to which point he continued. Not finding him at the cemetery, and telling General Howard his purpose, the latter concurred in its propriety, when he then rode along the ridge ordering the fire to cease. This caused a cessation of the fire from the Confederate guns, under the mistaken impression that the Federal guns had been silenced, and almost immediately the Confederate infantry debouched from the woods and formed for the attack. Hunt subsequently found that General Meade had sent messengers to him to order a cessation of the firing by the artillery; hence, he had only anticipated Meade's wishes.

It is remarkable that General Hunt does not, either in his official report or in his article in "Battles and Leaders," review or report in detail the work reported by Maj. T. W. Osborn, commanding more than sixty guns immediately to the Federal right of Capt. John G. Hazard's command of artillery of the Second Corps. His reference in both publications is to Osborn's report as such without stating any of the details. Major Osborn's report has been briefly noticed and quoted from in a previous contribution by the writer, but its importance in this connection makes brief quotation from it proper here. Osborn said: "The left of the charging column rested on a line perpendicular to our front, then stretching away to the right beyond our view, thus offering an excellent front for our artillery fire. We used, according to distance, all description of projectiles. The whole force of our artillery was brought to bear upon this column, and the havoc produced upon their ranks was truly surprising.

"The enemy's advance was splendid, and, for a considerable distance, the only hindrance was by artillery, which broke their lines fearfully, as every moment showed that their advance under this concentrated artillery fire was most difficult; and, though they made desperate efforts to advance in good order, were unable to do so; and *I am convinced that this fire from the hill was one of the main auxiliaries in breaking the force of this grand charge.* But while the enemy was advancing, and after having been repulsed, I insisted that the artillery should be turned intensely upon the infantry, and no notice whatever was to be taken of their artillery.

"The artillery of the Reserve proved all that could be expected or even asked of it; without their assistance I do not conceive how I could have maintained the position we held."

Colonel Wainright, commanding the artillery of the First Corps, and in position at the cemetery, states that on the 3d of July, "The batteries fired occasional shots at bodies of the enemy's troops in the distance during the morning, and joined in the general artillery engagement in the afternoon."

Here were more than twenty other guns, which, added to Osborn's sixty or sixty-five guns, gives a total of eighty-five or ninety guns, in addition to the Federal right batteries of Captain Hazard's command, all of which were playing on the single line forming the left flank of the Confederate assaulting column.

The tone of the report of Capt. John Hazard, who commanded the artillery of the Second Corps, is entirely different from those of Osborn and Wainright, or any of the others who had command of artillery on the 3rd of July and reported on the work of their guns. Captain Hazard said: "At 1 P.M., the artillery of the enemy opened along the whole line, and for an hour and a quarter we were subjected to a very warm artillery fire. The batteries did not at first reply, till the fire of the enemy becoming too terrible, they returned it till all their ammunition, excepting canister, had been expended; they then waited for the anticipated infantry attack of the enemy. Battery B, First New York Artillery, was entirely exhausted, its ammunition expended, its horses and men killed and disabled; the commanding officer, Captain Rorty, killed, and senior First Lieut. A. S. Sheldon severely wounded. The other batteries were in similar condition; still they abided the attack. The rebel lines advanced slowly but surely; *half the valley had been passed over by them before the guns dared expend a round of the precious ammunition remaining on hand.* The enemy steadily approached, and, when within deadly range, canister was thrown with terrible effect into their ranks. Battery A, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, had expended every round, and the lines of the enemy still advanced. Cushing was killed; Milne had fallen mortally wounded; their battery exhausted, their ammunition gone, and it was feared the guns would be lost if not withdrawn." It is clear that Hazard's batteries were silent until the Confederate assaulting column reached the point in its advance which brought it within canister range, and even then some of his batteries were silent from the death of their men or of exhaustion of all their ammunition, even canister.

Here is official evidence that there were more than one hundred guns playing on the single line composing the left flank of the Confederate assaulting column.

Maj. Charles S. Peyton, 19th Virginia Infantry, one of the two field officers whom destiny permitted to escape the tornado of death-dealing missiles to which the men of Pickett's Division were subjected, and who made an official report for Garnett's Brigade, said: "Moving on, we met the advance line of the enemy lying concealed in the grass on the slope, about 100 yards in front of his second line, which consisted of a stone wall, about breast high, running nearly parallel to and about thirty paces from the crest of the hill, which was lined with their artillery." After some resistance this line was completely routed, "and driven back to the stone wall. Up to this time we had suffered but little from the enemy's batteries, *which apparently had been much crippled previous to our advance, with the exception of one posted on the mountain about one mile to our right, which enfiladed nearly our entire line with fearful effect, sometimes as many as ten men being killed and wounded by the bursting of a single shell.*" Major Peyton's report shows that the right flank of Pickett's Division met no artillery fire from their front until within one hundred yards of the main Federal line behind the famous stone wall.

Brig. Gen. Joseph R. Davis's report of the advance and assault of Heth's Division, commanded on this occasion by Brig. Gen. J. J. Pettigrew, has been quoted from in a previous contribution, showing that it successively encountered several strong post-and-rail fences, each of which tended to interrupt

the alignment of the division, but in each case the alignment was promptly rectified; that the division was subjected to a terrible artillery fire for at least three-quarters of a mile; that this terrible pounding told sadly on the ranks of the division, but under its destructive effects the troops displayed great coolness, were well in hand, and moved steadily forward, regularly closing up the gaps made in their ranks. That the right of the division, because of the conformation of the ridge on which the enemy was posted, encountered him first in close conflict, and that the whole division dashed up to the stone wall behind which was the opposing infantry."

The report of Brig. Gen. James H. Lane shows that as soon as the troops in front gave back, Lowrance's and his own brigades, "without ever having halted, took position on the left of the troops which were still contesting the ground with the enemy," and that their troops never moved forward more handsomely to an assault. All went forward with a cool and steady step, and the troops which passed through their ranks caused many of their men to break, but the remaining few went forward, and the right of their line touched the enemy's breastworks; that their men reserved their fire, in accordance with orders, until within good range of the enemy, and then opened with telling effect repeatedly driving the cannoneers from their pieces, completely silencing the guns in their front, and breaking the infantry which was formed on the crest.

It is evident that the left flank of the Confederate assaulting column, which for the length of two brigades, Brockenbrough's and Davis's, was without support, was subjected to a withering fire of artillery from Osborn's more than sixty guns, and, if they staggered and finally broke under it, they have nothing to be ashamed of, for the fire they were subjected to was met three-quarters of a mile from the noted stone wall, and they faced it throughout that distance. When they reached canister and musket range, the death missiles were increased to a cyclone in destructiveness. The casualties in their ranks is the clearest evidence of the storm of shot, shell, canister, and musket balls to which they were subjected. They need no apologists for their conduct, and their friends should not attempt any.

Forty years after the war ended (1905), Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet published his work on the war, "From Manassas to Appomattox." The greater part of this work is valuable history of that great event, the war of 1861-65. He treats of the assault on the 3rd of July, 1863, as well as the fighting on the 2nd of July. His references to General Lee in connection with the fighting at Gettysburg have rather an acrimonious flavor. With this reference they are passed over for the present. The following, however, is from Longstreet's work and has a bearing on the finale of that assault: "The enemy's right overreached my left and gave serious trouble. Brockenbrough's Brigade went down and Davis's in impetuous charge. . . . Colonel Latrobe was sent to General Trimble to have his men fill the line of the broken brigades, and bravely they repaired the damage." Trimble was in command of the brigades of Lane and Scales, commanded, respectively, by Lane and Lowrance, and corroborates the reports of the latter two officers.

Evidence of conflict in authority will be taken up next.

MEMORIES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY JOHN K. HITNER, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was by no means of an austere or morose disposition, though not so bright or cheerful in expression as Gen. R. E. Lee. He was deeply profound in

his convictions, which was expressed in his countenance and gave it rather a serious cast, which marked his whole life. This earnestness was shown in his early youth, as he performed his journey to West Point on foot to secure his appointment there; in his course of studies therein; in his career in Mexico; in his strict discipline at the Military Institute at Lexington, Va.; through his appointments in the Confederate service, and as at First Manassas, where General Bee referred to him as holding his men "like a stone wall." But he was calm and loved pleasantries at times, and this is testified to by his friends, his comrades, and his wife in her memoirs of her husband. In a measure he rather enjoyed a good joke, as seen in his intercourse with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, in whom he had great confidence. It was a grand sight to see Jackson on the battle field, his face flushed with a peculiar brightness as if he were in his natural element.

As with Lord Wellington and General Lee, he was strongly impelled by a sense of duty, first to God and then to his fellow men. He received the Scriptures in their plain, literal teachings and tried to fulfill them in his life. He aimed to realize the presence, the power, and the goodness of God. This explains his uplifted hand when engaged in silent prayer while riding, on the battle field on horseback, and also in his reply to General Lee, who had sent him word thanking him for a victory he had gained when he said: "General Lee ought rather to give praise to God, who has given me the victory." So at Lexington, as an officer in the Church of Dr. W. S. White, who insisted that the male members should lead in prayer when called upon. The next day Major Jackson called on him and asked if he had scriptural authority for this teaching. The Doctor gave several scriptures teaching this fact and the importance thereof. "That is sufficient," said Jackson, "and you can call on me for prayer even though I am not inclined thereto." Dr. White shortly after called on him, and the Major signally failed, as he had expected. "But do not give me up," he said, and the Doctor waited for a time, when he called on Jackson again, who partially succeeded, but the Doctor had to finish the prayer. Yet the Major pleaded that in a Christian duty the Lord would give him the needed grace to fulfill it, and he persisted therein until he had learned to make an acceptable prayer, as witnessed while in the army.

Jackson's first desire was for the cause of the South, and he trusted in the Lord to aid him. He daily studied his Bible, with the verse of Romans 8:28 to cheer him, and the standard at the door of his tent on Sundays from nine to ten o'clock warned against interruptions, except a special order. In the chapel services he was always present and acted as usher in seating the men, as he was so anxious for them to be present and take part in the services. He refrained from writing or sending letters on the Sabbath as a general rule. It is asked why he fought so many battles on Sunday, and the answer given by his negro servant was that "Marse Jack" watched, as well as prayed, with one eye open and was always ready for the occasion. It was so at Port Republic and other places.

Jackson espoused the cause of the South because of the violation of constitutional rights in the invasion of the States, as did General Lee, and was sincerely in earnest in his opposition, believing that God was with him and would direct all his efforts in this direction. His successes strengthened this view, and his men so believed in him that when in doubt or perplexity the word that it was Jackson's orders would make all clear. Such was the regard for him by his men that once at a public service, when overcome by somnolence, he lost his balance while sitting on a stump and toppled over, only a quiet smile was visible. He then stood erect, leaning on his

saber until the service was concluded. In crossing through a gap in the mountains over a very deep, muddy road, one of our twenty-pounder guns became fast stalled, and Jackson, riding by and seeing the condition, quietly dismounted and remarked, "Men, let us all help," and put his shoulder to the hind wheel and pushed until the gun was released. He then said: "'Hercules helps those who help themselves.' Call me if you get in trouble again." That was enough and a lesson long to be remembered when they found that it was General Jackson who had assisted them. Jackson's men believed in him, and oftentimes as in his earnestness he galloped at the head of his staff and a cheer went up, the men crying out, "Jackson or a rabbit!" he rode ahead, responding to their salutations by waving his little gray cap in the air.

He was resigned and submissive to the privations and hardships of his campaigns. Some visitors making complaints as to the body pests—cooties, as familiarly called in camp—the General said: "Yes, we all have to endure them, for it is the mark or proof of a real soldier and, as some one has said, they are marked on their backs with the letters I. F. W. (in for the war), so we are just in for it!"

And as to his interest in his men. He was very strict in discipline as necessary to the morale of the army. Thus he ordered the execution of deserters, condemned by court-martial, to be performed in the presence of the army, as an example to deter others. In general he was opposed to furloughs unless the times were especially favorable, and in a service of over four years my special furlough was never fulfilled. This rule he also applied to himself. In the very severe weather of the Romney expedition, he found a sentry exposed to the bitter cold without an overcoat. "Here, take mine," said Jackson, and put it around him. The man was almost overwhelmed at such kindness when he found that it was his commanding officer. As in the case with General Lee, when a basket of wine was sent to his camp, he at once ordered it sent to the hospital, as the sick men were more in need of it.

On the march through Brown's Gap to Staunton for Richmond, our company, the Rockbridge Artillery, connected with the Stonewall Brigade, marched over thirty miles with our knapsacks on our backs, eliciting from the "Louisiana Tigers," whom we passed on the forced march: "There go Jackson's mules!" So, the next day and the day following, when we arrived at Gordonsville, where reveille was not sounded until 6 A.M. and orders were given to wash, dress, and attend public worship at 11 A.M. But, on the day following, we were aroused at 4:30 A.M. and, by successive forced marches, reached Lee's forces and engaged vigorously in the Seven Days Fighting around Richmond. Here Jackson took a prominent part throughout and was constantly among his troops. At a conference held at the close of the battle of Malvern Hill, where our battery was halted on the field, the following generals were present: A. P. and D. H. Hill, Ewell, Jackson, and others; and the point was considered, as put before them by General Lee, whether they should continue to advance, as the Federals had retreated and halted at Harrison's Landing on the James River. Lee pleaded the extreme fatigue of the men and lack of rations, after having been engaged for the past three days, and urged a respite, calling on the judgment of the other generals. No one replying thereto, he addressed General Jackson, asking him what was his view concerning an advance. Jackson's reply was short, sharp, and to the point: "Push them into the river; push them into the river!" General Lee's great consideration for his men led him to decide differently—and the pursuit ended. Later

information showed that if Jackson's advice had been followed, the Federals, in their demoralized and wearied condition, would have been utterly routed and the end of the war hastened. So through his campaigns at Second Manassas, Slaughter Mountain, and Spotsylvania Courthouse, Jackson's mind and men were intent under his direction on pushing the war to a conclusion, until we see his earnestness at Chancellorsville hastened his death.

In the Valley campaign, when our troops reached camp late at night and were ordered to prepare three days' rations from flour or meal assigned, and we had no fuel except to burn the fences, orders came next morning before marching for details to cut down timber and replace the fences consumed. When we were without meat rations in camp for several days, he ordered the animals at the wagons to be butchered for this purpose, and we were regaled for several days with mule meat, which served at least to sharpen our teeth and 'o fill up the vacuum. So in Maryland, lacking rations for an advance and so as not to hinder the movement, we were turned into the cornfield to supply our needs for the time. With his strict ideas of justice, payment to the owners was ordered in Confederate money, which was all we possessed and deemed good enough for them. On the whole, Jackson's plans were ordered for the success of the cause as carried on by day or by night, even though much suffering was caused thereby, and our leader thought it was a saving in the end. So often we marched all or half the night and worked or were ready for action the next day.

Jackson was a believer in artillery, as he saw its moral effect on the men against whom it was employed. At Malvern Hill, an order from Gen. D. H. Hill came to Jackson inquiring if he had any artillery that could stand severe fire. "Yes," replied Jackson, "I have two batteries that will stand wherever I place them—the Rockbridge Artillery and Carpenter's Battery." We just quaked in our boots, but Jackson spared us, as we had been vigorously engaged before, and ordered Carpenter's Battery to go to Hill's relief.

In brief, General Jackson's success was owing not to heavy battalions, but to his belief that a Divine Power was directing him, to his confidence in his men, who greatly relied on him, and to his constant celerity in his movements, so that his enemies never knew when or where he would turn up. So in the World War, it is stated by one in authority, the tactics of Jackson were constantly studied and followed as a guide, so great was their admiration for him.

After his wounding at Chancellorsville, as he lay on his bed near Guiney's Station, the troops on a Sabbath were gathered for worship in charge of the Rev. B. T. Lacy, the division chaplain, and at the close of the sermon, as reference was made to Jackson's favorite text, Romans 8:28, he asked those present to ask God to spare the life of their beloved leader who lingered on his death bed. The men were greatly moved, and one man was heard to say: "Well, boys, I hardly know that I ever really prayed before, but I did pray to-day for God to spare the life of our loved commander, for our good and the good of the country." But it was ordered otherwise, and the beloved leader, resigned to the will of Almighty God, quietly "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," his heart filled with ardent love for his soldiers and the great cause.

[Some idea of the noted Stonewall Brigade badge will doubtless be of interest to many who never saw it. This badge was a metal disc or button, on which was a colored bust of Gen. T. J. Jackson, and was thus marked: "Stonewall Brigade, C. S. A., 1861-1865;" and about the edge was the number of the regiments and letters for the artillery—the

2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33rd Regiments of infantry, with two companies of artillery, the Rockbridge Artillery and Carpenter's Battery, composing the Stonewall Brigade.]

WITH HAMPTON'S SCOUTS.

BY J. W. EVANS, FORSYTH, GA.

In reading about the last scouting by Wheeler's Cavalry, I thought it would interest some to hear of an incident of the last scouting by Hampton's Scouts. I was not a member of these Scouts, but was with them on this occasion. Hampton's Cavalry was encamped at Hillsboro, N. C.

While in camp for a few days—something unusual after we came down from Virginia in January, 1865, to escort Sherman through the Carolinas—all sorts of rumors were in the air. But we did not know what was up. Such a thing as surrender, and the idea of Lee's surrender, was unthinkable! But it proved a fact and was soon verified, as his men came plodding by footsore and weary. Paroled! What a shock. I was nineteen years of age, color bearer for Phillips's Legion. I dropped down by my flag, and for two days and nights I rolled in the dust, kicked, and cursed and vowed, neither ate nor slept much. Lee's veterans continued to pass by. Now, a horseman came riding by whom I recognized as one of Shadburne's scouts, and I jumped up to follow him to headquarters. He came for reinforcements. There was an armistice at the time between Johnston and Sherman, but Kilpatrick's men were crossing the river and doing their meaness. Being available only as I chose, I would not have been detailed, but I asked the privilege and found a man to take charge of the flag until I reported back. We were soon under way and found the scouts down by the river keeping a lookout for the Yanks. Plans were soon arranged, and we went to work.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached a place called Snow Hill, a big plantation. At the house were four bluecoats ransacking and terrorizing the ladies. As a precaution, they had tied the horses out behind the house. Now, back of the house was an old field, and about three hundred yards across the field lay a wooded hill covered with blackjack mostly, and for that cover the Yanks made a precipitate flight. We caught one before he reached the wood, and I was left to guard the prisoner. Soon I heard shots and immediately the boys came back leading three horses. We camped in the woods that night, or part of it, at least. I rode with Shadburne, who told me that Johnston was negotiating a surrender, but that he was getting volunteers to cross the Mississippi and join Kirby Smith. I gave him my name. We were soon ordered by Hampton to come back to camp, where we found the command saddled up and ordered to fall in column after dark without any bugle call. The boys were not ready for parole, and were about to mutiny.

After dark we mounted, and the next morning at daybreak we were at the company shops, about thirty-five miles. Wade Hampton made a speech, called for volunteers to cross the river and join Kirby Smith, but said any who wished might remain and be paroled, which most of them did. Our plans were to go in squads, not over five or six in a squad, and meet Hampton on the Etowah, near Rome, Ga., and there he would take command and push on to join Smith and fight it out. My squad, consisting of Bazemore, Barfield (Lonzo) and Lamar (Doc) and your humble servant, bade the boys good-by and set out. Barfield got sick, and we three waited for him at a river, where we were in bathing when a detachment of Yanks caught us undressed and unprepared to re-

ceive company. They did not take only our clothes and cooties, but everything else. Took us to Eatonton and paroled us. Of the boys on that scout and that hike to the West, if any living, I would like to hear from them.

LAST BATTLE BEFORE SURRENDER.

BY LIEUT. W. F. ROBINSON, DANVILLE (VA.) BEE.

On March 22, 1865, the Ringgold Battery, under the command of Capt. Crispin Dickinson, was ordered from the breastworks at Petersburg, Va., to Fort Gilmer on the lines near Richmond, Va., where it manned a battery until the night of April 2, 1865, when we received orders to destroy our gun carriages, spike our guns, and make ready to evacuate the lines. This we did, cutting the spokes out of the cannon wheels and driving rat-tail files down the vent holes of the guns. A few hours before dawn, we took up our line of march to Richmond, reaching that city just at daylight, where most of our company were armed with muskets. The city, having been set on fire by some one, was in a great blaze of fire in many directions. We received orders to march rapidly to Amelia Courthouse, where we would unite with the main body of General Lee's army. As we were marching toward Mayo's bridge to cross James River, I remembered I had carried a pair of boots to a shoemaker the day before to be stretched, and I determined not to leave until I got my boots, my father having paid \$600 for them a few days before. It being very early, the proprietor had not opened his shop, so I kicked the panel out of the door and got my boots.

When I rode over the canal bridge leading to Mayo's bridge, the top of it was on fire and burning rapidly. I soon caught up with my company on Main Street, opposite Sizer's Hotel, in Manchester. There I stopped and saw the big Callego Flour Mills and Mayo's and other great warehouses and mills all on fire; it seemed that the whole beautiful city, the capital of the Confederacy, was doomed to destruction. It almost made my heart sink within me, but I rode on, determined to follow our great commander, General Lee, and fight for our rights to the last.

Our company, marching on foot, had no time to stop, but marched ahead rapidly, but I, being on horseback, soon caught up with them. Our men not being used to marching on foot, it went very hard with them, especially as we had nothing to eat but Yankee crackers about the size of dinner plates, and called hard-tack. It worried me to know how we were going to keep alive and strong enough to march and fight with nothing but hard-tack to eat, and this was all we had to eat for six days, from Monday, the 3rd of April, until Sunday, April 9. All that I had to keep my horse alive was a bag of peas that I carried in front of me from Richmond to Appomattox. On passing the farm of my uncle, Dr. Thomas Robinson, in Cumberland County, he was standing at the gate, and he went in and filled my canteen with sorghum molasses. This was a welcome accompaniment to the hard-tack. There was only time for him to tell me that his sons, William L. and James I. Robinson, had been captured in the Cumberland Cavalry, and were prisoners at Point Lookout.

Our progress was slow, having to stop often both night and day to prize our wagons out of the mud. The Ringgold Battery, on arriving at the forks of the road two miles behind Appomattox Courthouse, the main road leading to Lynchburg and the other road to Appomattox Station, South Side Railroad, went into camp, and the Otey Battery, under Capt. D. N. Walker, camped near by. This was Saturday evening, April 8, 1865. As soon as we began to unpack our things from our wagons and get ready to spend the night, the advance of

the enemy's cavalry, under General Custer, rode right into our camp, shooting as they came, and took possession of our wagons containing all our baggage. Captain Dickinson formed his men into line at once, and Capt. D. N. Walker did the same. These two companies were between Lee's reserve artillery (about fifty pieces, under Gen. R. L. Walker) and the enemy's cavalry under General Custer, and were acting as guard to the same. Both the Ringgold and Otey batteries moved forward to drive back the advance of Custer's cavalry, when, to our surprise, our reserve artillery opened fire on the enemy with grape and canister, forgetting we were between them and the enemy, shooting down Dave Herndon, of the Ringgold Battery, killing Bob Ruffner, and wounding R. E. Butler, of the Otey Battery. Captain Dickinson and Peter Ragsdale ran back to our reserve artillery to stop them from shooting us. I never saw Captain Dickinson any more until after the war, as he was captured and paroled at Appomattox. Lieut. William Lipscomb was captured the day before. I found myself in command of the company, and I gathered up all the stragglers from the infantry and other artillery companies and charged the Yankee cavalry and drove them some distance, when my company got behind a large barn, and Capt. J. Taylor Martin, with one piece of artillery, came to my aid. Having the barn as a protection, we fired from the barn, Captain Martin shooting shell and canister at the cavalry as fast as he could load and fire. We succeeded in holding Custer's cavalry in check until night. When we first moved forward to drive the cavalry back, Captain Walker and his men became separated from my company. I never saw Walker during the fight, and learned afterwards that he and his men were captured and paroled at Appomattox. Some of the Otey Battery fought along with my men and many stragglers from other commands. Rev. J. C. Painter, formerly of the Otey Battery, writes me that he and forty men of the Otey Battery who were not in the fight went on to Lynchburg and met Lieutenant Norvell and were paroled by him. Mr. John P. Webster, member of Otey Battery, writes me: "Captain Walker and Lieutenant Bolling were in the fight that Captain Walker and part of his men were captured in, but Lieutenant Bolling brought a portion of the Otey Battery out of the fight, myself among the number, and we reached Lynchburg Sunday afternoon."

During the battle I could plainly see General Custer sitting on a white horse in the center of a long line of cavalry, and he was heard urging his men to charge, telling them that there was only a handful of Confederates opposing them. I urged my men to take good aim and shoot at General Custer, and I shot at him a number of times myself. All of us hallooed at the top of our voices: "Bring up the Second Brigade. Hurry up the division" etc., and the enemy evidently believed we were the head of Lee's infantry. We loaded and fired so fast with our muskets, and Captain Martin with his cannon, protected by a large house, that Custer couldn't get his cavalry to charge us.

General Custer says in his report, 46th Volume of the "Official Records:" "Learning that the enemy was moving a large train upon the road from Appomattox Courthouse across the Lynchburg Railroad, I ordered the entire division forward to attack. The train was found to be guarded by about two divisions of infantry, in addition to over thirty pieces of artillery, all under command of Major General Walker. Most of the enemy's guard were placed in position and their fire concentrated upon the road over which it was necessary for me to advance. The enemy succeeded in repulsing nearly all our attacks until nine o'clock at night."

Our men fought with the greatest enthusiasm, keeping Custers's cavalry back until dark, and then we continued the fight by shooting at the enemy by the flash of their guns in the dark and kept them back, according to General Custer, until nine o'clock, and then we moved forward on the road leading to Lynchburg, believing the whole army would follow and make a stand there. We marched all night and reached Lynchburg Sunday morning, 9th of April, at eleven o'clock, where, learning that General Lee had surrendered, I disbanded my company of fifty men of the Ringgold Battery, and rode on to Danville with the intention of joining Johnston's army near Greensboro, N. C. General Lee, in speaking of this battle, says: "In the early part of the night April 8, the enemy attacked Walker's artillery train near Appomattox Station on the Lynchburg Railroad and were repulsed."

Brig. Gen. William N. Pendleton, of Artillery, C. S. A., says: "The evening of the 8th saw the head of our column near Appomattox Courthouse. I pushed on in person to communicate with General Walker and found him with his command, parked about two miles beyond the Courthouse on the road to Appomattox Station, South Side Railroad. While I was with him, an attack, wholly unexpected, was made by the enemy on his defenceless camp. To avert immediate disaster from this attack demanded the exercise of our energies. It was, however, at once effectually repelled by the aid especially of the two gallant artillery companies of Captains Walker and Dickinson, under the command of the former, which, being at the time unequipped as artillerists, were armed with muskets as a guard. They met the enemy's sharpshooters in a brush wood near, and enabled a number of General Walker's pieces to play with effect while the remainder of his train was withdrawn. After a sharp skirmish, this attack seemed remedied, and I started back, having received by courier a note requesting my presence with the commanding general."

General Sheridan's official report says: "About daylight on the 9th of April, I rode to the front near Appomattox Courthouse, and just as the enemy in heavy force was attacking my cavalry with the intention of breaking through our lines, I directed the cavalry, which was dismounted, to fall back gradually resisting the enemy, so as to give time for the infantry to form its lines and march to the attack, and when this was done, to move off to the right flank and mount. This was done, and the enemy discontinued their attack as soon as they caught sight of our infantry, and a white flag was presented to General Custer with the information that the enemy desired to surrender."

The following members of the Ringgold Battery were present in this last successful battle of Lee's army and did their duty with coolness and bravery:

Sergt. S. S. Berger, William Toler, Nat B. Walker, J. J. Wilkinson, Daniel Bentley, William Bentley, Sergt. William D. Slayton, E. K. Pettitt, William. T. Wilson, Ewell Stone, Peter Pickerell, James Ragsdale, Peter Ragsdale, T. J. Ferguson, D. B. Herndon, W. P. Emmerson, William Ragsdale, Robert Hodnett, Polk Hodnett, Sergt. M. M. Morris, Clem Wiles, Daniel Hodnett, Moses B. Cole, A. L. Crutchfield, James D. Cook, Shadrick Barber, Frank Hatchett, Sergt. James B. Gregory, T. B. Yeamon, R. A. Bennett, C. A. Dalton, R. C. Chaney, William. E. Salmons, Henry Witt, B. F. Hatchett, Fred Davis, W. H. Haley, Sid Crews, Henry C. Ward, William Lewis, Anselm Snow, John Keesee, Joseph Keesee. George B. Walker, R. H. Pruitt, James E. Lipscomb, Richard Harrington, R. C. Chaney, William. E. Salmons, Daniel Hall, Thomas Crutchfield, Henry Lewis.



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

"You little need the flowers we bring,
Who proudly wore the gray—
For flowers must be plentiful
Where all the angels stay.
But with a wreath of love we crown
Your memory on this day.
Sleep sweet, all ye who followed Lee,
In love and hope and pain.
Ye bloom eternal in our hearts,
Ye have not lived in vain."

REV. DEBERNIERE WADDELL.

Rev. DeBerniere Waddell was born in Pittsboro, N. C., January 31, 1838, and reared at Chapel Hill, Hillsboro, and Wilmington. Going to Crawford, Ala., in 1857, he accepted a clerkship in the Probate Judge's office. On August 25, 1859, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary E. Bellamy, daughter of Mr. William E. Bellamy, a prominent planter. In 1861, he went into the Confederate service with the twelve-month volunteers under Colonel Seibels, being sent to Corinth, Miss., then to Virginia, and after reenlistment was with the 15th Alabama Regiment, Laws's Division. Longstreet's Corps. This command was ordered to Tennessee for the campaigns around Knoxville and went into winter quarters at Morristown. The captain of Company G, 15th Alabama, had been killed at Gettysburg, and DeB. Waddell became captain of the company just before the battle of Chickamauga, at the instance of the colonel of the regiment, W. C. Oates, governor of Alabama after the war. Governor Oates writes of him:

"DeBerniere Waddell was from Russell County, and was adjutant of the regiment, aged twenty-five years, when appointed in the winter of 1862-63. He was a very fine officer, and I, as colonel commanding the regiment, had him appointed by the War Department captain of this company (G), September 19, 1863. He continued to be captain until the surrender, but, for some time before that event, he was detailed to command the brigade of sharpshooters. He would have made a fine colonel of a regiment. In the winter of 1863-64 he became quite religious. After the close of the war he was ordained as an Episcopal minister, and labored in the moral vineyard ever after. I always had great confidence in his religion because, unlike some others, he continued as brave as he was before, and no officer displayed more genuine courage than Captain Waddell. Sometimes a dying soldier would call on him to pray for him. I have seen him comply while under fire. The men had confidence in him, and he was well worthy of it. He was never wounded."

Longstreet's command returned to Virginia, and officer Waddell was active in all battles and campaigns until the surrender. For many years, and to the time of his death, he was commander of Walthall Camp, U. C. V., at Meridian, Miss.

Comrade I. S. Talbert, of Walthall Camp, relates that he

fought three days at Gettysburg at the rock wall with Captain Waddell, who lost one hundred out of one hundred and sixty men, killed and wounded, from his company.

Rev. Mr. Waddell departed this life September 1, 1924, at Meridian, where he had resided for thirty-three years. He was physically vigorous always, and came to his death through an automobile accident, at the age of eighty-six. He served as rector of the Church of the Mediator, and afterwards was Archdeacon of Mississippi for the Episcopal Church. He was an enthusiastic helper of the King's Daughters, often assisting the probation officer in investigations, especially in cases concerning youthful law breakers and unfortunate women. He was a liberal contributor to all good causes, notably anything pertaining to the Confederacy or its survivors. Mr. Waddell was remarkable for his catholicity of spirit; when needed he would hold services for congregations outside his own denomination. He was a Thirty-Third Degree Mason, and much beloved wherever he was known. His funeral was a great outpouring of people in all walks of life and representing practically every organization in the city.

JAMES M. RALEY.

James Maurice Raley was born February 7, 1846, and died December 20, 1923. He was a volunteer from St. Clair, Mo., as a private in Company D, 10th Consolidated Regiment of Missouri Volunteer Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A. He was paroled at Camp Allen, La., June 8, 1865, by order of Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, George L. Andrews, brigadier general and provost marshal. Comrade Raley moved to the Indian Territory, in the Cherokee Nation, in 1869, where he met and married Miss Mary L. Starr, a Cherokee maiden, in 1871. From this union there were no children, but they reared several orphans and adopted two—Mrs. W. M. Blackard, of Muskogee, Okla., and W. E. Raley, of Kansas City, Kans.

He was a charter member of Stand Watie Camp, No. 514, U. C. V., of Muldrow, Okla., serving as Adjutant for ten years and until his death.

Comrade Raley was for many years a member of the Church and was one of the oldest members of Bruton Lodge, No. 30 A. F. and A. M., at Muldrow, Okla.

He was always known among the best citizens of the community, living a clean, moral, and upright life. He enjoyed the reunions of his Confederate comrades and attended as many as he could.

[J. W. Weaver, Commander Stand Watie Camp, No. 514, U. C. V.]

H. A. BODEN.

H. A. Boden, seventy-eight years of age, died at his home near Springville, Tenn., after a short illness following a year of declining health. He was born in Henry County, Tenn., December 5, 1846, and was a druggist in Paris following the war. As a young man he joined the Confederate army and was a member of Company I, 10th Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, under the command of Capt. Clinton Aden. He was also a member of the picked escort of Gen. H. B. Lyon in activities in Western Tennessee and Kentucky. At the battle of Morristown he was captured, but later was released and served through the war.

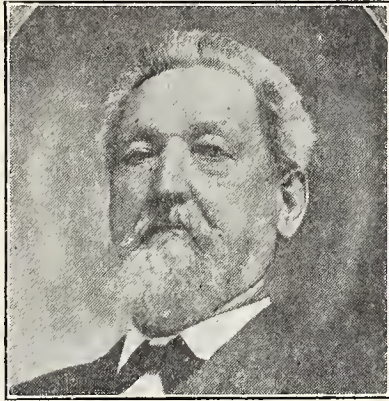
Surviving are his wife, three sons, and a daughter. Funeral services were conducted by Revs. P. P. Pullen and W. D. Poyner, comrades of the war days, with many friends in attendance.

Comrade Boden was a well-read and intelligent man, one of the type that has made the old Southern gentleman famous. [P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

CAPT. N. F. HARRISON.

Capt. Needham Fayette Harrison, of Germantown, Tenn., died January 10, 1924, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Britt, Memphis, Tenn., after a lingering illness.

Captain Harrison was eighty-eight years "young" on September 13, as he himself wrote in a short sketch of his life a few days before his death. He was born in Fayette County, Tenn., and moved to Shelby County when eight years of age. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company C, 13th Tennessee, serving throughout the entire four years. He



CAPTAIN N. F. HARRISON.

received a serious wound at the battle of Chickamauga, was commissioned first lieutenant after being wounded, and later made captain. He was appointed by Gen. W. A. Collier as brigadier general of the Western Division of Forrest's Cavalry Corps, U. C. V.

Captain Harrison was prominent in public affairs for years, and in 1886 he was elected county register. He was also prominent in Masonic circles, and was Grand High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of Tennessee.

Captain Harrison was a most lovable character, the typical Southern gentleman. After the war he married Miss Fannie E. Neely, sister of the late Col. J. C. and H. M. Neely of Memphis. He is survived by three daughters and two sons.

ROBERT VENNING MORRISON.

Robert Venning Morrison was born in Alabama on the 24th of March, 1842, his father, Richard Tillis Morrison, having moved there from Charleston about eight years before. When Robert was six years old, the family went back to South Carolina, and when the war started in 1861 he was nineteen years old. He joined the Washington Light Infantry Volunteers, which was the first company to go from Charleston to Virginia. Captain Conner was in charge. At the first battle of Manassas, Robert Morrison was severely wounded in the arm, and never entirely recovered from it. He was given a final discharge from the army, but in 1864 he again volunteered and joined Company A, Hampton's Legion. He was wounded again at Ridley's Shop but did not go home staying in the hospital till he was able to return to his company, where he was in active service till the end of the war.

On March 16, 1865, he married Miss Aletha Muldrow, of Florence, S. C. She survives him, also seven daughters, three sons, thirty-seven grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren. In the nearly sixty years of married life, they lost only one daughter, one little son, and two infant grandchildren.

Mr. Morrison was an elder in the New Wappetaw Presbyterian Church, of McClellanville, S. C., for many years. He loved the courts of the Lord and rarely missed a service. He took pleasure in conducting the services of the Church during the absence of the pastor, when his turn came. He was a generous man and always gave liberally to religious causes. The present sites of the church and manse were donated by him.

After a life of unremitting toil for his family, his Church, and his country he rests from his labors, for on October 3, 1924, in his eighty-third year, he entered the portals of death at his Master's call.

EMMITT WOODVILLE NOLLEY.

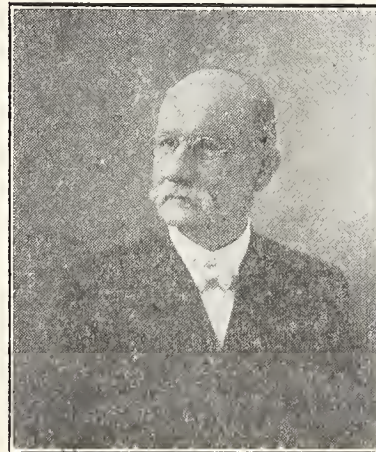
Capt. E. W. Nolley, as he was familiarly known, was born in Clarksville, Va., on the 29th of April, 1846, and died in Fayetteville, N. C., in May, 1924. He was the son of Francis Asbury Nolley and Susan Jane Delke. At the age of fifteen years he enlisted in the Confederate army at Winston, N. C., under Captain Picot, and, although at the time he was too young for service, he continued to serve the cause of his country throughout the war. His company was with the 31st North Carolina Regiment, Clingman's Brigade, Hoke's Division, and was discharged at Durham, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865, with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He was engaged in the battles of Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Fort Fisher, and at Seven Pines, and he was a prisoner at Roanoke Island. There was none more loyal than he to the Confederate cause, and he manifested this loyalty in a striking way until his death.

After the war he married Miss Julia Tolar, daughter of the late Capt. W. J. Tolar, of Fayetteville, who preceded him to the grave by several years. For the past twenty-five years he had lived in Fayetteville, where he was secretary and treasurer of the Tolar-Hart-Holt Cotton Mills until compelled to give up on account of declining health. He is survived by three sons and three daughters. Captain Nolley was a member of the Presbyterian Church and the Knights of Pythias. His funeral was in charge of the Pythians, and he was buried in Cross Creek Cemetery with the ceremonies of this order. A noble man has gone.

[H. S. Averitt.]

GEORGE G. GILL.

George G. Gill was born in the State of Georgia on the 15th of February, 1844, and in 1861, when the first call to arms was sounded, he enlisted in the 1st Georgia Cavalry Regiment at the age of seventeen years, and fought bravely throughout the entire war under the command of one of the greatest cavalry generals the world ever produced, Joseph Wheeler. When the last guns were fired in North Carolina, just a few days before the surrender, George G. Gill was there and helped to drive back the enemy's advance. Soon after the war ended, he came to Homer, Claiborne Parish, La., and engaged in the



GEORGE G. GILL.

mercantile business, and married a member of one of the best families in North Louisiana.

On October 9, 1924, he answered the last roll call, and his body was laid beside the beloved wife, who died several years ago. He leaves four sons, noble young men, who seem to follow in their father's steps.

George G. Gill was not only a soldier in war, but a true soldier in the army of the Lord, a leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

He was my comrade in war and my friend and counsellor in peace, and I hope to meet him on the other shore.

[J. C. Baird, Homer, La.]

NATHAN CALVIN HOWARD.

Nathan Calvin Howard was born in Paris, Henry County, Tenn., on May 11, 1841, and died in Falfurrias, Tex., on November 3, 1924.

He went into the Confederate army at the beginning of the War between the States. He joined the 5th Regular Tennessee Infantry as a corporal, but was promoted to lieutenant; was wounded at Franklin. He served through the war and was present at the surrender.

After the war, he came to Texas, where he lived until his death, excepting four years in California and ten years in Arkansas.

He is survived by his wife and twelve children, seven sons and five daughters, living in California, Oklahoma, and Texas.

The funeral services were conducted at the home of his daughter, the Falfurrias Masonic Lodge conducting the burial rites at the grave.

Nathan Calvin Howard was a Christian man of sterling character. He joined the Presbyterian Church at an early age and was a ruling elder for more than forty years. Living for many years on the frontier outposts of civilization in Texas, it fell to his lot to become a charter member of several Presbyterian Churches, which he helped to maintain and develop with his time and money. He was a man who easily won the confidence and esteem of all in the community in which he lived, because of his quiet, friendly, and pleasant bearing and of his unassuming but constant loyalty to the right.

It was my privilege to be his pastor for ten years at Moore, Tex., where we organized a small Church. Being a young and inexperienced minister, Mr. Howard's friendship, hospitality, and wise counsel were very profitable and form a bright spot in my memory.

Surely, victory through Christ is the most prominent thought in the passing of such a man.

[Rev. Harry W. Hamilton, Oatulla, Tex.]

GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

George W. Woodward, born at Fayetteville, N. C., on June 12, 1845, died at his home in Brevard, N. C., on October 9, and his body was taken to Durham and interred in Maplewood Cemetery. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, and three sons. He was educated in the schools of his native town and finished at Trinity College. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1863 as a member of Company F, 51st North Carolina Regiment, Clingman's Brigade, Hoke's Division; was wounded at Bermuda Hundreds, Va., but resumed service, and was in the last battles of the war.

In May, 1868, Comrade Woodward was married to Miss Delia E. White, at Chapel Hill, N. C. Later on he located at Durham, and was there for nearly thirty years, removing to Brevard in 1919, and holding the office of clerk of the city board. He loved his native State and section, and followed the banner of the South in the sixties with no shadow of wavering. He believed in a future for this war-desecrated country, and gave of himself to advance its interests. He loved his Church, having become a member at the age of fifteen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and throughout the years of his life was ever faithful to its ordinances. Well educated and a man of ability, he could discourse eloquently upon the happenings of bygone years, and he was familiar with the men of note who had helped to make the State of North Carolina. His splendid character, the gentle and manly qualities that were his will ever hold his memory in the hearts of those who knew him best.

JAMES MADISON BUCHANAN.

James Madison Buchanan was born at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., on February 27, 1837, and with his father went to old Comargo, Miss., in 1852, where he lived for many years. On January 4, 1856, he was married to Miss Sarah Ann McGoughy. In response to the call of his country, he entered the Confederate army in April, 1862, soon after the battle of Shiloh, as a private in Company B, 45th Mississippi Regiment, Lowrey's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He fought valiantly in the following battles: Perryville (Ky.), Kenesaw Mountain, Resaca, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, Selma, Missionary Ridge, and Chickamauga. Throughout his life he was whole-hearted in whatever he undertook to do, and thus he fought for his country. On receiving his discharge, he returned home to a war-devastated country, and as a loyal citizen, and in his usual hearty way, he did his part to rebuild his country, to which no one was more faithful and loyal.

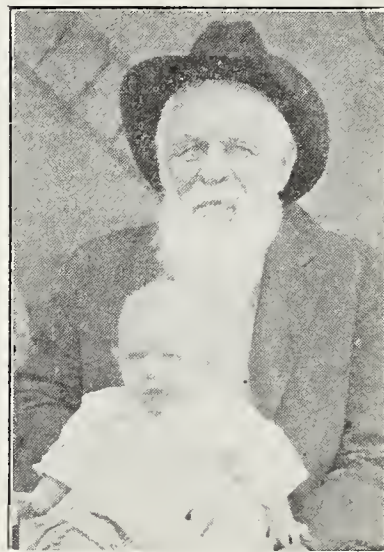
To Mr. Buchanan and his first wife were born seven children, six of them growing to maturity, two sons and two daughters surviving him. His wife died in 1893, and he was married to Miss Margaret Bryan, in 1896. She died in November, 1909, and in 1914, he married Miss Mary Young, who survives him.

Most of Mr. Buchanan's life was spent in that part of Monroe west of Town Creek near the town of Wren, but when the now Frisco Railroad came through he settled in the town of Nettleton, where he spent his remaining days except when in Florida, where he had a winter home and other interests.

He became a member of the Church in middle life and was always as faithful and loyal to his Church as to his country. He died on October 21, 1924, at Nettleton, Miss.

WILLIAM M. PHILLIPS.

William M. Phillips was born near Rome, Ga., on the 12th day of May, 1844, and when he was eleven years old his parents removed to Arkansas. He joined the Confederate army in 1861, enlisting in an Arkansas regiment, and fought bravely for Southern rights until the close of hostilities. Soon after the war he went to Louisiana and settled in Claiborne Parish and married Miss Mary Curry, a devout Christian woman. They reared three sons and four daughters, two sons and two daughters surviving him.



WM. M. PHILLIPS AND GRANDSON.

He was a very successful farmer. About thirty-four years ago, he moved to Minden, Webster Parish, La., and resided there until his death, which occurred October 25, 1924. He now rests in the Minden Cemetery beside his wife, who died many years ago.

Two brothers and two sisters also survive him, all living in the State of Texas.

He was also a soldier of the Cross and not afraid to answer the last roll call. He was a lifelong member of the Methodist Church.

BENJAMIN F. MACKEY.

Benjamin F. Mackey died at Center, Ala., on July 28, 1924, aged seventy-eight years. He was born August 14, 1846, in DeKalb County, Ala., and, as a boy of seventeen, enlisted in the army of the Confederacy, serving the last fifteen months of the conflict with Company B, 4th Alabama Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade, Martin's Division, and with Forrest.



B. F. MACKEY.

After the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., he went to Cherokee County, where he resided until the end. On January 8, 1872, he married Mrs. Sara Hale, of Virginia, and six children were born of this union, of whom four survive him—Leonard E. Mackey, of Mackey, Ala.; Joe A. Mackey, of McAlester, Okla.; Mrs. Etta E. Trotter, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; and Mrs. Marie E. Hale, of Leesburg, Ala. Also a stepson, William I. Hale, of Sweetwater, Tenn.

In 1881, Comrade Mackey embarked in the general merchandise business, and established the post office, Mackey, Ala., at his place of business, which he served as postmaster for over thirty-five years, being the oldest postmaster in Alabama. During his entire business career he never allowed any bills to run past due and never had a claim against him in a lawyer's hands. By integrity and long, steady, conscientious dealing he acquired a competency. He was Scotch-Irish, and naturally a Presbyterian, being a devoted member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He was also a prominent Mason, the oldest member of Sam Dixon Lodge at Center, Ala. An outstanding Democrat, he was a member of the Executive Committee for forty years, and was one of the most earnest, potential units of the party, desiring nothing but to see his friends and Democracy succeed—an unselfish Democrat. He was first lieutenant of Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 658 U. C. V., and was fond of his comrades, enjoying the meeting with them at all reunions.

He was not a man to advertise his deeds, but was always ready to help a good cause—honest, upright, and true in every relation of life.

Attended by Confederate comrades and many friends and relatives, he was laid to rest in the family cemetery at Mackey, Ala., by members of his Masonic Order.

GEORGE W. WORLEY.

George W. Worley died at his home in Asheville, N. C., on November 4, 1924, in his eighty-fourth year. He was born near Alexander, Buncombe County, N. C. June 7, 1841, and when our war troubles began he was among the first from this county to enlist, becoming a member of Company E, 1st North Carolina Regiment, one of the first commands to be engaged in the battle of Bethel Church. His company was raised and commanded by Capt. W. W. McDowell and was known as the Buncombe Rifles. Comrade Worley took part in the first battle of Bethel and was one of the first six men to fire a gun in the War between the States. The last survivor of his command is Thomas Lytle, now of McDowell County, N. C.

Comrade Worley was loved by every member of Vance Camp of Confederate Veterans, of which he had been a member for some eighteen years. After the war he was engaged in construction work, helping to build many of the

homes of Asheville. He lived to see his native town grow from a small village to a city of approximately thousands.

Four sons and two daughters, twenty-two grandchildren and several great-grandchildren survive him, also a brother.

He took part in the following engagements during the war: Bethel Church; Whitehall, Va.; Bristoe Station; Mine Run; the fighting around Richmond; the siege of Petersburg; the Wilderness; Spotsylvania; Cold Harbor; Reams's Station; and Hatcher's Run, where he was captured. He was paroled a few days before the surrender and walked a distance of some fifty miles to reach his home near Asheville.

It was my pleasure to have known Comrade Worley for many years. He is the thirteenth death in our Camp the last year. He was laid to rest beside his wife, who died just a week before him, in the cemetery of West Chapel, near where they spent a goodly portion of their younger lives. Peace to his ashes!

[J. M. Edwards, Commander Vance Camp, No. 681, U. C. V.]

THOMAS G. TRAYLOR.

Thomas G. Traylor, was born in January, 1842, near Benton, Lowndes County, Ala., and taps was sounded for him October 3, 1924, in his eighty-third year. His parents were among the pioneers who settled that part of Lowndes County, and ranked with the best citizens of their time. Scarcely had the roar of Sumter's guns ceased to reverberate before he became interested in the organization of the Jeff Davis Artillery, the first battery of field artillery mustered into the service of the Confederate States from the State of Alabama. He attended the first and subsequent meetings held in the interest of its organization, and the "Muster in Roll," dated July 27, 1861, shows he enlisted July 1, 1861.

The command was delayed in the receipt of guns and other necessary equipment and did not reach the scene of activity until about October 1, 1861, when it became an integral part of the historic Army of Northern Virginia and was a participant in all its campaigns and great battles, and many smaller actions, engaged in by that army. Like a large number of the company, and the entire army, Thomas G. Traylor was on the "sick list" during September and October, 1861. Subsequently he answered "Present" at every roll call until January, 1864, when he was absent "On furlough of indulgence," worthily won. He then answered "Present" at every roll call until Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

As the railroads were nearly all wrecked, he walked the greater part of the way to his despoiled home. He settled down in the community from which he had entered the army, and soon after his return married Miss Elizabeth Howard, who evidently was his boyhood sweetheart, as they had grown from childhood in the same community and doubtless attended the same schools. By industry and application, directed by sound judgment, he soon gained a competence, and he and his good wife retired from business to enjoy a quiet old age. His neighbors called him by the pet name of "Marse Tom," and his good wife as "Miss Batty." His wife, two daughters, Mrs. John Webster and Mrs. Arthur Hall, and a granddaughter, survive him.

Dear Tom, rest in peace until

"The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound
And wake the nations under ground."

[This tribute is by his bereaved army comrade, John Purifoy, Montgomery, Ala.]

COL. E. POLK JOHNSON.

To the long list of those dear to the VETERAN who are now no more has been added the name of Col. E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, Ky., whose death occurred on August 31, 1924, after some years of failing health. He was the son of John D and Evelyn Johnson, born in Jefferson County, Ky. December 21, 1844. He was educated in preparatory schools with a view to a college course, but the war came on in his seventeenth year and he entered the Confederate service. From a memorandum outline of his career as a soldier and as citizen, which he asked be sent to the VETERAN, the following is taken:



COL. E. POLK JOHNSON.

Was in special Confederate service within the enemy's lines during 1861 and a part of 1862; active service in Army of the Confederacy, September, 1862, and was with the 1st Kentucky Cavalry from October, 1862, to the surrender in 1865. He was in the battle of Perryville, and in numerous skirmishes covering the retreat of Confederate troops from Kentucky in 1862.

Was in the battle of Hoover's Gap, Tenn., June 24, 1863, as part of rearguard, most of whom were killed or wounded. In the rearguard on retreat from Tullahoma to Chattanooga, Tenn.; under fire of enemy daily for a week. In the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 20, and at Missionary Ridge, November 26; in covering retreat of army, his horse was shot under him, November 27. In battle of Taylor's Gap, Ringgold, Ga., November 28, covering retreat. In the engagement at Charleston, Tenn., December 28, 1863, his horse was killed and fell upon him, his ankle being crushed. He was captured and in prison at Rock Island until March 6, 1865, and was released at Richmond, Va., March 12; rejoined regiment at Charlotte, N. C., and served as part of escort to President Davis and cabinet to Washington, Ga., and there, on May 9, 1865, surrendered with command. He was in command of Company B, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, at surrender.

Returning to Kentucky, he engaged in farming, and was married to Miss Florence Taylor in February, 1866. Studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1869; served as representative from Jefferson County in the legislature of 1871; was assistant clerk of the House of Representatives, 1877-1881; and Clerk of the House of Representatives, 1883. He became associate editor of the *Louisville Evening Times*, 1884, and managing editor of the *Courier Journal*, 1886-1889; was appointed Public Printer and Binder by Governor Buckner, 1889; was appointed special agent U. S. Treasury by Secretary John G. Carlisle in December, 1888, and remained in service at Chicago, St. Louis, London (England), Eagle Pass, Tex., New Orleans, Seattle Wash., and Cincinnati, until 1907, when he resigned and returned to Louisville. He was the author of a history of Kentucky, 1910, and a history of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. Served twice as commander of George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., of Louisville.

Colonel Johnson is survived by his wife, a daughter, and a son.

JOHN M. COLEMAN.

At the age of eighty years, John M. Coleman, one of "Morgan's Men," has passed over the river to join his comrades gone before. His death occurred at Anchorage, Jefferson County, Ky., at the home of one of his sons. He was born on his father's farm near O'Bannon, Ky., and had spent practically all his life there. For a few years after the war he was a tobacco man of Louisville, later conducting a general store at O'Bannon and keeping up his farming interests. Shortly after the war he was married to Miss Amanda Herndon, and to them were born two sons, who survive him.

John M. Coleman left home on the last train from Louisville, Ky., which carried a number of young men to the Tennessee line, where General Buckner took charge of the train and soon had the men at Fort Donelson. With but little drilling or training, John Coleman was assigned to a cavalry command, and some time later his company and regiment were attached to John H. Morgan's command and took part in the engagements of that troop. In the raid into Ohio, young Coleman was captured at Buffington's Island and was confined in Camp Chase until exchanged and finally got back to his old command, after suffering much hardship from cold and hunger, and thus served to the close of the war.

Comrade Coleman is also survived by a brother, C. S. Coleman, of St. Louis, Mo., and two sisters. He was an elder in the Christian Church, a Christian gentleman and citizen.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT WOODSTOCK, VA.

The following list of the Confederate dead in Massanutten Cemetery, at Woodstock, Va., was sent by W. G. Campbell, of that place, with a view of possibly locating some long-lost soldier boy. These dead are buried in a circle surrounding a monument in the center of the cemetery, each grave having a marble stone with inscription as shown on this list. These men were killed in the fighting in and around the town, or died of wounds in the hospital there:

S. Elrod, 5th Alabama. Lieutenant McLindon, Company K, 26th Georgia. R. M. Ackridge, Company F, 18th Mississippi. Lieutenant Bowen, Company F, 6th Alabama. J. H. Stephens, C. S. A. J. B. McNealy, C. S. A. George Roberts, Company B, 6th North Carolina. J. E. Marsh, 43rd North Carolina Infantry. H. H. Zigler, Company B, 20th South Carolina. W. Moser, C. S. A. — Turner, 4th North Carolina Infantry. M. Black, Company D, 48th North Carolina Infantry. J. W. Clouts, Company I, 6th Regiment. R. Gargener, Company H, 3rd Alabama. J. P. Thomas, Company G, 7th North Carolina. — Thompson, C. S. A., Alabama. J. D. Elliott, 24th Georgia Infantry. Lieutenant E. O. Riley, 6th Louisiana Infantry. W. L. Marshall, C. S. A. J. H. Marvis, Company E, Alabama Infantry. Lieut. J. O. March, Company G, 6th Alabama Infantry. W. H. Hanshaw, C. S. A. J. M. Shipp, 6th North Carolina Infantry. H. Blith, Company I, 2d Louisiana Infantry. S. Price, Captain and Assistant Surgeon, 38th Georgia Infantry. Colonel Holt, — Georgia Infantry. Lieut. M. A. Yorst, Company A, 4th Mississippi Infantry. R. Ford, C. S. A. S. H. Dixon, Company F, 8th North Carolina Infantry. E. Guinn, Company F, 3rd North Carolina Infantry. M. S. Blith, Company I, 2d Louisiana Infantry. P. H. Spyner, Company H, 20th South Carolina Infantry. P. Nolan, C. S. A. W. Brown, Company K, 6th Georgia Infantry.

CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL AT OXFORD, MISS.

Among the records of the University of Mississippi, there was recently brought to light a list of the Confederate soldiers who died in 1862 at the hospital located on the campus of the university during the sixties. These soldiers were buried in the cemetery southwest of the campus and most of the markers have disappeared. A movement has been started to convert this old cemetery into a park and to erect monuments and other markers that will show appreciation and reverence to the memory of those heroes in gray who paid the supreme sacrifice for a beloved cause.

The list is as follows:

A. Davis, 61st Tennessee Regiment; A. or H. L. Mitchell; A. J. Stewart, Company G, 3d Texas Regiment; G. W. Dykes, Company C, 1st Alabama Regiment; W. Davenport, Company C, 1st Alabama Regiment; Hubert Anglak, Stewart's Battery; W. F. Wells, Company A, 1st Alabama Regiment; A. W. Colley, Company E, 3d Kentucky Regiment; James W. Williams, Company D, 39th Mississippi Regiment; William W. Heighes, Company C, 1st Alabama Regiment; F. H. Franklin, Company A, 1st Battalion, 37th Mississippi Regiment; Martin Dean, 17th Arkansas Regiment; A. J. Manning, Company I, 1st Mississippi Regiment; L. P. Burns, Company E, 11th Arkansas Regiment; J. R. Paine, Company A, 35th Mississippi Regiment; S. R. Carven, Company D, 39th Mississippi Regiment; L. W. Maxwell, Company C, 33d Mississippi Regiment; Nathan Larcon, Wahl's Texas Battalion; Abner Due, Company D, 37th Mississippi Regiment; W. E. Mow, 7th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry; Warren Bear Fott, Company E, 35th Mississippi Regiment; Green Howell, Company D, 39th Mississippi Regiment; R. S. Williams, Company C, 12th Louisiana Regiment; H. M. Bean, Company A, 33d Mississippi Regiment; A. Casper, 13th Arkansas Regiment; Joseph Parr, 1st Confederate Regiment; M. F. Wallace, Company K, 39th Mississippi Regiment; William Harrison, Company K, 39th Mississippi Regiment; James W. Overby, Company F, 39th Mississippi Regiment; F. H. McLenden, Company A, 39th Mississippi Regiment; Harry Stingle; S. A. McKinney, Company K, 1st Confederate Regiment; Thomas Curry, Company K, 12th Louisiana Regiment; T. J. Harrison, Company I, 12th Louisiana Regiment; Thomas Clark, Company G, 39th Mississippi Regiment; Benjamin Harris, 1st Confederate Regiment; B. H. Elliott, Company B, 39th Mississippi Regiment; H. C. Bass, Company A, 39th Mississippi Regiment; A. Bergerson, Point Coupee, Arkansas; S. W. Calvert, Whitefield's Texas Legion; J. L. Alexander, 35th Tennessee Regiment; H. Rushing, Company C, Withers' Battery; W. Briggs, 25th Louisiana Regiment, June 12, 1862; James Hardin, Company C, 2d Regiment; N. Clark, Company —, 4th Alabama Regiment, June 12, 1862; Daniel Blue, Company F, 116th Louisiana Regiment; L. R. Baker, Company F, 14th Alabama Regiment; M. Kelly, 21st Alabama Regiment, 1862; Levy Doran, Forrests's Cavalry; Q. M. Oliver, Company C, 33d Tennessee Regiment, June 7, 1862; A. R. Jamison, Company C, 33d Tennessee Regiment, June 7, 1862; L. M. Davis, Company C, 28th Alabama Regiment, June 6, 1862; William V. Sojourner, Company C, 25th Louisiana Regiment, 1862; J. Warren, Company G, 17th Arkansas Regiment, June, 1862; — Walker, Company K, — Tennessee Regiment; W. C. Dotson, 42d Alabama Regiment; G. W. Boyd, 9th Texas Regiment, November 30, 1862; Elias Ferguson, State Troops Regiment, November 31, 1862 (attached to 4th Mississippi Regiment); W. A. Davis, Company A, 31st Mississippi Regiment; P. Morrison, Pointe Coupe, Ark;

J. Barfield, Company B, 33d Mississippi Regiment; C. Hunter, Company D, 8th Kentucky Regiment, November 25, 1862; T. S. Stone, Company G, 3d Tennessee Regiment; W. H. Gilley, Company H, 2d Texas Regiment, June 14, 1862; J. W. Williams, 1st Alabama Regiment; Q. F. Morris, Company A, 7th Mississippi Regiment; Henry Wade, June 20, 1862; F. L. Patterson, Forrests's Cavalry, June 16, 1862; N. G. Hardin, Company C, 2d Texas Regiment.

DUMFRIES DISCOVERED.

BY B. L. AYCOCK, KOUNTZE, TEX.

Two regiments, the 4th and 5th Texas Infantry, broke training camp near Richmond, Va., early in November, 1861, destined for the front. About that time a rumor came that there would be business with Generals Johnston and Beauregard at Centerville. It was twenty-odd miles from the city to Brooks's Station by rail, where we bivouacked for the night, then to march for the rest of the way in the direction of Washington.

We were assigned to the right wing of the Army of Northern Virginia, but were halted in the woods on what was then the Telegraph Road, though no advance by the enemy required our attention for all of that weary winter of 1861-62. After building our cabins, daubed with mud and covered with such boards as we could find, we had opportunity to ramble over the hills, and from the highest we could see the Potomac River. There was an inlet that served the early navigators to the new country a century or so back, and in my rambles with a comrade at the head of the inlet, at the water's edge, we found a brick foundation that had been laid for the wharf for this head of navigation. This was all the evidence of a town ever having been there, and the quality of the brick showed them to be such as were brought over (we imagined) from Scotland.

Our winter quarters were some three miles from this, and there was no sort of road leading to this ancient habitation. It might be said that what reads like "a local habitation and a name" had been so long abandoned we were entitled to the credit of discovering it.

UNCLE JOBE TALKS.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

"Aryplanes, and poison gases,
Humph! we fought with sword and gun!
Wide-stretched Rebs, and Yankee masses—
Men, and cannon, that's war, son!

Camoflag, that's needed; them days
Paint was scarce, like likker now!
All the paint was red in them days—
Blue and Gray, blood red, I vow!

Rifles carried pointblank ranges,
Bayonets was not for show!
War, these days, has lots of changes—
Boy, we fought, we had to mow!

All-night marching, fight at dawn,
Fight 'till night, then march again!
Hay foot! Straw foot! Rations cawn!
War was hell, and soldiers men!

Aryplanes, and hell-fired gasses,
Cities wiped out at a blow.
Boy, lets tip our cider glasses—
War, like that, has got to go!"

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It is with a deep sense of gratitude that your President General seeks in this message to convey to you her heartfelt thanks for the splendid assurance of your confidence expressed in her re-election to this high office. She pledges anew her loyal service and devotion to our cause. With your support given as freely and as generously in the future as in the past, she is confident that the coming year will be one of progress and of great accomplishments.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

This December message also carries a warm and sincere expression of Christmas fellowship to you all. The President General's greatest wish for the coming year is that it may be one of even closer understanding and more effective unity of effort than any that have gone before.

May we all look back without regret upon a year of progress and face a new year of happy service, as we start the journey toward the next milestone "along the path of happiness through the pleasant and fruitful valley of service."

Cordially yours, ALLENE WALKER HARROLD.

THE SAVANNAH CONVENTION.

The opening session of the thirty-first annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Savannah, Ga., on the evening of November 18 was perhaps the most brilliant in the history of the organization. The Municipal Auditorium in this historic city had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, the red and white giving a vivid note amid the heavy festoons of Southern smilax and gray moss. The handsome memorial banners of the organization, a large United States flag, and the portrait of President Davis, a gift from the Atlanta Chapter, lent added interest to the decorations. At the back of the stage there was suspended the insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, ten feet high and eight feet wide, richly colored and set with fifty electric lights. Over the entrance to the auditorium were the letters "U. D. C." in red and white, conspicuous for size and brilliancy.

The Eighth Infantry band from Fort Screven gave a program of Southern melodies before the formal opening of the meeting.

The processional was led by the pages, fifty in number, who presented an unusually beautiful sight with the bright red of their shoulder capes and sashes in striking contrast to their lovely white dresses. The pages to the President General entered first, carrying tall staffs, to which white chrysanthemums were tied with long red streamers. To an inspiring

march, the pages advanced up the side aisles and on the stage, where they crossed and, proceeding down, met the distinguished guests and officers, forming an aisle through which these passed. Welcomes were extended by His Excellency, Clifford Walker, governor of Georgia; Mayor Seabrook, of Savannah; Mrs. Walter Grace, President of the Georgia Division; Mrs. Peter Meldrim, from the Colonial Dames; and from the Savannah Chapter by Mrs. A. B. Hull, who recalled the fact that she had enjoyed this same pleasant duty when the general convention met in Savannah ten years ago. The response on behalf of the U. D. C. was given by Mrs. C. E. Bolling, of Richmond, and former Governor F. O. Lowden of Illinois gave the address of the evening, being introduced by Mrs. Walter Lamar, of Georgia. Mrs. R. H. Chesley, of Boston, presented Mrs. Frank Harrold, the President General, who delivered an exceedingly forceful address, her subject being "Americanism."

Greetings were given by General Thomas, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Congressman Charles Edwards, S. C. V., and Charles D. Russell, American Legion

Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Cornelia B. Stone, the only Honorary Presidents General in attendance, were presented by Mrs. R. D. Wright, of South Carolina. Mrs. Peter Youree, of Louisiana, presented the ex-Presidents General present, Mrs. Cordelia Odenheimer, of the District of Columbia; Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, of Georgia; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Mississippi; Mrs. J. C. Muse, Texas; Mrs. C. B. Stone, Texas; Mrs. R. W. McKinney, Kentucky; and Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, New York.

The music of the evening was a delightful feature of the program. The Eighth Infantry band was most generous in its numbers. The solo numbers were rendered by some of Savannah's most prominent musicians: Sara McCandless, soprano; Minnie Baggs, contralto; and Gordon Hanson, tenor.

At the first business session on Wednesday morning, representatives from thirty State Divisions, or Chapters where there is no division, responded to the roll with the presentation of their respective flags to the Custodian of Flags, who, in turn, presented the beautiful collection to the Savannah Chapter. A French flag had been sent from across the Atlantic to represent the Paris Chapter in this ceremony.

A report of the Credentials Committee showed a voting strength of 2,276 in the convention.

Outstanding features of the President General's report and those of other officers were: The 100,000 mark passed in membership roll; 9,685 members registered in 1924, the John B. Kershaw Chapter, of South Carolina, leading in number of new members registered; 629 Crosses of Honor and 1,083 Crosses of Service bestowed; 38 new Chapters organized and chartered, South Carolina leading with seven; one Chapter

in Texas chartered with 104 members; North Dakota has joined the roll of U. D. C. States, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, at Fargo, with thirteen charter members. Besides these adult Chapters, there were organized sixty Chapters of Children of the Confederacy, with an increase of membership in the C. of C. of 2,783; the completion of a new textbook history of the United States, written by Prof. Charles Horne, of New York City College, at the request of the American Legion. The National Director of this organization having requested the coöperation of the U. D. C., Dr. Matthew Page Andrews consented to undertake this difficult task, giving to Dr. Horne, without reservation, full use of all his material regarding Jamestown and other Southern colonies. Chairmen of the respective committees gave to the convention the following information: Value of educational work for the year, \$304,000; pledge of \$5,000 to Matthew Fontaine Maury Association redeemed and committee discontinued; Jefferson Davis Monument, at Fairview, completed, with a total contribution from the U. D. C. of approximately \$38,000, and the committee discontinued; bust of General Lee presented to Military College, Sandhurst, England, and portrait of Admiral Semmes presented to the Hall of the Alabama at Geneva, both of these committees being discontinued: a total of 3,417 miles now included in Jefferson Davis Highway, the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia showing decided interest by erecting bowlders in towns and cities and on State lines, besides placing the official markers along the route; a resolution to urge government recognition of this great system and one asking for the erection of three permanent markers, called zero mile-stones—one in Washington, D. C., one at Fairview, Ky., and one at San Francisco, Calif., were adopted.

The following important actions were taken by the convention: Establishment of a Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship at the University of Virginia, at a cost of \$12,000, available to law students, the fund collected to be used as a nucleus from which to endow a Wilson Chair at the University; the establishment of a Fellowship at Randolph-Macon Woman's College of \$5,000, named in honor of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, Honorary President and ex-President General; establishment of a \$30,000 fund to be known as the Historical Foundation, to be raised voluntarily from Chapters, Divisions, and individuals, to prosecute historical work in the organization; approval of the recommendation by the Historian General that the Executive and Historical Committees take up the matter of producing a Southern historical motion picture and report to the 1925 convention; the coördination of the Committee on Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books, the Rutherford History Committee, and the Historical Committee, to be known as the History and Literature Committee, with the Historian General as chairman and the heads of these two former committees as associate chairmen; adoption of a recommendation to place a department of U. D. C. historical and educational work in the Southern Exposition to be held in New York in January, with the Historian General in charge of the material to be collected by the Division Historians; discontinuance of Cotton Tax Committee; also of committee to assist Admiral Wright to collect naval records, and instructions that publicity be given this in all Divisions; approval of recommendation that a lot be bought at Harper's Ferry on which to place the Faithful Slave Bowlder, and that same be properly inclosed; continuance of Lee Memorial Chapel Committee, with the adoption of the recommendation that the matter of holding the funds in hand toward a Lee Memorial Trust Fund be referred for action to the Divisions and Chapters con-

tributing said funds, action on which to be reported at the 1925 convention; discontinuance of Committee on Church Bells presented to Confederate government; discontinuance of Memorial Elevator Committee because of its report on the completion of its object—viz., the installation of an elevator in the American Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine as a memorial to boys of Confederate ancestry who gave their lives on the fields of France; adoption of a resolution providing that the U. D. C. shall receive credit for all contributions made to the Stone Mountain Memorial in the past and for those that may be given in the future, but involving no financial obligation on the part of the organization; the contribution of \$1,000 toward the purchase of Monticello; approval of a resolution that a committee be appointed to solicit subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the chairman to be the editor of the U. D. C. Department, with a member from every Division and Chapter, where there is no Division, all funds for subscriptions to be sent through Division treasurers to the Treasurer General; approval of a resolution that, in view of the early completion of the bridge across the Potomac River, a committee be appointed to represent the U. D. C. in the matter of planning the approach to Arlington from this bridge; directing the interest on the \$5,000 raised for the Maury Monument toward a scholarship until such time as the principal is called for; the selection of Hot Springs, Ark., for the meeting in 1925; continuance of the Committee to erect a bowlder at Point Isabel, on account of some question of legality concerning the land. No stronger nor more impressive appeal was made during the convention than that made by the Treasurer General, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, for needy Confederate women. The President General had stressed in her report the obligation on the U. D. C. to make the care of the veterans, their wives, and widows the first duty of the organization. Since the Treasurer General handles the funds for these pensioners, she spoke authoritatively of their needs—twenty of these old Southern women scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in localities where there are no U. D. C. Chapters to look after them, many of the number bed-ridden, some in almshouses, and all dependent on the \$12-a-month pension from the U. D. C. The appeal so stirred the convention that \$3,500 was pledged from the floor, with promises of more to be sent. Mrs. Butterfield, of the New York Chapter, volunteered to be one of ten, each to support one of these aged women for a year. The other nine contributors quickly responded. The convention voted unanimously to raise the monthly allotment to \$15. Mrs. J. P. Higgins offered a prize of \$25 for the best plan presented to the 1925 convention for the creation of a permanent fund for the care of these needy women.

The impressive memorial service on Wednesday afternoon was conducted by Mrs. C. E. Bolling, of Virginia. An invocation and appropriate music preceded the memorials presented "To our Confederate Dead." Special memorials were to President Woodrow Wilson; Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief, U. C. V.; Gen. Julian S. Carr; Mrs. James Y. Leigh; Mrs. Florence M. Cooley; Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V.; Mrs. W. H. F. Lee; Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick; Mrs. Nettie Story Miller; Gen. John McGrath; Gen. John A. Webb; Mrs. J. D. Iglehart; Mr. J. E. Tucker; Mrs. J. N. Whitner; Judge Walter Clark; Maj. W. A. Graham, Dr. R. L. Cave; Hon. J. S. McNeilly; Hon. J. McC. Martin, Gen. E. W. Rucker; Mr. J. R. Fallin; Mrs. Harriet A. R. DuPont. After each of the tributes was read, the member presenting it placed a white flower in the large wreath of green on the stage. At the conclusion of the special memorials, the roll was called and a representative from each Division

placed a flower in the wreath in memory of that Division's dead. After the ceremony the beautiful wreath was placed on the Confederate monument.

The Historical Evening, on Thursday, was hardly less brilliant than the opening night, and withal it expressed the heart of the organization, every number touching a chord dear to the South. The processional of the pages was followed by the general officers, Honorary Presidents, ex-Presidents General, Division Historians, and some special guests, among these Mrs. Robert E. Lee; Gen. Frank Parker, of South Carolina; his two aides, Captains Wilson and Heard; Gen. W. A. Smith, Commander North Carolina Division, U. C. V.; and Dr. S. C. Mitchell, the speaker of the evening. Delightful numbers were rendered by Savannah musicians, one of these being a group of Southern songs by Julia Floyd, accompanied by Addie Mae Jackson, both of whom were dressed in charming old-fashioned costumes embodying the spirit of the sixties.

The program began with the presentation of the Historian General, Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, of South Carolina, by the President General. In turn, Mrs. Lawton presented the Division Historians and announced the winners in the historical contests. She presented also Mrs. C. S. Wallace, of North Carolina, the third Vice President General, who spoke of the particular work under her care, that of the Children of the Confederacy. Dr. Mitchell, of Richmond, was introduced in a charming manner by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, the "Sweetheart of the Confederacy," and as he came forward to acknowledge the introduction, bent and kissed Mrs. Stone on the forehead, this action being greeted with hearty applause by the audience. Dr. Mitchell's subject was "The Vicarious Life of Lee," dealing largely with the life of the Confederate general from a spiritual viewpoint. He reminded the audience in the course of his address that General Lee's first military service was at Savannah.

At the close of the address, Mrs. J. A. Rountree announced the awards of the Youree prize of \$100.

The President General, Mrs. Harrold, then presented to General Parker the Cross of Service, pinning it on his breast, after Mrs. Rountree had explained the significance of this decoration and had given General Parker's record in the World War. The President General announced to the audience that Gen. Walter Harris, of Georgia, who was to have been present to receive a Cross, had arrived in Savannah that morning, but had received a telegram calling him away immediately, in consequence of which the Cross of Service had been bestowed upon him at the morning session. General Harris's record was read by Mrs. Walter Lamar.

Friday night was given over to the Division Presidents and Chapter Presidents where there is no Division. On account of conflict with the Pages' Ball, a small audience greeted these women, but those who heard their fine reports realized that, after all, were it not for the hard work and splendid leadership of these women in their respective States, the General Organization would make, at its annual conventions, a far less wonderful showing of things accomplished.

Prizes were awarded at different times during the convention, as follows:

Raines Banner.—Virginia Division.

Rose Loving Cup.—Miss Decca Lamar West, Texas.

A Soldier's Prize of \$20.—Miss Patti Panell, Texas.

Roberts Medal.—Mrs. P. F. Marshall, St. Louis.

Hyde Medal.—Miss Patti Panell, Texas.

Orren Randolph Smith Medal.—Mrs. R. P. Holt, North Carolina.

W. L. Cox Medal.—Mrs. C. W. McMahon, Alabama.

Mary D. Carter Prize of \$50.—Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Atlanta.

Ricks Banner.—Manley's Battery, North Carolina.

Bettie Marriott Whitehead Medal.—Mrs. E. R. McKetham, North Carolina.

Florence Goalder Faris Medal.—Mrs. George Taylor, of Virginia.

Maury Prize at Annapolis.—A midshipman from Ohio.

Youree Prize.—(1) Mrs. E. J. Burch, of South Carolina; (2) Mrs. R. P. Holt, of North Carolina; (3) Mrs. P. H. Lane, of Philadelphia.

The only change in the list of officers was made by the election of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, to succeed Mrs. F. E. Ross, whose term as Second Vice President General expired. Mrs. Merchant is a Past President of the Virginia Division, and a Past Recording Secretary General, besides having served as chairman of the General U. D. C. Education Committee and of other standing committees in the general organization.

The handsome electrically lighted insignia, mentioned as being at the rear of the stage, was presented to the General U. D. C. by Mrs. A. B. Hull on behalf of the Savannah Chapter. Their generosity is sincerely appreciated by all Daughters. Hereafter this beautiful gift will be used at every convention, and will serve to attract instant attention to the U. D. C. exhibit at the Southern Exhibition in New York City.

Distinguished visitors presented to the convention were: Mrs. Robert E. Lee, of Virginia; Mrs. Charles Lanier, of Connecticut; Miss Edith Pope, Tennessee, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; Hon. Hollins Randolph, who spoke on the Stone Mountain Memorial; Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, U. D. C. representative on the Yale University Press; Lieutenant Governor McDowell, of Alabama.

An interesting event of Wednesday morning's session was the presentation to the President General, Mrs. Harrold, of a dozen beautifully engraved silver goblets on a silver tray, a token of appreciation from the Georgia Division. Mrs. Grace, President of the Division, presented the gift.

The social features of the convention, which were numerous and delightful, will be told of in the January number.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865

January Program.

1864. In the West.

Tell of the Confederate successes; General Forrest defeats Sherman and captures Fort Pillow; Gen. Richard Taylor defeats Banks; Gen. E. Kirby Smith defeats Steele.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

1864. General Grant transferred to the East and becomes commander in chief of all the Federal forces.

Tell of General Grant's plans, including Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia; Sigel in the Shenandoah Valley; Butler ordered to move up the James River. General Grant to attack overland through the Wilderness to crush Lee's army.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

As the Christmas tide approaches and the glad refrain floats out over the world again proclaiming that "unto you is born a Saviour," mingled with that joyful sound a note of sadness rises from this loved Southland of ours, for the Reaper with his sickle keen has passed over and "garnered the bearded grain and the flowers that grow between." The Memorial hour in Memphis recorded more than five hundred names of our heroes in gray that had "passed over the river" and were resting "under the shade of the trees," and since then there has been added to that list two whose names are revered, honored, and beloved in every Southern home, and whose lives shine out like the morning star in its brilliance and beauty, our lamented Commander in Chief, Gen. W. B. Haldeman, and our sainted Chaplain General, J. W. Bachman.

We sorrow not as those without hope, and, while our greetings bring sadness, may they also bring gladness, in that soon we shall see face to face our loved ones and that God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. Let us "look up unto the hills from whence cometh our help" and take comfort in the thought that soon we shall meet them on that beautiful shore where parting is no more; and shall forever dwell in the habitation not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, through Christ our Lord, by whose coming hope springs eternal in the human breast. May his blessing abide in each home and bring peace on earth, good will to men.

IN MEMORIAM TO OUR COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

A pall hangs over the South to-day, and when the wires flashed out the passing of the great soul of the beloved leader of our United Confederate Veterans, Gen. W. B. Haldeman, the shock came as a lightning bolt from heaven. Pictured as he stood at the Memphis reunion, surrounded by his comrades, to whom he gave always the glad hand in loving greetings, pulsating with joy of comradeship, clasping in his arms the weary worn traveler in his gray uniform, one could not associate his dominant figure with death. Peculiarly gifted and fitted for the high honor and great responsibility which his comrades so gladly bestowed upon him, his intense patriotic interest and devotion to every phase of endeavor that had for its object the furtherance or maintaining of Southern ideals, ever ready with sympathetic instinct and cooperation, no Southern organization but felt the inspirational help. Broad-minded, great-hearted and loyal, he gave his best in every channel that led to the goal of Southern supremacy in chivalric ideals leading back to the most wonderful antebellum civilization recorded in history. His life sets an

example worthy of closest emulation, his going makes a great break in the ranks of our heroic leaders.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association deeply deplores the loss of one whose comprehension and sympathy were freely given, as when elected to the high office in response to congratulations, he replied: "Command me at any time or way. I honor and reverence your organization because my mother was a member of your organization, and I know your work and what it stands for."

Our tenderest sympathies go out to the bereaved wife and daughters, and we pray that the dear Father may sustain and keep them, for 'tis only a little while until the "dawning of the morning, when the mist shall roll away" and his glorified spirit shall greet them on the other shore.

"Lay in dust life's glory dead,
Then from the ground there shall blossom red
Life that shall endless be."

With loving remembrance to each of you, faithfully yours,
MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Our Pensacola Association, though not as large numerically as some others, attests the fervor of its sentiment through beautiful deeds. Beside decorating their own Confederate graves and holding memorial services, those buried at Camp Chase are remembered each year by the sending of palms, the emblem of unfading glory, to lay upon their graves.

The Pensacola Association erected in 1891 a splendid monument, the first raised wholly or in part to the memory of our Confederate President. On one face is inscribed the name of Stephen B. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States of America. Another side bears the name of Gen. Edward Aylesworth Perry; while on the south face is this inscription:

"OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

Soldier, Statesman, Patriot, Christian,

"The only man in our nation without a country; yet twenty million people mourn his death."

The State President of Florida, Mrs. Horace Lee Simpson, who is also President of the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association of Pensacola, has been working in the interest

(Continued on page 486.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 GEORGE A. MACON, Memphis, Tenn. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 JAMES S. DAVENPORT, Vinita, Okla. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, Miss. *Inspector in Chief*
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, Fla. *Commissary in Chief*
 DR. WILLIAM F. HUBBERT, Dallas, Tex. *Surgeon in Chief*
 REV. B. A. OWENS, Lathrop, Mo. *Chaplain in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

D. S. ETHERIDGE, *Chairman* Chattanooga, Tenn.
 N. B. FORREST Atlanta, Ga.
 DR. W. C. GALLOWAY Wilmington, N. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON Duncan, Okla.



DIVISION COMMANDERS

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington. Frank F. Conway
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Atlanta. John Ashley Jones
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green. Malcolm H. Crump
 LOUISIANA—Baton Rouge. J. St. Clair Favrot
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. Charles A. Moreno
 MISSISSIPPI—Oxford. Judge T. C. Kimbrough
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Newberry. John M. Kinard
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Montvale. R. A. Gilliam
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

COMMENTS AND REPORTS.

A THOUGHT NOT EXACTLY RANDOM.

We wonder what the tens of thousands of boys eighteen years of age or less who fought in the Union and Confederate armies in the War between the States would have thought, and said, if they could have been told that half a century later their country would have before it an amendment to its Constitution authorizing a bureau at Washington to send some bureau agent to his father's home or farm and direct that father as to how and when or whether or not he, this youthful former soldier, should work or not work, as the agent might esteem best in his own judgment. Likewise, as to his sister, if he had one, and the balance of the family. This is the purport of the so-called "Child Labor Amendment," which three Southern States have rejected, and which Massachusetts, in her recent referendum on the subject, rejected by a vote of six hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, to use round numbers. It seeks to regulate the labor in the home and on the farm of youths old enough to fight for their country, and who always have and always will fight for their country. Also, the thought arises that we should bear in mind that the agents of these government bureaus are not the pick of our population. There are exceptions, of course, but the rule is that in the lower walks of the governmental bureau service the men are those who have been unable to succeed in business or to engage in successful professional work. Such men are the ones who, if the amendment passes the States' approval, will sit in our homes to dominate the lives of our children. And also bear in mind that government bureaus operate on a strictly red-tape system. There is a rule in a book—they hold their noses to this, as much hypnotized thereby as a chicken with its bill down on a chalk line, and, disregarding rhyme or reason, equity or common sense, they rule strictly by the letter of the law. Anyone who has ever had experience with any of the big government bureaus and departments can bear tearful testimony as to this and its exact truth. So when your time comes, and it is right here now, to turn thumbs down on this iniquitous measure, backed by false sentiment, false propaganda, and every "ism" and radical of this country, turn it down, and do so in some way that will jar the back teeth of those who have attempted to put over this socialistic scheme upon us.

VOICES FROM DEPARTMENTS AND STATES.

NATIONAL PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT, October 11, 1924.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

To be read before all the Camps of the Confederation.

1. By virtue of my appointment as National Publicity Director of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, by D. S. Etheridge, Commander in Chief, I hereby assume charge of the publicity work of the Confederation and establish headquarters at Windsor, Ont.

2. In order to properly carry on this work it is necessary that an efficient staff be created, consisting of a Chief of Staff, a representative from each department, to be known as a committeeman, and a representative from each Division, to be known as a Division Director. In pursuance thereof, I hereby announce the appointment of the following:

Chief of Staff.

C. I. Carrington, 209 State Office Building, Richmond, Va.

Committeemen.

Army of Northern Virginia Department: Don Farnsworth, 331 Madison Avenue, New York.

Army of Tennessee Department: J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, Louisiana.

Army of Mississippi Department: Joe H. Ford, Waggoner, Okla.

Division Directors.

Alabama, Hugh Mallory, Selma.

Arkansas, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock.

District of Columbia: Maryland—Frank F. Conway, 1510 R Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Eastern: J. Avery Webb, 438 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York.

Florida: John Z. Reardon, Tallahassee.

Georgia: Dr. William R. Dancey, Savannah.

Kentucky: G. B. Jefferson, Cadiz.

Louisiana: Clancy R. Latham, 1201 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans.

Missouri: Howard T. Grover, 416 Broadway, Columbia, Mo.

Mississippi: Judge T. C. Kimbrough, Oxford.

North Carolina: Frederick Rutledge, Asheville.

Oklahoma: E. Riddle, Oklahoma City.

South Carolina: H. T. Wilcox, Marion.

Tennessee: J. Sutton Jones, Chattanooga.

Texas: C. E. Gilbert, 420 West Twenty-Second Street, Houston.

West Virginia: J. H. Humphreys, Huntington.

Virginia: William B. Southall, care of *Times-Dispatch*, Richmond.

Oklahoma Division.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

I hereby announce the following members of my staff:

A. N. Leecraft, Division Lieutenant Commander, Colbert, Okla.

R. H. Brown, Second Lieutenant, Division Commander, Duncan, Okla.

J. H. Robertson, Division Adjutant, Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. L. Davis, Division Quartermaster, Chickasha, Okla.

Dr. S. H. Williamson, Division Surgeon, Duncan, Okla.

J. D. Carmichael, Division Judge Advocate, Chickasha, Okla.

Rev. J. R. Abernathy, Division Chaplain, Chickasha, Okla.

A. C. Farley, Division Historian, Oklahoma City, Okla.

S. J. Brown, Division Color Sergeant, Duncan, Okla.

I also announce the following Brigade Commanders:

First District, Dr. W. M. Wilson, Tulsa, Okla.

Second District.

Third District, W. J. Holloway, Hugo, Okla.

Fourth District, Judge C. L. Hill, Wewoka, Okla.

Fifth District, E. Riddle, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sixth District, F. M. Luginbill, Chickasha, Okla.

Seventh District, Stansell Whiteside, Altus, Okla.

Eighth District.

J. EDWARD JONES.

By order of the Division Commander.

JOHN H. ROBERTSON, *Division Adjutant.*

Louisiana Division.

To the Camps of the Louisiana Division.

Under and by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Hon. D. S. Etheridge, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans as contained in his General Orders No. 2 designating me as Commander of the Louisiana Division to serve during his term of office or until election by a State reunion of the Louisiana Division, I have appointed the following staff, which will be recognized and obeyed as such:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, David N. Evans, Baton Rouge, La.

Inspector, M. H. Sandlin, Minden, La.

Judge Advocate, John R. Hunter, Alexandria, La.

Quartermaster, J. G. St. Julien, Lafayette, La.

Commissary, E. L. Kidd, Ruston, La.

Surgeon, Dr. D. B. Cooper, Mansfield, La.

Historian, W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.

Chaplain, Rev. G. B. Hines, Lake Charles, La.

Color Bearer, P. C. Willis, Shreveport, La.

Commander First Brigade, W. J. Snow, New Orleans, La.

Commander Second Brigade, Ralston F. Green, New Orleans, La.

Commander Third Brigade, L. L. Richard, Jennings, La.

Commander Fourth Brigade, J. R. Watson, Homer, La.

Commander Fifth Brigade, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.

Commander Sixth Brigade, A. S. St. Amant, Donaldsonville, La.

Commander Seventh Brigade, Charles Winterhalter, Lake Charles, La.

Commander Eighth Brigade, R. W. Oglesby, Winnfield, La.

J. ST. CLAIR FAVROT,

Commander Louisiana Division.

Official:

DAVID N. EVANS,

Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

North Carolina Division.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

To be read before every Camp of North Carolina Division Sons of Confederate Veterans.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of the following comrades as members of my official staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Fredrick Rutledge, Asheville, N. C.

Quartermaster, Lee Woodard, Bryson City, N. C.

Inspector, Scroup Enlow, Dillsboro, N. C.

Surgeon, Dr. Joshua F. Able, Dillsboro, N. C.

Commissary, A. E. Hawes, Jr., Atkinson, N. C.

Judge Advocate, J. E. Shipman, Hendersonville, N. C.

Color Bearer, F. M. Smith, Charlotte, N. C.

Historian, A. C. Avery, Morganton, N. C.

Chaplain, Rev. Albert Sidney Johnson, Charlotte, N. C.

2. I also wish to announce the appointments of the following Brigade Commanders:

First Brigade, J. D. Paul, Washington, N. C.

Second Brigade, G. O. Goble, Greensboro, N. C.

Third Brigade, David S. Oliver, Wilmington, N. C.

Fourth Brigade, E. A. Metts, Wilmington, N. C.

Fifth Brigade, J. W. Newell, Waynesville, N. C.

Sixth Brigade, R. M. Wells, Asheville, N. C.

Seventh Brigade.

Eighth Brigade.

Ninth Brigade.

Tenth Brigade.

3. Brigade Commanders will at once proceed to organize their respective Brigades into Camps, as they will be held strictly accountable in their respective territory.

FREDRICK RUTLEDGE,

By order of

Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

CHARLIE M. BROWN,

Commander North Carolina Division.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

There are some curious facts brought to mind by the recent elections. As has been well pointed out by Dr. Mary Scrugham, in her article showing how this American government from 1860 to 1877 was based on force and certainly not on the consent of the governed, Lincoln in 1860 *did not receive a single vote in ten States of this Union and only a few in four more*. Yet, according to the letter of the law, though certainly not its spirit, he was made President, and the war followed. Breckinridge, his opposing candidate most favored by the South, received votes in every State of the Union, and there were over thirty thousand ballots cast for him in New England, the home of abolitionism.

SOME NOTES.

Elgin H. Blalock writes from Texas that "I am going to show you 1,500 members in the Texas Division at Dallas," and he sends an article descriptive of the plans of the Texas Division S. C. V., to build a \$100,000 Confederate Memorial Building at Dallas and to place the corner stone of this during the reunion there next May.

William S. Hammond, National Publicity Director, tells of an offer he makes to donate each year, in memory of members of his family who served the Confederacy, three medals. They shall be known as "Southland Stars" and shall be of gold, five-pointed, with "Southland" on the obverse, encircled in a wreath of cotton and corn, and on the reverse the letters "S. C. V." in a similar wreath. One will be given for each army department yearly to the Son who has rendered the

most signal service to the Confederation that year. The Commander in Chief and Executive Council will pass upon the merits and eligibility of the recipients. He also offers to the division making the greatest proportional increase in membership a Confederate battle flag, six by twelve feet, brass eagle head, staff, etc. This shall be competed for each year and shall go definitely to the division which wins it three times, not necessarily consecutively.

Virginia Division Adjutant, C. I. Carrington, of Richmond, writes me: "On the night of November 6, I organized a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Orange, Va., with twenty-one members, with William C. Williams Commander, and Marshall Jones, Adjutant. On the night of the 7th I organized a Camp at Culpeper with fourteen members, and Chilton W. Yowell as Commander, and John Locke Green, adjutant. I believe these camps will soon be of good size, as I was promised other memberships from people who could not attend the meetings of the 6th and 7th. I anticipate a large increase in membership in this Division. Lawrenceville Camp has increased recently from thirteen to thirty-six members, and Camp W. C. Wickjam, of Ashland, from fifteen to forty-five."

So the stage is set, comrades! Hammond blows his bugle, and Blalock and Carrington appear at either end of the lists. Are there other entries?

SALUTING THE FLAG.

BY DANIEL GRINNAN, RICHMOND, VA.

A new species of etiquette has sprung up within recent years. It may hardly be called a law at present, but the attempt is made to give it the practical effect of a statute, and doubtless some organization, with many kinds of propaganda, will attempt to induce Congress to pass a law making the etiquette compulsory. When a column of United States troops passes along a road or street with the uplifted flag, the Stars and Stripes, it is expected, if not required, that all spectators do homage to the banner by uncovering their heads or making the proper salutation at the sight of the magical piece of cloth which is said to typify the majesty of our great government. It is claimed that the youth of the land should be taught respect and reverence for the government by sundry acts of honor to the flag when carried in a martial array, and that the older persons should set the example. The parallel is drawn that just as a gentleman takes off his hat to a lady of his acquaintance in passing, so should all persons do homage to the passing flag. But our government is an impersonal thing and, like a corporation, it has no existence except in contemplation of law. We have no king, no kaiser to whom we might be attached and upon whose countenance we would gaze with a kind of awe. Our people must respect and love their government as a matter of the heart and of reason and not through methods of gesture, and it must ever be that only in the proportion that a government is entitled to love and respect from the people will it receive love and respect. Gestures mean nothing if the heart is not in accord, and they soon degenerate into empty formalism.

The etiquette is imperialistic and not in accord with the republican instincts of this country. It doubtless arose in the time of the Roman Cæsars, each of whom called himself a god and required his subjects to honor him as a divinity and to pay like honor to his statue or his ensign. A survival of the ancient Roman practice is seen to-day in Southern Europe in the devout reverence paid by spectators to holy images or to holy articles carried in a religious procession. These

objects, in the minds of the observers, bring them face to face with God, like Moses on the Mount. The origin of our new etiquette is apparent. If the occasion moves the heart, the people will shout and wave their hats and hands, and this will come from the right source and not from a specially devised and artificial method of salutation.

FLAG OF THE EIGHTEENTH TENNESSEE.

For fifty-four years, the old flag of the 18th Tennessee Regiment, which had been surrendered in June, 1861, to an Illinois regiment, reposed in the archives of that State. By chance it was seen by L. M. Armstrong, of Peoria, Ill., a native Tennessean and a former resident of McMinnville, who at last secured its return to the remnant of the command which had surrendered it. This return was made by special legislative act, and Mr. Armstrong was duly commissioned to bring it back to Tennessee, which he did in June, 1915. At a meeting of Confederate veterans in Murfreesboro, on September 10, Mr. Armstrong was present and was invited to address the assemblage. After touching upon many interesting events of the war period, he closed with the following lines written at the time of returning the old flag:

"We brought you back because we thought
The men who wore the gray
Would have more use for you than those
Who wore the blue that day.

From snowy North to Sunny South,
Across the stream of years,
We brought you back enwreathed in hearts,
And bathed in brother's tears.

Upon that day when flowed the blood
Of bravest men and true,
'Mid shot and shell and Rebel yell,
And charges of the blue,

You waved aloft your stars and bars,
Without a gleam of fear,
And only bowed your colors down
For "Glory" to appear.

There were no bullets pierced your stripes,
That came not from the front;
There's not a blood stain on your folds
But got there in the brunt.

There were two sections in that day,
Two armies drawn in line;
They fought like tigers in the fray,
Each thought its cause divine.

To-day the scenes have changed around,
All shifted into one;
There is no sign of battle ground,
No bayonet or gun.

The wings of peace are overhead,
Betinsed all in gold;
And battle flags are laid away
In tears and beauteous fold.

So, dear old flag, we say farewell;
You're given sweet release.
May all the sacred Stars and Bars
Live on in realms of peace."

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC!

[NOTE.—This letter was written in protest against what is a very common practice—viz, the printing in our Church publications, even in lesson magazines, articles, references, and in this instance a poem, in which, directly or by inference, the South is done injustice. Is there not material enough in the South, among our great men and their great deeds, to point the moral and adorn the tales of these religious publications? The address is here purposely omitted.—A. H. JENNINGS, *Historian in Chief S. C. V., Lynchburg, Va.*]

“November 8, 1924.

“*Dear Doctor:* In your paper, *Our Young People*, published by and for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, I note in a column entitled ‘Order of Service’ several verses of the ‘Battle Hymn of the Republic’ to be used by our young people in some service of the Sunday school.

One of the greatest difficulties of those who for thirty or more years past have been struggling to get correctly set forth the history of our country, and to suppress mendacious and defamatory Northern accounts of the War between the States period, has been the peculiar indifference, ignorance, or lack of patriotism of our own people. ‘A man cannot surrender his birthright,’ says Walpole, I believe, and a wise old Greek announced that one who did not revere his ancestors would have nothing left of his memory to cause a descendant to revere him. This leads to the suggestion that the selection of this ‘hymn’ is entirely unfortunate for any use by Southern young people. If we were entirely devoid of all other material and must remain dumb otherwise, we might excuse taking on this poem, but there is *no need for it*. In the first place, it is entirely *sectional*. Julia Ward Howe belonged to a triumvirate, the others being Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth Church and Tilton fame, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, who added much to the bitterness of the War between the States period. They belonged to the school of extreme abolitionists whose rabid methods forced the South to abandon her own gradual and sensible emancipation of the negro. The preaching and writing of this trio did much to disseminate false teaching and arouse bloody passion, and they were bearers of false witness, the fruits of which are seen to this day. This poem you select was written by Mrs. Howe in the fall of 1861, just after she had been to a review of some Vermont troops, then massing outside of Washington to invade the South and subjugate its people, rendering useless their desire for self-determination. The whole tenor of the poem is unfair. It hypocritically presents the Southern people in the attitude of heathen and barbarians and the Northern invaders as ministers of God on their holy way to smite them. Impressed by this review, she immediately writes:

“‘Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,’ who, ‘Has loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword,’ and she even reads a ‘fiery gospel’ in the ‘burnished rows of steel’ of those Yankee bayonets; and she sets forth this warning to the South and this promise, like exhorters and writers of the Old Testament, to the North—‘As ye deal with my contemners’—she represents God Almighty saying to the Northern troops in reference to the Southern barbarians they are on their way to smite: ‘So with you my grace will deal.’ Blot out the iniquitous Southerners, ‘loose the fateful lightning,’ ‘and my grace shall reward you.’ And your paper set this song forth for the children of the people who were thus maligned and wronged to sing in their religious services!

“I do not discuss the technical merit of the hymn, nor do you use it for this excellence, if excellence it has. The words,

taken in connection with their origin, and considering their meaning and whole purpose, constitute a hymn of South hate comparable in this respect to ‘John Brown’s Body’ and ‘Marching through Georgia.’ Most of us realize it is ignorance and not malice that leads so frequently to maladroitness of Northern songs, leaders, and types to set forth some point for our Southern young people. Rest assured, no Northern publisher, writer, preacher, or orator ever set the ‘Bonny Blue Flag,’ ‘Dixie,’ ‘Maryland,’ or other Southern tune to illustrate or tune up any of their celebrations or services. No Northern speaker or writer ever uses Jefferson Davis to set forth extreme virtues as our writers and speakers of the South all too frequently do in the case of Lincoln. They never help our ‘publicity.’ We, poor fools, ever seek to help them in the effort to establish false ideas in the minds of our own children and to put on a lower and entirely unworthy basis the history of these children’s forefathers and these children’s country.

“It would be a step in advance, a help to the establishment of truth of history, if our Church publications, at least, even if they feel they must worship at Northern shrines, abolish reference to things which are distinctly defamatory to the South.”

BATTLE OF BELMONT, MO.

The following was sent by George B. Wilds, of Wickliffe, Ky., as his recollections of that battle, after a lapse of sixty-two years, he at that time being a boy of fifteen years, a member of Company C, 7th Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A. Charles Wickliffe, the colonel of the regiment, was then drilling it at Camp Burnett, eight miles east of Columbus, Ky.:

“It was in the fall of 1861, and General Grant was commanding at Cairo, Ill., while General Polk was at Columbus, Ky., both on the Mississippi River, only twenty-five miles apart, and Tappan’s Arkansas Regiment of Infantry was camped alone at Belmont on the river opposite Columbus. General Grant, a graduate of West Point and a veteran of the Mexican War, planned to surprise and capture Tappan’s regiment and retire before General Polk could throw reinforcements across the river to support Tappan. When Grant made his attack, Colonel Wickliffe, who was drilling his regiment at Camp Burnett, heard the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry, and, being also a graduate of West Point, he knew a battle was on; so, without waiting for orders, he rushed his regiment at quick step to Columbus, but arrived too late to engage in the battle, General Grant having been already ingloriously defeated and chased to his transports up the river toward Cairo, Ill., by Confederate reinforcements under General Cheatham.

“Just as our regiment arrived on top of the tall hill at Columbus, the ‘Lady Polk,’ the largest cannon in the Confederacy, opened up on the transports of General Grant’s army, which were trying, in the utmost confusion and demoralization, to escape from the Confederates on shore in hot pursuit, firing upon them with musketry, while Grant’s men rushed to the far side of the boats and lay down to escape the fire, the boats (the pilots also lying down) drifting down stream toward Columbus to certain capture or destruction, when lo! a providential interference, the ‘Lady Polk’ burst, shaking the ground like an earthquake. It was followed by intense silence, during which the pilots arose and steered their boats away from the Confederates to the other side of the mile-wide river, beyond the range of the musketry, and thus General Grant and his army made their escape.”

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

(Continued from page 481.)

of the Stone Mountain Memorial and has raised a considerable amount for this cause.

From the Katie Walker Behan Association, Washington, D. C., comes news of many recent acquisitions in membership. Every Memorial woman will take a special interest in this Association, which is named in honor our beloved President General. The President, Miss Mae Voilet Petty, is the daughter of a veteran and was long an active worker in the Front Royal Association of Virginia, under the presidency of her aunt, Mrs. Davis Roy.

The Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association of Memphis, Tenn., recently had the honor to assist at the unveiling of a monumental boulder commemorating the site of an ancient stronghold, Fort Barancas, in what is now a small park in the heart of the city. The boulder was presented to the city of Memphis by the Colonial Dames, and the name changed to Colonial Park, the mayor, officials, and patriotic societies taking part in the ceremonies. The Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association was represented by the President, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, who is also Vice President General.

GEORGIA REJECTS CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT.

Acting on the proposed child labor amendment to the Federal Constitution, which was rejected by the House of Representatives voting 170 to 3, the State Senate disapproved by a vote of 34 to 0. The action was on a resolution by Senator King, of the Eleventh District, which stated reasons why the amendment was not favored.

The resolution rejecting the amendment and explaining Georgia's position in the matter was drawn by Secretary of State S. G. McLendon by request, and was as follows:

"Whereas the Congress of the United States has, under the fifth article of the Constitution of the United States, proposed an amendment to said Constitution in the words following, to-wit:

"SECTION 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

"SECTION 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the congress."

"Therefore be it resolved by the House of Representatives and the Senate of the State of Georgia, in general assembly met, that the said amendment to the Constitution of the United States be and the same is hereby not ratified, but is rejected, because said proposed amendment would destroy parental authority and responsibility throughout America; would give irrevocable support to a rebellion of childhood which menaces our civilization; would give congress not only parental authority, but all State authority over education; would destroy local self-government; would eviscerate the States and change our plan of government from a federal union to a consolidated republic and create a centralized government far removed from the power of the people. Said proposed amendment is further rejected because it would place in the hands of Congress a power to destroy agriculture and manufacturing at will, is merely a hypocritical pretense at an effort to protect childhood from slavery, and is really intended to enslave the childhood of this republic.

"The State of Georgia has neither the right nor the power to give to Congress the power to limit, regulate, or prohibit

the labor of Georgians under eighteen years of age, or of any age, because such power reestablished in America a system of slavery, with public ownership substituted for private ownership, and would place Congress in control in every home in the land between parent and child.

"Be it further resolved that a certified copy of the foregoing preamble and resolution be forwarded by his excellency, the governor, to the Secretary of State of the United States, to the presiding officer of the United States Senate, and to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States."—*Atlanta Journal*, July 8, 1924.

THAT OLD AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

The publication of the names from the old autograph album which was given to the mother of R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., has brought same pleasant letters to him from various parts of the country, the latest reported being from Los Angeles, Calif., and Little Rock, Ark. The *Arkansas Gazette* copied the list, with credit to the VETERAN, and when it was seen by Mr. Perry F. Chappell, of Little Rock, State Oil Inspector, he wrote to Mr. Mitchell as follows:

"Words cannot tell you how I appreciate this information. My father died soon after the war and my mother, being anxious to forget all about the affair, moved from Arkansas and kept no record of my father's services in the army. This is the first information I have ever had of his rank and company. I have met a number of old soldiers who served with him in the army or knew him while there, but they did not remember his company. I am writing this to thank you for what you have done and to tell you that this article was very much discussed yesterday by the Little Rock citizens."



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W. L. Fluker, of Gastonburg, Ala., wishes to locate any relatives or friends of a young soldier, Fred Cooper, who was killed by his side at Petersburg, Va., in the fall of 1864. Comrade Fluker was a member of Company B, 43rd Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade, Johnston's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V.

John M. Bivin, of Bartlesville, Okla., wishes to locate members of Bledsoe's Battery in Shelby's Brigade of Missouri troops from August, 1862, to the close of the war. He is trying to get a pension and needs the testimony of some member of the command as to his service. Captain Collins was in charge of this battery after Bledsoe retired.

Mrs. W. J. Caldwell, of Rives, Tenn., writes that she has been having historical articles from the VETERAN reproduced in the county paper, which is an admirable way to get our history more widely read. Country people have more time to read and think, and the country papers are read more carefully than others. U. D. C. Chapters everywhere might benefit in this way.

John R. Boddie writes from St. Louis, Mo.: "I am only the son of a Confederate veteran, but cannot do without your valuable publication. It seems to me to greatly improve with its age, and I pray that the 'torch' in the hands of its present publishers, when they pass away, will be caught by hands that will still bear it aloft, that generations yet unborn may know all the truth, patriotism, love, and devotion of all who fought under the banner of the Confederacy."

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CHRISTMAS MONEY.

Money at Christmas time is always desirable. Look up your old letters, send me all the old envelopes up to 1876. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest. This is a good way to raise some money for Christmas. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

FAMOUS GRAPEVINES.

Six hundred bunches of black Hamburg grapes, some of them weighing more than two pounds, each, have just been cut from the great vine at Hampton Court Palace, London.

This grapevine, like Ephraim Bull's original Concord vine, which still flourishes in the Massachusetts town, is one of the most famous in the world. It is more than a century and a half old, having been planted in the reign of King George II, and its enormous yield is a matter of great interest in England. The vine requires constant pruning, else it would exhaust itself in bearing more grapes than it would be able to nourish.

The sale of this vine's enormous yield provides a tidy sum for charity, as the grapes fetch \$1.50 a pound.—*National Tribune*.

WORTH NINETY-EIGHT CENTS.

"Marked down to ninety-eight cents" would be a queer tag to put on a man. Yet that is what a man is worth, considered in terms of his chemical contents. The analysis shows man has—

Fat enough for seven bars of soap.

Iron enough for a sixpenny nail.

Sugar enough to fill a shaker.

Lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop.

Phosphorus enough to make two thousand two hundred match tips.

Magnesium enough to make a dose of magnesia.

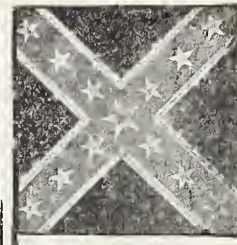
Potassium enough to explode a toy cannon.

Sulphur enough to rid a house of fleas.

This whole collection is worth about ninety-eight cents, and that when things are three times as high as they used to be.—*National Tribune*.

Coffee drinkers and smokers should take warning from the terrible fate of a woman in Indiana who drank two cups of coffee at every meal and smoked a clay pipe almost continuously and who was cut down by the Grim Reaper at the youthful age of one hundred and four years.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune*.

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STORY OF THE FOUR SCOTS.

There is a story of four Scotsmen, which is declared to be the best story in the world and the most searching test of humor. Two Scotsmen were talking about a third. Said the first to the second: "He has no sense of humor at all. He wouldn't see a joke if you were to fire it at him out of a pistol." "But," objected the second, "you can't fire a joke out of a pistol." The first Scotsman went away depressed, and, meeting a fourth Scotsman, told him the second Scotsman's remark. The fourth Scotsman thought for a moment, and then said, with a short laugh: "Ay, he had ye there."—*Canadian American*.

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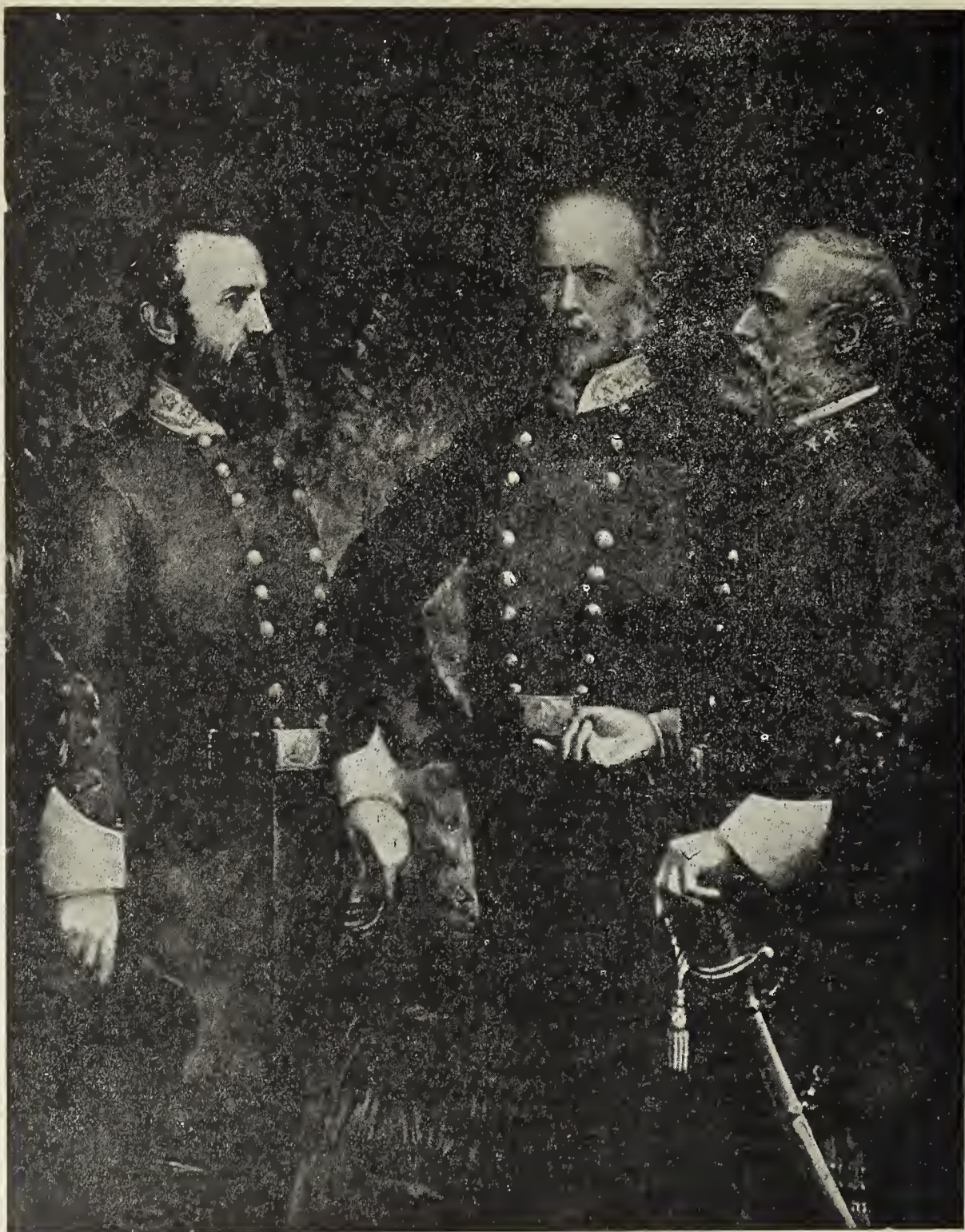
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